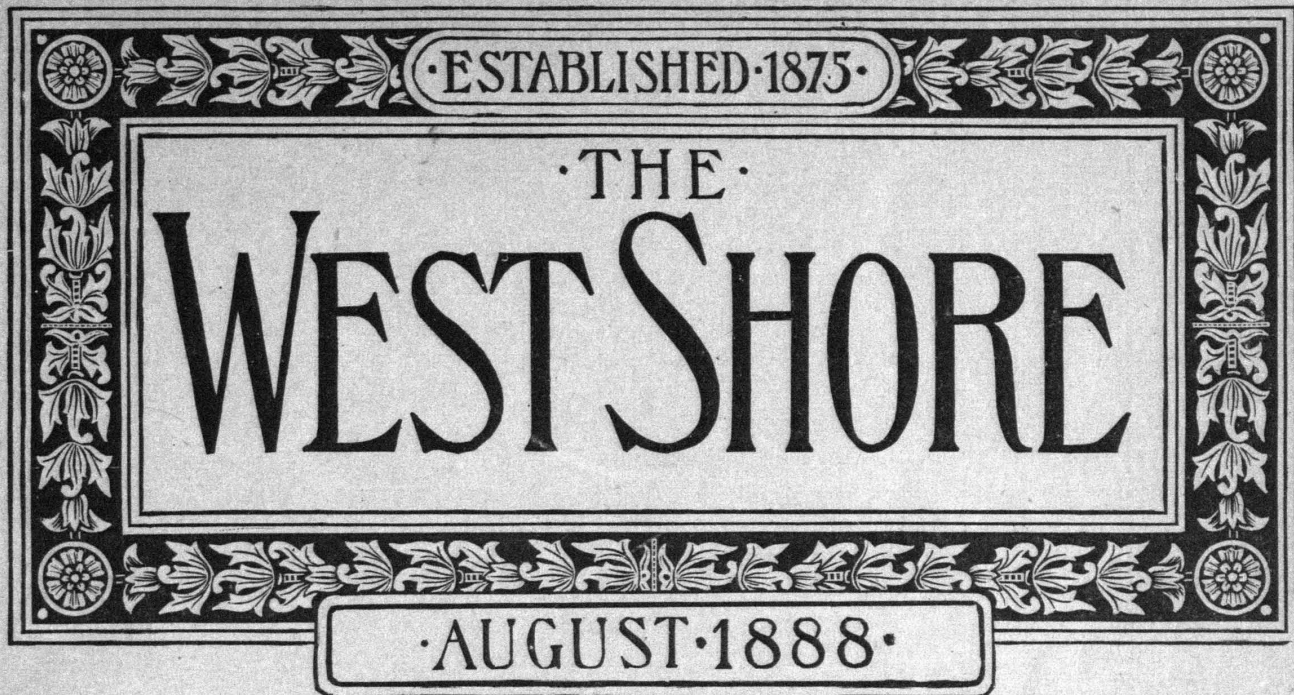


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The leading feature of the September number of THE WEST SHORE will be twelve pages of engravings of elegant and beautiful residences of Portland.

Our branch office at St. Paul is well established at the Merchant's hotel, under the charge of Egbert A. Brown. It is headquarters for immigration work in that region, and is prepared to give detailed information about Oregon free to all who apply in person or by letter.

Any number of the magazine, including supplement, will be mailed upon receipt of twenty-five cents, except the January number. The January supplement will be sent only when twenty-five cents extra are remitted. The leading articles and illustrations in the various numbers already issued this year, are as follows:

JANUARY.

Supplement—"Entrance to the Columbia River," a beautiful oleograph in eight colors.
Contents—Illustrations and description of United States Life Saving Service, and engravings of scenery.

FEBRUARY.

Supplement—"Shoshone Falls," of Snake river, in tints.
Contents—Engravings and descriptions of East Portland, Albina and Newberg.

MARCH.

Supplement—"Mount Tacoma," in tints.
Contents—Engravings and description of the city of Tacoma, and the opening chapters of Tom Norwood, a thrilling story of the civil war.

APRIL.

Supplement—"The Olympic Range, from Seattle Harbor," in colors.
Contents—Engravings and description of the city of Seattle.

MAY.

Supplement—"North Pacific Industrial Exposition," in colors.
Contents—Large colored view of the city of Portland; also many other engravings, and a comprehensive article on the city and its surroundings.

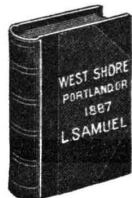
JUNE.

Supplement—"Chehalem Valley, Oregon," in colors.
Contents—Illustrations and descriptions of Hillsboro, Forest Grove and Albany.

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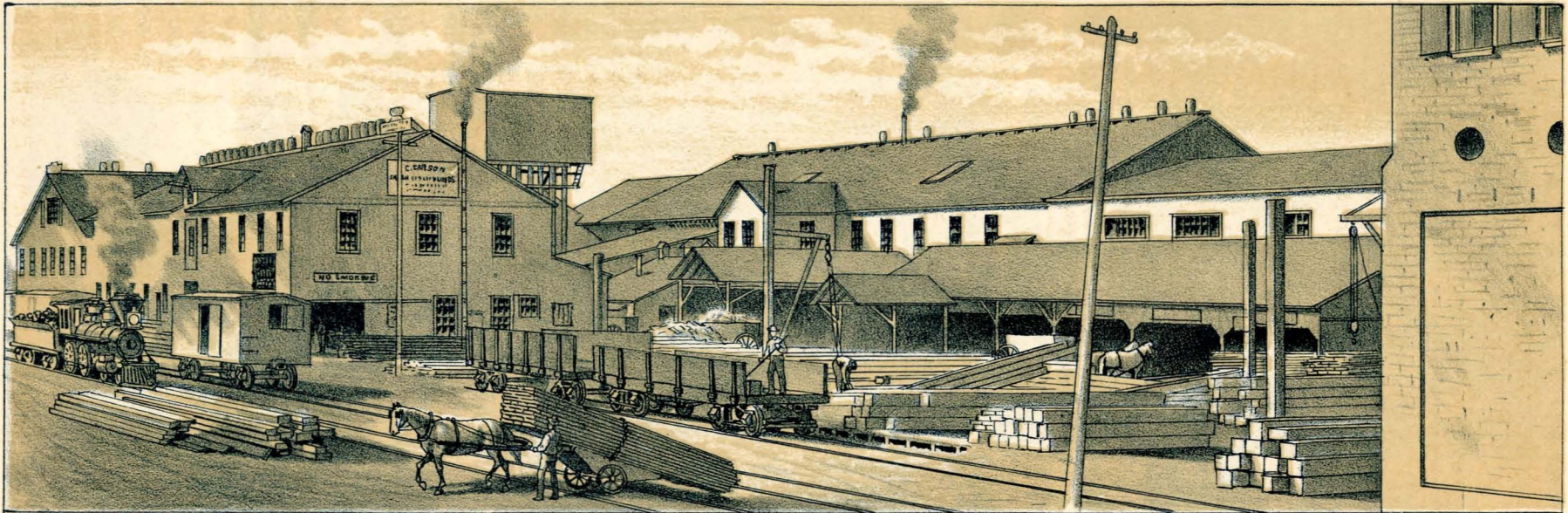
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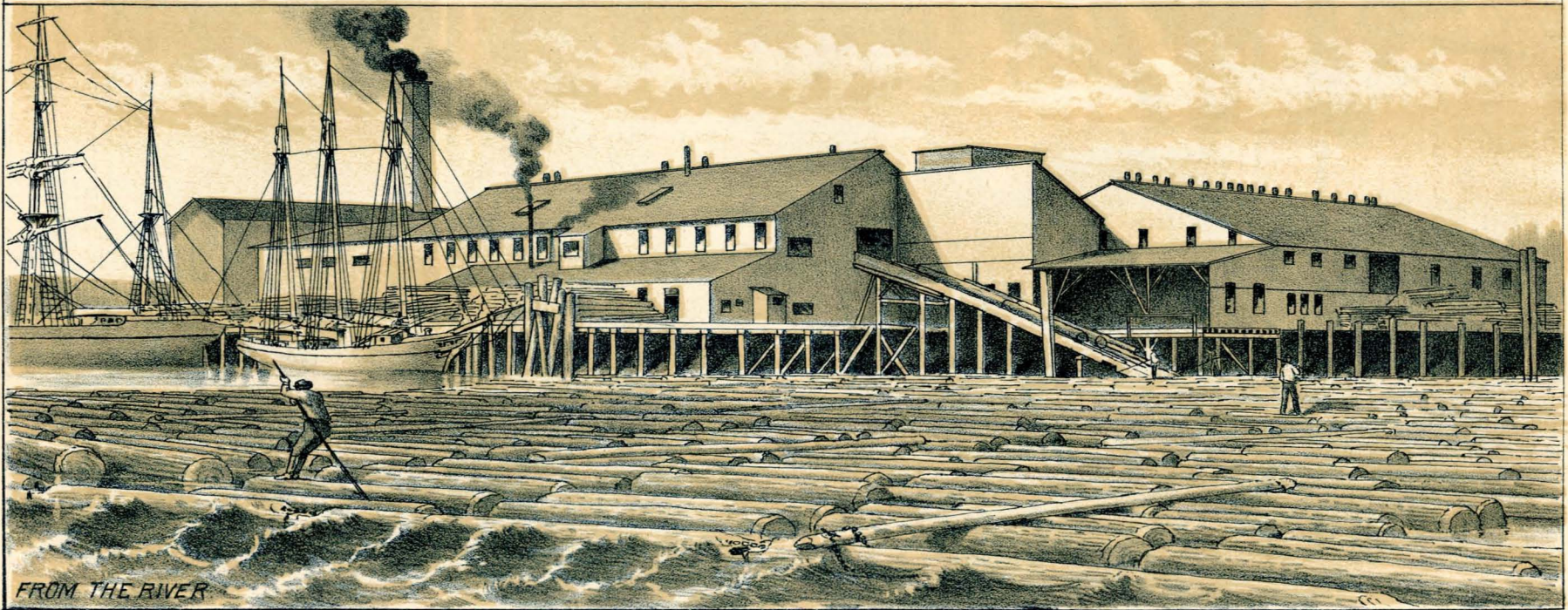
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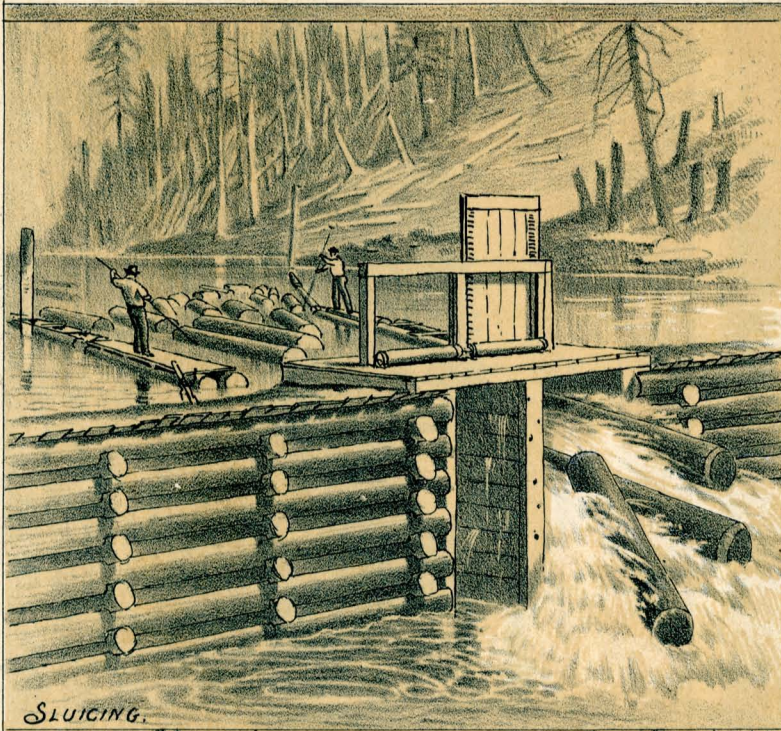


FROM THE RAILROAD.



FROM THE RIVER

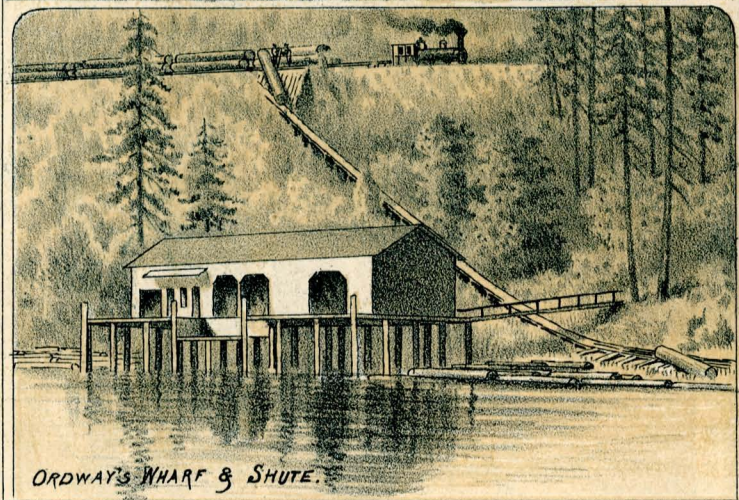
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THE WEST SHORE.

FOURTEENTH YEAR.

AUGUST, 1888.

NUMBER 8.

INDUSTRIES OF PORTLAND.



NEVER in the history of Portland have its industries been in such a prosperous condition, or the volume of its manufactures so large, as at the present time. In round numbers, \$16,800,000 represent the annual value of manufactured work in this city with the industries as at present organized; and these figures do not include the labor of a large number of skilled workmen, both male and female, such as painters, plasterers, plumbers, house carpenters, stone and brick masons, paper hangers, carpet layers, millinery hands, locomotive and steamboat engineers, and those engaged in numerous other occupations by which a livelihood is gained by physical toil, whose labor can not be classed with legitimate manufacturing, but which amounts, in the aggregate, to upwards of \$2,000,000.00 a year for wages only. In all this it is gratifying to know that, as manufacturing increases, there is more work for people employed in other lines of industry.

In some respects the past year has been an eventful one, since it has witnessed the founding of several industries, which are destined to develop until they attain great proportions. Among the most important of these are the reduction of base ores and bullion, the establishment of the large plant at Oswego for the manufacture of pig iron and iron pipe, the dry dock, the works for the manufacture of Portland cement, and a mill for the manufacture of linseed oil. It can readily be seen that from the natural increase in these industries themselves, and from the establishment of other branches intimately connected with them, and to which they will necessarily lead, the volume of manufacturing in the city will increase rapidly during the next few years. All of these are

specially mentioned in the alphabetical summary of leading industries given in this article. It is only intended to call attention to the advantages of this city as a general manufacturing point.

Portland occupies the dual position of a seaport and the seat of large foreign commerce, and an interior commercial city and railroad center. Situated at the head of deep water navigation on the Columbia and Willamette rivers, it is the nearest seaport to the great valleys of those two important streams. This is what has brought it to its present position as the metropolis and center of wealth, population and trade of a region of varied resources and vast area. This position it acquired when the rivers were the great highways of travel and commerce, and in it has been more firmly fixed by the construction of railroads, which not only make this city the western terminus of all the great transcontinental lines which penetrate this region at all, but give it communication with every portion of the vast empire of which it is the commercial head. Some of these roads go to other points, one here and another there, but they all come to Portland, where they find at once their greatest present traffic and hope for future growth. It is natural, then, that at this point should gradually be established a large majority of those great manufacturing industries which the northwest will undoubtedly soon possess, since the great essentials of an ocean port, railroad facilities, and nearness to the largest areas of population, are found here more fully than at any other point, while all other advantages and facilities are possessed in as great a degree as by any other place which might be selected. The almost unlimited quantities of coal, wood, timber, limestone, gold, silver, copper, lead and iron ores, wheat, wool, hops, flax, pork, beef, mutton, hides, and the multitude of other raw materials found or produced in the northwest, can be concentrated at Portland cheaper than at any other point, can be made up into the numerous articles of commerce as cheaply as elsewhere,

and when so made are provided with facilities for shipment by land and sea which do not exist at any other place. Even San Francisco, possessing equal transportation facilities, is at a disadvantage in procuring raw materials and fuel. Nor has that great metropolis of California another advantage this city possesses, one which no practical manufacturer will ignore. Neither that city nor any other on the Pacific coast possesses the great volume of available water power which is an adjunct of Portland. At Oregon City, a town so near as to be almost a suburb of the city, are the beautiful and celebrated Willamette falls, having a height of forty-one feet and carrying a volume of water which may be developed into power one hundred per cent. greater than those which have made such a great manufacturing city of Minneapolis. With such facilities as these, with a capital of \$10,457,000.00 already invested in manufacturing, with a banking capital of \$7,307,348.00, with \$54,000,000.00 invested in commercial pursuits, with a total of \$15,763,905.00 of exported products annually, and with a population of sixty thousand, equal to the combined population of the five next largest cities in the northwest, Portland offers not only the best, but, as well, the only complete facilities for large manufacturing enterprises in this entire Columbia river basin.

It might be well to call attention briefly to a few lines of industry which will find here excellent opportunities. It has been estimated that if all the wagons, carriages and agricultural implements sold in the northwest, the great bulk of which are handled by our business houses, were made here, it would give employment to ten thousand people. For this work we have all the materials and facilities possessed by any of the great centers of those industries in the east, as well as some they do not enjoy. Not one of them possesses the combination of materials, manufacturing facilities and shipping conveniences found in conjunction here. It can not be doubted that large factories of this kind will sometime find a location here. Nothing but a company with ample capital can accomplish anything in this line in competition with the old firms of the east, whose products are handled by the leading business houses of the city. This is a fact too self evident to be questioned. Another industry for which we possess peculiar advantages is mills for the production of steel rails, iron and steel plates, bar iron and steel and nails. The best quality of iron exists almost at the city's limits, not in one, but in several localities, and in unlimited quantities. Already a large capital is invested in the production of pig iron. Rolling mills would find a market in the northwest for all the steel rails they could turn out for many years to come, as

railroad building is progressing at a rapid rate, and thousands of miles of necessary road remain yet to be constructed. Iron and steel plates and bars are in ever-increasing demand, and their production here would encourage a development of ship building as well as numerous other industries. Nails are required by the thousands of tons in the great work of building up the cities and towns of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana. The manufacture of the cheaper grades of glass, especially bottles, could be made a large and profitable industry. A fine quality of flint sand has not as yet been discovered here, but sand suitable for cheaper glass can be had in abundance. We have bottling interests of sufficient magnitude to support a good bottle factory. Smelting and lead refining in conjunction with the reduction of ores, ship building and numerous other industries which might be profitably engaged in here, or being now established might be materially enlarged, are mentioned under the proper headings in the following alphabetical summary of the city's industries:

BAGS, TENTS, AWNINGS, SAILS, ETC.

There are three firms engaged in the manufacture of tents, awnings, sails, etc., one of which is also a large producer of bags for flour, grain and other products, and of canvas hose. This institution is doing an immense business and employs a large force. The bag industry is especially a large and important one, as it comes in strong competition with the factory in California and the Calcutta article, of which millions are imported for the grain crop of the Pacific coast. This is an industry that ought to be protected by tariff, as it would grow to large proportions and give work to many hands. Protection would not raise the price of sacks more than temporarily, since a combination of importers now keeps the price far above a legitimate one, and it would necessarily come down again under the influence of competition as soon as our home manufactories were established. To aid this industry, both jute and flax ought to be produced here, and they would be if there was tariff protection enough to enable our home manufacturers to supply the market. There is a capital of \$130,000.00 invested in the business, and the annual product of the three firms reaches \$531,000.00.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

But one firm, employing fifteen hands, is engaged in the manufacture of boots and shoes for the trade, while three are making uppers, one of them employing six hands. Three Chinese firms are engaged in this business, whose product is omitted from the statistics here given. Smaller shops doing custom work add much to the total value of the product, producing

fully two-thirds of the total output, which reaches a total of \$189,000.00 for the current year. The heavier grades of leather are now produced here, but goat, calf and kid skins must be imported. The tanning of finer leathers in Portland would be of great advantage to the local manufacturers of boots and shoes. The great bulk of goods sold at wholesale in this city are manufactured in San Francisco. It is only a question of time when Portland will supply the northwest market with boots and shoes of her own production.

BREWERIES.

Portland has three large breweries, supplying nearly all the local trade and a large portion of the northwest. The business has grown to such proportions in the last few years, that it now takes a capital of \$700,000.00 to handle it, and the product this year reaches the large sum of \$430,000.00. The largest establishment is that of the City Brewery, owned and managed by Henry Weinhard. On another page is given an engraving of the extensive buildings, located on the corner of Eleventh and C streets. Mr. Weinhard's business has increased wonderfully under his able management and in consequence of the excellence of his product. Not many years ago San Francisco had almost a monopoly of this market, but the fact is now universally recognized that the home product is superior to anything produced in California, and the consequence is an increasing demand, which Mr. Weinhard finds it difficult to supply. He has made improvements in his plant during the past two years to the amount of \$200,000.00, including a large refrigerator and a powerful Corliss engine. There are now three refrigerators, driven by three engines of a total of one hundred and sixty horse power, and a working capacity equivalent to sixty tons of ice per day. This is one of the most important of Portland's industries, and is a home enterprise in every sense of the word. It uses Oregon barley and hops, both of which are of such superior quality that they are in great demand by eastern brewers. His kegs are made from Oregon wood, his fuel is a home product of considerable consequence, costing \$11,000.00 a year, and his pay roll of \$24,000.00 goes to people living within our midst. Mr. Weinhard is one of the vice presidents of the United Brewers' Association of America, a fitting recognition of his importance in the trade as the proprietor of the largest and most complete brewery on the North Pacific coast.

BRICK.

Three brick yards are at present engaged in the manufacture of that important building material, producing about fourteen millions annually, valued at \$120,000.00. The entire product is handled by the

brick exchange. Some pressed brick are made, but the chief product is the common red brick, which is of good quality. The city consumes nearly all the product, though small lots are sent to outside points. The product has doubled in the last two years, and the building prospects of Portland are such as to warrant the prediction of a still greater demand. A new yard has just been opened.

BROOMS, WOODEN WARE AND BRUSHES.

Two factories are engaged in the production of brooms on a large scale, and one in a more modest way. One factory is making wooden and willow ware. One is engaged in the manufacture of brushes of all kinds, while another makes brushes an adjunct of its other business. The capital of \$39,500.00 invested produces \$82,000.00 worth of goods annually. Manufacturers complain of a scarcity of broom corn, and say that farmers would find it a paying crop. It would seem that this industry must grow to much larger proportions, and that broom factories in this city would furnish a market for a great quantity of broom corn. The growing of this cereal will undoubtedly do much to render diversified farming profitable.

CAR SHOPS.

At Albina extensive car shops were completed last year by the Northern Pacific Terminal Company, a corporation whose stock is owned by the Northern Pacific, Southern Pacific and Oregon Railway & Navigation Company. The works, as they now stand, cost \$525,000.00, and consist of blacksmith, machine and paint shops, foundry, pattern store house, engine house, dust tower and sundry other necessary buildings. There are now ninety men at work, but the plant is sufficient for the employment of a thousand hands, and when the shops are running upon the plan designed, about that number will be given steady work. It is the intention to make this a repair and general construction shop for the roads owning the company's stock. Each one of these roads has car shops of its own, that of the Oregon lines of the Southern Pacific being in East Portland, and the other two at towns on their respective lines. Nevertheless, the terminal company, which will also build the grand union depot soon to be erected here for the accommodation of these roads, will do the most important work. The shops in East Portland employ eighty-three men, the total value of work done in both shops, as now running, being \$300,000.00.

CARPENTERING.

No effort is made to compute the labor of carpenters employed in the construction of buildings, and the statistics here given refer only to shop work and

the manufacture of the thousand and one things made in a carpenter and cabinet shop. There are seven shops employing from five to fifteen hands each, while numerous shops of one or two hands assist in making a total of one hundred and seven hands, and a product of \$146,000.00. Carpenters receive from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per day.

CARRIAGES, WAGONS AND BLACKSMITHING.

The manufacture of carriages and wagons is carried on by no less than fifteen firms, employing from two to twenty hands each, while twice as many are doing general blacksmithing. Workmen receive from \$2.00 to \$4.00 per day, according to the class of work done. Nearly all work is done for special orders, and but few vehicles are made for stock, and for reasons previously explained. Carriage and wagon work amounts to \$254,000.00 a year, with an investment in plant of \$66,500.00; and blacksmithing reaches \$125,000.00, with an investment of \$21,600.00. In all, one hundred and ninety-one men are employed.

CEMENT AND ARTIFICIAL STONE.

A factory has recently begun the manufacture of Portland cement in Oregon City. The article is made from rock brought from Southern Oregon. In this quite extensive industry \$100,000.00 have been invested, and the gross product for the year is estimated at \$90,000.00. Closely allied to this is the manufacture of artificial stone for sidewalks and building purposes. Work of this kind has been done here for a series of years, and the durability of the material has won for it such favorable consideration that the demand for it is becoming greater every year. About \$35,000.00 is the estimate placed upon the value of the product, in the absence of exact data.

CIGAR FACTORIES.

No large cigar factories have yet been opened in Portland, though the wholesale trade of this city is very large. A great many small factories, employing from one to five hands, are located in various portions of the city, making a total output of \$80,000.00 worth of cigars, chiefly of the cheaper brands. There is just about to be started a factory employing twenty-five hands, for the manufacture of cigars by machinery of recent invention. This will, of course, require but little skilled labor. As all the materials have to be imported from other localities, there is little expectation on the part of dealers that large factories will soon be established here; yet, so far as that is concerned, the factories at San Francisco have to import nearly everything. The experiment of raising tobacco in the Yakima country is being tried. Last year a few acres were planted and the product was declared by experts to be excellent. If a first-class

quality of tobacco is grown in this region, we may safely predict its manufacture in this city into cigars and other forms of commercial tobacco.

CLOTHING.

Under this general title are grouped the several branches of cloak and dress making, gentlemen's clothing manufactured by custom tailors, furs, and general manufactured clothing and underwear. In the manufacture of cloaks and dresses there are establishments employing all the way from one to sixty girls, the total number of hands being three hundred and nine. The girls receive from \$2.00 to \$12.00 per week, averaging about \$6.00. Only two houses carry a line of goods, the others simply making up material purchased elsewhere. Consequently, the capital invested, \$54,000.00, is small when compared with the value of the completed articles, which amounts to \$444,000.00. The term "gentlemen's clothing" embraces the work of custom tailors, three of whom employ eighteen hands each, and one twenty-five hands; also the product of a small shirt factory and an establishment manufacturing about \$20,000.00 worth of oil clothing annually. There are several Chinese firms quite extensively engaged in tailoring and the manufacture of shirts, etc., seventy-five hands being employed, but neither the hands nor their product, which is considerable, is included in the statistics given in this article. Tailors work chiefly by the piece, and make from \$15.00 to \$30.00 per week, and some more, on the best kinds of work. Quite a number of girls are employed, earning \$8.00 to \$10.00 per week. The capital invested is \$70,700.00 and the output \$363,000.00. Two firms are largely engaged in the tanning of skins and the manufacture of fur clothing and articles of all kinds, their combined product being \$55,000.00. Nearly all the furs used are from the Pacific coast, including seal skins, which, however, are dressed and dyed in London. Not including the product of the Brownsville and Oregon City woolen mills, which are considered under another head, the combined product of clothing reaches the sum of \$862,000.00.

COFFEES AND SPICES.

In the business of preparing coffee and spices for the general market, three firms have invested \$47,000.00 and turn out an annual product of \$108,000.00. Two-thirds of this are handled by wholesale and retail dealers in the city, and the remainder is shipped to country dealers direct. This does not represent, by any means, the quantity of these goods used in the northwest, but as all the materials for making them are imported, our manufacturers have no advantages over those in other cities. The goods are made and sold on extremely close margins.

CONFECTIONERY.

Three firms are engaged in the manufacture of candies for the trade, employing from ten to thirty-five hands each. Six others manufacture for retail chiefly, but partially for the trade. The output has nearly doubled in the past two years, being \$339,500.00 for the current year. The capital invested is \$85,500.00. The business gives employment to seventy-five hands, a great many of whom are girls and boys. The Pioneer Candy Factory, Bernheim & Manner proprietors, was established in 1852, and is doing a large business throughout the entire northwest, both in candies and foreign and domestic nuts.

COOPERAGE.

Six firms are engaged in a general coopering business in the city, and one barrel factory is located at St. Johns, a few miles down the river. No such demand for barrels exists here as the quantity of flour manufactured would suggest, as flour is handled in sacks. However, lime manufacturing calls for a great many barrels, and the breweries use a large number of kegs. This demand, with the usual miscellaneous call for barrels, tubs, casks and liquid receptacles of all kinds, keeps the shops busy, the work turned out amounting to \$59,000.00 per year.

CORDAGE.

The destruction by fire, in 1886, of the Molson cordage works suspended this industry for two years. The product of the burned works the last year of their existence was \$80,000.00. Last year the Portland Cordage Company was organized, and invested \$100,000.00 in a plant, with which it is now turning out goods to the value of \$125,000.00 a year.

CRACKERS AND BREADSTUFFS.

There are two large factories supplying the general market with crackers and general baker's goods for the trade, while twenty other bakeries, employing from one to nineteen men each, are engaged in the production of all baker's goods except crackers. In this business \$131,000.00 are invested, and an annual product of \$471,000.00 is turned out. Fully two-thirds of the product of the wholesale factories is marketed outside the city, and they hold the northwestern market well in hand, so far as San Francisco is concerned. Portland has an enviable reputation for its soda crackers. In former years the California Cracker Company was master of the field, but the production here of a superior article has, to a large extent, shut it out. Two years ago, the Portland Cracker Company, an engraving of whose factory, corner of Second and D streets, is given on another page, was incorporated, and it has been placing goods on the market that have done much to raise the reputation of the

city in this line and secure the trade of the northwest. Not only soda crackers, but all kinds of crackers, cookies, snaps and knickknacks are produced. It is the policy of this house not only to produce a superior article, but to pack it in a convenient and attractive form, and the wisdom of this policy has shown itself in the wonderful increase in the amount of business secured. The plant is now worked to its full capacity, and the factory will soon be compelled to enlarge its facilities to supply the increasing demand for its products. Wherever one may go in the northwest, the name of the Portland Cracker Company may be seen, and its brand on a box is a guarantee that the contents are equal to the best made anywhere in the world.

