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The August number of *THE WEST SHORE* will contain illustrations of, and an article upon, the manufacturing interests of Portland, and will be accompanied by a large supplement showing the iron and steel works at Oswego, with their beautiful and picturesque surroundings.

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

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

JANUARY.

Supplement—"Entrance to the Columbia River," a beautiful oleograph in eight colors.

Contents—Illustrations and description of United States Life Saving Service, and engravings of scenery.

FEBRUARY.

Supplement—"Shoshone Falls," of Snake river, in tints.

Contents—Engravings and descriptions of East Portland, Albina and Newberg.

MARCH.

Supplement—"Mount Tacoma," in tints.

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

APRIL.

Supplement—"The Olympic Range, from Seattle Harbor," in colors.

Contents—Engravings and description of the city of Seattle.

MAY.

Supplement—"North Pacific Industrial Exposition," in colors.

Contents—Large colored view of the city of Portland; also many other engravings, and a comprehensive article on the city and its surroundings.

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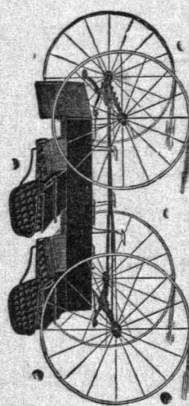
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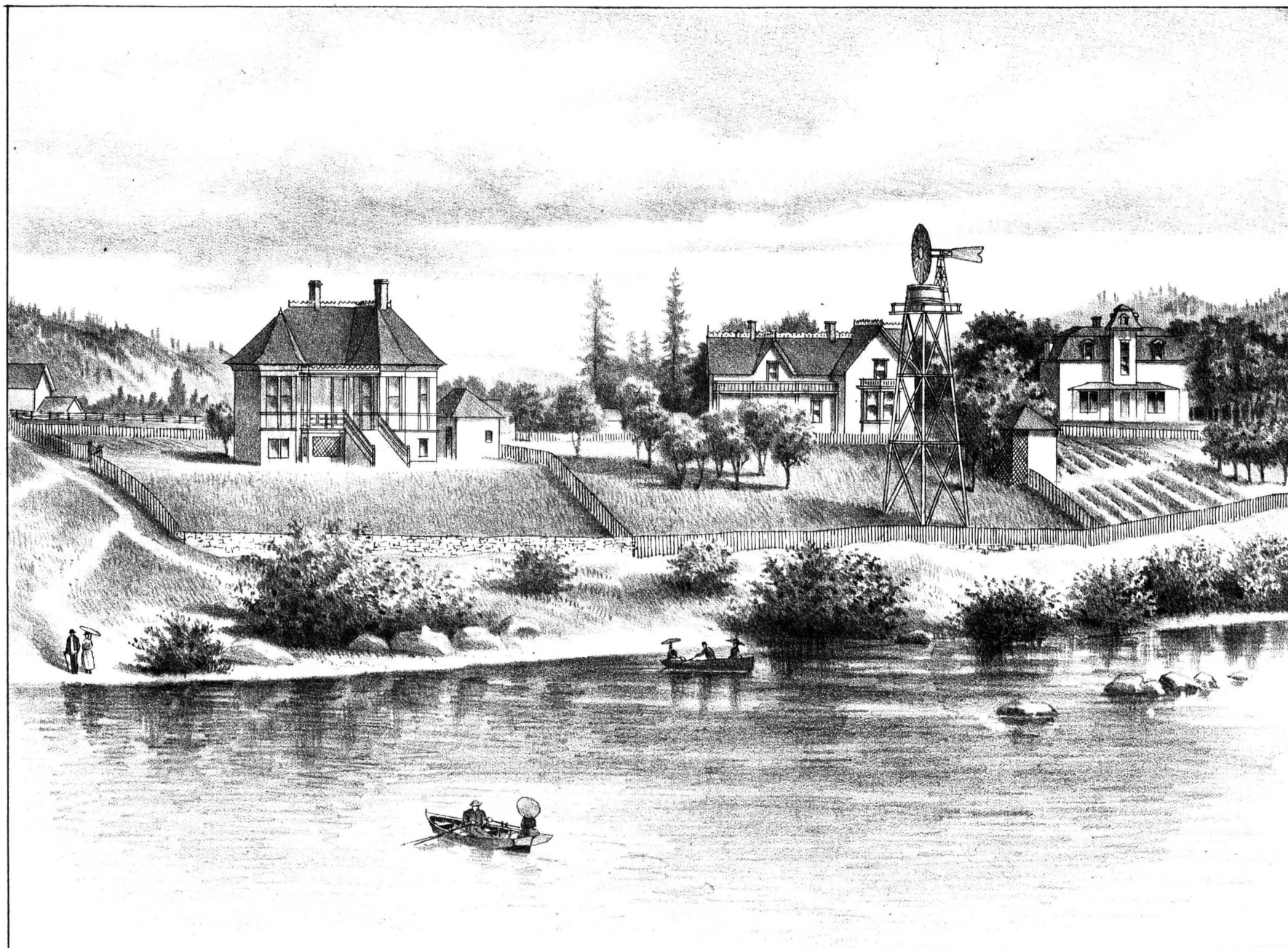
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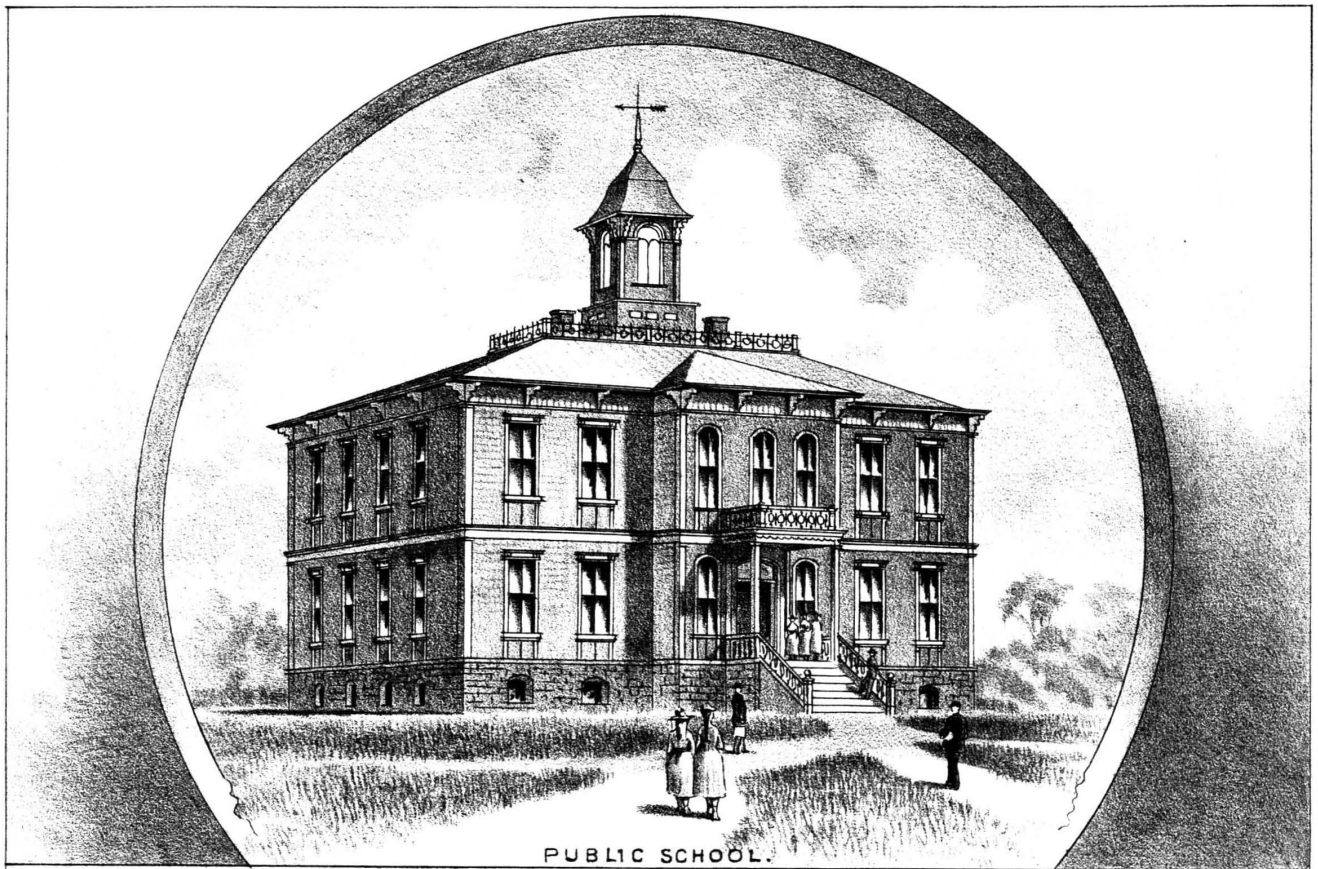


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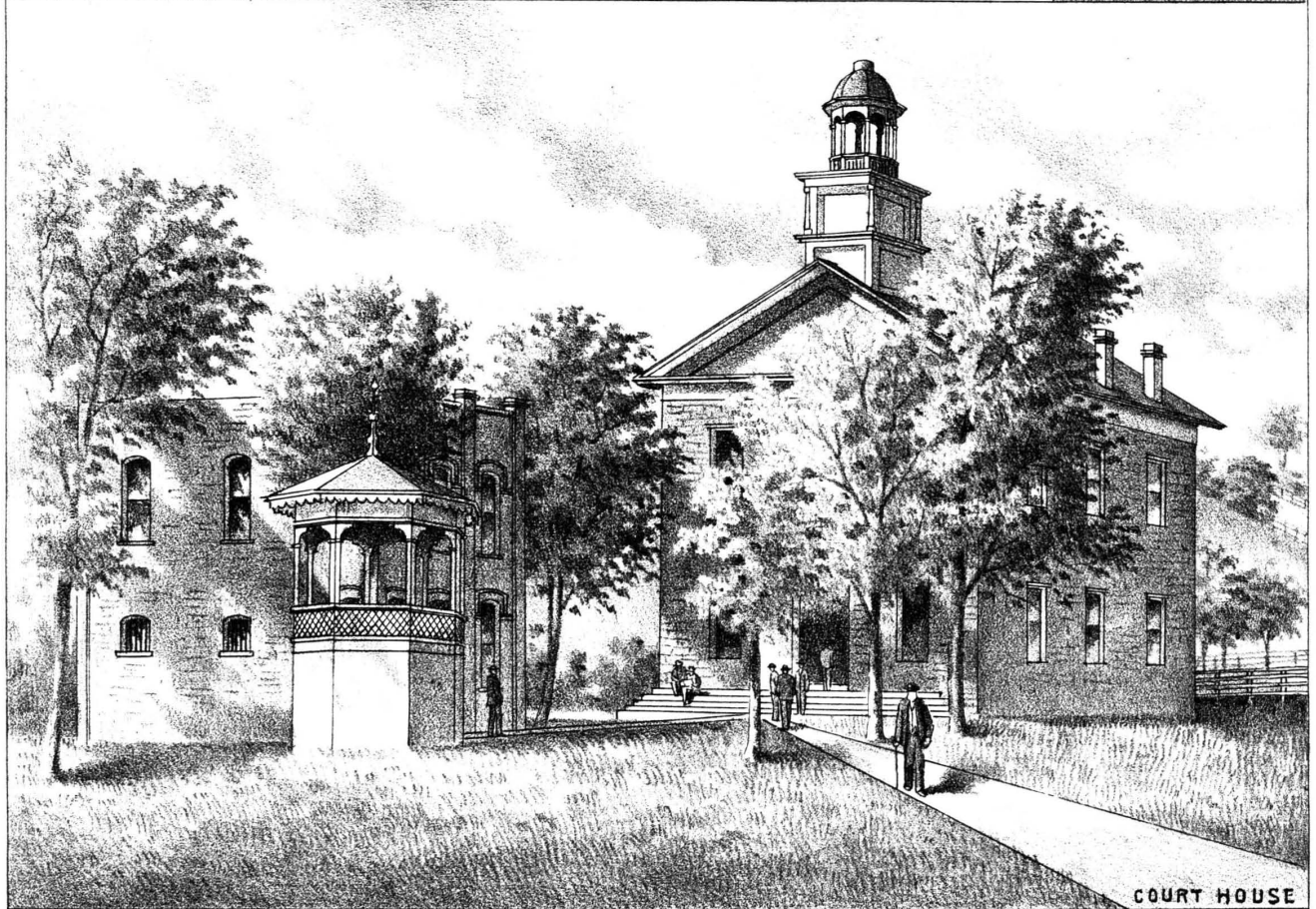
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COURT HOUSE

ROSEBURG, OREGON.

THE WEST SHORE.

FOURTEENTH YEAR.

JULY, 1888.

NUMBER 7.

THE VALLEY OF THE UMPQUA.



DOUGLAS county's position on the map of Oregon is very unique. Its eastern boundary line is the summit of the Cascade mountains, and on the west the Pacific ocean washes its shore. The Calipooia mountains, on the north, separate it from the Willamette valley, and on the south the Canyon mountains form the dividing line between it and the Rogue river valley. The territory within these boundary lines is known as the Umpqua valley, from the stream that drains it. The area of this county is about four thousand nine hundred square miles, equal in extent to that of the entire state of Connecticut.

Being surrounded by mountains, except a small strip which extends to the ocean, on the west, it might be surmised that the surface is rough, and mountainous in some portions. The ranges which form the northern and southern boundaries are but extended spurs of the Cascades, and the surface of the whole basin presents a corrugated general appearance, the trend of the ridges being in an easterly and westerly direction. The Umpqua valley is not really a "valley," as that term is ordinarily applied, but is, rather, the basin drained by the Umpqua river, and contains no considerable tracts of really level land. From the high, and often rugged, hills, the surface sinks to beautiful and fertile strips along the streams; and these afford, in the aggregate, a large amount of land that is available for the finest branches of agriculture. The eastern part of the county is most mountainous. For a number of miles from the crest of the Cascades the country is, of course, too rough for successful cultivation. This land is heavily timbered. Midway between the Cascades and the ocean the

surface of the country is more gently rolling, but none of it is sufficiently level to be called prairie land. The Umpqua mountains extend along the southwestern part of the county, leaving but a narrow pass in the northwest, through which the Umpqua river flows to the sea. The surface of Douglas county may, in general, be described as hilly and mountainous, with numerous small valleys along the streams, having remarkably rich soil and being of easy access. All the cultivable soil is very fertile and almost exhaustless. It is not exactly a loam, nor is it of a heavy nature, but it is mellow, easily worked at all times and very rich.

The people of the Umpqua valley claim for their country one of the most desirable climates in the world. The temperature is free from the extremes of heat and cold, moisture is moderate and healthfulness unexcelled. The mean annual temperature at Roseburg, which is centrally located, is 52.2° Fahrenheit, according to the record kept by the U. S. signal service. The mean temperature for January, the coldest month, during the past nine years, was 40.1°, and for July, the warmest month, for the same period, was 65.9° above zero. The average annual rainfall for the past nine years was thirty-four and thirty-three-hundredths inches, varying from an average of twenty-nine hundredths of an inch, in August, to an average of six and forty-five hundredths inches, in January. In 1887 there were three thunder storms; rain fell on one hundred and thirty-five days; one hundred and five days were cloudy, one hundred and thirty-eight fair, and one hundred and twenty-two clear. The prevailing winds are from the northwest, but mountains afford protection from unpleasant currents which otherwise might touch the region.

The resources of Douglas county are agricultural, mineral and timber. It is a wool and fruit growing country, though stock and grain raising are scarcely of secondary importance. Beef cattle and wheat were in past years the farmer's staples, because the

market which is essential to the development of other branches of farming was not at hand. The production of fruit, in which Douglas county is unsurpassed, could not be engaged in with profit until railroad transportation enabled the orchardists to take their crops to market. Previous to 1872, when the Oregon & California line was built, this county had no railway, and the people were compelled to find an outlet for their surplus production by water and freight wagons, which, from the nature and location of the county, was a very slow mode of transportation, and correspondingly unsatisfactory. This lack of shipping facilities was a great drawback to the raising of fruit, and many orchards which were started well were neglected when they came into bearing condition, because the ripened fruit could not be handled to advantage. With the advent of the railroad to Douglas county and the extension of transcontinental lines in this western country, and the development of the mining regions of Montana and Idaho, as well as of Oregon and Washington, an extensive market for Oregon fruit was opened, and the Umpqua valley is improving the opportunity for employing its superior qualifications in a profitable manner. Along the rich river bottoms many have gone extensively into the cultivation of small fruit—strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, etc.—and on the higher lands, peaches, pears, apples, plums, etc., are produced in abundance. The peaches of Southern Oregon are unrivalled in size and flavor, and the small fruit of that section is the earliest in the Portland market. The prune industry has proved a source of great profit in the southern part of Douglas county, and it is spreading rapidly over the other portions of the Umpqua basin. An equable climate is the most important element for successful fruit culture, and Douglas county possesses this and other natural qualifications, so that the labor of the orchardist is in unison with natural forces, rather than in neutralizing any disadvantages which nature has imposed on most sections. Frosts do not kill the trees, nor do cold winds blast the fruit. The soil is suited to fruit culture and the facilities which are now in operation and those being introduced enable the orchardist to realize the utmost profit from his business.

The pasturage of Douglas county is so good that stock raising and wool growing are among its most important industries. In the vast area of hills and mountains, either too rugged to be tilled or more profitable for grazing, and the creek bottoms where level land is in small tracts and not yet demanded for actual settlers, cattle and sheep find ample sustenance and fatten and thrive. The winters are so mild that it is not expensive to keep stock in good condition. The wool clip of this section is said to be the best

produced in the United States. It is unexcelled in length and strength of fibre, and is free from burs, sand and other foreign substances which generally impair the value of the wool product. The operation of woolen mills now in course of erection will afford an additional stimulus to the business of production, and the wool crop, already probably more reliable than any other one product, will be rapidly increased and made a source of more profit to the people. The poultry product of Douglas county is estimated to be greater than that of any other county on the Pacific coast. The quantity of eggs and live and dressed fowls shipped from Oakland, which is the principal shipping point for this product, is enormous.

The minerals of Douglas county include gold, silver, quicksilver, iron and nickel ores, coal, cement, limestone and marble. Gold was discovered on the South Umpqua river near the mouth of Cow creek, in 1851, and since that time mines have been opened on Coffee, Starve Out, Cow, Myrtle, Mitchell, Calipooia and Jordan creeks, and on the north and south forks of the Umpqua river; but the character and location of the country has prevented very extensive work of development from being done. Lately a new interest is being manifested in the mines of this region, and operations on a larger scale than have heretofore been prosecuted are in contemplation. It is known that the mines of Douglas county are rich. Sufficient prospecting has been done to establish that fact. Mining operations are now conducted in various parts of the county on a paying basis, and the annual output of ores is an important item in the aggregate production of the country. More experienced miners are needed to take hold of the work in Douglas county and bring out the mineral wealth. There is an inviting field for persons of enterprise and experience in this line.

The foregoing is a brief mention of the principal general industries of Douglas county, but these are by no means all that are represented. Many very fine horses are raised, gardening is engaged in and manufactories requiring wood, grain or wool find favorable conditions. But the Umpqua valley is a comparatively new section. It is only a little more than a quarter of a century ago that the first white people settled in what was then a very isolated region. There were mountains on all sides of them, and communication with the outside world was, indeed, difficult and often hazardous. Boats could ascend the Umpqua river as far as Scottsburg, which for years was the depot for receiving and shipping supplies and produce. Almost the entire commerce for the basin was carried on in this way until the railroad was constructed. But for the superior qualifications which the Umpqua valley possessed, settlers

would not have braved the dangers nor endured the the privations incident to building homes in a wilderness so remote from civilization. But the fastnesses of the mountains were not so forbidding to those who understood the nature of the country, and for the natural advantages which could be enjoyed the early settlers were willing to endure the inconvenience of a few years of isolation from the rest of the world. Of the nearly three million three hundred thousand acres of land in the county, less than three quarters of a million acres are now under cultivation, and about half the area is still unsurveyed. It is estimated that about half the entire surface of the county is cultivable. Much of the remainder affords pasture lands, and in the mountains in the eastern part are whole townships densely timbered with pine, fir, cedar, oak, etc., of the finest quality. Of course, the choicest locations are the ones which were first taken, but there is much excellent government land desirably situated that is still subject to entry, and much that can be purchased at low prices, from private parties who have secured it. A large portion of the county is yet practically unexplored, but the interest now being awakened in that region indicates that it is not likely long to remain so.

There have grown up with the settlement of Douglas county several towns which manifest a spirit of enterprise and capacity for growth. Roseburg, the county seat, is the largest city in the county. It has a population of nearly two thousand, is situated on the Oregon line of the Southern Pacific railway, not far from the center of the county, and is one of the most important towns in Southern Oregon. The supplement to this number of *THE WEST SHORE* is an accurate picture of Roseburg, and shows its situation and the natural features immediately surrounding the town. The site is on the east bank of the South Umpqua river, at the junction of Deer creek. The streets of the city are well kept, the buildings are substantially constructed, and the place presents a business like appearance. It has good schools, churches, hotels and facilities for accommodating a large volume of business. The public buildings are new and a credit to the county. During the past year a new public school building has been erected at a cost of \$15,000.00. It is built on the same general plan as the Portland school buildings, and its appointments throughout are of the most modern and complete. It has accommodations for over five hundred pupils. The public schools of Roseburg serve as an academy for a large portion of Southern Oregon. The principal, J. B. Horner, A.M., and six teachers, conduct a course of instruction that is on a high plane of excellence, thorough and efficient. In connection with the schools is one of the largest lit-

erary societies in Southern Oregon, so judiciously managed as to be an almost indispensable adjunct to the successful prosecution of the school work. With such excellent educational facilities at home there is no necessity for sending children abroad to acquire an education. The people of Roseburg are justly proud of their public schools. A Roman Catholic school building is now being erected. Two large flouring mills on the river just below the city, foundry and machine shop in town, saw mills in the adjacent country, a brick yard, warehouses, etc., indicate the prosperity which is enjoyed, and they handle a very respectable volume of business.

