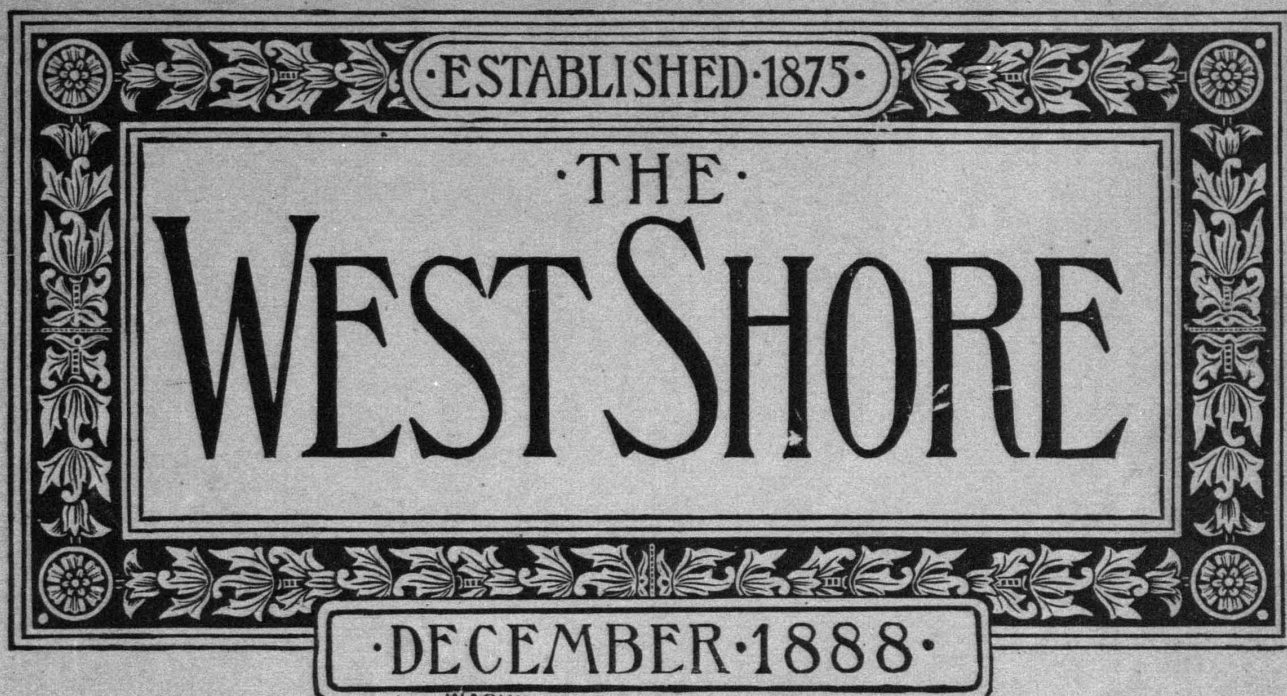


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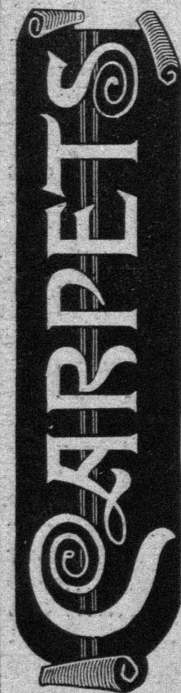
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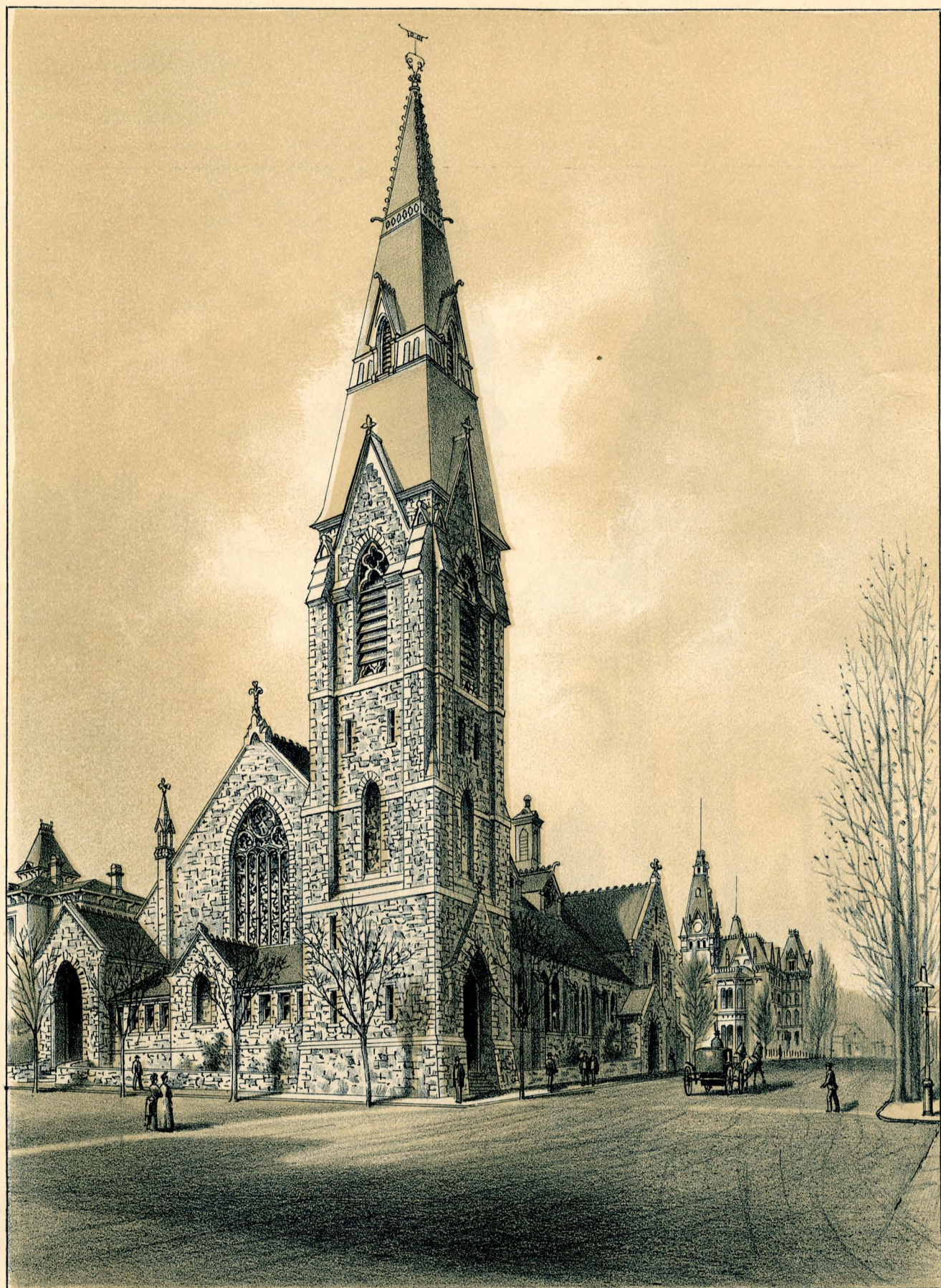
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THE WEST SHORE.

FOURTEENTH YEAR.

DECEMBER, 1888.

NUMBER 12.

FROM CHRISTMAS TO CHRISTMAS.



HE was one of my girlhood's choicest friends. Through the different departments of the city high school we were classmates, and for two years at the university inseparable friends. Then she told me that she must quit school a year, at least, and teach. "I am ashamed to be a burden on father any longer," she said, in her pretty, vivacious way. "John taught and paid nearly all his college expenses himself, and why shouldn't I?"

I looked admiringly into the flushed face with its dark, earnest eyes. "How noble of you to think of it!" I exclaimed, warmly.

"Oh, there's nothing noble about it, it's simply duty," she answered, indifferently, with an expressive shrug.

Her father worked hard, but managed to keep his family well housed, fed and clothed, besides helping them to an education. Of course, this last is no great task for a resident of Madison, with all its educational advantages, but Shirley felt that she ought to be doing something for herself as long as there were five children younger to be provided for.

She taught that year. Early in the spring I went east, and when I returned in the autumn they told me that Shirley had spent the summer with a relative up in the pine woods, and was going to be married to a man she had met there—"a wealthy farmer from the Pacific coast, a widower," was the summary. Soon she came to call on me, and one glance at her blushing, conscious face satisfied me that one thing was true—she was in love, or, at least, thought so.

By and by she told me all about it, how they had met, etc. "Well," she said, dimpling prettily, "it was a genuine case of 'love at first sight.'"

"There may be, doubtless is, such a thing as mutual admiration, even infatuation, at first sight; but love, true love, never," I answered, bluntly, but my words did not in the least discomfit her. She just put her arms around my neck and kissed me, saying patronizingly—

"Wait till you know by experience."

They were to be married at Christmas. He had begged for an earlier day, for he said he could not feel like leaving his children so long, but Shirley would not hear to it. Her parents approved of the match, and there was nothing to prevent the course of true love from running smooth, except John, her brother, and senior by three years.

"I never knew John could be so contrary and unreasonable," Shirley said. "He knows nothing whatever against Carlos, but he has the idea that he can read character, and he don't like his eyes, he says."

"I don't think I could be content with warmed-over affection, even in an angel," said Ruth, Shirley's sixteen-year-old sister, sagely. "Aside from that he seems quite a fine fellow, though a trifle ancient."

Shirley laughed, a little nervously, to be sure, and answered—

"Better be an old man's darling than a young man's slave, you know, Ruth."

"But what if it turns out that you are an old man's slave?"

"Oh, but it won't, sister mine."

After that we tied away in silence for awhile on the pretty white puff we were making for the bride-elect.

"I wonder if this comfortable wont be a little out of place on the 'front-ear,' as the girl said," laughed Ruth, after awhile.

"Dear me! I am not going out of the world, Ruth. Carlos says he has neighbors within half a mile, and that part of Washington has been settled for twenty years. Half a mile is no further than to the park, and we do not count that far."

"Well, I don't suppose you care whether there is anyone within five miles or not, so you can have your adored Carlos," said Ruth, winking at me. "Then, there will be the children. Oh, Fan, imagine them calling Shirley 'mother!' Wouldn't we like to be little birds for awhile?"

Her sister blushed a little, but looked very happy and proud. "I know I shall love them."

"How old are they?" I asked.

"Oh, really—well, you see—I don't know, exactly. Carlos says Will is quite a boy, and then there is Mary and Mig, younger."

Christmas that year with us was a genuine Wisconsin one—snow drifts piled everywhere and the thermometer at zero. The keen air seemed to fairly reverberate with the music of bells.

"How perfect!" cried Shirley, joyously, as she perched in childish abandon on the broad window seat. At that moment a ray of sunlight fell on the proud little head with its wealth of long black curls. "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," she quoted, gaily, catching at the beam with her slim, white fingers. A moment later some one else was at her side, and had imprisoned the fluttering hands in his own. I turned away. For some unaccountable reason I shared John's distrust of the stranger. There was a restless watchfulness about him that made me nervous, and I could not account for the invariable start he gave when the door bell rang. They made a handsome couple, but in spite of his florid complexion and smoothly-shaven face, he looked old enough to be her father.

The day following we bade them farewell. How sweet she looked, smiling through her tears.

"God keep you, sister," I heard John whisper, as he held her for a moment in his arms. "If anything happens, or you need a friend, let me know."

"I will, John, if anything happens to my husband," she answered, a little proudly, and then she went away, blindly changing the known for the unknown.

Owing to heavy storms the bridal journey proved rather tedious, but they finally arrived in safety at Seattle. Here they were met by the "boy" of whom Lee had told his wife. Imagine her surprise when introduced to a broad-shouldered six-footer, about whose rather firm-set lips curled a dark, heavy mustache. As she raised her eyes to his she encountered a look of surprise equal to her own, yet in the midst of it all she was mentally saying: "John would like his eyes," they were so frank and blue.

It seemed a long way that they rode, catching glimpses now and then of the beautiful waters of Puget sound, while in the distance gleamed the snowy summits of the Cascade range.

"And that is Mount Baker," explained Lee, pointing to the solitary sentinel looming up against the northern sky.

"How grand!" exclaimed the bride, her whole face indicative of extreme appreciation. "And it does not seem like winter here. I can scarce believe it is the new year time."

There had been no rainfall for several days, and the sun shone out fitfully.

"Do you think you will like our free west?" asked Will.

Looking brightly into the blue eyes that had instantly won her confidence, she answered—

"Yes, I'm sure I shall like it, but not love it as I do dear old Wisconsin. There is no place like home, you know."

"But this is your home now, Shirley, so you may as well take the oath of fealty first as last," said her husband, looking down at her in a fond, proud manner. Will, turning at the moment, caught the look, and a troubled expression came into his face, that did not leave it again for days.

That evening he whispered something into the ear of his favorite horse. Now, Ross was used to his master's confidence, and merely replied by rubbing his head against his shoulder. "Yes, sir, old fellow, it's a burning shame, I say; only think of bringing such an angel out here to share this torment—curse his selfishness!"

This last was spoken aloud, just as a form darkened the barn door.

"Who you talking to?" questioned Carlos Lee, looking suspiciously about.

"Only Ross," was the short reply.

The Lee farm was twenty-five miles from Seattle, in a little valley upon which nature had lavished her choicest gifts; but, as Shirley soon learned to her dismay, with the exception of a family of Danes, there were no neighbors within four miles.

The house was a long, low, frame building, containing four rooms. One of these, a large square, cheerless one, served as kitchen, dining room and family sitting room. The other three were used as sleeping apartments. To say that the young wife's heart did not well-nigh fail her as she stood on the threshold, would be but to pervert facts; but she was young and hopeful.

In the family, besides her husband and Will, were Mary, a delicate, misshapen creature, who looked with illy-concealed disfavor on the intruder from the first; Miggie, a golden-haired child of six years, destined to be the light of the young wife's life through many a home-sick, gloomy hour; and old Madge. The latter seemed to share Mary's dislike and prejudice, though she said nothing.

"She's been in the family these seventeen years, in fact, since before Mary was born," Lee explained to his wife. "She's a faithful creature, with no friends in this country," he added.

Shirley had expected that the house would be somewhat lacking in the little adornments, but for such barrenness as she found she was not prepared.

"It's not just what you're used to, I know," remarked Lee, a trifle apologetically, and then seemed to dismiss the matter.

At the end of a fortnight the new mistress had white muslin curtains, caught with bright ribbons, waving at the windows, white spreads and daintily-ruffled shams on the beds, and bright-hued cushions with pretty tidies on the two old rocking chairs.

Then she drew Will into the service. With her planning and his rather awkward efforts at carpentry, they succeeded in making a lounge frame, a set of hanging shelves and two hour-glass stands. The first she felt justly proud of when, curtained with bright-colored calico and supplied with tick and pillow of the same, it filled and made cosy one of the gloomiest corners of the room. The stands were fancifully covered and disposed, one in Shirley's sleeping room, the other by one of the front windows of the living room beside one of the big rocking chairs. Here she insisted that her husband should sit when in the house. These and many other changes she made as the weeks passed by. On the shelves in her room she arranged her books—just a few favorite authors, gifts mostly—and a few trifles.

Coming in suddenly one day from a ramble with Mig, she found Will eagerly poring over "Enoch Arden." Looking up with the bright look he wore only for Shirley, he said—

"I saw your books, and just couldn't help taking one. I'm starving, I believe, for something to read." The last was said with much bitterness.

With a little cry of joy, she sank down on the lounge beside him.

"Oh, Will, do you really care so much for books? I am so glad, for now will read and study together, won't we?"

For a moment he looked as eager and glad as she, then his face changed and he said, slowly—

"We have no books for study, and father always gets mad when he sees me with a book."

"Gets mad!" echoed Shirley, "why should he?"

"He shouldn't, I suppose, but he does," he answered, wearily.

But from that time the young people improved every opportunity to read together, and contrary to Will's prediction, his father said nothing; in fact, he seemed to enjoy the evenings that, in turn, they read

aloud. Mary, too, listened, her great mournful eyes dilating with surprise at what she heard.

At best, though, life at River Bend, as Will had named the farm, was dull and monotonous, and what was worst of all for Shirley, her husband seemed so changed. She could scarcely realize that this taciturn, morose man was one and the same with the Carlos Lee who had won her from her happy home. He was habitually gentle with her, but with the rest gruff and oftentimes unreasonable.

It was a little more than five months after her installment at the farm that Shirley, running out to the barn one morning for eggs, was startled by loud, angry voices. She paused in terror, knowing it must be her husband and Will.

"Unless you treat me differently, sir, I'll leave, and mind you, if I do I'll tell her every word before I go."

"Tell her one syllable, you young hound, and I'll cut you into mince meat," hissed Carlos Lee, in reply to his son's threat.

"I can readily believe you would if you got a chance; you're none too pious," sneered Will.

An oath was all the girl waited to hear more, and turning, she stumbled blindly, not toward the house, but down to the spring. A gnarled old tree spread its branches above the bubbling basin, and down on the soft grass at its roots she sank wearily. What could they have meant? Was there some dread secret here, then, known to all save herself, and little Mig, perhaps? Poor, homesick, frightened child! How she longed for home and friends—friends about whose past there hovered no mystery.

"Mother!" she sobbed, aloud.

"Oh, here you be," cried a happy little voice, and lifting her white, miserable face, she met Mig's inquiring gaze.

"Be you a cryin'?" asked the little one, with anxious solicitude.

"I want to see my mother, pet," Shirley answered evasively.

"She be ever so far away," wailed the child, tears coming into her own eyes as the impossibility of the want being satisfied came up before her. "'Sides," she added, naively, "Mig couldn't spare her pretty little mamma—not a bit."

"Do you love me, darling?" Shirley questioned, eagerly.

"Course I do; didn't you know it before?"

"Never mind, then, I won't cry any more, I guess."

Carefully bathing her face, and bidding Mig not to tell she had cried, she returned to the house, but a shadow had fallen on her soul.

That evening she did not seek her husband's side as was her custom when they all came out to enjoy the evening breezes. Taking a chair out on the grass, she drew Mig to her side and entertained her with stories of her own home. Lee sat moodily smoking a few feet off, and Will lounged near her, for not much less wonderful to him than to his little sister, was her graphic description of the beautiful little City of the Lakes.

"And be there squirrels there?" the child questioned, remembering that Shirley had told her before of tame squirrels somewhere.

"Yes, there are a great many in and about the park, and no one must hurt them. They run fearlessly out into the streets and along the sidewalks."

"'Tis nice not to be 'fraid," remarked Mig, contentedly.

"They know no fear, they have never been hunted," said Shirley.

At the last words a low moan escaped the lips of Carlos Lee, and glancing toward him his wife saw the wild, terror-stricken look in his face, that she had often noticed before.

Three months more elapsed with no event of special note transpiring, and while Shirley was frequently lonely and homesick, she was not really unhappy. Though not reconciled, she was becoming accustomed to her husband's strange moods, and an occasional fit of old-time tenderness toward herself proved that he still cared for her, and she fondly hoped that she would sometime be able to unravel the mystery that seemed to be wearing his life away, and remove the blight. Besides, she had Will's thoughtful and unvarying kindness, and little Mig's innocent adoration to make existence endurable.

She was sitting sewing on the shady porch one evening, a happy light in her dark eyes as she dreamed of the future, when Mig came rushing around the corner. "Mamma! Mamma! Papa and Will are fighting; come quick and make 'em quit," she screamed excitedly.

A sudden fear seized Shirley's heart, and, rising impetuously, she flung her work aside and rushed down the steps.

"Ye mustn't go, mum, ye mustn't," cried Old Madge, following her. "Don't let her go," Shirley heard Mary say in a terrified voice.

"I will go; let me alone," answered the young wife hoarsely, shaking off the old woman's detaining hand. The latter turned helplessly toward Mary, who said, doggedly—

"She'll likely know all now."

Reaching the open barn door, she paused a moment for breath, unobserved by the combatants within. She saw her husband strike his son a terrible

blow, and the next instant fall from a dexterous trip given by the latter. Quickly following up this advantage, Will flung himself upon his father's breast and raised a clenched hand. Gliding forward, Shirley caught it in both her own. "Will! Will! Don't, don't strike your father."

"Blast him! Make him let me up," snarled the elder man, writhing in the iron grasp.

At sight of the girl, Will Lee's hand fell harmlessly by his side, and, slowly rising, he turned toward her. With one bound his antagonist was on his feet and leveled a blow at the back of his head, when Shirley, noting the movement, sprang between them, and it fell in full force on her upturned face. With a low cry she fell, fainting, in Will's arms, the warm blood gushing from her nose and mouth.

When consciousness returned, she was lying in her own bed, with her husband's white, agonized face bending over her. With a shudder she turned away. Ere the morning her child was prematurely born. Looking in its silent little face, Shirley felt that her heart must break. Here, then, was the end of all the fond hopes and plans of the long, otherwise unendurable months.

"Murdered by its own father," she moaned aloud; but when she saw his terrible grief, she tried to forgive and forget.

"Where is Will?" she asked of Old Madge one day after she had grown quite strong. "I have not seen him since—" she hesitated.

"He's gone to Seattle," was the reply.

"When did he go?" Madge pretended not to hear until the question was repeated.

"Well, mum, he went right away most, and here's a bit of a letter he left fer ye when ye got strong."

Opening it Shirley read—

Dear Little Mother:

I am going away, because he says I must. But for that, I'd stay by you if he killed me. He thinks you will be glad to get rid of me, he says. Maybe you will; anyway I want you to be happy. I will try and get work in Seattle, so if you need me, send Jake Larson and let him ask about me at Gill's grocery.

Yours always,

WILL.

"Little Mother"—he had sometimes called her that, but some way she wished now that he had said "Shirley." She cried a long while after reading it, and then locked it carefully away among her choicest treasures.

After that, Lee's moods were more variable than before. Much of the time he seemed to shun his wife's presence. Old Madge, however, was Shirley's most devoted servant after her sickness, and even Mary was less antagonistic.

"Only three days till Christmas," mused Shirley Lee one morning as she stood by the window, watching the rain as it dashed in angry gusts against the panes or dripped from the eaves to swell the tiny pools forming and disappearing below, "and how different everything seems from what it did this time last year. I wish I could see John, or Will, or somebody. I'd send for Ruth to come and stay a while, only—only I can not bear to let our folks know—" here the musings broke off abruptly, and the bride of last year silently wiped away the tears that would come.

"Who's that, I wonder?" she said aloud a little later, as the unusual phenomenon of a buggy with two occupants reining up at the gate distracted her attention from her own woes. A moment later, one of the men came up the steps and paused at the open door.

"Miss Lee, I suppose?"

"Mrs. Lee," corrected Shirley.

"Beg pardon, is your husband in?"

"He is about the place. If you will step in I will send for him."

"Oh, do not take the trouble; I will probably find him at the barn, will I not?"

"Perhaps."

During this brief dialogue Old Madge had quietly left the room, and when the stranger reached the barn he met her coming out with her hands full of eggs.

"Can you tell me where your master is?" he inquired.

"Gone to Larson's."

"Larson's? Where's that?"

"Jest a bit in the woods, yon way."

"When did he go? Your mistress said he was about."

"Mebby she didn't know es he wint. 'Twas only an errant, but I heard him say es he wuz a-goin'."

"Are you telling me the truth, woman?"

"An' fer what would I lie to yez? We be civil to strangers."

"Have you seen Lee since you've been out here?"

"Are yez full o' gin, or what ails ye, to ask sech a question, when I jest towld ye es he wuz gone? I've but jest come out while yez wuz talkin' to the missis."

"Why didn't you say then that he was gone, if you knew it?"

"Sure an' I didn't know it thin, but when he ain't here I remembered his sayin' it. But ye kin look fer yerself."

"Confound the creature, if she is lying to me," muttered the man, turning away and rejoining his companion. After a short parley, they drove away in the direction indicated by Madge as "yon way."

No sooner were they out of sight, than Carlos Lee crept from his hiding place, where he had heard every word that passed between his faithful servant and the stranger, and hurried into the house.

"Quick, everybody," he gasped, catching at the door-cheek for support. "They are after me, Madge, hide me; I say hide me for the love of heaven."

Shirley stood with blanched cheek and dilating pupils, speechless with surprise and a nameless dread. Madge had already jerked open the trap door leading to the cellar, and Mary was leading him to it. Vainly the wife tried to speak, but no sound came from the white lips. She saw Madge supporting his trembling form down the steps and Mary following them. A little, cold hand slipped into hers, and a child's frightened face lifted to her own broke the spell.

"What is it—what does this mean?" she demanded, leaning over and peering into the cellar. She received no answer but a groan from her husband. A moment they paused, and then a sound like the creaking of a rusty hing smote on her ear. A stumbling of some one's feet, a momentary silence and again the creaking sound. Then she knew that the two women below were rolling boxes and barrels from their places. She did not speak again until the two stood once more beside the closed trap door.

"I demand an explanation," she said with a singular calmness. Without a word, they looked helplessly at each other. "Tell me," she cried now, stamping her foot imperatively.

"Tell her, Madge," said Mary. "Come with me, Miggie," but the child refused to go.

"Well, if yez must know," said Madge, shamefacedly, "the master hez the name o' doin' a bad turn oncet, an' now we're afeard they're arter him in earnest—them es hez jest gone ter Larson's. They'll be back soon, but none o' yez must know where he is."

For an instant Shirley bowed her head on her hands, then turning to Mig, said: "If they ask you for your father, tell them you don't know where he is, for we—you and I—don't know; we could not find him if we tried. Don't mention the cellar, remember."

"I'll remember," answered the child, gravely and determinedly.

"Now let us work at the patch-work," added Shirley. With no sign of surprise, Mig brought out the little basket, with its assortment of bright-hued calico blocks, out of which she and her mamma were constructing a quilt for her and Mary's bed. Mechanically they began their work, though their trembling fingers could scarcely guide the needles. Mary curled up on the lounge, as was her custom, and watched them, while Madge noisily washed the dishes.