FLOUR.

Of the great quantity of flour handled in this city, more than one-half is the product of mills in the Willamette valley and in Oregon and Washington east of the mountains. Only one large mill, that at Albina, is located here, and this is turning out one thousand barrels a day, being by far the largest producer in the northwest. A large mill at Oregon City is owned and operated by Portland parties, and two small mills in the city aid in making a grand total of \$2,040,000.00 as the value of mill products here. There was received from outside points flour to the amount of \$1,300,000.00. From this port were shipped, foreign and domestic, \$1,743,717.00 worth of flour, leaving the remainder for the local market. The foreign trade has been almost exclusively with Great Britain, but during the past year large consignments have been sent to China, and this is looked upon as a market of great promise.

FOUNDRIES AND MACHINE SHOPS.

Of foundries and machine shops, engaged in the manufacture of boilers, machinery and all classes of cast and wrought iron, steel, copper and brass work, there are seven working on a large scale, and a dozen smaller ones. These firms represent a capital of \$468,000.00, and produce an annual output of \$834,000.00. Much mining machinery is manufactured in this city, as well as much iron used in the construction of large buildings. The future of this industry is brightened by the resumption of work at the Oswego iron works. The production here of bar and plate iron and steel would be of great advantage, and it is to be hoped that ere long this will be accomplished.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE PRESERVING.

The business of canning and drying fruit and vegetables is one that is largely on the increase. In no country in the world do vegetables yield more prolifically, grow to larger size or possess finer flavor than

those of the district immediately surrounding this city, while the fame of Oregon plums, prunes, cherries and apples is becoming world wide. The business of preparing these for market is comparatively a new one. In the city, but more particularly throughout the Willamette valley, a great deal of fruit is being dried and packed for the general market. Oregon prunes are becoming noted as the largest and finest in the world, and this branch of the business is rapidly increasing. Two canneries are located in Portland and are doing a large and yearly increasing business. Two hundred and fifty hands are employed during the season. A few years will make a great increase in this industry, which is destined to be a leading one.

FURNITURE.

One of the best developed of local industries is the manufacture of furniture, including spring beds, wire mattresses, curled hair, excelsior and fringe. In this business nearly \$400,000.00 are invested and upwards of half a million dollars' worth of goods are turned out annually, two-thirds of which find a market outside of the city. The excelsior branch of the business is comparatively new and is increasing, two establishments now being engaged in its production. Curled hair is not produced in quantity, and this is a feature that should be better attended to. Some of the needs of the business are wire, feathers, twine, tow and bar iron. The hard woods of Oregon, maple, ash and oak, furnish splendid material, and so well have our enterprising manufacturers handled the business that the importations of eastern goods of those materials are very small. Even black walnut is imported in the rough and made up into furniture that compares favorably in quality and price with eastern goods. Cedar, spruce and fir are used in great quantities, and the fir is much superior to eastern pine in strength and durability. Another large factory is in course of erection at present, and this, with the recent enlargement of the facilities of other factories, is an indication of the healthy condition and growth of the industry. Special attention is demanded by the enterprise of the Shindler Furniture Co., whose extensive plant at Willsburg, opposite Portland, forms one of the illustrations of this number. In this factory the industry has reached its perfection in Oregon. In every department and every detail, care is taken to use only the best materials in the most skillful way, and produce the best possible results. The lumber is first thoroughly seasoned in the large, two-compartment dry kiln, and then passes through the planers, cut-off and rip saws, edgers, mortise and tennon machines, tongue and groove machines, sand-papering machine, dovetailing machine,

scroll saw, band saw, shaping machine, the latter carving straight designs of a multitude of patterns, and the carving machine for more intricate patterns. These various machines are of the newest designs, and turn out a great quantity of work. After the various pieces have been prepared, they go into the hands of the cabinet makers and are put together, stained, grained, varnished, polished and prepared for market. One can not follow a stick of timber through all of its wanderings in the factory without being impressed with the skill and ability of the managers of this great industry. The company is erecting another large building to accommodate the growing needs of the business. The salesrooms in Portland are large and tastefully arranged, and contain an immense stock of furniture of every conceivable style and design. This industry has grown up gradually from the first beginnings made by Mr. G. Shindler years ago, until now it has assumed large proportions, and its trade extends throughout the entire northwest.

GAS.

Gas companies supply Portland and East Portland with that illuminant, giving a good quality of light and very satisfactory service. At present the streets are lighted by electricity, arc lights on business streets and incandescent burners throughout the residence portion. There is invested in the manufacture of gas the sum of \$1,006,500.00, and the product is estimated, in the absence of positive figures, at \$400,000.00.

ICE.

Portland is supplied with ice by two artificial ice factories, and one company dealing in natural ice brought here from the mountains of Idaho. It is thirteen years since the manufacture of ice was first begun here in a small way, and the industry has developed with the growth of the city. The shipment of fresh fish east has added much to the demand for this article. At present \$55,000.00 are invested in the business, and the yearly product amounts in value to \$65,000.00.

IRON AND STEEL WORKS.

The largest iron manufacturing establishment in the west is the plant of the Oregon Iron & Steel Company, at Oswego, Oregon, on the west bank of the Willamette, a few miles above the city of Portland. Engravings of this great industry and its picturesque surroundings are given in the large supplement accompanying this number of THE WEST SHORE. This plant includes the only pipe foundry west of St. Louis, and, with one exception, the only blast furnace west of the Rocky mountains. It comprises valuable mining property, blast furnace and pipe foundry and all

the necessary adjuncts for mining and manufacturing iron on an extensive scale.

The first step for the establishment of an iron manufacturing plant here was taken in 1865, when the Oregon Iron Company was organized, with a capital stock of \$200,000.00. The articles of incorporation bore date February 23, 1865. Operations were immediately commenced, and the first pig iron was made August 24, 1867. This was the first iron ever made west of the Rocky mountains. During the time this company operated the plant, about ten years, it turned out seven thousand four hundred and sixty tons of pig iron. In 1878 the Oswego Iron Company bought the Oregon Iron Company's property, and had made eighteen thousand five hundred tons of pig iron at the time of selling out to the Oregon Iron & Steel Company, October 26, 1882. This last named company operated the works until November, 1885, during which time it made fourteen thousand six hundred and sixty-three tons of pig iron. At the last named date the works were closed, and have remained so since. About the first of September next, work will begin with a greatly enlarged plant and complete modern equipments.

The first charcoal furnace erected was run by water power, and had wooden tubs and cylinders. These wooden appliances were removed during the time the Oswego Iron Company owned the plant. The difficulty which led to closing the works in 1885 was amicably adjusted last year, and the company reorganized with a paid up capital of \$1,500,000.00, and the first step toward resuming operations was the construction of new works throughout. The old plant was entirely discarded. Even a new mine was opened. January 1, 1888, the construction of the new furnace was begun, and the work was pushed to completion. The blast furnace has a thirteen-foot bosh and is sixty feet high, with six five-and-one-half-inch tuyers. The bosh walls are protected by water blocks, and the column of the furnace is lined with fire brick two feet in thickness, with a back wall of red brick eighteen inches thick. The down-comer gas flue, from the furnace to the stoves and boilers, is of wrought iron, six and one-half feet in diameter, lined with fire brick. For heating the blast, there are three stoves of fire brick, with wrought iron shells, fifteen feet in diameter and seventy-five feet high, with conical tops. These stoves are lined with a checker work of fire brick. This checker work is heated to a white heat by waste gas from the furnace, then a cold blast is turned on at the reverse side and forced up and down through the stoves until it absorbs the heat, when it is carried back to the furnace. The blowing engine is of the Weimer type, having a total weight of one hundred tons and a capacity of eight hundred horse power.

The capacity of the blow is twelve thousand cubic feet of air per minute, with ten pounds pressure to the square inch. The power for running this machine is furnished by two batteries of French type boilers. No fuel is used either in generating steam or in heating the stoves, this service being performed entirely by waste gas from the furnace. The smoke-stack is of wrought iron, nine and one-half feet in diameter and one hundred and sixty feet high, and is lined with nine inches of fire brick from bottom to top. The elevator has two cages, one ascending while the other descends, and is capable of lifting five thousand pounds. The stock house is sixty by one hundred and eighty feet, with two ore bins, or bunkers, with a storage capacity of three thousand tons each. The lime house, in one end of this building, holds three thousand tons of lime rock. Seven hundred thousand feet of lumber were used in the construction of this stock house.

The mine of the company is about two and one-half miles west of Oswego, and is connected with the works by a narrow gauge railroad. It is a fissure vein of brown hematite, averaging ten feet in thickness, the ore yielding forty per cent. metallic iron. The old mine penetrated the hill in which the ore is found for a distance of about a thousand feet. The ore is first shoveled into cars in the mine, hauled out and dumped into bunkers, from which cars on the Oregon Iron & Steel Company's narrow gauge railway are loaded and drawn to the furnace stock house. There it is weighed on the cars and dumped into the crusher, from which it passes to the bunkers in the stock house. From there it drops into receptacles, is weighed again and hoisted to the top of the blast furnace, where it is charged. The molten metal from this furnace is cast into pig iron, and is then ready for further manufacture.

The charcoal kilns are thirty-six in number, located near the furnace. They are of the bee hive pattern, thirty feet in diameter and thirteen feet high, each with a capacity of fifty cords of wood, which makes twenty-five hundred bushels of coal, and they can be turned twice a month. The railroad track runs along above the kilns, which are charged from the top. It requires the coal from one hundred cords of wood to run the furnace one day to its total capacity of fifty tons. A cable road takes the coal from the kilns to the furnace.

The company's pipe foundry has a main building sixty-eight by one hundred and eighty feet, supplied with one ten-ton steam crane and three five-ton hand cranes. It has a large pit for casting pipes vertically, and a capacity for turning out twenty-five tons daily, pig iron being taken from the furnace and remelted for this work.

The above is only a very brief mention of the principal features of the plant of the Oregon Iron & Steel Company. There are engine houses, pattern houses, a machine shop, and sundry other adjuncts of a first-class iron manufacturing establishment, everything new and on modern plans. There is an admirable arrangement by which a supply of two and a half million gallons of water daily is secured, with a head of sixty feet above the hearth. The shipping facilities are both rail and water. The officers of the company are: President, S. G. Reed; vice president, Wm. M. Ladd; secretary, Martin Winch; general superintendent, F. C. Smith; furnace engineer, E. C. Darley; engineer pipe foundry, Franklin J. Fuller; superintendent of the mines, James H. Pomeroy. The company owns two thousand acres of mineral land and fourteen thousand acres of timber land in one body. It also has ten thousand six hundred acres of timber land in Washington Territory, and a mine of magnetic iron ore in British Columbia. The land in the vicinity of the works is laid out in town lots, and Oswego is a very pleasant place of residence.

JEWELRY.

There are no extensive jewelry manufacturing interests in the city, but several firms are engaged in the business in a small way, and produce \$79,500.00 worth of work. Efforts are being made to start a clock factory. Everything necessary for that industry exists here as fully as elsewhere, and it is certainly to be hoped that the proposed enterprise will become a reality.

LIME.

One large factory is engaged in producing this article. The works of the Portland Lime & Cement Company are in East Portland, and the company is chiefly engaged in calcining marble, brought from the extensive quarries in Southern Oregon. Capital to the amount of \$25,000.00 is invested in this industry, and the annual product amounts to \$145,000.00. It would help to support a good barrel factory.

LUMBER.

In the production of lumber there is invested the large sum of \$960,000.00 and a gross product of \$1,705,000.00 for the present year is being turned out. The larger mills make lath and shingles and supply dressed and matched lumber, doing much work similar to that of some of the factories included under the head of planing mills and sash factories. By far the largest enterprise of this character is that of the Willamette Steam Mills, Lumbering & Manufacturing Company, whose extensive plant on the river front in North Portland and logging camps on the Columbia are subjects of illustration in this number. The bus-

ness is under the efficient management of George W. Weidler, and the mills are superintended by J. Ordway, a mill man of large experience. The mills have a total capacity in twenty-four hours of two hundred and fifty thousand feet of lumber. They have exceptional shipping facilities, as the track of the Northern Pacific runs through the yard, and deep water in front permits the largest vessels to reach the shipping wharves. Cargoes of lumber are sent to the various ports of California, Mexico, Central America, Peru, Chili, Sandwich islands, Australia and China, and large quantities are sent eastward by rail along the lines of the Northern Pacific and Oregon Short Line, as far as Helena, Salt Lake, Denver and Omaha. The logging facilities are complete and extensive, embracing a railroad from the Columbia river into the timber, by which logs are hauled to the water, where they are made up into rafts and towed to the mill. These mills were the first to open the markets east of the Rocky mountains, and pave the way for a large increase in the demand for Oregon lumber. The great strength and durability of the Oregon fir renders it of special value for railroad and bridge purposes, and for these uses it is in great demand. The forests of this region are gaining recognition throughout the Union as the most important in the country, and the future of the lumbering industry is a bright one. [See article on lumbering on another page.]

MARBLE WORKS.

In the manufacture of monuments, mantels, etc., several firms are engaged, but none on a large scale. About \$16,000.00 are invested in the business and the yearly product reaches \$64,000.00. There is no good native marble yet in use here. A deposit exists in Southern Oregon, but it has not yet been developed. Marble has been discovered in various localities, but its use has been confined chiefly to the manufacture of lime. Sandstone is procured on Puget sound. One manufacturer has a small granite quarry in Clackamas county, but nearly all the stone used in this city is imported. The demand at present is not sufficiently great to support large quarries, though an ample supply of the best quality of stone can be found in the mountains whenever it will pay to get it.

MATCHES.

The only match factory on the Pacific coast which is not controlled by the "combination" at San Francisco, is the one located in this city. It has recently been much enlarged in capacity, and is now doing work at the rate of \$100,000.00 per year, which is about four times its previous output. The growth of this industry has been slow and gradual, from the most humble beginning. It is gratifying to know that the recent enlargement was possible. One of its

greatest needs is a disposition on the part of dealers to handle its product in preference to that of the trust. There is no reason why matches made here should not be able to compete advantageously with those from California or elsewhere.

MEAT PACKING.

The packing of pork and beef has not yet reached the proportions that it should in a country so eminently adapted to that industry as Oregon. Great quantities of lard, hams, bacon and canned meats are imported from the east annually, when, as a matter of fact, this country ought to export such products. More or less of this work is done in a small way by butchers, while four firms are quite extensively engaged in the business in connection with wholesale butchering. Capital of \$165,000.00 is invested, and the yearly product is \$900,000.00. At present our farmers do not raise enough hogs to support a large packing industry, and that they do not is owing to the fact that there has been no certain market for them. The increase of this industry and of the supply of hogs to support it must go hand in hand. Were the farmers assured of a market, there is little doubt about their willingness to supply it. On the other hand, were packers certain of a constant and sufficient supply of hogs, they would no doubt embark in the packing business on a larger scale. No sudden increase of this industry can be looked for, but a steady growth may confidently be predicted.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Six firms carry large stocks of musical instruments, music, etc., and this city is the center of the music trade for the entire northwest. No instruments are manufactured here, though the sales approximate \$200,000 00 annually. One firm imports pianos and organs from a Chicago factory and finishes the exteriors here, adding about \$3,500 00 worth of work to them, which amount is credited in the general summary.

PAINTS AND OILS.

Two firms are engaged in the production of paints and refining oils on a large scale, one of them confining its efforts exclusively to oil refining. Another, the Portland Linseed Oil Co., is preparing to begin the manufacture of oil. A brick building, fifty by one hundred and fifty feet in size, is being erected near the O. R. & N. Co's. boneyard, which will be completed and fitted with machinery ready for use by the first of October. Flax seed is produced in this region in considerable quantity and of excellent quality, and its production will be greatly stimulated by the market this will furnish. Such a mill has long been needed by our paint manufacturers. The next

thing required in this line of industry is a white lead factory. With this new enterprise included, the capital invested in making paints and oils is \$155,000.00, and the total product for the year coming can not fall short of \$400,000.00.

PAPER MANUFACTURING.

One of the largest enterprises in the city is that of the Columbia River Paper Company, whose works are located at LaCamas, W. T. The destruction of the mill by fire a year ago was a great loss to the community, as operations were necessarily suspended until new machinery could be procured. The final result, however, was beneficial, as machinery of an improved pattern and greater capacity has been put in, and the mill is now in much better condition than before. News, Manila and straw papers are turned out, large quantities of wood pulp being used. The product is valued at \$200,000.00 per year, and finds a market throughout the entire northwest. A movement is on foot to establish a large paper mill at Oregon City, where water power and all possible conveniences exist. It would seem that the manufacture of finer grades of paper could be made profitable. Many tons of book paper are brought out here annually from eastern mills, which might be made here as well as three thousand miles further east. This is an especially good field for procuring wood pulp, and the question of building pulp mills in favored localities here for the supply of their mills in California has been given much thought by manufacturers there.

PHOTOGRAPHS

A dozen photograph galleries divide the work in that line, half of them being large, complete and attractive establishments. It may fairly be said that photography in this city is equal in quality to that of the great metropolitan cities of the east, fully as much skill and taste being displayed by the artists and the galleries being thoroughly equipped. As would naturally be expected in a city increasing so rapidly in wealth and population as Portland, this business has more than doubled within a few years. The product is \$79,200.00 for the current year.

PICTURE FRAMES, MIRRORS, ETC.

Picture frames, mirror frames, canvas stretchers, etc., are quite extensively manufactured by our art stores, the total product amounting to \$50,000.00. For this purpose mouldings are imported, both finished and plain, and all the work necessary to adapt them to the use desired is done here. The demand is not sufficiently great to support a factory where these mouldings can be made. This is an industry which has increased with Portland's growth in population, wealth and culture.

POTTERY.

But one firm is engaged in the manufacture of pottery of various kinds. The company has two potteries, one at Buena Vista and one on the northern boundary of the city. The former location was chosen because of the excellent clay found in that locality. Clay for the factory in the city is brought from banks down the Columbia. The product of the two factories is \$50,000.00 a year, two-thirds of which find a market in this city. Freight rates on that class of goods are too high to admit of sending them any distance, and, as a consequence, many interior points are prevented from using them. If these conditions were more favorable, production in that line would be largely increased.

PRINTING, LITHOGRAPHING AND PUBLISHING.

Portland takes high rank in regard to the quantity and quality of its printing and lithographing. There are a dozen offices in town, half of which are large and thoroughly equipped for the business. In the lithographing branch, in addition to the large establishment required to turn out the artistic illustrations of THE WEST SHORE, there are three firms engaged in doing commercial work as an adjunct of their general printing business. In job printing there is invested a capital of \$128,500.00; one hundred and thirty-one hands are employed, and the annual product reaches the total of \$238,000 00. In publishing the thirty papers and periodicals issued in this city, two hundred hands are employed, a capital of \$195,000.00 is invested, and the value of the product, as represented by the total revenue derived, is not less than \$625,000 00. There is one branch of lithographing which is not done in Portland which might be made a profitable one. The fruit and salmon canneries of Oregon, Washington and Alaska annually use many millions of colored and varnished labels, which are procured in San Francisco and the east. There is business enough of that kind to maintain a large plant, provided arrangements can be made to secure it and to compete in prices with the houses now supplying the trade.

REDUCTION WORKS.

Something over a year ago the Portland Reduction Works were incorporated, with a capital stock of \$50,000 00. Sampling works and a forty-ton smelter were erected and preparations made to begin the reduction of base ores. Inability to secure favorable railroad rates has hampered the industry, and though the works have run for three months, the conditions are not yet favorable. With the completion of the O. R. & N. Co's. line into the Cœur d'Alene mines, a great change in this respect is anticipated. This will

enable the company to secure all the ore it desires at reasonable rates, and will doubtless lead to a large increase in the capacity of the plant. It is admitted by all practical men, that Portland is the natural smelting point for the ores of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, as it is the most easily reached by rail and water, possesses fuel and iron in abundance, and is the great shipping port and commercial city of this region. Not only will the reduction of base ores to bullion be carried on here in the future, but smelting and lead refining as well. A few years will develop large industries of this nature in Portland.

SADDLERY AND HARNESS.

Nine firms, employing from two to eighteen men each, having an investment of \$128,600.00 and turning out annually \$217,000.00 worth of product, are engaged in the general manufacture of saddles, harness, etc., including the manufacture of whips. Two-thirds of the annual product find a market outside the city. The rapid settlement of the northwest stimulates this branch of industry, and though local factories throughout this entire region keep pace with the increasing demand of their localities, Portland is called upon for a larger quantity annually. The lack of tanneries here has somewhat crippled this industry, but it is hoped that this drawback will soon be entirely removed.

SASH, DOORS, BOXES, STAIRS, ETC.

The manufacture of sash, doors, blinds, stairs, packing boxes and general mill work for buildings, is so commingled that it is impossible to separate each item. Some firms are engaged in making all of these, and others confine their attention to one. The business is so closely related to that of lumber manufacturing, that they should, in a measure, be considered together, as some of the saw mills supply dressed lumber, flooring, siding, etc. There are three factories turning out packing boxes, four engaged exclusively in stair building, and five doing a general work embracing all kinds of wood manufacturing for building purposes. This business has grown steadily for a number of years, the immense amount of building being done calling for an increased quantity yearly. Portland consumes a large amount of this product, but the mills have the entire northwest for their field. There is an aggregate of \$419,000.00 invested in the business, and the yearly output reaches nearly a million dollars in value. As a convenient instance of the growth and prosperity of the business, mention can be made of the Seatco Manufacturing Company, whose works are located at Bucoda, on the line of the Northern Pacific railroad. This company was incorporated in 1884, and began operations at once. Dur-

ing the past year its plant has been much enlarged and improved, giving it a total capacity of sixty thousand feet of lumber and two hundred completed doors per day. The saw mill is run to its full limit, while the planing mill is unable to supply the increasing demand for its products. This is due partly to intelligent and vigorous management of its affairs, and partly to the fact that it has the reputation of turning out the best work in this region. Improved machinery, skillful management, and first-class timber, have produced this result. The mill has just completed a contract of forty-four thousand six-foot cross arms for the Western Union Telegraph Company, which the officials of the company have pronounced the best ever produced in the United States. The mill enjoys a large local trade, and is doing an extensive and increasing business with the towns along the line of the railroad as far east as Helena on the Northern Pacific and Salt Lake City on the Oregon Short Line. Many large bridge timbers have been supplied to the railroads, and the mill is prepared to cut timbers of the largest dimensions. Cargo lots of lumber are cut for foreign and southern coast ports. The affairs of the company are in the capable hands of Dr. C. A. Plummer, president, residing in Portland, and manager here of the extensive house of Whittier, Fuller & Co.; and A. J. Runyan, secretary and superintendent, residing at Bucoda.

SHIP BUILDING.

Of the great fleet of river craft plying on the waters of the Columbia and Willamette, numbering far into the hundreds, the greater portion have been built in this city. Several ship and boat yards exist on both sides of the river, where row boats, yachts, steam tugs, side and stern wheel steamboats of small and large capacity, and ocean-going schooners, are constructed. No large ship yards for the building of large draught ocean vessels or iron vessels have yet been established here, but of the great fleet of ships plying between this port and others in all parts of the world, there is no place where they can be built to better advantage than here. We have the best of timber for both vessels and masts, good locations for yards opposite deep fresh water, and all other necessary facilities. For the construction of iron vessels, there are found in conjunction coal, iron and timber, for construction and fuel. Large ocean vessels will be built at some point on the northwest coast, and Portland certainly possesses many advantages that can not be overlooked. The first step has been taken by the O. R. & N. Co., in the construction of a large dry dock on the east side of the Willamette at Albina. Fortunately, the only dry dock on the coast, except the one at the Mare island navy yard, in which

large steamers and sailing vessels could be repaired, was the one at San Francisco. Vessels reaching the coast after a long voyage, if it was necessary to go into dry dock for repairs, were compelled to go to San Francisco, whether bound for that port or not. The dock constructed here is the largest convenient to the shipping of the Pacific coast, and will, it is hoped, be the nucleus of extensive repairing and ship building enterprises. The work now being done in the city by the O. R. & N. Co. and private yards reaches a total of \$195,000.00 for the year.

SOAP.

All the usual kinds of toilet, washing and scrubbing soaps are manufactured in the city, three firms being engaged in the business. Sharp competition exists between our local manufacturers and those at San Francisco and points to the eastward, but the trade is largely held, especially in the cheaper varieties, by making a superior article and attending closely to the wants of the business. About \$52,000.00 worth of soap is made annually.

SODA AND MINERAL WATERS.

The preparation of soda and mineral waters, cider, vinegar and flavoring extracts for the market, is engaged in by nearly a dozen firms, employing from one to nine men each. The annual product reaches \$74,500.00. About three-fourths of the product are disposed of at retail or to dealers in the city, the other fourth finding a market outside, chiefly west of the Cascade mountains from Oregon to Alaska. This is one of the industries that would help to support a bottle factory, and a willingness to invest money in such an enterprise is expressed by several of the manufacturers.

STOVES.

There are two firms engaged in the manufacture of stoves, one of which has its works located at Salem, having a labor contract with the state. The total output is \$175,000.00, and the capital invested \$160,000.00. Stove dealers in the city are all handling eastern goods in large quantities, though they also deal in the Oregon product. Under the impulse of the rapidly increasing population of the northwest, as well as of the development of our iron resources, we may confidently look for a large increase in this industry in the next few years.

TANNING AND WOOL PULLING.

Several small tanneries have been at work here for a great many years, but nothing at all in proportion to the production of raw hides, of which vast quantities have been shipped away in crude condition since Oregon first became settled. The business of wool pulling and cleaning is connected with that of

tanning, and wool forms a considerable portion of the value of the material handled. Nearly ninety per cent. is shipped to eastern markets, but a small portion being used here. A new tannery is being erected, which will do its share in keeping at home the money expended in converting our raw materials into articles of commerce. With a capital of \$49,500.00, goods to the value of \$266,000.00 are produced.

TINWARE, CORNICES, METAL ROOFING, ETC.

Fourteen firms, having a capital of \$107,000.00 are engaged in the manufacture of tinware, zinc cornices, metal roofing, sheet iron pipe and novelties in tin, producing \$287,000.00 worth for the present year. One firm makes a specialty of zinc work, of which it does a great quantity, while another is extensively engaged in producing sheet iron pipe. Four houses are large producers of general tinware.

WOOLEN MILLS.

Two woolen mills, with headquarters and salesrooms in this city, have their plants at points in the valley. Another mill is located at Ashland, but as it is neither owned nor managed in Portland it is omitted. The largest institution of the kind in the northwest is that of the Oregon City Manufacturing Company, with headquarters in Portland. A view of the factory at Oregon City is given on another page. The output of this mill has given a reputation to Oregon manufactures more extended than the product of any other industry except flour and lumber. The salesrooms and business office of O. C. Mfg. Co. are at Nos. 8, 10 and 12 Front street, and are connected with the factory by telephone. The mills were established in 1865, by Jacobs Bros., and have increased their capacity until now they are running eleven-set machinery and employing upwards of two hundred hands, and turning out in excess of a half million dollars' worth of goods. The mills are engaged in manufacturing blankets, flannels, cassimeres and tweeds, underwear, wool hose and clothing. Their product finds ready market on the Pacific coast and as far east as Illinois and Wisconsin. The superior quality of Oregon wool enables the mills to put on the market goods superior to the great majority of the American product, and where quality is an essential they can readily compete with the factories of the east.

STATISTICAL TABLE OF MANUFACTURES.

A few words of explanation of the following statistical table are necessary to avoid any misunderstanding of its nature and what it signifies. In several industries, such as ice making, fruit, vegetable and meat packing, brick making, pottery, and several others, work is not carried on for the entire year; con-

sequently the gross amount of wages appears small in comparison with the number of hands. In others there are many girls and boys employed, whose wages are much less than those of skilled mechanics. In the industries enumerated in the table, no less than seven hundred girls and women find employment, while in other avocations, such as millinery, type-writing, book keeping, teaching, clerking in stores, etc., are fully as many more.