A recent acquisition to the business interests of Roseburg is an extensive woolen mills plant, now being erected at the water power just outside the city limits. Messrs. James Rentoul and James Denholm, of Scotland, through *THE WEST SHORE*, had their attention called to the desirability of woolen mills in Roseburg, and on investigating the merits of that locality with reference to the business, they decided to establish a plant at that point, and the work of construction is now in progress. This will be a valuable complement to the wool growing industry of Southern Oregon. Inducements are offered for other factories which will aid in developing the country, and all legitimate business enterprises will be warmly welcomed by the people of the county. The securing of this Scotch company to locate woolen mills here is an illustration of the benefits which accrue from judicious advertising. In this case capital from a foreign country on the other side of the earth was brought to add to domestic wealth.

There are located at Roseburg a U. S. signal station and U. S. land office. Two telegraph companies and one express company do business there. The site of Roseburg is four hundred feet above the sea level, and the records of the weather bureau show that there is less wind there than at any other station in the United States. The town is entirely surrounded by high hills. A preliminary survey for a railway line direct to tide water has been made, and when constructed this road will give the Umpqua valley unsurpassed commercial advantages. The route proves to be a feasible one, the highest elevation to be surmounted being only nine hundred feet above Roseburg. Aside from its business capabilities this is a desirable residence place, its situation being healthful and its surroundings unusually pleasant.

Oakland is the second largest town in Douglas county, is incorporated and has a city government. The population is between six and seven hundred. Its growth has been entirely within the past fifteen years, since the railroad was constructed. Its location is on Calipooia creek, ten miles from its junction

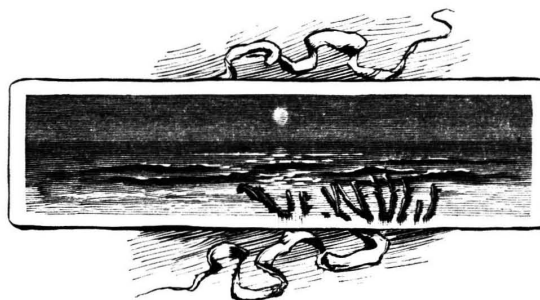
with the North Umpqua, and some twenty miles north of Roseburg, and it is surrounded by high hills, as are all the towns of that region. The poultry product shipped from this station is greater than from any two others on that line of road, between San Francisco and Portland. The value of the poultry products shipped from Oakland last year exceeded \$15,000.00. Wool, grain and live stock interests are also large. It has efficient public schools, three churches and a grange association, and the volume of business conducted is surprisingly large. Much excellent agricultural territory under cultivation is directly tributary to Oakland and gives it special prominence.

The third incorporated town of Douglas county is Drain, on the railway north of Oakland, and it is a pleasant town of about five hundred inhabitants. Snowden springs, located near here, are well known as a summer resort. A large saw mill, a flouring mill, mining headquarters and the patronage of the surrounding country make it a live business town. An academy, which in 1886 was made a normal school, is located here.

The other towns of Douglas county are Canyonville, Looking Glass, Gardiner, Scottsburg, Elkton, Myrtle Creek, Yoncalla, Wilbur, Riddle and Glendale. Scottsburg is the oldest commercial point in the county, being at the head of tide water navigation and thus most accessible by boat. The county has a population of about fourteen thousand, and the assessor's valuation of property in 1887 was \$4,203,580.00. At Winchester a cantilever bridge is being constructed at a cost of \$45,000.00. A road to Crater lake has

been surveyed and is considered the most feasible of any of the routes that have been undertaken to reach that curious sheet of water. Various enterprises for the improvement of the county are in contemplation, and the good condition of the county finances will enable them to be carried out without being a burden to the tax payers.

Those who are best acquainted with Douglas county are enthusiastic in its praises. They regard it as one of the best fields for a diversified development of any section of the Pacific slope. The numerous valleys and slopes afford the finest locations for agricultural operations, the hills are covered with timber, and the streams furnish an abundance of water power in every portion of the county. The inducements for manufacturing are leading many to invest capital in that branch of the industries of the region. There are extensive supplies of raw materials—wood, wool, grain and minerals—water power is ample, and the markets are easily reached. Salmon fishing on a large scale is conducted at the forks of the Umpqua and is a source of much profit to the people of that locality. The climate is another of the strong points urged in favor of the Umpqua valley, and it is truly delightful. As the tide of immigration spreads over the county, its richness is being developed and it is found to be an empire in itself. Industry is the factor that is needed to improve the natural conditions which exist there. The intelligent application of means at the disposal of the humblest settler can not fail to produce most gratifying results. The field for settlement is an attractive one, and there is almost unlimited room for expansion.



BY JAMES P. SHAW.

V.

GETTYSBURG! What scenes of deadly strife are called to mind at the mention of that terrible battle! Scattered throughout the vast extent of our country are thousands of brave men—some with an empty sleeve hanging by their side, others going through life with but one leg, the missing members being left on the historic field of Gettysburg. These men have a vivid recollection of the awful carnage which took place on the green hills surrounding that beautiful little Pennsylvania town.

It is in the front line of battle, as it is formed on Cemetery ridge, on that memorable 3rd of July, 1863, that we find Colonel Harrington with his regiment. They had taken part in the battle of the preceding day, in which the enemy had been repulsed with fearful loss. Gathering up his shattered and bleeding columns and all reserves, General Lee formed them in line, on the morning of the 3rd, for one more desperate effort to drive the hated Yanks from the hill. Posted along the crest of the hill lay the Union troops, awaiting the dawn of another day with feverish anxiety, realizing that a most desperate struggle for the possession of the hill, on which they maintained their line of battle, awaited them.

"I wonder where Sam is with our supper?" inquired Colonel Harrington of his adjutant, on the evening of the 2nd.

"The last I saw of Sam was this morning; then he was going over the ridge as fast as a pair of long, black legs could carry him," replied the officer.

Sam requires an introduction. He was the colonel's servant, and also did duty as the cook for the mess. He was a large African, with skin so black that charcoal would almost appear white in comparison, and which shone like ebony. Not unlike many of his kind, Sam was a great coward, and his sudden disappearance over the ridge in the morning, as related by the adjutant, was the direct result of the explosion of a shell from a rebel battery. Sam never stood on ceremony on occasions of this kind, but immediately decamped.

"I do think," said the colonel, not a little ruffled at the thought of going without his supper, "that Sam is the biggest coward I ever saw. I suppose we will go supperless to-night."

As the colonel finished speaking, Sam's voice was heard, saying, "See yar, marsa soger, can yer tell dis nigger whar marsa Colonel Harrington's company is?"

"Get out o' here, ye limb of Satan, or I'll be after breakin' ivery bone in yer black carcass," said the soldier addressed.

"Here, Sam, this way," cried the colonel as he recognized his servant's voice.

"Lor bress my soul, dat's marsa Colonel Harrington hissef!" cried Sam, as he made his way through the soldiers, who were busy preparing their supper of coffee and bacon.

"Where have you been, Sam?" asked the colonel, as that individual deposited his load of pans, kettles, etc., on the ground and made preparations to give them their suppers.

"Why, yer see, marsa colonel, dis yer mornin' I finds out we's got no mo' bacon; so, says I, 'Sam, dis yer will neber do, kase marsa colonel an' de rest o' de hosifers will be pow'ful hungry arter dey dun frashed dem seshers, an' you's got no bacon to give dem.' So, says I to mysef, kase dar war no one wid me when I war lookin' ober de com'sary, 'Sam, yer jes' move yer trotters an' get some mo' dat nice bacon.' So I goes ober de ridge to dat plantation house, whar I's been befo', an' borrows some for de 'casion, an' dar it is, marsa, a sizzling in de pan, wid de rine takened off."

"You don't mean to tell us you borrowed it already cooked, do you Sam?" inquired one of the officers.

"Now, marsa cap'n, does yer s'pose dem folks dun knowed I's a comin', an' had de bacon cooked, ready fer dis yer nigger to tote away? No, sah; I jes' borrowed dis yer bacon an' comed away. I den goes to de back ob de hill yondah, makes a fire, fries de bacon an' biles de coffee, kase I knows you all be pow'ful hungry arter fightin' de rebs all day."

"Well, Sam, I must say you were very thoughtful," said the colonel, as he and his officers took their seats on the ground around the steaming coffee pot and pan containing the borrowed bacon.

"By the way, Sam," said the adjutant, "this meat tastes very much like that we had for breakfast this morning."

"Dat's jes' what I t'ought mysef, arter I dun cooked some an' eat it. Says I, 'Pears like dis yer

bacon tas'es pow'ful like what I gets at de com'sary day 'fo' yes'day.' Den I gets to rumigatin' like, in my head, an' arter t'inkin' de matter ober, I's come to the final 'clusion dat de com'sary man dun borrowed de oder half ob dis yer hog, Le' me give yer some mo' ob dis yer nice hot coffee, marsa ajertant."

"Well, Sam," said Colonel Harrington, "that must account for the similarity in the taste of the bacon we had this morning and this you have served us with to-night."

"I t'ink so, too, kase I sees dat com'sary man rid-in' ober de hill yonder, in de 'rection ob dat plantation house day 'fo' yes'day, an' I specks dat's when he get de bacon."

"That's a good one on the commissary," said the adjutant, as he laughed at the thought of the joke they would have on that long-suffering individual.

Sam was up early the next morning, and as he busied himself preparing breakfast, he kept his eyes in the direction of the rebel line of battle, muttering to himself: "Dar's gwine to be a pow'ful battle dis yer day, kase I dun heard marsa Colonel Harrington, an' dat ar ajertant what 'pears to be so berry 'ticular 'bout de taste ob de bacon, a talkin' last night arter dey dun gone to bed. Durn dat grease!" he yelled, as he wiped his hand on his pants. "Golly! dat ar grease am hot," and he cooled the burnt places with his breath.

"Bang, bang, bang," went a few shots along the picket line, and a bullet whizzed uncomfortably close to where Sam was standing.

"Golly! Dis nigger must take hissef out o' dis befo' dey begins, sure," said he, as he poured out the coffee and called the mess to breakfast.

"What kind ob a story must dis nigger make up dis time? No mo' bacon stories; dat last one didn't mo'n half go down de froat ob dat 'quisitive ajertant las' night. I neber seed sech a 'ticular white man in all my bo'n days as he is. I wonder if dem kind ob white folks eber gets killed. 'Pears like dey don't, kase he dun goes into all de fights an' neber gets a scratch. Good mornin', marsa colonel."

"Good morning, Sam."

"I hopes yer slep' well las' night."

"I rested very well under the circumstances."

"Does yer specks dar's gwine ter be a battle dis yer day?"

"I shouldn't be surprised if the Johnnies would try to accomplish to-day what they failed to do yesterday."

The rest of the mess soon made their appearance and gathered around the spread on the ground. Sam had the coffee pot in his hand ready to fill up the cups, when there came a puff of white smoke from a piece of timber beyond the picket line, followed by a

loud report, then the shriek of a shell as it came whizzing through the air, passing over the heads of the colonel's party and striking the ground immediately in the rear of the mess, where it exploded with terrific force, sending dirt and pieces of shell in all directions. Fortunately, none of the party were hurt.

At the first intimation of the shot, Sam threw down the coffee pot and fell flat upon the ground, yelling, "Oh, I's killed! I's killed! Oh, oh, I's killed! I's a gone nigger dis time!"

Thinking he had been hit by a piece of the shell, Colonel Harrington went over to where Sam was rolling on the ground and groaning piteously.

"Where are you hurt?" asked the colonel.

"Oh, I's killed, marsa colonel, I's killed all ober."

"Yes, but where are you hit?"

"I dunno; guess I's dun been cut in two, an' bof legs blowed away."

"I don't believe you have been touched; get up and see if you can walk." Taking Sam by the arm, he assisted him to his feet, much against his wish, as he kept saying: "Just let poor Sam die, kase he's dun gone dis time sartin."

"Don't be a fool, Sam, you are not hurt."

Sam straightened up, very reluctantly, and kept his eye in the direction of the woods, where the rebel battery was located.

"There, now, I told you you were not hurt; get us our breakfast at once."

Sam started toward the coffee pot and stooped to pick it up, when he gave a yell and broke over the ridge, his coat tails flying straight out behind, and just as he disappeared over the brow of the hill a shell exploded over his head. He had seen the puff of white smoke this time, and knowing what was behind it, stood not upon the order of his going, but bounded off down the opposite side of the hill out of danger.

"Fortunately for us, he had our breakfast ready," said the adjutant.

"Yes, for this may be our last meal to-day, the way those fellows are starting out this morning," said the colonel.

"We will be short in coffee," said the major, as he picked up the coffee pot and gave it a shake, "as the most of it has been spilled."

Early in the morning the sound of the conflict on the right of the Union position was borne to the ears of the waiting troops on Cemetery ridge, but in their front all was quiet. By 11:00 o'clock the fighting ceased, and for two hours silence reigned along that long battle front. The expectant troops devoured their noontide rations in the momentary expectation of being called into action. Colonel Harrington and his brother officers, in the absence of Sam, feasted on

hard-tack and fresh bacon, without coffee. They had scarcely finished their meal when the thunder of one hundred and fifty cannons shook the air, as the enemy's artillery opened the final act of that great struggle. For two hours this terrible rain of iron fell, and then there was a lull in the storm. In a few moments column after column of the rebel gray left the cover of the woods and marched into the open space fronting Cemetery ridge. On they came, sweeping away the federal skirmish line, as their columns, in magnificent battle array, swept down from Seminary ridge, and into the valley below. It was, indeed, a great sight to see this, the flower of the rebel army, marshalled for one more effort to gain a victory over their foes, who so stubbornly, the day before, had repelled their repeated and brave assaults.

They seemed to have gathered all their strength for this grand assault, and under cover of their artillery, which now opened fire again with redoubled fury, hurling shot and shell into the lines of blue posted along the crest of the ridge, they continued their fearless march. As the advancing line neared the base of the ridge, the line of blue, which up to this time had remained under shelter, now moved down the hill to meet the enemy. It was a counter charge, and with yells which sounded above the noise and din of battle, the Union troops charged down upon their old enemy, while the one hundred and fifty cannon posted on the ridge opened a deadly enfilading fire into the charging column of the rebel troops. With a clear, ringing voice, the commanding general of the rebels urged his men forward to meet the line of blue which was now fast approaching them. On they rushed, but only to go down before the deadly fire from twenty thousand muskets, which was now poured into their bleeding columns.

Regiment, brigade and division were brought to their support, but it was of no use, the tide of battle was against them, and after an hour of most desperate and heroic fighting, the like of which the world has never witnessed, what was left of the Confederates returned to the friendly shelter of the woods from which they had come.

What a sight met the view, when the smoke of the awful conflict had passed from over the field of battle, exposing the thousands of dead and dying strewn over the grassy slope!

Prominent among the many brave regiments that assisted in repelling Pickett's great charge, was that of Colonel Harrington. He commanded on foot, having sent his horse to the rear early in the morning, and during the engagement the old hero, with sword in hand, led his men into the very jaws of death, they sending their well-directed volleys right into the face of the enemy, and at one time charging the line and

bringing off several hundred prisoners. In one of these charges the brave old man was shot in the right arm, above the elbow, the ball passing through and causing a painful wound. He staid on the field until the enemy was repulsed and then made his way to the field hospital, where his wound was dressed and he was made as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances.

A leave of absence was granted him, and early the next morning he started for his home, to pass in the society of his family the few weeks of enforced absence from duty. The first intelligence of him received by his relatives and friends, who were anxious to know how he had fared in that great struggle, which had been so fatal to thousands of brave men, was his sudden appearance in their midst. When his familiar form was seen alighting from the train, a cheer went up from the score of men who happened to be at the depot, and from that point to his home his journey was a triumphal procession, augmenting in numbers and enthusiasm as it passed through the village streets, until the colonel was safely delivered to the care of his astonished wife and daughter. With a final "three cheers and a tiger," the crowd dispersed. A few days later, at the earnest solicitation of his townsmen, the colonel met them in an open grove, at one of those delightful basket picnics where everybody is welcome, and, with his injured arm in a sling, told them the tale of the battle, rehearsing, as graphically as possible, the incidents of that memorable struggle, and stating what in his judgment would be the result of so glorious a victory.

The colonel's wound healed so rapidly under the influence of home and friends, that in six weeks he was back again with his command, his men receiving him with hearty cheers of welcome and affection.

Andersonville! There are living to-day men who, when the hated name of Andersonville is mentioned in their hearing, look round in terror, and with bated breath fancy they hear once more the baying of the blood hounds, as with their keen scent they followed the trail of an escaped prisoner, who had dared the dangers of recapture and a horrible death by being torn to pieces by these bloodthirsty beasts. It was well known by the prisoners confined in this hole of death, that few, even after they succeeded in gaining the outside of the stockade, ever reached the Union lines; and yet, with a full knowledge of this, scarcely a day passed that some one did not make the attempt.

Will the authors of all that terrible suffering ever receive forgiveness from the Great God who watches over the destinies of men? I think not. Will the thousands of victims of this most inhuman cruelty ever forgive those who were the cause of their suffer-

ing? I think not. Have those who caused the death of over twelve thousand Union prisoners at Andersonville, and who made cruelty a study that they might devise new methods of punishment for those in their keeping, ever been punished for their deeds? No. True, Commander Werz, who had charge at Andersonville, was tried and hung for the part he took in the murder of this vast number of helpless men, but was there no punishment for others higher in authority, of whom this man, as he stated under oath, received orders for what he did? No. Why? Was it because of the great forbearance and magnanimity of those in authority, or was it for fear of those who then, as now, flaunt their treason in the faces of the men who fought on the field of battle and starved in rebel prisons that we might have a country? Was the gain worth the blood and treasure it cost? Of what good is any kind of government to a dead man? These are hard questions, and must be answered by the reader according to the light in which he sees them.

To this loathsome and death-breeding prison pen, situated in the state of Georgia, on a hot, sandy plain, surrounded with a high stockade, with no covering but the broad canopy of heaven, Captain Norwood and his unfortunate companions were taken, after their capture at Chickamauga. It was indeed a sore trial to the young officer, as day after day, with parched lips and aching heart, he and his fellow prisoners were marched, closely guarded, to Andersonville, where they arrived on September 28th, following the battle.

What a sight met the eyes of these men on reaching the entrance to this modern Golgotha, where few who entered came out alive! Some of the prisoners, upon beholding the awful scenes within the stockade, refused to enter, and were forced through the gate as a bullock is driven to the slaughter pen. Their jailer was at the entrance to welcome them, which he did with kicks and curses. This wretch in the semblance of a man, seemed to have embodied within him the elements of forty devils incarnate, and exulted with pleasure over the evidences of the pain and suffering of the men, as they passed through the gate into the stockade.

It was morning when they reached the prison, and the dead of the night before had not yet been removed. Lying around the prison in rows like sticks of cord wood, were the nude bodies of men, awaiting the dead cart to convey them outside. It was a sight few would care to look upon, and one which made the heart sick to behold.

Captain Norwood, when he beheld these rows of ghastly corpses, closed his eyes to shut out the horrible scene before him, and groaned at the thought that

the bodies lying there cold in death were once like himself, full of life and ambition, and that they, too, had marched over the same place where he now stood; that they, too, had seen other bodies lying where their lifeless forms now lay, awaiting the dead cart to be conveyed outside the stockade and dumped like so much rubbish into a long trench dug for the purpose.

The new arrivals were marched to the south side of the prison, where their future quarters were to be, passing thousands of men, or rather what had once been such, but were now only breathing and walking skeletons, their eyes sunk far back into their sockets, and their bones, in many cases, sticking through the skin, giving to them the appearance of an army of spirits who had despoiled some grave yard of its bones, and had come to mock them. These unfortunate beings begged piteously for something to eat, and many, when told there was nothing for them, cried like children.

"This, then, is the ending of all the hopes and dreams of the future I had pictured out for myself," thought the ambitious young officer. "Oh, merciful God!" he cried aloud, "will I be able to endure it? Is there no way to escape this awful and cruel fate, this living death, which will surely overtake me here?" Casting his eyes toward the high stockade, he saw the guards marching back and forth on an elevated walk, and then at the artillery trained on the prison, and moaned, "None, none, none; this is the ending."

Days, weeks and months passed away, and still Captain Norwood remained in Andersonville. Did his mother know where he was? And Amy, too, did she know that his life was fast wasting away in a southern prison? These were his thoughts day and night, and as he looked upon his comrades, who, unable longer to battle against the grim monster, one by one were carried out, cold in death, he prayed to God for strength and courage to bear up under his terrible sufferings. While he was still able he concluded to write to his mother, who, he knew, must be heart broken at his, to her, uncertain fate, but he was informed by some of the older inmates that his letter would reach no further than the jailer's office. He wrote, however, trusting to some circumstance whereby he could get the letter to her, and some time after an opportunity occurred which enabled him to get his letter on its way to the north. There was an exchange of prisoners, and to one of the fortunate ones the letter was entrusted, with instructions to mail it at the first post office he reached inside the Federal lines.

Remain yet a little while, poor, heart-sick prisoner, and battle with the pangs of hunger and the great-

er enemy, disease, for surely the day will come to open the prison doors and loosen the fetters which bind you, when you will be free to go back to that dear old mother and little sister, who pray for your safe return; and not only to them, but to another, whose prayers will not go unheard, but will ascend to heaven in your behalf.

Hope had given way to despair in the breast of Mrs. Norwood. She had prayed for the return of her son, or tidings that he lived, but day after day went by until almost a year had passed, and still no word from her missing boy. Little Mamie was now almost seven years old, and but for the love of the dear child, the good woman would have broken down under the weight of anxiety for the fate of her son. During the many months of waiting, Amy Harrington was a great comfort to Mrs. Norwood, scarcely missing a day without paying her a visit. Mrs. Harrington, too, made frequent calls at the house of the sorrowing widow, cheering her up as best she could.

One day, near the first of July, the post master was seen to leave his office and walk rapidly in the direction of Mrs. Norwood's. It was an unusual thing for the old man to walk in such a brisk manner, and those who saw him wondered what could be the matter. He met Mamie at the gate, of whom he inquired for Mrs. Norwood.

"Mamma is in the house," answered the child.

As the post master started up the steps and was about to knock at the door, Mrs. Norwood appeared, and recognizing her caller, said—

"Why, Mr. King, what brings you out this time of day?" Then noticing an anxious look upon his face, and the letter in his hand, she continued: "I hope you bring me news of Thomas."

"I trust so; here is a letter which came but a few minutes ago, which may be from him, and I hope it may bring you good news."