"They're comin'," whispered Mary, suddenly, her face growing more pinched and white as she spoke.

"Don't act scared," cautioned Shirley, strong now that the moment for action had come.

Both men entered this time, the one who had been in before acting as spokesman.

"Beg pardon, madam, but your husband has not been at the neighbor's to-day; and now, as I am an officer of the law, and your husband is wanted on a charge of murder, committed five years since, I will have to trouble you to search the house and premises"

"My husband wanted for murder!" gasped Shirley, springing up and letting fall a shower of three-cornered blocks on the floor.

"Yes, mam, I can readily suppose you know nothing of it, as I am told you have but lately come here; but he certainly killed this man's brother, and we have been trying to find him ever since."

"Where was—was—"

"The murder was committed in a mining camp in California, madam," put in the hitherto silent stranger, "and while I pity you, I can not forget that my brother left a wife as young and fair."

"Thank you, sir, but I do not need your pity," answered the brave woman, haughtily. "My husband never could have done the deed. Of his innocence I am as positive as I am that he is not in the house now; but you are welcome to search."

"If not in the house, will you be kind enough to tell us where he is?" asked the officer.

"I do not know, sir; Madge, here, says she heard him say that he was going over to Mr. Larson's. You say he is not there. If this is true, he must be about the farm somewhere."

The two men stepped outside for a brief consultation; then returning, announced that they would begin the search.

"As soon as you please," was all Shirley said.

Through each room they went, pausing, at last, by the trap door.

"Madam, you will send the little girl down ahead of us, please," said the officer.

With a little scream, Mig caught at Shirley's dress. "I don't want to go," she whispered.

"The child shall not go, but I will."

"Oh, well, if you choose, madam. Maybe it is all right, but we officers in this country learn to be cautious. So easy for a man hidden in a dark corner to shoot one down, you know; but few are bad enough to hurt a member of their own family."

Silently Shirley led the way, every nerve drawn to its utmost tension. Carefully they searched in and about barrels, boxes and bins. "Evidently not here," muttered the officer. Together they moved toward the stairway, when the brother, evidently reluctant to give up, said—

"Maybe we ought to search the walls for a hidden door."

"No chance here, as I see," returned his companion, turning to survey the apartment. The brother, meanwhile, was pulling down a pile of boxes. Shirley watched him breathlessly.

"Ha! What's this?" he exclaimed. "It's a door. Great heavens! what's that?" In rapid succession two pistol shots were fired, as it were, right before them.

"Carlos! Carlos!" shrieked the wife, springing forward and wrenching open the faintly-defined door.

"Take her away," cried the officer, pressing forward. "Cheated the gallows after all," he added, heartlessly, as he drew the bleeding form out to the light.

"Gone to a higher tribunal," answered the brother, solemnly. "Who shall say 'tis not better so?"

Fortunately, unconsciousness had blinded and deafened the newly-made widow to the sights and sounds about her.

As well to pass over the time intervening between the tragedy and Christmas day.

"One year ago this very hour since I stood at the altar with your father," Shirley said to Will, as together they watched the dreary rain fall, and thought of the newly-made mound on the hill just out of view. "So much has happened, and all from Christmas to Christmas," she continued, and gazing down into the pale, sad face of Will, felt that there the happenings were indelibly marked.

"Poor little mother," he said, gently, "yours has been a bitter experience; but you are still so young, and as the rainfall can not last all the year, neither can sorrow fill all your life."

"You almost make me hopeful," she answered, smiling ever so faintly.

Will immediately disposed of the place, and offered Shirley half the amount realized, telling her to go to home, friends and civilization.

"I'd rather stay with you and the rest," she answered, "if I may."

Will made no reply, but the look on his face and in the deep blue eyes satisfied her; and the rest of the family were wild with delight.

"God bless yez fer that," cried Madge, fervently.

As soon as possible, they removed to a flourishing young town in Southern Oregon, the name of which we will suppress, for the name of William W. Lee may sound familiar to some.

Two years later, Shirley returned to Madison for a visit, as she had left it, a bride; but John found no fault with the frank, open glance of the present bridegroom.

VELMA CALDWELL MELVILLE.

THE CHURCHES OF PORTLAND.

OF late years the utter inadequacy of the church facilities of Portland, in number of edifices as well as in size and the necessary interior arrangements for the growing needs of church work, has been plainly apparent. Every church in the city has been unable to provide for the increased attendance at both the regular services and the Sunday schools. The forty church edifices now in use are, for the most part, those erected many years ago, when the population of the city was scarcely one-fourth its present numbers, and when the more recently adopted methods of church work had not been introduced. With but few exceptions they are plain wooden structures, of rather contracted dimensions, and are neither a great ornament to the city nor capable of fully serving the purpose for which they were erected. These exceptions are the Trinity Episcopal, a handsome wooden structure on the corner of Sixth and Oak streets, the Catholic cathedral, a large and ornamental brick edifice, standing on the corner of Third and Stark streets, Calvary Presbyterian, a fine wooden edifice erected a few years ago on the corner of Ninth and Clay streets, the First Unitarian, a wooden edifice on the corner of Yamhill and Seventh streets, and the Taylor Street Methodist, a brick edifice on the corner of Third and Taylor streets. The two last named are both of inadequate size, and the Taylor street society will probably build a much larger and handsomer one before long. The members of the First Congregational, whose building on the corner of Second and Jefferson streets is wholly inadequate to the needs of the society, are making preparations for the erection of a large and handsome stone church of modern architecture, to be situated on one of the Park streets, and Grace M. E. church is already excavating for the foundation of an edifice on the corner of Tenth and Taylor.

The first effort to erect a church containing all the modern conveniences and requisites for all the branches of church work, a building of solid stone, to stand for years, an inheritance to coming generations and a monument to the zeal and devotion of its founders, is that of the First Presbyterian society. This large, substantial and ornate edifice is now in process of erection on the corner of Tenth and Alder streets, and when completed will have no superior in beauty of architecture and finish, nor in massive solidity, on the Pacific coast. In view of this most important era in the church's history, a brief synopsis of its career will not be out of place. In the fall of 1859 several families of Presbyterians, including a few Congregationalists, subscribed \$800.00 for the support of a mission, and upon application to the Board of Do-

mestic Missions of the Presbyterian denomination, that body sent Rev. P. S. McCaffrey to Portland, who arrived with his wife and two children on the fourth of June, 1860, and preached his first sermon in the court house on the fifteenth of the same month. On the third of August a church society was organized by Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Clatsop Plains, with James McKewan, S. M. Hensell and Israel Mitchell as elders, and A. H. Bell, deacon. The organizing members were S. M. Hensill, James McKewan, Israel Mitchell, A. H. Bell, Mrs. Mary Robertson, Mrs. Jerusha Hedges, Mrs. Margaret Smith, Mrs. Caroline Couch, Mrs. Eliza Ainsworth, Mrs. C. A. Ladd, Mrs. M. Jane Hensill, Miss Polono Clark, Mrs. Frances Sophia Law, Mrs. E. L. Blossom, Mrs. Sarah J. Mead, Mrs. Agnes Groom and Miss Leonora Blossom. The business of the society was entrusted to J. M. Blossom, B. F. Smith, W. S. Ladd, J. C. Ainsworth and H. A. Hogue, trustees, Thomas Robinson, treasurer, and Henry Law, secretary. Church was held the first few years in one of the wooden buildings on Third street near Morrison. Work was begun on the church building on the corner of Third and Washington streets early in 1863, and the edifice was dedicated on Sunday, May 22, 1864. The original contract was for \$9,250.00, but was subsequently increased, the building costing, when ready for occupancy, about \$13,000.00. It was evidently considered a very fine building for that day, as amongst the other proceedings of the board of trustees is found the appointment of a committee, to wait upon A. Holbrook, editor of the *Oregonian*, for the purpose of inviting him to inspect "our new church." In 1868 the church was fortunate in securing Dr. A. L. Lindsley as pastor, and for eighteen years it thrived under his ministrations, making its influence felt, throwing out branches and contributing liberally to the support of mission chapels, and domestic and foreign missions. Two years ago it was decided that the time had arrived when the society should build the larger edifice it had long needed, and plans were drawn by W. F. McCaw, for a commodious and elegant stone structure, which were accepted. The half block on the south side of Alder street, between Tenth and Eleventh, was bought for \$23,000.00, a large, modern residence standing on the corner of Eleventh being included in the purchase, and which has since been the *mansé*. The church itself will cost \$120,000.00, to pay which a subscription of \$46,896.00 has been raised to supplement the fund of \$68,000.00 obtained by sale of the old property on Third street, which originally cost \$2,500.00, but is now valuable for business purposes.

On another page is given an engraving of this imposing structure, the lofty spire of which stands on

the southwest corner of Tenth and Alder streets. In exterior dimensions it is one hundred and forty by eighty-five feet, the spire reaching a height of one hundred and eighty-five feet, and being so massive in its composition as to contain stones weighing three and one-half tons at a height of seventy-five feet from the ground. The style of architecture is Gothic, and the material used is stone from the St. Helens quarries, with trimmings of Bellingham bay blue stone. The main auditorium is seventy-seven by sixty-nine and one-half feet, with a height of fifty-seven feet in the clear, and has a seating capacity of seven hundred and thirty people, the finish overhead being open wood work to the roof. The wood work is paneled and very heavy and solid, of native woods in natural finish. The lecture room is seventy-seven by thirty-six and one-half feet, with a gallery twenty-six by thirty-six and one-half feet, and will seat four hundred people. Up stairs are a pastor's study, parlor and library, and in the basement are a kitchen and a room twenty-five by fifty feet. Spacious vestibules with tiled floors are provided for. Provision has also been made for a gallery in the main auditorium, and for an organ loft back of it, in addition to the present organ loft in the rear of the pulpit. The roof will be of slate, surmounted by ornamental stone chimneys and ventilation shafts. The glass work will be very ornamental, the stained glass now being manufactured in Portland by Povey Bros., late of St. Louis, who have recently founded this industry here. Heat will be supplied by three furnaces, and gas lights of special design will be used, to be ignited by electricity. The lecture room will be completed by the first of January, and the main auditorium about six months later. The building committee to whom this important work has been entrusted are: H. W. Corbett, chairman; E. Quackenbush, W. B. Gilbert, S. P. Lee, A. W. Stowell, J. B. Congle (deceased), W. S. Ladd, Donald Macleay, T. N. Strong, J. T. Ross, H. E. Dosch, George Woodward, W. M. Ladd, P. C. Schuyler, and J. DeWitt Whiting.

On another page is given an engraving of the imposing temple now being erected by the Beth Israel congregation, on the southwest corner Tenth and Main streets. The Beth Israel is the oldest Jewish congregation in Oregon, and has occupied a small synagogue on the corner of Fifth and Oak streets, since 1861. Rev. H. Bories was the first reader, and the following well known citizens of the present time were among the early members: S. Blumauer, P. Wasserman, Edward Kahn, Levi White, A. Beck, Jacob Mayer, D. Simon and B. Goldsmith. About a year ago work was begun on a new synagogue which will be an ornament to the city for many years, and

which the growing needs of the congregation have rendered necessary. The cost of this ornate structure, including organ and furnishing, will be about \$70,000.00, the basement being solidly constructed of stone and brick and the superstructure of wood. The style is semi-Gothic and Mooresque, the plans being drawn by Williams & Smith, architects, of this city. N. J. Blagen is the contractor. In exterior dimensions the structure is one hundred and fifteen by fifty-eight feet, the two ornamental towers being one hundred and sixty-five feet from the street level to the apex. The auditorium is fifty-six by eighty-two feet, with a height of fifty-two feet to the highest point in the arched ceiling, which is laid out in the form of a tri-form dome, broken up with groined arches and ribs, with ornamental capitals and bases of plaster of Paris. It is open timbered and filled with embossed hangings. With the gallery this room will seat seven hundred and fifty persons. The lower floor is divided into school rooms. The pews will be of Oregon wood in natural finish, also the school rooms. The ark, or depository for the scroll of the law, will be very handsome and ornamental in character, and the organ front and the ark will be in Spanish cedar and maple. The porch entrance to the vestibule is finished in imitation cherry. Ornamental windows of stained glass, with figures and designs, add much to both the interior and exterior effect. The synagogue will be heated by steam, ventilated by foul air conduits and flues, and lighted by gas in a combination of corona and clustered jets, ignited by electricity.

The corner stone was laid April 23, 1888, with appropriate and most impressive ceremonies. Rev. T. L. Eliot, of the First Unitarian church, made the opening prayer, Revs. H. Bories and R. Abrahamson delivered Hebrew readings, Rabbi Dr. J. Bloch, the spiritual head of the congregation, preached an impressive sermon, and Mr. D. Solis Cohen delivered an address. The edifice will probably be dedicated about March next, and will be free from debt, as the entire amount necessary for its construction has been subscribed by the congregation, which now numbers one hundred and twenty-five members. The congregation is under the spiritual ministration of Rabbi Dr. J. Bloch, to whose zealous labor it is much indebted for its prosperity and its elegant synagogue. The officers of the congregation are: S. Blumauer, president; J. Kaufman, vice president; Sol Friedenthal, secretary; N. Baum, treasurer; Jacob Mayer, Jacob Fleischer, Ed. Kohn and M. Koshland, trustees; and L. Fleischer, S. Feuchtwanger, D. Solis Cohen, B. Goldsmith, D. Simon, Levi White, P. Wasserman, H. Ackerman and A. Beck, building committee.

THE STORY OF GOLD LAKE.

MANY and wild have been the mining excitements of the Pacific coast, and the infection still taints the air. There is to be met, from Arizona to British Columbia, many a quiet, gray-bearded man, who needs but the proper prompting to draw out a tale of adventure more exciting than Sinbad's. Now, it may be, he is performing the dull routine of farm work; or, perhaps, with his sleeves rolled to his elbows, works the huge bellows at the forge, or rings the steel sledge upon the anvil; perhaps he stands modestly behind the counter, to measure calico for some airy maid who has never been beyond the limits of the county in which she was born; or, resuming the profession he discarded when he joined the Argonautic throng, he wields the birch in the school room, visits the bed of the sick, or raises his voice to plead in the halls of justice. Whenever and wherever you find him, you have but to speak of old times, and his eye will kindle, his reserve relax, and you will soon be lost in astonishment at the tale of adventure poured into your ear. He will tell you how he abandoned a claim paying ten ounces a day to find one paying twenty, and never found it; how he sought Gold lake in the Sierra summits, was led into the rugged canyons of the Trinity mountains, or wrecked with his fellow "Gold bluffers" at Trinidad; how the *ignis fatuus* of the "Lost Cabin" or "Emigrant Ledge" allured him into the depths of the trailless forests, or upon the fatal alkali wastes of Death valley; how, after a journey of a thousand miles across sage-brush plains and mountain wilds, sleeping by day and traveling by night to avoid the hostile Indians, he descended the rugged canyon of Frazer river, only to find ten thousand men there, and not claims enough for a thousand; how he rushed to Washoe the next year, and soon afterward joined the eager throng which poured into the mines of Idaho; how he was blown about by every breath of excitement, until, at last, he abandoned the mines with their oft-recurring mirage of shimmering gold, and settled down into a life so quiet and uneventful, that the thousands with whom he comes in daily contact have no other thought than that to hold the plow, or feel the pulse of the sick, has been his life-long occupation. Whenever you meet him, speak to him of the past, and by all means of Gold lake, for that was the initial excitement of the mines.

The story of Gold lake has appeared in print from time to time—or, rather, fragments of it; but nothing that could be called a complete narrative has yet been written. A few years ago I became intensely interested in the subject, and began a thorough investigation, with results which intensified my interest,

as I penetrated deeper and deeper into the maze of contradictory and apparently irreconcilable statements. I have read every published narrative, and at least fifty participants have told me all "about it," each one differing in his version from all the others. Nor is this at all wonderful. The excitement was widespread, and was shared in by hundreds who could never give, even to themselves, a satisfactory reason for it; and their differences arose like the dispute of the two valiant knights, from looking upon opposite sides of the shield. Having clasified and reconciled as much as possible these diverse stories, speculations and opinions, I present a narrative of Gold lake as complete and comprehensive as it will ever be possible to give.

The great majority of those who sought the newly-discovered gold fields of California in '49 were utterly ignorant of the nature of gold deposits and the proper method of washing out the metal. All this they had to learn. Many peculiar geological theories were evolved, one of the most universally accepted being that somewhere, high up in the mountains, was the "source of gold," and there was a general eagerness to find it. Arriving, most of them, after the summer months had passed, and finding the miners chiefly at work on the lower portion of the streams, but few penetrated far into the mountains toward the headwaters. One reason for this was the well known fate of the Donner party three years before, which deterred them from attempting to spend the winter in the mountains, with the source of supplies so distant and uncertain. Yet they were all eager to reach the "source of gold," for they had quickly noticed that the farther up they ascended, the coarser became the gold, and the man who could conduct them to the place where it could be picked up in chunks was the man they were all looking for—and they found him.

One region that had never been visited was that about the headwaters of the Feather and Yuba rivers, now embraced in the counties of Plumas and Sierra; and of course miners on the rich bars in the foothills along those streams were ready to believe almost any fabulous tale of the richness of their fountain heads, even to a lake whose dancing ripples reflected the shining nuggets on its banks. With this tinder already in men's minds, it is easy to understand how an excitement could be created which would sweep through the mines like wild fire.

Gold lake, of which Plumas and Sierra counties each has one, is none the less a creation of fiction. If it ever had any existence other than in the brain of the man who claimed to have found it, some other name has been applied to it, and its identity has never been established. We are confronted, in the outset, by two stories of the way in which the author of the

excitement claimed that the lake had been discovered. The most probable of these is as follows:

Among the emigrants by the "Lassen Horn" route, in 1849, was a man named Stoddard, the cause of all the subsequent excitement. When the train with which he was traveling arrived in the Sierra, probably in the neighborhood of Big Meadows, in the northern end of Plumas county, Stoddard, with one companion, went out upon a hunting expedition, for the purpose of replenishing the depleted larder of the company. Unversed in mountain life and unskilled in woodcraft, the two nimrods lost their way, and wandered about for several days in search of the camp they had left; but in vain. They then undertook to get out of the mountains by following the course of the streams, and in doing this came upon a small lake, with an area of from ten to fifteen acres, inclosed by high and rocky mountains. In a ravine on the lake shore, where the water from the melted snows of the previous spring had washed the bed-rock bare, they found some large chunks of gold. Frightened by their precarious condition, in an unknown mountain wilderness, exposed to dangers which their very ignorance magnified, and feeling that no time must be lost if they would extricate themselves, they did not stop to minutely examine the locality, nor even to make such observations as would enable them to return to the spot. They simply thrust a few of the golden pieces into their pockets and hastened on.

The next day they were suddenly treated to a shower of arrows from a party of Indians secreted in a clump of brush, and Stoddard, by taking promptly to his heels, succeeded in making his escape alone, unaware of the fate of his companion. For several days he toiled over high mountains and through dark and rocky canyons, scarcely stopping to rest, and having nothing to eat but a few wild berries, until he at last reached the north fork of Yuba river. Following down the stream, he soon came upon the advance guard of miners, who had pushed far beyond the main body working on the bars below. He obtained food and shelter, and related his adventure, which was by no means too wonderful for belief at that time, since it had occurred in a region of which all were ignorant. The story spread through the mines of Yuba and Feather rivers, and hundreds decided to venture into that region in the spring; the fear of a Sierra winter was too great for an immediate start. Some had hopes of finding the golden lake; others doubted the existence of such a body of water, but expected to find wonderfully rich diggings; while others, at the more remote diggings, to whom the story of Stoddard had come so filtered by travel that it had been resolved into a simple rumor—and rumors passed current at that time—that rich diggings existed on the

headwaters of the Yuba, decided to abandon their claims and seek the new mines on general principles.

Meanwhile, Stoddard went to San Francisco, where he knew were friends of his unfortunate companion, to learn if by lucky chance he, also, had escaped; but nothing had been heard of the missing man, and after waiting for tidings of him for several weeks, he came to the conclusion that his body lay far up amid the mountain summits.

It is best, perhaps, to turn here to the other story—differing slightly, according to the narrator—of the discovery of the wonderful lake.

This version says that in the spring of 1850, as early as February, Stoddard and four others went on a prospecting tour into the mountains some fifty miles northeast of Downieville, where they became lost and wandered about for several days. One morning they came upon a lake, while climbing a mountain to take observations, and knelt down upon the bank to slake their thirst. While stooping over, they observed something shining amid the moss at the bottom. It proved, upon investigation, to be lumps of pure gold. They began eagerly to dredge the bottom for the yellow treasure, when they were suddenly attacked by Indians, who had been watching their proceedings from a hiding place among the chaparral. Two of them fell, pierced with arrows, while Stoddard and the other two fled, but in opposite directions; and when Stoddard finally made his way out of the mountains, he was unable to learn any tidings of his companions, and concluded that they had perished.

The improbable part of this story, and one which refutes it, is that it was impossible for anyone to have gone so far into the mountains so early in the spring. The winter of 1849 was a stormy one, and snow lay upon the mountains thirty feet deep. Snow shoes had not been introduced. Miners were unused to winter travel in the mountain wilds; and that a party of prospectors had been able to penetrate into that region at that early period was highly improbable. Besides that, the writer has met several who had heard of the Gold lake adventure, somewhat as at first outlined, early in the winter.

Doubtful as all this may be, one thing is certain: Stoddard appeared on the Yuba in April, from San Francisco, as he asserted, and told a wonderful story of heaps of gold to be found in or near some mysterious lake high up amid the summit peaks of the Sierra, and exhibited some large specimens of pure gold, varying in weight from eight to twenty-five dollars, to prove his tale to be true. So strange was his story that many believed him to be crazy, and would have nothing to do with him. Even those who had been effected by the rumors of the previous winter did not recognize in him the originator of them. But

his specimens were a convincing argument, and hundreds who had no faith in the gold-bottomed lake, and placed no reliance upon his account of how they came into his possession, were none the less anxious to be led to the place where such chunks of gold could be found, be it lake, river, ravine or gulch. In many places they had seen these little pockets of gold stuck in crevices, where several hundred dollars had been taken out in a few minutes, and it was not a violent assumption to think that farther up, nearer the "source of gold," they could find such chunks as Stoddard exhibited, and could gather in twenty-four hours as much of the precious metal as they could carry away. They, therefore, while not willing to come to Stoddard's terms, kept an eye upon him and his movements.

It was about the last of May when Stoddard appeared with his story at Nevada City, and exhibited his specimens. He seemed here to meet with a better reception, and found more believers. This may be due to the exhibition of a scar upon his leg, which he said was the result of an arrow wound received at the lake; though the fact that the wound was completely healed, and the scar evidently several years old, could hardly be considered confirmatory evidence. Yet such trifles as that were beneath the notice of men whose eyes were blinded by the sight of golden nuggets. He organized a party of twenty-five to go in search of the lake, selecting them from among five hundred who were eager to go, and to pay liberally for the chance. The only member of this original party the writer has ever met, is Mr. George E. Brittan, who now lives in Sutter county, California.

About the first of June this company started for the upper country, followed by from five hundred to one thousand men, who had kept a close watch upon their preparations, and were ready to follow them to the end of the world if necessary. They struck right north from Nevada City to the divide between the North Yuba and the Middle Feather, and followed the ridge to the headwaters of those streams. Having now reached the region where he supposed the lake to be, Stoddard appeared to know as little about its actual location as any of his companions. He wandered about from place to place with his party, the crowd of followers clinging to them like a shadow, supposing the apparently aimless movements to be made for the purpose of tiring them out and throwing them off the scent. They entered Sierra valley, then crossed north to Red Clover valley, and then to Last Chance valley (so named from what happened there at that time), where the party became satisfied that their leader was incapable of conducting them to the wonderful lake, to reach which they had endured so many hardships. There were three opinions held by

the deluded men, who then gathered in consultation in Last Chance valley. Some considered Stoddard crazy, and the lake simply a figment of his diseased brain; others thought that he had never visited the supposed lake, but, having heard the story he related from some one else, had told the adventure as his own for the purpose of forming a party to search for it, hoping to discover it from the faint idea he possessed of its general location; others still believed his story true, but that his sense of location was imperfect, and he had again become lost, as he was when he first saw the lake.

The party was badly demoralized, and so disappointed and angry as to be unreasonable. Many of their animals had perished—some of them in the deep snow, and others by being dashed to pieces upon the rocks at the bottom of some precipitous canyon. Their anger and disappointment overflowed, and a meeting was called to discuss the situation, at which it was decided to hang the author of their woes at once. The sentence was suspended for one day, at the earnest solicitation of the few who still believed in him; but he was told that if at sundown the lake had not been discovered, the following day his neck would be summarily stretched. This was his "last chance."

If Stoddard was lost as regards the locality of the lake, he was not so far as other places were concerned, for that night he gave them the slip and made his way out of the mountains alone. This incident, of which there is no doubt, is said by some to have occurred in Humbug valley, Plumas county, and not in Last Chance; but it is immaterial.

So far, we have seen but a small portion of the excitement; for these men were but the advance guard of the "Gold Lakers," who rushed into the mountains of Plumas and Sierra counties that spring. The news that Stoddard and his party, followed by a crowd of miners, had left Deer creek to search for the lake of gold, spread like wild fire through the mines of Yuba and Feather rivers. Many who had before heard of the mysterious lake, and many more who now heard of it for the first time, rushed off in the direction the searchers had gone. All the floating population of the mines took the fever, and many, also, who owned good claims abandoned them to go where one day's work was worth a thousand. It became a perfect stampede. Away they rushed, carrying but few provisions, and but little money or dust with which to buy. Some organized into small parties, but as a general thing they went along in twos and threes, each striving to be the first to reach the shore of the mysterious tarn. Hundreds had but an indistinct idea of what they were searching for. All they knew was that somewhere in the mountains was a place where gold could be picked up in chunks, and

they proposed to get there in time to pick up a few for themselves. The infection extended to the American river, and even to the southern mines, and many started from there to follow in the wake of others. A party of these went as far as Donner lake, and into the country immediately north of it; and some member, imagining that his little expedition was all there was of the Gold lake excitement, wrote a full account of it for the press a few years ago. It is by investing such side shows as that with the dignity of the main circus, that so much confusion about the story of Gold lake has been created.