INDUSTRY.	Capital Invested.	Hands Employed.	Annual Wages.	Annual Product
Bags, Tents, Sails, etc.	\$ 180,000	57	\$ 36,340	\$ 581,000
Beer	700,000	56	54,000	430,000
Billiard Tables	1,000	2	1,800	2,500
Book Binding	14,500	34	20,800	36,000
Boots and Shoes	19,000	105	93,480	189,000
Brick	40,000	150	36,000	120,000
Brooms, Wooden and Willow Ware, and Brushes	39,500	73	23,250	82,000
Car Shops	765,000	183	161,147	300,000
Carpentering	23,000	107	96,000	146,000
Carpets	800	2	700	2,000
Carriage and Wagon Manufacturing and Blacksmithing	88,100	191	164,816	379,000
Cement and Artificial Stone—Building and Paving	125,000	40	29,500	125,000
Cigars	14,300	40	25,580	80,000
Clothing—Gentlemen's	70,700	208	185,390	363,000
Ladies'	54,000	309	86,424	444,000
Coffee and Spices	47,000	19	17,000	108,000
Confectionery	85,000	75	29,130	389,500
Cooperage	36,700	46	27,300	59,000
Cordage	100,000	30	26,000	125,000
Crackers, Bread, etc.	181,000	138	88,970	471,000
Electrical Goods	5,000	7	6,000	8,000
Electrotypes	1,000	2	1,500	2,500
Engraving	300	2	1,800	2,500
Flour	730,000	78	57,720	2,040,000
Foundries and Machine Shops, Boiler Works, etc.	468,100	412	276,020	834,000
Fruit and Vegetable Canning and Drying	43,000	253	42,000	115,000
Furniture	391,900	306	182,200	557,500
Furs	45,000	34	11,000	55,000
Gas	1,006,500	26	31,000	400,000
Glass Decorating	500	1	1,000	2,000
Gloves	5,000	5	3,000	10,000
Glue	2,000	6	2,500	6,000
Hair Goods and Feathers	4,500	15	4,750	21,000
Ice (Artificial)	55,000	25	12,500	65,000
Iron	1,500,000	350	250,000	700,000
Jewelry	18,200	27	19,484	79,500
Lime	25,000	11	7,200	55,000
Lumber	960,000	526	356,200	1,705,000
Marble Works	16,000	20	25,700	64,000
Matches	20,000	60	35,000	100,000
Meat Packing	165,000	108	41,000	900,000
Musical Instruments	1,000	3	2,160	3,500
Paints and Oils	155,000	86	34,000	400,000
Paper	200,000	80	36,000	200,000
Paper Boxes	2,500	7	3,000	7,000
Photographs	45,000	37	33,100	79,200
Picture Frames, Mirrors, etc.	12,500	14	12,000	50,000
Planing Mills, Sash, Stairs, Boxes, etc.	419,000	269	220,400	932,200
Pottery	75,000	30	8,275	50,000
Printing, Lithographing and Publishing	323,500	306	244,877	863,000
Reduction Works	50,000	25	22,000	500,000
Rubber Stamps, Stencils, Models and Locksmithing	22,000	31	22,450	52,500
Saddlery and Harness	128,600	80	47,820	217,000
Ship Building	96,000	95	79,600	195,000
Show Cases	6,000	8	6,000	24,000
Signs	7,000	18	16,000	40,000
Soap	25,000	11	6,200	52,000
Soda and Mineral Water, Extracts, Cider and Vinegar	32,500	28	20,880	74,500
Solder and Babbitt Metal	10,000	3	2,500	20,000
Stoves	160,000	195	52,000	175,000
Straw Works	300	4	1,800	2,700
Stucco Ornaments	4,000	2	2,100	4,600
Tanning and Wool Pulling	49,500	42	29,800	266,000
Tin, Sheet Iron and Zinc	107,000	125	77,540	287,000
Trunks	14,000	7	6,120	22,000
Wire Works	500	4	1,800	2,700
Woolen Mills	575,000	300	185,000	725,000
Total	10,457,000	4891	2,693,573	17,293,900

LUMBERING IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

LOGGING operations, as conducted on the Pacific slope, are quite different from the business in the pineries of the east. The large scale upon which the work here is prosecuted alone constitutes a striking feature of difference. The large size of the timber, the peculiarity of the seasons, and the general character of the country, make logging here new even to lumbermen from the east. As the pineries of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota wane, the attention of the capitalists interested in the lumber industry there is turned to newer fields of operation, which they find west of the Rockies, and many are securing timber, and even making arrangements for manufacturing, in the new northwest. Though the country is new, and much of the choicest timber land is not easily accessible, the lumber output of the northwest is enormous, and constantly increasing. Washington Territory seems to attract most attention just now, but Oregon has large quantities of good timber, which will stand the draughts of manufacturers for many years.

There are many interesting features connected with the logging business, that comparatively few people are familiar with. Those who come from portions of the east where lumbering is carried on are more or less acquainted with the plan of operations which prevails there. Lumbering has closely followed the "Star of Empire" and taken its way westward across the continent, but the methods employed in the business as carried on west of the Rockies dwarf into insignificance the hewers of timber on the eastern shore when the lumber and ship building of the Pine Tree state, and the pitch, tar, turpentine and lumber of the Carolinas, constituted the wealth of school book catechism on the subject. In due time, lumbermen invaded the forests of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and even Georgia furnished a very creditable field for their enterprise. Now the region known as the Pacific northwest is the field lumbermen are heading for, and the industry here has assumed enormous proportions. An idea of the plan of operations in the woods can best be presented by a description of the work at the camp of the Willamette Steam Mills, Lumbering and Manufacturing Company, on Abernathy creek, in Washington Territory, which a detail from THE WEST SHORE staff recently visited. The several views of lumbering scenes at that point in this number of THE WEST SHORE will aid the reader in understanding the work.

Abernathy creek is a small stream emptying into the Columbia river from the north, some sixty miles below Portland. Camps Nos. 2½ and 4 of the Willamette Steam Mills, Lumbering and Manufacturing

Company are located on this stream, the former four and one-half and the latter five and one-half miles from its mouth. The location of camp No. 2½ is at a waterfall, as shown in the picture. These camps are the typical loggers' quarters. The men's shanties, stables, shops, etc., are built for utility, rather than artistic effect, though the latter is not entirely wanting, a fact which the builders should not, perhaps, be held accountable for. A narrow gauge railroad runs from the landing on the Columbia river to this set of camps, and is used for transporting provisions and logs and in dislodging logs from the jams which frequently occur in running the timber down the creek. A locomotive with several hundred feet of large rope does excellent service in breaking jams.

The choppers and sawyers fell the timber and cut it into logs of the desired length, generally ranging from twenty to thirty-two feet. The trees are large, and to avoid cutting through the swell near the roots, notches several inches deep are chopped in the side of the tree, and the end of a spring board, having an iron shoe, is put in the notch in such a way that it is bound fast by the weight of a man who stands upon it to chop or saw. If the first notch is not high enough to enable the workman to reach above the swell comfortably, the second one is made. By this method the stumps left standing are from eight to twelve feet tall. Each man has his own spring board. When the preliminaries have been arranged, the usual notching in preparatory to sawing the tree down is done, and the tree is felled in the ordinary style. It is often necessary to use saws twelve feet in length in cutting this timber, and none less than seven feet long are taken into the woods for the regular sawing. Care is taken to fell the tree where there is least liability of its breaking, and when the stately shaft lies prostrate, the men measure and mark it for cutting into log lengths, these being regulated so as to avoid too much waste in case of a break or an unsound spot in any portion of the tree. When the tree is thus cut into saw logs, the swampers get a road to it, pull off the bark, which is from three to six inches in thickness, and hitch the chain or rope by which the ox team hauls the logs to the landing, or to the skidway. When the logs are away up on a side hill, a long rope is used to reach them; when easier of access, the heavy chain connecting directly with the team is used.

The ox team, as it appears in these dense lumber woods, is not the lonesome single pair of quadrupeds which vexes the soul of the eastern logger. A single team here consists of six pairs of lusty animals moving in concert, and as the saying is, they will "pull anything that's loose." One teamster, with the aid of a good pair of leaders, manages the team with

less friction than is often exhibited with a single pair of oxen. When at the landing, it is seldom that the logs can be rolled by the ordinary cant-hook, and jacks are used to roll them into the stream or upon the cars. Logs of five or six feet in diameter are not rare, and the great length in which the timber is cut makes them very hard to handle. One stump about ten feet tall measured nine feet in diameter at the top. This was a fir, which constitutes the bulk of the timber of the northwest. A cedar tree measured sixty feet in circumference about four feet above the ground, but of course this large measurement was greatly due to the spread at the roots, and the tree tapers very rapidly. It is customary, about three times a week, to flood the timber that has been banked down the creek to the boom in the Columbia, from which rafts are towed to the mill in Portland. No spring freshets are depended on for this work, though the stream abounds in rapids and falls. The dam at camp No. 4 holds a reservoir of water sufficient to flood the largest logs down the channel when the gates are raised and the pond "drawn off." As the wave advances down the stream, the "sackers," who have been distributed at various points along the banks, work logs off the rocks, where they may be temporarily anchored, and roll in the stragglers along the shore which remain from the previous flood. At any short turns in the creek men are kept busy with their pike poles to prevent the run from "jamming," but often it is impossible to keep the logs moving, as they crowd in together, some times two or three deep, and the water subsides before they can be worked loose, so the jam is left to be dislodged at the next flood, or, if very bad, the locomotive is brought into use, and the front of the jam loosened so the logs will readily float when the water rises again. Thus in two or three hours the run is taken from the pond where the logs are landed in the woods, and along the banks, to the boom at the mouth of the stream, from which the logs are taken as wanted. About ten million feet of logs are thus annually cut in those woods and manufactured in Portland by this firm. Tug boats tow the large rafts, which are made up at the boom in the Columbia, to the mill as the timber is needed for sawing. From the mill the lumber goes to various parts of the world. Some is shipped eastward as far as Chicago, a considerable portion of the product goes to points in California, and China and other foreign markets take many cargoes from the Portland mills. In the eastern markets of the United States there is a demand for a special class of long timber, such as is used in ship building, that can not be supplied from the forests there. The large diameter and great length (between two hundred and three hundred feet), as well as the toughness and strength of the fir trees

of the Pacific slope, give them particular value for such purposes, and this supply is drawn upon for use in the largest eastern lumber markets. The daily capacity of the mills now operating in Oregon and Washington is about three million feet, and new mills are yearly being added.

The season when lumbering can best be carried on here is summer. During the wet winter weather there is too much mud in the rough roads in the woods, the teams can not work to advantage and soon become disabled, and it is decidedly unpleasant for men to work in the wet. There is no snow to be looked for here in the winter, so the season affording the most fair weather is chosen for logging operations, which are prosecuted without particular inconvenience through such mild summer weather as prevails here.

There will be less "picking up" on the territory once logged over in the west than has been customary in many of the pineries of the east. Of course, there is some timber here that is not of the huge size described, but the facilities for handling it, when once arranged, are so good that about all that is worth anything is gathered in at once, and there is little use of attempting to make a paying business of logging over the old ground. The itinerant shingle block, drag saw or post and tie mills might do a more or less lucrative business from the fragments left by the regular lumbermen, were it not for the roughness of the country and the lack of transportation facilities in the interior. But the vast timber supply of Oregon and Washington Territory will last many years. The great body of it is still uninvaded, and it is useless to speculate now on the probabilities of a second glean- ing from the timber.

A HINT TO TOURISTS.

ONE of the most difficult questions for the tourist to the Pacific coast to decide, is which he will take of the numerous routes of travel, all pretending to possess equally good accommodations, and each laying much stress upon the scenic beauty of the country through which it passes. Not a little confusion arises from the fact that the eastern man does not realize that this is a country of "magnificent distances" until he is actually here. At home he is accustomed to find the leading cities but a few hours distant from each other by rail, and it is but natural for him to fail to realize that such is not the case in the west. The chief cities on the Atlantic coast, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, naturally associate themselves in his mind with those of the Pacific coast with whose names he is the most familiar, such as Los Angeles, San Fran-

cisco, Portland, Tacoma and Seattle. With his mind thus fixed, he lays out his tour of the Pacific coast, only to find, upon arrival here, that he has sadly miscalculated the situation. From Los Angeles to San Francisco it is as far as from Boston to Washington, the terminal points of the eastern trip, while to Portland it is seven hundred and forty-five miles farther, the total being equal to the distance between Boston and Savannah, and to go on to Seattle would be equivalent to extending the eastern trip to Tallahassee. Distances only are considered in these comparisons, but other elements must be taken into account. Not only are there not so many roads in the west, but they do not run so many trains a day nor at so high a rate of speed. All these are important considerations when one desires to stop along the line to visit places of interest and admire the grand and beautiful scenes, of which this portion of our common country has so many. Unless he calculate well, the tourist will find his time slipping away, and at last he will be compelled to take up his homeward journey with a feeling of disappointment at not having seen half the places he had expected to visit. For these reasons, it will not be presumptuous for one somewhat familiar with all the routes of travel, and the scenic attractions of each, to suggest a trip which embraces the greatest number of objects and places of interest accessible to the tourist whose time is, in a measure, limited.

In the first place, it must be fully understood that many of the natural wonders and beautiful scenes made so familiar to ear and eye, by both pen and pencil, do not lie immediately contiguous to the lines of railroad advertising them as their chief attractions. Some of them are many miles distant, and a trip to them requires a delay of from one to five days. So many of them are thus situated, that the ordinary tourist can not hope to visit them all, and it is well for him to know in advance which they are, and whether he can spare the time necessary to see them.

Assuming that this falls beneath the eye of one about to visit California, or who has already reached the land of oranges and olives, and is uncertain as to which of the various northern routes to take homeward, or what they offer him in the way of amusement and instruction, the following words of advice are given. Take the route by way of the Southern Pacific's line to Portland, and from there take the Northern Pacific by way of Puget sound and St. Paul. This embraces the greatest number of places and objects of interest accessible to the tourist not blessed with an abundance of time and money. From San Francisco, the line runs up the famous Sacramento valley, and through the mountains that close it in at the north, following the picturesque canyons of the

Sacramento to the very base of the kingly Mt. Shasta. Here, let it be remarked, is the only opportunity the traveler in the west will have to view one of the great snow peaks at close quarters without spending time, money and labor to reach them. Hood, St. Helens, Rainier (Tacoma), Baker, Adams, and the score of lesser peaks, must all be viewed from a distance if one follow the usual routes of travel; but grand old Shasta, in some respects the most noble and imposing of them all, stands with its very base resting upon the small, but lovely, Strawberry valley, through which the Oregon line of the Southern Pacific passes. Here are good accommodations, and the tourist will find a stay of even one day delightful and refreshing. If he be inclined to climb a snow peak or investigate its grandeur and mysteries, this is the best opportunity he will have; in fact, the only good one.

Bidding adieu to the noble Shasta, the tourist is carried through Shasta valley, across the turbulent Klamath, and through the picturesque and historical Siskiyou mountains, to the lovely Rogue river valley, the "Italy of Oregon." The line then continues northward through the rugged Canyon mountains, the beautiful valley of the Umpqua, and the Calipooia mountains, entering the head of the famous valley of the Willamette, down whose green and fertile expanse it runs for one hundred and fifty miles, the timbered sides and snow-crowned summit of the Cascades rising grandly on the right, with Mount Hood, Jefferson and the Three Sisters rearing their white crests far above the greener heights below, and with the graceful and verdant slope of the Coast range interposing between the valley and the ocean on the left, the journey ending at Portland, the busy, wealthy, populous and beautiful metropolis of the northwest.

A few days should be spent in the city, one of which should be devoted to a trip by steamer up the Columbia to the cascades, embracing the most grand and inspiring of the famous scenery of the Columbia, and which can be viewed to far better advantage from the river than from the railroad; and another, if possible, down the river to Astoria, at the mouth of this famous "River of the West." Having thus taken in the chief scenic attractions of the Columbia river route, the trip homeward should be made by way of Puget sound. To go east by the way of the Columbia would be to miss the great beauties of the sound and the crossing of the Cascade mountains, without substituting anything at all commensurate with them, since the chief attraction of the Columbia route is the river scenery, which has already been viewed to so much better advantage from the steamer, that it would be folly to attempt to see it again from so unsatisfactory a point of observation as a car window.

From Portland, the Northern Pacific runs down

the Willamette to the Columbia, crosses it by means of a huge ferry, and continues northward through the fertile valleys and green forests of Washington to Tacoma, a distance of one hundred and forty-five miles. A trip from Tacoma to Seattle by steamer or rail must positively not be omitted, and if time will permit, it should be continued down the sound to Port Townsend, and across the famous Straits of Fuca to Victoria. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the beauties and delights of such a trip, with verdant islands, placid waters, forest-clad mountains, and the snowy summits of Rainier, Baker and the Olympic range constantly in view. From Tacoma the road starts eastward, passing through the famous hop fields of the Puyallup valley, and soon entering the grand canyon of Green river, beyond question the most beautiful mountain stream on the Pacific coast. If possible, the tourist should stop for a few days at the celebrated Green river hot springs, to enjoy the benefits of its health-giving waters and the pleasure of the finest trout fishing in the west. The road then crosses the mountains through the grand scenery of the Stampede pass, and emerging from its wilds, continues down Kittitas and Yakima valleys, crosses the Columbia and joins the line which the traveler would have taken had he gone directly up the Columbia from Portland, by which he would have saved a few hours in time, to be sure, but lost entirely the beauties of the sound and mountains. Continuing eastward, the line passes through Spokane Falls, and then carries the traveler where his eye will constantly feast upon the beauties of nature in a successive panorama, embracing Lake Pend d'Oreille and its surroundings, Clarke's Fork of the Columbia, Cœur d'Alene mountains, Bitter Root mountains and valley, the approach to the Mullan tunnel at the summit of the Rocky mountains, Helena and the Prickly Pear valley, Galatin valley, the Belt mountains and the valley of the Yellowstone. At Livingston, just as the last named valley is reached, a branch runs to the National Park of the Yellowstone, distant fifty miles, whose wonders are so well known that to mention the name is sufficient to recall them to mind. To "do the park" requires several days, and is the only feature of the trip here mentioned which requires the tourist to depart from the usual routes of travel. After leaving the park, if the traveler has been able to indulge himself with a sight of its unrivaled attractions, he will find his route down the Yellowstone, through the famous *Mauvaises Terres*, or "Bad Lands," and across the plains and wheat fields of Dakota, crossing the Missouri at Mandan and Bismarck, and the Red River of the North at Fargo, thence through the beautiful Lake Park region of Minnesota to Minneapolis and St. Paul.

In making this brief sketch of the best possible trip a tourist can make on the Pacific coast, provided he have not time to run back and forth on the various routes, no mention has been made of any object of interest, the enjoyment of whose beauties is not entirely practicable to the traveler. As before stated, this is a region of "magnificent distances" and vast area, within whose confines nature has spread her choicest stores with a lavish hand. To have all these on the lines of railway is, of course, impossible, yet guide books, railroad circulars, advertising pamphlets and collections of photographs contain a great many scenes which are advertised as the attractions of the various routes, but which, in fact, lie at a distance from them, and can not be seen at all unless the traveler leave the railroad and make a special trip to visit them. Omitting all such from our consideration, the route indicated above gives to the tourist an opportunity to actually see, at his convenience and leisure, a large majority of the accessible attractions of the Pacific coast.

It was assumed, in laying out the above route, that the tourist desired to visit California first, or was already there. If, on the contrary, he prefer to come first to Portland, he should simply reverse the route and come by the Northern Pacific and Puget sound. Otherwise, in order to enjoy the beauties of the sound, which no tourist of the Pacific coast should fail to see, he would be compelled to make a special trip from Portland to Tacoma and return. It might be added, incidentally, that the hotel cars on the Northern Pacific and the buffet service on the route from Portland to San Francisco, supplying plenty of good things to eat at seasonable and regular hours, are so superior to the old style of eating stations still adhered to by other lines, with all their delays and unsatisfactory service, that the traveler of experience, who is sadly aware that the grandest scenery pales into nothingness with one who is hungry and cross because of a long delayed dinner, will not hesitate to make a choice of route upon this consideration alone.

EXCURSION OF THE G. A. R.

On the 3rd, 4th and 5th of September the Northern Pacific railroad will place on sale, from all points in Oregon and Washington, round trip tickets to Columbus, Ohio, good to return up to October 31, for the unprecedentedly low price of \$80.00. This will enable all who desire to visit the east during the national encampment of the G. A. R., at Columbus, to do so at the least possible expense, as this rate is open to all. This is the route selected by the departments of California, Oregon and Washington. A special train will leave Portland September 4, consisting of Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, Pullman Dining Car and Tourist Sleeping Cars, berths in the latter being free. Berths in the Pullman and Tourist cars can be secured, and any further information obtained, by addressing A. D. Charlton, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt. N. P. R. R., Portland, Oregon.

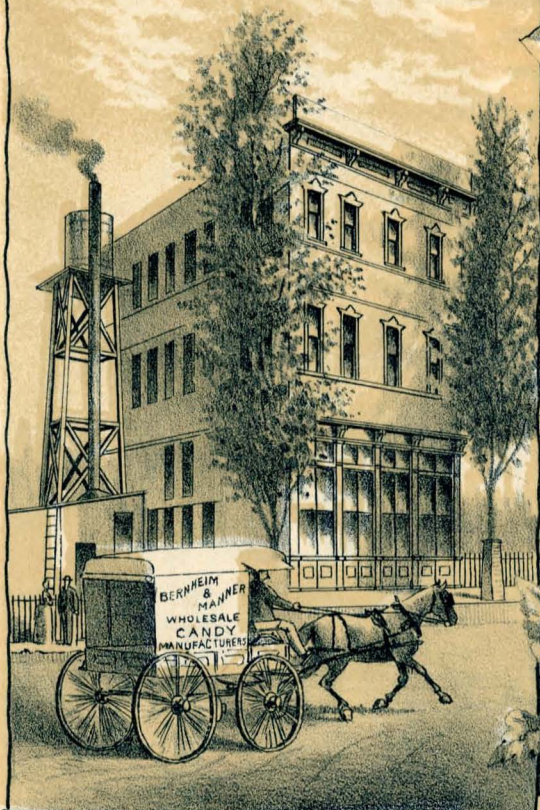


SAW MILL. DRY DOCK.
PORTLAND CEMENT WORKS.

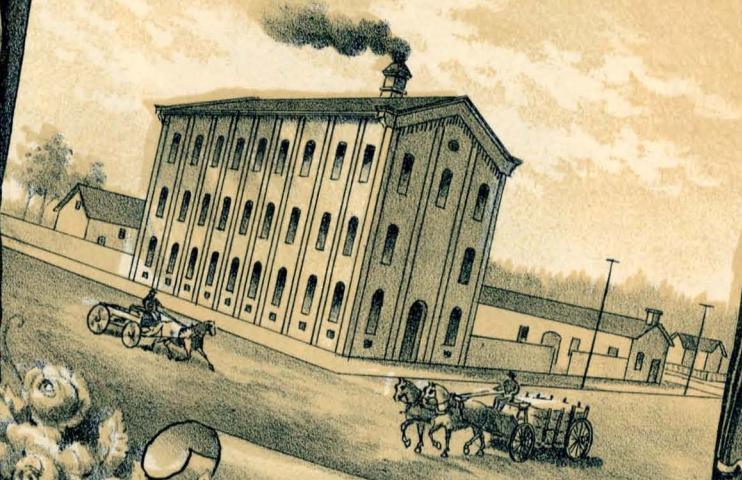
FLOURING MILLS.
OREGON CITY MANUFACTORIES.

OREGON CITY WOOLEN MILLS.

STEAM CANDY MANUFACTORY



CORDAGE WORKS



CRACKER BAKERY

INDUSTRIES IN PORTLAND, OR.

BY JAMES P. SHAW.

VI.

EIGHT o'clock next morning found Amy and her mother ready to start on their search for Colonel Harrington, and a few minutes later the ambulance appeared, with Mike as driver. Captain Wells called at their rooms and offered his services as escort, which were gladly accepted by the ladies. They were comfortably placed in their conveyance, and amidst wishes for the speedy termination of their quest, they were driven away.

"I suppose," said Amy to the driver, when they had left the hotel, "Colonel Lester has informed you where to drive us?"

"Yis, mum, he tould me to drive wheriver yez wanted to go."

"You know where the different hospitals are located, I suppose?"

"Well, miss, seein' as I've been drivin' this same amb'lance for more'n a year, an' been to ivery wan o' the hospitals, sure I ought to know where to foind thim. Which wan will yez go to first, mum?"

"As we do not know where any of them are, take us where we would be most likely to find Colonel Harrington, my husband," replied Mrs. Harrington.

"Very well, mum," said Mike, who turned his horses into the Georgetown road, and urged them into a brisk trot. After a drive of half an hour, they arrived at a large building with the stars and stripes floating over it. The driver explained that it was the old Georgetown college, but was now used as a hospital, and called "Father Mooney's hospital."

"If yez loikes, we'll shtop here."

"Very well," replied Amy.

They were assisted to alight, and Amy went up to the soldier on guard in front of the entrance, and inquired if the surgeon in charge could be seen.

"I do not know, miss," he replied, "but will find out," and called to an orderly to whom he told the wishes of the ladies.

"Father Mooney is in charge here," answered the orderly, addressing the ladies, "and if you wish, I will inform him of your presence."

"Thanks," replied Amy, "we wish to see Father Mooney."

The orderly disappeared, returning soon with the information that the Father was in and would see them at once. They were conducted to the private office of the old gentleman, who, as they entered, rose and advanced to meet them, saying, as he extended his hand, "How can I serve you, ladies?"

"We are looking for Colonel Harrington, my husband, who was wounded a few days ago and brought to Washington, and, we are informed, is in one of the hospitals here."

"We have received a great many of the wounded from the recent battles, but whether your husband is among the number I am unable to say. We have not yet made a list of the new arrivals, but if you care to pass through the wards, I shall be pleased to accompany you. I warn you in advance, however, that it will require strong nerves to view the suffering you will find among our poor boys. Few women would brave such scenes as you will witness."

"You are very kind," said Mrs. Harrington, "and if you will not think it too much trouble we will look through the wards, as there seems to be no other way of knowing whether my husband is here."

"No trouble at all. I shall be honored in serving you."

It was, indeed, a sight never to be forgotten, that met the eyes of Amy and her mother as they were silently conducted down the aisles between the rows of white cots, as they passed from one ward to another, without finding the face they were so eagerly looking for. While there were a great number of sick in the hospital, the wounded, owing to the recent great battles, were largely in the majority. There were men with their arms shot away, and others who had lost a leg, while hundreds were swathed in bandages.

As the ladies passed down between the little white cots the men gazed at them and tried to look brave, while the great agony they suffered showed only too plainly in their bloodless faces. At the farther end of the long room, near the wall, was a minister praying beside a dying soldier, and from a cot in the row next to the dying man, two attendants were removing the body of a soldier who had just died. In other parts of the ward convalescent men were seated on cots playing cards, all unmindful of the dead and dying around them. Beside a cot containing a very

sick soldier, a mere lad, were an elderly lady and gentleman, who, Father Mooney informed them, were the father and mother of the brave boy, watching and waiting until he should be able to travel, when they would take him home. Kind nurses were everywhere ministering to the wants of the sick and wounded. From this ward they went to others, where the scenes of the first were again encountered, and after all had been visited they returned to the office.

"Oh, what dreadful, dreadful sufferings those poor men must endure!" said Amy to Father Mooney, when they were seated in his private office.

Mrs. Harrington said she felt faint, and called for a glass of water. An attendant was dispatched for a fresh supply, while Father Mooney handed some smelling salts to Amy, who administered them to her mother. This, with a drink of cool water, restored her.

"How is it possible, Father Mooney," said Mrs. Harrington, when fully herself again, "for those men to live, shot and torn as they are?"

"I know, madam, it must be difficult for you ladies, who are not accustomed to witness such things, as we do every day, to realize that some of them could, by any possible chance, recover; yet they do, and I sometimes think the poor fellows make up their minds that they will not die, and battle against death with such determination that they get well in spite of everything. Few of them ever complain. Especially is this true of the wounded. They are always talking about returning to their commands, and very few ever speak of going home. The sick will sometimes long for the care of a loving mother, and will ask how soon they will be able to go home."

"I think we will go now, Father Mooney, and please accept our most grateful thanks for the kindness you have shown us," said Mrs. Harrington, as they rose to depart.

"I am very sorry, my dear madam, that your first effort has met with disappointment, and can only wish you entire success at Lincoln hospital. I will give you a note to Dr. Arthur. He will be pleased to render you all the assistance in his power."

Excusing himself he went to his secretary and had the necessary note written. Returning, he gave it to Mrs. Harrington, and said he would see them to their carriage. Observing who their driver was, he said: "I see you have Mike for your driver," and turning to that individual, said: "Mike, drive the ladies over to Lincoln hospital, where," said he, turning to Mrs. Harrington, "I think you will find your husband."

With Mike's fast driving they were soon at the hospital on Maryland heights, where Amy and her mother alighted, and were at once shown into the re-

ception room, and their names announced to Dr. Arthur. The doctor soon made his appearance, and bowing to the ladies inquired what he could do for them.

"We have come from Father Mooney," replied Mrs. Harrington, "and this note will explain our mission."

When the note had been read, the doctor said—

"I am very sorry, ladies, but Colonel Harrington is not an inmate here."

"Oh, doctor!" exclaimed Amy, almost breaking down under the disappointment, "can you tell us where papa is? It seems so strange that no one knows where he was taken."

"I learned this morning that several hundred of the new arrivals had been taken to Arlington heights, and it is very probable that Colonel Harrington is among the number, and I would advise you to apply there before going elsewhere."

With hearts full of grief they took their leave of Dr. Arthur, and resuming their seats in the ambulance, told Mike to drive them to Arlington hospital. Back to Washington they went, thence through Georgetown and over the chain bridge, to the hospital on the heights. This magnificent property was once the homestead of an old Virginian family, the head of which, at the breaking out of the war, deserted his country, resigning the commission he held in the army, and accepting another from the government of the seceding states. The estate, with its grand old home and extensive grounds, is on the south side of the Potomac river, on Arlington heights, and is reached from the capital either by the long bridge to Alexandria, or across the chain bridge from Georgetown. The owner of this fine old property having become one of the first officers in the rebel army, the estate was confiscated by the government and converted into a hospital for the sick and wounded soldiers of the Union army.

The ambulance slowly ascended the long hill leading to the hospital, and as it reached the front entrance, its occupants saw a negro coming from the building. As he came near the ambulance, Amy called to him and inquired whether the doctor in charge of the hospital was in his office.

"Lor' bress you, miss, dar's a whole dozen ob 'em in dis yer horspital," replied the darky, taking off his hat and bowing very low to the ladies.

"Well, then, is the head surgeon about the building?"

"Dunno, miss; specks he is."

"Will you please inquire?" asked Mrs. Harrington.

"Who shall I ax fer?"

"The one in charge, the head doctor," replied Amy.

"'Pears to dis yer nigger dat all ob dem hab charge ob dis plantation; least wise dey all t'inks dey's got charge ob dis yer nigger, an' dey makes 'im fly when dey comes around where he is," said he, a broad grin spreading over his ebony face as he moved off in a shuffling gate.

"That's a queer negro," said Mrs. Harrington, as he disappeared inside the building.

He returned very soon, and approaching the ambulance, hat in hand, he said: "No, missus, dey say de man wat got charge ob dis yer horspital dun gone to de city, an' won't be back 'fo' night."

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Harrington, "what shall we do?"

"Go inside and get some one to show us through the building, as we did at Father Mooney's," said Amy, and telling Mike they would get out, and for him to wait until they returned, she jumped out of the ambulance, and then assisted her mother to alight.