"You are very kind, and I thank you very much for your thoughtful consideration for me," she replied, taking the letter and breaking the seal. Turning to the bottom of the page, her eyes rested on the name of her son.

"Thank God, it is from Thomas; he still lives," she exclaimed, covering her face with her hands and sobbing aloud for joy. It was some minutes before she could control herself sufficiently to read the letter. Remembering the good old post master, she dried her eyes and turned to speak to him, but he was gone. When he learned that the letter was, as he supposed, from Tom, he concluded it was no place for him there, at that time, and quietly went away.

Finding herself alone, Mrs. Norwood succeeded, through her tears, in reading the letter, which proved

to be the one written by Captain Norwood while in Andersonville prison. When she had finished reading it she called to Mamie, and told her to go over and ask Amy to come and see her. It was not long until Amy made her appearance, and found Mrs. Norwood in tears.

"Why, Mrs. Norwood, what has happened?" she asked, eagerly.

"My dear child, Thomas still lives, but oh! in such a place."

Handing the letter to Amy, she again burst into tears. Poor Amy, her grief was equal to Mrs. Norwood's, although she tried hard to control herself as she read the following sorrowful letter from the absent son and lover:

ANDERSONVILLE PRISON, Georgia, May 12, 1864.

My dear, dear mother:

Never before have I longed for and felt the need of a mother as now, and at the same time, when I look around me and see the utter hopelessness of ever getting out of here alive, I realize that I shall never look upon your dear face again.

Together with nearly all my company, in fact, all who were not killed, I was taken prisoner at the battle of Chickamauga, on the nineteenth day of last September, and after days of suffering on the march we reached this prison, where we have been ever since and are likely to remain until, like thousands who have gone before, we are hauled out in the dead cart. I should have written you on my arrival, but learned that no letters are permitted to go beyond the office of Captain Werz, our jailor. Should this reach you it will be through the kindness of some fellow prisoner, more fortunate than myself, one who will be able to get this through the lines. Just how this will be I am as yet unable to say, but shall trust to some friendly interposition of Providence to assist me.

My dearest mother, I am at a loss for words to correctly convey to you the terrible condition of affairs in Andersonville and the unfortunate men confined here. I had heard before I came here horrible tales about the place, and of the cruel treatment of prisoners, and at the time thought much of what I heard was the creation of a vivid imagination; I could not believe that men endowed with human feelings and human instincts could be guilty of what these people are charged with, but I am now prepared to say that the half has not been told. No, dear mother, the tongue can scarcely form into words language which could convey all the dreadful suffering undergone by us.

As I write these lines, hundreds of the lifeless bodies of our unfortunate comrades lie in the streets of the prison awaiting the arrival of the dead cart to carry them outside the stockade, where they will be dumped into a long trench, with as little ceremony as the burying of a beast. The bodies are entirely nude, having been stripped of their few rags by desperate men who wish to cover their own miserable bodies, and will not hesitate to rob the dead for that purpose; this, too, with the full knowledge that perhaps in a few days they may lie in the places now occupied by their comrades. Mother, we are being systematically starved to death, and it is only a question who will be next in the long list of the thousands who have gone the same way. It will be hard for you, as it was for me, to believe that this is being done by a people who, for years, have boasted of their chivalry. Yes, we are being slowly, but no less surely, starved by this man, or more properly speaking,

this imp, this very devil, who styles himself Captain Werz, who, for my country's sake I am glad, is a low-bred foreigner, and that the soil of fair America was not polluted by giving birth to such a wretch.

The prison is not, as you may imagine, a building or series of buildings, like those in the north in which the Confederates are confined, but is a hot, sandy plain, surrounded by a stockade several feet in height. A small stream, from which our water supply is obtained, and also where all the washing is done, runs through the grounds. Except a few old tents which do not shelter one two-hundredth part of the inmates, there is no protection from the hot sun or drenching rains. I should mention, however, that the men, like badgers, have built houses by burrowing into the sand, where they live like the beasts they imitate. We are closely guarded by men who walk round the prison on an elevated platform built on the stockade. There is also a battery of artillery ready loaded with cannister and trained to sweep the prison. But with all these precautions and vigilance on the part of the guards, men escape almost nightly by digging under the stockade. Very few, however, succeed in reaching the Union lines, as mounted guards outside the enclosure make a circuit of the prison every morning with a pack of those dreadful blood hounds, whose keen scent seldom fails to find the trail of an escaped prisoner. Only this morning I heard the baying of these beasts, and knew someone had made his escape last night, and I shall expect to see the poor wretch brought in during the day, if he is not killed by the guards or torn to pieces by the dogs. One or the other is almost sure to follow the effort to get away from here. If brought back to prison, the punishment received is most horrible, and he who is caught must indeed be strong in body and nerve to live through his punishment. One of the most cruel and heartless features connected with the prison, is what is known as the dead line. This is an imaginary line about twelve feet from the stockade, drawn by our chivalrous guards, and should some luckless prisoner, either by accident or through ignorance, step over this line, he is instantly shot down by the guards, who, we are told, get a furlough for the brave deed—there goes the report of a gun, and I have no doubt but what some unfortunate prisoner has gone too near the line and lost his life. I have just returned from the point where the shot was fired, where I went to ascertain the correctness of my conclusions, and whether it was a member of my company. Yes, one more soul has taken its flight to Him who gave it. The victim was a mere lad, less than twenty, who, either by design or carelessness, staggered over the fatal line; there was a flash and a report, and the poor boy fell, pierced through the heart with a rebel bullet. Incidents of this kind are so common that they rarely excite comment, and little or no sympathy is wasted on the victim. Our food is of the poorest quality, consisting of a pint of musty corn meal and about an ounce of rancid bacon for a day's ration, with a small quantity of fresh beef once a week. This diet is varied sometimes with "cow" or "nigger" peas.

The dead cart is now on its rounds, and I hear the driver calling "Bring out yer dead, bring out yer dead, if ye want 'em taken outside." It is estimated that up to this time over ten thousand prisoners have died in Andersonville, and most of the deaths have occurred from starvation. This will appear incredible, but it is certainly very near the truth. This man Werz takes great pleasure in the knowledge of the number of deaths which occur here, and says, as the bodies are being hauled outside: "There goes another load o' Yanks that'll do no more fightin' to free the niggers."

In addition to the cruelties heaped upon us by our guards

we have an internal foe to contend with. It is humiliating to write of it, but it will show you to what depth of degradation human beings will fall. This other danger is even worse than that of our keepers, for we know not when to expect it. It consists of a lot of desperate characters among the prisoners, banded together to rob and murder their fellow prisoners. They do not hesitate to commit murder to obtain the merest trifle, and for days at a time there exists a perfect reign of terror. Those of us who have not abandoned all hope, are patiently watching and waiting to be exchanged, but as days and weeks go by and still we find ourselves here, we, too, ere long, must give up, and be numbered with those gone on before.

As I have but paper enough left to add a postscript, at such time as I may have an opportunity of sending this to you, I will close by asking you to be brave under your great affliction, and remember that what I suffer is for the cause of our country; and while it is very hard to bear, I shall not blame those who could prevent it. Kiss little sister for me, and now that I shall never see her again, tell Amy that through all my suffering my love for her has ever been constant, and has been the one thing which has sustained me when all else has failed.

With much love for yourself and little sister, I remain your ever dutiful and affectionate son,

THOMAS.

P. S. The hoped-for opportunity has come. There is going to be an exchange of prisoners, and should I not be among the lucky number, I will give this to one who will be more fortunate. This leaves me in as good health as could be expected under the circumstances. Once more good-bye. God bless you and sister.

June 15th, 1864.

A new sorrow awaited Amy on her return from Mrs. Norwood's. A telegram had come from Washington, conveying the sad intelligence that Colonel Harrington had been seriously wounded in Grant's desperate assault at Cold Harbor.

"Poor papa," sobbed Amy, when she had read the dispatch, "we will go to him at once, won't we, mamma?"

"Yes dear, as soon as we can get ready."

"Then," replied Amy, "we will start to-morrow;" and at once set about preparing for the journey.

Mrs. Harrington had sent a telegram to inquire the extent of her husband's injuries, but up to the time of starting no answer came.

Mrs. Norwood was sent for and informed of what had happened, and in the sorrow of her friends, she, in a measure, forgot her own trouble. She at once volunteered her services to assist in getting Amy and her mother ready to start for Washington the next day. By nine o'clock that evening the trunks were packed, and everything was in readiness to take the morning train. Mrs. Norwood was to shut up her own house, and remain in charge of the Harrington residence during the absence of the family.

The train was to leave at ten o'clock, but long before that hour the ladies were at the depot, anxiously watching the clock in the waiting room as it slowly—very slowly, it seemed to them—marked off the time.

At last ten o'clock came, and bundles and packages were gathered up by the waiting passengers, who stood expecting every minute the shrill whistle of the locomotive would call them to the platform. Ten minutes past ten some one ventured to ask the young man in the office if the train was late. "Yes, twenty minutes," he replied, without looking up. The passengers took their seats again, keeping their gaze fixed on the clock dial. Fifteen minutes, twenty minutes past, and no train in sight. The suspense, as shown in the faces of the waiting passengers, was easily perceptible, and just as another courageous man was going to inquire at the office window the cause of delay, the welcome sound of the whistle was heard, and a moment later the train stopped at the depot. But little time was given the passengers to get on and off, and soon the "all aboard" of the conductor was heard, and the train was off.

Mrs. Harrington and her daughter reached Washington the next morning, and took up their quarters at the Willard hotel, where, owing to the prostrated condition of Mrs. Harrington, caused by anxiety and the fatigue of the journey, she was compelled to take her bed. Leaving her mother in charge of an attendant, Amy started out in search of information how to reach the front. Ascertaining how to send a telegram, so that it would go over the wires to the scene of the recent battle, she wired Lieutenant Barber, the adjutant of her father's regiment, that they were in Washington, and, as soon as possible, would be at the front.

Returning to the hotel, she informed her mother what she had done, and said: "Cheer up, mamma dear, we will soon see papa."

"Oh, I hope so! Did you learn how we were to get to the front?"

"Colonel Lester informed me, that owing to the movement of troops, and to the great amount of supplies going over the road, there would be some difficulty in reaching the army, but promised to go with me this afternoon to the secretary of war and see what could be done."

Soon after lunch, a telegram for Amy was sent up from the hotel office. Hastily tearing open the envelope, she read the message, and then exclaimed to her mother—

"Papa is here in the city!"

"Where?" asked her mother, excitedly.

"In one of the hospitals, the telegram states."

"We will go to him at once," she said, and commenced dressing herself for the street.

"I am not so sure about that," replied Amy. "There are a great many hospitals in the city, and we must first find out to which one papa was taken."

The hotel clerk was sent for, and on making his appearance he was questioned regarding the best plan to proceed in the search for the wounded man.

"Unless you have some definite information as to his whereabouts, you will have some trouble in finding your husband, madam," said the clerk.

"Is there no way in which we might find out where papa was taken? Surely, some one can tell us."

"Your best plan would be to call on Colonel Lester; he may be able to assist you in the matter."

Finding they could get no direct information concerning the colonel's whereabouts from the hotel clerk, that individual was dismissed.

"I shall go at once to Colonel Lester's headquarters," said Amy when they were alone.

"Yes, dear, and I shall accompany you."

"No, no, mamma, you must not. I can find out all there is to be gained. Besides, you know, you are not strong enough to walk so far. Be a good dear, and stay in your room until my return. I will be no longer than is necessary to find out what we wish to know; then we will go to poor papa."

"I would feel more contented were I to go with you, but perhaps it is best for me to remain."

Amy hastened to the headquarters of Colonel Lester, but found that he was out, and that he would not return for an hour, at least. It was very trying, but there was no help for it; she had to wait until the colonel came. She was shown into a private office, where she passed the time miserably until the arrival of the expected officer.

"My dear child," said the colonel, "you are to be congratulated on your escape from the contemplated trip to the front, for I assure you it would not only have been a decidedly unpleasant one, but dangerous as well. Now, as to where your father was taken, I am not able to inform you just now, but will take immediate steps to find him, and will let you know in the morning."

"If you could only find him this evening; poor mamma will be so disappointed."

"I will see what can be done, and will call at your hotel this evening and let you know the result."

"Thank you ever so much, Colonel Lester, and if you will excuse me I will return to the hotel, as mamma will be quite anxious for news from papa."

The colonel accompanied her to the door, and on learning that she had walked, said: "Are you alone, and walking, Miss Harrington?"

"Yes, sir; but I don't mind it, I am used to walking."

"But I can not allow you to return alone. Here, Mike."

"Yes, sir."

"Set this lady down at the Willard; and mind you, be careful."

"Why, Colonel Lester! Really, I am not afraid, and would as soon walk."

"Tut, tut, child, it is no trouble to have Mike drive you down, and if you will permit me I will hand you into the carriage, and he will have you at your hotel in a very few minutes."

Amy allowed herself to be helped into the carriage, and as she was being driven away the colonel raised his cap, and bidding her good-bye, said that he would call at the hotel and let her know what success he had in locating her father.

She found her mother very nervous at her long stay, and when informed of the uncertain result of her visit, she broke down in tears.

"Cheer up, mamma; I feel quite sure Colonel Lester will find papa, and then we will go to him, even if it is night."

It was not long until supper was announced, but Mrs. Harrington said she could not eat anything, so Amy had to go down to the dining room alone. She was no stranger to the hotel, however, having spent a winter there with her father during his term in congress, and was shown distinguished consideration by the hotel people. They remembered and loved her as a young girl of fifteen, and now that she had developed into beautiful womanhood, they almost worshipped at her shrine of beauty. The many finely-dressed officers, who at all times during the war were to be seen at the Willard, were not slow to discover Miss Harrington's beauty, and learning she was the daughter of a colonel, who had also been a congressman from the great state of Ohio, they vied with each other in doing her homage. As she finished her meal she ordered some dessert and a cup of tea sent up to her mother, and rose to leave the dining room, when no less than three of the officers at her table rose to accompany her to the door, and as she could receive attention from only one, she accepted the one nearest her, who proved to be a Captain Wells, who was commissary of subsistence, at Colonel Lester's headquarters. The two unfortunate ones remained standing until she had passed through the door and out of sight, casting envious looks after Captain Wells, and frowning upon him as he returned to the table.

"By Jove, Wells," said one, familiarly, "you are a lucky dog. Do you know, I would give a month's pay to be permitted to walk beside Miss Harrington down this dining room."

"The captain is always first with the ladies, and it is useless for us to expect favors from them when he is by," remarked a young lieutenant.

"I am of the opinion Lieutenant Barlow is inclined to flatter, and am pleased to inform him that I

make no special effort to attract the notice of ladies," replied Captain Wells, as he resumed his dessert, and gave his fellow officers to understand that any further conversation referring to Miss Harrington would be objectionable to him.

It was 8:00 o'clock that evening when Colonel Lester's card was sent up to Mrs. Harrington's room. The messenger was instructed to show him up.

"I believe, Colonel Lester, you have never met my mother," said Amy, as the colonel bowed himself into the room, "therefore, it is with pleasure I introduce you to her."

"I am honored in meeting Mrs. Harrington." Advancing, he took the hand which was extended.

"I am doubly glad to see you this evening. We are two very miserable women, and we trust you will be able to assist us."

"I certainly am at your service, and you have only to command to be obeyed."

"Oh, Colonel Lester," spoke up Amy, "have you found poor papa?"

"It pains me, Miss Harrington, to tell you that as yet I have not. I called at the office of Surgeon General Barnes, but he could give me no information. You see, there are so many hospitals in and about Washington, and it would be all but impossible to tell which one Colonel Harrington was taken to."

Amy was in tears by this time, and cried out: "Poor papa! In the city and we can't go to him."

"What!" said Colonel Lester. "The daughter of a soldier crying! Tut, tut, my girl, dry your tears. I dare say your father is in good hands, and wants for nothing."

"Yes, yes," sobbed Mrs. Harrington, "but we do so want to be with him. He will expect us."

"I promise you I shall find him to-morrow, as I have given orders to have every hospital in this vicinity visited; but if you prefer, I will place my ambulance at your service, with a driver who knows the location of all the hospitals, and you can drive to them yourself in search of your husband."

"That would be ever so much better, wouldn't it, mamma?"

"Yes, I should much rather go than to remain here in this terrible suspense."

"Then it shall be as you wish."

"If you only will, we shall be so very much obliged," said Amy.

"At what hour would you like to start?"

"Not later than 8:00 o'clock, I think," said Amy.

"Very well, you will find the ambulance at the hotel at that hour. Now let me advise you both to retire early, as you may have a long ride to-morrow," and bidding the ladies good-night, he left them.

To be continued.

A PICTURESQUE TOUR.

PART II.

PORTLAND, the metropolis of the northwest, claims, and well deserves, more than the passing notice of the tourist. In many respects it is a city unique in its characteristics. A recent writer aptly observes that from whatever direction a person approaches it he emerges from the woods. Its site was originally selected, with rare prescience, from among those continuous woods of which the poet sang long before its locators even thought of seeking homes on these far-off shores. The judiciousness of their action has been amply vindicated by the passing years. Attempts have been made to build up rival communities nearer the sea, but each effort has failed in its purpose. Until within the past five years, natural gravitation has resulted in pouring into Portland's warehouses and commercial establishments, by rail and by steam and sailing vessels, the undivided wealth of the great Inland Empire. Within that period, a railroad having its terminus on Puget sound has challenged a "division of the spoils." But the result has been to arouse the public men of Portland to the exhibition of renewed energy, vigorously directed, not only to the retention of fields already won, but to the enlargement of her commercial dependencies and tributaries, and right well have they done their work. A fixed population of sixty thousand souls is claimed for Portland and its adjacent towns and villages within a radius of three miles, all of which, by the operation of the same force of natural law which has made the city what it now is, will inevitably, and that within a short time, be included in the corporation proper. These things are, perhaps, of but incidental interest to the tourist. Nevertheless, the knowledge of the fact that for a third of a century Portland was practically without a rival for absolute supremacy in trade for a region greater in area than that of three or four ordinary monarchies, will serve at once to emphasize the ever multiplying evidences of wealth and refinement and culture which present themselves to view, and explain the painfully apparent contradictions of a four story, hundred feet wide, marble fronted block, in close juxtaposition with a tumble-down rookery, mossy with age and strangely incongruous with its surroundings.

Portland has many attractions; but what the Old South church is to Boston, what Independence hall is to Philadelphia, what its bay is to Naples, what the Acropolis was to Athens, or the Forum to Rome, Mt. Hood is to this city.

Grim monolith in nature's temple vast,
White warden of the gateway to the sea,
Through which the proud Columbia pours its flood!

When skies are cloudless and the air is balm,
And all the vale is carpeted with flowers,
And all the trees are glorious in green robes;
When birds are nesting and the fields are lush
With promise of great crops and well-filled barns,
And orchards heavy with unripened fruits,
And nature seems once more at her full prime,
Fair as in Eden at creation's dawn—
Serene in his unblemished purity,
The towering mount, in robe of samite white,
And seen of all men, witness bears to all
That the round earth, swung by its golden chain
Fast by the throne of God, can not be moved.

Such is Mount Hood as it appeared to me, across fields and through long vistas of grove and orchard, on a June day not long ago. If I am asked from what point of view about Portland the best impress of its grandeur can be obtained, I confess myself utterly at a loss how to reply. On a favorable day—that is to say when neither clouds, fog nor smoke obscure—a walk along Front street, say from Stark to the southern boundary of the city, pausing at each cross street for an observation, will result in a memory stored with a kaleidoscopic panorama of unsurpassed sublimity. As the visitor ascends the higher elevations of the city, Hood reveals its mighty bulk in new, but not more fascinating, situations. Chaste and beautiful, Mount St. Helens rises clear in view, Mount Adams lifts its white front above the envious hills, and as greater heights are reached at length, eight snow-clad peaks complete the "vision splendid," while far below, river and lake, forest and homestead, city, village and unbroken wilderness, lend grace and beauty and rugged grandeur to the scene.

Portland's homes, from those of the millionaire, noticeable for their luxurious appointments, to those of the modest burgher, tree-embowered, lawn-surrounded and flower-bedecked, rightfully challenge comparison with those of older cities. Her wharves and docks, at which lie ships from remotest climes, her commercial establishments, her banks and insurance companies, are striking evidences of her commanding situation in the great northwest. China and Japan bring here their finest wares and most expensive articles of bric-a-brac for the choice of tourist or denizen with purses equal to the occasion. Her public school system is abreast of the times, and her high school building is the finest to-day on the coast. Her private educational establishments have a deservedly high reputation. Her churches are ministered to by men of mark and note. Her hospitals are noticeable for their excellence.

I have heretofore hinted at the abundant yield of the soil, from which her fruit and vegetable market is supplied. Just let me copy here a memorandum of the contents of one of the city fish stalls on June

1, 1838: Halibut, shad, salmon, salmon trout, rock cod, mountain trout, sturgeon, crabs, shrimp, oysters, native and eastern, eastern soft shell and native razor clams and quohaugs, and another variety peculiar to this coast, known as geoduck. To these may be added the rock oyster, a peculiar bivalve and a great delicacy in the hands of a skillful cook. All fruits in season, from the pineapple of Cathay, to the strawberry of neighboring fields, were here on the same date in unstinted abundance. In season game is as abundant as any gourmand could, or should, desire.

Delightful drives extend in many directions, and whoso desires a quiet sail or an exhilarating dash with the oars can find, in the placid Willamette, an unsurpassed water course, and at the boat houses a choice of water craft, from a two-oared shell to a five-ton plunger.

A well-stocked library, on the shelves of which can be found scores of volumes devoted to the early and later history of the state, will aid the tourist in clearing up any doubtful point to which his attention may be attracted. Housed at present in rather cramped quarters, another year will find it the possessor of a building better suited to its importance, and at the same time a notable architectural ornament to the city. Club men with proper credentials will find themselves at home. It may be added here that a grand tourists' hotel is one of the assured certainties of Portland's near future. I have but hinted at the attractions which this city affords to the man or woman who comes with a fair mind and a pleasant purpose to make the most of his or her outing. Half a dozen or more steamers and propellers run every hour or two to adjacent towns, and a week can be spent pleasantly in these brief rides to and from Portland's suburbs.

Having seen Portland and its outlying dependencies, however, and being seized, possibly, with a desire to press on to the attractive and far-famed Puget sound region, let me remind my readers that if they do so something will be lost out of their lives, with the memory of which no one who has ever ascended the Columbia to the cascades, or descended it to Astoria, would willingly part.