Since Peter the Hermit led his army of fanatics toward Palestine, no such incoherent crowd has been seen as that which rushed through the forests and trailless mountains in quest of this golden delusion. The prices of horses, mules and oxen went up at a rapid rate. Some started with wagons; but owing to the character of the country and the absence of even a trail, this method of conveyance was soon abandoned, and the pilgrims hurried on, packing their effects upon the backs of animals, or, abandoning everything, pushed along on foot, unincumbered. Many of the animals, as well as some of their owners, slipped on the precipitous sides of deep canyons and were plunged headlong to their deaths, hundreds of feet below. Yet in all this there were those who were cool enough to profit by the excitement of the others. Perceiving an opportunity for traffic, a number of merchants accompanied the eager throng with loads of provisions, which they sold at exorbitant prices, even killing the cattle which drew the loads, and cutting them up, sold the meat at a dollar a pound.

The files of the *Marysville Herald*, *Sacramento Placer Times*, and the *San Francisco Alta-California*, for the month of June, speak of Stoddard's party having just started, and contain long accounts of the exodus. A correspondent of the *Placer Times* was enterprising enough to follow the throng in the interest of journalism—or shrewd enough to represent that as having been his object when he learned of the utter disappearance of the lake. He reached the vicinity of the present town of La Porte, when from returning pilgrims he learned that Stoddard's party had abandoned the search. The excitement lasted about a month, and then resolved itself into the ordinary movement from old to new mines.

When Stoddard's party awoke that June morning in Last Chance valley, and realized that their erratic guide and condemned prisoner had fled in the darkness of the night, many of them were glad they had been spared the execution of their sentence. They started back, prospecting as they went, and the crowd at their heels followed their example. News spread

along the line that Stoddard was a fraud and Gold lake a myth, carried by the disgusted ones who were hurrying back to the good claims they had abandoned, which they invariably found some other fellow was working with the greatest satisfaction. News of the utter failure of the expedition reached Deer creek within a month after the time it had started from that place. Even before the search had been abandoned by the original party, and the large crowd immediately in their rear, considerable prospecting was indulged in by those who had started a few days later, so that when the disgusted men turned back, they found that their followers had already struck good diggings on Nelson, Poorman and Hopkins creeks, and on Rich bar. Into these mines the disappointed pilgrims poured in a perfect flood, and seized upon every inch of ground. In many cases where the first workers had staked off generous claims, the newcomers, being in a majority, called a meeting, made laws reducing the size of claims, and staked off locations for themselves. Even this failed to give claims to all, and the hundreds of unsuccessful ones sought elsewhere, discovering rich diggings on every fork of Feather river.

There is another point of view from which to contemplate this whole affair. Before the excitement broke out there was a secret expedition to this same locality. This was related to the writer by that well-known pioneer of 1841, John Rose, after whom Rose's bar, on the Yuba, was named. He was living near that place a few years ago, and probably is at the present time. Early in the spring of 1850, two men, one of them named Marks, were living with the Indians in a rancheria north of Yuba river, when one day an Indian came into camp with some splendid specimens, which he asserted had been found lying loose in the gravel in the bed of a river further north. Marks understood the language but imperfectly, and asked his companion, who was lying ill at the time, to tell him what the Indian said. The sick man would not do so, intending, when he recovered, to go in search of the stream alone. But Marks had understood enough to know the general direction of the river, and about the distance to be traveled to reach it, and he hastened to Marysville—then just springing up at Nye's ranch, near the forks of the Yuba and Feather rivers—to organize a prospecting party. Having but little confidence in his ability to induce rational beings to invade an unknown mountain wilderness at that season of the year, with only the imperfectly understood tale of an Indian as an incentive, he improved upon the narrative to meet the exigencies of the case. He told an exciting tale of adventure, the gist of which was, that having gone far into the mountains, he had discovered a place where

lay heaps of gold, but had been attacked by Indians, and was fortunate to escape with his life. A select company of thirty men was secretly organized, Mr. Rose being one of them, and under the leadership of the romancing Marks, set out in quest of the bonanza. They followed the divide between the Yuba and Feather, the same route pursued by Stoddard's dupes a few weeks later, until they reached the mouth of Nelson creek, when Marks informed them that he was completely bewildered, and they returned home in disgust.

Mr. Rose still believes that the Indian told a true story, and that Rich bar, on the Middle Feather, was the place where he obtained his specimens; also, that Marks, who had led them very near that place, was unable to find it, simply because he had never been there and did not know its exact location. Mr. Rose further believes that this was the foundation of Stoddard's Gold lake; that having heard of the Indian's tale and Marks' improvements upon it, he had been inspired to adopt the same tactics as the veracious Marks, and had invented Gold lake and the Indians for the purpose of securing followers, trusting to luck to strike something rich when he reached that region.

In 1858 the *Marysville News* printed what purported to be the bottom facts about Stoddard and his Gold lake adventure, the information being supplied by William C. Stokes, then one of the proprietors of the United States hotel in that city. It was to the effect that early in the spring of 1850 Mr. Stokes was employed at the cabin of a man named Ferrel, on Deer creek, when one day a stranger appeared with a large sack of gold dust and had a long consultation with Ferrel, which Stokes, who was lying in his bunk, overheard. The stranger said that he had gathered the dust on the banks of a lake somewhere northeast of the forks of Yuba river, since known as Downieville, where it existed in great quantities; that he had been taken to it by Indians, who had helped gather the dust; that he came away to procure a supply of provisions, and having broken faith with his Indian partners by not returning at the time promised, he was now afraid to go back without a strong party to protect him from their wrath. He wanted Ferrel to form a party to go with him, but for some reason unknown by Mr. Stokes his employer would have nothing to do with it. Only a few weeks later, in April, Mr. Stokes was mining at French corral, when a man came along who said his name was Stod-

dard, and that he was a miner from Frenchman's bar, on the Yuba. He took dinner with Stokes, and afterwards they engaged in an extended conversation, in which Stoddard said that he had once belonged to the English navy, and had been wounded in the bombardment of Acre, to prove which he exhibited a scar on one of his legs—the same scar, Mr. Stokes thought, which he a few weeks later displayed to the doubting Thomases who refused to credit his Gold lake adventure. It was then Mr. Stokes' turn to relate an exploit, so he rehearsed the tale he had overheard the stranger unfold to Ferrel, amplifying it sufficiently to make it spicy and interesting. This, he thought, was Stoddard's inspiration, for about the first of June, at which time he was keeping a public house at Deer-ville, twelve miles from Middle Yuba, Stoddard and his original party of Gold lake adventurers passed by. The leader of them refused to recognize Mr. Stokes when he entered the cabin. He tried in vain to persuade some of Stoddard's dupes to abandon the enterprise, but it was like talking against the north wind. The article concluded by saying that Stoddard was then living in Sierra county, "well to do in the world."

It is needless to recount the speculations and opinions of the surviving members of the first crusade; they are as various as the crusaders. Upon his return to the lower mines, Stoddard endeavored to form another company to search for the elusive lake, but he was considered crazy, laughed at by some, and listened to patronizingly by others, as one humors the vagaries of a lunatic. For several years he hung about the mines of North Yuba, boring everybody with incessant repetitions of his story, and spending his summers in zealous search for the lake, in the existence of which his confidence remained unshaken. What finally became of him I have never learned. There are still to be found men who believe implicitly in the truthfulness and sincerity of the man who led them on that wild invasion of the mountains, and who account for his inability to find the lake by the theory that one of the landslides, so frequent in the spring in that region, had buried it, or at least that part of it in which the gold had been found. Verily, not until the generation of '49 shall have passed away and joined "that innumerable throng," will belief entirely disappear in the golden pebbles of that mysterious lake.

H. L. WELLS.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT OREGON CITY.

LESS than two years ago, the Willamette river, which had run "unfretted to the sea" since the command was given which first "gathered together in one place" the waters of the earth, was first spanned by a bridge at Portland, and this was quickly followed by others at Salem, Albany, and a second one at Portland. Realizing that much of their future prosperity depended upon uniting the available water power property on both sides of the river by a bridge, the people of Oregon City decided, more than a year ago, that such a structure must be erected. At that time a movement was on foot to place the magnificent power of the Willamette falls in the hands of a company which would use it for the upbuilding of the city, by securing the location there of important manufacturing institutions, which should be given factory sites free, and the use of power for a term of years. As a necessary portion of this general plan of development, a free bridge across the river was of great importance. Besides rendering the water power on the west side of the stream available for manufacturing purposes by giving it access to the town proper and the railroad, it also brought the large area of high, slightly and beautifully located land on that side of the stream into such close conjunction with the city as to render it desirable for residence purposes, and rendered tributary to Oregon City a large area of agricultural land on the west side of the Willamette, which had been practically cut off from it when the only means of crossing the stream was a small ferry, upon which tolls had to be paid. These considerations induced the board of county commissioners to build a free bridge at the expense of Clackamas county, of which Oregon City is the county seat.

Because of the high banks on both sides of the stream, it was deemed best to adopt the suspension system, and plans for a structure costing \$25,000.00 were accepted, the contract being let to the Pacific Bridge Co. Work was begun on the first of July, 1888, and was pushed energetically forward, so that the bridge was completed and was accepted by the commissioners on the sixth of December. The date of completion was not known in advance, but such was the interest felt in the work by the citizens, that a large crowd assembled when it was known that the time had arrived for formal acceptance by the authorities. County Judge W. L. White and his associates on the board of commissioners, C. Bair and C. Moenke, accompanied by E. L. Eastham, John M. Bacon, Thomas Charman and W. T. Whitlock, were driven upon the bridge in a four-in-hand, where they alighted and remained while Judge White drove the last spike in the structure, amid the cheers of the

crowd and the music of two bands. Brief addresses were delivered by Judge White, Mr. Eastham and W. C. Johnson. In this informal, but enthusiastic manner, the people of Oregon City celebrated the beginning of an era of prosperity, the end of which no man can predict.

The substantial structure, an engraving of which is given on another page, spans the river from Seventh street to the high, rocky bluff on the opposite side. The bridge is seventy-seven feet above low water, permitting steamers to pass under without difficulty, and by its lofty position and the great beauty of its surroundings, making a most picturesque effect. The view from the bridge is a charming one in which ever direction the eyes may be cast, the swiftly-gliding stream beneath, the white-foamed falls, the timbered hills and mountains, the grassy vales, the cultivated fields and the white-robed Hood, combining to make pictures of wonderful beauty.

With a suspended span of four hundred and sixty-six feet, and approaches of three hundred feet on the east and one hundred and sixty four feet on the west, the bridge is indeed a large one. The structure is supported by two huge trusses, each six hundred and ten feet in length, and suspended from two cables passing over the tops of two towers near either end. The cables were made by Roebling Brothers, builders of the huge Brooklyn bridge, and consist of seven ropes bound together, each rope being one and seven-eighths inches in diameter, and containing six strands of galvanized steel wire, and have a total length of eight hundred and forty-six feet. At either end of the bridge the cables are anchored into the bed rock to a depth of thirteen feet, being secured by a casting weighing eleven hundred pounds, crossed by a girder iron five feet in length, the space above being filled with solid masonry. The iron trusses, girders, rods, braces, etc., were made in Massillon, Ohio, and in San Francisco. The trusses are sixteen feet apart, which is, therefore, the width of the roadway. Ten iron lattice struts cross the bridge overhead, from cable to cable, imparting strength and stability to the structure. A counter cable of steel wire rope, one and one-half inches thick and four hundred and eighty-nine feet long, curves upward from the base of each tower, and crosses the main cable twice, so that in the center of the span the counter cable is the highest, and is fastened to the truss and the floor beams by iron rods. At each end of this cable, in the base of the tower, is a concrete weight, which takes up the slack and maintains a constant adjustment. The expansion and contraction of the main cable by changes in temperature are provided for by movable saddles set on expansion rollers at the top of each tower, across which the cable rests, giving it a play of

nearly five inches. The towers on the east end are ninety-eight feet high above the ground and one hundred and thirty-four and one-half feet above the water, while on the west end they are eighty-three and one hundred and twelve feet respectively. These very essential portions of the structure are most solidly constructed, each consisting of four huge wooden posts, anchored six feet deep in rock foundations. These posts are fourteen inches square at the bottom and twelve inches square at the top, and are firmly bound together by five struts and four sets of cross braces, making a most solid and enduring support for the weight of the bridge.

One of the objects sought to be gained by the construction of this bridge is the bringing of Oregon City and Portland into closer connection by wagon road. In order to accomplish this end, Clackamas county has constructed a good clay road, at a cost of \$2,000.00, from the west end of the bridge to the grounds of the Oregon Iron & Steel Co., at Oswego, which company has agreed to open the road through its premises at its own expense. This leaves a section of one mile to make connection with the macadam road of the Multnomah Driving Association, at Palatine hill, and this section will soon be constructed by Multnomah county. This road will be open for travel next spring, and will be one of the finest drives in the United States, skirting the banks of the beautiful Willamette about twelve miles, and having no grade greater than one foot in twelve, with nearly all the distance almost a dead level, and with few turns, none of them abrupt. This road will be used by thousands of pleasure seekers during the driving season, and will render Oregon City accessible for summer residence, its high, healthful and beautiful surroundings giving it a peculiar attraction to those who desire to leave the city during the summer months, without getting too far away from home or business.

As has been stated, the mammoth water power at Oregon City has been placed in the hands of a company which will use it judiciously and energetically for the upbuilding of the city. This company is the Willamette Falls Electric Light Company, composed of leading business men of Portland and Oregon City. In addition to supplying manufacturing enterprises at the falls with power and building sites free, it proposes to generate electricity at the falls and transmit it to Portland for electric light and power purposes, the contract for lighting the city being now in its hands. The Willamette Pulp and Paper Company has been given ground and power for a mill to grind wood pulp for the manufacture of paper. The site has been selected on the west side of the stream, and the mill will be erected early in the spring. Other industries are negotiating for power, and the

indications are that within a few years, under the management of this company, the wasted energy of the water giant at that place will be adding millions of dollars annually to the products of Oregon.

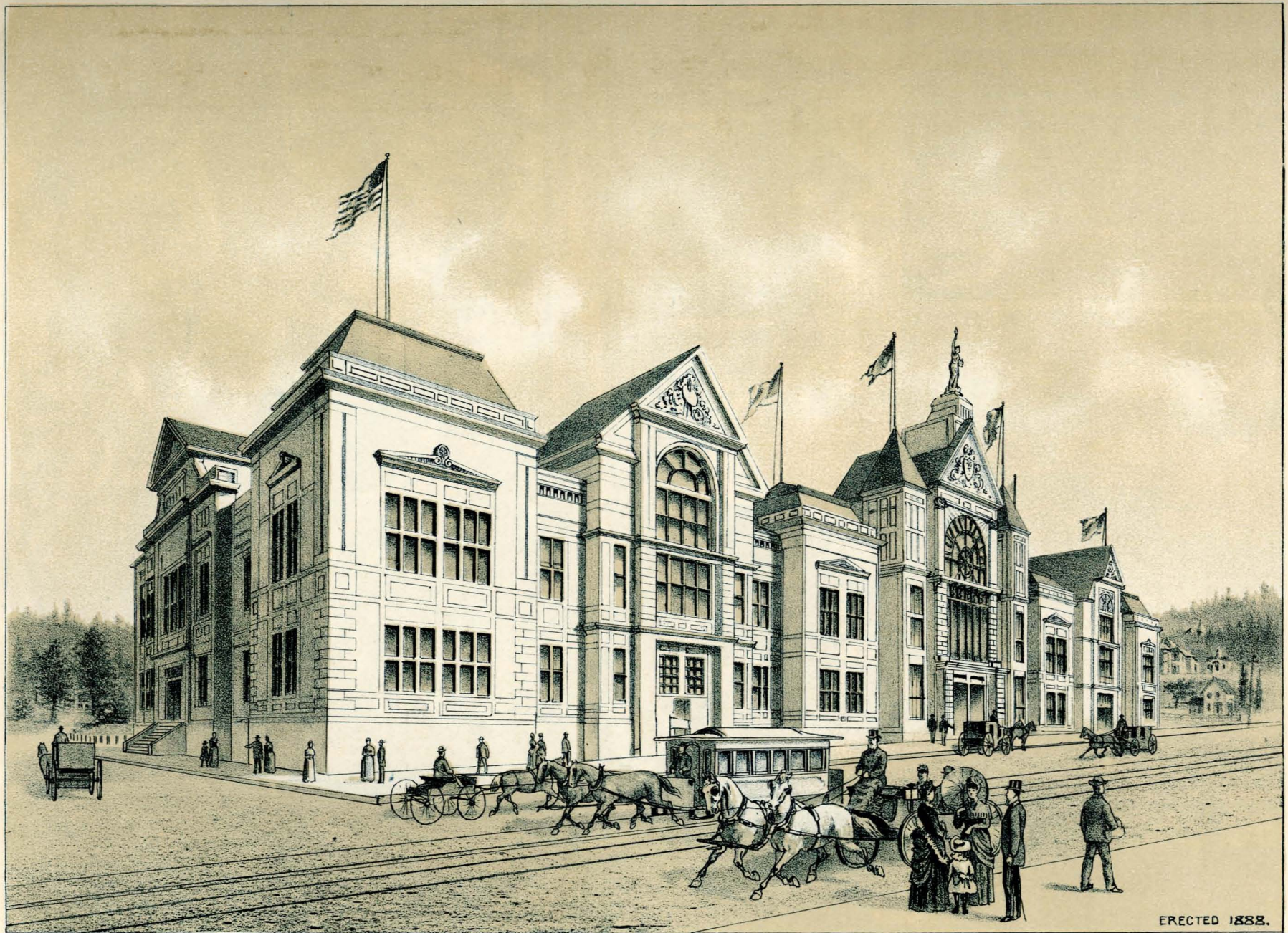
COAL AT COOK'S INLET, ALASKA.

RUNNING through Kachemak gulf into Churchgik bay, we anchored about two o'clock Sunday morning, behind a long point extending out from the end of the peninsula lying between the bay and the gulf, in what is known as Coal harbor. There is no settlement at this point, and my only object in stopping was to examine the coal seams said to exist there, and which were originally discovered by the first navigators, as early as 1786. After breakfast I went ashore in company with some of the ship's officers, and had no difficulty in finding the veins, the outcrops of which are in the face of a perpendicular bluff, and so prominent that they can be seen from a distance of two miles. I found three distinct veins, or seams, in a sandstone formation which dips to the northwest at an inclination of from three to five degrees from horizontal. The outcrops, or rather, exposures, made by the waves dashing against the bluff, are, at the highest point, above high water, but the dip carries the seams under the surface of the bay in a very short distance to the north—the principal one being visible for a considerable space under water. These seams lie one above the other, with what I took to be fire clay between them, the lower one being, at the very least calculation, eight feet thick, the next one above from four to five, and the upper not more than three. Hundreds of tons of this coal lie strewn along the beach, having been detached in large blocks from the lower vein by the action of the waves. It is, to all appearances, a very fine quality of cannel coal, and that there is an extensive field of it is a question which admits of not a single doubt. With a small crowbar we dug out two or three hundred pounds, which we carried on board ship, and a part of which we burned in the cabin grate with the most satisfactory results. The chief engineer, who is considerable of a scientist, and certainly well posted as to the different qualities of coal, made various tests, together with an analysis, to determine its character and probable commercial value. At the very first trial he succeeded in making a complete and perfect weld on one and one-half inch iron, something that can not be done with any other coal heretofore mined on the Pacific slope. From a lump picked up on the beach a portion was broken off, weighed and placed in a retort made on board ship. This retort was heated to a bright red in the furnace fires, when

the coal gave off an illuminating gas, the flame of which, issuing from a tip, was of a peculiar purity and whiteness. Lighted in the cabin grate, it at first gave off a bright, white flame, without much smoke, subsiding afterward with very little loss of bulk, to a red hot carbon of great durability and intense heat, which was finally consumed to an ash of impalpable fineness, without clinker. This test left no possible doubt as to its value for domestic purposes. The analysis made by Chief Lowe, gave carbon eighty-eight, hydrogen seven, and ash six per cent., with only a trace of sulphur or sodium. In his report to his commanding officer, the chief engineer says: "For steaming purposes I have only an opinion, which, unbacked by solid and well ascertained facts, ought not to be expressed or finally entertained. The tests made simply enable me to pronounce it a cannel coal of great value, much superior, in fact, for domestic purposes, to anything yet seen in the San Francisco market." It must be remembered that the tests upon which this judgment is based were made from coal taken from the outcrop or picked up on the beach, which analogy permits me to argue can not, exposed as it has been to the action of the elements, be taken as a fair sample of the quality of the seams.

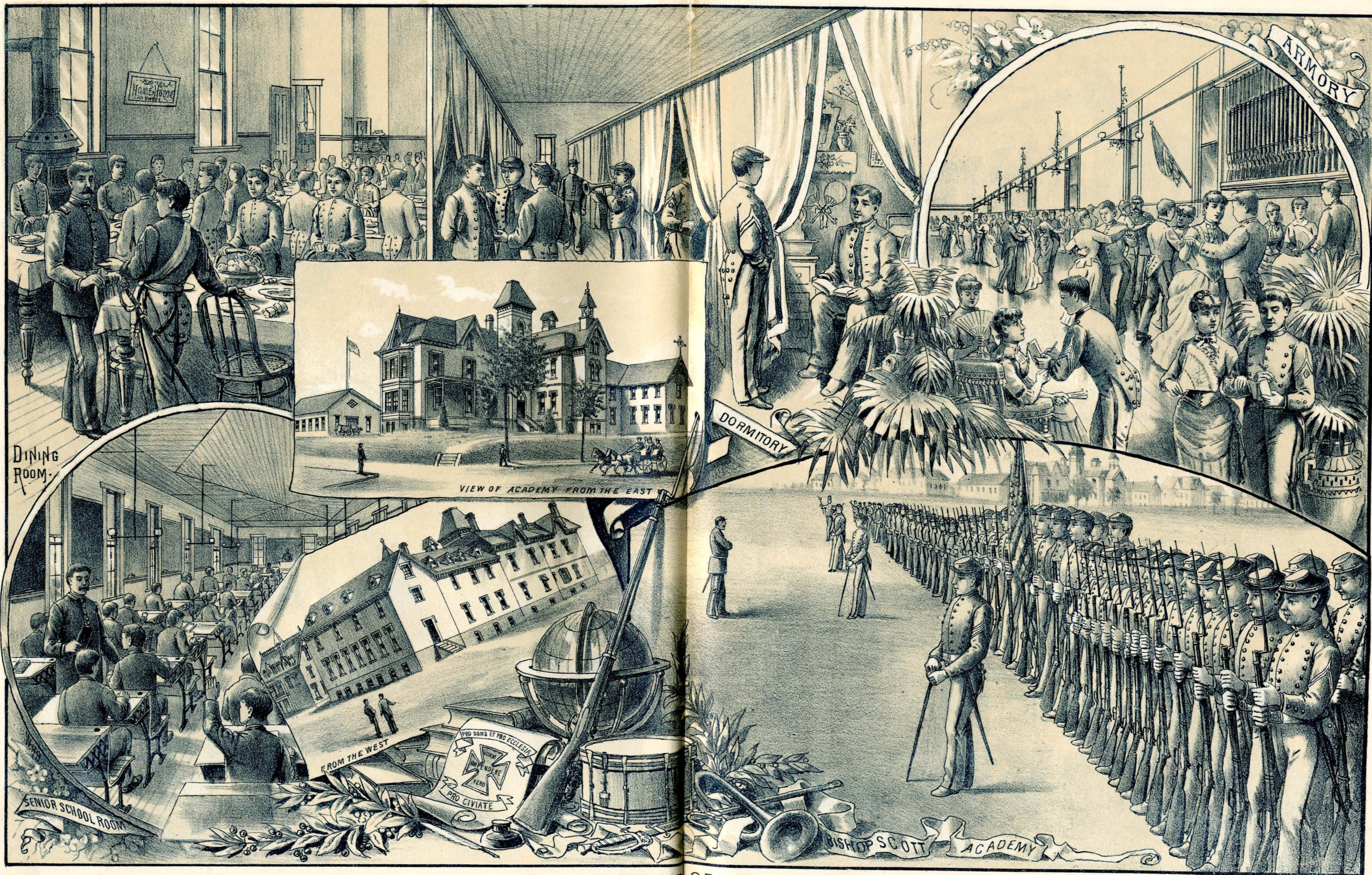
The existence of these coal seams was well known to the Russians, but were not worked by them, owing to the fact that they open upon the beach, and as they could only be worked through perpendicular shafts of considerable depth, they preferred to commence operations at some other point where so large an outlay of capital would not be required. They accordingly proceeded to open a mine on the shore of a small cove, known as Coal bay, in Graham's harbor, which lies about twenty miles to the southwest of the entrance to Churchagik bay, and as near as I can learn, for a number of years mined from a single shaft all the coal they (the Russian-American Company) required for use in their steamers. They

made the mistake, however, of following the seam under the bay, and cutting a stream of water the mine was flooded, beyond the hope of redemption. Subsequently, about the year 1851, a company was formed in San Francisco, to which the Russian-American Company was a party, for the purpose of mining coal for the San Francisco market, and a new mine near the old one was opened under the local management of a German named Haltern, and from that time till the transfer, considerable coal was mined, though very little of it found its way to San Francisco. The American partners of the firm, or corporation, concluded that San Francisco needed more ice than coal, and the shipment of ice from Wood island was made its principal business. With the transfer of the country to the United States all efforts at coal mining ceased, and nothing has ever since been done looking to the practical development of the extensive coal measures on Cook's inlet and elsewhere in Alaska. These coal seams not only crop out at the points mentioned, but they are exposed all along the eastern shore of the inlet from Anchor point, at the northern entrance of Kachemak gulf to Kusilloff river, and at various points between Coal and Graham's harbors, covering a total distance of nearly one hundred miles. At the point where I landed, the natural conditions could not be more favorable for the opening and practical operation of a large number of mines. The ground back from the bay rises to an elevation of a hundred feet or more, affording the best facilities for the construction of gravity roads, upon which the product could be carried out upon piers and transferred to ships at a very trifling cost. I confidently look for the development of this vast coal bed, just as soon as congress shall, by suitable legislation, make it possible for persons desirous of thus investing their capital, to secure good and sufficient titles, which they can not now do.—*Gov. A. P. Swineford, in The Alaskan.*



ERECTED 1888.