Turning to the darky, who was standing with his mouth wide open, which was almost split from ear to ear, Amy asked: "Are you employed here?"

"Is I what, miss?"

"Are you employed in the hospital?"

"Don't 'zackly understan' yer, miss."

"Do you belong to any one about the hospital?"

"Oh, dat's what yer ax me, is it? Well, miss, I don't 'zackly b'long to anybody, kase I'se dun been sot free by marsa Lincum, but I'se hired to marsa Kunnel Harrington, what wuz killed at —"

"What? What's that you say?" advancing toward him. "Colonel Harrington killed?"

The darky backed away from them, saying: "No, no, missus, he dun comed to agin."

"Where is Colonel Harrington?" asked Amy.

"Marsa Kunnel Harrington what was killed?"

"Oh, God!" groaned poor Mrs. Harrington, as she sank to the ground in a faint.

Amy was by the side of her mother in an instant, and Mike, who, up to this time, had been a silent listener, jumped from his seat on the ambulance and grabbed the darkey by the shoulders and gave him a severe shaking.

"Now," said he, "run for some wather, ye black hathen."

Sam—for it was that valiant individual—bounded off like a shot out of cannon, and in a few seconds returned with the water. By this time, however, Mrs. Harrington had sufficiently recovered to sit up, and after drinking the water, was able to get to her feet. Turning to Sam, she asked—

"Did you say Colonel Harrington was killed?"

"No, missus, he's dun been killed, but comed to agin."

"Where is he?"

"In dar," pointing to the building, "a-waitin' for dis nigger, an' I specks he pow'ful mad kase he don't come."

"Show us to him at once."

"Sartin, missus," said Sam, as he led the way into the building, closely followed by Amy, supporting her mother. Passing between the long rows of cots, each of which contained a sick or wounded soldier, Sam at length halted in front of a cot, standing at the lower end of the room, and pointing to the occupant, said—

"Dar he be, missus. Dis am de kunnel."

The wounded man lay with his face to the wall, and when he heard Sam's voice he turned to speak to him, when he was recognized by his wife and daughter, who both gave a quick cry of joy and sprang forward and knelt beside the cot.

"Oh, papa!" said Amy through her tears, "we have been hunting for you for two days, and it was only by chance, and through the stupidity of that colored servant of yours, that we found you at all."

The colonel's wife was holding his hand in her own, her heart too full to say anything for the time.

"I knew you would come," said the colonel, faintly.

"Are you badly hurt, papa?"

"No; at least, not seriously; but the trip from the front nearly killed me."

"What is the nature of your wounds, William?" asked his wife.

"I received a gun-shot wound in the left leg, just above the knee, and a bruise on the head, caused, I think, by a piece of shell, which had about spent its force, but had enough left to knock me senseless for some time."

"Poor papa! How you must have suffered, all alone on the battle-field, with no one to care for you."

"Oh, no, I had plenty of assistance. My men, as soon as I was hit, came and carried me from the field to a place of safety, and from there I was taken in an ambulance to the field hospital, where I had every attention possible under the circumstances."

Sam, who had been forgotten for the time being, now came up and said—

"Marsa kunnel hyere is dem orangers what yer sends me fer."

"Sam?"

"Yes, sah; I'se hyere sah."

"These ladies are my wife and daughter, and—"

"I'se mos' pow'ful glad dey is, mos' pow'ful glad," broke in Sam, as he bowed and scraped to Amy and Mrs. Harrington.

"And," continued the colonel, when Sam had finished bowing, "you are to do their bidding and look after their wants."

"Lor' bress der hearts, marsa kunnel, all dey's got to do is to 'spress der wants, an' I'se pow'ful glad to wait on 'em." As he finished, he went through another contortion act, and only ceased when interrupted by the colonel.

"Sam?"

"I'se hyere, sah."

"Go and see if Doctor Roether has returned from the city, and if so, say that Colonel Harrington would be pleased to see him."

"Yes, sah," said Sam, as he bowed himself from their presence.

"My dear husband, it almost breaks my heart to see you lying there, wounded," said Mrs. Harrington, "but I hope the pain is somewhat lessened by my being with you and able to minister to your wants."

"Yes, the fact of your presence will go far toward my speedy recovery."

The doctor now made his appearance and was introduced to the wife and daughter, and when told of their experience in finding the wounded officer, he expressed himself as being very sorry that Colonel Lester did not mention the matter to him the day before, as he had met that officer in the streets of Washington. "But," he said, "I presume his mind was occupied with other matters."

It was arranged that the colonel should be removed to a room with no other occupants, excepting his wife and daughter, who were to have a portion of the room partitioned off for a sleeping apartment; and for this purpose Sam was dispatched to Washington to purchase sheeting, and also to have the ladies' trunks brought over to the hospital. As to meals, they were to be served at Doctor Roether's own table.

"Carry him gently men, he is very sick."

These were the words of Doctor Roether, a few days after the arrival of Amy and her mother at Arlington, and were addressed to some assistants, who were carrying a sick soldier from an ambulance into the hospital.

"Which ward, doctor, will you have him taken to?"

"You may place him on the lounge in my rear office for the present," replied the doctor, as he gave directions regarding the disposition of a number of other sick and wounded soldiers who had arrived that morning.

"Tell the steward to see that these sick men get extra care, and that I will send Doctor Soule to look after them."

Doctor Roether then went into his office to examine the sick man just taken there.

"Oh, how good this feels," moaned the poor fellow, when he had been comfortably placed on the soft lounge.

Something in the appearance of the sick man, although scarcely enough of him was left to resemble a human being, had attracted Dr. Roether's attention, and he had taken more than a professional interest in him, and owing to this interest had ordered the sick man to be taken to his private office, that he might give him close personal attention. Perhaps he realized, that were he given over to the care of the nurses in some of the wards, in his very low condition, his chances for recovery would be very few. After looking at his patient for a few moments, Doctor Roether went to his medicine case and prepared a draught. Returning, he said—

"Captain, I have some medicine here which will give you ease and cause you to take some rest, which you seem to need very much."

Gently raising the sick man's head, the doctor placed the spoon to his lips and the contents were eagerly swallowed.

This feeble skeleton was none other than Captain Tom Norwood, who had been exchanged from Andersonville prison and sent to Annapolis, Maryland, where he was kept a short time and then transferred to Arlington hospital. Soon after taking the potion, he dropped into a refreshing sleep, from which he did not wake until several hours later.

It was something dreadful to look upon this man, as he lay there, but a feeble shadow of the noble form he had possessed but a year before. His most intimate friends would not recognize, in this emaciated being, the once handsome, brave, young Captain Norwood. His eyes were sunk far back in his head, no flesh was on his body, and the skin was so contracted and drawn over his frame, that the bones, in places, showed through. The hair, which once hung in wavy masses about his fair brow, was long since gone, and every tooth in his head could have been pulled out with the thumb and finger. The dreaded scurvy had almost done its deadly work. Doctor Roether remained at the side of the young officer, listening to his heavy breathing and contemplating the sad wreck before him, for some minutes, then gave utterance to the thoughts which were agitating his soul.

"Curses deep and lasting," said he, "rest upon the authors of this young man's sufferings. May their bodies be covered with pestiferous and never-healing sores, and the boon granted Lazarus denied them. May they be damned through all eternity, with God's curses clinging to them."

"Amen, say I," sounded through the open door leading to the front office, and on Doctor Roether looking around, he beheld Doctor Stone, one of his principal assistants, who had come into the office unobserved and heard the last of the doctor's execrations.

"Do you know, Doctor Stone, that when I look at the wreck of that once strong man, lying there, and think of the causes which produced it, I can scarcely maintain my reason, and sometimes I ask myself the question, 'Can there be a God, and permit such things to exist?'" said Doctor Roether, with warmth and animation.

"Aside from the question whether there is a God," replied Doctor Stone, "history has no record of civilized men subjecting their fellows to the cruel and inhuman treatment our Union prisoners receive at the hands of this sham chivalry of the South."

"A chivalry," replied Doctor Roether, "which teaches them to hunt human beings, who, by the fortunes of war, are placed at their mercy, with terrible and blood-thirsty beasts, which have been trained for the purpose. The Great Father of us all may forgive them, but I never will."

"Again I say amen," exclaimed Doctor Stone.

Days and weeks went by, and still Captain Norwood remained an inmate of Doctor Roether's office. He had, however, improved very much under the skillful care of the doctor and friend, and indeed a friend, for the physician had formed a strong brotherly attachment for his patient. At Tom's request, he wrote to Mrs. Norwood, telling her of her son's whereabouts and condition, and also that he would send him home to her as soon as he was able to travel.

"And now, my friend, you must get well, and go home to that good old mother and little sister you have been telling me about."

"Yes, doctor, I am very anxious to see my mother and the dear little town where I was born; more anxious, I may say, than I thought I would ever be. It may be weakness in me to say it, but when I lie here at night, and think how very near to death's door I had drifted, the tears come freely to my eyes, and then it is my whole soul cries out for my mother."

"Cheer up, Captain, the time will not be long, if you keep on improving, before you will be able to start for home."

"My dear friend, how will I ever be able to repay you for the disinterested kindness you have shown me?"

Before the doctor could answer, a gentle rap was heard, and on going to the door he found Miss Harrington was his caller.

"Good morning, Miss Harrington. How did you leave your father?"

"Father is getting on nicely, thanks to your unceasing care, doctor," replied Amy.

"Rather," replied the doctor, "to your good nursing, than to any skill I may have. Do you know, Miss Harrington, that with a few nurses like yourself, I would require little medicine in the treatment of my patients?"

"I am afraid, doctor, you place too high a value on my ability as a nurse."

"Not at all; good nursing is of more importance to our soldier boys than a medicine chest full of nostrums."

"Well, doctor, as I came to see you upon an entirely different subject this morning, I shall let you have your way, and not provoke a quarrel by denying all you say; but I warn you," and she shook her finger at him in a threatening manner, "that you are not to oppose me in the matter which I came to see you about."

"Before I decide what course to pursue, you will have to state your case."

"That is easily and quickly done; I came to see about taking papa home."

"Does your father feel strong enough to travel?"

"He said this morning that he thought, in a few days, he would be able to go home, and I came to arrange with you regarding the matter."

"Let me see, your home is in Ohio."

"Yes, in the northwestern part of the state."

"Could you delay your journey for a week? My reason for asking is this: I have a young officer in my charge, who was a prisoner at Andersonville, and as soon as he is able to travel I want to send him home to a dear old mother, who lives in Ohio, and I would be very glad indeed to place him in your charge as far as your journeys lead you together."

"Who is it? What is his name, quick?" and Amy left her seat and in an excited manner advanced toward him.

"His name is Norwood, Captain Norwood," replied the doctor, somewhat disconcerted by her strange behavior.

"Oh, doctor! Where is he?"

"Here, in my back office."

"Take me to him, please." Doctor Roether hesitated. "I know Captain Norwood. He lives in the same town with us and is a very dear friend. Can't I see him?"

"Certainly, Miss Harrington, if you wish it."

Stepping to the door, he said, "Captain, here is a visitor wishes to see you," but before a response came, Amy stepped past the doctor and was at Norwood's side, crying—

"Oh, Tom, is this you?"

The sick man looked at her in a dazed and dreamy way for some seconds without saying a word, but at length he seemed to be assured, and said: "My own darling, you have come." Then, mistrusting his senses again, he faintly moaned: "No, no, it is not real, it is only another dream."

"Dear Tom, don't; it is your own Amy," and taking the bloodless hand in hers, she said, "don't you know me?"

"Yes," said he, as he gazed at the form bending over him, "but how came you here?"

"Mamma and I are here with papa, who was wounded and brought to this hospital."

Doctor Roether, like the sensible man he was, had taken in the situation and withdrawn from the room, leaving the long-parted lovers to themselves. Amy remained with Tom for some time, telling him all that had occurred since he left home, not omitting Frank Von Brean's visit and her dreadful dream.

"And your father is here, wounded, did you say?"

"Yes, papa would go into the army, against the most earnest entreaties of mamma and myself, and at one of those dreadful battles which General Grant is fighting, he was severely wounded in two places.

Captain Norwood made no reply, but lay quiet, looking at Amy as though he still doubted her identity.

"What a dreadful place that prison was, where they took you!"

"Yes, darling, I thank God every day for my deliverance from that awful place."

"I read your letter, written from Andersonville."

"Then mother received it?"

"Yes, the very day we received the telegram that papa was hurt."

"Poor mother!" sighed Tom, "I know she has suffered greatly because of my unfortunate capture and uncertain fate."

"And now I must return to papa, who will be uneasy at my long stay, but I will come to see you very often, and bring mamma, who will be so glad to know you are here with us," and bidding him an affectionate good-bye, she left him.

As she passed through the front office, she encountered Doctor Roether, to whom she explained more fully who his patient was.

"It would be real nice," said she, "to have him go home with us. His mother would be so very, very glad to see him after so long an absence."

"I can promise you, Miss Harrington, that as soon as Captain Norwood can stand the fatigues of so long a journey, he shall be sent to his home."

"Thanks, doctor."

"I suppose you will want to take this, my private patient, off my hands, as you have done with some others I might mention."

"If I can be of any service to you, doctor, you may command me, even at the risk, as you say, of depriving you of your private, and I might say office, patient."

"You can, indeed, render me great assistance, by allowing me to turn Captain Norwood over to your entire charge, now that he requires nothing but good nursing and proper food to build him up."

"Oh, if you will only allow me, doctor, I will gladly relieve you of any further care of Captain Norwood."

Studying her a moment, to make sure she was in earnest, he said, "Very well, from this time on I shall hold you responsible for his recovery."

That afternoon Amy paid a visit to her charge, accompanied by her father and mother, the colonel hobbling in an awkward manner on crutches, or wooden legs, as he called them.

"Tom," said Amy, "I have brought you some more callers."

When Mrs. Harrington saw the condition the sick man was in, she cried like a child, while the colonel shook him warmly by the hand.

"So they had you down in Andersonville, did they?" said the colonel, as he seated himself beside the bed, in a chair the doctor placed for him.

"Yes, sir," replied the captain. "Unfortunately, I, with most of my company, was captured at Chickamauga and taken to that prison."

"By George! You had a close call. From what I am told of that place and looking at you, I am prepared to believe all that is said about it."

"The doctor tells me I am looking well now, compared with my condition when I came here. Then I weighed less than a hundred pounds, and I think I have gained at least twenty pounds," replied Tom.

"I suppose you will be able to go home in a few days," said Mrs. Harrington.

"I hope so. The doctor was saying this morning that he thought, before many days, I could make the trip." Then turning to Colonel Harrington, he said: "I was surprised to learn that you had gone into the service."

"It was my duty to do what I could to help put down this rebellion."

The party remained fully an hour with the sick man, and on leaving, the colonel said to Norwood, "Captain, you must get out of here and get some fresh air; the weather is warm, and there is a large yard here, with plenty of shady places, where you can spend an hour each day very profitably. I will see Doctor Roether, and if he approves of it I will

send my servant over every day to help you out on the lawn."

"Thank you, colonel, I will try my best to get well; and now that I know I have friends so near me, I think I will get on very much faster."

"That's right, my boy, never say die, but only think of getting well and returning to your company, that you may help thrash these rebellious children of Uncle Sam, until they cry to get back into the warm, comfortable house they left because they could not rule all the rest of their brothers."

Every day, when the weather was warm, Sam came over and carried Captain Norwood out on the lawn and placed him on a comfortable seat, which Amy had arranged under the spreading branches of an old oak, to the rear of the doctor's office. Here, for an hour each day at first, and a longer time as the sick man grew stronger, Amy read or talked to him. We scarcely need say that those were happy days to both, and that the invalid improved most rapidly in the sunshine of Amy's countenance, which, to him, outshone the sun from heaven. In his almost supreme happiness, he lost his longing to go home. When a week of such happiness had gone by, the

colonel could stand it no longer, and informed the doctor that he must insist on being allowed to leave the hospital, either to go home or to return to his regiment. "I must do something," he said.

This was Saturday, and it was decided that they would start for home, taking Captain Norwood with them, upon the following Monday. Telegrams were sent announcing this arrangement, and everything put in readiness to start on the day appointed.

When it was learned in their native town that Colonel Harrington and Captain Norwood would return on Monday, it created quite an excitement. The colonel, they knew, was all right, but few knew what had been Norwood's fate, and nearly all had supposed him long since dead. A committee of the leading citizens was appointed to meet the distinguished soldiers at the depot, and give them a hearty welcome in the name of their friends and neighbors, the most of whom were at the depot when the train arrived. It was almost the realization of the dream Captain Norwood had the night of the battle of Stone river, when he dreamed that he went home and the people of his native place turned out to do him honor and to welcome him back to his old home.

To be continued.

OUR LOVE IS DEAD.

Our love is dead: Its brief, sweet days
 Are shrined in memory's deathless urn;
 We may not call it back again,
 For dead love never can return.

We mourn beside this new-made grave
 For all our dreary, empty years;
 We grieve in solitude and pain,
 With more than bitterness and tears.

And we shall never find our love
 Beyond death's dark and doubtful shore;
 Nor will some resurrection morn
 Return it us forever more.

Dear God! We loved this precious love,
 This fairy thing by fancy wrought,
 That was too frail to live and thrive
 Where life's grim battle must be fought.

Our love is dead: We mourn for it
 Through all our bitter, wasted years;
 The page within our lives turned down
 To hide its anguish and its tears.

ETOILE.

THE OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS.

ON the western side of Washington Territory, facing the restless ocean and defying its angry waves with a rock-bound coast, stands the Olympic range of mountains. To the east of them is that most magnificent spread of inland waters comprising Hood's canal and Puget sound, that has been called the Mediterranean of the Pacific. These mountains, during nearly all the year, present a continuous array of snow-clad peaks for a hundred miles southward from the Straits of Juan de Fuca, which washes their northern end. They stand on the peninsula all in line, like soldiers up for inspection, while the mightier summits of Rainier and Baker, in the Cascade range, in majestic isolation appear in front, like officers of high rank reviewing the parade. The space between Hood's canal and the ocean is almost entirely occupied by the Olympic range and its foot hills. The mountains seem to rise from the edge of the water, on both sides, in steep ascent to the line of perpetual snow, as though nature had designed to shut up this spot for her safe retreat forever. Here she is intrenched behind frowning walls of basalt, in front of which is Hood's canal, deep, silent, dark and eternal, constituting the moat. Down in its unfathomable waters lurks the devilish octopus, and on its shores the cinnamon bear and the cougar wander in the solitude of the primeval forest. It is a land of mystery, awe inspiring in its mighty constituents and wonder making in its unknown expanse of canyon and ridge.

I can see these mountains from my window, and I often look at them. In the winter time they are lost to my sight, sometimes for weeks, behind the rain clouds, until I get homesick for them, and sigh for them to bless my vision again. But I know that in the spring they will come forth bright and serene. One day they will look languid in the sunshine and the next they may present a savage aspect as they breast a raging storm born of themselves. On the third, sunshine and cloud shadows may chase each other along their black sides, alternately awakening hope and fear. When they are behind the leaden clouds, one who loves them, as I do, will look in their direction and wish for the clouds to go away. When this occurs, as it often does, and the long line comes out in the clear, cold, winter air, with its new made coat of snow and its glint of freshness, and its undoubted purity, it seems like the realization of a dream of the resurrection; as if they had been in the grave and had come forth, clad in the robes of innocence, in obedience to a command of Jehovah.

When the air is clear they seem only a little way off. At the distance of fifty miles their angles are

sharp cut and their forests are defined, almost tree by tree. If it is still you can imagine them to be the walls of Paradise, idclosing scenes of bliss; but when awful clouds fly before the wind along their expanse, you can well believe that the homes of restless evil spirits are there. In autumn, when the air is filled with a delightful haziness, the mountains seem to have receded until their outlines are dim and uncertain. There is no thought or danger of an atmospheric disturbance. Everything is delightfully suggestive of rest and luxury and freedom from evil. One can imagine that he has found the home of the Epicurean, and think that he can join Alciphron over there and sing and dream as long as he shall live. I have watched their shadowy outlines on a still, autumn night, and as the stars sank, one by one, behind the great western ridge, I could fancy they were fixed in the diadems of celestial beings, whose fleecy forms I could descry as they went down in groups, to sit at some feast or listen to the songs of those who are free from care.

Looking at the Olympic range from the eastern shore of Puget sound, one can easily conceive how superstitious ideas could be fostered by them, in the minds of Indians and trappers, who have to contend with the elements as well as with fanged and muscled beasts of prey that glare in their paths and menace their advance. Red men and white men have gone all around this section, as bush men go all around a jungle in which a man-eating tiger is concealed, but the interior is *incognita*. In tradition alone has man penetrated its fastnesses and trod the aisles of its continuous woods. Superstition lends its aid to the natural obstacles in preserving the integrity of this grand wilderness. The Indians have traditions in regard to happenings therein, ages ago, which were so terrible that the memory of them has endured until this day with a vividness that controls the actions of men. In those remote times, say the aborigines, an open valley existed on the Upper Wynooski, above the canyon, in the heart of the Olympic range. This valley was wide and level, and the mountains hedged it in on every side. Its main extent was open land, matted with grass and sweet with flowers, while the edge of the river and foot of the hills were fringed with deciduous trees. This place was held sacred as a neutral ground by the tribes that hunted each other, with murderous intent, over every other foot of the northwest country. Here peace was enshrined, and the warriors of the different tribes congregated, once every year, to engage in friendly rivalry in the games that were known to them, and to traffic with each other in such articles of commerce as they possessed. Coming from various directions at the appointed season, the bands of Indians threaded the

mountain trails to the summits, gazed for a moment upon the entrancing scene below, then, throwing down their spears and dismissing the frowns from their brows, went forward with confidence and joy to repose upon the bosom of the valley. There they engaged in feats of strength and skill, and in contests requiring courage and endurance, akin to the Olympic games of the ancient Greeks, with whom they may have been nearly contemporary. No account exists of any violation of the neutrality, but a great catastrophe occurred, long, long ago, during the continuance of one of their festivals, from which only a few of the assembled Indians escaped. According to the accounts of the Indians, the great Seatco, chief of all evil spirits, a giant who could trample whole war parties under his feet, and who could traverse the air, the water and the land at will, whose stature was above the tallest fir trees, whose voice was louder than the roar of the ocean, and whose aspect was more terrible than that of the fiercest wild beast, who came and went upon the wings of the wind, who could tear up the forest by the roots, heap the rocks into mountains and change the course of rivers with his breath, became offended at them and caused the earth and waters to swallow them up—all but a few,

who were spared that they might carry the story of his wrath to their tribes, and warn them that they were banished from the happy valley forever.

Doubtless an earthquake had opened chasms in the land and blocked the exits of the streams, thus spreading death amongst the peaceful delegations. Since then the river has again eroded a way through the rocks and the upper valley of the Wynooski has resumed its beautiful aspect, but the dreadful warning of the great Seatco has been passed from mouth to mouth of the uncounted generations, and the lake of the happy valley has not since reflected the image of an Indian. The white hunter and trapper not only acquires from the Indian his methods of taking game and his wood craft, but also imbibes his superstitions, and he, too, has avoided the happy valley, so that the elk and deer roam there undisturbed to this day. The next person to stand upon the scene of the ancient convulsion will be the all-conquering "average man" of the Anglo-Saxon race, who will tear up the matted grass and the sweet flowers with his plow and deprecate the proximity of the snow-clad peaks because they threaten his crops with early frosts and harbor the coyote that tears his sheep.

EUGENE SEMPLE.

THE OLD HOME.

Where whirled that purling stream in silver sheen
 Through grass that rolled in golden, velvet waves,
 My chieftain father led his warrior braves
 Those rugged, sombre valley walls between;
 And on yon brown and barren knoll is seen
 The fallen cross that stood above the graves
 Of men too proud to live the life of slaves—
 They sleep the martyr's sleep in rest serene.
 Though waterfalls that sang in sacred chime
 Now turn the creaking, ever-grinding mill,
 And fields once fair with flower and sweet with thyme
 Have not the charm of shaded bowers still,
 Old legions fill the dale with forms sublime,
 That walk from desecrated graves at will.

NEWTON HIBBS.

THE HOOSIERS IN THE VALLEY.

"THE VALLEY" is one of those charming rural spots for which Central Wisconsin is so justly noted, and on the autumnal afternoon in 1862, on which our story opens, it presented a charming picture to the lover of untrammelled nature.

The village proper, the name of which we will suppress, simply using the appellation "the valley," consisted of a single street, from which led some half dozen lanes or by-ways, sparsely lined on either side by unpretending cabins. These cabins were, for the most part, built of unhewn logs, and chinked and daubed. A few were double, but the majority contained but one room and the loft above. Their furnishing was simple and primitive. The business houses consisted of a store, blacksmith shop, and mill, the latter turning out clapboards or corn meal with equal facility.

There was another building, used for school, church and political purposes. A little above the street, off on a sunny slope, lay the little grave yard, containing less than a dozen mounds, marked by plain pine slabs.

Hills, brilliant in their mantles of crimson and gold, lay glowing in the autumn sunlight, while the calm, blue heavens above seemed to bend and touch them, shutting in the little valley village with contented, but peculiar, people. The majority of these people were from Indiana (Inje-annie, they called it, or more often, In-yander), but now and then a family settled in the vicinity from some other part of the world, drawn hither by the fertile soil, and magnificent belt of timber in the midst of which the valley was nestled. The Hoosiers belonged to the religious sect known as the Quakers, or Friends, but a representative of any orthodox church was made welcome by these isolated villagers. Their customs, dialect and dress were odd, to say the least, being a curious mixture of Hoosier and Quaker.

"I've 'listed, Betty Ann, 'listed!"

It seemed to the owner of the keen, gray eyes watching the girl, that, for a moment, the roses on the round cheeks bloomed less brightly, and that a shadow of pain flitted over the roguish face; but the words: "Well, I don't see why ye should stop at home and others go," accompanied by a scornful toss of the bright, yellow head, instantly dispelled the illusion.

"Mebby there be others ez kin be spared better'n me, them ez ain't no 'count round home, nohow; but I ain't no coward, Betty Ann Freeline, and I've 'listed and I'm goin'."

There was no mistaking the anger in the face and voice as the girl answered, curtly—

"I'm sure I hope ye ain't no coward, Dave Dixon, but them ez are able bodied and don't 'list hev that look ter me."

"Yes, I know, I heerd ye tell Ruth Stanley so, and—and—well, I can't stand it to be called a coward by any one, least of all, you'ns, Betty Ann."

The youth's voice had grown low and tender over the last words, and he essayed to take the little freckled hand that lay on the rough gate post, but she drew it back, saying—

"I can't see why ye'd 'list because I called ye a coward."

"Oh, Betty Ann, ye didn't uster to talk that way. It's all along o' that Stanley that ye've changed so."

Here the girl blushed vividly, but with the same scornful toss of her head as before replied, pettishly—

"'Pears like ye're right smart jealous."

"Mebby I be, mebby I be; but ye cared fer me afore he come to the valley with his store clothes, biled shirt and finger rings."

"Well, ez ye're goin' away, there be no need fer us to quarrel. When do ye start?" she asked, patronizingly.

"Day after ter-morrer. Hain't ye a picture ye could let me carry, jest fer the sake of the old times, Betty Ann?"

"I—I hain't got but one, and that's promised," she answered, hesitating and coloring. Keenly he watched her averted face for a moment, and then in a husky voice, said—

"Well, no matter, I'll never fergit how ye look, nohow; and now I must be goin'. Mebby I won't see ye agin, and if I don't, and ye never—that is, if anything should happen, ye know, that I don't come back, I'd like ye to remember ez Dave Dixon loved ye, Betty Ann, loved ye ez well ez ef he'd been handsome and togged out in fine feathers, and that he bears ye no ill will on 'count o' the other chap. Ye'll shake hands with me, won't ye, Betty Ann? There, don't cry."

A sudden revulsion of feeling, not unknown to women in the higher walks of life, had overtaken the pretty Hoosier, and sinking upon a stump she covered her face with her pink checked apron, and burst into tears. Awkwardly her lover tried to comfort her, but she continued to sob softly.

"Well, I must be goin'," he said, at last, "fer I've a right smart chance to do fer mother afore I go. She's goin' to stop along o' Lecty. Good-bye, ef I don't see ye agin, and may God bless ye." He took her now unresisting hand, and almost crushing it in his giant grasp, dropped it and strode away. A long while the girl sat there, his fervent "God bless ye" ringing in her ears. But, in truth, she was thinking less about him than of some one else.

"Betty Ann," called a mild voice from the cabin door, "Betty Ann, I want thee to go to the store and get some more o' that caliker fer Sarah Jane's dress." Promptly the girl rose to obey; but twice her mother called her before she came down from the little curtained-off corner of the loft that she called her room. Evidently she had a full share of feminine vanity, as the yellow locks were freshly braided and fastened with one of her Sunday knots of ribbon, and about her white neck she had clasped her choicest ornament, a double necklace of blue beads.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed her mother, when at last she was ready. "Why does thee put on thy First day's best, jest to go to the store?"

Betty Ann blushed, but evaded the question, and her mother sighed, for only too well she guessed the reason why.

The Freelines were a typical valley family. There was the father, known as Friend Simon—people were best known by their given names there—and his wife, Hannah. Betty Ann was the eldest of their children and the belle of the village; then came the twins, Simon and Hannah, next Sarah Jane, and lastly Jacob, the baby. The parents were prominent members of the church, and deeply regretted the frivolity manifested by their first-born, particularly of late.

"It's all along o' them Stanleys; they've fairly bewitched the child," Hannah explained to her husband, when he spoke sharply of the matter.

The Stanleys were, to use their own expression, new comers in the valley, having arrived but six months before. They were neither Hoosiers nor Quakers, but very gay, fashionable people. The father claimed to be a broken down merchant—broken in more ways than one, it seemed—and "hed come west fer his stomach." His wife was a weak, vain creature, and the daughter, Ruth, her exact counterpart. Roy, their eldest, was a handsome, rakish fellow, his mother's idol, who was never known to do anything more laborious than lounge on store counters or make love to pretty girls.