Leaving Portland early in the morning, a delightful ride of twelve miles down the Willamette on a well-appointed steamer will bring the tourist and his party to the confluence of that beautiful stream with the majestic river of the northwest. Comparisons in this respect are tame and commonplace. From the point of junction, to the cascades, one entrancing succession of unmatched vistas open up before the traveler's pleased and delighted vision. Basaltic cliff and column, cape and promontory, waterfall and woodland glade, of such proportions as might befit a world

in which the inhabitants were of more than mortal stature, challenge admiration and baffle description. All here is so singularly beautiful that it needs but a slight, if any, stretch of the imagination to suppose that Wordsworth might have looked upon these scenes "in clear dream and solemn vision," when, in his immortal ode on the Intimations of Immortality, he exclaimed—

The earth and every common sight
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and freshness of a dream.

It is years since I first looked upon these scenes. My blood ran warmer then, and my pen was more obedient to thronging inspirations, and I thought I would set myself to a task of descriptive verse or prose, but I left the task undone, reluctantly forced to confess that

Vigor failed the towering phantasy.

Returning from the cascades, it is well to spend a day or two at Vancouver, rich in historic memories, and being not only in matter of location "beautiful exceedingly," but interesting as the Cathedral City and the seat of fine educational and charitable institutions in charge of the Roman Catholics. Adjacent to the pleasant little city is Fort Vancouver, a regimental post and headquarters of the department of the Columbia, with its daily parades and band music on its ample parade grounds, from which, the evening being favorable, a wonderfully picturesque and satisfying view of Mount Hood, in all the glamour of departing day, is to be had.

Closing the day under such auspices, the tourist will be ready, refreshed and reinvigorated, to take the steamer for Astoria. It is to be supposed that he has read Irving's work on the early history of this most interesting locality. It is nine years since I visited Astoria. If the people have not changed utterly since I was there, the visitor with proper credentials will find the soul of hospitality made manifest in delightful attentions. There is no possibility that the scenic charms of Astoria's surroundings have suffered "a sea of change," or any other kind of a change. From the hills back of town there is a view from the headlands above to the great ocean far below it, which is worth a very long journey to look at even once. Stately ships spread or furl their sails or lie at anchor in the noble river, here become a bay in which the ravies of the world might manœuvre. If it be the fishing season, hundreds of white-sailed lateens go out with the setting sun and return with the rising. Far away, blue hills lift their wooded crests into bluer skies. Deep and resonant from the vexed shores of the Pacific comes the thunder of the sea

surf, mellowed by distance, but still suggestive of the mighty deep. Sea air and sea food bring a sparkle to the eye, a flush to the cheek and strength to wasted tissues.

After a day or two of rest comes the passion for exploring the surrounding country. Charter a small tug and go up John Day's river and watch the loggers at work, or float idly along in a row boat under the over-arching hemlocks and pines, which make twilight of noonday on a long stretch of the beautiful Klaskanine. Take a steamer for Young's river falls, and come back, it may be, with a forever-haunting sense of

The tender grace of a day that is dead.

Drive out on Clatsop beach, or take the tug for North beach, Ilwaco, or any one of half a dozen localities within easy reach of Astoria, and, my word for it, whether you explore them all or visit only a few, you will think, when you are ready to start for the sound, that no portion of the picturesque tour has charms superior to those which make Astoria and vicinity the summer resort of thousands.

There are two ways of reaching Puget sound from Astoria. The coast route, by way of Shoalwater bay, is picturesque and pleasant. Two or three long drives along ocean beaches, with the "league long rollers" thundering on the shore in full sight and close proximity, and a pleasant sail across Shoalwater bay, bring the tourist to Peterson's point. When I was there eight years ago it was a sort of *Ultima Thule* for a vast section of country, with a population of about one to a hundred square miles. There are hundreds there now where tens could not have been found then. At the point a comfortable steamer will take the tourist to the head of tide water, whence a ride by stage, either to Olympia, at the head of the sound, or to Chehalis, a town midway between the Columbia and the sound, will reveal many a charming vista of a valley more than a hundred miles long, that of the Chehalis river, not as extensive as the Willamette, but equally as beautiful in many respects, and quite as productive acre for acre.

By the other route alluded to, the tourist ascends the Columbia from Astoria on a river boat, disembarks at Kalama, and takes rail for Olympia, Tacoma or Seattle, as he pleases. Before leaving Astoria for the up river trip, I would advise the reader to lay aside the latest novel, magazine or newspaper and give his attention to the scenery of the Lower Columbia. No moment devoted to such an inspection will ever be considered lost or wasted. Leaving Kalama, it will be in order to ask the conductor to advise you of the train's approach to Napavine and Chambers prairie. From these points fine views are had of Mt.

Rainier, hereafter, until at Port Townsend this picturesque tour is ended, to be the dominating feature of the landscape. At these points, and also at West Olympia, Rainier

Doth divide

Into two ample horns his forehead wide.

Elsewhere, so far as my observations extend, it appears as one vast truncated cone, lifting its splendid proportions into the intense, illimitable blue, with a might and majesty and grandeur which suggests no rivalry with Hood, or any other mountain, nor any dwarfing of their regal splendors, but nevertheless appeals to the admiration of the beholder with far more than the divinity which doth hedge a king.

A visit to Olympia will introduce the tourist to the present capital city of Washington Territory. The town is delightfully located at the very head of the sound. From the head of the main street, as beautiful a twelve-mile stretch of water lies out toward the north as the eye ever rested on. Dissolving views enchant the eye as the tourist moves from point to point. Ornate cottages, embowered in orchards, church and school and hospital speak of prosperity. Long drives over the best of roads invite excursions. Lakes stocked with speckled beauties are numerous. Near by are Tumwater falls, picturesque and attractive. Standing on the long bridge which unites East and West Olympia, the waters afford opportunities for studying sea life rarely presented. Oftener than at any place I remember to have visited, the sunsets at Olympia are of rare and indescribable grace, delicacy and beauty.

The ride on the steamer from Olympia to Tacoma, if the sky be clear and the winds whist, is an event to be remembered with unmixed delight. It is a revelation in salt water travel. I merely suggest its pleasures, and all who make the trip will thank me for leaving the enjoyment to be derived therefrom unmarred by any attempt to anticipate them from description. Still, I may not forbear to remind the reader, that before leaving Olympia by steamer it will be well to ask the purser or captain to announce the approach to Johnson's point. From here, if the atmospheric conditions are favorable, a never-to-be-forgotten view of Mount Rainier is to be had. It is seven years since I first saw the mountain from this point. One solitary cabin, that of some lone fisherman, perhaps, was the only object in sight to relieve the utter desolation of the wooded shores. Beyond this, terrace upon terrace of wooded hills rose by "exquisite gradation," fading into azure and then deepening into darkness, while far beyond, the great mountain, with not a cloud above to cast a shadow upon its snow-clad heights, rose not "like an exhalation."

tion," but like a visible semblance of the great white throne. Beyond Johnson's point, the waters of the sound broaden into what is known as Henderson's bay, a sheet of water of vast and splendid proportions. On its eastern shore is situated the historic old town of Steilacoom, an old Hudson's Bay post and the first United States military fort on Puget sound. Near by is located the territorial asylum for the insane. On McNeil's island, on the western shore, is the United States penitentiary. Time and inclination permitting, the tourist will find a stop at Steilacoom and a visit to these institutions interesting and instructive.

A short sail from Steilacoom brings the tourist to Tacoma, which was a straggling and most unattractive hamlet of a few hundred uneasy souls when I first saw it in 1881. Uneasy souls, I say, because the movements of the then ruling spirit of the Northern Pacific railroad cast a cloud of uncertainty over the prospects of the town. Such feverish scanning of the daily reports from headquarters as marked the coming in of each new day in Tacoma in 1881 I never saw, except at the height of the bonanza excitement in California from twelve to fifteen years ago. Tacoma has passed that stage now, and a really beautiful and compactly built city of thousands now marks its site. Many and varied are the attractions which Tacoma now presents to the tourist. What Mount Hood is to the Portlander, in a scenic sense, Mount Rainier (here always called Mount Tacoma) is to Tacoma. About fifty miles southeast of the city, it seems, at times, as if half an hour's walk would take the onlooker to its very base. Again, under peculiar conditions it seems as if, indignant at its puny surroundings, it had sought to retire from them, and

Sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wond'rous depth,

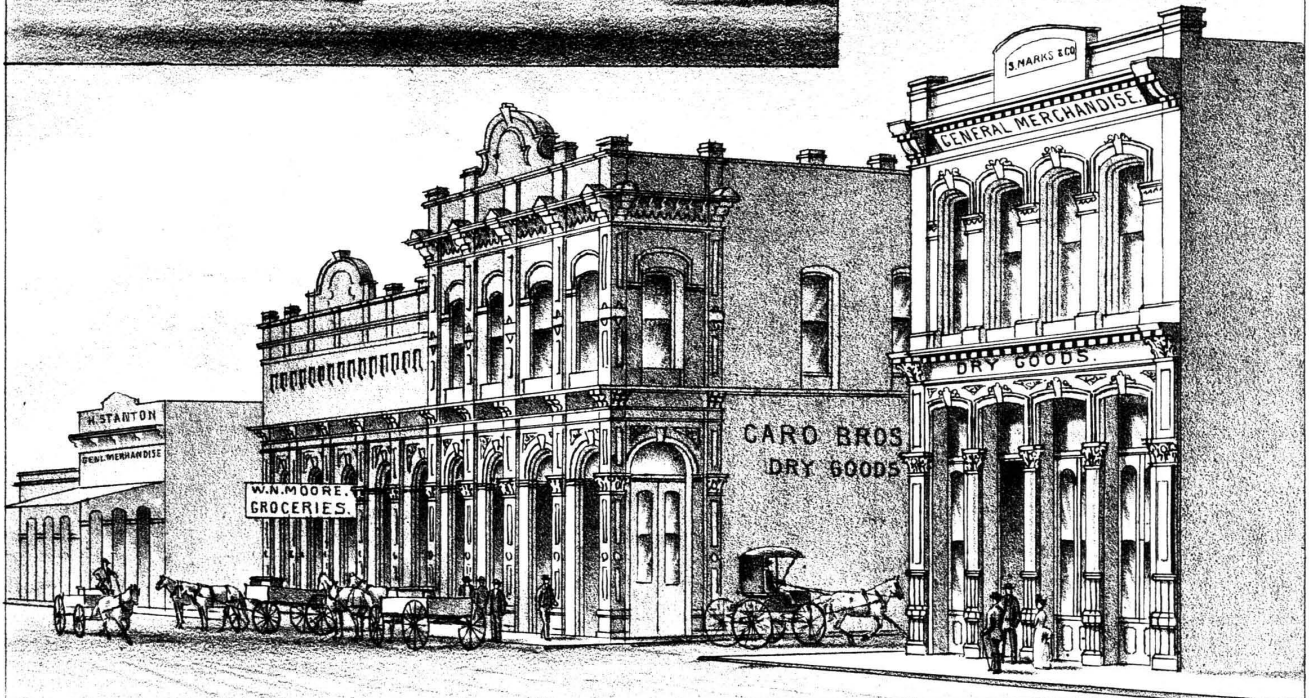
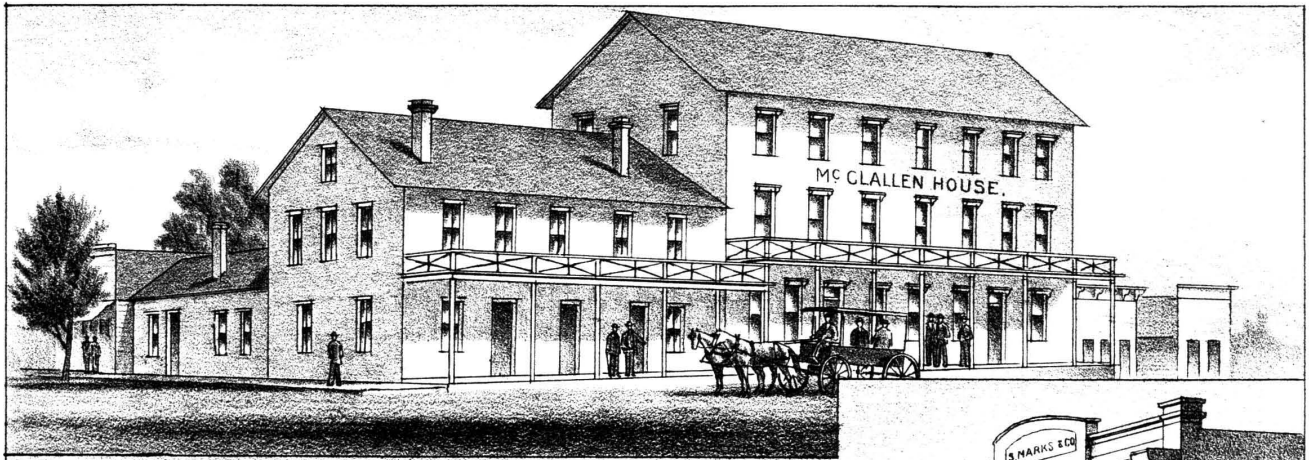
It had become part of another and infinitely distant world. In such an aspect I saw it one November evening. It seemed an apparition, not of the earth, earthy. There is no lack of amusement at Tacoma. Steam launch and sail boat are always ready for delightful journeys on the water. Drives to adjacent prairies, redolent with the balsam of the pine and rich with the ozone of the salt air of the sound, stretch out in half a dozen directions. Excursions to hop fields and orchards, coal mines and trout streams, hot springs and the glacier of Rainier, are always in order. Ship at wharf, church on hill, mammoth saw mills and a dozen other objects of interest invite inspection and make it unnecessary to have time hang heavily on the tourist's hands. A visit to Quartermaster's harbor is decidedly in order while at Tacoma, with a clam bake and a feast of mussels roasted on hot stones. But I have only hinted at the numerous attractions of the place and vicinity.

An hour or two's ride, by boat or rail, brings the tourist to Seattle. If he thinks, having done his duty by Tacoma and surroundings, he has exhausted the delights of this region, he is mistaken. Having lunched and rested at Seattle, let him order himself and party driven to the top of what is known as Capital hill, or, if they prefer it, let them walk there. It is a short mile from the hotel. Arrived there, let them survey the landscape o'er. Off to the west, and across the blue six-mile waters of the sound, stretch the Olympian mountains for a hundred miles north and south. Almost due south, Rainier lifts its huge peak from fir-clad bastions. The eastern horizon is rimmed by the Cascade range; and far to the north, Mt. Baker, now seen for the first time, gleams ghostly in the distance. Seemingly within a stone's throw, Lakes Union and Washington lie calm and beautiful. At their very feet, a thriving city, pulsating with life, the very picture of the vigor of modern enterprise, attracts and surprises by its manifold exhibitions of industry and thrift. As closer observation takes in the marvelous details of the splendid panorama unfolded to the eye, whatever the tourist may have heard of the rivalry for commercial supremacy between Seattle and Tacoma, the conviction that the prize to be contested for is a splendid one, the field of cloth of gold, and that only tireless struggles can make either victor, forces itself upon him. I do not know any other point in the northwest from which the view is so suggestive of the greatness and grandeur of the empire of the northwest, the elements of which

Are plastic yet and warm,

as this view from Capital hill. The outlying attractions of Seattle are numerous and varied. Near by are the grounds of the Chautauqua Association, Green lake, with its baths and boating, Lake Union and splendid Lake Washington, a worthy rival to Lake Tahoe in size and beauty. Cozy and much frequented camping grounds in secluded harbors on arms of the sound; black bass and rock cod fishing on the city front; trips by rail to mountain fastnesses, localities where, in sedimentary deposits, fossil leaves are found as reminders of the flight of centuries; trout streams and the haunts of grouse and pheasant, all invite him to their enjoyment. The whole region roundabout is full of pleasure for the lover of nature and the student of American life in its formative periods.

Not far above Seattle, the sound is virtually divided into east and west divisions. The trip up the east side is a thoroughly beautiful and delightful one. An archipelago of picturesque and fruitful islands lends an enchanting variety to the voyage. Pleasant villages nestle along the shores, farm, orchard, meadow, mill, fishing station and Indian reservation suggest



ROSEBURG, OREGON.



A. ROSE, ESQ.



S. HAMILTON, ESQ.

ROSEBURG, OREGON.

the march of civilization and its contrast with the old order now passing away. Whatcom, a flourishing young city, with a fine future before it, invites a visit with its adjacent streams and lakes and forests, the natural homes of the delight of the sportsman.

Making the west side trip, a few hours' journey brings the tourist to Port Townsend. On his way thither, however, he will never regret it if he turn into Hood's canal and spend a few days at Seabeck. People have raved, time immemorial, over regal sunsets and royal purple and gold in mountain lands. Such splendors of illumination as I have witnessed, time and again, at Seabeck, when came still evening on, and before twilight gray had in her sober livery all things clad, I never saw elsewhere. Besides, on general principles, Hood's canal is a body of water of such peculiar beauty, that no one who visits the north-west should miss seeing it.

Arrived at Port Townsend, practically the end of this picturesque tour, the traveler must not suppose that he is to find the scenic splendors by which he will be surrounded tame in comparison with those he has left behind. On the contrary, quite the reverse. From the hills at the base of which the business part of the town is situated, all the varied elements of mountain, valley, widespread reaches of gleaming wave, forests primeval, quiet homes, and ships leaving port for far-off lands, or with swelling sails hurrying to the haven where they would be, all are before him, not in indistinct and wavering lines, like the illusions of a dream, but stretched out and stretching widely, to where Mount Baker, far to the north, sits the very spectre of volcanic wrath, for foothills and buttresses so scarred and seamed and shaken, I think, surround no other mountain on the globe; and far to the south, where Rainier still dominates the wonderful scene. Here, too, as the sun declines, those wonderful golds and purples, which are so marked at Seabeck, play hide and seek among the Olympian hills, and call for a Claude or a Raphael to transfer them to canvas. There are scores of places in the vicinity of Port Townsend where the tourist may find the delights which woods and winds and waters give to nature's worshiper. In his journeying north, he

has seen Shasta and Hood and Rainier and Baker and many a lesser peak, in scores of lights; but until he has seen Rainier from the deck of a steamer at a point midway between Port Townsend and the island opposite, he has not seen it at its best. I saw it once under these conditions, on a cloudless afternoon in June—

A hundred miles away old Rainier rose,
From verdant valley to eternal snows,
Not even the shadow of a passing bird
Fell on the wave, no breeze the dark pines stirred.
No intervening hill, no buttress high,
Broke the continuous level to the eye.
Silence and beauty kept in solemn tryst,
And, as of gold, the waters smoothly kissed;
Down the long vista molten silver seemed
The sound's still surface—never mortal dreamed
Of such an avenue to such a shrine,
Whose builder and whose maker is divine.
A shining glory swept through emerald walls
As marble motionless; my mind recalls
The awe transcendent of that peerless scene,
Nor did I err in deeming it, I ween,
Like some grand pathway by immortals trod,
Some portal to the temple of our God.

To those who have followed me in this tour along the written page, I have only to say that I have nothing extenuated. I have but feebly voiced the delights which the trip, virtually extending through years of ill health, has afforded me. If what I have written may seem to have something of *coulour de rose*, let it be remembered that I write of nature and the works of nature's God. One ought to be willing to put up with and leave out of sight the annoyances of travel in consideration of an opportunity to see so much of the beautiful, the majestic and inspiring, as can be witnessed in the picturesque tour from Ashland to Port Townsend. I have but skimmed the surface of its possibilities. Thousands of unsuggested charms remain to be unveiled. Unnumbered delights greet the tourist who starts out on the trip determined to be pleased. Nothing but disappointment awaits the fault-finder and the brood of the Sneerwells and Backbites. They will do well to stay at home.

A. T. HAWLEY.

MANUFACTURING OPPORTUNITIES IN OREGON.

A STRANGER spends but a few weeks in Oregon when he is struck with the apparent neglect of capitalists to take advantage of the surprising facilities for converting into manufactured articles the great abundance of the raw materials produced in the state. Wool, flax, hemp, hides, pelts, wheat, oats, barley, fruit, hard and soft woods, coal, iron, limestone, live stock, fish, and in fact nearly every material that enters into the great staple manufactures of the country can be found here in great quantity and of a quality unsurpassed, in conjunction with numerous large and accessible water powers, and yet, nearly all this is shipped abroad in the raw state, while millions of dollars are annually paid for the importation of articles made from these selfsame materials. Although Oregon possesses a large agricultural area, whose productive capacity is almost limitless, thousands of pounds of butter and pork, and millions of eggs are imported annually. Vast quantities of wool and hides are shipped to the east, while woollen goods, leather and leather products are imported. With great coal and iron deposits lying almost side by side, and with limestone and wood for charcoal in unlimited quantities, every nail that goes into the thousands of new buildings erected annually in Portland and other cities of this region is brought here from factories three thousand miles away. And so it goes, from the top to the bottom of the list; Oregon produces vastly more than she can use, but has to pay someone else to fit it for consumption. The reason for all this is very plain, and is one of the best guarantees of success to the manufacturer who will endeavor to alter the situation. Until recently, this region had no transportation facilities upon which manufacturers could rely, or by which the various sections could be easily and cheaply reached. It is only five years since Portland had its first railroad connection with the east, and now four great trans-continental lines are competing for the city's traffic, with a probability of two more being added within less than two years. By all these lines thousands are annually pouring into Portland and the tributary country, creating a home market for products and manufactured articles which never existed before. This demand must be supplied, and until the various manufactories are established here, the supply must come from abroad. The local market for butter, eggs, hams, etc., was not large enough to justify their production on a large scale, and now that this market has been so suddenly and so largely increased, the state finds itself unprovided with facilities for supplying it. It can not be expected that people who have for years been accustomed to one condition of

affairs will be able instantly to readjust themselves when that condition is suddenly changed. This accounts for the fact that manufactures of various kinds have not kept pace with the rapid increase and extension of the market. The exact situation is observed and realized by a new-comer much more easily than by the older residents, who can not easily rid themselves of the customs, ideas, prejudices and habits of thought engendered by years of living under conditions radically different from those now prevailing. It is, then, to the enterprising men of the east who are looking westward for an opening for their energy and capital, that Oregon offers these most inviting opportunities.