NORTH PACIFIC INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION BUILDING.
PORTLAND, OREGON.



PORTLAND, OREGON.



ERECTED 1888.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

A YEAR OF PROSPERITY.

THE year 1888 has been one of more marked and substantial progress in Portland than any previous year in its nearly half a century of existence. Fully five thousand people have been added to the permanent population of the three municipalities of Portland, East Portland and Albina, soon, probably, to be united under one city government, while the streets, hotels and lodging houses have been crowded with transient visitors, tourists and those seeking opportunities for the investment of their means. Real estate transfers have reached the enormous figure of \$7,719,841.89, embracing two thousand nine hundred and fifty-six transfers, or an average of nearly ten a day. These figures are for the year ending November 30, 1888, and considerably exceed those of the calendar year 1887, which were two thousand eight hundred and twenty-five transfers, and \$5,842,419.23 total value. They were compiled from the records by the real estate firm of J. Fred Clark & Sons. Wholesale business has increased twenty-five per cent., to a total of \$75,000,000.00, and manufacturing to \$17,000,000.00, an increase of fifty per cent. The upward tendency of real estate has been very marked, especially in present or prospective business property and suburban residence property, as is plainly shown by the prices realized for such property in different portions of the city.

No better evidence can be given of the growing prosperity of the city than that of the permanent building improvements made, of a semi-public, private and commercial nature. These have reached a total for the year of fully \$2,500,000.00. Chief among them are the great hotel, the mammoth exposition building of the North Pacific Industrial Fair Association, the large Hebrew temple, the stone edifice of the First Presbyterian church, the factory of the Portland Linseed Oil Co., the depot of the Portland & Willamette Valley Railway Co., the iron bridge of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Co., the great plant of the Oregon Iron & Steel Co., and various large and ornamental business blocks. Intimately connected with the city, also, are the new suspension bridge at Oregon City and the operations of the Willamette Falls Electric Light Co., described elsewhere in this number, as are, also, the Presbyterian church and Jewish synagogue.

Perhaps the most important enterprise of a semi-public nature is that of the "Portland," the large hotel now in process of erection on the full block bounded by Sixth, Seventh, Yamhill and Morrison streets. When Henry Villard was president of the several railway companies whose interests centered here, he organized the North Pacific Terminal Co., for the pur-

pose of providing terminal facilities for them in this city, as well as to build a large, first-class hotel, which he knew would be urgently needed to accommodate the large tourist travel certain to follow upon the heels of the railroads. Plans were drawn for a magnificent structure of stone, six stories in height and two hundred feet square, to cost not less than \$500,000.00. Work was begun, and the foundation and first story were completed, at a cost of \$180,000.00, when the financial crash of 1883 upset Mr. Villard's plans, and its further construction was indefinitely suspended. Meanwhile the absolute need of such an institution became more and more urgently felt. Thousands of people have been prevented from coming to this city, or having come here have hastened away again, simply because suitable hotel accommodations could not be given them. At last the public spirited citizens took the matter in hand, organized a company with a capital stock of \$500,000.00, which was all subscribed in a few days, purchased the uncompleted property of the Terminal Company and resumed the work of construction on the grand hotel, which is now being pushed forward with great activity. When this structure is finished, some time during the coming year, Portland will have a hotel second to but few in the United States; one which will be of as much benefit to the city as its absence has been detrimental. In the large supplement accompanying this number of THE WEST SHORE is given an excellent engraving of the structure, from which its exterior architectural features can readily be perceived. The erection of a large opera house on the block facing the hotel on the north, and large business blocks on the west and south, have been decided upon by owners of property there, and work on them will be commenced early in the spring. The block east of the hotel belongs to the government, and on it stands a solid stone three-story building, used as a custom house, postoffice and United States court house.

Next in importance of the buildings of a semi-public nature is the mammoth structure of the North Pacific Industrial Fair Association. This company was incorporated in April last, with a capital stock of \$150,000.00, which has all been subscribed and paid up by citizens of Portland. Work on the immense structure was begun in May, and it was completed early in December. The building has a frontage on B street of four hundred feet. It is divided into three pavilions, the center one containing zoölogical and botanical gardens, and the end ones being devoted to agriculture and machinery and to products of the arts and sciences respectively. In all its appointments the building will be complete in every particular, and preparations are on foot for holding here next fall the largest exposition ever gathered together on

the Pacific coast. The new hotel and this mammoth exposition will be potent factors in bringing Portland and its advantages more forcibly to the attention of strangers than they have ever been brought before.

Among the buildings erected during the year for business purposes, three on First street, both north and south from B street, have been selected as subjects of illustration on another page. The Skidmore building, now nearing completion, stands on the quarter block at the northeast corner of First and B streets, and is named in honor of the late Stephen G. Skidmore, by the gentleman erecting it, Mr. Charles E. Sitton. The building is a four story and basement brick, cemented on the exterior, with stone facings on the first floor. It is most substantially built, and has a more solid foundation than any other block in the city. On the B street side is an iron fire escape ladder, with iron landings on each floor. It contains a large brick and cement vault, an elevator, with provision for a second, and each floor is made one large room by arches piercing the brick partition. Three floors and the basement will be occupied by The A. P. Hotaling Co. The fourth floor has been added since work was commenced. The total cost of the building is \$50,000.00.

Adjoining the Skidmore building is the Blagen block, a four story and basement brick, extending one hundred feet on First street and ninety-five feet on C. This building is being erected by N. J. Blagen, at a cost of \$50,000.00, and will be ready for occupancy by the first of March. The block has an iron front on the first floor, and is ornamented with galvanized iron cornices. It is divided into two stores by a brick partition, through which three arches on each floor offer communication. Artificial stone sidewalks will be laid on both streets. Two steam elevators and two stairways are the means of reaching the upper floors. The entire building has been leased to W. C. Noon & Co., who have sub-let a portion of it to H. P. Gregory & Co.

On the southeast corner of First and B streets is a large four story brick building recently completed by S. G. Reed, which is occupied by the wholesale grocery firm of Mason, Ehrman & Co. Another large block completed during the year is that of C. H. Dodd, on Front street near A, which is occupied by Jacobs Bros., agents of the Oregon City Woolen Mills Company.

The most extensive industry inaugurated during the year was that of the Oregon Iron & Steel Co., a Portland corporation, whose extensive plant is located at Oswego, seven miles south of the city. This company is the successor of the Oswego Iron Co., which operated a mine and pig iron plant at that point for a number of years, and has a capital of \$1,500,000.00.

New works throughout have been constructed, and a new mine opened. The plant consists of a large blast furnace, with all necessary accessory appliances, machines and facilities, engine house, pattern house, machine shop, lime house, store house, railroad to the mine, and thirty-six charcoal kilns. The company also has a foundry for the manufacture of iron pipe, supplied with a ten-ton steam crane, three five-ton hand cranes, and a large pit for casting pipes vertically, the capacity of the foundry being twenty-five tons of pipe daily. It owns two thousand acres of mineral land and fourteen hundred acres of timber land in Oregon, ten thousand six hundred acres of timber land in Washington, and a mine of magnetic iron ore in British Columbia. The ore mined at Oswego is a brown hematite, yielding forty per cent. of metallic iron. This plant has been in operation now about three months, and is turning out a large product of pig iron, as well as much iron pipe to fill contracts for the water systems of Portland and San Francisco, and for other purposes elsewhere. The present work of this company, extensive as it is, is looked upon as merely the beginning. Huge rolling mills will no doubt be established in this region before long, and Oswego is certainly the proper place for them. Thousands of tons of steel rails are being laid annually in this region, for which the roads have to wait to much disadvantage many months. There is no reason why they should not be manufactured here, where iron, coal and wood are so plentiful.

A new and important industry just founded is that of the manufacture of linseed oil. Two mills in San Francisco were the only ones west of Omaha until this one was built. On the fifth of May several prominent business men of Portland incorporated the Portland Linseed Oil Co., with a capital stock of \$100,000.00, and have expended \$60,000.00 in preparing for business. The company owns a full block of land, with option of a second, near the track of the Northern Pacific, in the Northern limits of the city. The plant consists of a main factory building fifty by one hundred and twenty feet in size, consisting of a stone basement and three stories of brick. A brick boiler house thirty by fifty feet in size, and a frame boiling shed twenty by twenty-four feet, are located a short distance from the main building. The works were started up on the fourteenth of December, but will not run steadily until after the first of January, when enough seed will have been accumulated to keep them supplied. Seed is being procured in Eastern Oregon, Eastern Washington and Idaho, and some from Calcutta. Next year it will be unnecessary to import seed, as sufficient will be raised in the Willamette valley, where, until this season, much has been produced. The home article is of the best pos-

sible quality. The mills will give employment to twenty men and have a capacity of handling twenty tons of seed daily. A side track gives them ample facilities for loading and unloading. The product will find a market throughout the Pacific coast, and as far east as Helena, the surplus over the demands of the northwest being sent to San Francisco. The directors of the company are H. J. Corbett, president; Levi White, vice president; W. B. Honeyman, secretary and manager; Ed. Holman, D. M. Dunne, W. E. Robertson, and Jacob Kamm. This industry is of special importance as the production of an article which has formerly been imported, and as stimulating the agricultural development of the country by supplying a market for a new crop.

Among the new industries inaugurated during the year is the cordage works at the corner of Twelfth and N streets. The cordage company has erected a large brick building and put in complete machinery for rope making, at a cost of \$100,000.00, and is turning out a product of \$125,000.00 per year. A large tannery was built and put in operation, adding much to the leather product of the city. In East Portland a large fruit cannery has been established, giving employment during the season to two hundred hands. A new furniture factory was erected during the year, increasing the total capital invested in this business to \$400,000.00. The Portland Cement Co. was organized in this city, and has invested \$100,000.00 in the manufacture of Portland cement from rock brought from Southern Oregon. The factory is located at Oregon City.

One of the most important enterprises consummated during the year now drawing to its close, was the extension to this city of the narrow gauge system of railway running up the valley on both sides of the Willamette, and the erection of a depot and terminal facilities on the water front south of Jefferson street, an engraving of which is given on another page. One hundred and fifty miles of this system were built by Scotch capital. It comprises two lines of the Oregonian Railway Co., one running up the west side of the Willamette valley, through the counties of Yamhill and Polk, from Dundee to Airlie, seventy-nine miles from Portland, and the other crossing the river from Dundee and running up the valley on the east side, through the counties of Marion, Linn and Lane to Corvallis, a distance of one hundred and twenty-three miles from Portland; also the line of the Portland & Willamette Valley Railway Co., extending from this city to a junction with the other lines at Dundee, and to the Willamette river, a distance of thirty miles, built by American capital. William Reid, president of the Portland National Bank and of the Oregon and Washington Mortgage Savings Bank, is vice presi-

dent and manager of the P. & W. V. Ry. Co., and to his enterprise and business sagacity the city owes the excellent and advantageous railroad facilities offered by the narrow gauge system of one hundred and eighty miles, built entirely by his efforts. The lines run through the heart of the most fertile counties of the celebrated Willamette valley, and are one of the most important means of communication between this city and the great producing region to the south of it. An extension of the west side line from Airlie to a terminus on Yaquina bay, a distance of thirty-eight miles, will soon be made, as a route has already been selected and good terminal grounds at deep water on the harbor secured. This will give the narrow gauge lines two ocean ports, an advantage not enjoyed by any other system of railway in Oregon. The terminal facilities provided in Portland are most excellent, the grounds being a valuable portion of the water front formerly known as the "public levee," which has been improved in the substantial manner shown in the engraving, by the construction of a commodious depot, with waiting rooms and operating offices, warehouses and tracks. In one other important particular the P. & W. V. road exercises a decided influence upon the city. It is the only route by which the outlying residence districts skirting the river on the west bank may be easily and cheaply reached, and its suburban accommodation service has already become of much importance, and will develop with great rapidity. Fourteen suburban trains are run daily (seven each way) between Portland and Oswego, stopping at half a dozen intermediate stations. In a few years this route will be the main reliance of thousands of suburban residents employed or doing business in the city of Portland.

The completion to the Columbia river of the Portland & Vancouver narrow gauge railroad, is one of the leading improvements of the year. The line of this road begins at the landing of the Stark street ferry in East Portland, and runs through that city and Albina, and thence to the Columbia river opposite Vancouver, with which it is connected by a ferry. This road not only offers cheap and quick communication between its terminal points, but passes through some of the most desirable suburban property in East Portland and Albina, affording easy access to it. It will be an important factor in building up that portion of those cities. Still another addition to the city's transportation facilities is the Portland & Coast Steamship Co., organized for the purpose of doing a coasting trade between this city and Gray's harbor, Shoalwater bay and Tillamook bay. The steamer *Alliance* has been put on this route, and brings a great deal of trade to the city from those fertile and rapidly-developing regions. As this enterprise ren-

ders tributary to Portland a large section formerly depending upon other points for supply, it is of special value to the business interests of the city.

An ornament to the city, the first of its kind, is the Skidmore fountain, erected at the intersection of First, Vine and A streets, which was unveiled on the twenty-second of September, last. This consists of a polished granite shaft, surmounted by a bronze basin, supported by two bronze Caryatides, the shaft standing in the center of an octagonal granite basin. The fountain was the gift of the late Stephen G. Skidmore. It was erected by a committee of citizens appointed by the city council, and an engraving of it appeared in the October number of *THE WEST SHORE*.

Among the improvements announced for the coming year are two large and ornamental churches, a number of fine business blocks, an elegant opera house, a handsome library building, and a very fine edifice for the Young Men's Christian Association. One of the strongest evidences of progress in the city is the great number of residences that have been, or are now being, erected in every quarter. Never in its history have so many residence lots been sold and so many houses built by those who expect to occupy them, while the number of houses and cottages constructed for renting exceeds those of any previous period. The construction of new street car lines and the extension of old ones have facilitated this work of building houses, as means for easily and cheaply reaching districts some distance from the heart of the city are thus provided. Viewed in any aspect, the progress of Portland during the year 1888 has been most gratifying, and, happily, the indications point to still greater advancement during the coming year.

HARNEY VALLEY, OREGON.

DURING its last session, congress passed a bill establishing a new land district in Southeastern Oregon, and by designation of the proper authorities the land office has been located in Harney valley. At the coming meeting of the Oregon legislature an effort will be made to have the county of Harney created from the southern portion of Grant county. These facts render Harney valley an object of special interest to those who are seeking a location in some new portion of the northwest. The valley has a total area of two thousand four hundred square miles, nearly twice the size of Rhode Island, and somewhat larger than Delaware, all enclosed with high spurs of the Blue mountains.

The valley is a comparatively level plain, in the center of which lie two lakes, Harney and Malheur, only a few hundred yards apart and connected by a

narrow channel, their united area being about one hundred and fifty square miles. Into these lakes pour the waters of Silvies and Blitzen rivers, but they have no visible outlet. Their waters are nearly fresh, indicating that they are drained by subterranean channels. This fact seems to have a most beneficial effect upon the soil of the valley, as crops seem to find ample moisture in the ground even in the driest seasons, and thrive, while other sections with a rainfall as great as that of Harney valley require surface irrigation for the perfection of crops. One peculiarity of the region bordering immediately upon the lakes is the frequency and distinctness of the mirages pictured by its atmosphere, objects miles away being distinctly reflected in the atmosphere.

Silvies river rises in the mountains north of the valley, and flows a distance of eighty miles in a southeasterly direction through the valley, discharging into the lakes. It is a rapid stream, and abounds in fish, including the gamy trout. Blitzen, or Dunder and Blitzen, river is fifty miles in length, and flows into the lakes from the southward. With their tributaries and other smaller streams, they pour a large volume of water into the lakes constantly. Irrigation, so necessary in a large portion of the Snake river basin, of which this valley is a part, though having no surface communication by water courses, is not required here, crops reaching the highest perfection without artificial watering.

The soil is similar to that of the celebrated wheat belt at the northwestern base of the Blue mountains, in Walla Walla and Umatilla counties, and though little wheat has been raised as yet, those who have cultivated that cereal are satisfied with the result. Prices of farm products, such as wheat, oats, barley and hay, are high at present, the grain bringing from three to five cents per pound and hay from \$12.00 to \$18.00 per ton. With the advent of a railroad, these conditions will be radically changed. There will then be a market for all the grain the valley will produce, but the price will be lowered to that of the general market. In addition to the natural grasses upon which stock thrive and fatten, alfalfa, red clover, timothy and red-top grow finely and make an excellent quality of hay. Garden vegetables are large and finely flavored and produce in abundance. Especially the potato reaches great size and perfection. As yet, experience has not fully determined the adaptability of the soil and climate to small fruits and berries, but as the wild currants, strawberries, etc., are hardy and prolific, the cultivated varieties must necessarily thrive equally as well. Such is the experience of those who have initiated their cultivation. Fruit trees have been set out for more than a year, and as the young trees passed safely through the se-

verest winter, last season, ever known in that region, and are thriving at the present time, the entire practicability of fruit culture is not doubted by any. The climate is pleasant and healthful. The winters are cold, and sufficient snow falls to protect crops and supply abundant moisture. The summers are cool and delightful.

Stock raising has always been the chief industry of that region, and was the only one until the past few years, when settlers began to take up homesteads and engage in small farming. As an adjunct to general farming, it will always hold a prominent place, and it will be many years before even the range industry will have been displaced. Cattle, horses, sheep and hogs thrive on the natural grasses and food of the hills and valleys, and, except in exceptional seasons, the cattle pass through the winter in such fine condition that the spring finds them fat enough for the block, while in flavor and texture the meats compare favorably with the best stall fed beef that reaches the market.

During the past two years the increase in population has been very rapid, and the new comers are of the most desirable class, being farmers with families, men who by industry and good citizenship build up the country and develop its latent powers. They are erecting comfortable houses and barns, chiefly frame structures, and are using rails and wire for fencing. Wells of living water are made in any portion of the valley by digging to a depth of from six to fifteen feet, and the water is excellent for drinking and domestic use. Except along the water courses, which are fringed with a light growth of birch and a dense growth of willows, the valley contains no timber, but the adjacent mountains are covered with a dense growth of pine, fir, juniper, mountain mahogany, etc., and several saw mills there supply the settlers in the valley with lumber at reasonable prices.

At present the settlers of this region communicate

with the outside world by means of a wagon road to Baker City, Huntington and Ontario, on the lines of the O. R. & N. Co. and the Oregon Short Line, goods and produce being transported in freight wagons. A tri-weekly mail service is maintained in four directions from Burns, the distributing point. At this place good general stores carry in stock all the commodities to be found in much larger towns. Here is published the *Herald*, the only newspaper in that region, a live local paper, devoted to the work of making the valley and its resources known to the thousands who are seeking such a place for a home. Harney is the name of another small but growing town.

It will not be long before the period of isolation from the world's markets will be terminated by the construction of a railroad through the heart of the valley. The Oregon Pacific is already pushing eastward through the Cascades from Albany, and within two years, at the latest, the locomotive's whistle will be heard in Harney valley. When that day arrives, the valley will cease to be "way off" in the mountains, but will be as near market as many older and better known regions equally distant from Portland, but which have earlier enjoyed the good fortune of being reached by those great highways of commerce. Here is to be found the best opportunity now existing in Oregon to secure desirable vacant lands. Nothing but their distance from the usual routes of travel has kept them from being settled upon long ago, and now that the embargo of isolation is so soon to be removed, a great influx of settlers may confidently be predicted. In fact, the tide has already set in, and appearances indicate that when the railroad reaches the valley it will find the lands well occupied and prepared to give it a generous support. Stock and agricultural products will supply a large quantity of freight, and the road will be able to offer two seaports to shippers, one at Portland and the other at Yaquina bay.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

PART I.

THE city clock, in its tower above the Odd Fellows' temple, lifted up its sonorous voice and slowly tolled the hour of eleven p. m.—so slowly, indeed, that it was easy for an imaginative listener to hear a throbbing undertone of regret in the metallic cadence that rolled away on the southing night wind, and to fancy that somewhere among the frosty cogs and springs of the old timepiece there lurked a sentient spot aflame with tender memories of the dying year. For it was New Year's eve, and in one little hour hence the twelve relentless strokes must be given that would bring the strange new year dancing in upon the gasping corpse of its well-tried predecessor.

If there be a soul in music, who can say there is not, somewhere in Portland's old town clock, a nerve that vibrates with pain on New Year's eve?

Even the wintry winds paused an instant in their mad career, as if listening, awe-struck, to voices calling from the great unseen, between those solemn, reverberating strokes, then dashed on again, careening down the cross streets and sobbing themselves to sleep on the restless, mist-robed bosom of the river.

Little recked they that in passing they rattled the sash of a tall window on Front street, and startled the solitary man who sat within; and as little recked anyone of his presence there at that time of night, for the proprietors of the great wholesale store had gone away hours before, leaving him, as they believed, to close the big iron doors and wend his own way homeward. Strange and troublous thoughts they must have been that could hold a young man locked in silent, solitary reflection for two long hours on New Year's eve.

His head was bowed, and he sat immovable until the last lingering stroke of the clock was caught up by the Bacchanalian wind sprites and dashed against the big window above him. Then he started, and lifted a face that would have been pallid but for a purple red spot that glowed in either cheek, seemingly fed by the fires of some inward excitement that blazed from a pair of restless black eyes.

He glanced at the clock on the wall above his desk, then at the stove, whence the last ember had died out an hour ago. A shiver convulsed his fine, well-made frame, and springing to his feet, he began pacing with quick, nervous steps, up and down the rather limited space of the office-like apartment.

"Great God! What a position for a man to find himself in," he muttered, between his closed teeth. "Something must be done, and done quickly—but what?"

In one hand he clutched a written sheet that rustled audibly with every impatient movement, and rattled like the bones of a cut and dried fate when he grasped it with both hands and paused beneath the gas jet to peruse it for, perhaps, the twentieth time since it had reached him some hours earlier in the day.

It must have been a potent message to have kindled such a flame of tumultuous feeling as shot anew from every feature of his mobile face. As he scanned it to the last line, his eyes wandered from it off into space, and seemed to grow large and luminous in contemplation of some glittering vision he saw there.

"Mine!" he muttered, in a voice that shook with suppressed emotion, "all mine, for the simple act of going and taking possession. And to relinquish it, to lose it all, for a soft bit of sentiment about a woman! Ye gods! I've been an egregious fool more than once in the past, but that is no reason why I should play the idiot now. It is evident that I stand at this moment abreast of that tide in the affairs of men that must be taken at the flood to lead on to fortune. So be it. I take the flood, or rather, the flood takes me, I care not which, so long as the fortune does not elude me. Let me see—" turning again to the placid face of the timepiece on the wall—"eleven o'clock, and the steamer lifts anchor at two; no time to waste."

And with the hurried, nervous movements of a man who feels the shadow of an accusing conscience hovering at his elbow, Arthur Desmond turned off the gas, locked the iron doors behind him and walked away forever from the spot that had been the scene of his daily work for four years past.

"Farewell," he said, half audibly, glancing back over his shoulder at the sombre face of the three-story brick building; then he quickened his pace and walked so briskly that an observer, had there been one at hand, would have been likely to turn and scan the gloom for a pursuer.

But Front street, never a very brilliant thoroughfare at night, was, on this special occasion, more than usually dark and uninviting, because of the fierce gusts of wind that howled between its precipitous walls, and kept the few corner lamps in a state of perpetual flutter and flicker. And Arthur Desmond, as if finding something congenial in its stormy gloom, kept to it until he had walked several blocks southward. Then turning to the west, he went on and on, coming out at length at the point now known as the intersection of Fifteenth and B streets, but which was, at the time of which I write—more than a score of years ago—simply the spot upon which Washington and B streets converged and were lost in a slash-

ed and half-cleared forest of fir and pine. Here he turned slightly to the northwest, and following a vaguely-outlined foot path, plunged into a thicket of young firs, through which he made his way more by force of habit than by any aid his eyes could give in the darkness.

The low branches of the young trees gave him sly, stinging slaps in the face as he passed along, and shook cold showers of half-frozen rain drops all over him; but in the mental strain he was undergoing, these slight annoyances passed almost unheeded.

Those were the days when the aristocratic glories of "Nob Hill" were yet in embryo, and the sacrilegious feet of my plebeian hero strode along as on any common ground. But forgive him, oh ye of the purple and fine linen, for he knew not what he did.

He heard the gallant bull frogs of Tanner creek croaking sweetest serenades to their green-robed inamoratas who dwelt just across the divide, amid the quaking reeds and rippling waters of Johnson's gulch, and how could he foresee that the time was to come when this democratic harmony must be broken up; when those swelling throats must be stilled to give place to sewer rats, and the whispering firs must bow their tender heads to the relentless heels and glittering edifices of Portland's upper tendom?