Dave Dixon, who had pronounced such a solemn blessing on Betty Ann's head, had been her playmate and lover ever since the two families had come to the valley, and they had been among the earliest settlers. His father, who had been one of the Quaker preachers, now slept in one of the mounds on the hillside, and he and his mother lived alone since the marriage of his sister 'Lecty. Large, uncouth, and clad in homespun garments, he presented a striking contrast to Roy Stanley, of whom he was madly jealous, and with good cause. The Stanleys had taken to Betty Ann, from the first, in a patronizing sort of way, and in turn she seemed completely infatuated with them,

even neglecting her bosom friend, Mirandy Davis, for Ruth Stanley.

"She thinks that Stanley'll be at the store, ez he genner'lly is, the good-fer-naught! Mebby I should not jedge others, but I do wish Betty Ann hed stuck to them ez she knows, and let new comers alone. I am glad he's goin' to the war, he ought to be adoin' someat," soliloquized Hannah, while awaiting her daughter's return, adding the last clause to quiet her conscience, for of course it was a dreadful thing for anyone to go to war; her church was set against it and so was she, but if anyone must go, let it be the handsome "good-for-naught," that was stealing her daughter's affections from honest Dave Dixon.

"There, jest as I expected," she muttered, a little later, as Betty Ann lingered at the gate for a few last words with Roy Stanley, who accompanied her. The girl looked so flushed and pretty, when finally she delivered the calico into her mother's hands, that the good woman could not find it in her heart to deliver the severe lecture she felt the occasion demanded.

"He'll be goin' soon," she assured herself, and merely said—

"Thee was a long time."

Betty Ann blushed again and ran up stairs. She must get off the frivolous ornaments before her father came in; but she did so enjoy wearing them, for Roy said the necklace just matched her eyes, and the ribbon her cheeks.

"Dave hez 'listed," she announced at supper with all the *sang froid* she could assume.

"'Listed!" echoed everybody.

"Poor Rachel, she can ill spare the boy, she's not right peert this fall," said Hannah.

"He'll make right smart of a soldier, but I wish he'd no need to stain his hands in innercent blood. His father couldn't rest easy in his grave if he knowd Dave hed 'listed," remarked Friend Simon, shaking his head mournfully.

"Most all the fellers hez 'listed, wish I was old nuff," said young Simon, in an injured tone.

"I am thankful to the Lord that thee ain't," said his mother, devoutly, "but I'm feared they'll take thy father, yit, in spite of his lame knee."

"No danger o' that, mother, no danger o' that. Simon Freeline is a peaceable man and'd make no soldier," answered her husband, taking up his broadbrimmed hat preparatory to going to the store to discuss the news. The store was the general rendezvous for the male population, and thither each man bent his steps after the evening meal. As soon as possible Betty Ann stole up stairs, and sitting down by the little window, thought her own thoughts and dreamed her own dreams till the autumn twilight had faded and one by one the stars came out to deck the

far off blue. Happy thoughts and dreams they must have been, judging by the soft light that shone in the bright eyes, and by the smile that dimpled the rosy cheeks.

She did not see Dave Dixon again, for the next evening Ruth Stanley came over and persuaded Hannah to let Betty Ann pass the night with her.

"Thee missed saying good-bye to Dave," said her mother, when she returned.

"Was he here?" she asked, absent-mindedly, for her thoughts were with Roy, whom she had just bade farewell. Her face was very serious now, and her eyes were dimmed by unshed tears. What if Roy should be killed—and they were engaged, though he said no one must know of it but themselves until he came back. She felt sure he was so good and brave that he would never think of saving himself, but would be ever in the battle front. Her mother talked on about Dave, and how terribly his mother's grief cut him, but she scarcely heard; and that night she cried herself to sleep with the little coralline heart, her lover's gift, pressed to her lips.

How strange and lonely the little isolated village seemed after the boys were gone, and winter closing in early and severe made things doubly drear. There was no place to go, excepting "meetin'," and this, conducted by the Quakers, was not exciting, to say the least. Occasionally the spirit moved someone to speak or pray, but more often after an hour of unbroken silence they quietly dispersed. Slowly the dreary months rolled by, filled with ceaseless anxiety and foreboding. News from the outside world could reach them but once a week, and early in the new year a heavy fall of snow blockaded the roads for a month. How the days dragged then, and how long the nights were.

"'Pears like we're buried alive, Mirandy," fretted Betty Ann to her old friend, whom she had reinstated in her affections since the departure of Ruth Stanley, early in the winter, for Illinois.

"'Pears right smart that way," was the prompt response, and Betty Ann would have been surprised with anything else, for Mirandy always agreed with her, no matter what she said.

It was the second mail after the blockade that brought the news to stir the "Hoosiers in the valley." Jake Cummings, merchant, postmaster and justice of the peace, received a letter, the author of which he refused to name, containing paralyzing information that was soon known in every house. Friend Simon started for home as fast as his naturally slow movement and a rheumatic knee would permit, but alas! when within a dozen rods of his own gate he saw Hulda Higgins, the valley news-monger, pull the latch string and enter his house unannounced; but

being something of a philosopher, the good man determined that if he could not tell the startling news at home he would somewhere else, and accordingly he retraced his steps for a little way, turned into a by-lane and soon arrived at the cabin of 'Lecty Smith—Dave Dixon's sister.

"Howdy? Right smart of a cold day," remarked Hulda, stepping across Simon's threshold, as we have said, unannounced.

"Right smart," returned Hannah, "take a cheer and put by thy bunnet."

"Thankee, can't stay; jest been to the store fer mail," and then she gave a sort of "ahem!" that was understood throughout the valley as her premonitory signal for a choice bit of gossip. "Spose thee hain't heerd the news—Roy Stanley hez desarted and jined the rebs."

"Desarted!" echoed Hannah, taking her hands out of the corn meal pone she was mixing and confronting the speaker, while poor Betty Ann dropped the sock she was knitting and sank back in her chair white and trembling, while from her lips escaped a low cry of pain or disbelief, the spinster could not quite tell which.

"Yes, Jake hez got a letter from some one—he won't say who, I'd like master well to know, though—tellin' it fer a gospel fact," continued the delighted gossip.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Hannah, using her favorite expression.

"I don't believe one word on't," said Betty Ann, "not one word."

"'Pears like thee'll hev to," answered Hulda, triumphantly, "fer I heerd the letter read with my own ears."

"I'm sure ye oughter heerd right, fer they're big nuff," remarked young Hannah, who was just at the age when girls speak out blunt truths freely.

"Hannah, thee is not raising thy children right, I am surprised at thee," said Hulda, sharply, casting a withering glance at the offending speaker, who rewarded her by a series of giggles, in which young Simon and Sarah Jane joined.

"Children, be quiet, I am ashamed of thee," reprimanded Hannah, but she thought little of their offense, for her mother heart was wrung with anguish at sight of the pain in her eldest daughter's face. Hulda saw it, too, and the sight restored her good humor, and she went on—

"Fer my part, I don't doubt it one mite; but then I never sot much store by them Stanleys ez some did. The young feller couldn't hold a candle to Dave Dixon. Dave is a right peert kind of a chap."

"We allus liked Dave," responded Hannah, gently, not knowing what she ought to say, and once more busying herself with her corn bread.

"Well, I must be off," said Hulda, rising, for her tongue burned to scatter the news, and also tell how the Freelines took it.

"Thee might stay to supper," said Hannah, secretly hoping she would not.

"No, thankee, I'm goin' over to Mrs. Cummins', and likely they'll be about supper," and with a vinagary smile she was gone.

The younger Freelines began to make disparaging remarks about her, and their mother was too preoccupied to chide them. Furtively she watched Betty Ann, who sat listlessly running a shining needle through her ball of gray yarn, and it seemed to Hannah that she had suddenly aged; and then she remembered to have noticed before that Betty Ann was changed from the gay, frivolous girl of the summer before. What could it mean? Did she really care for Roy Stanley in the same way that she cared for Simon? And her mind went back to her youth, and she tried to imagine how she would have felt had he proven false to himself, to his friends, and his country, as they said Roy had, and her heart grew very tender toward her suffering child. Of any engagement she had not dreamed, and the fact that she had never heard from him, excepting once or twice by Ruth, had convinced her that their liking for each other was but momentary, a mere pastime; and she had fondly hoped that when Dave came back all would be as it was before the Stanleys came. Now she longed to speak to the child, to comfort her, but not knowing what to say bustled away about the supper and pretended not to notice. Presently Friend Simon came in. Betty Ann had put her knitting away, and was feeding little Jacob his evening meal of bread and milk. She had scarcely spoken since Hulda's departure, but the others were so noisy and talkative that no one but Hannah took note of it; and again, when she came to think of it, she remembered that for weeks, and even months past, she had been quiet and uncommunicative. What could it mean? When the supper was ready Betty Ann said she was not hungry, and would rock the baby while the rest ate. Of course the sole topic of conversation was the young deserter. The children had many questions to ask, and their father was unsparing in his denunciations. Poor Betty Ann, sitting back in the shadows, listened to it all—listened as one might to a bell tolling her own funeral knell.

Late that evening Hannah mounted the creaking stairs, and stealing softly across the floor drew aside a curtain. It was a bright moonlight night, and plainly the silver beams revealed the little figure

kneeling by the bedside, quivering with suppressed sobs. A moment she lingered, longing to go to her side, but not daring, and then letting fall the curtain she moved more noisily about, tucking up the happy sleepers without. She did not tell her husband, she somehow felt that he would not understand it if she did.

Days passed into weeks, weeks into months, and there was no contradiction of the first report, and Roy Stanley was simply spoken of as "the deserter," or "the traitor." His parents had quit the valley as soon as possible, and Betty Ann had seen them but once, and then she had gone there in the hope of hearing something to ease her aching heart; but in this she was disappointed, for they avoided the subject and treated her as a stranger.

Spring sunshine weakened and finally loosened winter's icy bonds. Gradually the hills put on their emerald robes, the sky grew blue, flowers bloomed, and nature bestowed her choicest blessings upon the "Hoosiers in the valley;" but alas! there were hearts among them indifferent alike to smiles and sunshine, hearts still in icy bonds, still trembling 'mid the shadows.

Ignorant and uncultured were these Hoosiers, but as susceptible to the tortures of suspense as those high in authority at the nation's capital. Some one has truly said—

Of all fierce torture of the rack-bound mind,
Whose dark commission's signed and countersigned
By powers of hell, to wreck both soul and sense,
He reigns supreme, this demon named Suspense.

and doubly great was this torture to those who could hear "how goes the battle" but seldom. Not least among these sad-eyed waiters was little Betty Ann, though what she waited for she could not tell.

"Father, does thee see how the child has changed—kind o' faded like?" asked Hannah, one day, utterly unable to bear her misery any longer in silence.

Friend Simon did not answer at once, but glanced out toward the little flower border where Betty Ann was listlessly pulling weeds from among the young plants.

"There does seem some'at amiss. Does thee know if she is ailing?"

"She's not ailing in body, Simon, but—" Here she paused, and after a little waiting, her husband asked—

"But what? Why does thee stop like that?"

"She seems worried in mind, Simon."

"Worried in mind! Does thee think the spirit is strivin' with her, and that she's gettin' religion?"

"Betty Ann got religion quite a spell back, I trust. No, it's some'at else, but I don't quite know what."

"Mebby she's kind o' feared some'at'll happen to Dave, they've allus been fond o' each other, thee knows," suggested Friend Simon.

"Mebby," answered his wife, not daring to mention her own fears, and trying to believe her husband's last surmise to be correct.

Newspapers arriving on the tenth of July, 1863, again threw the valley into a fever of excitement, for the names of Joe Davis and Dave Dixon were among the list of wounded that followed the account of that terrible three days' slaughter known as the battle of Gettysburg.

The grief and anxiety of the two stricken families can be appreciated by none save those to whom a like experience has come, and there are many such in the land. Betty Ann divided her attention between them. Dave's mother clung to her with almost childish tenacity, because, as she said, "My boy was fond of thee, Betty Ann," while Mirandy Davis, who had no mother, poor girl, could scarcely bear to be separated from her for an hour. Thus another week passed.

"A letter for our Betty Ann," said Friend Simon, wonderingly, as he handed his daughter a yellow envelope, postmarked "Gettysburg." A wave of color swept over brow and neck, only to recede and leave her whiter than before, and her fingers trembled so that fruitless were her efforts to open it. Mirandy and others were present, but Hannah alone guessed the true secret of her agitation. At last, she held the sheet in her hand, but with one brief glance at the signature it fluttered to the floor.

"Is it Joe?" cried Mirandy, hysterically, feeling that bad news concerning him was the worst that could reach any one.

"Maybe it's Dave," whispered another. Hannah picked it up and read aloud—

GETTYSBURG, July 13, 1863.

Betty Ann:

I'm here in the hospurtol, and so is Dave. I ain't much hurt now, sence the stifnes is gone, but he's awful, Dave is. Outen his senses and calen fer ye the most uv the time. The way he goes on is nuf ter brake a feller up as knows ye both. Now Betty Ann, ef ye'll come, I'll pay yer way, and be glad uv the chance. The doctor says es it's the only chance fer Dave. Git some money uv Jake and I'll make it squar. Ask fer the Luthern semnary when ye git here. Tell my fokes es I'm gainen and will rite soon.

Yours,

JOE DAVIS.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated the good woman, as she folded the letter, while Mirandy sobbed aloud.

"I'll go," said Betty Ann, simply, rising as if to find relief from some inward struggle in immediate action.

"The little un kin never go alone," gasped her father.

"Thee must trust the Lord, and let her have her will, Simon," answered his wife firmly.

The Hoosiers of the valley had a subject of real, live, personal interest to discuss now, and indeed it was an event.

"Only think of Betty Ann Freeline goin' so fur alone, and on such an errant," said one. "She can never git there," prophesied another; but an old, white-haired preacher, known as Uncle Benny, said: "The Lord will not forsake one of his own lambs."

She determined to lose no time, and consequently it was decided that Jake Cummings, the only man in the village who owned a decent horse, should take her to the nearest station, twenty-six miles distant, the following day.

"I kin make the trip pay by layin' in some groceries and a few bits of caliker," he said to his wife.

The Cummingses were rising in the world. Two years back he had brought on his entire spring and fall supply of goods in two carpet satchels and a meal bag. Never before had there been such commotion known in the Freeline cabin as on that eventful morning.

"I shall wear my meetin' dress and tote my new caliker," remarked Betty Ann, gravely.

Hannah nodded. She did not feel like talking, and busied herself with the lunch basket. Young Hannah and Sarah Jane, perched on the bed, watched Betty Ann's movements with open-eyed wonder. As the latter donned her "meetin' dress" of Quaker gray, she felt very thankful that her parents had utterly refused to buy the red and blue plaid she had so much desired in its stead.

"Ain't ye goin' ter wear yer beads?" cried Sarah Jane, in amazement, as she saw her sister lay them aside.

"No," she said, taking them up again and looking at them with the far-off, wistful look in her eyes, that was so often there of late. "Girls, thee may have them. Git mother to divide them, and thee kin each have a string."

"Ye don't mean it, Betty Ann?" cried young Hannah.

Betty Ann nodded and went on folding a snowy handkerchief across her breast in a genuine Quaker fashion. Even the bright sash on the round, white hat was removed, and a soft, gray veil substituted.

"Thee looks like a real Friend now," said young Hannah, surveying her sister with considerable disapprobation.

"I trust I am," said her sister, gently.

At last she was fairly started, loaded with knick-knacks and loving messages for the wounded, and followed by the earnest prayers of many pious hearts. It is not our intention to follow her on her journey.

Suffice it to say that the trim figure in Quaker costume, flower-like face, and pathetic, child-like eyes under the broad-brimmed hat, and quaint, artless speech, furnished a ready passport wherever she went. She was too unsophisticated to know fear, and too trusting to be troubled with doubt, and Uncle Benny's words were verified.

Late one scorching July morning, Betty Ann was roused from a slight slumber, into which she had fallen through sheer fatigue, by the conductor's voice at her side: "Wake up, miss, we're most there." For the first time, she shivered with a feeling of dread and uneasiness; but scarcely had she collected her satchel and parcels together, when a brakeman bawled out, "Gettysburg!" and she was being borne from the car to the platform by the crowding passengers. Timidly she gazed into the faces about, but no one took any notice of her, and she felt as much alone as if floating on a spar in mid ocean. There was a choking sensation in her throat, as she looked about for some one who did not seem busy, to direct her to the Lutheran seminary, when a hand on her arm arrested her and caused her to turn a white, frightened face up to meet the weather-beaten one of Joe Davis. Weary as she was, the walk to the hospital seemed very short, so much home news had she for the homesick Hoosier boy, and so much to hear of poor Dave. Joe's left arm was in a sling, but otherwise he was ready for service again. The hospital in which Dave Dixon lay had been a Lutheran seminary before the dreadful ravages of war made it necessary to turn it into a home for the suffering. A tall, gentle-faced woman, dressed in black, and wearing a white cap and apron, met them at a side door and conducted the tired girl to a room, where she could wash and rest. Nor would she allow Betty Ann to see the wounded soldier until she had taken some refreshments.

"He won't know ye now, Betty Ann," Joe whispered, as she and the gentle-faced woman approached.

"Oh, Dave, thee has suffered," cried the girl, with a keen pang of conscience, "and he said es he would not have 'listed ef I hadn't called him a coward," and all unmindful of the pale faces lifted wonderingly from the rude cots around, she fell on her knees and burst into tears. Joe looked helplessly at Mrs. Lyman.

"Let her alone, it will do her good," she said, quietly, and moved away.

There was moisture in more than one eye unused to tears in that ward, though none but Joe understood her grief, most of the witnesses supposing her to be the sick man's sister. The little storm was soon spent, and gravely she took her place by his

side to minister to his wants and wait for the fever's abatement and a return of consciousness.

"Her face looks like a posy bed after a shower," whispered one man to his neighbor.

"She looks like an angel, anyhow," was the reply.

Occasionally the sweet blue eyes would wander over the rows of cots, with their weary occupants; but always the gaze returned and rested tenderly upon the flushed face beside her. Ever and anon the tears would start afresh at the almost incessant moaning of her own name, and once he muttered something about "that Stanley." The little Hoosier girl had grown accustomed to suffering since she parted with Dave Dixon, else she could not have sat and silently borne her misery at mention of that name, from those lips and at such a time. Late in the day the fever began to abate and the patient grew calm under the touch of the cool hands on his brow.

"Betty Ann," he moaned.

"I am with thee, Dave."

Gradually the wild, meaningless stare in the blood-shot eyes gave way to a look of intelligence, as they rested on the sweet face by the cot.

"Betty Ann," he whispered, wonderingly, "am I in heaven?"

"No, Dave, thee is here in the hospital, and I have come all the way from the valley to help make thee well. Thee must go back with me, for thy mother grieves for thee."

"Ye don't mean ye come on my count, Betty Ann?"

"Yes, Joe wrote that you wanted me."

"God bless thee," he answered, covering his face with his hands, while great tears rolled from under them and fell on the pillow. Well did the girl remember when he had invoked the same blessing on her head before; and then she thought of some one else she had seen that other day, and she wondered if he lay suffering in some Southern hospital, and if he thought of her.

Again the days grew into weeks, and though Dave was free from delirium and fever, and seemed content and happy, he was slowly wasting away. He would lie for hours, calm and smiling as if only he might drink in the chastened beauty of Betty Ann's sweet face, and hear her tell, in her quaint way, of their friends in the valley, or of that home beyond, toward which, instinctively they knew, he was hastening. It was the close of a sultry day in August. Dave lay back on his pillow, pale and exhausted. Betty Ann sat silently holding one of his wasted hands in hers. After awhile he softly murmured, "Sing something." Trembling at first, her sweet, untutored voice rose in the sacred strains of "Jesus,

Lover of My Soul," but gradually seemed to draw strength from the words of the beautiful hymn.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh, my Savior hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

"Amen!" came in a faint whisper from the bed. "Sing that verse agin, Betty Ann."

She did as desired, completing the hymn, and then there was silence for a while, broken by Dave's weak tones: "I cant tell ye, Betty Ann, how thankful I be that ye come. Ye hev been the means o' saving my soul, and that's more 'count than the body. I'm sorry I ever thought ez ye didn't care fer me, and said hard things when I 'listed, but ye'll fergive me, Betty Ann. 'Twas fer love o' ye I said 'em, and now would ye mind kissin' me jest oncet?"

Reverently she kissed him—not once, but many times—tears falling like a baptism upon the white face the while.

"Kiss mother fer me when ye go home, Betty Ann, and don't cry. Maybe I could go to sleep now ef ye'd sing that about Jesus makin' a dyin' bed soft like downy pillers be."

With a control that surprised herself, the young girl sang the hymn ending—

Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

All was still when she had finished, and she thought he was sleeping. A deep twilight filled the room, and, overcome with grief and watching, she laid her head on the side of the cot and fell asleep. It was thus that one of the nurses found her, when, a little later, she brought in lights. With a low cry of horror she hastily summoned the hospital surgeon. One glance at the white face on the pillow, and sadly shaking his head, he said: "He is dead; take the child away."

In due course of time the Hoosiers in the valley received Betty Ann's letter telling of Dave's death, and of her determination to remain in the capacity of army nurse. To Hannah there was a double meaning in the sentence, "My work here is not done," with which she concluded the letter.

Very full were the weeks following, with delicacies to prepare for flagging appetites, pillows to cool and change, letters to write for helpless patients, last messages to receive and send, wounds to dress, and the dying to sooth and comfort; and the pretty Quak-

er, as they called her, was a universal favorite. Her smile reminded one man of his sister, here gentle touch reminded another of his mother's hand, her gentle tones were like the sweet voice of another's wife, and still another said her eyes were like those of his daughter who had gone to heaven. But there came a day, late in the autumn, when the last patient was discharged, and Betty Ann and Mrs. Lyman, who had lingered after the other nurses were gone, started for Washington, where they were to continue their ministrations in one of the main hospitals. It was just such a lovely day, bright crimson and gold, as the one on which Dave Dixon had told her of his enlistment; and vivid were the events of that afternoon in her mind. She could seem to see his pleading face, and hear his reverent parting benediction; also her mother's mild voice calling her name, and see herself in the humble loft plaiting her hair and clasping the blue necklace about her throat; and then that walk down the quiet street by the side of one, the very glance of whose dark, handsome eyes made her heart beat rapturously—"Oh, Roy! Roy!"

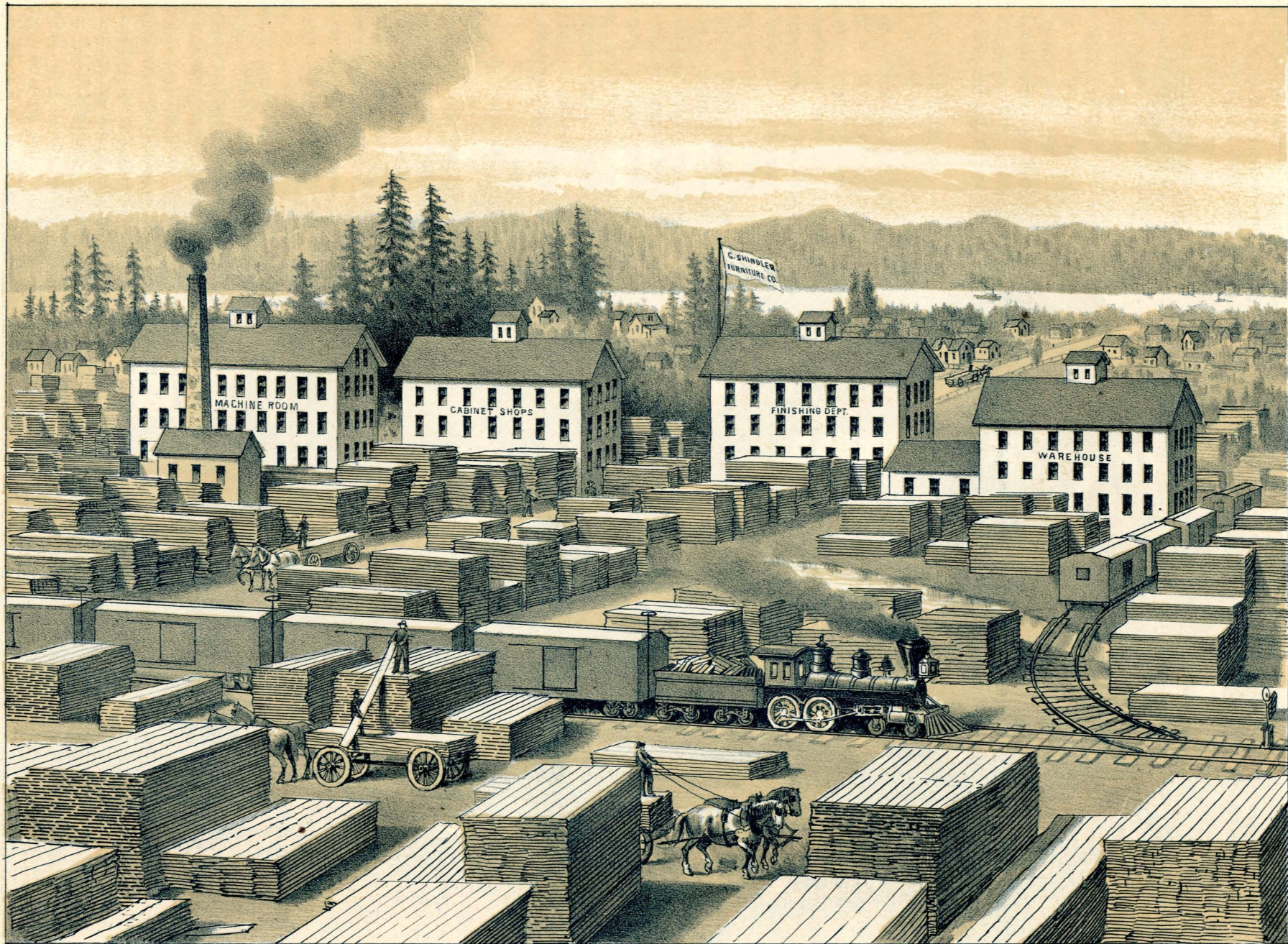
The winter and spring passed in routine hospital work, until May, when General Grant opened the famous overland campaign. The pretty Quaker, with her trusty friend, Mrs. Lyman, were among the number who volunteered as regimental nurses. Before the smoke had cleared away from the field the second day of that stubborn and bloody battle of the Wilderness, the dauntless women were on the ground here, there and everywhere, their skirts and hands dabbled in blood, but unfaltering and prayerful. It was Betty Ann's first experience in such sights and sounds, and her friends expected she would falter and shrink; but she did neither. On the contrary, she seemed blind and deaf to everything but the need of prompt, efficient action. She had been binding up a gaping wound, when, rising to fill her cup with water from the canteen which she carried, her eyes fell on the white, upturned face of a boy in gray, not a dozen yards distant.

"Oh, God!" she gasped, letting fall her cup and staggering forward. "Roy! Roy!" and crouching by his side, she covered the still face with tears and kisses. "Roy! Roy! Oh, speak to me. Oh, speak to Betty just once; only one word, to tell me you were not false. Oh Roy, my love, my darling!" But the cold lips gave no response. Roy Stanley had gone to the reward of such as himself; and later they found the faithful girl unconscious on the lifeless breast.

When questioned concerning the matter, she simply said: "He was my friend." In his pocket they found a soiled envelope containing Betty Ann's poor little tin-type and the photograph of a dark, handsome girl, with the name "Ettie" in pencil on the



SEASCO MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S WORKS, BUCODA, W. T.



OREGON-G.SHINDLER FURNITURE COMPANY'S MANUFACTORIES AT WILLSBURG.

margin. There was a noticeable change in the pretty Quaker after that, and Mrs. Lyman shrewdly surmised that the dead rebel had been something more to her than a friend; but little she dreamed of the heart-breaking misery so heroically hidden from the world's gaze in the girl's aching heart. They could see, however, that her strength was failing daily, but not until she fainted at her post did the kind old physician p'asantly order her home on furlough.

"Betty Ann's coming home" was the common topic in the valley.

"She ain't feelin' right smart, Betty Ann ain't," said Hannah to Dave's mother, who, poor old soul, was almost wild at the thought of seeing one who had been with her boy to the last.

"Ain't? Thee don't think it's serious, does thee?" she questioned anxiously.

"I can't tell, I'm sure; she must be e'en a'most tuckered out, from Joe's tell."

The Freeline cabin was in holiday attire, window and bed curtains freshly laundried, floor, table and cupboard shelves as white as soap and water could make them, front yard swept to the gate, and a wonderful amount of good things cooked and stored away.

Very much surprised and shocked were the family and friends when Jake lifted the wasted little figure from his buggy and placed it in Friend Simon's outstretched arms.

"I am glad to see thee, child," he whispered, and Betty Ann silently kissed him in return.

Betty Ann did not die—the Hoosiers of the valley were made of sterner material—but she suffered as every true-hearted woman must who knows a similar experience. But bye and bye there came a day when rough, honest Joe Davis told her that he, too, had long loved her. There was none of the old coquetry in her manner, as she simply answered—

"I will be thy wife, since thee wishes it, Joe."

VELMA CALDWELL MELVILLE.

A FANCY.

I asked her if I might — —
 A blushing cloud was driving towards the moon,
 "Oh, no!" replied the maid, "It is too light;
 But if yon queen would veil her face (and soon
 She knew she would) and it were right,
 May—be—you—could!" Soon in its flight
 Over the moon's pale face the thin cloud came
 As over hers a shadow, tinged with flame—
 Love's fire—when with too swift delight,
 I bade her lips a hushed good-night!

LEE FAIRCHILD.

A WORD TO DAIRYMEN.