Portland is a city which, with its immediate suburbs, contains a population of sixty thousand. It has a banking capital of \$7,307,000.00, distributed among twelve banks, and a capital of \$55,000,000.00 invested in mercantile enterprises. In 1887 the city exported products to the value of \$15,703,000.00, and did a wholesale business exceeding \$60,000,000.00. During the same year \$2,784,000.00 were expended in building improvements. Here, then, is a city transacting a tremendous business, and growing in size and commercial importance at an astonishing rate even in this age of rapid progress. In such a city as this, already rich and populous, and the financial and commercial center of a rapidly developing region as large as an empire, it would seem as if manufactories could be established with every prospect of the highest success. It will be of interest to call attention to the advantages of location the city possesses, as viewed from a manufacturer's standpoint.

Portland is the head of deep water navigation on the Columbia and Willamette rivers, and its harbor is constantly filled with ocean-going vessels, both steam and sail. Fifteen miles up the Willamette river are the celebrated falls, having a height of forty-one feet, and developing a power at low water exceeding those at Minneapolis by forty per cent., and by one hundred per cent. at high water. The falls have been carefully surveyed and platted at an expense of \$4,000.00, and are the property of the Willamette Transportation Co., which also owns nearly all the land suitable for manufacturing purposes. This company offers to manufacturers the land upon which to erect factories and the water power by which to run them. The land will be a free gift, with title in fee simple, and the water power will be free for a period of ten years, a reasonable charge to be made for power thereafter, at a contract price to be designated at the time of making the original agreement. The development of the power, so far as its practical application to his own uses is concerned, must be made by the parties using it. Two lines of

railway and the river offer ample and cheap communication between the factories and deep water at Portland. In fact, so far as the receipt and shipment of freight are concerned, Portland and Oregon City are practically one. This situation seems to mark Portland as one of the future great manufacturing cities of America. No other seaport city in the United States is blessed with such a magnitude of available water power at its very gates; nor are any of the great falls of America so favorably situated, both as to nearness to the seat of production of raw materials and to a seaport from which may be reached all the great markets of the world. A few moments of thought will convince any practical man that in the falls of the Willamette Portland enjoys a valuable gift of nature, not vouchsafed to any other seaport on the Pacific

coast, and that the falls themselves, in their accessibility from tide water, possess advantages of location superior to any others in the world. The falls that have made Minneapolis so great a manufacturing city are more than a thousand miles inland, while these are but fifteen miles from a seaport already enjoying a large foreign commerce, where vessels may be loaded for any port in the world. There are other water powers in Oregon, both east and west of the Cascade mountains, favorably situated on lines of railway, which offer splendid opportunities for manufacturing. These facts strike the new-comer to Oregon so forcibly that he marvels that greater advantage is not taken of them. The true reason for this has been given, and the opportunities now stand open to those who have the prescience to see and grasp them.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

I stood one eve at the Golden Gate,
 Watching the sunset's glow,
 As it gilded the amethyst billows
 Rolling languidly to and fro;
 I saw the white surf curling
 Like snow wreaths at my feet,
 And listed the dreary moaning
 Of waves that ceaselessly beat.

To the left lay a purple mountain,
 To the right a snow-capped height,
 And over all fell the subtle charm
 Of sunset's rosy light.
 A vessel lay at anchor,
 Her sails by breezes fanned;
 A night bird twittered vespers
 Somewhere upon the land.

Then I thought of the long, long journey
 I'd come o'er hill and plain,
 To view this grand old ocean,
 And list to its deep refrain.
 And thinking thus of the journey,
 And gazing out at sea,
 I felt sufficient recompense
 Its beauties were to me.

And then I mused of an evening—
 An eve for which I wait—
 When, time's rough journey ended,
 I stand at "The Golden Gate;"
 Behind, all the rough, hard journey
 By which the goal I've won;
 Before, eternity's ocean,
 Aglow with life's setting sun.

VELMA CALDWELL MELVILLE.

MOSES.

CHARLES WOODRUFF and his wife were early settlers upon the western border of the Missouri river. They were people of intelligence and refinement, who had carried with them to their prairie home many articles of comfort, and even luxury, and had built for themselves a residence which, except for its isolation, might well excite the admiration even of those accustomed to the civilization of long settled communities. The farm was under excellent cultivation, the house and out buildings were neat and commodious and surrounded by ornamental trees and shrubs, while a large orchard of excellent fruit gave an air of comfort and a promise of good cheer.

Their location, near the great highway of western emigration, had always given them frequent opportunities of communication with the world, and at the time when my story opens, many were seeking homes in their immediate neighborhood. Already the nucleus of a city, now well known, which we will call Orton, was within easy reach.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff had four children—a son, Edward, on the verge of manhood, two pretty, winning girls, Emma and Alice, younger by easy gradation, and John, a boy of eight, the youngest and pet of the household. Mrs. Woodruff was a well-preserved, matronly-looking woman of about forty, who loved her husband and children with a devotion that left nothing to ask for when they were near. The care of her children, and their education, which had devolved entirely upon herself, gave her ample occupation. In her household duties she had excellent “help” in the person of Susan Graham, who had accompanied them to the new country, and was considered as one of the family, which she really was in affection and devotion to their interests.

In new countries hospitality is not a rare trait, neither is it altogether unselfish, since news of the outside world or from the old home is dear to every pioneer's heart, but when added to a nature kindly and genial as Charles Woodruff's, it made his house seem a haven of rest to weary, belated or hungry travelers who were fortunate enough to find shelter beneath its roof.

This morning, one of early spring, some fourteen or fifteen years before the civil war, the entire family, with several of the neighbors who had gathered there, were standing on the bluff, watching the river with anxiety and some excitement. The “Old Muddy” had been steadily rising for days. It had long ago engulfed the high water mark of former years, and now swept everything before it from bluff to bluff. Many who had made homes for themselves on the rich bottom lands had been obliged to abandon

them and seek safety on the bluffs, while some, who through ignorance or carelessness had failed to make their escape in time, were swept by the treacherous, angry flood into eternity. Horses, sheep, cattle and poultry were struggling vainly to reach a place of safety. Household furniture and farm products floated by, making the sympathetic beholder shudder at their suggestion of desolated homes and worse possibilities. Mr. Woodruff, his son, and a few others, had been striving, with what means they had at hand, to save life and property, but the current, even near shore, made it dangerous business, and they were about to relinquish their efforts, when a cry of excitement was raised as an object came floating toward them from above, and now quite close to shore, which looked like an old-fashioned wooden cradle. Was it—and the question was answered in the affirmative as it came nearer—was it empty, or occupied? The question thrilled every heart. The men once more pushed out in their boat, and with long hooks stood ready to catch it as it went by. One moment more of intense excitement, then a triumphant cheer, as the cradle was successfully grappled and lifted into the boat. A sight to stir the most sluggish blood greeted their eyes. A lovely infant of perhaps two years lay sleeping as calmly as if on its mother's bosom. The men in the boat had time for but a passing glance, and then all their thought and attention were necessary to effect a landing. Happily, this was at length done in safety, though the women on the shore held their breath in fear as they noted the peril of those whose lives were dearer than their own. As they stepped ashore, Mr. Woodruff and Edward lifted the cradle and bore it, without disturbing the babe, toward the house, followed by all who had assisted in the rescue. Susan had hastened to stir the smouldering fire on the hearth in the family room, had placed blankets to warm, and with womanly thoughtfulness had made all things ready for possible need.

As the cradle was placed gently on the floor before the blazing fire, Mr. Woodruff bent over it, and lifting the child tenderly from its pillow placed her in his wife's arms. As he did so, cries of admiration were uttered in as many different keys as there were spectators. Awakened by the sound, the little one first looked with astonished eyes at the group about her, then turned, and glancing at the kind, motherly face that bent over her, laid her head on Mrs. Woodruff's shoulder in perfect content. What heart so callous as to be untouched by helpless babyhood! And when we consider that these hearts were warm and loving, and that this child added the charm of unusual beauty, a clear, fair skin, silken brown hair, clustering in wavy locks on its white forehead, large,

dark eyes, and a sweet, shy smile, what wonder that all hearts bowed at once and called her queen.

Mrs. Woodruff sent Susan to bring some breakfast for the little stranger, while she herself instituted a careful search for any traces that might lead to the discovery of its parentage. She was rewarded by finding the name Myrtie Leslie plainly written in indelible ink upon its night clothes, which were of fine material and richly trimmed. Further than this not the slightest clue was found, nor did the coming days or receding water disclose aught, except that the cabin which had stood at the steamboat landing, three miles above, had been undermined, the water cutting through the treacherous soil, and carrying away the house, and, it was feared, its inmates. But they were elderly people, without children, and so the mystery remained unsolved.

It was conjectured that strangers might have been stopping there, but in that case they, too, must have lost their lives, and this babe, whose wooden cradle, proving water tight, had served as a boat, was saved by its having lodged in some driftwood for several hours, and being loosed finally just in time to be rescued as related.

Busy fingers were soon plying the needle to provide a wardrobe for little Myrtie, whom Mr. Woodruff laughingly would call nothing but Moses, since he, like the Egyptian princess, had found her in the river. As time flew by and days passed into weeks, weeks to months and months to years, it was almost forgotten by the members of the household that Myrtie was not their own. Her innocent, baby ways had so endeared her to them, that from Mr. Woodruff to Susan in the kitchen she was the pet and darling of them all. But Johnny worshiped her. To do her bidding no task was too heavy or journey too long. He early initiated her into the mysteries of farm life, watching most carefully her toddling footsteps as together they searched for hidden treasures, birds' nests, wild flowers, shells on the river bank, and the thousand wonders of child life. Then, also, they had their daily duties. It was they, who, every evening, hunted the eggs and proudly brought their stores to the kitchen, where they never failed to receive their meed of praise from Susan. It was their duty, too, to see that the feathered tribe were all well fed, and that the downy chicks were most tenderly cared for. Proud were they when together they discovered the first blossom of spring, or the first ripe fruitage of autumn. Every day Johnny had his hours of study. At first this time was dull for Myrtie, but soon she showed an interest in doing what Johnny did, and almost before she escaped her babyhood she had mastered the alphabet and commenced to read in easy readings. Thus swiftly and happily time sped away.

Something more than seven busy years had fled since the events first narrated in the last chapter. They had brought some changes to the Woodruff's. Edward and Emma had both made homes for themselves not far away from their parents' roof, to which Johnny and Myrtie made frequent visits and were petted and coddled to their hearts' content. Alice had grown to be a beautiful woman, whose charming manner combined the innocence and purity of the wildwood flower with the grace and sweetness of exotic growth. John was now a tall lad of fifteen, a frank, open-hearted boy, whose face was an index to his character, while the parents were scarcely at all changed. On this delightful afternoon of early summer, the members of the family, except Mr. Woodruff, were gathered upon the veranda, enjoying the out-door air and the pleasant outlook. The two ladies had each some light work in hand, Johnny was deep in the pages of an interesting book, and Myrtie had just gone to the flower garden to fill a vase for the tea table, when a stranger of rather distinguished appearance rode up to the gate, alighted, and approaching the group, hat in hand, inquired for Mr. Woodruff. Mrs. Woodruff arose at his greeting, and said that her husband had gone to G—, their nearest market town, but was momentarily expected home. Inviting the gentleman to be seated, she quietly resumed her work. At this moment Myrtie came hurrying in with her flowers, exclaiming: "See, mamma, aren't they beautiful?" Observing the stranger, she stopped short, and was about to turn away; but the gentleman, looking earnestly at her, said: "Will you not let me look at your flowers?" A little shyly, yet with well-bred readiness, she offered them for his inspection. Claspings the little hand that held the flowers he gently drew her to him, and while examining and admiring them and inhaling their perfume, he succeeded in entering into a conversation with her.

"Will you tell me your name?" he asked

"Myrtie Leslie Woodruff, sir, though papa calls me Moses."

Mrs. Woodruff, who had been observing the stranger, noticed that as the child gave her name he started, turned pale, then red, and gasped as if for air. Thinking that sudden illness had overtaken him, she rose hastily with proffers of assistance.

"No, madam, no, I am not sick; my emotion is due to quite a different cause. Forgive me, if I am too abrupt, but this child, this dear little girl, is my own—my own," he repeated, his voice broken and faint with the effort at self control. Mrs. Woodruff's voice, too, had a strange tremor as she said—

"Sir, you have not yet even announced your name, and yet you claim our darling for your own. Please explain yourself."

"My name is Henry Leslie. I am a lawyer by profession, and my home is at Linn, in the state of New York. Seven years ago, last April, business called me west, and my young wife, whose health was frail and failing, accompanied me, in the hope that the journey and change of scene would prove beneficial. Taking with us our babe, a child of less than two years, and her nurse, we proceeded by easy stages to St. Louis, where, after resting for some time, we took a steamer bound for the Upper Missouri. But, alas! Scarcely had we embarked when my wife sickened, and, after a few days of intense suffering, died. Leaving the boat at a landing three miles above this place, we carried her remains to G—, the nearest settlement where it was possible to have Christian burial. The people at the landing were very kind, and seemed readily to make friends with my little girl and Sarah, her nurse, so that upon our return, Sarah begged me to leave them where they were, while I proceeded upon the business that called me into the interior. Observing that the place seemed cleanly and comfortable, I consented. Imagine my grief and despair, when, after a hasty journey, I returned to find the river a raging flood and the landing entirely washed away. Making inquiries, I was informed that the house had been carried away in the night and all its inmates drowned. Not doubting that my informants knew and told the truth, I hastened away to Orton, and took the first steamer that would bear me toward my home, now rendered doubly desolate. A few weeks ago, a fellow townsman who has large landed interests in this part of the country, put his affairs into my hands, and it became necessary for me to revisit the place where I had experienced such poignant sorrow. While stopping at the hotel in Orton, I happened to hear the flood of seven years ago discussed, and the circumstances of your having rescued a child from the river was related in my presence. A few questions courteously answered enabled me to find you without difficulty, and I have lost no time in coming here. The first glance at my little girl, revealing her striking resemblance to her mother, convinced me of her identity, and when she told me her name I could no longer control myself."

"The name was written upon the clothes which she wore," said Mrs. Woodruff, "we have carefully kept them."

"How can I ever thank you, madam, for your kindness to my child?"

"By not making her so entirely your own," said Mrs. Woodruff, with some dignity, recollecting suddenly how great a stranger was this man who was claiming so much, "until we have learned to realize that she is yours."

"You are right," said Mr. Leslie. "I had intended to say nothing until I had first talked with Mr. Woodruff, but my feelings overcame me. I have letters of introduction to several prominent citizens of Orton, with whom, doubtless, your husband is well acquainted, and can, in a short time produce all necessary credentials. I shall be in the vicinity for several weeks, and I hope you will permit me to make good use of my time in winning my child's affections and your confidence."

Alice, who had been a silent, but greatly interested, listener, at the word "confidence" could not help thinking, as she looked at him and noted his appearance, that his fine face inspired it. Large, dark gray eyes, growing almost black with animation, a broad, high forehead, clear cut features, and a mouth whose expression combined masculine firmness with something of womanly sweetness, made a *tout ensemble* of manly beauty such as she secretly thought, she had never before seen.

Myrtie, who had stood, flowers in hand, half bewildered, now moved gently away to Mrs. Woodruff's side.

"My love, go finish arranging your flowers for the table, papa will be here soon."

Even as she spoke Mr. Woodruff approached the house. In a few words he was told what had occurred in his absence. Giving the stranger a keen and penetrating look, as if he would read him at a glance, he advanced and gave him his hand cordially, then turning, said—

"Well, wife, this is all in the future. Let us have our tea now. Johnny, show Mr. Leslie to his room and call William to take his horse to the stable. In a short time they were all gathered about the table, and Mr. Leslie, who had regained his self possession, exerted himself to be agreeable, and succeeded, in a large measure, in winning golden opinions. Mr. Woodruff soon learned to his entire satisfaction that Henry Leslie was just what he had represented himself; furthermore, that he was a man of wealth, standing and excellent character. He was, therefore, made welcome at the house, and Myrtie was taught to look upon him as her father. He took every pains to win her affection, and she soon learned to watch with eagerness for his coming. Ere long it also became evident that dear as his child was to him, and daily becoming more so, that she was not the only attraction the house held for him. Walks and drives and moonlight *tete-a-tetes* were fast becoming the order of the day. Nor were Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff displeased, for as the weeks went by they, too were learning to like and trust Henry Leslie, and surely, if Myrtie must be given up, it would be better that Alice should go with her than that all the

ties that bound her to them should at once be severed, and when the lovely autumn days came, Henry Leslie bore away to his eastern home two members of the Woodruff household, instead of one.

Alice, who had traveled only in books, was delighted with her journey. Accustomed to the endless stretch of prairie, the great variety of scenery that opened before her as she was borne swiftly along, gave a new and almost unlimited pleasure. As they came nearer her new home, the magnificent mountain views, so entirely different from anything she had ever before seen, filled her with admiration. But nothing that she saw so enchanted her as the glimpses she caught of the forests, seen now, for the first time, in all their wealth of autumnal beauty. The only fear that intruded itself upon her otherwise perfect happiness, was that her simple country ways might not be suited to the new sphere that awaited her; but she comforted herself with the thought that, so long as her husband was pleased with her, it mattered little who else might criticise, and if, when the carriage drove up the long driveway to the house, where the house-keeper, in best attire, stood waiting to receive them, she felt a little awe of Mrs. Walker's stately ways, she did not in the least show it, but greeted her with a smile that quite won her heart. The house was a handsome stone structure, in the midst of spacious grounds. Grand old trees guarded its approaches, but the building itself stood in a clear and sunny space. Everywhere there were evidences of taste and culture. As they entered the wide corridor and were ushered into the large and elegantly furnished drawing room, Alice could not help again secretly wondering what her husband could have found to admire in her simple ways and ignorance of the world; but as she glanced up at him with this thought in her heart, she met a look so full of affection and admiration that it set her fears at rest forever.

The slight chill of the autumn day and the fact that the rooms had been long closed, had induced Mrs. Walker to order a fire in the grate. Its warmth and cheer added another bright touch to the home coming, and it was with a heart brimming over with love and devotion, first to God, the giver of all good, and then to her husband, whose love she was every moment learning to prize more dearly, that Mrs. Leslie entered upon the new life in her new home.

Myrtie was charmed with everything, and soon made fast friends with the housekeeper, who had been in the family before she was born, had been much attached to her mother, and was, of course, ready to spoil the child with indulgence. Happily, Myrtie was not easily spoiled, and a checking word from her father or Alice always had the desired effect. Henry

Leslie's wife would, in any case, have been warmly welcomed in Linn. As it was, her own evident desire to please her husband's friends, combined with her natural charm of manner, soon made her a favorite wherever she went. As soon as arrangements could be made, Myrtie was placed at an excellent day school, and masters provided for her at home, Mr. Leslie being determined that his little daughter should have every advantage. She soon developed an unusual talent for music, and the fine piano which had been her mother's was again put to daily use.

Meantime the house at the Woodruff's was desolate enough, now that Alice and Myrtie were both gone, and Johnnie wandered around like a lost spirit, till, as the weeks rolled by with no improvement, and the boy was becoming thin and pale, his mother, alarmed, proposed calling in the family physician. But Mr. Woodruff said, "The boy is lonely; nothing else ails him," and after a little hesitation continued: "I have always thought I should like to send Johnnie to college, and now, wife, if you think you will not be quite broken-hearted yourself at parting with the last of your darlings, I shall write to Leslie at once to find a first-class school for him, not too far from Linn, so that in case of sickness he can have Alice's care."

It was no easy matter for Mrs. Woodruff to part with her boy, but with the self sacrifice so characteristic of mothers everywhere, she soon consented. Accordingly the letter was written, and answered satisfactorily, and in a short time John Woodruff was placed at the preparatory school of ——— college. It was arranged that he should spend his short vacations with Alice. This programme was carried out, with the additional condition that Alice and Myrtie usually accompanied him home in the summer months. Thus the children were not long separated, but spent many pleasant days and weeks together, never so happy as when in each other's company, she listening to recitals of his school-boy scrapes, or he to the accounts of her daily life, spiced, as they always were, with ready wit.

Seven years more had come and gone, and it was commencement day at ——— college. Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie and Myrtie were all there, for John would graduate that day. He had been chosen to deliver the valedictory. How proud they all were of him, as, finishing his really fine oration amidst great applause, he made his way toward the family group! And how eager was he, in turn, to present his relatives to his friends! The years had dealt kindly with Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff. They were still a fine looking, well preserved couple, with easy manners and pleasant address. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie

were decidedly distingué; and Myrtie—how shall we describe her as she appeared that day of days? A little above medium height, with round, though slender, figure, small, dimpled hands, beautiful white skin, pearly teeth, red lips, silken, wavy, brown hair, dark eyes, whose liquid depths seemed unfathomable; she had, withal, the charm of utter unconsciousness of her own beauty. Had she been the least bit of a coquette by nature, she would surely have enjoyed her triumphs and had her pretty head well turned. But to Myrtie, in her innocence, the young fellows who strove so hard, each, for some sign of her favor, were John's friends, and as such, her smiles and friendly chit-chat were bestowed impartially upon all. But Max. Stanley, John's chum, to whom, for years, Myrtie's praises had been incessantly chanted, lost his heart outright, and showed it so plainly that John Woodruff was inwardly greatly irritated. What did it mean, he asked himself, that he was not pleased? His best friend, excellent in heart and character, as he knew him to be, with more than fair prospects in life—why could he not most gladly see him devote himself to his little sister? Yet thus it was, and it cost him a conscious effort to make his farewell as regretful as he felt that it should be, and his invitation to visit him as cordial as it otherwise would have been.