Had any prophetic sense held up to him a panorama of the "Nob Hill" of to-day, that same sense must have revealed to him something of his own future—something of the falseness of the step he was about to take. Then he might have paused in his tracks, he might have recoiled from the step, and—there might have been no story to tell.

After threading his way along the zig-zag path for some distance, he came upon a small open space, cleared of stumps and undergrowth, and outlined by a rustic fence of fir poles. In the center of this enclosure stood a small, unpainted house, in one window of which a dim light was barely discernible to the keen eyes of Desmond, as he paused at the rude gate and quickly scanned the premises. Then he advanced to the low front door and softly turned the knob; but even as he did so the door was opened from within, and a woman stepped across the threshold to meet him, closing the door carefully ere she spoke in answer to his quick, imperative inquiry—

"Well, how is she?"

"Och, sor, it's worrus, much worrus that she is, poor thing; an' if so be ez ye'd not come the moment, I was on the pint o' lavin' 'er alone till I wint fer the docthor. Sure, an' she's that awful that it's dyin' I belave she is, sor. An' the docthor, he chorged me that he must be sint fer immejitly, ef she changed fer the worrus."

"Then go, this instant, and summon him," said Desmond, shortly, and the woman, pausing only to throw a shawl over her head, darted away and disappeared in the pathway along which he had come.

Desmond put out his hand and opened the door, but paused an instant as a voice from within reached him—a woman's voice, in the wild ravings of delirium—

"Look!" she shrieked, "look at the little black demons crowding all around him, dancing upon his shoulders, and whispering in his ear! Oh, drive them away, out into the darkness whence they came! Don't let them steal the last vestige of his love from me! Drive them out and bar the door!"

Then suddenly the voice dropped from its high, over-strained pitch, and went on in low, anguished pleading, that cut clean and straight to the heart of the listener—

"Oh, Arthur, don't leave me! I will not talk if it hurts your head; I will be quiet, so quiet, Arthur, if only you will not leave me."

A shiver convulsed his frame, and his head fell forward as if stricken with a blow from some unseen hand. For one brief moment the good struggled again with the evil in Arthur Desmond's soul, but the evil was paramount, and once more triumphed. Lifting his handsome head, an imprecation upon himself for his momentary weakness dropped from his lips, and with renewed determination he entered the house and closed the door. He approached the curtained door of the sick chamber, and stood there a moment contemplating the tossing sufferer, and then turned away and began an impatient march up and down the little scantily-furnished parlor, only pausing when the door opened to admit the nurse and physician.

"Doctor!" he exclaimed, turning almost fiercely upon that personage, "go in there and see her, and, in God's name, tell me as soon as possible, whether she will live or die. Make haste; let there be not a moment's unnecessary delay."

The doctor thus adjured, Allan Kirke by name, turned his penetrating brown eyes curiously upon his patron. His practiced ear, versed in almost every intonation born of grief or pain, detected something here that jarred upon his sensibilities. But he turned away in silence and entered the sick room.

When he came forth, ten minutes later, Desmond awaited him, and grasped his arm with a clutch that made him wince.

"What is the verdict, doctor, life or death?"

It seemed to Doctor Kirke that there was far more of feverish impatience than of real anxiety in the man's voice and manner.

"The latter, I fear," he answered gravely. "I am sorry I was not summoned hours ago. The high fever and intense excitement of delirium have exhausted the little vitality that remained to her, and now the chances are ninety-nine to one against her. If she be living when the sun rises on the new year, it will be a case unprecedented in my experience. I can give you no hope, sir, but I will be with you again at earliest dawn."

Closing the door with unceremonious haste upon the departing physician, Desmond drew forth a handkerchief and wiped a cold, clammy perspiration from his face.

"Death is a dreadful thing," he muttered, "to those who have to die; but it smooths things wonderfully for the living, sometimes."

Going into a small apartment opening off the parlor, he took a key from his pocket, opened a desk and taking from it a package of papers, ran them over hastily but carefully, and placed them in the breast pocket of his coat. Then, snatching a pen and some paper, he wrote rapidly for ten minutes, at the end of which time he folded the written sheets and placed them in an envelope, which he hurriedly sealed and addressed, and left lying on the desk.

Once, while writing, he paused long enough to draw forth the momentous sheet that he had read in the office down town, and which, seemingly, furnished the impetus that was urging him on. Having referred to it now, he tossed it aside, and a moment later had inadvertently brushed it from the desk with his arm. Its fall escaped his notice, nor did his thoughts again recur to it; and when, a little later, he hastily quitted the house, valise in hand, it still lay there, gleaming white in the shadow of the desk.

When, with the first gray streak of dawn, Doctor Kirke, in accordance with his promise, entered the little house among the firs, he found his patient not dead, but wrapped in a slumber so deep, so death-like, that the faint, fluttering breath was barely perceptible, and to an inexperienced eye it might easily have seemed that the soul had abandoned its beautiful earthly tenement. He stood in silence for a long time, gazing down upon the fair, delicate features, that not even the ravages of fever could despoil of their beauty.

No word passed between the doctor and the nurse, but the latter presently tip-toed from the room, making, as she went, a dumb appeal for him to follow.

"Docthor dear," she said, when he had obeyed the sign, "isn't there just the laist little bit o' hope fer the poor angel now?"

"Yes, Mrs. Dineen, there is a hope for her now, thank God, yet it is a faint one. All depends now upon a quiet, natural awakening from this slumber. If she should be startled or excited in any way, there would be no hope. Where is her husband? I must caution him to keep in the background until the crisis is past."

"Ah, thin, docthor, an' it's the husband I'd be spakin' to ye about. If there isn't something amiss wid the husband, thin Kate Dineen misses her guess."

"Something wrong with him?" repeated the doctor, inquiringly.

"Docthor, shortly after ye left, near midnight, he packed his valise an' wint away, widout a word to me-silf, or so much as a look at the poor craithers in there, an' naither hair nor hide of 'im have I seen since. An' isn't that the queer way for a man wid a dyin' wife to act?"

"Why, yes, that is rather strange," said the doctor. Then, glancing around the room, he added: "Possibly he left a note of explanation somewhere."

"If he did, sor, it's in the little room beyant," and Mrs. Dineen indicated the apartment in which Desmond had passed his last moments in the house.

"I will just take a look around," said Doctor Kirke, opening the door of the room and stepping within.

A lamp was burning dimly and smokily, and the first thing that caught the doctor's eye was the large, white envelope lying on the desk, which, upon examination, he found was addressed to himself. He at once seated himself, and, breaking the seal, read the following:

DR. ALLAN KIRKE,

Dear Sir:—I leave my poor girl in your hands. When she breathes her last, I shall be far from this accursed spot. I enclose money sufficient for her decent burial, and to compensate you, in part, for your services. It is all I have at present, but I shall be abundantly able to send you the balance in the course of a few weeks. Any questions as to the dead girl's name, or the relations she has borne to me, are best left unasked and unanswered. You have deemed her my wife; suffice it to say, you have been in error. But I leave all that behind me now, forever. With the new year, I shall begin a new existence in a far distant land, and, God willing, I will never again see Portland, nor the face of any man, woman or child I have known here. Why I leave thus abruptly, at a moment when you will doubtless think that common decency requires me to remain, is a matter I do not care to explain, further than to say that my whole future depends, absolutely, upon my immediate departure. With sincere thanks for your kind services, I am

Most truly yours,

ARTHUR DESMOND.

As Doctor Kirke finished his perusal of this most strange and unnatural epistle, and was on the point of quitting the room, he caught sight of the other letter, lying where Desmond had unconsciously left it,

on the floor. He picked it up, and as it was not enclosed in an envelope, he felt that under the very peculiar and trying circumstances in which he was placed, he would be justified in reading it, which he accordingly did. It was dated "Melbourne, Australia," and was written in a queer, cramped, unsteady hand, running as follows:

TO MR. ARTHUR DESMOND,
Portland, Oregon.

My Dear Nephew:—This is, I think, the first time I have ever addressed you in writing, and I do assure you it will be the last. If you accede to my wishes, as herein expressed, there will be no further need of written communication between us. If you do not, you will simply drop out of my memory and calculations as entirely as though you had never existed. I am growing very old and feeble; am, in fact, ninety-two years of age, and must, in the nature of things, die before long. You, the son of my half-brother, and a niece, the daughter of my eldest sister, are my only living relatives. This niece, Alice Davenant, being an orphan, has for some years resided with me—is with me at present—and, up to a recent date, I have contemplated making her sole heiress of the two millions I shall be obliged to relinquish one of these days. Now, however, after mature deliberation, I make you this proposition: If you are in good health, unmarried, and entirely unencumbered, with the clean record of a man worthy to bear the name of Desmond and to control the fortune of a Desmond, come to me at once. I will put you in immediate charge of my extensive affairs, thereby testing your business ability before I die, and if you do not disappoint me, nor object to my selection of a wife for you, you shall find yourself, at my demise, one of the wealthiest men in Australia. If you have been so foolish as to marry, or encumber yourself in any way, I have no use for you and all this goes for naught. Furthermore, if you do not respond to this immediately, and in person, this offer becomes null and void. This will reach you about January 1st, and I shall allow you the exact time for making the voyage. If you delay a single day, you need not come at all.

Very truly, your uncle,

JOHN DESMOND.

"Ah, ha! this explains the gentleman's unseemly haste to be off," soliloquized Doctor Kirke when he had read this second epistle to the end. "I don't like the look of the affair at all," he added, thoughtfully. "There is something dark about it. Desmond never intended to leave his uncle's letter, nor any other clue to his destination. He says that poor young thing in there is not his wife; but how do I know he is not a liar and a scoundrel? Poor girl! Whether she be maid or wife, methinks she will need a friend now if she lives, and, God willing, she shall find a true one in Allan Kirke. Ah me, why maun things gang sae aft apley in this world, I wonder?" with which concluding plaint Allan Kirke revealed not only his Scottish origin, but also the warm Scotch heart that throbbed in his broad breast. He was a man not old in years, having just rounded the thirty-seventh anniversary of his birth; but his experiences had been deep and rich in all that goes to fill and

round out a perfect existence. He had drunk cheerfully from the mixed draught of life, with a broad, unselfish philosophy that enabled him to take the bitter with the sweet, and be neither nauseated with one nor unduly intoxicated with the other. He was sympathetic to a degree that, had he been less philosophic and well balanced, would have made existence for him one perpetual heart-ache. But, as it was, this quality was the soil in which germinated many a beautiful, unostentatious deed of charity and good will to men. It led him now to forego his own comfort and pleasure and to pass the first hours of the bright New Year day beside the couch of the deserted girl, whose young soul fluttered so near the brink of eternity that one adverse breath might waft it forever away. It was his calm face and sympathetic eyes that she first beheld in that trying moment, when the merciful shackles of slumber first fell from her weakened faculties. It was his strong, gentle hand that held hers reassuringly, and his low voice that soothed her when she asked, with her first ray of consciousness, for "Arthur."

He was not too conscientious to recognize the necessity for a judicious lie in this emergency. He felt obliged to convey to her the impression that her Arthur, worn out with the anxiety and watching, was taking needed rest, and must not be disturbed; and when he saw the hollow eyes close once more, and the beautiful lips shape into a faint smile of content, he knew that all was well for the time being, and had no fear that absolution for such a lie would be withheld from him.

"Now, Mrs. Dineen," he said, having drawn that worthy woman into the next room, "I think I may venture to leave her to you for a few hours. When she awakes again and asks for him, you must tell her that he is still resting; that he, also, has symptoms of fever, and that my orders are that he is not to be disturbed."

Having thus provided for the transient welfare of his patient, Doctor Kirke went slowly homeward, revolving in his mind the problem of how he was to keep the truth from her during the time it would take him to build up her physical strength to meet and bear the shock of revelation.

More than once he shook his head in doubt, then set his firm, white teeth together and shot from between them such epithets as, "Scoundrel! Dastard! Dog!" etc. His honest soul was all aflame with a white heat of indignation and contempt for the man who had wrought this troubled state of affairs and foisted upon him a task from which his tender, chivalrous heart shrank with actual pain.

When he reached home he found some relief in unfolding the sad little story to his sister, who was a

widow, some four years his senior, and filled the dual position of housekeeper and bosom friend to him.

"Why, Allan," she exclaimed, "surely there must be some way to get at such a villain. If you think he is on board the *John L. Stevens*, why not telegraph to San Francisco and have him arrested upon his arrival there?"

"Unfortunately, Hannah, there is no law authorizing the arrest of a man for deserting even his legal wife, much less a woman whom he refuses to acknowledge as such."

"True, true, what wretched law makers you men are. There'll never be any just laws for women until women make them."

"In the meantime," said the doctor with a smile. "don't you think that a couple of true friends and unlimited kindness may help my poor little patient through her trouble?"

"Surely, surely, Allan, and I will go to her this minute if you will take me. Only eighteen, you say? Poor, friendless young thing! The moment she is able to be moved we will bring her here, where we can care for her."

This latter suggestion met with so prompt an endorsement from Doctor Kirke that it seemed possible the idea might not have been wholly original with his sister. On this point, however, he was discreetly silent. Men recognize, far better than women, those critical moments when silence is golden.

But there were moments in the days that followed when Allan Kirke found it quite impossible to take refuge in silence—moments when his patient would fix her great, earnest, dark eyes on his face, and ask, in a weak, pleading way that went to his heart, where Arthur was, and why he did not come to her, nor even send her a message. At first he tried to evade giving her direct replies, but there came a day, at length, when he saw that her mind must be set at rest, at all hazards, and he told her that her absent husband was ill with the same fever that had prostrated her. He went on to explain at some length that he had found it necessary to remove him from the house, as the very air in that locality seemed to be impregnated with malaria, and she herself should be transferred to a purer atmosphere as soon as she grew strong enough to bear removal.

"Your husband can not come to you," he said, in conclusion, "you must simply get well as soon as you can, so that you can go to see him."

After that it was pitiful to him to see her constant brave efforts to hasten her own recovery, and her ever-increasing anxiety for the wretch who had deserted her.

CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

To be continued.

NAVAL STATION ON THE PACIFIC.

AT various times THE WEST SHORE has devoted much space to the question of a naval station and government ship yard on the Pacific coast north of California. Senators Dolph and Mitchell and Representative Herrman have been unremitting in their efforts to impress upon congress the necessity of such a station for the protection of our commerce, and succeeded in securing the passage of a bill at the last session appropriating a sum for the expenses of a commission to visit the coast and select a proper location. In pursuance of that act, the secretary of the navy has designated Captain W. T. Mahan, Commander C. M. Chester, and Lieutenant Commander C. H. Stockton to serve on the board, and those officers are now engaged in that most important duty. They will give due consideration to the claims of Yaquina and Coos bays and Gray's harbor, but it scarcely seems possible that points so near the coast can be selected in preference to less vulnerable ones farther into the interior. But two places will probably be finally considered, the Columbia river and Puget sound. Of these the Columbia has the advantage of being fresh water, a most desirable characteristic, while, on the other hand, the sound will probably be the scene of the most extensive naval operations in the event of war with England or any other power having a naval force in Pacific waters. In Lake Washington, however, the sound possesses a large body of fresh water in every way suitable for the purpose. This lake lies inland, back of Seattle, and is but a few feet above the sound, with which it is connected by a natural and artificial waterway large enough to admit small steamers, but which is easily susceptible of enlargement to accommodate the deepest vessels afloat. It could easily be rendered defensible against a hostile fleet, even should the fleet succeed in passing the defenses farther down the sound. This, too, is another advantage the Columbia river offers, as a station on that stream some distance inland, could be rendered secure against attack by defenses near the mouth of the river. Either place offers all the necessary raw materials of wood, iron, coal, etc.; and beyond question a naval station, ship yard and dry dock could be built and maintained on either the Columbia or the sound cheaper than at any other point now occupied by the government for those purposes. It is to be hoped that the board will complete its investigations and make its report sufficiently early to admit of congressional action on the matter before the close of the present session, since the time consumed in actually putting the station into serviceable condition will be long enough, without procrastination in beginning the work.

BISHOP SCOTT ACADEMY.

AMONG the various aspects in which Portland may be viewed, that of an educational center is certainly a prominent one. It has always been one of the fundamental principles of our citizens, that the rising generation shall receive all the educational advantages possible, and it is in pursuance of that idea that this city possesses, in addition to its most excellent public schools, an institution which ranks among the leading ones of its kind in America, a thoroughly equipped and successful military academy. The school is organized on the principles found by eighteen years of existence to be those best adapted to the production of the results aimed at, viz.: that the scholars, while receiving a liberal education, shall have instilled into them the principles of true manliness and gentlemanly deportment, which shall continue with them through after life.

In 1870 Rt. Rev. B. Wistar Morris, bishop of the Episcopal church of the diocese of Oregon, founded in Portland the Bishop Scott Grammar School, named in honor of the venerable Bishop Scott, who founded a school for boys in the adjacent town of Oswego, in 1856, and had maintained it several years against obstacles which finally compelled him to abandon the effort. Bishop Morris received generous donations of money from friends of the church here and in the east, also the gift of a considerable tract of land in the northwestern portion of the city, now our most healthful and pleasant residence section, and was thus enabled to re-establish the school on a solid foundation. The building first erected was destroyed by fire in 1877, and the same year the large and admirable structure in which the school has since been maintained was built. Dr. J. W. Hill, the present principal, took charge of the school at that time, and under his care it has increased in efficiency, influence and numbers in such a marked degree as to be placed at the head of institutions of its kind in the northwest.

In 1887 it was decided to add the military feature, the discipline and drill being considered advantageous morally, physically and intellectually. A large armory hall and drill room was then erected, and the name of the school was changed to the Bishop Scott Academy. Strict military discipline now governs every feature of the institution, and its excellent effect is noticeable to a stranger instantly. So successful has the school been during the two years of military regime, that its enlargement has become imperatively necessary. Extensive improvements have been made the past few months, fully doubling the capacity of the school and providing facilities for better conducting its affairs.

As now constituted the academy presents the appearance shown in the engravings given on another page, where the exterior and a few interior scenes are depicted. The original building is the one with the observatory and bell tower, on the right of which, and nearly hidden by it, is the large three-story-and-basement addition. In the rear, on the left, is Armory hall, fifty by one hundred feet in size, which is used for an armory, drill room and for social gatherings and military hops. The new building has a full brick basement, with three stories of frame above. On the first floor are a light and cheerful school room thirty by seventy feet, and three recitation rooms. On the second floor is a chapel thirty by fifty feet in size, finished in the style of a church, with open ceiling to the roof. There are also a primary room, recitation room and several music rooms on this floor. On the third floor is a large and well-lighted art studio and a number of dormitories, each with a window and supplied with neat, clean and comfortable bedding and necessary furniture. In the old building the former school room has been converted into a library and reading room, with headquarters for the military commandant and adjutant. The old library room is fitted up for the office of the head master. Opposite are the offices of the principal and quartermaster. The old school room has been converted into dormitories, giving, with the new building, twice the former accommodations. The old primary room has been equipped for an infirmary. It is light and airy and shut off from the other portions of the building, and is thus excellently adapted to the purpose. The dining hall is in the basement of the main building, and is large, light and cheerful. The table is not only attractive in appearance but is generously laden with good and wholesome food. It is one of Dr. Hill's principles that boys should have plenty to eat, and sit down to a table as inviting as they could find at home. Under the new arrangements the entire school buildings are heated by hot water and are lighted by gas. Electric call bells and speaking tubes are also placed where needed. A laundry and dormitory building stands a few yards west of the school building.

The scholars are organized into a battalion of three companies, commanded by the military commandant and instructor, assisted by the necessary staff. The company officers are selected by merit, fitness for the position, standing in studies and length of attendance being considered. Promotions are made in line as far as practicable. Officers hold their positions during good behavior, reduction to the ranks being one of the penalties prescribed for infraction of the rules, insubordination, or conduct unbecoming a soldier and a gentleman, either on the school

grounds or off them. Scholars on leave of absence are given to understand that they do not cease to be pupils of the Bishop Scott Academy because they are then permitted to wear civilian clothing, but must continue to deport themselves in the same moral and gentlemanly manner required on the school grounds. The parade is a high and level tract of grassy turf four hundred and sixty by three hundred feet in size, affording ample room for evolutions of the battalion, including skirmish formations. Dress parade is executed every Friday at 3:15 p. m., and attracts a great many spectators, the battalion and cadet band presenting a most military and pleasing appearance. The school uniform is a military dress suit of cadet gray, and costs, with fatigue coat, from \$15 to \$35. Arms and equipments for officers and men are supplied by the institution. The musket used is a light breech loader of the Springfield make, the same pattern as that in use in the army and national guard. The academy uniform is a familiar sight, and gentlemanly conduct is a characteristic of its wearers.

Perhaps the best thing that can be said about the Bishop Scott Academy is that the parents and guardians of the scholars are enthusiastic in their appreciation of the benefits their boys are receiving, especially those who have come under the military discipline and instruction of the past two years. It is recommended strongly by many of the leading citizens of the northwest, some of whom have had sons in the schools of California, and who are convinced of the superiority of this institution in the production of practical results at less expense to the parent. The principal, J. W. Hill, B. A., M. D., is a graduate of Yale college, and brings to the management of the institution sound business principles, a thorough and liberal education, a deep knowledge of human nature and a kind and generous heart. Such qualities could not fail to win for the institution under his control the highest success and gain for it the gratifying reputation it is achieving. The faculty also contains three other graduates of Yale, and every department is presided over by thoroughly competent instructors. The military commandant and professor of mathematics received his military training at the national military school at West Point. The academic course gives the scholar ample preparation for any college in either the classic or scientific course. Special instruction is given in music, modern languages, drawing, penmanship, phonography and type writing. One of the most commendable features is the social advantages offered scholars from abroad, and the refining influence which pervades the school, patronized as it is by the best families of Portland, with whom the scholars come into social intercourse on many occasions during the school year.

ROSEBURG'S IMPROVEMENTS.

THE past year has been one of marked improvement in Roseburg. Business has been good in every line, and general prosperity has been experienced in the tributary country. The advantages of the Umpqua valley for fruit culture have attracted much attention, and thousands of trees have been set out, which will be bringing money into the valley in a golden stream in a few years. Large additions to the population have been made in both city and country. The Roseburg Building and Loan Association has been organized on the same plan that has been so successful in Portland and elsewhere, and this will aid materially in supplying new houses. It is a gratifying fact that the city has not houses enough to supply the demand for them.

MONTANA'S ANNUAL INCOME.

GOLD, silver, copper, lead, cattle, horses, sheep and in fact everything that represents money are produced and grown in this matchless territory. Her free range products are simply enormous as will be shown by a few cold facts and figures which none can dispute.

According to the best information obtainable, including reports of several railroad agents, Montana has shipped from her broad, open, free ranges this year about one hundred and twenty-three thousand head of beef cattle, as follows: From Northern Montana, over the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railway, thirty thousand; from Middle and Eastern Montana, over the Northern Pacific, eighty-three thousand, and ten thousand over the Utah & Northern from Western and Southern Montana. These shipments represent a cash value in Chicago or other eastern markets of \$6,150,000.00. The growers pocketed about \$5,300,000.00 of this money, and the railroads for transportation and the Chicago hostlers for commissions laid away \$850,000.00 of it. There were butchered for home consumption at least one hundred thousand head of beef cattle, valued at, say \$4,000,000.00, for they were not as large and heavy as those shipped east. It is safe to say that there were one hundred and thirty thousand mutton sheep shipped to eastern markets that brought \$450,000.00. The owners realized \$350,000.00 and railroads and commission men pocketed the other \$100,000.00. Of wool there were about ten million pounds shipped from our ranges, which was sold at an average of, say sixteen cents per pound at home, bringing \$1,600,000. The home consumption of mutton during the year may be put down at low figures at \$325,000.00.

According to the report of the governor, Montana ranges graze two hundred thousand horses. Say

there were sold to home and outside buyers during the year twenty thousand head at \$50.00 per head, and we find this industry brought in \$1,000,000.00. To the above estimate must be added, increase in cattle, three hundred and seventy-five thousand calves, worth \$10.00 each, or \$3,750,000.00; one half million lambs, worth \$1.00 each, or \$500,000.00; twenty thousand colts, worth \$15.00 each, or \$300,000.00; one hundred thousand hides, worth \$2.00 each, or \$200,000.00; one hundred and thirty thousand sheep pelts, valued at \$1.00 each, or \$130,000.00. Tabulated, the above figures out as follows:

123,000 beeves, shipped	\$6,150,000
100,000 beeves, home consumption	4,000,000
375,000 calves, increase	3,750,000
20,000 horses, sold at \$50.00	1,000,000
20,000 colts, at \$15.00	300,000
130,000 mutton, shipped	450,000
130,000 mutton, home consumption	325,000
500,000 lambs, increase	500,000
10,000,000 pounds wool, at 16 cents	1,600,000
100,000 hides shipped	200,000
130,000 sheep pelts	130,000
Total	\$18,405,000

Here we have \$18,405,000.00 from live stock products of Montana ranges for the year 1888. No account has been taken of the dairy products of the territory, which came almost entirely from the ranges. We have no means of ascertaining how much wealth is taken from the agricultural lands of the territory. It must be immense in proportion to the population, as prices for all farm products range comparatively high, and we have one hundred and sixty thousand people to support, who subsist principally upon home products. Taking these together with the value of lumber and coal produced, of which no mention has been made, they would add at least \$12,000,000.00 to the productions above enumerated.

The mineral productions of the territory for the year 1887 amounted to \$26,000,000.00, which placed Montana at the head of the mineral producing states and territories of the union, and her output this year will far exceed those figures. At the beginning of the year conservative estimates placed it at \$30,000,000.00. Taking into consideration the advance in the market price of copper, we believe the gold, silver, copper and lead product of Montana for the year 1888 will not fall a dollar short of \$32,000,000.00. Tabulated, the grand total of Montana products for the current year foots up as follows:

Metal output	\$32,000,000
Range products	18,405,000
Agricultural and lumber	12,000,000
Grand total	\$62, 05,000

It is estimated that the population of Montana does not fall short of one hundred and sixty thousand, so we find the value of her range, farm, timber and mineral products for the present year amounts to over \$390.00 for each man, woman and child within her borders. Is there a state or territory in the union that can make such a showing?