THROUGHOUT the eastern states, but more especially in the Upper Mississippi valley, butter and cheese are made chiefly in large factories, conducted, in the main, upon coöperative principles. These factories consume from five thousand to fifty thousand pounds of milk per day, the milk being supplied by the farmers of the neighborhood, each of whom daily disposes of the product of from two to a hundred cows. There are various ways of managing the business, as well as various degrees of coöperation. In some instances milk is brought to the factory, and in others the factory sends a wagon around and collects cream only. In either case, however, care is taken to secure only pure and fresh milk or cream, and any attempt at cheating or carelessness in regard to the condition of cans, etc., is punished by a refusal to receive supplies from the guilty person. In some cases the farmers own the factories, in others they receive credit for the amount of milk or cream delivered in a given month, and are paid for it in proportion to the price for which that month's product is sold. In still other instances they sell their milk outright, at a contract price. The coöperative plan is the best for the farmers, when they can secure the right kind of a man to manage the business, as it gives them the double profit of producer and manufacturer.

This system, which has been rather hinted at than described, should be introduced into Oregon. It is a fact, and in some respects a marvelous one, that neither Oregon nor Washington produces one-half the butter consumed here. The marvelous feature of this condition of affairs is that this region is, beyond question, the best adapted to the dairying business of any within the confines of the United States. That such a country, which has been settled by an agricultural people for upwards of forty years, should import butter from regions not possessing half its natural facilities for producing it, is indeed marvelous. There is, however, a good reason why this condition may now exist, but none why it should long continue, and this reason is personal to the people, rather than associated with the business itself. For many years the people of Oregon were isolated from the rest of the world, so far as an interchange of products was concerned. A majority of the population was agricultural. Each farmer produced his own butter and but little more. As there was no large body of non-producing consumers, there was no market for large quantities of butter. This was the situation for so many years that the idea that the dairying business could not be made to pay became fixed in the minds of both old and young. Then came the railroads, not

only giving the rural districts rapid and cheap connection with Portland, and extending Portland's markets as well, but bringing thousands of new people, who become consumers. The farmers have not recognized the new conditions as fully as they should, and will. It takes time to disabuse the mind of ideas and prejudices engendered by long years of experience and hardships and failures. That dairying will pay is a question beyond dispute, but to do so the business must be conducted on the same business principles that have made it so profitable elsewhere. Efforts have been made to supply the Portland market, but in such an irregular and unsatisfactory way, that success was often impossible. Country dealers would make a collection of butter from their patrons, and this assortment, of all qualities, shapes, sizes, colors and conditions, would be sent to the city for sale. No dealer cared to handle it, and no customer wanted to buy it. Butter can not be marketed in that way. Consumers demand not only a good quality, but an even quantity, a uniform and convenient size, and an attractive appearance. This demand can only be met by one who makes a business of it and has the proper facilities, so that his product will be as uniform in quality and appearance as the seasons will permit. In the sections of the east previously alluded to, factory butter rules the highest in the market, because it is the best. It is reasonable to suppose that a man who devotes his whole time to butter making, and is provided with the facilities and convenience, will produce a better article than the farmer's wife or daughter, who makes a small quantity about once a week. Not only does factory butter excel in quality, but it reaches the market in better condition, in large and regular quantities, and is a more desirable article for the dealer to handle. Butter factories, then, are what Oregon needs, and what she will surely have. A short trial will convince farmers that the factory is a blessing. It gives them a certain market for their milk, and, if conducted on the coöperative plan, the profits of a manufacturer, without the labor, expense and annoyance of making the butter or of finding a market for it. When dairying was introduced into the Mississippi valley, the farmers were raising wheat, corn and oats for market. They were simply producers of raw materials, and were, in consequence, poor. Twenty years have wrought a great change. The farmers now, as a class, are well-to-do, many of them rich, and enjoy the comforts, and even luxuries, of life. This change is attributable to live stock and the butter and cheese factory, to the fact that the farmers are now making two profits on the products of their land instead of one. This same condition of affairs may be brought about in Oregon, if the people will take hold of the matter with a full conception of

the benefits to be derived. What is required is that experienced factory men from the east be shown the advantages of this region and induced to embark in the business here, and that the farmers of the neighborhood in which such factories may be located give them a hearty support, both financially and by producing the milk required to supply the factory. By doing so, they will put money in their purses faster than by any other course they could pursue, and the mortgage which now bears so heavily upon many of them will quickly fade away. It will then cease to be recorded, that in two weeks of the hottest summer weather twelve tons of butter were brought from eastern factories to the Portland market, accompanied, be it incidentally remarked, by thirty-six thousand dozen of eggs.

And now a word to the enterprising dairyman of the east, who is looking for a good location for a butter and cheese factory. In the whole region west of the Cascade mountains the dairyman will find unrivaled conditions, of which he can readily take advantage. It is well watered by running streams and innumerable springs. From one year's end to another, with but occasional and brief exceptions, cattle may graze upon green and growing grass and clover. The copious rains of winter keep the meadows green the entire winter, and, except for two or three weeks, milch cows can graze upon the finest butter-making grass, without the expense for feeding and shelter from severe weather necessary in the east. Such comparatively inexpensive shelter as will suffice to protect the cattle from the rain and give them a dry and comfortable place to sleep ought to be provided, and will be by every sensible man who takes thought of the comfort or well being of his stock. Of course, a certain amount of feeding is required for dairy cattle if one would produce the best results. This is understood to be necessary everywhere. What I refer to is the fact that food and warm shelter are not made necessary for long periods by rigorous climatic conditions. Thus, at a season of the year lasting many months, the dairy cattle of Oregon are maintained at a much less expense than those of the Mississippi valley, while, at the same time, they are enjoying green grass and mild, comfortable weather.

The price of butter, at retail, varies from thirty to sixty cents per pound for first-class dairy butter, and it is a constant complaint of consumers, that even at these high prices, a good quality of butter can not always be secured. It is for this reason that importation of eastern factory butter is possible. Railroad communication between the great distributing market, Portland, and nearly every portion of the Willamette valley, is established, and factories located in the heart of the valley can reach the city easily and

cheaply. No better location for this business can be found than in Linn county, which possesses all the advantages of climate previously mentioned, excellent meadow and pasture in abundance, the best of pure river and spring water, and an intelligent and industrious people. Albany, the county seat and center of business and population, has the best railroad facilities of any city in the Willamette valley. The dairyman seeking a location for a butter and cheese factory will there find opportunities unrivaled in Oregon.

This matter is not lightly spoken of. Oregon needs these factories, and experienced men to operate and manage them. It is a step in the march of progress which this grand, beautiful and fertile state must and will take quickly, and fortune lies in the path of him who aids her to take it.

UMPQUA VALLEY FRUITS.

THE favorable transportation rates which have recently been obtained for shipments of Southern Oregon fruits are an important consideration for the fruit growers of that region. The new arrangement brings the fruit product of the interior into active competition with that grown nearer market. As a result the inducements for extensive fruit culture in the Umpqua valley are increased and the growth of the industry is certain. Vast quantities are shipped to Portland where there is always a ready market. There is sufficient difference between the seasons in Northern and Southern Oregon to supply a wide range of green fruits through a large portion of the year. Southern Oregon can now compete successfully with any other portion of the Pacific slope in the production of choice fruits. Fruit is now acknowledged to be one of the leading crops of Douglas county, and it is probably the most profitable of all its agricultural productions. The necessity for adequate means of transportation has been imperative. The lack of facilities for reaching market has retarded the expansion of the business, but the efforts to remove this hindrance have now been crowned with success and the prospects are very encouraging for a rapid increase in the production. On the rich sandy bottoms of the South Umpqua river, near Roseburg, many have gone extensively into the business of raising small fruits. The blackberries, strawberries and raspberries raised there are among the earliest that reach the Portland market, and their quality is unexcelled. The peaches produced in Douglas county are among the choicest grown. They are of very large size, luscious and fine flavored. The peach orchards thrive in that climate and produce abundantly. The prune business, which has already as-

sumed large proportions, is growing rapidly throughout the valley. The favorable climate of this region permits the trees to expend their vitality in developing and maturing their fruit. The soil in all cases has natural drainage, so that trees do not suffer from soggy or baked ground, while its fertility sustains a healthy growth. The freedom from troublesome insects is a boon that eastern fruit raisers would greatly appreciate in their orchards, and the market certainly is encouraging for the most perfect production. The character of the fruit interests of Douglas county is attracting the attention of many outsiders, and steps are being taken to improve on a larger scale the advantages offered for the business. With the rapid advancement being made in all industrial affairs in the county the fruit raising is fully keeping pace and is proving one of the most satisfactory lines of operation.

A SUBURBAN HOME.

PORTLAND has reached that stage in its growth where the natural desire of thousands to escape the smoke, dust, noise, and unhealthfulness of the city must assert itself. A large proportion of the business and professional men, clerks and mechanics of our American cities reside in quiet, suburban villages, and in these days of rapid, cheap and convenient transportation the proportion of out-of-town residents steadily increases. No city in the union possesses more beautiful locations for suburban homes, not far distant from the metropolis, than Portland. Up and down the Willamette, on either side, stretches a vista of plain, rolling hills and wooded heights, upon which may be built homes for thousands, where pure air and beautiful landscapes combine to make life pleasant and enjoyable. The question of rapid transit is the one of most importance in determining the direction of this nightly hegira from the city will take, and this points unmistakably southward, on the west bank of the river. Two lines of railroad lead in that direction, parallel to each other and less than half a mile apart, thus giving each person the choice of two routes by rail. In addition to this, the river offers another route, and the celebrated macadam, or White House, road a fourth. In no other direction can one go and find such convenient means of passing to and fro at all hours of the day and until late at night. It is, to be sure, fortunate that these conveniences exist, for to the south, also, are the most beautiful and healthful sites for suburban homes to be found near the confines of the city. It was here that the gentlemen composing the River-view Cemetery Association selected the site upon

which that lovely home of the dead was laid out, possessing the most beautiful location of any "silent city" in America. Upon the gently sloping hills lying between the cemetery and the city the Southern Portland Real Estate Company, composed of some of the most prominent business men of the city, has laid out the town of Fulton Park, whose many advantages as a place of residence can not be overestimated. Along one side of the tract passes the Portland & Willamette Valley road, while the west side line of the Southern Pacific runs directly through it. From the depot of either, any portion of the tract can be reached in a few minutes. Winding through the tract, so as to reach every portion of it, the company is constructing a system of grand boulevards, at an expense of \$15,000.00, and the plat is so laid out that a large proportion of the lots face the boulevard, which has a total length of five miles. All the other lots can be reached from the boulevard by cross streets of from one to three blocks in length. The ravines and steep hillsides are not included in the plat, and there is not a lot of the thirteen hundred and ninety-three embraced in the tract which does not afford a fine building site; nor is there one from which can not be obtained a fine view of the city, the river and the entire country to the north and east, the landscape culminating in the Cascade mountains and the great snow peaks, for which the scenery of Portland is famous. The slope of the hills, while sufficiently gentle to render their ascent by foot or carriage easy or convenient, affords splendid natural drainage, insuring freedom from malaria, while pure air and springs of clear mountain water conduce to health and comfort. The chief difficulty in the way of such suburban tracts is the fact that houses are erected and improvements made so slowly that it takes a number of years to render them the convenient and desirable places of residence that they eventually become. In this case, as has already been stated, the means of frequent, cheap and rapid transportation already exist, a convenience for which such tracts are usually compelled to wait several years. Trains on the two roads reach the tract in seven and eight minutes, a shorter time than is required to reach many portions of the city by street cars, and the fare is but five cents, the same as is charged by the latter. To accomplish the other point, that of avoiding the usual delay in building, the company has adopted the plan of erecting one hundred houses at its own expense, which will be given away to purchasers of lots. The company is reimbursed for this outlay by the added value of the tract by reason of the building upon it of one hundred houses, which will be more than the cost of construction. This added value will attach to the lots sold as well as to those still remain-

ing in the company's hands. In order to give these houses to purchasers of lots so as to avoid partiality, it has been determined to distribute them by lot. For this purpose one thousand lots have been set aside for sale at a uniform price of \$400.00 each, payable in installments of \$50.00 at the time of purchase and \$25.00 per month thereafter, beginning with the first of next September. On the fifteenth of November the drawing will be held, and, of course, every tenth lot will include a house, many of which will have been completed by that time. Those who fail to draw a lot with a house upon it, will have the satisfaction of knowing that their land is at least worth the money, and that they have received full value for their investment. Of these houses, ninety-eight will be cottages, of four different styles, costing \$1,000.00 each, and two will be elegant \$5,000.00 houses, each occupying more than one lot. All the lots are fifty by one hundred feet, or larger, owing to the contour of the tract. The company has reserved three hundred and ninety-two lots, selected indiscriminately throughout the tract, which are for sale on easy terms at prices ranging from \$300.00 to \$500.00 each, the purchaser, of course, having no interest in the drawing.

Here is, undoubtedly, the best opportunity the man of small or large means will have to secure a good suburban home on the confines of Portland. By building these houses and constructing the boulevards, the company practically annihilates fully five years of time, and gives to the land at once the value it would ordinarily acquire during that period by gradual improvement. Fulton Park will begin its career with one hundred houses, all of which will, in the nature of things, soon be occupied, and splendid transportation facilities, a stage in its growth which no other tract can hope to reach in the period mentioned. Undoubtedly, before a year has passed Fulton Park will be universally admired as the most beautiful and pleasant residence district in the city of Portland.

THE YAMHILL AND CHEHALEM VALLEYS.

THERE is much real enterprise being manifested by the people of that part of the Willamette valley known as Yamhill county. The Chehalem valley, in the northern part of the county, attracts fully its share of attention, and the vigorous enterprise of its people is bringing it into prominence. Its attractions are to the home seeker rather than to the speculator. It is desired that the whole valley be occupied for the merit of its producing qualities, and that every field be tilled for the best it is capable of

yielding. The division of the land into small tracts seems to be an especially commendable feature, and one that is being appreciated. This plan has the advantage of enabling persons of small means to secure substantial homes, while it does not exclude those who wish to engage in the work of development on a larger scale. It is not like entering a wilderness to make a farm. Water and rail communication is already established, so there are no long years of waiting for the approach of civilizing influences from outside. It is near one of the largest and most prosperous commercial cities in the west, and all these benefits, in addition to climate and soil, may be enjoyed by the most humble of the settlers.

In all of Yamhill county there is a progressive tone that the most casual observer can not fail to detect. The effect of this is nowhere more noticeable than in McMinnville, the county seat. The farmers are this year obtaining results that fortify them in their claims of the county's capabilities. Successful harvests insure the prosperity of the people and contribute to the satisfaction which is the safest assurance of the merit of any locality. The fruit of this section, already famous for its products in that line, is no exception to the general rule this season. It is surprising to persons not familiar with Oregon productions to behold the fruit which is raised and marketed here. With other crops the yield is similarly gratifying, and the prosperous condition of agriculture is inspiring improvement in other lines of business. Mills, warehouses and factories are being erected, the volume of mercantile business is increasing and the county is constantly growing richer. A new era in industrial progress has opened. The steady influx of industrious settlers is compelling growth in all lines of business to which the country is suited, and the large area of the county is gradually being occupied and improved in every feature.

A THRIVING COUNTY SEAT.

HILLSBORO, Washington county's seat of justice, is reaping the benefits which its favorable situation secures to it. The railroad traffic to and from the town speaks of its increasing business interests. The broad reaches of cultivated land extending back in every direction from the town give evidence of the substantial foundation on which its prosperity is based and insure its continuance. The grain and live stock interests of Washington county are very large. Considerable progress is being made in the improvement of stock, and many very fine animals are to be found in the county. Special attention is given to breeding horses. The locality is well suited

to the needs of stockmen and a large amount of capital is invested in raising stock for export and for home use. Hillsboro is a recognized market for the products of a large portion of the county, and this fact contributes largely to its importance as a commercial town. The mill men there expect to handle large quantities of grain this season, and their preparations have been made accordingly. Trade quickly feels the influence of "good times" in the county.

FOREST GROVE'S PROGRESS.

THE visitor in Forest Grove, Washington county, can not fail to notice the progress that town is making in industrial matters. The factories in op-

eration are doing a prosperous business, which is constantly increasing in volume and importance. Building operations are being prosecuted industriously, and a healthy tone pervades the business circles of the community. There are several individual enterprises on foot which promise to add materially to the common prosperity and pave the way for still greater growth. In the midst of favoring conditions the people are not blind to the needs of their town, nor selfish in promoting its growth. The construction of a large warehouse is a good indication. Flouring mills and furniture factory draw much trade from the surrounding country, and influence the patronage of the farmers. It is rare, indeed, that so pretty a town can be found in any country, old or new, and the further fact that it is an enterprising manufacturing and mercantile city commends special attention.

Thoughts and Facts for Women.

BY ADDIE DICKMAN MILLER.

WHAT NEXT?

It is a serious matter to have made a mistake in one's life work, to go disjointed and limping through the tanglewood of human activities, to endure the worry and fret incident to an unpleasant pursuit, to be in want without the means of supplying it. But how seldom we think of this in connection with the career of a woman. Only when necessity reveals it to us in some sad case of bereavement and poverty, do we think that woman should always be capable of caring for herself. Then we exclaim "What a pity she was not fitted to be independent for her own and her parents' sake;" or when we come painfully into association with one who reigns queen, not of a happy household, where order and neatness bear sway, but of a clamoring brood, where chaos and disorder are supreme, then our reticent tongues, quickened by indignation, declare that such a failure is a disgrace upon womanhood. But there are some women who can not be model housekeepers, but they can do something else well, and thoroughly, too, when once fitted for it. But it is to young ladies that I wish to speak—you who have finished your school days. Some of you have lately received hard-earned diplomas, which you have duly framed and hung in the library with just pride in your acquisitions. Since returning to your home from commencement you have been petted, lauded and caressed to your hearts' content, and how happy it makes you to be appreciated. But now, toward the future you look, as do your brothers, and wonder what of it. No doubt many of you have already decided upon some course of action, knowing that she who would win must take time by the forelock. For such we know success is certain. They have the courage that wins. Others have been

waiting for something to turn up. Far better for them had they gone to work to turn up that something. The genius of good luck is forethought and timely action. Yet there are others who have thought little of the future, or if they have, expect to meet their fate in the form of a husband, with whom will come occupation and the supply of all needs. Very well, but I am sensible and not over anxious when I tell you that this is the reason why marriage so often degenerates into a mere business transaction. Why, in the case of inability or death of the husband, families are obliged to suffer every hardship, and in many instances distasteful marriages are formed, which add to the number of unhappy homes. No; to marry is not your whole duty. Marriage is honorable, and so is the resulting financial support when fit companions are united, but it is your duty, "first, last and all the time," to be a true and noble woman, who can no more eat the bread of dependence than can a true and noble man. For these reasons every young lady should learn some one thing, at least, by which she may gain a livelihood if necessary. Think you it is degrading and beneath the dignity of a lady? No less a personage than the accomplished and popular Madam DeStael declared that there was nothing which afforded her more satisfaction than that she possessed seventeen different accomplishments by which she was able to gain her livelihood if necessary. It is a false notion of refinement and ladyhood which raises one above that independence which gives elasticity to the step and sparkle to the eye. Live for something useful if you would retain long your youthful thought and purpose. Be independent and you will be better able to make the most possible out of life for yourself and those about you.

A COMMON INTEREST.

Of the many letters received bearing on topics of interest in this department, I select for publication the following, which bears the signature of "Homebody:" "I have been much interested in THE WEST SHORE'S department of Thoughts and Facts for Women, but it has occurred to me that women ought not to have a monopoly of such facts and thoughts as are furnished by this department. I believe that the highest welfare of the home demands that men should take a greater interest in the inside equipments of the home, and that women should know more of the outside business which contributes to the up-building of that home. In the first place, from a mere business point of view, the husband who does not know what should be the inside equipments of a home does not know how heavy a draft may properly be made upon the outside resources for its maintenance, hence appropriations from outside resources are often so reluctantly and begrudgingly bestowed as to seriously detract from the comfort and satisfaction of the home, when they are not actually withheld on account of this same misunderstanding and lack of appreciation. As the business of a commercial firm prospers, it is expected, and generally is the case, that the business place of the firm is enlarged and made more convenient and attractive. So, as the outside affairs of this home firm of husband and wife prosper, the home should be correspondingly improved, until at least a fair degree of comfort, convenience and pleasure is attained. That this is not always the case, may be witnessed in many cases here in Oregon, where, though farm has been added to farm and herd added to herd in the increased possessions of this home firm, the headquarters of the firm shows no signs of this prosperity, but shows all the inconveniences and discomforts of pioneer days; and this condition of things is, perhaps, too often the result of the head of the household taking no interest in the affairs of the home. On the other hand, the extravagances of the home, which often lead to mortgages and bankruptcy, are often traceable to this same lack of interest and absence of consultation between husband and wife in regard to the inside affairs of the home. There is an æsthetic reason, also, for the husband's taking an active interest in the equipments of the home. Since its furnishings and surroundings are to administer to the enjoyment of both sexes, there needs to be a mingling of the masculine and feminine tastes, in order to have artistic completeness—the one to give sturdiness and strength, the other to give delicacy and refinement. The tendency of our advancing civilization is to bring about a free exchange of taste, thought and sympathy between man and woman, and the model home is both a cause and the result of this upward tendency."

SELFISHNESS.

There is no one more disagreeable than an extremely selfish person, one who wraps himself up in his own business or pleasure. Yet there is a certain selfishness which should be cultivated for the sake of others—one should not overwork, even when doing for others. In such a case present selfishness is future generosity. One should not be such a constant worker as to neglect personal preparation for the future. Mothers often, in their anxiety to care for the needs of their households, neglect almost entirely such personal improvement as is absolutely essential for their future work. Parents should be ambitious to improve as they grow older for the sake of their future influence upon their children, as they are at present to do their utmost for their development. And this they can not do without that degree of selfishness necessary for self improvement. Whether selfishness be base or noble depends upon the

purpose and circumstances. Four excellent rules for personal duty in this matter were found in the expense book of the late Hannah E. Stevenson: "To postpone my own pleasure to others' convenience, my own convenience to others' comfort, my own comfort to others' want, my own want to others' extreme need."

"BLUE BLOOD."

Not long since I overheard a conversation between two fashionable ladies concerning the mistress of the white house. The two seemed to be perfectly agreed in regard to the matter, and the substance of their reciprocal deliverances was this: "Oh, she may be pretty and smart and all that, but the first lady of the land in a great nation like ours should be a lady of caste, should be something above the common herd, in fact, should have some blue blood in her veins." Just what women of democratic America could mean by "blue blood," or what there is in American society to give coloring to the blood was not made clear by the colloquy referred to. However, I inferred from the manner of the conversationalists, and from observations of the tendency of "high society" in this country, that it is wealth, acquired or inherited, and lavished upon society after the manner of European nobility, that produces "caste" and gives the true cerulean tinge to the vital fluid. Such pitiful snobbery well suggests how utterly un-American a large portion of our society is fast becoming. That this class could furnish some severe criticisms upon the conduct of royalty itself appears from what is related of one of the daughters of Queen Victoria: Prussian society gives the first place to officers of the army. When the empress was crown princess she welcomed to her receptions and treated with marked distinction artists, men of letters and musicians. The innovation made the officers indignant and their wives irritable. At the beginning of her married life in Berlin, she horrified the German ladies-in-waiting by putting on her own cloak, and moving any knick-knack she wished to arrange. Once she carried a chair from one side of the room to the other. "The crown princess of Prussia," said the amazed chief lady-in-waiting, "ought to summon her servants when she wishes to have the position of any piece of furniture changed." "I have often seen my mother move her own chairs," replied the princess, "and surely what the sovereign of England can do is allowable for a crown princess of Prussia."

THAT VISIT HOME.

We sometimes become too intensely practical for our own good. Business cares and the domestic duties of our own little households absorb time and thought. The years speed away and we grow old without noticing the wrinkles on cheek and brow, nor how fast the frost of time is whitening our locks. We grow morose and surly, and need a homœopathic dose of something to sweeten us and renew youthful ambitions and hopes. We remind ourselves then of a loving mother and a dear father, who were wont to bring us back to ourselves in the years gone, whenever youthful fervor and excitement carried us off on a tangent, and we determine to try their charm again and see if they still retain their power since we have changed by rubbing up against the great old world. It seems one of the greatest wonders how people can change in form, thought and manner while all unconscious of it. But let one remain from the home of his childhood for a number of years and then return, and a perplexed feeling takes possession of him and he feels like exclaiming: "Oh, friends of my childhood, I know you not!" But he doesn't so exclaim. Oh,

no. He bows himself to the inevitable and strives to recall every familiar look and action. The old home seems much the same, especially if it be one of those old-fashioned homes where "a place for everything and everything in its place" is so carefully enforced, that it often seems that a house has but one place for each thing, and there it is kept from year to year. Perhaps the greatest change that may be seen is in the apparent neglect of certain things that were once the special duty of the visitor before his feet learned to wander. It is a satisfaction to even see one's friends, to know with one's own eyes just how they look, to grasp hands again, if nothing more can be done. But it is better to sit down and talk with parents after having learned to appreciate them, to know that they have thrown off a care here that used to burden them, or a task there that once busied them. Talk of renewing one's youth! There's nothing that does it more effectually than being a child again in the home of one's parents, in having childish pranks rehearsed, in frolicking with younger brothers and sisters, and partaking with them of their aspirations and joys. But a good visit to the home of our childhood not only has in it the satisfaction of a visit, to one's self and others, and the renewing of youth, but we learn something of what our past influence has been, with satisfaction if it has been good; and whether bad or good, we are made to feel that it is no slight thing even to be a responsible member of a family. Yet besides this it is well for friends to compare note books after their paths have separated in life, to measure one's own progress by that of others, and form a period in life work from which a new start may be taken.

The following enumeration of blunders it would be well for every one to commit to memory who would have that charity which is not as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, and who would be on good terms with themselves and those around them: To yield to immaterial trifles; to endeavor to mould all positions alike; to look for perfection in our own actions; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to expect to be able to understand everything; to measure the enjoyment of others by your own; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to look for judgment and experience in youth; not to make allowance for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we can not perform; to worry ourselves and others with what can not be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviating as far as lies in our power; it is a grand mistake to set up your own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly.

PLAYING WITH THE CHILDREN.

How much time, mothers, do you spend playing with your children? How many times a day do they come to you with "What shall I play next, mamma?" It is an excellent plan to have a certain part of each day set apart for amusing the children. It pays, even though it can be only ten or fifteen minutes at a time. If you give some time unreservedly to them, they do not think you negligent when you are obliged to put them off. Children are reasonable little creatures, and can put things together in a way that would surprise us could we know all their thoughts. Mary E. Albright, in *Babyhood*, says: Help the little girls to play at housekeeping and "mother." Mimic, if you like, your own petty cares and domestic vexations, and in adding variety to their play, you may take the sting out of your own trials. Interest yourself in your boy's attempt at carpentering or drawing or paper cutting. You can teach patience and perseverance at the same time without his knowing it. Show the children the beauties of the cards and

picture books. Admire them and be careful of them yourself, and they will learn to prize them. And be assured that in the love and confidence of the children you will find a reward entirely disproportionate to the little time and trouble given for their happiness.

BITS OF GOSSIP.

It is a notable fact that many of our American maidens are not averse to exchanging money for a title. Young men who possess little but an inherited name have crossed the deep, and because of their titles have been received into the wealthy circles of American society, where they have selected almost at pleasure from the marriageable young ladies with fortunes. A title has seemed to be just the thing to complete a fortune which has come easily, and titled foreigners to the number of four hundred have been unselfish enough to share their titles in return for money, but we have yet to learn of a count, duke or baron marrying one of America's daughters without means, however worthy she might be. There seems, however, to be an ebb in the popularity of such men. Too many of them are found to be attendants in restaurants and day laborers for the spell to continue.

Ladies of limited means often think they are the only ones who scheme to save expense, but it seems scheming is natural to some persons and comes not always because of necessity. There is one scheme among the wealthy ladies of New York and Brooklyn which is now well known. The credit customers are the ones who practice it. They are very choice in the selection of the article desired, sometimes going over the whole supply, putting the clerk to a great deal of work, finally selecting one and having it charged to their account. The next day the article is returned with the excuse that it does not suit for some reason, that they don't wish it charged to their account, or that it doesn't match their costume. But before it is returned they have had the use of it for some special occasion, which was all that was desired.

Miss Alice Louise Pond, who finished a course at Columbia college at the last commencement, is the only living feminine *alumnus* of the college, her one predecessor of last year having since died. To have finished a course at Columbia with the present local sentiment is an achievement to be proud of. Miss Pond is a resident of New York City, and is ambitious to study still further abroad.

Miss Florence Bayard, daughter of Secretary Bayard, has been quite fortunate of late in winning prizes. She has won first prizes herself at tennis tournaments, and her dogs, too, have been meeting with special favor. Yet it seems to be at the expense of the purse and time of Secretary Bayard, who is inclined to limit the proceedings.

Mrs. Clinton B. Fisk is said to be a dimpled brunette of quiet, yet strong, opinions, an active church worker and a sharer in her husband's opinions. Were his chances good for the white house, he would carry with him one who would be a potent factor in many good works.

BRIEF NOTES.

Women are invading a new field of knowledge in Russia. One lady, for example, Mme. Goloutzov, has selected the mountains of Tounka as her special field of study, and has investi-

gated the topography and geological formation of the region, with the result that Russian geographers have now more detailed and elaborate information as to the physical features of this part of Asiatic Russia than they have ever before had.

There is a Working Women's Guild in Philadelphia which has about the same purpose as the club started by Miss Dodge, in New York, several years ago. It supports one guild house of seven hundred and fifty members, where the women and girls meet every evening. Lessons are given there in the languages, literature, cookery, needlework and gymnastic training.

Governor Hill, of New York, has signed a bill compelling those having authority to send women prisoners to such stations only where police matrons are provided. This is as it should be. The practice of sending women prisoners to men wardens is one of the most deplorable abuses of prison life.

The empress of Russia has a houseful of seamstresses, yet she makes nearly all the clothing for her younger children, and takes their new hats to pieces and trims them over to suit her own taste. She is expert with the needle and makes beautiful embroidery.

Mrs. Janette Thurber, who patriotically sunk so much capital in American opera, has given a musical education to numbers of poor girls in New York, and sent them to Europe to complete their studies.