It had been previously arranged in family council that the young graduate, as soon as he had taken needed rest and recreation, should commence reading law in Mr. Leslie's office. But for the next few weeks he was at liberty, master of his own time, with full license to enjoy himself; and what so natural as that Max. Stanley, whose home was only two hours distant by rail, should run over every now and then to help him kill time, or more to be expected than that, upon all occasions of picnics, rides, drives, etc., Max. should always escort Myrtie, leaving John to find some other pretty girl to whom to devote himself? And thus the summer fled apace, until one day, when Max. was over for one of his frequent visits, John came upon him and Myrtie *tete-a-tete* upon one of the rustic seats in a secluded part of the grounds. There was an instant's conscious awkwardness of being *de trop*, then John Woodruff whirled upon his heel and walked rapidly away, with such a tempest in his soul as he had never dreamed himself capable of. His heart lay bare before him at last. Self-deceived, he never, until this moment, suspected the nature of his own feelings. And now that he did so, shame, rage and despair alternated. "In love with his sister," he said to himself. True, she was not really his sister, but had she not ever been the same to him? And would she not be unutterably shocked, should she guess his feelings? She should not; that was decid-

ed at once, and as for this battle within him, it must be fought out and no one the wiser. Notwithstanding the fact that Max. Stanley's visits suddenly ceased, and it was evident that his suit had not prospered, he only put the more restraint upon himself, determined that she should never suspect that she was aught to him but the dear sister she had ever been. He threw himself with ardor into his new career, the more that he might forget himself, and had little leisure for gayety.

Myrtie was decidedly the belle of the town. Her beauty, wit, and the fact that she was Mr. Leslie's only child and would probably inherit his wealth, combined to make her eagerly sought by many suitors. She seemed, however, alike indifferent to all, much to the dismay of Mrs. Walker, who would read her long lectures on the subject, and quote gravely and warningly the old maxim, "Through and through the woods, and pick up a crooked stick at last," at which Myrtie would laugh, and say, "I promise you he shall not be crooked."

At length, on the very day that John Woodruff passed his legal examination and was admitted to the bar, the report of the guns that fired on the old flag at Fort Sumter reverberated through the land, and every loyal heart throughout the length and breadth of the north burned with stern indignation. When President Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand men was issued, ten times that number sprang to answer it. Foremost among them was John Woodruff. A company recruited at Linn was soon full, and John, always popular, was elected to command it. The marching of that company may be considered typical of the entire volunteer service. Men from quiet, peaceful citizen's life, young boys scarcely emancipated from a mother's tender care, mustered into service at a moment's notice, and at once marched to face the realities and horrors of war. Bravely, courageously, uncomplainingly, they advanced after unaccustomed exposure and dreary marches, come to meet death upon the battle-field, and count that a happy fate compared with others who wasted life away in loathsome prison pens, or lingered through weary months of suffering with no hand to minister to their needs, or sadder still, to be at last returned to their homes wrecked in health, with empty sleeves or amputated limbs. Ah! can there be those, in high places, too, who have witnessed and yet forgotten it? Nor was theirs all the sacrifice. Loving, tender-hearted women—mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts—whose silent agony of loneliness, suspense and fear, was no less hard to bear, yet borne with equal fortitude. With surprising and unremitting energy, they roused themselves to meet all emergencies, in many cases delicate women taking upon themselves the la-

bor of the farm and carrying it on successfully. In towns, societies for the relief of wounded and disabled soldiers were everywhere organized, and everything that could be done to mitigate the miseries of camp or field or hospital, was done by sympathetic hearts and willing hands. Need we say that in Linn no heart was more courageous, no hand more ready, than Myrtie Leslie's. Her father's purse ever open to her for such purposes, gave her ample means, and well was it expended.

Three years more, and John Woodruff—now Colonel Woodruff—was walking, with his arm in a sling, through the convalescent ward of a Union hospital. Bronzed by exposure, pale and thin from wounds and illness, he did not look much like the John of old, yet in reality he was little changed, and that day he was longing, with boyish yearning, for a touch of his mother's hand, for the dear home welcome which he knew would be his, and he was thinking of asking for a furlough until fit for service. Of course, he thought of Myrtie. He had seen her only once since he entered the service, but he knew by her letters, so bright, so cheerful, so hopeful, that she was the same true-hearted girl as ever. He knew, too, or thought he did, that she was still heart-whole. He was sure that Alice would have told him had it been otherwise, and, over and over and over again, he asked himself what she would think if she knew his heart. As he walked, musing, he nearly ran against an agent of the Sanitary Commission, who paused, and giving the military salute, said, smilingly—

"Colonel Woodruff, there is something rather unique in the box of goods we are distributing to-day, and, by the way, I think the box is from Linn. Besides the usual amount of lint, bandages and delicacies for the sick, there is a great pile of home-knit hosiery, and in the toe of each sock is a written message, or motto, or verse of poetry, placed there by the fair knitter. Many of them are very amusing. Plenty of poor fellows have laughed outright to-day whose faces had almost forgotten how to smile."

"They are not all gone, I hope," exclaimed Colonel Woodruff.

"Not quite; if you hasten you may find a pair left for you."

Five minutes later Colonel Woodruff held in his hand a fine, soft pair of hose, with its bit of paper in the toe of one of them, rattling at his touch. Slowly withdrawing it, his eyes rested upon a folded slip. Opening it, he beheld in the neat chirography he knew so well, these words from Miles Standish's "Courtship," "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" with the signature "Moses." Was he awake

or dreaming? he asked himself. Was this Myrtie's writing, or some other so near like it as to be mistaken for it? The pet name, used only by his father, made assurance doubly sure. Myrtie had written the lines. True, she could have no idea that they would ever reach him. Had she thought it, they would not have been penned; he knew that. Yet it was plain to him now, that when she selected and wrote the words her heart was sympathizing with Priscilla, the Puritan maiden. But who was her John Alden? Not himself, perhaps, after all. But the new-found joy within him would not down. The birds sang that spring morning as they never sang before, the skies took a deeper cerulean tint, and the very air was full of the intoxication of a great joy. His application for a furlough was quickly made, and kindly granted, and ere long he was once more on his way home, quite unannounced, as he wished to surprise the family. Of course, much as he desired to see his mother and other friends at home, he could not proceed on so long a journey until he had first visited Alice and had seen Myrtie.

The fates surely had taken a fancy to be propitious, for Myrtie herself answered his ring at the door. She greeted him with all the warmth of sisterly affection natural to the occasion, and to his inquiries for Alice and her father, told him they had driven into the country, but would return in the course of an hour or two. The servants were wild with excitement over his unexpected return, as he had always been a favorite with them, and Mrs. Walker was quite overcome as she observed his pale and worn appearance, so different from the fresh, strong, buoyant young fellow who had left them three years before. She soon recovered sufficiently to think of hospitality, and in a short time she had ready such a repast as only a sick man, long unaccustomed to home cooking, could well appreciate. It was not until they were again alone in the cozy sitting room, that Myrtie, gently touching the wounded arm and looking wistfully at him, said—

"Tell me all about it, John."

Taking the little hand in his own, he said: "Myrtie, that is what I am here for; not to tell you about my wound, for that is a mere scratch, compared with what some of the poor fellows who went out with me have suffered. It does not signify—but to tell you how, for years, I have striven to keep down and crush out the love for you that has inwardly consumed me, making life without you a blank hardly worth the saving. The fear of shocking you, of losing the sisterly love which I knew was mine, has kept me silent; but now I must speak, come what may. Myrtie, have I spoken in vain? Can you care for me other than as a brother? Can you, will you, be my darling wife?"

Vividly the varying emotions of Myrtie's heart were depicted upon her countenance, but she only said: "What love is so strong or so sacred as that which has grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength? And," with a glance of mingled love and amusement, "John, if I could have spoken, I would not have kept you in such cruel suspense."

Well, well, we will not intrude further, but will wait and look in, a few hours later, just in time to hear Colonel Woodruff asking Mr. Leslie for his daughter, and to listen to the pleasant and cordial "Well, John, if I must give her up, there is surely no one to whom I would rather entrust her happiness. Take her, if she is willing; you have my full consent to your marriage."

Once more time had turned a leaf in the book of fate. The cruel war was over, and no soldier hastened with more eagerness to take his place again in the quiet ranks of citizenship than Colonel Woodruff. A law office was opened in Orton, which had grown so rapidly since we first saw it, that its suburbs almost encroached on the old home of the Woodruffs. Charles Woodruff had realized the dream of his youth—had reached the goal, a distant view of which had induced him and his young wife, so many years before, to leave their eastern home and seek one in the far west. The increased value of land, markets brought within easy reach by rail and river, together with the facilities enjoyed by old residents, of investing money profitably, had made him a rich man; and his generous disposition had made him anxious to share his fortune with the son who had given four years of his youth and strength to the service of his country. But John steadily refused all offers of help; nor did he need it, for his fine forensic talents, combined with a boundless energy, greatly developed by his new happiness, soon brought him plenty of clients. A few months served to show that long waiting for his wife was unnecessary, and it was arranged that the wedding should take place at Christmas.

They were married, of course, at Mr. Leslie's home in Linn, amid the warm congratulations of many friends. Mr. Leslie's wedding present to his daughter was a check for what seemed to her an unnecessarily large sum for her house furnishing, and it was with hearts overflowing with love and happiness, though mingled with many tender regrets, that they bade adieu to the loved ones of the family circle, the tried friends of youth, and the faithful domestics,

who crowded around them with many good wishes for their future welfare. As they entered the carriage, which was to drive them to the station, Mrs. Walker broke down entirely and sobbed outright, while, even then, she did not forget to throw an old shoe after them for luck. At the end of their journey they were welcomed warmly and tenderly by Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff, who confessed that their marriage was the fulfillment of a long cherished wish, their youngest and dearest returned to them to brighten the closing years of their lives. Mr. Woodruff insisted upon purchasing and presenting to his son, as a wedding gift, a beautiful cottage home. This John could not refuse.

The furnishing, for the first time, of her own house, is a happiness it were a pity for any woman to miss, and Myrtie Woodruff enjoyed it to the utmost. She had plenty of advice, counsel and assistance where she needed it—mother, Emma and Susan were all interested helpers—and it was not long till the new home was complete; and Myrtie might be pardoned a little pride when she pronounced it perfect in its way—not luxurious, for they were but beginners—but from garret to cellar everything bespoke her housewifely capabilities. The first dinner in their new home had been shared by the home friends. They had just driven away and the young people were left alone under their new roof. Myrtie rose and seated herself at the piano, which stood invitingly open. She was a fine musician, and as the tender strains suited to her mood melted upon the air, Colonel Woodruff went and stood beside his wife. When she had finished he drew from an inside pocket a little slip of paper, and inquired, mischievously, whether she had ever seen it before. In great surprise she glanced first at it and then at him, and said—

"John, you know I did not intend that for your eyes."

"Yes, dear, I know it, but I never shall cease to thank the kind fate—shall I better say Providence—that almost miraculously brought it to me."

Years have fled since John Woodruff and his wife took possession of their new home. Children have come to them, and cares and anxieties they doubtless have had, for they are the common lot of all. But the greatest happiness possible in this life, entire faith and trust in each other, has been theirs. Even now, often in playful mood Colonel Woodruff calls his wife Moses, "For did you not," he says, "fulfill the promise of your babyhood, and lead me out of the bondage of my delusion into the promised land?"

J. F. MARION.

MEN OF ENTERPRISE.

THE prominence to which Roseburg and Douglas county have attained in a comparatively brief period is largely due to the unflagging industry and business sagacity of the citizens of that region. In the ranks of the foremost of these is Mr. Aaron Rose, who was the first *bona fide* settler of the present city of Roseburg, and in whose honor the town was named. Mr. Rose was born in Ulster county, New York, on the banks of the Hudson, June 20, 1813. He grew to manhood there, and about the year 1833 moved to Michigan Territory, settling on a farm in Badger county, where he remained until 1851, when he came across the plains in Denny's company to Oregon. He passed through the Willamette valley and finally paid \$500.00 for the relinquishment of a donation claim of three hundred and twenty acres where Roseburg now stands. The next year quite a number of people settled in Douglas county, and in 1854 the court house was removed from Winchester to Roseburg, which was then platted and prepared for the growth of a city. From time to time additions have been made to the city plat, and now all but about seventy acres of Mr. Rose's donation claim is platted. For years Mr. Rose kept the only tavern in the place and his hospitality was famous. He built the present McClallen house and afterward sold it to Governor Gibbs. Mr. Rose was also engaged in the mercantile business. In that day of rough roads and poor equipment for traveling, many people bound for the mines would become completely discouraged by the time Roseburg was reached and were willing to sell their outfit. This Mr. Rose always purchased and added to his stock, and the travelers went their way rejoicing. He was also employed in mining, but not very extensively. He has always been among the foremost in public enterprises and has originated many movements for the promotion of the interests of Roseburg and Douglas county. He surveyed the line for the Coos bay railroad, and was interested in wagon road grants that have proved of great benefit to the country. In 1855 he was a member of the territorial legislature. He has contributed liberally of his means and services to promote the public welfare in all ways. The credit of securing the new woolen mills is due, primarily, to the offer of Mr. Rose, which was subsequently increased by other citizens and made effective. He owns a large flouring mill and is interested in other business enterprises. Mr. Rose is thoroughly acquainted with the history of Douglas county, and probably more than any other man has personal knowledge of its abundant resources. His residence is in a grove on a hillside, overlooking the entire town which bears his name.

Another of the men who have been prominent in promoting the interests of that section is Dr. S. Hamilton, who has figured conspicuously in many of the leading enterprises that have made Oregon what it now is. His active interest so uniformly attended with the best results has made his name familiarly known all over the state. He was born in Morgantown, West Virginia, November 5, 1825. When he was two and one-half years of age his parents moved to Perry county, Ohio, where, on a farm, he received a physical training that well prepared him to endure the many hardships to which he afterwards, with many other Oregon pioneers, was subjected. In his early manhood he taught school, when he began that study of human nature which enabled him to know humanity at sight—a very essential qualification for a man destined to be a leader of his fellow men. In 1849 he moved to Henry county, Indiana, where, during three consecutive years, he studied medicine with some of the most eminent physicians of the day. Early in 1852 he caught the gold fever, and being anxious to visit the Pacific coast, gave up the large practice he had already acquired, and collecting a company started across the plains. The journey was long and tedious, yet it proved very interesting and important to the company. At one time the cholera broke out and threatened death on every hand. Here we find the young physician coming to the rescue without the loss of a single patient. He was ever a constant aid where most needed until the company arrived in Jacksonville, Oregon, Sept. 22, 1852. After a short acquaintance with the probable possibilities of Southern Oregon, he concluded to locate in Roseburg, where, in 1853, he commenced the practice of medicine and the sale of drugs, which he has continued successfully to the present date. Thirty-five years of successful practice in one place is what thousands of physicians undertake but few ever attain. March 13, 1856, he was united in wedlock with Miss Sarah J. Watson, sister of Ex-Chief Justice Watson, of the supreme bench of Oregon. In 1855, 1860 and 1870 he was elected county treasurer on the democratic ticket in a republican county. In 1864 he was appointed agent of the Western Union Telegraph Company, which position he still holds. In 1874 he was elected president of the Coos Bay Land Grant Company, whose business he guarded with such fidelity that of all the land grants connected with wagon roads in Oregon this one passed inspection the best. He has built more than one-third of the brick buildings in the county, and his other improvements have kept pace with what he has done in this respect. Notwithstanding this great work, Dr. Hamilton has always taken a deep interest in the educational affairs of the state and his county. He is at present a mem-

ber of the state board of regents of the University of Oregon, and is also an influential factor in the management of the public schools of Roseburg, which rank with the leading schools of that character on the Pacific coast. To summarize, he is one of that list of enterprising and industrious, yet modest, pioneers whom Oregon will ever delight to honor.

A CITY OF THE WILLAMETTE.

OF all the cities of the Willamette valley, none are exhibiting so much push and energy, or making so much substantial progress, as Albany, the county seat of Linn county; and this is due, not only to its many natural advantages of location and resources, but also to the enterprising and liberal nature of its citizens. No matter what may be the natural advantages of a place, unless a disposition is displayed to utilize them to their fullest extent, but little profit will be derived from them. The history of the west is full of instances where towns have grown apace and developed into cities of wealth and commercial importance, though possessing less natural advantages than some one or more of its unsuccessful rivals, simply through the energy, enterprise and united action of its citizens. In a still more marked degree has been the progress of cities in which both these elements are found in combination, as they are in Albany. In the matter of transportation facilities it surpasses any other city in the valley, or, in fact, in the state, save Portland. It has always possessed an outlet by way of the Willamette river, and for fifteen years has had the main line of the Oregon & California road passing through it. This road now belongs to the Southern Pacific, and constitutes a portion of the great overland route between Portland and San Francisco, the link by which the great southern and northern transcontinental lines are connected on the Pacific coast.

Albany also has the Oregon Pacific, which gives it an independent outlet to the sea at Yaquina bay, connecting there with a regular steamer line to San Francisco. This gives the city railroad connection with two ocean ports in Oregon—Portland and Yaquina. This road is being extended eastward across the Cascade mountains, the interior plateau of Oregon, the Blue mountains and the Snake river basin, to Boise City, there to connect with the westward extension of the Chicago & Northwestern within a very few years, possibly two. Albany also possesses a branch line to Lebanon, a thriving interior town of Linn county, where it connects with the narrow gauge line extending up the valley from Portland. It will thus be seen that its transportation facilities are of

the first order, and that, in so far as these are important, it is especially qualified to become an important manufacturing and distributing point.

In addition to its shipping advantages, which enable it to secure raw materials and market the manufactured products quickly and cheaply, it possesses other qualifications as a manufacturing point, chief of which is its abundant water power, brought in a large canal from the Santiam river, and rendered available in two localities, both convenient to the railroads and river. This is now being utilized by several industries, all of which are prospering and growing, and there is a large surplus of power available for still other forms of manufacture which might undertake to handle the large quantity of natural and cultivated products of that region. Not a small factor in the probable success of such new industries as may seek a location there, is the disposition shown by the citizens to foster and encourage all new enterprises seeking to establish themselves. The hearty good will and cheerful aid of the business men of the city may be relied upon. They are desirous of building up the city in every possible legitimate manner, and to this end are exhibiting the liberal and enterprising spirit previously spoken of as being one of the essential factors to a rapid, but at the same time substantial and permanent, growth.

Other features of a live and progressive city, which the careful manufacturer considers before selecting a location in which to invest his means, such as substantial banks and commercial houses, good schools, good city government, a superior class of business structures and public buildings, and a class of residences bearing evidence of the culture and refinement of the people, Albany possesses in a full measure. No man need hesitate to select that city for a residence for fear that he will not find ample facilities for transacting his business, good schools in which to educate his children, or refined society for his family. Surrounding the city is one of the largest and most productive agricultural sections of the famous Willamette valley, not only in Linn county, but in that portion of the valley lying on the west side of the river. The bridge offers a splendid means of communication with the west side, which is supplemented by a ferry on the river. Farmers from an extended region go to Albany to trade, and send the product of their farms there for shipment. There is scarcely an advantage of location possessed by any other city which this thriving place does not enjoy, while at the same time, it has other advantages peculiar to itself. There is little that one could look for or desire in a thriving interior city, that may not be found in ample proportions in this prosperous and most beautiful place.

YAMHILL COUNTY, OREGON.

AMONG the localities which early attracted the attention of settlers in the territory of Oregon, was the section now known as Yamhill county. Some of the members of that historic train of immigrants which crossed the plains in 1842 to occupy the wonderful land of which they had heard so much, took up their abode in Yamhill and made it their permanent home. To the intelligently-directed efforts of these hardy pioneers is due the somewhat remarkable development which has been wrought in so new a country. The circumstances of their settlement here—their isolation from social and commercial advantages, the dangers and privations which they encountered and endured, and the doubtful prospect of relief which they had for years—made their course heroic. They had little time, however, to devote to speculation. The exigencies of the hour demanded their attention, and they went to work making the most of the means at their disposal. They hewed their way in the forests, they cultivated the virgin soil, they built homes and reared families in the new land whose development is a monument to their courage and skill. They brought with them a just regard for the institutions upon which the perpetuity of our government depends, and hand in hand with industrial progress went means for promoting intellectual improvement and moral stability. Character was imprinted upon everything these pioneers undertook. Not the least evidence of their sagacity was shown in their wise selection of a dwelling place.

The name "Yamhill" was taken from the tribe of Indians of that name which formerly occupied that section of the Willamette valley. It was first applied to the river that drains a large portion of the territory from which the county was erected, a considerable part of which is known as the Yamhill valley. The first settlement was about the present county seat, McMinnville, where some of the pioneers of '42-3 located. Gradually immigrants found their way to the Yamhill valley, and in 1853 the necessity for a grist mill caused one to be built at McMinnville, which was the most central point, and the next year a general merchandise store was opened there. The population spread over the county, and business establishments grew up as there was a demand for them. The settlers did not waste time looking for treasures that would make them rich in a day. They at once took up the work of agriculture, and by patient toil won from the soil means for their support. The benefits which this section offered to farmers were what induced people of that occupation to seek it out. The resources of the Willamette valley did not appeal to the miners or speculators or jobbers,

consequently men of those vocations sought other regions. This peaceful valley was attractive to those who desired to make homes, and who were satisfied with moderate rewards for their industry, and the contentment which their pastoral pursuits afforded them.

The Willamette river was the main channel of communication penetrating this favored region. The early settlers were naturally averse to forsaking the banks of this stream or its tributaries. One of the largest branches of the Willamette is the Yamhill, which is navigable, and the two forks of this river pass through a country that is a veritable farmer's paradise. The rich bottom lands and the prairie rolling back from the streams seemed to invite cultivation, and this invitation was accepted before any attempt was given to exploring the interior. The process of development began when the first settler reared his humble cabin and commenced tilling the soil. Progress from that point has been steady. No spasmodic growth, no strained development has been experienced. But a quarter of a century has witnessed changes scarcely dreamed of in the early day. The tide of immigration pushed back from the river margins, and now the influence of civilization is visible everywhere. Farms are scattered over every part of the broad valley. Centers of trade have been established, factories have sprung into existence and business enterprises in various lines are in a flourishing condition. The success which has attended the efforts put forth for advancement is almost more than was expected.

There are no prominent topographical features in Yamhill county. It is included in the broad area termed the Willamette valley, the Yamhill being only a sub-valley, as the stream which drains it is a branch of the Willamette river. For twenty miles west of the Willamette the country is an almost unbroken plain. Continuing west the surface of the ground becomes undulating and hilly, and finally, in the Coast mountains, it becomes too rugged for cultivation. The soil is rich and deep over all this area, a little more than a thousand square miles, and seems practically exhaustless. There is a pleasing variety in character of surface, and the soil ranges from light loam, in some cases slightly sandy in the creek bottoms, to the heavier red soil of the higher lands. There is not a foot of barren land within the limits of the county. Crop after crop of wheat, without rotation of productions or the application of artificial fertilizers, has been taken from land for twenty consecutive years without exhausting the fertility of the soil. That cereal was, until recently, the staple product. It could always be sold for some price, and its nature made it better suited to handling for capri-

cious markets than commodities less current. It did not suffer from slow transportation, which was the great bond that fettered the industrial growth of Young Oregon. Nor did it ever become unseasonable, though the expense of early transportation seriously curtailed the profits of the producer. So, year after year, the crop was wheat—principally winter wheat. Most other crops were only raised in sufficient quantities for home consumption, and there was no incentive for ascertaining by practical methods the capabilities of the soil and climate in a diversity of productions.