We have a big, overgrown sister territory to the east of us which is crying for admission as a state—in fact, as two states. We mean Dakota. A year ago she claimed to have produced the bonanza wheat crop of the world—sixty million bushels, worth then about \$48,000,000.00. Wheat growing is her principal industry. It represents, in a great measure, the labor, if not the wealth of her people. We will, however, place \$16,000,000.00 more to her credit to represent other products, and we find she shows a sum total of \$64,000,000.00 as the value of her productions for the present year, estimating her wheat crop worth as much as it was in 1887.

Counting Dakota's population at six hundred thousand, a figure or two shows that she produced \$106.66 for every man, woman and child, as against Montana's \$390.00, or a difference of \$283.34 in favor of this territory. Which territory is the better able to support two state governments?

It must be borne in mind that the mineral wealth of this territory yet lies comparatively untouched. New prospects are being found and new mines are being monthly developed from them. Its possibilities as a metal producing territory can only be approximately measured. Its yearly rate of increase in the value of its output during the past few years has been a little over twenty per cent. Assuming that this rate of increase will be kept up for at least the next decade, we find that in the year 1898 the value of the metal output of Montana will reach the enormous sum of \$165,113,529.00. These figures are staggering, but they are based upon what has already been done in a territory in which the surface of its mineral sections is only comparatively scratched over.

Of its thirty million acres of agricultural lands, less than one sixth has been taken up for farming purposes, hence many million dollars will be annually added to the value of the agricultural products of this great territory, while the value of its range products will be correspondingly increased. In view of these facts, Montana's future prospects are indeed brilliant, and when she shall be clothed with statehood she will enter the union as one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of states.—*Fort Benton River Press.*

BEFORE SUNDOWN.

SUNDOWN already on the sloping hillsides and low down in the valleys where the rank grasses grow in tangled luxuriance, born of the accumulated washings of centuries from the heights above; but on the topmost peaks of Wildcat and frowning Mount Mahogany the sunbeams lingered lovingly, touching up the dark gorges and timbered slopes of the mountain sides with the glory that only sunshine can bestow upon the face of nature. The day is dying in the painted west, and already the evening wind is making music among the whispering pines that point their solemn fingers heavenward along the sloping mountain sides, and Clara Jackson, listening to the mournful chant, wonders why every note in the melody of nature should be so sad. Even the babble of the noisy mountain stream, which leaps over the edge of the rimrock, hundreds of feet above her head, and goes laughing away down the valley to join Wolf creek on the farther side, holds only discord for the woman who stands listening on the porch of the tiny log cabin, that clings to the mountain side just as the pines do—as if, by some freak of nature, it had taken root and grown there. A miner's cabin; and the woman standing on the porch and gazing away along the unbroken line of rimrock that reaches out for miles to the west, is a miner's wife.

Hardly a woman, either, for the light of girlhood has not died out of the fair, oval face. She has seen nineteen summers, perhaps, and yet she has lived here three years, a miner's wife.

She is thinking to-night of her early life in a far away, crowded city; of the days so full of happiness, when, with other laughing, happy girls, she worked early and late for a livelihood. How hateful the small, square room, where she cooked, ate and sewed from morning till night, had seemed to her then; but now she thought, with homesick longing, of the merry girls who had loved to come to her room in the evenings, after their work was carried home for the day, of the many plans they had made for the future; of summer nights when the breath of roses hung heavy on the midnight air, and the music of the band throbbed through the stillness from the heights across the river. How she longed for the greeting of some old friend to-night, it mattered not who, she thought, even a stranger who might come from the busy world she had left so far behind, when she married Fred Jackson, would be welcome as a friend.

The click of steel on the rocks above her disturbed her meditation. Some one was coming down the steep, narrow path that led from the cabin to the plateau above; but she did not turn her head, even when he dropped his pickaxe with a jarring thump

on the porch, and stood waiting for her to speak—a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, with his overalls tucked into the tops of his miner's boots, and his broad-brimmed sombrero pulled down over his crisp, golden curls, a man of twenty-five or thereabouts, whose blue eyes looked the world frankly and fearlessly in the face; although, just now there was a troubled look on his fair face, and when he spoke it was with an odd hesitation, wholly unlike his usual laughing tones.

"Shall I kindle the fire for you, Mrs. Jackson?"

"If you please, Charlie."

She did not turn her head nor lift her eyes from her apparently rapt contemplation of the prospect spread out at her feet, a stretch of billowy meadow, green as emerald, and dotted here and there with clumps of willow and alder, a prospect at which she looked evidently with unseeing, unappreciative eyes; for when Charlie turned to go she stayed him with a gesture of one slender brown hand.

"Where is Fred?" she questioned, still watching the deepening shadows in the valley below.

"He has gone over to Jaggart's," Charlie answered. "He said Frenchy was going to town this morning, and he had sent for something, I believe."

"But it's three miles over to Jaggart's. Has he just started?"

"Hadn't started yet when I left, but said he was going immediately," and Charlie turned and entered the house, and busied himself with the fire in the little kitchen.

Clara stood quite still for some minutes longer, looking now, however, with searching, furtive glances upward to where the jagged rock frowned, almost over the cabin roof, so nearly perpendicular was the mighty cliff that guarded the little valley; then she turned with a sigh, and one last look down the valley as if the prospect, so hateful to her because of its complete isolation, had been the loveliest on earth, and going into the kitchen, where Charlie's fire roared cheerily in the little cook stove, began her preparations for supper with a nervous haste very unlike her usual graceful, deliberate movements.

She started suddenly when Charlie's quick step came up the rocky path to the kitchen door, dropping the pan of rosy-cheeked apples she carried; but she declined his polite offer of assistance in gathering them up with a vehemence that brought the blood to his cheeks, angrily, and retreating to the door, he stood watching her nervous movements until her apples were gathered into the pan again, when he broke the awkward silence.

"I am going away to-morrow," he said, abruptly.

She turned and faced him now, with crimson cheeks, but with wide-open, brave, brown eyes, that

looked so fearlessly into his that his sore heart chilled icily when she answered him; so little did he know of the effort it cost her to speak.

"I think, myself," she said, gently, "that it will be best that you should go; for—for your own sake as well as mine; only—if—oh! Mr. Hamilton, you have done so much work here. Will you leave it all?"

"I have not been here such a very long time," he said, "and after all, it is only my time that I care for."

"You are going to Seattle?"

"No, I am going home to the bay." He hesitated, and his voice grew hoarse. "Mrs. Jackson—Clara, if the time should ever come that I could help you, you will remember that nothing you could ask of me would be too much for me to perform. You will forgive me for the unhappiness I have unwittingly caused you?"

"Yes," she said, still holding her proud, lovely eyes full upon his haggard face, "I will never forget that you have been my friend, Mr. Hamilton."

She held out her hand as she spoke, her face white as ashes, but her sweet lip curving in the old, frank, friendly smile that always so transformed the otherwise too sad face, her eyes meeting his like a child's, and he touched that cold, slender hand, bowed low, and turning, hurried away out into the open air, while Clara, still holding her fierce agony in abeyance, moved calmly about her household duties; for another step was coming down the path from the plateau above, some one who stumbled heavily and swore a ribald oath at the dog dozing on the porch, some one from whom Clara shrank nervously when he entered the kitchen; a black-browed, stalwart fellow, with heavy, forbidding features and evil, blood-shot eyes. He threw himself sullenly on the small lounge, however, without deigning to speak, and presently rose and ate his supper in the same dogged silence, helping himself occasionally and liberally to the contents of a black bottle which the obliging Frenchy had evidently brought from the little village ten miles away, and which Charlie regarded with ill-concealed disgust.

Morning was breaking over the lovely, pink-tinted, snow-capped top of far-away Mowrie mountain, and every higher peak in sight caught the reflection and blushed rosily under the rays of the rising sun as Charlie and Fred climbed the path again to the plateau, and paused to breathe after the steep ascent, on the edge of the precipice, a few feet from where the path was cut. Charlie turned away from his companion and stood looking down at the gray waves of fog that rolled over the valley at their feet. Presently he spoke abruptly—

"I am not going up to the ledge this morning, Fred, I shall start by noon for the Yaquina."

"What the d—!" Jackson wheeled and looked at him in astonishment. "You are crazy, Hamilton; I suppose you want to sell your share in the lead to me?"

"You are welcome to my share of it. I never had much faith in it, anyhow, and I'm not going to waste any more time with the thing. I have business in the valley that I must personally attend to, and I shall go on to the bay."

"The bigger fool you, Charlie." Jackson was in a better humor this morning. "Just as we are likely to strike it rich, you fly off at a tangent and throw up the whole business. I tell you, old boy, we may both be worth a hundred thousand dollars apiece before sundown."

"I hope you may be, but I'm skeptical. Whatever you make out of it you can have; I turn all my right, title and interest in the Little Bonanza over to you."

"Have a drink before you go, Charlie."

"No, thank you, not anything this morning," He turned on his heel and walked rapidly away in the direction of Taggart's camp.

"Well, of all the blasted idiots!" muttered Jackson, raising the bottle to his own lips for a long pull. "Don't know when he is in good circumstances," though whether his disgust was for Charlie's refusal to accept of refreshments offered without cost, or for his relinquishment of all right to the Little Bonanza, we are unable to say. At any rate he returned the bottle to his pocket, swung his pick-axe to his shoulder and strode away up the ravine in the direction of the lead they had been working together.

"If this blast does the work I think it will, I'll be close to the lead, 'cordin' to my calculations," he muttered, as he set about preparing his fuse for blasting. "Anybody with eyes could see where that lead dips; but what could ye expect of a tenderfoot?"

Down at the little cabin, Clara worked with feverish, restless energy. The hectic flush on either cheek deepened and brightened as she hurried through the wearisome round of household duties that every housekeeper knows so well, but there was a feeling at her heart as if a great load had been lifted and rolled away. The certainty that Charlie was gone was a relief. He had been kind to her always, watchful of her comfort, ever ready to take on his own broad shoulders the burdens that weighed so heavily on her own slender ones. If a feeling of sadness at the thought that they might never meet again oppressed her, she put it sternly and resolutely away. The thought that her life must henceforth be barren of happiness, devoid of any companionship whatever,

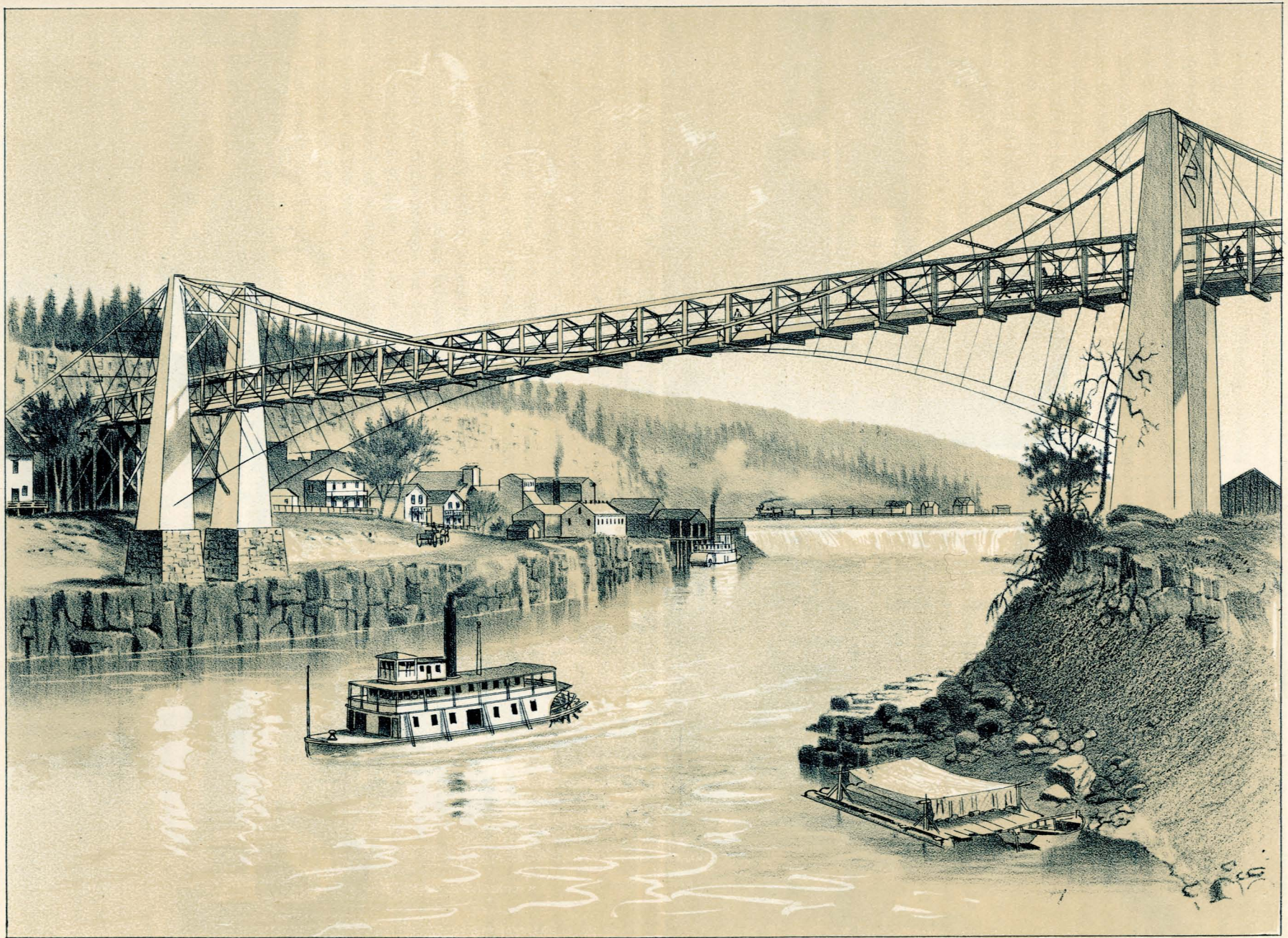
would have been bliss compared to the scorching shame that blistered her pure soul when she first learned that her husband was jealous of Charlie Hamilton. Perhaps it was a sense of his own unworthiness, and the knowledge that he had by his brutality forfeited his claim on her love and respect, that goaded him to insult and outrage her womanhood by his openly expressed belief of her own and his friend's treachery. But for weeks Clara had been more wretched than she had ever before conceived it possible for an innocent woman to be. No man with a spark of reverence in his soul could have looked in that pure, innocent face and doubted its truth; but Clara's innocence only made her suffering the keener. She would be a more loving, affectionate wife than she had been, she told herself this wretched morning; she would do everything in her power to prove to Fred that she still loved him as in the old, happy days. How could he help believing in her truth if she did her duty lovingly and tenderly? Oh, if he would only leave liquor alone! He had been kinder to her once, and had seemed to love her before he took to drink.

The little clock on the mantel struck eleven as she finished her work. He would soon be eating his luncheon. She would make a little pot of coffee and carry it up to him and tell him again that she loved him still; that she would try always to do only what would please him. Her hands trembled and she felt strangely weak and faint as she tied on her wide hat and started to climb the steep path, with the pot of steaming coffee in her hands. She had donned a dress he had loved to see her wear long ago, in the first days of their married life; but of late she had felt too disheartened to care for the pretty dresses that had been her pride when she was happy. She looked down at the soft folds of white that clung about her, and the tears gathered in her eyes as she remembered what foolish, loving fancies she had indulged when she fashioned it with hands that were soft and white, but that were brown and rough now, and slenderer, too. Perhaps, after a while, if Fred struck the lead he was always talking about, they could go back to civilization again, and she would win him away from the habits that were ruining him, and the companionship of men whose influence could be only degrading. So absorbed was she in thought as she crossed the plateau and turned into the rocky path that led up the ravine, that she did not miss the ringing sound of the pick-axe on the rocks that had been wont to guide her footsteps. There was nothing ominous in the stillness that brooded over the landscape. A rabbit, scared and trembling, ran across her path; a magpie, startled by her light footfall, flapped lazily up from the ground, and, sitting on a scrubby juni-

per, croaked hoarsely, but she heard him not; a thin wreath of smoke, blue and transparent, curled softly up through the yellow sunlight from a cleft in the rock twenty paces before her face, but her sad eyes, bent upon the ground as she hurried along, saw nothing. The sinuous, treacherous line of blue, no larger than the smoke of a merschaum, veered slightly with the breeze that whispered down the ravine, and swooping down the ravine toward her, shrouded the slender, white figure lovingly, and then a tremor shook the mighty rock on which she stood, one side of it tilted downward, and as she threw up her two hands with a frightened shriek, the slender line of vapor gave place to a mighty column of earth and stones, that shot with a thunderous roar far into the air above her head.

To Charlie Hamilton, galloping madly across the plateau, and shouting, in his fierce agony, words that the pitiless rocks seemed to fling back in his teeth, it seemed an eternity after Clara disappeared around the short curve of the pathway, ere the thread of blue smoke gave way to the awful vomit of hell that he knew would follow; but ere yet the rattling echoes, startled from the stillness all around, had died away, or the horrible rain of stones had ceased, he had flung himself from his plunging horse and was searching blindly and gropingly among the falling debris for what he found presently, beaten prone upon the earth, her white dress heavy with the dust that clung to it when he drew her tenderly from the heap of rocks that weighed her down, and the clustering curls on her shoulders dabbled with blood.

She had fallen on her face, and might have been struck dead at the first blow, for the soft brown eyes were closed, and even the slow trickle of blood from the pale, lovely mouth could not disturb the sweet peace that had settled upon the marble of her forehead. Charlie drew her slender form across his knee, stanching the flowing blood with his handkerchief, and calling her name with every endearing epithet that he had never dared lavish upon her living ears, he rained despairing kisses upon her still face, and, forced finally to a knowledge of the awful truth that she was gone where no earthly love might follow her, went mad with that dead form in his arms, and poured out with passionate vehemence the story of his despairing love for her, and his loathing of the wretch who had wrung that gentle heart with his cruelty, unconscious that Jackson, who had hurried down the ravine, was standing near, with all the fury he had hoarded in his heart all these weeks gathering and raging in a storm he could no longer control. He strode forward now, white with anger, and tore his dead wife from Charlie's clinging arms, tossing the still form with contempt on the rocks behind him.

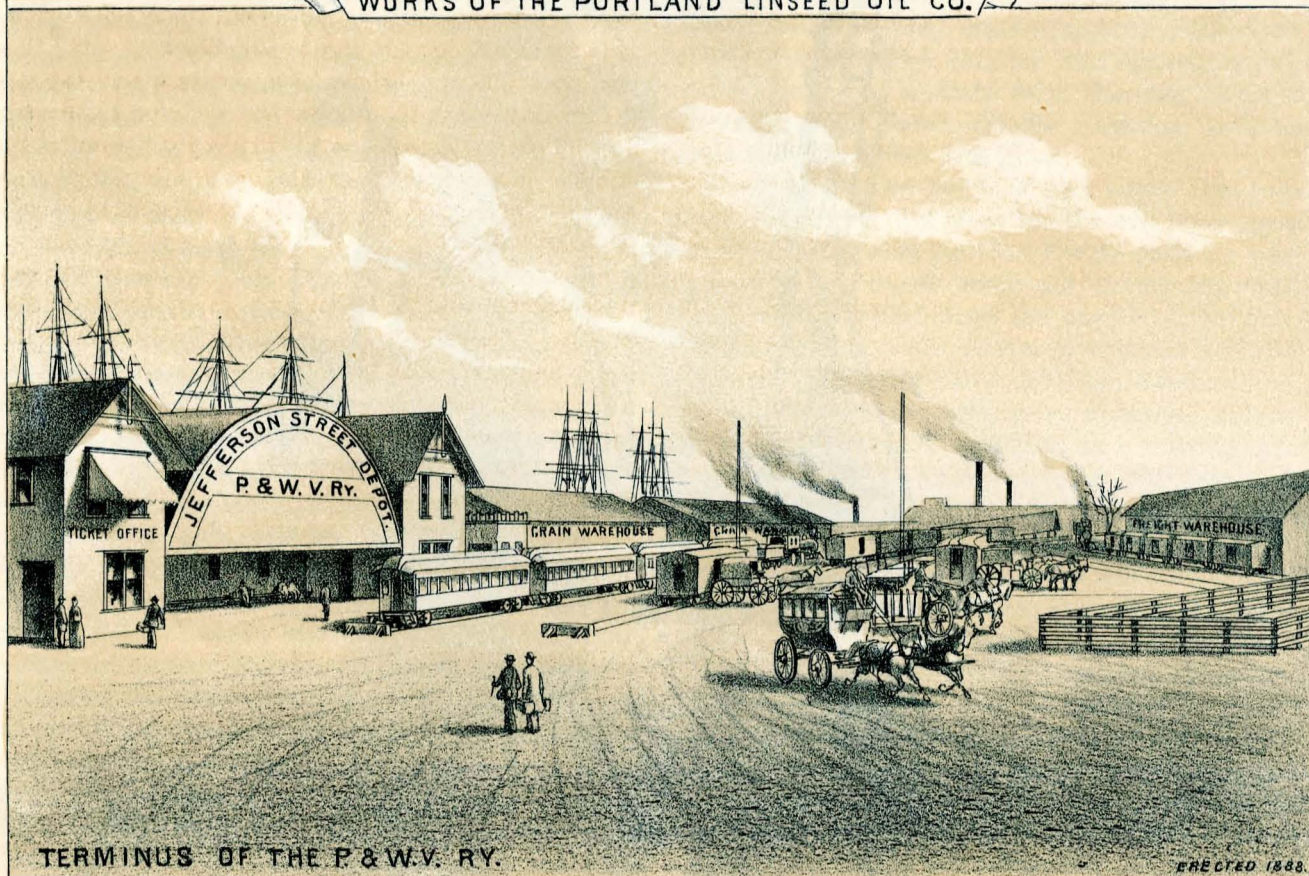


OREGON.- THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT OREGON CITY.

PACIFIC BRIDGE CO. BUILDERS.



WORKS OF THE PORTLAND LINSEED OIL CO.



PORTLAND, OREGON.

"Come on, you dog," he hissed, bracing himself against the rock, as Charlie, with blazing, horrified eyes, sprang to his feet and rushed upon him, "come on, you dog; I have watched you for weeks, now follow her to hell."

"Blasphemous beast! You shall die with that lie in your throat," and with one blow of his doubled fist Charlie knocked from his grasp the glittering hunting knife he had drawn and sent it ringing against the rocks twenty feet away, and, ere it struck the earth, he had clinched his adversary and the two men were struggling in a deadly embrace, that would never be loosed till death claimed another victim.

At first Charlie's superior height and skill in wrestling gave him a decided advantage over his untrained opponent, and but for Jackson's position with his back to the rock, his first furious onslaught would have forced him to the ground; but Fred's breadth of shoulder stood him now in good stead, and Charlie's every effort to dislodge him proved unavailing, until he lunged suddenly and violently forward, intending to bear down his foe by his weight and the suddenness of his movements; but Charlie, cool and watchful now, whirled him half around and backed him off toward the cliff at their left. Down the ravine they struggled, now one, now the other, forcing his adversary in that fearful waltz of death, nearer and nearer the mouth of the ravine, till at length they stood, panting and breathless, within two feet of that dizzy drop that one must shortly take.

The yellow noon sunlight fell alike on the grassy plateau where they stood and that stretched, green and smiling, for miles along the edge of the rim-rock, and on the billowy reaches of meadow in the valley below, on the rocky ravine, where the dust and smoke of the blast had settled some minutes before, and on the roof of the little cottage far down beneath them. Charlie caught a glimpse, in that one short minute while they rested, of a shapeless mass of white huddled together on the rocks in the ravine above them, and, careless of his own life, plunged headlong toward the precipice, intending to drag Jackson over the edge with him. But his strength was too nearly spent; an iron hand clutched his throat, a giant arm swung him bodily off his feet, and in an instant, looking down, he saw the tops of the pine trees far below him, stretching up their mighty arms to meet him. Looking up, he saw the demoniac face of Jackson grinning with devilish malignity above him. Then earth and air and sky melted into one another and glowed like fire, and then he felt himself whirling over and over as he went down, down through space to death.

As the sun went down that night, a man reined up his panting steed under the junipers far out on the

desert, and throwing himself down, breathless and exhausted, on the warm ground, dreamed of two dead, white faces looking up to the darkening sky, where the gaunt coyote sniffed hungrily at the already tainted air, but dared not banquet; dreamed that he lived over that horrible struggle and fled again from the scene where he was to have won wealth before sundown.

JEAN CLINE.

MALAD VALLEY, IDAHO.

IN the extreme southeastern portion of Idaho lies the county of Oneida, having an immense area and a population of ten thousand souls, about one-half of whom live in Malad valley, some sixty miles long and ten wide, lying between two ranges of mountains, and being, practically, a northern extension of Salt Lake valley. The southern end of the valley extends into Box Elder county, Utah. Malad river runs through the valley, having numerous tributaries, offering ample opportunity for irrigating all land requiring that method of treatment. The soil is a sandy loam, rich in lime and phosphates, and produces abundant crops of cereals, and has also shown its special adaptability to fruit. The adjacent mountain ridges and small valleys for twenty miles on either hand are covered with bunch grass, affording a splendid summer range for cattle, and stock growing is a leading business. Wheat, oats, potatoes and hay are the leading crops, though barley, rye, millet and corn do well, and vegetables of all kinds yield prolifically. Apples, peaches, pears, plums, and other fruits, as well as berries, do well, and the home market is well supplied with them.