Evelyn college, Princeton's branch for young women, is to be incorporated and pushed aggressively to success. Dr. Patton, Princeton's new president, says the experiment promises much that is good.

Ouida, it is reported in Europe, has become extremely religious and will give up literature. The latter step, from her point of view, is certainly consistent with the former.

The first art club in Texas has been established at San Antonio, with ladies for president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, and board of directors.

Miss Kate Sanborn hopes some day to organize a club of one hundred members, fifty women and as many men, to be called the "Millennial Club."

In Finland's system of public schools manual training is universal. Boys learn to sew as well as girls, and both learn carpentry.

Baroness Gripenberg is a member of the school board of Helsingfors.

ARTISTIC HANDIWORK.

A most convenient little device is a traveling bag, for it can be thrown across the arm of a wash stand in a hotel and the essential toilet articles are at finger tips. Take a piece of brown silk an inch wider than length of hair brush you wish to use, and six times as long as the brush is wide. Line with oil silk of same shade. Turn up one pocket at bottom deep enough for brush. Make four other pockets and sew on just above, one for comb, the next for tooth and nail brushes, the fourth

for soap and wash rags, and the fifth for hair pins and powder. Point the top, and bind it and sides with braid. Put a braid loop on top to fasten over button on top when closed.

Not long since I saw the top of a book case very tastefully arranged in the following manner: The case, which was not a large one, was placed upon a writing desk; this brought the top of the case about midway between floor and ceiling. The top was deep and broad. Upon each end was placed a large, showy vase, and between them were heaped grasses of various shades. Two large shells finished a beautiful arrangement.

KITCHEN RECIPES.

PICKLED STRING BEANS.—These are much relished during the fall and winter. Remove the hard ends and strings from whole beans; boil in salted water till they can be pierced with a fork but are not too tender. Take out into glass cans, fill up while hot with boiling vinegar and seal. Spices can be added if liked. Sealing secures them against fermentation during the hot weather when there is so much trouble about pickles working. Put up in this way the housewife can rest secure during the season when any additional care is too great a burden.

TO CAN SWEET CORN.—Shave from the cob carefully with a sharp knife and scrape a little. Add one tablespoon white sugar to each quart. Fill your cans, put on the covers, but don't seal; place in your wash boiler with a thick folded cloth under them, and pour in enough cold water to come up to the necks of the cans, putting weights on to hold them down. Heat up gradually and boil two and a half hours. Remove, one at a time, fill up with boiling water, if needed, and seal. When wanted for use, season and warm, but don't let it boil.

PEACH PYRAMIDS.—Cut a dozen ripe, large peaches in half, peel and remove the stone. Make a syrup, dissolve an ounce of isinglass and stir in. Fill a mould half full of syrup, let stand until set; add the peaches and more of the syrup; when well set turn out on a flat glass dish. Surrounded with flowers this makes an elegant table ornament.

WHIPPED ICE CREAM.—One quart sweet cream, two quarts milk, three eggs, one pound sugar, one ounce gelatine. Soak the gelatine in a little cold milk, let the milk come to a boil and stir in the gelatine; beat the eggs and sugar together and stir in also; let cool; whip the cream, stir into the mixture and flavor. This fills a six-quart freezer.

CHINESE GLOSS STARCH.—Chinese gloss starch is made of two tablespoonfuls of raw starch, one teaspoonful of borax, dissolved in a cup and a half of cold water. Dip the thoroughly-dry unstarched cuffs, collars and bosoms of shirts in this, then roll them up tight and let them remain a few hours in a dry cloth, then rub off and iron.

PEACHES AND APPLES.—Cut ripe peaches and apples in the proportion of three peaches to one apple. Chop and place in alternate layers. Sprinkle with sugar and ice. Eat with whipped cream.

APPLE FLOAT.—Grate a dozen large, tart apples; set on ice. Beat to a stiff froth the whites of six eggs. Sweeten and flavor the apples with lemon. Mix with the egg and serve.

Northwestern News and Information.

TOAD, OR MINERAL, MOUNTAIN MINES.—Among the names given to localities in the west, which illustrate the poverty of the language or the illiteracy of the pioneers, that of Toad mountain deserves pre-eminence. In the contour of the mountain there is no resemblance to that despised reptile, nor is it alleged to have any special attractions as a place of their resort. Indeed, the miners who hold the mountain in possession resent the contemptible appellation, and with more regard to respectability, if not novelty, claim the name of "Mineral" mountain. In the fall of 1886 some prospectors from Washington Territory were scouring tributaries of the Kootenay river in search of placer mining prospects. Some of their pack horses strayed away, and a few of their young men went in pursuit. At an altitude of about four thousand feet above the Kootenay river, which at this point is sixteen hundred feet above sea level, they came upon rock of mineral appearance, of which they carried down samples as curiosities. These proved to be what is known as "peacock" copper ore, which is beautifully variegated in shades of green, blue and copper colors. The prospectors took the samples to their home in Colville, W. T., where, upon assay, they proved to be not only rich in copper, but in silver as well. In 1887, the lucky discoverers, now known as the firm of Hall Bros., consisting of two elderly men of that name, with their sons and nephews, to the number of thirteen in all, returned to "Toad," or "Mineral," mountain, and their secret having been imperfectly kept, other prospectors followed upon their trail. Upon the discovery of a lead, the Halls secured two claims, now named the "Silver King" and the "Bonanza," and upon a parallel lead, or perhaps a feeder of the first, made a third location, the "American Flag." Extensions upon the main lead, or ledge, were secured by other parties to a total length of four miles, but on all sides of the mountain claims have since been staked off and recorded to a total number of more than one hundred. The work of development so far put upon these mines has been small in amount, the difficulties of transportation of such quantities of plant and supplies as are needed for silver mining having been insuperable. But the camp has been visited by a large number of mining men, theoretical and practical, and the unanimous verdict has been, that so far as surface indications can be relied upon, a deposit of ore of the very first magnitude has been struck, with more than a possibility that the discoveries which have made Leadville, Virginia City and Butte City famous will be thrown in the shade by this new find. Toad mountain is situated on the south bank of the Kootenay river, below the Lower Kootenay lake, about twenty-five miles above the junction of the Kootenay with the Columbia, which junction is again about thirty-five miles north of the international boundary and about eighty-five miles above Colville, the first place of any note in Washington Territory. This route via the Columbia from Colville has been one of the principal avenues of travel. Another is from Kootenay station, on the Northern Pacific, in Idaho, by wagon road, thirty-two miles to Bonner's ferry, on the Kootenay river, from which point there is unbroken navigation through lake and river to what is known as the Cottonwood creek landing, about one hundred and eighty miles. From this landing, a good trail, six miles long, with about six hundred feet of ascent to the mile, leads to the mines. A

small steamer, owned in Idaho, runs over this route, and a second steamer is nearly ready to compete. Fares and meals from the Northern Pacific to the landing, by this route, amount to about \$20.00 per head, and freight charges to three cents per pound, but many miners have come down the river in row boats. From this landing to the Columbia, the Kootenay has a fall of about four hundred feet, distributed among many falls and rapids, utterly destroying its usefulness. The British Columbia government has constructed a pack trail over this distance. The Kootenay Railway Company, generally known as the Ainsworth Company, have a charter for the construction of a railway over this same ground and the equipment of steamers on Kootenay lake and the Columbia river. This scheme opens up the third, and what will be the principal, thoroughfare of travel, connecting the mines with Revelstoke, or Farwell, on the Canadian Pacific railroad. The land fit for cultivation or valuable as grazing or timber land is quite insignificant in amount, until a point near the entrance of Kootenay river is reached, after which some beautiful land of a park-like character is seen. But the whole country is the mineral prospector's paradise. The Toad mountain discovery is but one of the many masses of valuable ore known to exist. At Galena bay, on Kootenay lake, the Ainsworth people have a vast deposit of lead and silver of low grade, which the construction of their railway will enable them to work profitably; and it is safe to say, that no prospector has ever spent a season in this country without making discoveries which he is satisfied would prove valuable had he facilities for their development. The British Columbia government is alive to the importance of this district. G. M. Sproat, stipendary magistrate, gold commissioner, etc., is on the ground there as their agent. Under his supervision the trail was cut. Town sites on the bank of the Columbia and at the landing on the Kootenay have been reserved, and he has been instructed to report upon the site for reduction works, upon which the government is authorized to spend \$32,000.00 in Kootenay this year. The Ainsworth Company has been subsidized by a grant of two hundred thousand acres of land in aid of their railway.

NEW FISHING INDUSTRIES.—The Gloucester schooner, *Oscar and Hattie*, which was brought around the Horn by Captain Christopher Johnson, to engage in deep sea fishing on this coast, has made a successful initial voyage, and fairly inaugurated what must soon prove to be the most extensive fishing interests in America. After a brief visit to the halibut banks, the vessel returned to Puget sound and shipped east fifty tons of fine halibut for smoking. This was an experimental shipment, and if the quality after smoking is satisfactory, future shipments will be smoked on this coast. As before stated, this is the initial step of a great movement. A fleet of two hundred Gloucester fishing boats will be brought out here to engage in this business, if parties sent out to investigate make a favorable report. That the banks are much more extensive than on the Atlantic coast, that the season is practically unlimited, and that the dangers of navigation are far less than on the Atlantic coast, are well known facts. The only drawbacks are the expense of sending fish to the eastern markets and the poor quality of salt now produced on the coast, both of which

can and will be overcome in the interest of so important an industry. This looks like the practical way of settling the fishery dispute with Canada, to have our Atlantic fishermen abandon the New Foundland and Nova Scotian coast and cast their lines on the teeming banks of the Pacific. Professor Dawson has transmitted to Washington an important report concerning Alaska. Special reference is made to the extensive fisheries, which, it is believed by well informed men, will, before long, overshadow those of the Atlantic, which are alleged to be insignificant in comparison with those of the Pacific coast of the United States. Concerning the work of the *Albatross* in connection with the survey, Professor Dawson observes that the shore line of the coast and islands of California, Oregon and Washington, not including bays and rivers, is three thousand one hundred and twenty miles in length. The shore line of the archipelago, extending from Dixon sound to Icy strait, is seven thousand eight hundred miles. From Icy strait to Point Barrow, the shore line of the main land of Alaska and of the great islands of the Kodiak group and the Aleutian chain, has not been measured, but it would be safe to estimate it at not less than fifteen thousand miles. Throughout the whole of these shores of twenty-six thousand miles, ranging through the greater part of forty degrees of latitude, are countless millions of food fishes, of crustacea, and of fur-bearing animals. There are many specimens of food fishes known to the natives, but unknown to us. We are almost totally ignorant of the habits of many of the common food fishes, and if the comparatively limited seaboard of the Atlantic and gulf states requires one such vessel as the *Albatross*, one such station as Wood's Holl, and all the resources of the national museum and the United States fish commissioner, then this coast, with many times the eastern shore line, certainly can lay claim to one efficient vessel like the *Albatross*, and some station like Wood's Holl, where experiments can be carried on. There should really be two such vessels on the Pacific, one for duty on the coast from latitude thirty-two degrees to latitude forty-nine degrees, with a natural history station properly located thereon, and a second vessel for duty off the northern part of our coast, from latitude fifty-four degrees and forty minutes to latitude seventy-two degrees, with a natural history station for the study of northern fishes. In the archipelago of Alexandria, salmon are much more numerous than in any of the waters of British Columbia, Washington Territory or Oregon. Salmon fisheries in Alaska have increased in a wonderful manner. Last year there were eighteen vessels engaged in the traffic, and one hundred and ninety thousand cases of salmon were packed. This year twenty-eight vessels are engaged in the work, canneries are being multiplied, and nineteen are incorporated, so that the catch is expected to be from three hundred thousand to three hundred and fifty thousand cases. The estimated output of salted salmon is three thousand five hundred barrels. The magnitude of the salmon fisheries will prove astonishing, because all of the streams emptying into Behring's sea, including the Yukon, are known to be alive with fish. Off the mouth of Copper river the natives catch salmon that surpass the "king salmon" in size and flavor. The Indians report them as being found only at the mouth of the river, where they find them full of spawn, and where they are caught by spearing. Those capable of judging pronounce the Chilcat salmon the highest colored and finest flavored on the Pacific coast. It is claimed that there is no such field anywhere else as these Alaskan waters are for the development of fisheries.

LONG VALLEY, IDAHO.—The much spoken of Long valley, Idaho, lies, as all the rest of the agricultural lands of Boise

county, in the west end of the county, or, rather, in the north-western part of the county. In extent, it contains more tillable land than all the rest of the county put together, and we are told it is the largest tract of tillable land in the territory on which there is sufficient water for irrigation. Long valley is divided into two parts, Long valley proper and Round valley, but in reality they are only one valley with a very large range of foothills separating them. Round valley is in the very southern end of Long valley, when they are considered as one, and is about five miles long and probably four miles wide. Considering the two in one, it makes Long valley about sixty or sixty-five miles long, and will average six miles wide. It is entirely surrounded by mountain ranges, one down the west and another down the east. The surrounding mountains are high enough that those on the west are covered, in spots, with snow the year round. There is one peculiar difference between the eastern and western boundary ranges. On the eastern side of the valley, almost its whole length, there are the most beautiful foothills one could wish for, covered with fine pine timber and grass. On the west side of the valley there are no foothills at all. The supposition is, with this valley as with most valleys, that it once was a lake, and the rock being softer where the canyon now is than elsewhere, or that it happened to be lower there and the water cut its way through, thereby draining the lake, leaving its bed, except the portion that is still a lake in the northern end, Long valley. The upper end of the valley is about four thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea, and the lower end probably six hundred feet lower. With this altitude, and the latitude it has, frost makes them a visit all months of the year. Settlers hope and believe that as the soil is cultivated and the valley covered with a heavier vegetation, both will have a tendency to retain the day's heat over night to an extent that will prevent frost during the summer months, as they say has been the experience of other valleys in this country. If such is the case, then Long valley will be by far the finest agricultural district in the territory. If not, then they must content themselves with stock and growing the hardy vegetables and cereals.—*Idaho World*.

THE WALLOWA VALLEY.—Among the many beautiful valleys with which the eastern half of Oregon is diversified, may be mentioned the Wallowa, whose history, were it written, would be full of fantastic legends. The valley was at one time the home of Chief Joseph and his band of Nez Percés. It will be remembered, that about the possession of this valley one of the most determined Indian wars was waged. It had been ceded by the father of Chief Joseph many years ago, and a few white settlers made their homes there. But when young Joseph came to be chief he claimed the valley, on the ground that his father had no right to cede it to the whites. This was the direct cause that brought about the war, in which Joseph was pursued more than a thousand miles by General Howard. There is a beautiful Indian legend connected with the lake of water in the southern part of the valley. The Indians would never bathe in it. They would fish in its waters, but were always very careful not to enter it. A party of whites were camped on the bank of the lake, and one evening were making preparations to bathe, when they were warned not to do so. Curiosity prompted one of the party to ascertain the object of the Indians. He was informed that in the long past the tribe had lived on the borders of the lake. An Indian maiden, one of the daughters of the chief, was the promised bride of a stalwart brave. One evening he was returning from the chase, laden with the trophies of his skill. His betrothed came out on the mountain side to meet him. She had almost reached

his side, when some fierce monster sprang out of the forest and seized her. The Indian brave hastened with all possible speed to save her, but the monster ran to the base of the mountain and then plunged into the lake, carrying her to the center, where they sank, never to be seen again. The Indian warrior hastened to the border, and, the Indians said, disappeared. The waters of the lake were henceforth held sacred to the spirits of the two Indians. The lake is about five miles long, and the water is as clear as crystal. At some places it is not possible to reach the bottom with several lariats fastened together. It is the most beautiful body of water in the world.—*Heppner Gazette*.

RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION.—There is great rivalry in railroad construction in Eastern Washington and the Cœur d'Alene region. The O. R. & N. Co. is building a line from Farmington, its present terminus in the Palouse region, to Mullan, in the Cœur d'Alene mines, with a branch to Spokane Falls. The Northern Pacific is constructing a line from Spokane to Mullan. Great rivalry exists between these two in the matter of construction, choice of routes and securing men to push the work. The Northern Pacific line will, no doubt, be extended across the summit of the mountains and join the main line, thus cutting off fully sixty miles of the distance between that point and Spokane as now traveled by the long detour by way of Pend d'Oreille lake. In the Big Bend country there is equal rivalry between the Northern Pacific and the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern, to secure the best route through the coulees. Among the late railroad announcements is the statement that the Manitoba road, which has almost completed the tunnels on the line between Helena and Butte, will meet the Seattle road at Spokane Falls and form a through line to the coast. The contract for the Seattle road calls for its completion by June, 1890. The Manitoba has already located a route from Butte to Missoula, via Anaconda and Philipsburg. From Missoula the route has not been definitely located, further than to determine that it will either go through the Bitter Root mountains by the Lolo pass, and go up the Palouse valley to Spokane, or across the Cœur d'Alene mountains and pass through the Cœur d'Alene mines via the Washington & Idaho, the new name under which the Cœur d'Alene extension of the O. R. & N. Co. is being built. This would give the Manitoba two terminal points, Portland and Seattle, both of them reached over lines owned by rivals of the Northern Pacific, whose antagonist the Manitoba is throughout its entire extent. The Spokane & Palouse branch of the Northern Pacific is being extended into the Clearwater country, east of Lewiston, opening up one of the richest agricultural regions on the coast. The great steel bridge of the O. R. & N. Co. at Portland has been completed, and all trains now start from the city proper, on the west bank of the Willamette. New depots for passengers and freight are being constructed.

NORTHERN MONTANA SETTLEMENTS.—Since a large portion of the huge Indian reservation in Northern Montana was thrown open to occupation, miners, stock raisers and ranchers have gone into that region in great numbers. Several new towns have sprung up, especially along the line of the Manitoba road, which was completed through that region last fall. The new town of Cypress; near Fort Assinaboine, is still growing nicely and is getting to be a lively burg, says the *River Press*. It is near enough to the post to command considerable patronage from the soldiers. Mr. George Watson, formerly of Belt, has been engaged in developing a fine coal mine not far distant, which is said to show up well, and gives promise of becoming a

splendid producer. Settlements along Milk river, above and below the new town, are increasing rapidly, and settlers' houses can be seen on every hand. Another new town is spoken of, which will be located on the ranch of Murray Nicholson, on Clear creek. The place is a number of miles east of Cypress, where the Manitoba crosses Clear creek. The Milk river valley, from Clear creek to Fort Belknap, is nearly all taken up. Clear creek valley is settled from the mouth to the head of the stream, in the Bear Paw mountains. We understand that Lieutenant Hill, of Fort Assinaboine, has already surveyed the new town, and that the plat will soon be filed. Murray Nicholson says he has never tried to make money to any great extent heretofore, but now that he has a bonanza of a town site, he is going to make the best of it. The Indians at Fort Belknap agency will not be moved to the new reservation north of the Little Rockies until this fall or next spring. They are still in possession of their little farms, which are under cultivation, and from which they will make fine crops this season. White settlers are locating on the Indians' farms, ready to take possession when the Indians leave. The Indians interpose no objection, and there has been no difficulty on this score. Numbers of mining prospectors are in the Bear Paw mountains, and new leads are being discovered. There have been several discoveries of argentiferous galena leads, which show up exceedingly well on the surface. Good bar placers have also been found in several places, and the outlook for the Bear Paw mining district is steadily improving.

WHATCOM RAILROADS.—From Whatcom comes the intelligence that Eugene Canfield and associates have perfected arrangements to begin immediately the construction of a railroad from Bellingham bay to New Westminster, about fifty miles in length. On the British side the citizens contribute, as a bonus, \$250,000.00, and Whatcom citizens have taken in stock \$50,000.00 additional. This means the completion before January 1, 1890, of the consolidated lines known as the Westminster Southern and the Bellingham Railway & Navigation Company's road. With the money raised they will begin building, and bond the road as completed. The line runs through a rich, level country, and will unite the cities which have heretofore been strangers. This also connects Puget sound, at Bellingham bay, with the Canadian Pacific railway, and will concentrate considerable commerce at these points. Hon. P. B. Cornwall's B. B. & B. C. railroad is now building toward Lake Whatcom and Fort Hope. One hundred men are at work clearing the road-bed and grading, and the line is out several miles. The country is level and construction easy. Within a few days two locomotives, thirty flat cars and steel rails will arrive. The wharf is being repaired to receive them. The West Coast railroad has also a line projected from Whatcom to the lake for a logging road. Blanchard's logging company, at Samish, is pushing their railroad into the fine timber of Whatcom county, and will build a saw mill soon. Because the price of logs has fallen below \$6.00 per thousand they propose to saw their own lumber. The mill will probably be erected at Chuckanut bay or Cypress island.

CAVES IN THE CASTLE MOUNTAINS.—A series of caves in the now famous Castle mountains, Montana, has been known to exist for a number of years. They were explored in the summer of 1885 by members of THE WEST SHORE staff, and illustrations and a descriptive article appeared in the July number of that year. Since then many valuable mineral discoveries have been made in that region, and the mountains are undergoing a thorough investigation by hundreds of prospectors. Recently

another cave was discovered in the northern portion of the district. It is situated about seven miles from Castle and about two and a half miles from Bevin's coal banks. A party of men with ropes and ladders made an exploration. The entrance is about the size of, and similar to, a mining shaft. At about forty feet they found a room about two hundred by two hundred and fifty feet. From this room they went through an arched passage one hundred and fifty feet, on an incline of about forty-five degrees, which dropped off perpendicularly for about fifteen feet. It then ran on a level seventy-five or one hundred feet, and fell again twenty feet. From this main passage, lateral and ascending passages were found, one extending in an upward course thirty feet into another room about two hundred by one hundred feet and about fifty feet in height. The bottom, walls and ceiling, or top, were all crystalized. On this lower level the party found a lake of pure water of quite an extent. The whole distance traversed in this wonderful underground cavern was estimated to be seventeen or eighteen hundred feet.

SALMON PACK OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.—The season's pack of Columbia river salmon is estimated at three hundred and sixty thousand cases, and the product was never of better quality. The salmon pack of the Columbia for a series of years has been as follows:

1866.....	4,000 cases.	1877.....	460,000 cases.
1867.....	18,000 "	1878.....	460,000 "
1868.....	28,000 "	1879.....	480,000 "
1869.....	100,000 "	1880.....	530,000 "
1870.....	150,000 "	1881.....	550,000 "
1871.....	200,000 "	1892.....	541,000 "
1872.....	250,000 "	1883.....	629,000 "
1873.....	250,000 "	1884.....	620,000 "
1874.....	350,000 "	1885.....	554,750 "
1875.....	375,000 "	1886.....	448,500 "
1876.....	450,000 "	1887.....	354,055 "

The number of canneries in operation this year was ten less than last season. The pack this year is considered more profitable than the larger packs of previous seasons have been, and it leaves the canners in better condition in every way. For instance, in 1886 the pack was nearly half a million cases, which did not bring in the market more than \$4.00 a case. In 1888 the prices average \$6.50 per case. When the season's product is marketed, the aggregate amount which the fishermen will have received will not be less than in 1886, and the net profit will be greater.

BAKER COUNTY MINES.—Parties who have recently been examining the mining interests of Baker county, Oregon, report encouraging prospects. Pendleton parties have been developing the Pride of Pendleton mine, and it is estimated that there is now \$10,000.00 worth of ore there ready for crushing. In the Greenhorn mountains steady work is being done and satisfactory results obtained. These mines are situated about a hundred miles south of Pendleton. Prospectors are busy and quite enthusiastic over their finds. At Cracker creek, some fourteen miles from the Greenhorn mountains, are the richest mines, and something like a boom has struck that region. A town has been started at the junction of Cracker and Silver creeks and the miners are calculating on a second Butte City. There are both placer and quartz mines in that vicinity, and the yield of pure metal is very large. Capitalists and miners in large numbers are flocking to the new town, which has been named Cleveland. The group of properties known as the Cracker Creek mines have been sold to a St. Louis company for \$1,000,000.00. These mines were purchased by Portland men last winter for \$25,000.00, and about that amount has been ex-

pected in their development. The new company proposes to put in machinery costing \$100,000.00, and work the mines on a large scale. The sale and development of these properties will do much to bring into deserved prominence the many excellent ledges of Eastern Oregon.

BUTTE CITY, MONTANA.—Anticipating the visit of the Iowa Press Association, the Butte City *Inter-Mountain* says: For the information of the Iowa gentlemen it may be stated that last year Montana led all other states and territories in the value of its metal output, producing \$26,000,000.00, of which Butte contributed \$16,000,000.00. This single camp, of ten mills and six smelters, produced more than Nevada and Idaho combined, nearly three times as much as Utah, and more than the product of Arizona, New Mexico and Dakota put together. The mining companies here directly employ five thousand men, whose monthly wages are \$500,000.00. Every twenty-four hours between four thousand and five thousand tons of ore are hoisted from the mines and the metal contents reduced to marketable silver or copper. Three railroads run into Butte, two of which last year transacted a freight business of five hundred thousand tons. The camp contains a population of twenty-five thousand people, the city is incorporated, with every convenience of modern civilization, including street car lines, electric lights, gas, water works, etc. Butte is undoubtedly a permanent place and is growing rapidly in population and wealth. Its mines are yet in the infancy of their development, but there is enough ore in sight to last the present mills and smelters twenty years. It is the best, liveliest and most prosperous town of its size in the world.

RIVER AND HARBOR IMPROVEMENTS.—The river and harbor appropriations bill, as it finally passed the United States senate, contained an amendment increasing the appropriations for Oregon and Washington Territory as follows: For the canal at the Cascades, in Oregon, from \$175,000.00 to \$300,000.00; for the mouth of the Columbia river, Oregon, from \$350,000.00 to \$500,000.00; for the Lower Willamette and Columbia, below Portland, from \$80,000.00 to \$10,000.00; for the Willamette river above Portland, from \$15,000.00 to \$29,000.00; for the Coquille river, Oregon, from \$22,000.00 to \$25,000.00; and for the Cowlitz river, Washington Territory, from \$2,500.00 to \$3,000.00. Major Thomas H. Handbury, of the United States engineers, has forwarded to Washington his official report on the progress of the government work at the cascades of the Columbia. Since 1876, when congress made its first appropriation for this improvement, there have been expended \$1,142,500.00 to bring the locks to the present stage. The estimated total cost of completing this work was \$3,000,000.00. Estimating on the basis of time taken to carry it thus far, it will require over thirty years to complete the job. The report states that remedial impediments to navigation should be removed as speedily as possible, and that five years should be ample time to finish the work contemplated at the cascades.

BIG MINING SALE IN ALASKA.—On Tuesday there was recorded in the office of the recorder, at Juneau, deeds to the Bear's Nest group of mines, with the following considerations: Bear's Nest, \$1,000,000.00; Takou Chief, \$490,985.00; Julia, \$150,000.00; Alta, \$150,000.00; Excelsior, \$700,000.00. The purchase was made by a syndicate of English and American capitalists, and is the largest mining sale that has taken place on the continent for years. With the sale of the above group of mines, a new era has opened for Alaska. Capitalists have

at last recognized the immense mineral wealth of the country, and capital will now flow freely in. Machinery arrived on this boat for the company, and operations will begin immediately. A one hundred and twenty-stamp mill will be erected, and will be increased as developments advance. This sale is but the forerunner of many others, some of which are now pending, but the advantages of this sale to Alaska can not be overestimated. It will demonstrate to the outside world that the mines of Alaska are rich, and that capitalists have confidence in them. With the erection of the mill on the Bear's Nest and those in the Basin and at Berner bay, Juneau and vicinity will have a boom unequalled by any other mining camp in the United States.—*Juneau Mining Record, July 12.*

INDUSTRIAL FAIR.—The contract for the superstructure of Portland's immense exposition building was let early in July, and work on the edifice was begun, a portion of the huge foundation having been completed. According to the terms of the contract, one wing of the central building, the portion devoted to the general display, and the botanical and zoological gardens, must be completed by the first of October. The other wing must also be so far along at that time that it can be used for the machinery exhibit. A failure to do this will cost the contractor \$200.00 for every day's delay. The exposition will be held in October, and will be on a grand scale, everything being in proportion to the great building being erected to accommodate the display. The collection of products and objects of interest will be the largest and most complete ever made on the Pacific coast, while the facilities for their proper display and for the enjoyment and comfort of the immense crowds which will gather nightly to see them, will be such as has never before been provided in this city. Excursions will be run on all the railroads during the continuance of the fair, and the people of the northwest may safely look forward to a season of profitable enjoyment.

GRAY'S HARBOR LUMBER.—The lumber business on Gray's harbor is of no mean importance. The shipments for June were nearly six million feet from the four leading mills situated at Aberdeen, Hoquiam, Cosmopolis and Montesano. The number of logging camps about the harbor is variously estimated at from fifty to seventy, with eight hundred and fifty to nine hundred men employed, and one to three teams of six to eight yoke of oxen each. In addition there are a number who do what is called hand logging. These operate close by water courses and have no teams. Logs range from \$4.00 to \$5.00 per thousand feet for fir and \$10.00 to \$12.00 for cedar. What is known as the Puget sound company, an incorporation formed by the leading mill owners of Puget sound, is about to begin the erection of what will probably be the largest mill in the northwest. Preliminary to beginning work it has bought the present mill at Cosmopolis, which will be used to supply the material for the new mill. This mill belongs to the combination of mill owners on the sound, to which other mills on Gray's harbor are in opposition.

GAME SEASONS IN OREGON.—Sunday, July 15, the sport of the hunter sanctioned by law commenced, the legal inhibition for the killing of grouse, quail, pheasants and partridges having expired for the year. Male deer are subject to the gunner's skill from July 1st to November 1st, but females are protected from the 1st of January to the 1st of August. So are elk, moose and mountain sheep. Swan and wild ducks of the different va-

rieties are protected from the 1st of May to the 1st of September, except that persons may kill ducks at any time to protect their growing crops. Sage hens and prairie chickens have the law's protection only two and one-half months during the year, from April 1st to June 15th, while brook trout must be left alone from November 1st to April 1st, and must not be taken at any time by other device than a hook and line. There must be no snaring of birds, nor destruction of game birds' nests, and it is unlawful to have in possession any live bird or beast of the game varieties at any time when it is unlawful to kill or take them. The Mongolian pheasant is protected continuously until November 21, 1891.