The American spirit of enterprise, for which the Yankee nation is noted, did not permit so rich a country to long remain in commercial isolation, however. Forces from without and from within joined in the effort to establish channels of communication for mutual advantage, and as these were secured, the empire of the new northwest was placed on an equal footing with the older commonwealths of the east, and an impetus was given industrial affairs here. The customs which had governed business transactions did not fit the new order of things, and the adjustment which was necessary brought agriculture into prominence in other ways than the exclusive production of any one crop. With modern means for transporting produce cheaply and quickly from producer to consumer, new demands were created, and agriculture, maintaining its lead in the economy of development, came in for a large share of the benefits which accrued from the new stride in advance. Responding to the demand for a change in the conduct of farming operations, the husbandman is venturing outside the old-time narrow paths of his craft, and applying rules which improve other branches of business to his own. The result is apparent to all. In Yamhill county fruit has acquired ascendancy over many other productions, because the natural conditions favor its growth and markets are within reach. The inexorable law of supply and demand, when allowed to assert itself, is the best industrial developer, and the influence of this law has had effect in the material expansion Oregon has undergone in the past few years. The construction of railroads ramifying every section of the northwest, and the growth of cities and vast business enterprises, opened new fields for labor and concentrated forces for bringing out the latent wealth of the region. But exploration is still going on. Not every location that possesses merit has yet been improved. It is often difficult to impress eastern people with the idea, that though this country has had a marvelous growth, it is by no means exhausted. There is abundant opportunity for systematic work. It is even more attractive now than ever before for the prosecution of any legitimate business, because the

hardships which bound the pioneers have passed, and the benefits which advanced civilization confer may be enjoyed in the pursuit of business.

The timber resource of Yamhill county is extensive. The western portion of the county has heavy forests of pine, fir, cedar, maple and oak, but timber of more or less dense growth and of several varieties covers the greater part of the area of the county. This timber furnishes the finest quality of lumber, and can be worked into furniture to good advantage, as the manufacturing now done proves. The pine and fir grow to immense size, and the hard woods are especially valuable. As a source of revenue always at hand, the timber of any section is important, and there is a peculiar attraction for farmers in a country well wooded and well watered, but not without land suitable for immediate cultivation. There is an abundance of choice farming land in Yamhill county that is not heavily timbered. Still, the prairie land and timber are not so widely separated as to render one incapable of complementing the other; and herein lies one of the elements that contribute to the attractiveness of this particular portion of the Willamette valley.

One of the principal things that make Yamhill county desirable for farmers is its climate. Practically, there are but two seasons, the wet and the dry, but the dry season is not a drouth nor the wet season a deluge. The rainfall during the year is not excessive—not as much as in some states of the Mississippi valley. Instead of the frosts and snows of northern winters, with not infrequent blizzards that carry suffering and death over a vast area of the country, the winter months are almost destitute of frosts here. The weather is wet, it is true, but not nearly so disagreeable, in reality, as pictured in imagination by many. There are often pleasant days, and even weeks. The moisture is absorbed by the ground as it comes, and held in store for the summer months when little rain falls. The summers are warm, but not oppressively hot. The seasons for farmers are fully six weeks earlier than east of the Rocky mountains, and crops can be successfully grown here that can not stand the rigorous climate of eastern states. The matter of climate is the most important factor for successful agricultural productions. On the condition of the atmosphere depends much, even, regarding the fertility of the soil. The amount and distribution of moisture, and the temperature, are features every farmer considers when seeking a home, and healthfulness is no less a matter of importance. It is needless to go into further detail about the climate of Yamhill county. It is noted for its salubrity, and the productions of the county speak in no uncertain way of the favorable climatic conditions which exist here.

As the prime qualifications for agriculture are found in Yamhill county, it may reasonably be expected that that branch of industry is the most developed. Farms spread over every part of the county, though there are thousands of acres of valuable land, both uncultivated and improved, which may be obtained at prices ranging from \$5.00 to \$50.00 per acre, convenient to steamboat and railway.

Yamhill county is recognized as being one of the best fruit raising sections of the Pacific slope. Her apples have become most famous, but the plums, pears, peaches and berries are contesting the apple's right to special prominence, and Yamhill's natural adaptability to the production of various fine fruits is conceded by all. Farmers are going into the business of growing fruits on an extensive scale, planting orchards and taking care to have the product of the finest quality. There are needed more fruit drying and canning establishments to handle the crop to the best advantage, for it can not all be sold green, no matter how favorable the circumstances. Special inducements exist for experienced cannerymen to take hold of this branch of the business. Fruit is now receiving much attention where formerly farmers devoted their energies exclusively to raising grain. It is a more profitable crop, requires less labor in its production, and is more satisfactory in all ways as a chief industry. Grain raising, however, is not neglected, and the yields of cereals obtained make that feature a very important one in the county.

The excellence of the grazing lands of Yamhill county is attracting particular attention to dairy farming. It would be difficult to find a more inviting field for the prosecution of the dairy business. Stock find an abundance of green food, sometimes the entire year. The market for good butter and milk and cheese is certainly one of the very best. All the conditions are present for promoting the most gratifying results in dairy farming, and the special inducements offered dairymen are being recognized in a considerable degree. It is worthy of note that the indigenous grasses of Yamhill county are almost numberless. As food for cattle, the wild grasses growing in this valley are not surpassed in nutriment and milk production. In the western part of the county wool growing is most profitable, the hills furnishing the kind of pasturage best suited to the needs of sheep. Cattle also fatten on these ranges, but for dairying it is desirable to be nearer lines of transportation, where it is easier to watch the market, and the county is not yet so crowded as to necessitate going to the mountains with cows.

The largest city in Yamhill county, and also the county seat, is McMinnville, a live town of more than fifteen hundred inhabitants, situated on one of the

Oregon lines of the Central Pacific railway, which runs through the county, and also near a branch of the Yamhill river. Until last fall, when the location was changed by popular ballot, the county seat was at Lafayette, but the rapidly growing commercial importance of McMinnville, and its central location, contributed to influence the change of the seat of justice. By the end of the current year the machinery of the county government will have been put in order in the fine new court house, of which an engraving is given on another page, and McMinnville will have added another feature to her claims for popularity. This city was incorporated in 1876. Its municipal affairs have been wisely administered, so that the town has been kept on a progressive basis.

The Baptist college at McMinnville, incorporated in 1858, has done its share in attracting to the city the attention of people interested in educational matters. In 1883 a fine brick college building (see engraving) was erected, and the institution now stands among the best of its class in the Pacific northwest. It occupies a location unsurpassed for natural beauty and healthfulness, on a slight eminence in the southern portion of the city. The institution is another testimonial of the profound regard which the people of Old Yamhill have for the principles on which the highest prosperity rests.

The commercial interests of McMinnville are important, for, as the largest town of that section of Oregon, much of the trade of the surrounding country is focused there. The good roads in the county enable farmers to market their produce easily, and this patronage led to the erection of manufacturing establishments and warehouses for the accommodation of the business of the country. Quite a diversity of business enterprises are found in the city. The mercantile trade is large and constantly increasing. Considerable capital is employed in the manufacture of furniture, carriages, flour and distilled and malt liquors. Two banks do a flourishing business. Professional men and laborers are kept busy at profitable employment. The magnitude of the business interests of McMinnville and the general prosperity indicate that the town is on a good basis for steady advancement.

The city of Lafayette was incorporated in 1882, and is second in size in the county, having a population of about a thousand. Until 1886 this town grew under the disadvantage of having no railroad, but that year the Portland & Willamette Valley narrow gauge was completed through the county, touching Lafayette, and thus it was given transportation facilities which were greatly needed. The completion of this road opened communication to a great deal of land that had before been considered as too far from

market to be desirable, because there was plenty of good land near the lines of transportation. Now Lafayette has flouring mills, a newspaper and many business establishments whose prosperity is indicative of that of the surrounding country. Its location is pleasant, its natural drainage perfect, and an air of neatness and comfort pervades the whole town.

Sheridan is located on the Yamhill river and is a terminus of the narrow gauge railway. It has a population of between two hundred and three hundred people. The railroad makes Sheridan a lively business place, and the patronage of the farmers makes it somewhat of a grain depot and trading point. Other towns in Yamhill county are Dayton, Carlton, Amity, Willamina, North Yamhill, Wheatland, and Newberg, the Quaker city in the Chehalem valley. All these are centers of trade for farming communities, and the handling of grain, fruit and general merchandise constitutes their chief business interest.

The people of Yamhill county have had the advantage of the best market on the north Pacific coast to aid them in developing the natural resources of their section. Soon as a market for produce existed they could avail themselves of its benefits. This has contributed largely to the comparatively rapid advancement they have made. This market is enlarging its capacity, extending its influence and constantly making heavier draughts on the products the country affords. Its demands are causing to be established new lines of industry and a habit of more closely utilizing the raw products of the land. In the conservation of forces on which a well balanced industri-

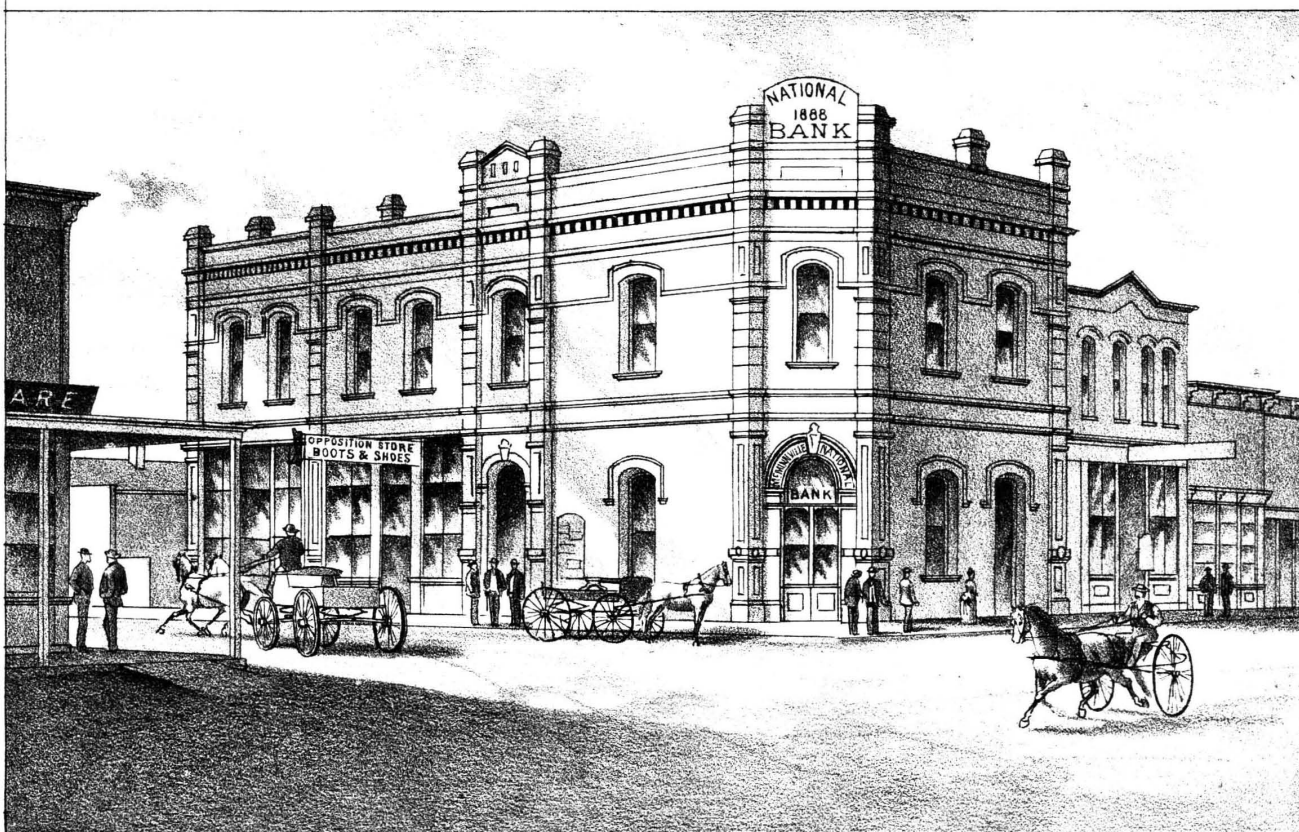
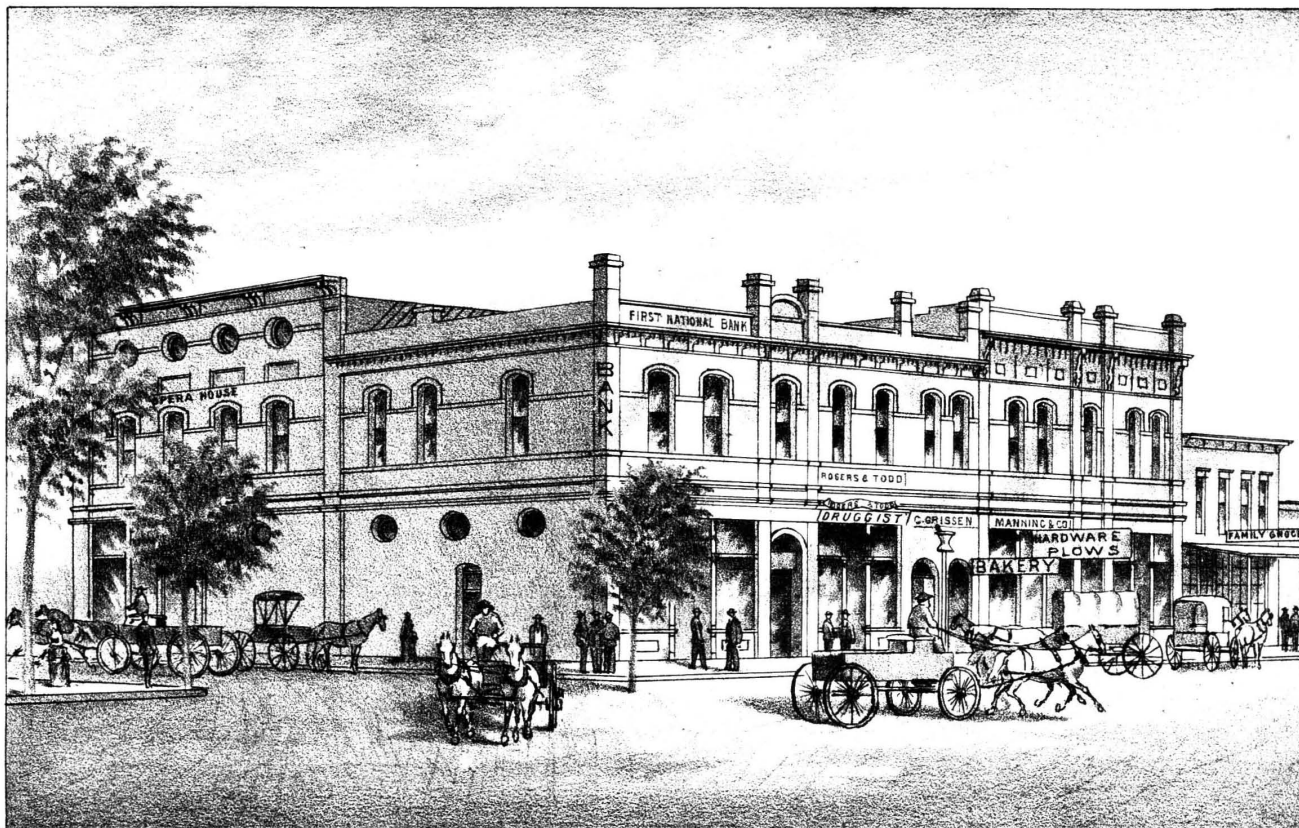
al development depends, a good market is one of the chief considerations. Here it has stimulated production and enabled farmers to adopt advanced methods of cultivation. Machinery has been extensively introduced during the past few years, and has grown to be as indispensable here as in the agriculture of the eastern states. The country is no longer hampered by the lack of modern means of cultivation and transportation.

The Willamette river forms the eastern boundary of Yamhill county, and with the Yamhill river, affords water communication with markets. Two railways extend from Portland through the county, the west side division of the Oregon line of the Southern Pacific, and the Portland and Willamette Valley narrow gauge. Thus the county has exceptional transportation facilities and is in a position to use them. The productions of the soil, manufactories and ranges furnish more than twelve thousand people with comfortable homes and all the advantages to be obtained in an enlightened commonwealth. Schools and churches are scattered throughout the county. The people are industrious, frugal, intelligent and progressive. The natural conditions—healthful and pleasant climate, prolific soil and abundance of materials with which to work, and the general character of the county—are certainly attractive to enterprising people. The growth of the county has been steady and rapid, and its present condition, financially, industrially and socially, commends it to settlers who wish pleasant homes in a prosperous and expanding community.

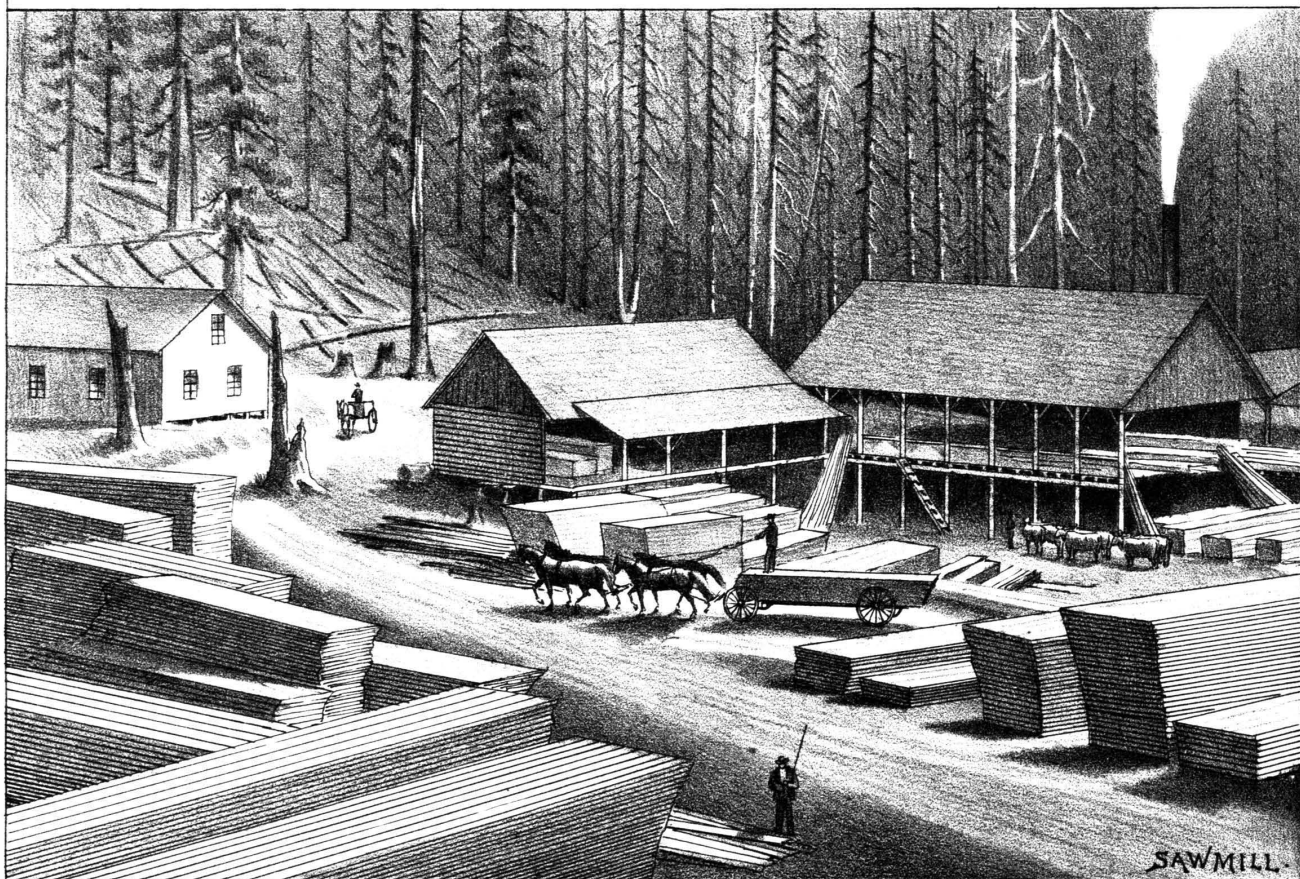
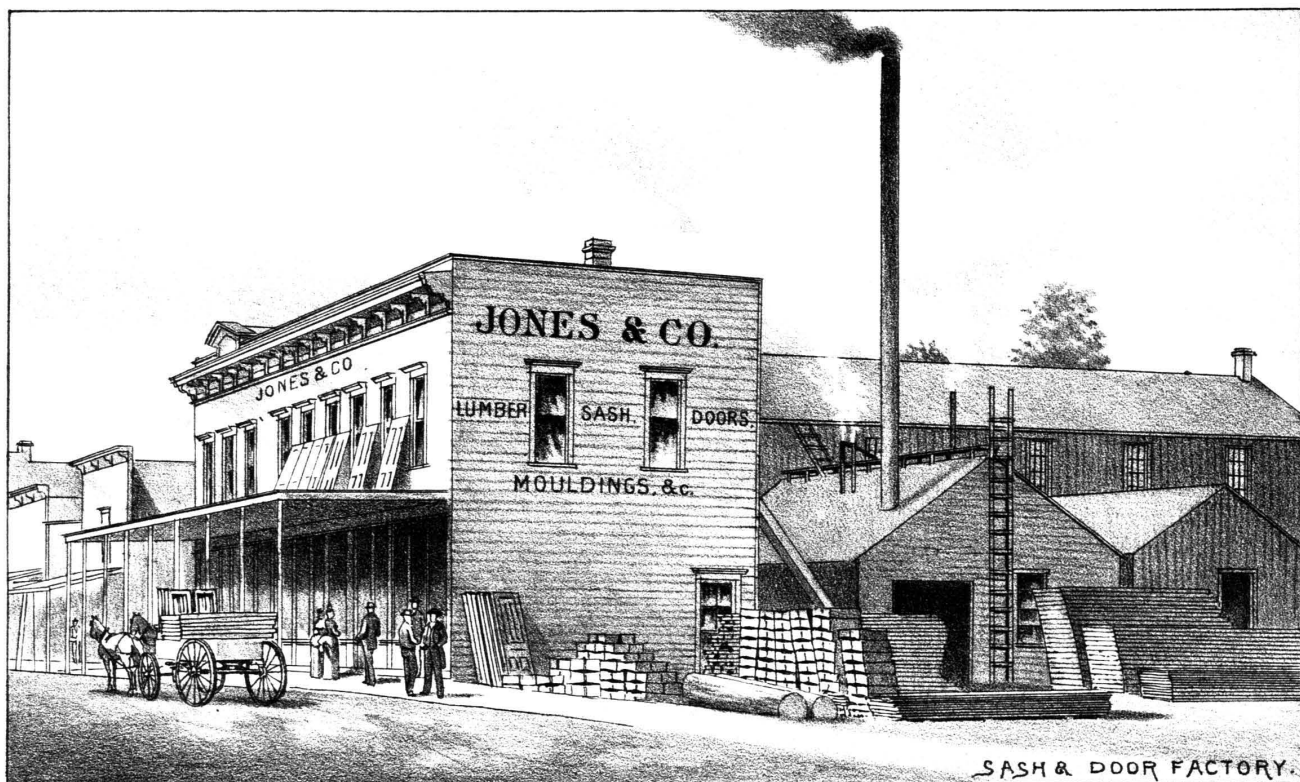
SOLITUDE.