The winters are generally open and mild, and the thermometer seldom registers a temperature as low as zero. The snow fall is not great, and cattle range out in the mountains the entire season, subsisting on rich bunch grass. In summer the atmosphere is tempered by cool mountain breezes, making a climate both pleasant and healthful. Malad City is the chief settlement, having a population approximating fifteen hundred, the second being Samaria, with a little more than half that number. Malad City lies on Deep creek, on the east side of the main valley, and is the county seat and chief city of Oneida county. It has half a dozen good stores, numerous shops and other adjuncts of a thriving town, including a brewery, two saw and planing mills, two flouring mills, three churches, two public halls, a bank, a fine court house, a public school, two sectarian schools and an excellent newspaper, the *Enterprise*. In the valley there is much desirable government land open to settlement.

NEWBERG AND THE CHEHALEM VALLEY.

THE most prosperous and progressive of the small towns of Oregon is Newberg, the business center of the fertile and beautiful Chehalem valley, and there are good reasons why this should be the case. It lies in the midst of an agricultural, fruit and dairy region unsurpassed in the west, and has an organization of citizens zealously and intelligently engaged in the work of making its advantages known and inducing settlement and the investment of capital. Under the new management of the Chehalem Valley Board of Immigration, a great many industrious people have been supplied with homes in and near the town, and a great work of improvement has been going on.

Chehalem valley is preëminently adapted to the culture of fruit, and is destined to be the most famous fruit region in the Willamette valley, of which it is a part. Recognizing this fact, the board has purchased much desirable land within a radius of three miles of the town, and has divided it into small tracts of ten acres each, which are held for sale at extremely low prices, which enable orchardists to have a home in town, enjoying all the social, religious and educational advantages there offered, while being in easy communication with their orchards. Private parties are also pursuing the same wise and liberal course, and it is beyond question that nowhere in Oregon can a ten-acre fruit tract and a town lot be purchased on such favorable terms as at Newberg. When it is considered that these lots are unsurpassed in fertility, that the climatic conditions of the valley are such that fruit superior to that of most any other section of the state is produced, and that Newberg is but twenty-five miles from Portland, the great distributing market, with which it is connected by the Portland & Willamette Valley railroad, and by the regular line of steamers on the Willamette river, which land within a mile of the town, it must be recognized that the intending fruit grower, on either a large or small scale, will find there an unrivaled opportunity.

During the past six months forty-five pieces of farm property have been sold in the immediate vicinity of the town, thirty of them ranging from five to forty acres in area, and nearly all of them to newcomers, many of whom have begun an energetic improvement of their property, with the intention of bringing it into a productive condition as speedily as possible. Three large gangs of men are at work clearing land, and a large body of land will soon be ready for planting.

During the same six months, two hundred and ten unimproved lots were sold, and many of the purchasers have already begun the erection of dwellings up-

on them, or contemplate such action in the near future. These sales represent more than half a hundred purchasers. Several pieces of improved town property were also sold. Though but five years of age, Newberg has become a town of considerable commercial importance, and the rate of progress now being made will enable it to pass some of its older competitors in a very few years. It is the headquarters in Oregon for that proverbially thrifty and industrious sect, the Quakers. The Friends' Pacific Academy, a most excellent educational institution, is maintained there, managed by trustees of the Quaker faith, and possessing large and well equipped school buildings. The public school is an admirable one, and good schools are also maintained at six other points in the valley, so that wherever the settler may locate, he will find the door of the public school standing hospitably open.

Newberg presents an enlivening and "brand new" appearance at the present time, owing to the great amount of work being done or just completed in the erection of new buildings. The large increase in population the past few months has forced the erection of many temporary structures for habitations, which will be replaced with larger and permanent ones when the proper building season opens in the spring. Wherever the eye turns it rests on a score of new buildings, mute evidences of the prosperity and growth of the town, while the sound of the saw and hammer tells to the ear the same gratifying news. Fifty-two new structures have been erected during the past six months, thirty-seven of them in the town proper and fifteen in the town adjacent to the depot. This fall, however, the work has been chiefly of a preparatory nature, so far as building improvements are concerned, but early in the spring building will be taken up in earnest. Among the new structures that will then be erected, are a large hotel, a brick bank building, a brick business block, and a fruit cannery. A fine road which is now being made to the steamer landing will then be graveled and rendered a first-class highway. Sidewalks will be laid, and much work of improvement on the streets will be done.

Not only do the people of Newberg expect to sell choice locations for orchards, but they propose to furnish a home market for the fruit raised. Two fruit dryers, with a daily capacity of eighty and one hundred bushels of prunes, were in operation this year, one of which will be increased to two hundred bushels capacity next season. The proprietors are making special arrangements to put their product on the eastern market in an advantageous manner. Orchardists can sell their crop to the dryers, or can have it dried on shares, if they prefer to handle the product for market. Further than this, the citizens have sub-

scribed stock for a large fruit cannery, and are now corresponding with experienced cannery men with the view of selecting a proper manager for the enterprise. Here is a most desirable opening for the right man, and the board of immigration would be pleased to hear from any person seeking such a position, especially if he has sufficient faith in his capability to make a success of the enterprise to invest some money in it in connection with the citizens. The fruit is here in abundance and of superior quality, and the markets of the northwest are supplied with canned goods from other sections, therefore it would seem that proper management is all that is necessary to make a canning enterprise successful. For the shipment of fresh fruit, both the railroad and river will be open to every grower, who can take advantage of the local market in Portland, or can sell there to shippers for the eastern markets.

Among the improvements of the year, the founding of a live weekly newspaper is one of the most important, reflecting, as it does, the enterprise and vitality of the town. The *Graphic*, published by Hiatt & Hobson, issued its initial number the first week in December, and at once demonstrated its right to be classed in the first rank of the rural press of Oregon. It will be of great assistance in the work of making the town and valley well and favorably known abroad. No one who selects Newberg for a home will ever have occasion to complain of the stagnation of the place or the lack of enterprise, public spirit and neighborly kindness of the people, who are so hospitably opening their doors to receive every one seeking such a pleasant and desirable home.

COAL IN LINN COUNTY, OREGON.

IT is reasonable to suppose that the extensive coal measures found on the slopes of the Cascade mountains in Washington also extend south of the Columbia river, notwithstanding the fact that no coal is mined there. In fact, the existence of this most valuable substance in Oregon has been ascertained in a number of localities, but none of the various veins discovered have been developed by practical working. Enough, however, has been ascertained from these discoveries to indicate a wide diffusion of coal in Oregon, from the Columbia river as far south as the Calipooia mountains, and to suggest that coal will be one of the most important of the economic features in the development of manufacturing industries in Oregon. With iron in great quantities, with marble and other limestone in abundance, with hard and soft timber literally covering the face of the country, and with water power practically unlimited, it would seem as

though the existence of coal was the only thing necessary to fill all our manufacturing requirements. Taken in connection with the previous discoveries of coal in Clatsop, Columbia, Clackamas and Umatilla counties, a more recent discovery in Linn county is of great importance, the more so that an effort is being made to turn the discovery to practical use. These discoveries cover a considerable area of country, suggesting the extent and value of the measures when fully developed. Some eight miles from the town of Lebanon, William H. Watkins, formerly chief of police of Portland, is engaged in prospecting his locations by the sinking of five shafts. In one of these, at a depth of one hundred and forty feet, a fine vein of lignite, sixteen feet wide, was encountered. At another point a vein six and one-half feet wide was found. As depth is attained in the shaft the coal improves in quality, being drier and firmer than that nearer the surface. On the other side of mountain from the locations of Mr. Watkins, other coal seams have been found, and two and one-half sections of land have been located by various parties. Also at a point on Santiam river, some eighteen miles farther east, a number of locations have been made. Appearances indicate that there is a wide diffusion of coal in that portion of Linn county, and much interest is felt by the citizens, many of whom are engaged in prospecting, while others are investing time and money in developing discoveries already made.

An enterprise is on foot to make the working of the mines in which Mr. Watkins is interested practical by the extension of the narrow gauge railroad to them from Lebanon. No bridging will be required, and the grading will be very light, so that the line can be quickly and cheaply constructed. If the Oregonian Company does not do this, the parties interested in the mines will do the work, unless the Southern Pacific will extend the branch line now running from Albany to Lebanon. Either one of these might be done, and if the mines develop as they now give promise of doing, both lines will probably be extended to them, as both companies will be eager to get the business they will have to offer.

Albany, the chief business and manufacturing point of that section of the Willamette valley, will derive great benefit from the development of these mines in the country tributary to it. It already has large manufacturing interests, founded on its water power and transportation facilities, and the mining of coal in the immediate vicinity of the city will have an undoubted effect upon its industries. Possessing two lines of railway, one a trunk line from Portland to San Francisco, and the other a road from the sea port of Yaquina bay leading eastward and being rapidly extended across the state to a connection which will

render it a transcontinental route, Albany has shipping facilities unequaled by any interior city in Oregon. A railroad is projected to the valley from Astoria, and the Astoria & South Coast Railroad Co. is already clearing the right of way for the track some distance down the coast from that city. A terminal point in the valley is not yet selected, but Albany is favorably considered, because at that city the road would connect with both the Southern Pacific and the Oregon Pacific, giving it the choice of two routes to the east. Albany is the only city in the valley that can offer these advantages, and they are of much importance to a city like Astoria, seeking to make full use of its location as a sea port for both foreign and domestic commerce. Even now, prices realized by producers are higher at Albany than at any other point in the valley, and with a road to Astoria this ascendancy would be easily maintained. Under these favorable conditions the city is thriving and growing apace.

McMINNVILLE'S NEW COURT HOUSE.

AMONG the improvements made the past year at the seat of justice of Yamhill county is a large and ornamental court house, which cost \$45,000.00 to construct. It stands on a block of land donated for the purpose by Hiram Tucker, and was erected because of the removal of the county seat from Lafayette to McMinnville. It is a solid brick structure, and the ground plan has the general form of a Maltese cross, the ends corresponding with the four cardinal points of the compass. The jail is in the north wing of the basement, and consists of a set of Pauly steel cells enclosed in a corridor; also two steel cells for female prisoners. On the first floor are the offices of the clerk, recorder, etc., all well lighted and commodious and supplied with large iron vaults. Four stairways lead to the court room on the upper floor, which is a large and cheerful apartment, well lighted from above. The tower is reached by easy flights of stairs, and attains an altitude of one hundred feet from the ground. From it is obtained a splendid view of the surrounding country, the great, fertile valley, the rivers, forests, hills, mountains and snow-crowned peaks uniting in a panorama of striking grandeur and beauty.

Many other improvements of a permanent nature have been made in the metropolis of Yamhill during the year, and the fires which destroyed so much property during the earlier portion of the year have but served to show what a reserve of force and energy the citizens possess, and upon what permanent foundations the city's prosperity rests.

FOREST GROVE, OREGON.

ONE of the prettiest and most pleasing towns in the entire northwest is Forest Grove, on the west side branch of the Southern Pacific's Oregon lines, distant twenty-six miles from Portland. Here is located the Pacific University, an educational institution of high rank, conducted under the auspices of the Congregational denomination, though entirely unsectarian in its curriculum. As a business point, the town has considerable prominence, and it was years ago selected by the Oregon & California for the junction with the main line of a branch road to Astoria when the company should decide to construct such a line. It has many neat and tasteful residences, and is generally spoken of by travelers as the most attractive residence town in Oregon. Last summer coal of excellent quality was discovered in the mountains to the westward, in a region through which a line from Forest Grove to Astoria would run. Such a road would also traverse one of the finest timber belts on the Pacific coast, and would give the Willamette valley an outlet to a shipping port at the very entrance of the Columbia river. Aside from anything of this nature, Forest Grove has, in the resources of the tributary country, elements which are making it a prosperous and growing town.

COUNTY SEAT OF WASHINGTON COUNTY, OR.

HILLSBORO is distant from Portland about twenty-one miles, and is the nearest town of prominence to the metropolis on the same side of the river. The west side line of the Southern Pacific, formerly known as the Oregon & California, passes directly through the town and gives it easy, cheap and frequent communication with Portland's stores and markets. Here is located the seat of justice of Washington county, the court house being a commodious two-story structure. Here, also, is located a large flouring mill, which adds much to the business of the town. The surrounding country is a rich agricultural section, with extensive timber resources, and well adapted to that mixture of grain, fruit, vegetable, poultry, stock and dairy farming that is so profitable at such a convenient distance from so large a market as Portland offers. It is a lamentable fact that older residents, who imbibed their ideas under conditions radically different from those which obtain to-day, do not recognize these advantages of location, nor improve their opportunities, nearly so quickly and fully as do the more recent arrivals. It is a fact, however, that the country surrounding Hillsboro offers inducements that are to be found in few other portions of the northwest.

Thoughts and Facts for Women.

BY ADDIE DICKMAN MILLER.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE W. C. T. U.

This society, which represents the organized motherhood of our nation, is ever an increasing wonder. The world declared that woman's sphere was the home, and for ages kept her within the confining walls of a house. So long as her loved ones were safe when they left her prescribed "sphere," she labored on, content in the happiness of her family. But, alas! institutions which she had no hand in planting in that all-outside-the-house sphere, and of which she was supposed to have no knowledge whatever, were a set snare and digged ditch for the unwary feet of her children. It has been increased devotion to her family which has caused her to beat against the mortared brick of her house, until, aroused unto consciousness of herself and her capabilities, she has gone forth, without the house, indeed, but not without the home, for wherever she takes up her abode, there we find the elements of the home. She decrees to conquer, not by going out of her "sphere," but by enlarging it. This enlarged work of woman is represented by the forty different departments of this enthusiastic and growing organization. The annual meeting was held in the Metropolitan opera house, of New York City, which, with its large capacity, was filled to overflowing. The address of Miss Frances E. Willard, whose peer it would be difficult to find as a presiding officer, was of unusual length and interest, and treated of nearly every question within the circumference of needed reform, from the doll question to national arbitration. At the head of each department is a superintendent, who has given to her charge the oversight and development of that branch of the work. The reports which came in from these superintendents were such as to incite animated discussions, but in all there prevailed a spirit of harmony and good will. The membership of the society is two hundred thousand strong. The national organ, the *Union Signal*, has a subscription list of sixty thousand. Perhaps the greatest immediate undertaking is that of the Temperance Temple, the thought and charge of Mrs. Matilda Corse, president of the Chicago union. It is to be located at Chicago, built at a cost of \$800,000.00, and to be used as national headquarters. The convention was in every way a success. The following comment was found in an eastern paper: "These women surpass every speaker we ever heard. Not mere talkers are they, but lecturers of tremendous power, able to move vast audiences. Their logic—yes, logic, and they women—is over-mastering, their eloquence is time-annihilating, and their presence inspiring. We are commonly given to talking of the moral power of great bodies of men. The moral power of this convention impresses itself upon every beholder. Even an old reporter on the city press, sitting by us at the reporters' table leaned over to say, 'In all my life, I have never witnessed so grand and impressive a convention. I have often read of these women and their union, but I did not realize, until now, a fraction of their greatness.'"

DAILY FARE.

It is a certain fact, and one well known among physicians, that the food daily consumed by a family is a more direct cause

than any other of the diseases of that family. There are in nearly every community some households that escape infectious diseases, who scarcely ever, for any cause, incur a doctor's bill, that hardest of all expenses for the family purse to meet, and are blooming with rosy cheeks and clear complexions, while they abound in noble thoughts and good deeds. If there be watching with the sick, or extra work of any kind to be done in the neighborhood, such families are volunteers for service, for have they not an abundance and to spare? She who presides over the dining table can tell you their secret, one that is as free as the air we breathe. But some people there are who refuse to take fresh air and such and their cast will likewise turn a deaf ear to the secrets of true living. And how many there are who live to eat, spending their time which is not literally spent in satisfying their palate's cravings, in thinking and planning about something that will satisfy them. Women make of themselves automaton for the manufacture of choice pastries, which, once past the lips, overtax some of the organs of the body that can endure only so much, preparing the system for the reception of disease germs. There is nothing more needed by housewives than a thorough course in hygienic cooking, and sooner or later they must come to it if they wish to avoid infections. If it is well to reduce what knowledge we have of hygiene—aptly called the religion of the body—to practical use when diphtheria, scarlet fever or small pox are ravaging the households next door, why is it not well for the best being at all times? The kind of labor of the adults of the family, and the age of the children, should also be subjects of study in arranging the daily menus for the family. It is carefully estimated that three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of physical exertion. Phosphorus is the great essential to brain work, and must be supplied in proportion to the amount of labor performed. This is found in the bran of the various grains; in using the bolted flour it is rejected. Fish is also one of the best of brain foods. Muscle-forming elements are found in the greatest quantity in the rejected part of grains. Beans and peas are, with many, substitutes for meats; they are considered less stimulating and more nutritious. Every one admits that grains and milk, with a proper amount of fruit, is best for children. Yet great care should be exercised in the preparation of these that they be well cooked, for if underdone they are harsh and violent. Let housewives make the daily fare the "ounce of prevention" and they will not often need the "pound of cure."

GLEANINGS FROM THE N. W. C. T. U. CONVENTION.

Miss Willard: From this time on, the world will have in it no active organic force so strong for its uplifting as its organized mother hearts. You will notice the breadth of my generalization. I do not say all mothers, because all women who are technically mothers are not mother-hearted, while many a woman is so from whom the cross-currents of the world have withheld her holiest crown. White light includes all the prismatic colors, so the white ribbon stands for all phases of re-

form, and there is no phase which the drink has not rendered necessary. The total study of the white ribbon army is wholesomeness, which means health, which means holiness in heart and life, in soul and body, in church and state. The time will come when the gates of gospel grace shall stand open night and day, while woman's heavenly ministries shall find their central home within God's house, the natural shrine of human brotherhood in action, as well as human brotherhood in theory.

Miss Bushnell: When I consider the wondrous gifts God has bestowed upon humanity in this divine prerogative of parentage, I am overwhelmed at his great condescension in sharing his infinite powers with his infinite teachings, and overwhelmed with shame and sorrow when I see them degrading and debasing this most precious gift. Fatherhood and motherhood enables us to understand that God gives us our greatest influence over the weal or woe of important souls, brings us nearest to the heart of the Great All-Father. Oh, sacred mystery of motherhood! In hours of solitude and silence to work with God in fashioning an immortal soul. Should not a woman feel that, indeed, the power of the highest overshadows her and that she is favored? If motherhood were so received, would not the children be born with upward tendencies strong and pure? But what can we expect when women choose, as fathers for their children, men of immoral habits, loose in conversation, tricky, dishonest and corrupt? When women hold in their hearts thoughts of murder and hatred against the little life, when in the hearts of both parents all evil passions are let loose to make their indelible impress on the future lives. Do not condone faults in men that you would not forgive in women. Do not choose the reformed libertine for the father of your children, lest your sons and daughters, by repeating his vices, shall break your mother heart. None but a mother's heart can know how a mother's heart can ache, and a deflection from virtue in your son or daughter will be the keenest agony that can come to you.

THINGS THAT BE.

Did you ever see a foolish mother slaving her life away over the wash-board, that her daughters might so dress and appear that they might make a brilliant alliance? Have you ever known that mother's strength to fail and the daughters to be thrown on their own resources, when the last end of those daughters was worse than the first? Have you ever known fathers to spend their entire income to support their families in luxury and leisure, hoping to tide them over into more permanent conditions of ease, when they shall have settled for life within the financial fold of some other family? Have you ever known his plans to fail? Then have you seen the members of the household struggle in the current of human affairs, until, being overcome in their weakness, they cease and sink. "Vanity of Vanities." Every child has the right to be taught, at least, some one thing well, by which he or she may earn a living; and what a foolish, not to say wicked, practice of some parents it is that causes them to rob their children in this way. The child, whether boy or girl, of the mechanic, and the child, whether boy or girl, of a Vanderbilt, should both learn not only the fundamental principles of business, but should also thoroughly learn what belongs to one department, at least, of the great bread earning portion of human activities, then there need be no bartering of womanhood and manhood for wealth, and marriage need not be debased into a transaction.

SOUND DOCTRINE.

The following from Hon. W. S. Gladstone is applicable everywhere: "It is not worthy of the working men of England

to put in the way of women, or of boys, or of anybody, barriers and hindrances to their attaining excellence. They need not be afraid of being supplanted. Let them rely upon their own powers, upon fair play, and a clear stage and no favors. It is an inexpressible pleasure to me to think that not only in the potteries, but in other parts of the country, these narrowing restrictions, which tend to put the female laborer of the country under limitations unfavorable to persons who, after all, in the long run, will have great disadvantages in competing with the men, are disappearing. The laboring men of England are getting above it. They are getting to a higher level, and I am quite sure that upon that higher level they will not only have seen that they have done justice to others, but they will find it by far the best for themselves, because no injustice can ever prosper.

A FIVE-CENT INVESTMENT.

Of late the press has been commenting upon the shrewd business tact of Miss Rosa Wiss, a young girl of Meridian, Miss., who being the recipient of a five-cent piece, given to her in jest as a birthday present, determined to see what she could do with it. It was exchanged for a yard of calico, which she made up into a sun bonnet and sold for forty cents. This she invested in more calico, made up and sold, re-investing until she had the sum of ten dollars. Changing her mode of investment she bought potatoes, planted them, paid for the culture of her crop and cleared forty dollars. We have no further account of her business transactions but she certainly demonstrated what may be accomplished when a very little tact and energy are combined.

BRIEF NOTES.

Mrs. Alice Shaw, the famous whistler, intends organizing whistling classes for ladies. Whistling, as a fine art, bids fair to become as popular as it has hitherto been unpopular. Now young ladies, instead of practicing the alliteration "papa, prunes and pudding," to assist their lips in assuming the right cast, can attend the whistling class. After all, is it not the veriest nonsense to forbid a lady the pleasure of whistling a tune with her lips, when to sing the same with her throat is considered one of her happiest accomplishments?

The robber known as the "Lone Highwayman," of Texas, who has been plundering stage-coaches, robbing their mail pouches and passengers for the past two years, and escaped capture, has at last met his match in a hand to hand combat with Mrs. Lizzie Hay, who lives on a ranch. He entered her house, and she, in defending it, gave him a mortal wound.

Princess Eugenie, of Sweden, sacrificed her family jewels to build a hospital on an island off the coast, where poor cripples might be nursed and healed. Her brother, the king, thought her a crank, in English parlance, for selling all the crown jewels which fell to her lot, but that makes no difference with the grand result coming from her benefaction.

Miss Florence Nightingale, who is now nearly sixty-nine years old, is a confirmed invalid in St. Thomas hospital, London. Her invalidism is the result of injuries received during services in the Crimean war.

This government granted one hundred patents to women last year.

Northwestern News and Information.

SOME OF THE EVIDENCES.—A number of the prominent business men of Portland have sent us the following statements of opinion as to the work THE WEST SHORE is doing in the east, and their appreciation of its efforts and success in making known the industries and resources of the Pacific northwest to the thousands who are seeking just such reliable information as its columns convey in so attractive a form :

Mr. James P. Shaw, Ex-Manager of the Cleveland Paint Company, says :

I have traveled quite extensively through the eastern states the past few months, and from my observations I am convinced that THE WEST SHORE is doing better work for the northwest in that region than any other publication.

Mr. F. C. Smith, General Superintendent of the Oregon Iron & Steel Company, says :

When I was in Chicago recently, I was much pleased by being presented with a copy of THE WEST SHORE, and I was gratified to learn that our excellent magazine is being circulated and read very extensively in that region. It is certainly doing a great work for our city and state.

Mr. Eugene D. White, the well known real estate agent, says :

My experience as an advertiser in THE WEST SHORE magazine is that it reaches a greater number of the better class of people than any other northwestern publication, and I deem it by all means the best advertising medium we have. The work it is doing for Oregon produces greater results than any other method now used for advertising the state.

Mr. Edward Hughes, Manager of Russell & Co's. Machinery Depot, says :

When I was in St. Paul I visited THE WEST SHORE office, where I found a very creditable exhibit of Oregon products, in charge of an intelligent and energetic man, who is doing faithful and effective work. In my opinion, THE WEST SHORE plan of advertising will do more good in the east than any other system.

Mr. A. E. Borthwick, a prominent dealer in real estate, says :

In my recent trip east I found THE WEST SHORE thoroughly distributed in St. Paul and other cities that I visited. At the G. A. R. reunion, at Columbus, immense quantities of Oregon literature were distributed, and while the ground was strewn with folders, pamphlets and papers which had been thrown away, I saw no WEST SHORES that had thus been cast aside. I consider this magazine the best medium we have for advertising the state.

Mr. E. M. Atkinson, room 13, Mulkey Block, Portland, Oregon, says :

A long residence in New York proved to me that THE WEST SHORE is a grand publication with which to advertise this country. People seemed to regard the loan or gift of a number, new or old, as a special favor. In no other way than by pictures can the attention of every class of people be arrested. Recently at the St. Paul office, in the Merchant's hotel, the number illustrating Portland residences was given me, and on my way west over the Canadian Pacific it was borrowed frequently. A resident of Calgary finally secured the number, as he showed much interest in the city. There is no better means of turning inquiry toward Portland, or any place, than by distributing this magazine. Each issue is filled with the latest railroad and mining news, put in a small compass. Mr. Samuel has done a service for the Pacific northwest which should be appreciated to an extent, at least, of at once doubling his list of subscribers.