A WONDERFUL CAVE.—About fifteen miles from the celebrated Modoc lava beds, and within two miles of the road leading from Adin, California, to Linkville, Oregon, is a subterranean cavern which possesses some remarkable characteristics. The opening is described as a slight depression resembling a badger hole and just large enough to admit a man. A short distance inside it opens into a number of large passages, which have been explored several miles with no indication of coming to the end. The atmosphere is found oppressively warm, and no currents of air are found. The only indications of animal life discovered by explorers are the tracks of beasts in the mud, some of which are as large as those of a California lion. One exploring party found a small body of water as clear as crystal about half a mile inside the entrance. Near this evidences of a number of camp fires were seen, showing that the place had been visited by Indians. The roof varies in height and is thickly studded with stalactites.

MICA MINES.—A few years ago a large ledge of mica was discovered in Idaho, thirty miles east of Moscow, which, after passing through several hands, was finally purchased by Peck Bros. & Co., of Chicago, for \$125,000.00. In 1887 one hundred and thirty tons of the mineral were mined, seven of which were sent to England, where it was pronounced of superior quality, as sheets eighteen inches long can be procured. The value of mica depends largely upon the size of clear sheets which can be split from the ledge. Sheets eight by ten inches are worth \$14.00 a pound, while small pieces sell for only forty cents a pound. The small pieces and broken particles are used for various purposes, such as lustre for wall paper, etc. An extension of this ledge is now being opened by another party. A few months ago a ledge of mica was discovered within a mile of Boise city, and its value is now being tested.

OKANAGAN & SHUSWAP RAILWAY.—The dominion government has granted a subsidy of \$3,200.00 per mile to supplement that of the provincial government in aid of construction of the proposed railroad extending south from the Canadian Pacific through the Shuswap and Okanagan regions, in British Columbia. Final surveys are progressing and work will be commenced this season, in order to render the subsidy available. The region to be opened up is one of the best agricultural districts on the continent, and of area sufficient to produce food for hundreds of thousands of people. The road will be fifty-two miles in length, and will be a connecting link between Shuswap and Okanagan lakes, thus shortening the distance and reducing the cost of transportation to the Kootenay and other mining districts in the southeastern part of the province.

WITCHCRAFT AMONG THE CHILCATS.—The Chilcat Indians, of Alaska, believe in witchcraft. During the past winter months

the prevalence of disease among them caused considerable trouble from the belief in witchcraft. When the near relatives of the sick approached their native medical practitioner and inquired who was the cause of the illness the doctor generally gave the name of some one of the lower class, who possessed few friends, and that person was henceforth looked upon as a witch, and punished and shunned by all. A number of cases have come to light where extreme cruelty was practiced. The custom is to tie the hands of the so-called witch behind his or her back and fasten the head back at right angles to the body. The victim is compelled to undergo this treatment for an indefinite period of time,

LAND OFFICE DECISION.—The United States land office at Walla Walla has decided the cases of the Northern Pacific against settlers on indemnity lands, in favor of the settlers, on the ruling that the railroad company has no right to select lands in the indemnity limit, except lands unappropriated and vacant. This decision is important to settlers, and is the outcome of a decision of the department that lands within the indemnity limits should be held open to settlement, or rather, that filings upon such lands be accepted, and the railroad be notified at the time. A large number of entries were received at the Walla Walla office, and in each the railroad filed notice of contest. There being such a large number of cases, the land officers here made a selection of a limited number of cases, embracing all points in the controversy, and it is in these cases that the decision has been given.

GLACIER BAY DISTRICT, ALASKA.—The Glacier Bay district of Alaska, is coming into prominence as a region abounding in rich veins of silver-bearing ore. In one place a true fissure vein in granite, carrying a high grade gray copper ore, has been shown up, and a plant for treating the ore is now being erected. Two shafts have been sunk in the Free Press mine and rich ore obtained from each. The ore is a carbonate of lead and iron carrying chlorides and antimonial silver. This vein can be traced a distance of nearly three miles. From the surface croppings on Willoughby island the indications are such as to show that the island contains vast treasure vaults of carbonate ores. The ore boiled up from below in chimneys, which is a favorable indication. Miners think this find will not be of less importance than the celebrated Treadwell.

IRRIGATION IN SOUTHERN IDAHO.—An irrigating canal thirty miles long is being constructed by the Snake River Company. The canal is twenty feet wide at the bottom and thirty at the top, and will take water from the Bruneau river. When this is completed, thousands of acres of land will be rendered tillable, and miles of grain, vegetables and grass will take the place of the now unbroken vista of gray sage brush. A town called Grand View has been laid out at the Junction of Bruneau and Snake rivers, where the company is erecting a large building for headquarters, and to be used as a hotel. The transformation in the aspect of the sage brush country which follows the completion of such a ditch as this will be, is little short of marvelous—a desert being converted into a fruitful and fertile garden.

POSTAL DELIVERY SERVICE.—The annual reports from the post offices at Spokane Falls and Walla Walla, W. T., show both of them to be entitled to free delivery systems under the law providing for such service in towns where the annual postal receipts exceed \$10,000.00. It is expected that the delivery

service will be established within the next thirty days. This will afford a much needed relief to those offices, especially to Spokane Falls, which has had a great deal of trouble with its postal service this year. The receipts of the office for the year ending June 30, 1887, were \$9,000.00, and for the past year \$15,000.00. The increase in business was so rapid that the facilities for handling mail matter were entirely outgrown, and a delivery service is an absolute necessity.

DIVIDENDS OF MONTANA MINES.—Last year the mines of Montana paid dividends to the amount of \$3,000,000.00. The first six months of the year 1888 show a gratifying increase in the amount of dividends paid. The sums for that period aggregate \$1,748,000.00, distributed among the larger companies as follows:

Granite Mountain.....	\$1,100,000.00
Hecla	75 000.00
Hope.....	50 000.00
Jay Gould.....	172,000.00
Montana Limited.....	330,000.00
Original.....	8 000.00
Parrot.....	18 000.00
Total	\$1,748 000.00

NORTHERN PACIFIC LANDS IN WASHINGTON TER.—The Northern Pacific Railroad Company has completed the location of its lands in Washington Territory, and paid into the government land office at Spokane the sum of \$24,000.00, being the required fee of one and one-fourth cents per acre. The last bunches were in the Spokane district and were as follows: In Adams county, three hundred and sixty-two thousand acres; Whitman, three hundred and one thousand one hundred and eighty-seven acres; Spokane, four hundred and seventy-nine thousand nine hundred acres; Stevens, four hundred and eighty acres, making a total of one million eight hundred and sixty-six thousand three hundred and ninety-three acres.

ACCIDENT TO THE STEAMER POTTER.—An accident, which has not been unlooked for by thoughtful persons, occurred on board the O. R. & N. Co's. excursion steamer, the *T. J. Potter*, at Astoria, on the morning of the 4th of August. A large number of people were on board, going on an excursion to Ilwaco, when suddenly the frail timbers of the deck gave way beneath the weight of humanity, and a complete collapse of the deck was only prevented by the iron stays. Had the deck fallen through, the loss of life would have been fearful. As it was, a panic seized the crowd, and serious consequences were only averted by energetic action. The over crowding of excursion boats has led to many terrible accidents, accompanied by great loss of life. One such as is described above occurred in Canada a few years ago, in which many people were killed. The *Potter* is a comparatively frail vessel, and is not fit for the business in which she is engaged. Some day, when carrying a greater number of passengers than ought to be permitted to go on board, as is the case very often, a casualty similar to this will cause mourning in many a house in Portland. Our citizens would only be exercising common prudence by declining to go on board the *Potter* when she is thus crowded, and thus compel the company to either provide enough boats to carry the passengers in safety, or a larger and stancher vessel.

SANTIAM MINES.—A few weeks ago a rich strike was made in the quartz region in the Cascades, near the headwaters of the Santiam. Mining has been carried on there for several

years, and during the present season considerable interest has been manifested. This new strike has created a great deal of excitement, and many new locations are being made. The vein is nine feet wide and contains gold, silver, lead and iron pyrites. It is the property of the Capital Mining Company, of Salem, and is being vigorously developed.

YELLOW JACKET MINES.—The North America and South America locations and a ten-stamp mill, known as the Yellow Jacket property, and situated sixty miles northwest of Challis, Idaho, have been sold by J. B. Haggin to J. G. Morrison, of Bonanza, Idaho, representing the Gladstone Mining Company. The mill work has been a failure, and the mill has been idle for four years. Mr. Morrison expects to employ a different process of reduction, and is confident of success. The locality will be known as Oro Fino in future.

ASBESTOS IN ALASKA.—Several veins of asbestos have been found in Alaska, but as yet none of them have been opened sufficiently to determine their worth. In its raw state this mineral is worth \$150.00 per ton in San Francisco. Raw asbestos resembles the bark of a tree, except that it is white and glistens in a peculiar way. The color frequently is gray or green, there being several varieties of asbestos, which derives its name from being specially indestructible by fire.

JAMISON CREEK MINES, BRITISH COLUMBIA.—The quartz property of McKenzie & Co., on Jamison creek, twenty miles north of Kamloops, B. C., has been bonded to California parties for \$45,000.00, with the stipulation that \$3,000.00 shall at once be expended in developing the property. British Columbia quartz is gradually coming into prominence, the Canadian Pacific affording means for reaching the mineral districts not formerly existing.

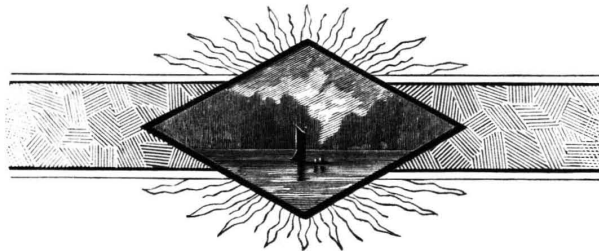
MILTON'S ENTERPRISE.—The citizens of Milton, the most northern town of Umatilla county, Oregon, have subscribed a bonus of \$1,000.00 for foundry and machine shops, which are now being erected there. In addition to this, they have raised \$800.00 to pay the freight upon machinery for a paper mill which is to be established there. Milton is setting a good example for her sister cities of the Inland Empire.

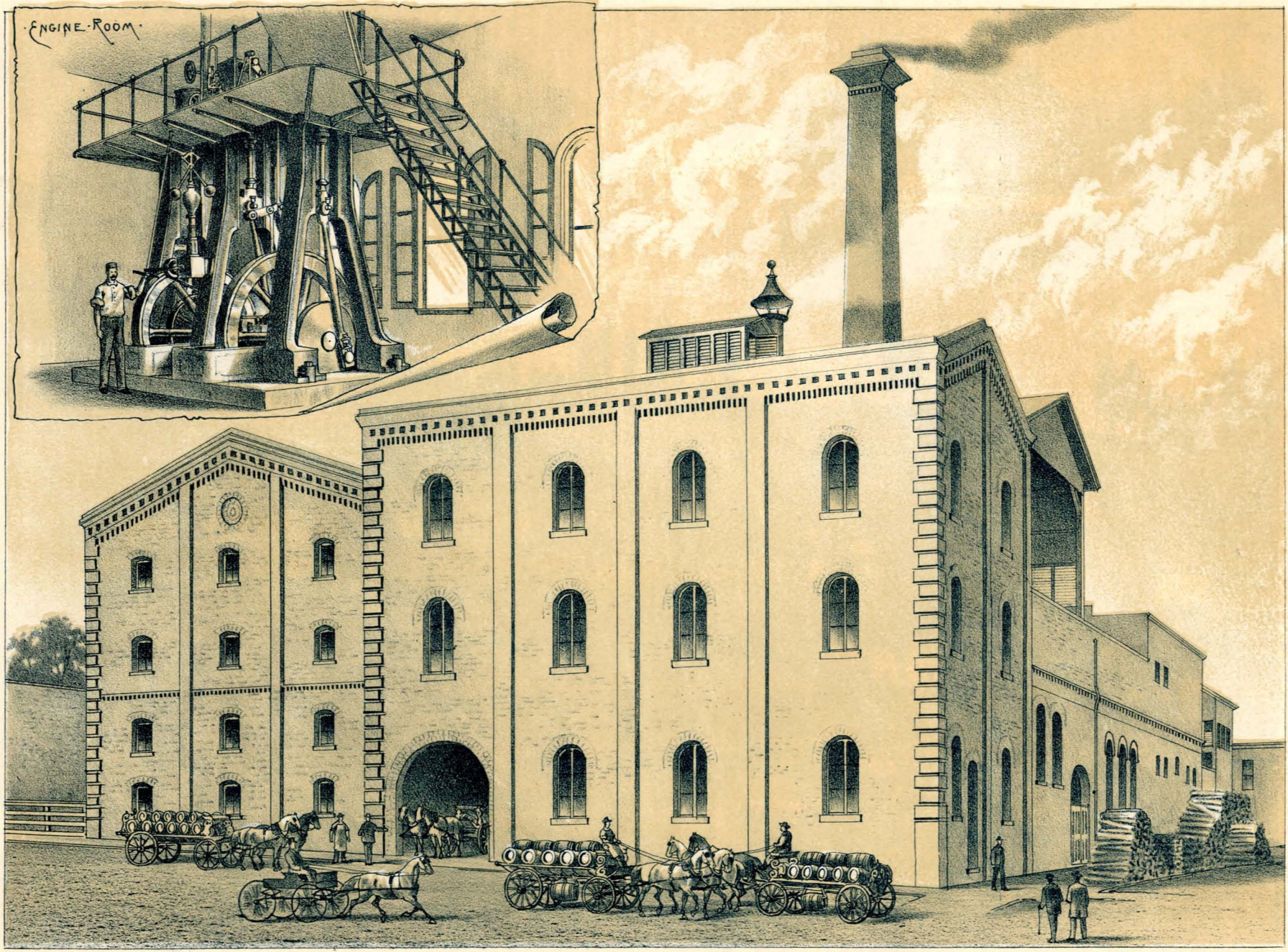
PORT TOWNSEND AND SOUTHERN R. R.—On July 10 the work of surveying the route from Port Townsend to the railway reserve, one mile west of that city, was begun. It is asserted by the officials of the company, that this is the beginning of operations which will not cease until a line has been constructed from Port Townsend and the Straits of Fuca to the Columbia.

RUBY CREEK, IDAHO, MINES.—Much excitement is said to have been occasioned by the discovery of galena ore on Ruby creek, North Idaho, about fifty miles from Palouse City. The ledge is fifteen feet wide and can be traced for five miles. Mining experts have made an examination of the ore and claim that it assays \$75.00 in silver and thirty per cent. lead.

BIG GOLD NUGGET.—A nugget of almost pure gold, weighing forty-two pounds, is reported to have been recently found by two Canadian miners in British Columbia. They will not reveal the exact location of their claim, but from their reports it appears that it is the richest vein yet discovered in the British portion of the Pacific coast.

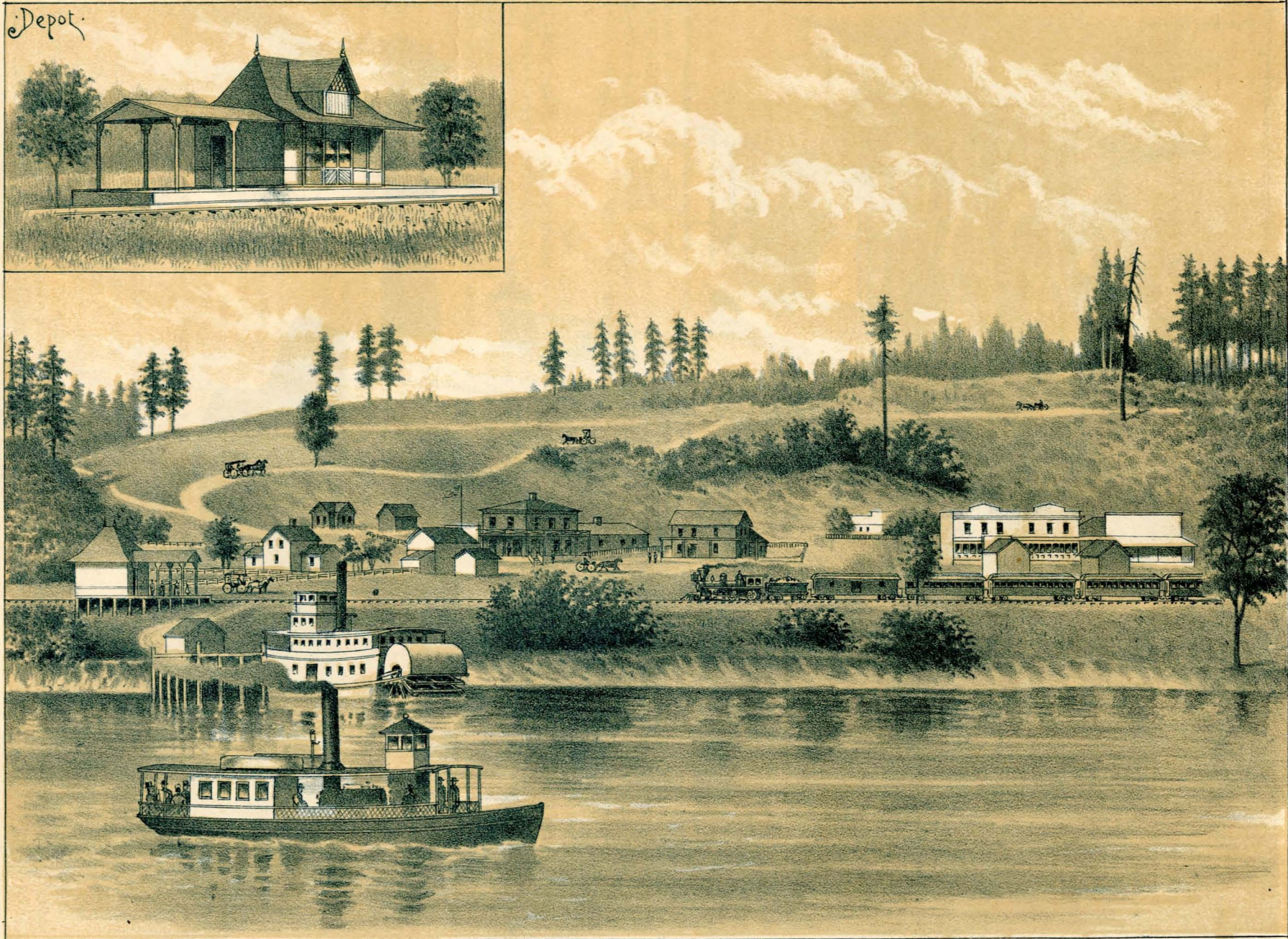
PENDLETON ENTERPRISE.—The citizens of Pendleton, Oregon, have raised a subscription of \$10,000.00, to be offered as a bonus for the establishment of woolen mills and paper mills in that prosperous city. Pendleton is in the midst of a splendid wheat and sheep country, and has excellent railroad facilities.





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LINN COUNTY, OREGON.

LINN COUNTY, Oregon, is situated in the center of the Willamette valley, on the east side of the river. It is about forty miles across the county from north to south boundaries, and the distance from the Willamette river, which forms its western line, to the eastern boundary is about seventy miles. The area is about twenty-four hundred square miles. As the eastern boundary line is the crest of the Cascade mountains, a considerable portion of the eastern part of the county is occupied by the foothills of those mountains and the range itself. The western part of the county, for a distance of twelve to twenty miles east of the river, is level prairie land, having but little timber, except along the streams which rise in the mountains and flow to the Willamette. In the central part of the county there is an abundance of the finest timber, white, yellow and red fir, cedar, pine, alder, oak, etc. The South Santiam river flows through the west-central part of Linn county, and along its banks, as well as on many of the smaller streams traversing the section, are farming lands of remarkable fertility, and the proximity of the timber, with the convenience of grazing lands, makes these tracts particularly desirable for farms to be used for general purposes of agriculture, rather than the prosecution of a single branch on an extensive scale. Thomas creek and Crabtree creek, the Calipooia and other streams are lined with land of this sort, admirable for small farms. The country is already quite well settled, good roads have been opened to travel, and reliable markets for all the products of the farm are within easy reach. Schools and churches are distributed over the county. The temperature is mild, rainfall moderate, and the climate is healthful and pleasant,

The Portland & Willamette Valley narrow gauge railway extends through the east-central part of the county, and the main line of the Oregon & California through the western portion. Regular boats on the Willamette river also afford a means of transportation. The Oregon Pacific, already in operation from the ocean at Yaquina bay, through the valley as far as Albany, is under construction eastward, and will give an outlet to the most interior section of the county. Thus Linn has as good railroad communication with the outside world as any county in the west. The towns of Scio, Lebanon, Brownsville, Soda-ville, Sweet Home and others in the interior, on or near the railroad, are centers of farming communities, which cover the whole country more or less closely. The region is settled by an industrious and thrifty class of people, who, as they become acquainted with the versatility of the country, are developing many branches of industry with profit. Harrisburg, in the southwestern part of the county, is located on the Oregon & California railway, and is a thriving town of one thousand inhabitants.

The total population of Linn county, according to the census of 1880, was twelve thousand seven hundred and eleven. Since that date there has been a marked growth in the county; many immigrants from the east have settled there and are working important changes in the character of the improvement carried on. Modern methods of agriculture are being introduced, and machinery to meet the demands of the period for the farms is taking the place of the crude and more laborious means that have been employed. The fertile soil and mild climate combine to produce better crops than are ever raised east. Good strawberries are frequently picked in October. Yields of from thirty to forty-eight bushels of wheat per acre are not uncommon, and this is not in small garden patches, but in fields of from twenty to eighty acres. The peaches and berries grow to immense size, a local paper chronicling peaches

eleven inches, and strawberries from six to eight and three-fourths inches, in circumference, while the flavor is unexcelled and keeping qualities as good as the average. The farmers have associations for their advancement and to secure their interests.

The stability of the resources of Linn county and their degree of development make it a promising field for establishing manufacturing institutions of various kinds. There is abundant water power and it is easily controlled. The supply of valuable timber is accessible for those factories requiring wood in their work. Farm products—grain, wool, fruit, live stock, etc.—are raised in large quantities, and would be the better if stimulated by factories at home. The shipping facilities, which enter largely into the calculations of manufacturers in considering the advantages which any locality possesses for particular investments, are favorable in nearly every part of Linn county, with its three railroads and a navigable river.

Albany is the county seat and the principal city of that section, and for this reason it has an especially attractive location for manufactories which rely principally on agricultural products for their raw materials. The channels of trade always converge, in a greater or less degree, at the point which, from any cause, has developed the greatest prosperity or achieved the highest prominence. The benefits which are derived from the concentration of patronage depend largely upon the size of the territory drawn from and the thoroughness of its development. Albany is a railroad center, and also has the advantage of the Willamette river at its door. The matchless water power provided by the canal from the Calipooia is of primary importance for furnishing motive power. Its situation with reference to a large section of rich country of varied and comparatively well developed resources, gives it an important influence; and the healthful and pleasant location adds much to the inviting conditions which exist there. It is worthy the consideration of any one looking for a desirable location.

It has steadily kept pace with the times and development of the territory surrounding it, leading in improvements that aid advancement, and contributing its influence as a county seat and the most important city of that region, to build up the surrounding country. The most notable improvement, and really the one on which the manufacturing interests of the city depend, is the Albany water power. This power is created by diverting a portion of the Santiam river, at Lebanon, and conducting it, in a canal nearly fourteen miles long, to Albany, where it is divided, one branch leading to the Calipooia, with a head of twenty-six feet, and the other to the Willamette, where a head of thirty-two feet is obtained. The canal is twenty feet wide at the bottom, the fall is four feet to the mile, and water to the depth of three feet flows through it. This furnishes an immense power which is under perfect control, and may be utilized all along the fronts on the Willamette and Calipooia rivers. It is available the entire year as it does not freeze in winter nor run low in summer. There are now located at Albany four flouring mills, two foundries and machine shops, a saw mill, a planing mill, wire weaving works, three furniture factories, two grain warehouses, a fruit cannery, brick yards, cement and sewer pipe factory and two breweries. Several other industries would find Albany a superior location, not only because of its fine water power, but its nearness to the raw materials and its excellent transportation facilities. The city has an excellent system of public schools. The Albany Collegiate Institute is an educational institution managed under the auspices of the Presbyterian church, and an academy under Roman Catholic control is maintained. The city has a system of water works, and is lighted by electricity.

Towne

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Owing to low water in the Willamette river, no steamers will be dispatched until further notice.

TIME SCHEDULE (except Sundays).

Ly. Albany . . . 1:00 p. m.	Ly. Yaquina . . . 6:45 a. m.
Ar. Corvallis. 1:40 p. m.	Ar. Corvallis. 10:35 a. m.
Ar. Yaquina . . 5:30 p. m.	Ar. Albany . . . 11:10 a. m.

O. & C. trains connect at Albany and Corvallis. The above trains connect at Yaquina with the Oregon Development Company's line of steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.

SAILING DATES.

Str. Willamette Valley. From San Francisco, Aug. 9th, Aug. 19th, Aug. 29th.

From Yaquina, Aug. 4th, Aug. 14th, Aug. 24th.

The Company reserves the right to change sailing dates without notice.

N. B.—Passengers from Portland and all Willamette valley points can make close connections with the trains of the Yaquina route at Albany or Corvallis, and if destined to San Francisco, should arrange to arrive at Yaquina the evening before date of sailing.

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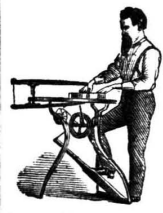
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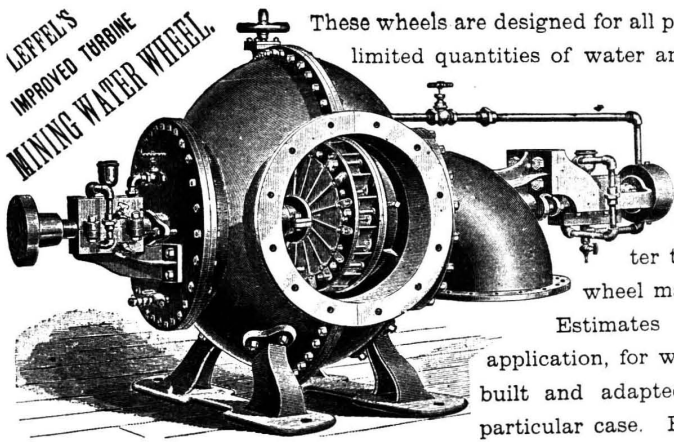
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In the center of the city. Newly repainted: First class accommodations. Free coach to boats and trains.

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The Largest, Best Located and Most Desirable Tract Ever Placed upon the Portland Market.

- FULTON PARK is located one mile south of the present corporate boundary, and in the rapidly growing direction of the city.
- FULTON PARK consists of fifteen hundred choice residence lots, 50x100 feet each, with full width streets and improved boulevards.
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- FULTON PARK affords a charming view of Mount Hood, Mount St. Helens, Mount Jefferson and the rugged Cascade range.
- FULTON PARK enjoys a perfect system of natural drainage, and is absolutely free from the baneful effects of malaria.
- FULTON PARK is reached by the Narrow Gauge railway. Trains passing every fifteen minutes. Fare five cents.
- FULTON PARK is also reached by the Oregon & California railway, only ten minutes' ride from the Portland post office.
- FULTON PARK is supplied with an abundance of the purest of spring water, as clear as crystal and as cold as ice.
- FULTON PARK is located on Riverside avenue (White House road), conceded by everybody to be the most beautiful drive on the Pacific coast.
- FULTON PARK affords a splendid view of the cities of Portland and East Portland and the beautiful Willamette river.
- FULTON PARK is the future great residence site of the city of Portland, and affords a splendid field for investment.
- FULTON PARK property, by reason of its convenient location to the city, will quadruple in value within two years.
- FULTON PARK will be fully and correctly illustrated in the August number of THE WEST SHORE. Don't fail to secure a copy.

TERMS, TITLE, ETC.

FULTON PARK is owned by the Southwest Portland Real Estate Company, a corporation whose directors for the ensuing year are: James Steel, C. J. McDougall, S. Julius Mayer, Joseph Simon, C. A. Malarkey and G. A. Steel; and the stockholders include many other well known citizens of Portland, who are amply able to carry out the enterprise just as advertised. It is the intention of the company to commence work on the houses at once and push them through to completion just as fast as possible. All those securing lots entitled to houses, as shown by the colored map, can (if work has not been commenced on that particular house at the date of award) have choice of four cottage designs shown on the map. Two of the houses will be of the Queen Anne design, costing in the neighborhood of \$5,000.00 apiece; and the balance, ninety-eight in number, will be modern design, five-room, hard-finished cottages, with bath, closets, etc., and complete in every appointment, and could not be duplicated in smaller numbers for less than \$1,200.00. The company intends to place at least one cottage on

each block in the tract, thereby creating homes for one hundred families, and enhancing the value of all the remaining lots. The title to Fulton Park property is guaranteed to be absolutely perfect, and everything is to be carried out precisely as advertised or money will be refunded. Remittances can be sent by mail or express, as no selection of lots is made before the award.

TERMS.—\$50 down, and the balance (\$350) in fourteen monthly payments of \$25 each, commencing September 1, 1888, and ending October 1, 1889. At least \$125 must be paid in by each purchaser on or before November 1, in order to take part in the award of houses. A discount of five per cent. will be allowed on full cash payments (\$400.00) if made on or before October 1, 1888. Tickets entitling holders to free transportation to and from Fulton Park by rail or carriage can be had upon application.

For lithographic maps, showing design of houses, as well as lots upon which they are to be erected, and all other information or particulars, call on or address

PACIFIC LAND AND INVESTMENT CO., Agents,

J. T. FLYNN, Manager.

Reference: Merchants National Bank.

No. 46 Washington St., Portland, Or.

OREGON CITY

— AND THE —

WILLAMETTE FALLS!!

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