COLONIZATION OF NORTHERN MONTANA.—At St. Paul the Agricultural Press Association has been incorporated, with a stock of \$150,000.00, for the purpose of colonizing lands, chiefly in Northern Montana, on the great area of the Blackfoot reservation, recently thrown open to occupation. The incorporators represent the following papers: *New England Farmer*, of Boston; *Farm Journal*, of Philadelphia; *Ohio Farmer*, of Cleve-

land; *Indiana Farmer*, of Indianapolis; *Rural World*, of Chicago; *Orange Judd Farmer*, of Chicago; *Western Farmer*, of Madison, Wis.; *Farm, Stock and Home*, of Minneapolis. A bill has been introduced in the senate, by Senator Plumb, granting this company a section of land for a town site, located on the line of the Manitoba road, two hundred miles west of the Dakota line. It also provides for a land office for that region, and that settlers may purchase a quarter section of land at \$1.25 an acre after residing on it one year. If the bill passes the journals named will advertise the scheme extensively, and it is expected that ten thousand people will be thus induced to locate on these lands within a year. The soil is rich, is ready for the plow as soon as settled upon, and the climate is far less severe than in Dakota. Of the reservation lands, the *River Press* says: "The possibilities of the soil in this portion of Montana have not yet been measured. It is prolific in the extreme, and will raise most excellent crops of cereals without irrigation. An experienced miller from the Red river valley, in Dakota, recently visited Benton, and stated that he never saw finer Scotch Fife wheat in any country than was raised in the vicinity of this city. And the wheat he saw was raised in fields guiltless of an irrigating ditch. The soil here is a rich loam, resting upon a clay subsoil and holds moisture when the lands of Central and Western Montana are as dry as a scorching sun can make them. Splendid crops of grain are raised on what is called "adobe" land, and raised without artificial moisture. The assertion may not be credited, but we make it, nevertheless, that within the next ten years more wheat will be raised upon the eighteen million acres of reservation lands recently thrown open to settlement than is now, or will be, raised upon an equal area in any country in the world. And this grain will be raised without irrigation. One matter is susceptible of proof, and that is that Benton can show a better quality of Scotch Fife wheat raised in this vicinity, without irrigation, than any valley in the territory can show where grain is irrigated."

SEATTLE RAILROADS.—The Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern railroad has changed its route across the Cascades from the Snoqualmie pass to Cady pass, some miles north of the route formerly adopted. The Snoqualmie line will not be extended beyond the iron mines, to reach which was the chief object in adopting that route. As stated by D. H. Gilman, vice president, the new line turns off from the Snohomish route a few miles north of Windsor, crosses the Skykomish river and goes in a generally easterly direction to the Cady pass, and then follows the course of the Wenatchee down to the Columbia. Crossing the river at the town of Wenatchee, the course is north to Waterville, and thence east across the Grand Coulee at Alkali lake, and from that point on without any divergence to Wheatdale, near Davenport. Next season the company will build up to the base of the Cascade mountains, both from the east and the west. It will construct from Wheatdale to the Columbia, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, and possibly thirty miles up the Wenatchee before the season of 1889 ends, and in 1890 the entire route from Seattle to Spokane will be completed and in operation in time to carry to Seattle the wheat yield of that season. No great engineering difficulties will be encountered in the Cady pass, though several tun-

nels will be necessary, one of them two thousand five hundred feet in length. It is considered a far better route than the one first selected. Associated with this line is the one to the northern boundary, being constructed by the Seattle & West Coast Railroad Company. This line is already built to a point six miles north of Snohomish, and the remaining eighty-five miles will be completed next season. The Canadian Pacific has agreed to construct a branch from Mission, forty-two miles east of Vancouver, to meet this road at the boundary line, a distance of fifteen miles. It will bridge Fraser river for this purpose. The Seattle road will build iron bridges across the Snohomish, Steilaguamish and Skagit rivers and a wooden bridge over the Nooksack.

GOVERNMENT LAND STATISTICS.—According to the report of the commissioner of the land office at Washington, nine million six hundred and five thousand one hundred and ninety-four acres of land have been conveyed from the government to the people during the last fiscal year. This has called for forty-seven thousand one hundred and fifty patents. Of these, Dakota received the largest number, sixteen thousand six hundred and eighty-four, and Kansas the next, eight thousand seven hundred and forty-four. This statement does not include mineral patents, of which one thousand and thirty-four were issued. Lands were certified to the several states under swamp grants to the amount of ninety-six thousand five hundred and fifteen acres, under school selections to the amount of eighty-nine thousand two hundred and five acres. On July 1st there were pending and unpatented two hundred and thirty-eight thousand one hundred and fifty-six final entries and three hundred and fifty thousand nine hundred and fifty-three original entries awaiting final proof. The number of original entries made during the year was seventy-three thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, and final proof was made on seventy thousand four hundred and sixty-eight. At the rate of one hundred and sixty acres to each entry, the new filings for the year cover nearly nine million acres. Railroad selections aggregating twenty-five million four hundred and twenty-nine thousand eight hundred and sixty-six acres, swamp selections to the amount of seven hundred and eighty-one thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven acres, and educational and internal improvements selections aggregating one million eight hundred and fifty thousand acres are also pending. It would seem from this that the public lands are going at a rapid rate, and that within a very few years a desirable location upon government land will be hard to find.

THE FLORENCE CANAL.—One of the most important irrigating enterprises in the northwest is the Florence canal, in the Sun river country, near the northern boundary of Lewis and Clarke county, Montana. The Florence canal takes its source from the south fork of Sun river, about five miles above Augusta, and extends in an easterly direction to a point near Sims creek, and is about fifteen miles in length. About four years ago a company was formed in Helena, called the Florence Canal Company, and construction commenced on a large scale, but owing to dissensions arising among the stockholders, the company fell into financial embarrassment. Long and aggravating lawsuits followed, and work was discontinued until last June, at which time all franchises and property of the old company were purchased by Walter N. Granger, Albert Kleinschmidt and J. D. McIntyre, of Helena, and soon thereafter deeded to a new company, called the Florence Canal and Reservoir Company. Contracts were at once let and the work commenced, and the canal is now completed and ready to furnish

water for the irrigation of crops next season. The canal is twenty feet wide at the bottom, forty-three feet wide at the top, and has a capacity of twenty thousand miner's inches of water. A large reservoir, formed by a natural basin about one mile in diameter, has also been constructed, and this is to be used as a storage reservoir. The quantity of land covered by these works is almost unlimited, and much of it is still open to homestead or pre-emption at \$1.25 per acre. The cheap excursion rates established by the Manitoba railroad are turning the tide of immigration into that portion of Montana, and many settlers are finding homes on government land.

THE ALASKA BOUNDARY.—Congress, at its last session, appropriated \$100,000.00 as the amount to be expended to determine the boundary line between the territory of Alaska and Canada. Messrs. McGrath and Turner, of the U. S. coast survey, are now in San Francisco engaged on the preparatory work of the survey. These two gentlemen will work on the Porcupine river, a branch of the great Yukon, and determine the one hundred and forty-first degree, the meridian along which the boundary line passes. It is possible that some work will be inaugurated north of the Porcupine river, in order to determine the nature of the country, its features and resources. Messrs. McGrath and Turner will go to Alaska in May next, and expect to be engaged for two seasons in the far north. Other parties will work north from Southeastern Alaska to the Yukon, and it is expected that in 1890 the commissioners of both the United States and Canada will be able to definitely mark the territorial rights of their countries.

GALLATIN CANAL.—Work on this important enterprise is progressing rapidly. It will cost \$75,000.00 to complete the ditch, which heads in West Gallatin river, and covers the greater portion of Gallatin valley, the largest and most fertile valley in the Rocky mountains. It will be twenty-five miles long, and will have an average width of twenty feet and depth of three feet, the capacity being eight thousand miner's inches of water. Sufficient water has been located for a ditch of three times this capacity, and appearances indicate that it will all be needed soon and the enlargement of the canal rendered necessary. The water rent will be \$1.00 per acre, half an inch being apportioned to each acre of land irrigated. The canal will bring under cultivation a large body of land which is now untilled and unimproved. To Bozeman, one of the best towns in Montana, this enterprise will be of permanent and increasing value, leading to a large increase in population and business.

SALMON CANNING IN ALASKA.—Later reports of operations in Alaska this season place the total salmon pack at four hundred thousand cases, exceeding even the pack of the Columbia river, and raising the total for the Pacific coast to one million two hundred thousand. Seventeen canneries were at work this season, and more will be built next year. One-half the pack was put up at Karluk, which is the Astoria of Alaska. All the streams now fished abound in salmon, and numerous others that are as yet untouched. There is no interruption to fishing during the salmon season, and all the conditions are favorable for a large pack every season. The quality of the fish is good, being similar to that of the Columbia river, though a trifle less oily. It would seem that Alaska is destined to take the lead in the salmon canning industry.

SMELTER AT SEATTLE.—An immense smelting and ore reduction enterprise has been set on foot at Seattle, by capitalists of

that city, San Francisco and Chicago. The sum of \$350,000.00 will be invested in the plant, which will consist of four water-jacket furnaces of forty tons capacity, two corliss engines giving fifteen hundred horse power, and eight buildings for various uses, with all accessory machinery and facilities for reducing gold, silver, lead, zinc, platinum, and other ores. The works will give employment to eight hundred men, and can be doubled in capacity by doubling the number of furnaces. The site has been purchased, the full plans have been prepared at a cost of \$8,000.00, and arrangements for transportation of ore from Cœur d'Alene and Okanogan have been made. Much ore from Alaska is expected as well.

NORTHWESTERN LINE.—Of the numerous railroads of the country, none stands so high in popular favor as the famous Northwestern line. Especially between St. Paul and Omaha and Chicago is the service of this company unequaled by any rival route. It was the first to introduce vestibuled trains, and has always taken the lead in adopting any improvement looking to the saving of time and the comfort and safety of its passengers. Tourists, who have an opportunity to compare the service of the different roads, are enthusiastic in their praise of the Northwestern. The latest novelty is an elegant menu card, of novel and artistic design, which is but one feature of its excellent dining service. It is certainly a pleasure to travel on the Northwestern. W. H. Mead represents the company in Portland.

SEATTLE RAILROAD FACILITIES.—Arrangements have been made for the extension of the Columbia & Puget Sound narrow gauge line to a junction with the main line of the Northern Pacific at what is known as the "Common Point," or Green river; also for widening it to a standard gauge. The "Common Point" is about thirty miles from Seattle, being some fifteen miles less than to the nearest other harbor on the sound, thus placing Seattle nearer to the grain fields of Eastern Washington than any other harbor. By the construction of this road, long demanded by the business interests of the city, Seattle secures full terminal advantages from the Northern Pacific, and from the Union Pacific as well, if traffic arrangements have been concluded between the Northern and Union as has been reported.

ARTISTIC PRINTING.—Portland has the reputation of doing as neat and artistic work in the printing line as any city in the United States, and this reputation has been largely gained because of the superior work turned out by the oldest first-class establishment in the city. This business is now conducted by David Steel, a man well known for years among the business men of this city, the mechanical work being under the direct supervision of George H. Himes, the gentleman who founded the business and built up its great reputation. These gentlemen are prepared to do first-class work at the same prices charged by others for an inferior class, and make a specialty of filling orders received from a distance by mail. Parties desiring good printing should address David Steel, Portland, Oregon.

WICKES TUNNEL ON THE MONTANA CENTRAL.—The great tunnel on the Montana Central at Wickes, on the line between Helena and Butte, which was completed a short time ago, is six thousand one hundred and twelve feet long, of which twelve hundred feet are through granite and the remainder through a fine-grained trap. It is lined throughout with timber, consisting of sill, post, plate, and three arch pieces placed in close

contact or at short intervals according to the nature of the ground. Its actual cost was \$560,000.00, and more than a year was consumed in its construction. This and the Mullan tunnel, on the Northern Pacific, make two great thoroughfares through the Rocky mountains in Montana, besides numerous others of various sizes on every line of railway in the territory.

BLACK COD FISHERIES.—A second cargo of black cod has reached Victoria, by the schooner *Theresa*, from the extensive banks of the Queen Charlotte islands. The cargo consists of thirty thousand pounds of that most desirable fish, which the enterprise of Henry Saunders, of that city, is introducing into the world's markets. Mr. Saunders will provide extensive facilities for salting and packing these fish at the islands in the spring, and will engage in business on a large scale. An important industry will no doubt spring up, possibly excelling the salmon industry, as the great extent and the superior quality of the fish will lead to rapid development. More detailed information about these fisheries was given in the October number of THE WEST SHORE.

RAILROAD FROM BOISE TO REDDING.—A large corps of surveyors in the employ of the Union Pacific have begun the survey of a route from Redding to Boise City, with headquarters at the former place. This is a route spoken of in connection with the extension of the Union Pacific to San Francisco, so as to give it independent entrance to that city. It is supposed that the road has secured control of the North Pacific Coast line running north from the bay to Lake county, California, and that it will be connected with the route now under survey by a line to Redding. The route to Boise will pass through Shasta and Modoc counties, California, and Lake, Grant and Malheur counties, Oregon. Such a road would be of great benefit to Southeastern Oregon.

RAILROAD TO CARIBOO.—One of the greatest needs of British Columbia is a railroad from the Canadian Pacific running north to the mines about Cariboo. The great plateau between the Selkirk and Cascade mountains has an agricultural capacity of almost unlimited extent, but which is almost wholly undeveloped for lack of a market, while the mining regions have to depend upon freight wagons for their supplies, paying from five to seven cents per pound on every article used. Surveys have proved that a good grade can be found, and it would seem as though the British Columbia government could afford a liberal grant of land to secure the construction of such a road. If it is built it will probably be one link in the great line to Alaska and Asia.

CARPETS.—A few months ago H. F. Gullixson opened in the Abington block, on Third Street, the finest carpet salesrooms in Portland, having a large stock of carpets and furnishing goods of all kinds especially selected for the trade of this city, with which Mr. Gullixson became familiar when engaged in the same business here two years ago. As a carpet dealer, he has no superior on the Pacific coast, and his gentlemanly and courteous treatment of customers renders it a pleasure to deal with him. Persons furnishing their homes will find here the newest patterns and a gentleman of experience and artistic tastes to aid them in making their selections.

TACOMA AND VICINITY.—Messrs. Nuhn & Wheeler, of Tacoma, have just issued a beautiful souvenir album entitled "Tacoma and Vicinity," containing twenty-four pages of engrav-

ings in and about the Terminal City. The engravings were executed in the establishment of THE WEST SHORE, and are fine specimens of the lithographic art. Each engraving is printed in several tints of blue, brown or gray, the effect being extremely artistic. The book is neatly bound in cloth, with black and gold embossings. THE WEST SHORE has the only establishment on the Pacific coast capable of executing work of this superior quality and finish.

SEATTLE ELECTRIC ROAD.—The electric street railway of Seattle will be extended from its present terminus on Main street across the harbor to the south shore line, and thence around the curve of the bay to West Seattle. This will require an extension of Commercial street across the mud flats, a distance of two miles, at a cost of \$30,000.00. The completed railway will be six miles in length, and will cost \$50,000.00. Ninety acres of land at the head of the harbor, near the mouth of the Duwamish, have been purchased for \$36,000.00, by Dr. E. C. Kilbourne, representing a syndicate of capitalists, an adjunct of the railway enterprise.

KLAMATH CITY, CAL.—A new town has been laid out on Klamath river, near the crossing of the Southern Pacific, at the point known as Anderson's ferry. It is especially designed as a manufacturing point by the town proprietors, who will build a dam there, the first ever constructed across that rapid stream, and will erect a huge saw mill, wooden-ware factory and other factories. The saw mill will be in operation early in the spring. May Klamath City become the realization of the great things promised by the founders of its unfortunate namesake nearly forty years ago.

HEPPNER REJOICES.—On the 26th of November the citizens of Heppner, Oregon, celebrated the completion to that place of the Willow creek branch of the O. R. & N. Co. In spite of the

fact that it was situated forty-five miles from a railroad, it has exhibited more enterprise and made more progress than many towns enjoying railroad advantages, owing to the great resources of the country tributary to it and to the energy of its citizens. Now that it is brought in easy communication with the outside world, its advancement will no doubt be still more rapid.

STAMPEDE TUNNEL.—The great tunnel on the Northern Pacific through the Cascades at Stampede pass is now lighted by three hundred and sixty-one incandescent electric lights, the current being supplied by a dynamo located at the east end of the tunnel. The system was set at work on the 16th of December, and passengers through that great rocky thoroughfare no longer sit in Egyptian darkness.

SPOKANE CABLE ROAD.—A cable street car line is under construction in Spokane Falls, the second in Washington, or on the Pacific coast north of San Francisco. The enterprising citizens of Spokane have from the first pursued the policy of keeping up with the demands of business, and even ahead of them, and the result is seen in the phenomenal growth of the city.

GALT RAILROAD.—The Galt railroad, projected to connect the Canadian Pacific at Lethbridge with the Manitoba system at Fort Benton, seems now in a fair way to materialize. A surveying party is now in the field, and Donald Grant, the well known contractor, is now examining the route with a view of bidding on the work.

ELLENSBURGH HOTEL.—A brick hotel, three stories in height, with pressed brick front and stone trimmings, will be at once erected in Ellensburg, W. T. The structure will stand on the corner of Pearl and Sixth streets, and will be one hundred by one hundred and twenty feet in size.

WILD WEATHER.

Fly, spray, fly!
 The heavy north-easter blows fierce from the far-off hills;
 The turbulent ocean with tossing it fills,
 And with tramping cloud-armies the terrible sky—
 Fly, spray, fly!

Leap, foam, leap!
 The shattering breaker swirls in with a roar and crash.
 Climb high over gunwale and rigging, and lash
 The gray old sea-castle, all rugged and steep—
 Leap, foam, leap!

Rise, wave, rise!
 Rear up till it topple the ridge of your jagged crest!
 A broken light-glimmer flares out from the west,
 And midst of the tumult the Kittiwake cries—
 Rise, wave, rise!

Scream, wind, scream!
 The sea is your own and the dwellers therein to-day!
 Snap the masts, rend the sails in your wild tiger-play—
 My whole soul goes forth to your summons supreme—
 Scream, wind, scream!

M. C. GILLINGTON.

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THE WEST SHORE.

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.

THE WEST SHORE.

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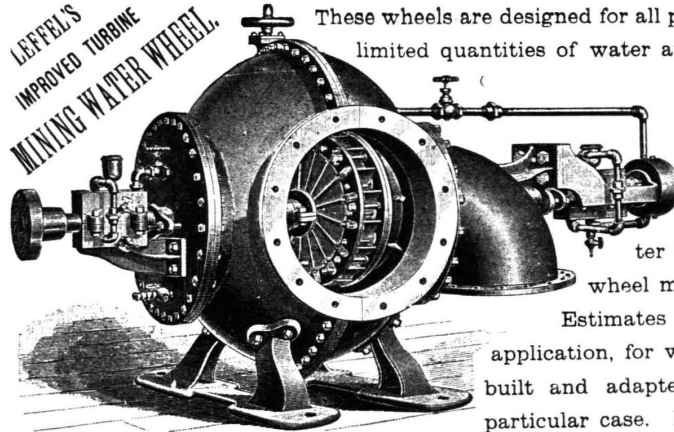
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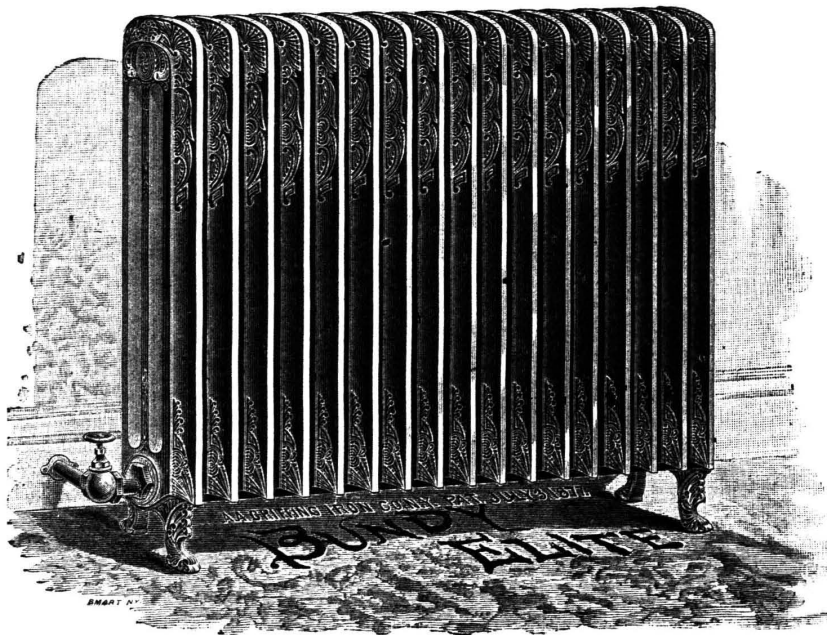
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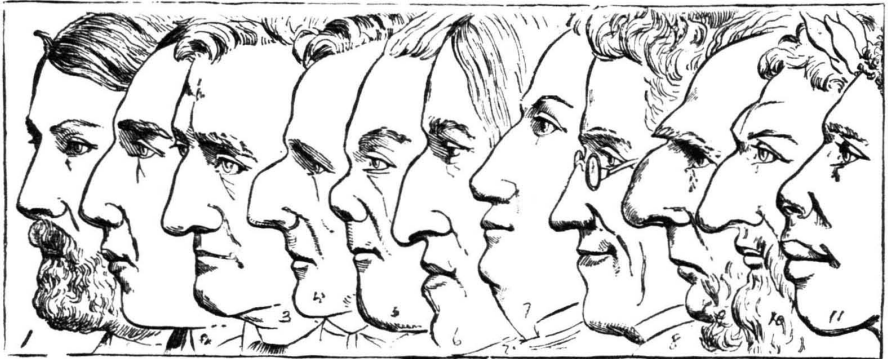
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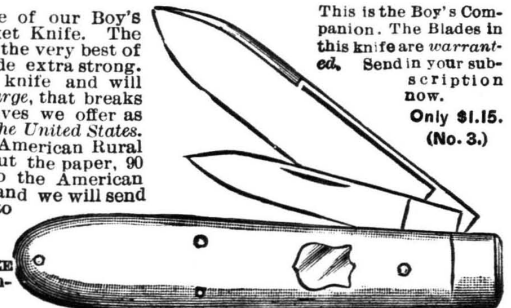
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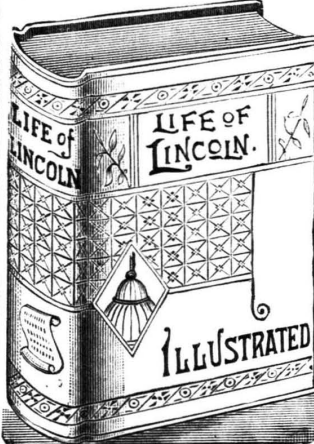
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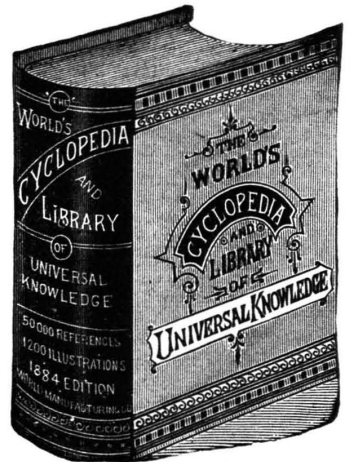
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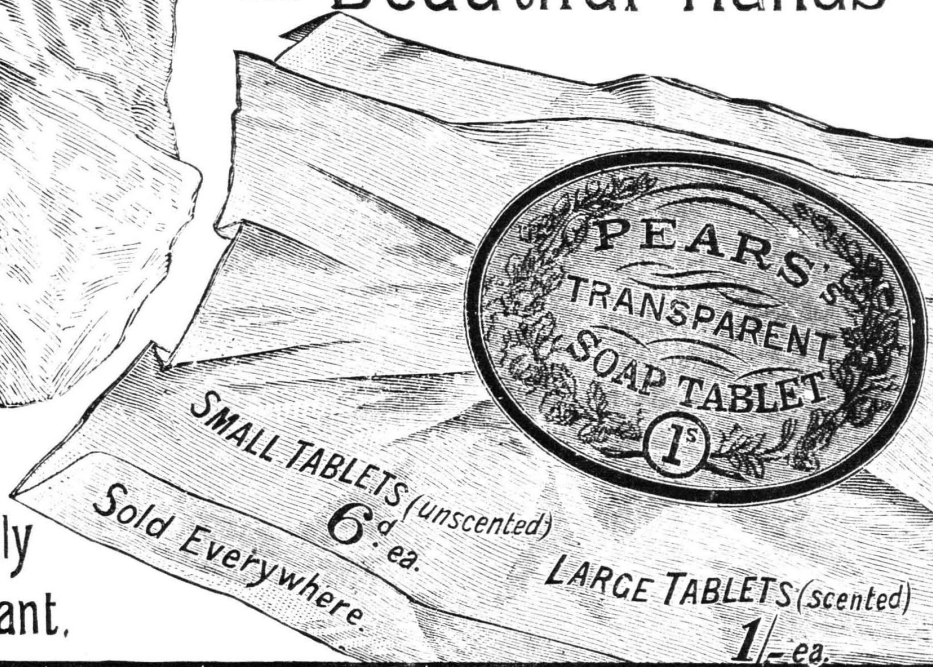
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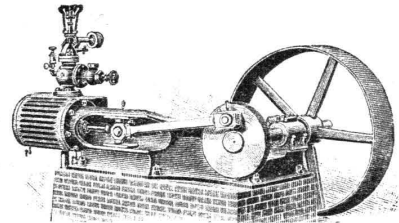
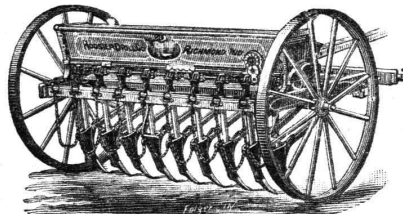
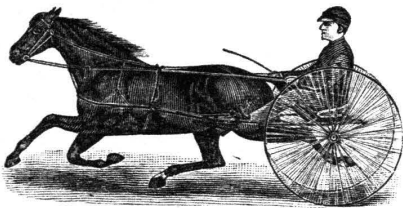
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