One sought a place to do a crime
 So lone not even God should be aware.
 God gave his wish and drew aloof;
 Yet not alone he found himself in proof,
 Since his own soul was there!

—Scribner's.



MC MINNVILLE, OREGON.



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TOM DRUITT'S MINE.

TOM DRUITT was a lawyer by profession, but by profession only, since his practice was nowhere visible, and his means of support about as precarious as his practice. Tom and I had been school boys together, in the old-fashioned Pennsylvania town by the banks of the Susquehanna, many years before the opening of this story; and our homes, during our boyhood, were upon the self-same street, not many blocks apart. To say that for a period of ten years, at least, we were not absent from each other a day, might seem somewhat strange, and inconsistent with the ordinary routine of life, but is a fact—a substantial and invincible fact, nevertheless. We grew up together, side by side, as it were; read the same books; went to the same amusements; to the same academy in our native town, and prepared for the same college; but whilst I was destined for physic, Tom was destined for law. A gawky, raw-boned, homely youth I, short of stature and dull of intellect, slow to master the intricacies of a Greek verb, and unpardonably incorrect in all my translations; Tom just the reverse, tall, handsome, broad-shouldered, with the form and features of an Apollo and the brain of a giant. How I envied him many and many a time, as I gazed up into his genial, good-natured countenance, and wondered often and often how this apparently ill-conditioned friendship would all end some day. But it never did. Time had the effect of cementing it the firmer, and the only separation we had known thus far was when Tom started for Columbia Law School and I for an equally famous institution of medicine, in the Quaker City on the Schuylkill.

Before Tom had completed his course, however, his father died and left his estate so helplessly involved, that ruin was inevitable. It came only too soon for poor Tom, and so shattered his ambition that he had no courage to hang out his sign for upwards a year afterward. He supported himself principally during all this time by preparing briefs for his elders in practice, by the manifold labors of a lawyer's clerk, amanuensis, copyist, and whatever else presented itself from day to day; the family, by keeping boarders. But a still greater calamity befell poor Tom long before he had fully recovered from the former, a calamity so appalling that I feared for my friend's reason. He had been jilted—jilted by Amy Schuyler, the proud, beautiful daughter of his father's partner—haughty, queenly Amy Schuyler, on whom he had bestowed more than a lover's devotion, not unreciprocated with equal intensity. How often had I seen them together, all smiles and mutual admiration, as noble looking a couple as ever the gods bound together with their silken bonds; and how often have I

envied Tom again his ease and grace, his wonderful good luck, his favor before this airy, fairy queen of beauty! But all this had changed—changed so suddenly upon the heels of his former misfortune, that it nearly turned Tom's brain. Amy Schuyler knew him no more. She neither spoke to him nor recognized him anywhere. She avoided his presence in every manner possible, upon all occasions of possible meeting. She was heavily veiled whenever she appeared upon the street, which, in fact, was rarely, and the eyes which once beamed into Tom's so trustfully, beamed into his no more; and he knew not what it all meant. This he did know, however, that his calls were no longer acceptable to the family; that the object of solicitude no longer presented herself; that he could neither get word to her nor from her, apparently, and that no one seemed able to offer a word of sensible explanation of this mysterious proceeding. Gradually the mystery began to clear, however, and Tom's bewildered brain succumbed to the truth at last. She was about to be married, rumor had it, to an exceedingly wealthy man from the west, from Denver, Colorado, a millionaire miner, possessor of fabulous wealth in stocks and bonds, a man more than twice her own age and as ugly as sin, an intimate friend of her father. Poor Tom's heart failed him, and he gave up; the shadows darkened on his brow; his gait became feeble and slouchy; his head bent and his shoulders stooped. If ever there was a human being to be pitied, it was poor Tom Druitt. It was not long afterwards that the long-looked-for event took place. The evening papers contained the notice—

MARRIED.—Myers-Schuyler—At the residence of the bride's parents, 243 Pine street, at half past seven Thursday evening, by the Rev. Doremus Turnbull, pastor of the First Presbyterian church; Amy, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of our honored and well-known citizen, Capt. O. H. Schuyler, to the Hon. Henry F. Myers, of Denver, Colorado, a capitalist and member of the Colorado state senate. The happy couple took the morning train for New York, and will visit Boston and the New England states before taking up their residence at their future home, Denver.

"Happy, indeed," thought I, as I laid down the paper in disgust and buried my face in my hands for a few moments of reflection. "Happy! But how about poor Tom?"

I was interrupted in my thoughts by the appearance of Tom himself, hardly a shadow of his former self, pale, lifeless and slovenly, who came to my office to announce his intention of departing for the west in the course of a few hours—to begin life anew—and to see if I could not spare time to see him off at the depot.

"Tom," I said, "you are not going suddenly, are you? You at least know where you will go, and are

somewhat prepared for the emergency, if such it is? Although you know my financial circumstances well enough, you well know, also, that I do not hesitate to share with you every dollar I own. Remember, if you do not accept now, at any time hereafter when you may need a little money to help you through, you have just to let me know, and I will do all I can for you."

To all of this he replied, briefly, that the idea of leaving had not been a sudden one to him; that he had thought of it for some time, revolved it in his mind for several weeks, in fact, and it now became an imperative necessity, since the great sorrow of his life had now certainly befallen him. He could not brook to remain another day; he thought it would drive him insane if he ventured to delay another hour the time of his departure, as his only solace was in getting away, among scenes new and strange. As for my kindly offer of money, he had enough to defray his expenses for a month, at least, and no more he desired. But farther than Kansas City he did not know where to proceed. From there he would take what course seemed the most advisable.

It was a beautiful evening in April, that we took our last stroll down the well-known streets of our native town. The air was warm and balmy, invigorating, and all nature seemed more enchantingly beautiful with the first awakening of spring. The trees were just putting forth their bright foliage after an unusually prolonged and severe winter. The streets were full of pedestrians of both sexes, lovely women and handsome men, all bent on wresting from nature such joy or gladness as she had in store, and so temptingly displayed. The very pavements appeared flooded with a halo of light at once bright and dazzling, and the windows glimmered with the last rays of an effulgent sun. All seemed life and happiness, save to Tom and myself, on whom nature showered none of her blessings. We talked of the happy days we had once known, as boys, on these very streets; of the squares on which we played at ball; of the nooks and corners in which we played hide and seek; of the hill down which we coasted, night after night, but not a word of the beautiful being we had both known even then, and who now darkened our pathway through life. We talked of our first years of early manhood, when the dawn was yet new upon our lips and cheeks, and our heads full of the knowledge of knighterrantry and adventure; but not a word was spoken of the great sadness that had now ungulfed us both. Soon we came to our destination—too soon, in fact—for an exclamation of surprise escaped us both as we saw the train waiting—the train that was to take Tom away. A hurried glance of despair, a word of hope and encouragement, a warm grasp of the hand, and

all was over, and the train shot out into the darkness with Tom aboard.

It was with a heavy heart that I went back to my office that night, and a heavier heart that I bore for days and days together long afterwards. But I gradually surmounted all. New cares and duties daily devolved on me. My practice was growing and I was prospering much beyond my grandest expectations. Still, the summer came and went and no letter or tidings of any kind from Tom. I had grave fears that he had met with some foul ending, perhaps had committed suicide, or had sickened and died, as the months rolled by and I could hear nothing from him; and I had wholly confirmed my mind in this belief, when, one morning, a day or two before Christmas, on unlocking my postoffice box, there lay a letter from Tom, in the handwriting I knew so well. It was dated "Salida, Colorado, December 18, 188—," and read as follows:

Dear Old Chum:

By the time this reaches you, you will have entered another season of joy and festivity, no doubt—the glad, happy Christmastide. But not so myself, dear friend, for, although not suffering any particularly overwhelming misfortune, as it has been usual for me to do for several years past at about this season of the year, still I am far from being happy, as you will no doubt surmise, and the usual bad luck yet clings to me. Allow me, however, to congratulate you on what the fates have designed for you—a happy bride and a prosperous and successful practice. Don't ask me how I know, or by whom divulged, but rest assured that I still hold communion with you, as of old; if not in flesh, at least in the spirit. I have been practicing (?) here in my usual manner, you know, for six months or more; but I start to-morrow for "pastures new," and considerably fresher, I trust. The fact is, old boy, I am going to try my hand at prospecting—mining—and I go down into the Gunnison country for that purpose. If I locate a lode particularly rich, and likely to hold "millions in it," I will let you know in due time. In the meantime, good-bye.

TOM DRUITT.

This was a considerable relief to me, you can well imagine, but not altogether satisfactory, as it left me in the dark on many points in which I was most anxiously concerned. What puzzled me most, however, was how my old friend managed to acquaint himself with so much of my own affairs during this time, as his mother had quietly disappeared from the town many months before—no one knew whither—and the friends of Tom I was personally acquainted with—and I thought I knew them all—had received no intelligence from him since his departure. I soon gave up in surmising, however, or in making any endeavor whatever toward a solution of the problem, and once again lost all trace of my friend.

Nearly six months passed before I again heard from Tom, in the same manner as before, but this time the letter had every appearance of being written

in great haste, the writing being almost illegible, on a piece of yellow wrapping paper. It was dated at Tomichi, Gunnison county, Colorado, June 23, 188—, Mine of the Fairy Queen, and beyond stating in very few words that his present venture was also a failure, and that he was just on the eve of "pulling up" for greater territory, in which his peculiar talents would be more appreciated, he hoped, than they had been thus far either by nature or the rough humanity about him, it contained nothing of any account.

I was beginning to lose all confidence in Tom. I was gradually consigning him to the almost inevitable doom awaiting such adventurers as Tom seemed to be, when I heard from him again, and in such a manner as to leave no doubts of his ultimate success somehow. It was without date, but read as follows:

724 Larimer St., Denver, Colorado.

Dear old friend:

You can just bet your bottom dollar I've struck it rich this time. Mine inexhaustible. All my own. No watering of stock. No annual assessments. No freezing-out process. No salting. Ore one hundred per cent. pure gold. Grub stake assured indefinitely. Don't want to sell at any price! By the way, I learned the other day, incidentally, that my old rival, Myers, you know, "capitalist"—member of the Colorado state senate—is dead and buried, more than a year ago. The hoary-haired, ugly old sinner, I hope he sleeps well—and deep. Just as accidentally, would you believe me, old boy? I stumbled on Amy and her father, out riding, in one of the suburbs. Think she recognized me, but can't say certainly. Lovelier than ever, but very sad and dejected looking. Bear my remembrance to all, and to yourself most. More anon.

TOM.

This was a "stunner," evidently, and so unlike Tom of old—poor, discouraged, disheartened Tom—that I read it over and over several times aloud, to assure myself there was no hallucination about it. I rubbed my eyes and noted every line and flourish of the writing, to see if I had not been hoaxed; but the writing was Tom's, beyond a doubt, and the letter bore the proper post mark. But a new thought seized me. I was not aware that there were any gold mines in Denver, nor anywhere near, for that matter, that a mere adventurer, friendless and penniless, should be able to stumble upon. The whole thing now looked so absurd that I laughed heartily, over and over again, and concluded that Tom had either gone stark mad or was sadly humorous at his own expense. And so the matter dropped once again.

Several weeks afterward it occurred to me that I owed Tom a reply, at least, and it might not be out of place, I thought, at the same time to request a full explanation of his mysterious good luck; and for this purpose I sat down one evening at home, while my wife was absent, to compose myself for a long, chatty letter. But just as I finished the date, I was inter-

rupted by a rap on the outer door, which I hastened to answer. I was met on the door step by a man and woman gorgeously attired and of striking physique. Thinking they had come to consult me on some medical affairs, I invited them into the parlor and requested them to be seated. Before I could turn about, however, the man burst into a long and loud laugh, and then I knew it was Tom.

"How are you, old boy?" he shouted. "Allow me to introduce you to my mine. Since you would not come to it, I concluded to bring it to you for inspection, and let you judge of its character. It is not often, old fellow, that mines go perambulating over a continent in this manner, but this one has for our own special accommodation."

And as I looked again at the stately, beautiful creature before me, I saw it was Amy Schuyler.

C. H. MILLER, M.D.

SOUTHERN IDAHO.

FOR many years the possibilities and probabilities of irrigation in Southern Idaho have been a matter of discussion. The vast area of Goose creek valley, probably the largest body of fine land in the west, has particularly drawn attention. Much good land was reclaimed by the diversion of small streams, but the development of the territory demanded more water than could be furnished by these streams, and a canal from Snake river was frequently discussed, with many arguments pro and con. Several abortive attempts at survey were made by the writer, and it is said by others. Limited means and other causes held the project back, and not until the past season was a concerted effort made toward even a preliminary survey. The following facts were ascertained by this survey, viz.: That if heading be made at Gibson ferry, the length to West Cottonwood will be about two hundred miles; to cover Salmon river valley, about two hundred and fifty miles. That by diverting the waters of Snake river at a point high enough up the stream to attain an elevation of two hundred and thirty feet above the American falls, at a point opposite that place, no great obstructions will be encountered on the route to all places of use. The canal would run over a comparatively level country, through deep soil, admitting the use of the most improved excavating machinery on the largest scale. This route would run high enough to head the large gulches, thereby reducing the cost of flumes and aqueducts to a minimum, and stream crossings are everywhere favorable. Between Marsh lake and Raft river a large number of storage reservoirs could be constructed, in which sufficient water could be im-

pounded to irrigate at least three hundred thousand acres of land. I am told that similar conditions exist in Salmon river and Bruneau valleys. The season of irrigation only lasting about one hundred days, the canal could be used to fill such places during the rest of the year. By so doing a much smaller canal would answer all purposes. More than one million acres of good land will be covered in Rock creek, Raft river, Marsh creek, Goose creek, Salmon river and other valleys, and in all probability the canal could be extended to cover a vast area of good land in Owyhee county and Eastern Oregon. By means of flumes and aqueducts, water could be carried on the north side of Snake river, to irrigate, it is thought, as much land as will be covered on the south side. Probably no other large district in the world offers better natural facilities for the development of gigantic systems of irrigation. East of a line drawn north and south through Salmon falls, the valley of Snake river contains at least ten million acres of good land. The small streams are at their flood during the early part of the irrigation season, when a large amount of water runs to waste. A day's flow at flood amounts to more than a month's flow in average time. This waste could be stored, and as the time for retention would be short the amount of evaporation would be small. In the canyons are found many large bodies of flat or marshy land, with narrow outlets that could be utilized in this way. By means of a properly constructed system of canals and storage reservoirs, nearly the whole of Snake river valley could be reclaimed, and with outlying mining districts this would furnish homes for more than a million people. The supply of water in Snake river alone, above the American falls, is sufficient to reclaim all this vast area. Below the falls are many tributaries, among them East and West Rock creeks, Raft river, Marsh creek, Goose creek, Cottonwood, Salmon river, Bruneau river, Owyhee river, Lost river, Little and Big Wood rivers, with many smaller streams. The builders of canals and reservoirs for purposes of irrigation should be aided by subsidies from the United States treasury, for in importance this industry must rank fully as high as the matter of river and harbor improvement, for which vast sums of money have been appropriated. None of this land belongs to railroads or is claimed by them. There are no alternate sections in the hands of syndicates, none of it is in the open market to be purchased by speculators, but all of it is offered to actual settlers under the beneficent land laws of the United States, except the sections reserved for the maintenance of public schools. In regard to the probable demand for land, turn to the records of settlement in other western states and territories. In Colorado, during the years 1881-2-3-4, canals were

constructed aggregating a flow of over fifteen thousand cubic feet of water per second, or over seven hundred and fifty thousand inches of water under a four inch pressure. During the same four years the total demand for public lands reached the enormous aggregate of two million two hundred and eighty-five thousand one hundred and forty-two acres. The numerous placer mines which can not now be profitably worked would also demand an enormous quantity of water in the aggregate, for at least fifty years to come. The appearance of desolation presented by the great Snake river valley caused an eminent traveler and explorer but a few years since to designate Idaho as the most desert of all the territories. Later writers not only failed to remove this impression, but rather confirmed it, and to this day we see this vast region, large as the great valley of California, with all its potential fertility, marked on the maps "Snake River Desert," "Lava Fields," "Beds of Volcanic Ashes," etc. Until late years the abode of the savage and wild beast, accessible to the great world outside only by long and tedious journeys by stage or teams, over forbidding, desolate, uninhabited stretches of sage brush deserts and alkali plains, it presented but few attractions to the settler. But changes came. With the lapse of time great mineral discoveries were made, prospectors by hundreds and thousands flocked in from California, Nevada and other mining districts. Available sites were found for towns, which became trading points and winter quarters for the miners. On these sage brush plains arose towns as if by magic, which are to-day the pride of their citizens and the admiration of strangers. In these older communities the residences are surrounded with fruit and shade trees, pretty lawns and flowers, giving an air of refinement, comfort and thrift pleasant to see. This when supplies had to be hauled at first thousands, then hundreds of miles across plains beset with apparently insurmountable obstacles. Here in this far off corner of the country the pioneers and settlers of Idaho have built their little towns and cities, founded homes, reared school houses, churches and temples of justice, and established their places of trade and business. A late writer appropriately calls the upper mountain district the "Unknown America, and says: "Men ride in the cars over a vast stretch of lava beds and sage brush desert, and wonder for what such a country was created, and why anybody lives in it; and they will laugh at you in derision when you tell them that millions of its acres will produce more wheat, rye or grass to the acre than the richest prairie lands of Illinois; that men are leaving the fertile fields of Iowa by thousands to cultivate the desert, and they who remain two years in this region can never be induced to make 'home' in

the east again. This upper mountain district possesses every variety of climate, and every reasonable product known in other or all other parts of the United States, except the lower portion of what is known as the cotton belt. We can raise grapes as well as Southern California; peaches as well as Delaware; apples as abundantly as Michigan; wheat excelling Dakota or Minnesota, and gold and silver equal to Colorado." Our cattle product is as profitable as that of any state or territory, and our horses compete with Kentucky. We have climate, water, grasses and other feed, suitable to make the best of butter and cheese. One acre of our land properly seeded to alfalfa, by reason of the superiority of the artificial watering of the land, is equal in food production to two acres of the best blue grass land in the Ohio valley. Our developed mines furnish us with a home market. New discoveries are being frequently made, and the construction of the Snake river canal would furnish water for the development of rich placers all along Snake river for hundreds of miles, giving employment to thousands of men. These mines are generally situated on high bars, and with a good supply of water, under hydraulic pressure, many of them will pay \$50.00 per day and upwards to the man. We have more lead and iron than Missouri; more copper than the Lake Superior district, with vast stores of other precious and base metals. In Idaho are found large deposits of sulphur, coal, plumbago, quicksilver and other valuable minerals. There are also productive salt springs, quarries of the finest marble and building stone, large deposits of merchantable mica, and varieties of semi-precious stones. The forests of Idaho are said to cover nine million acres. The trees include the varieties of fir, white, red and black spruce, scrub oak, yellow and white pine, mountain mahogany, juniper, tamarack, birch, cottonwood, alder and willow. Two great railways have already entered this magnificent field, and three more are preparing to enter. The Union Pacific, first to improve this grand opportunity, built the Oregon Short Line and Utah & Northern railroads. The Idaho Central, now partially built, is chartered to extend northward to the Northern Pacific and westward to the Pacific ocean. This railroad will double the lumber supply of Southern Idaho. From the west is coming the Oregon Pacific. This line is located to run through Boise City and the southern tier of counties to a junction with the powerful Chicago & Northwestern at a point farther east. The Manitoba railroad will also be obliged to cross the great valley to make connections decided upon by the management. The physical features of the country facilitate railroad building in this direction.

FRANK RIBLETT.

WASHINGTON COUNTY IMPROVEMENTS.

THE recent discovery of coal in the coast mountains has turned considerable attention to Washington county, Oregon, as the section to be most directly benefitted by the development of the newly found coal formation. The scheme for constructing a branch railway from some point on the Southern Pacific line in this county to Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia river, has been revived, and its consummation is considered a probability of the not distant future. Either Hillsboro or Forest Grove will be the point of junction with the main line. This branch will tap the new coal fields and is necessary for their development. It will pass through a country rich in agricultural resources, and open to settlement land that is now considered too far from transportation lines to be very desirable as long as locations can be found more advantageously situated. Heavy timber will also be penetrated by this branch, and extra inducements will be offered for manufacturing near the source of supply of raw materials. The Columbia river points which will be reached by this line have now no railroad communication. The character of the country and the interests that would be served would make this seem an inviting field for an enterprise of this kind. Engineers have looked the route over and pronounced the construction of the road a feasible undertaking. Much interest centers in the progress of the matter. Thus far coal prospectors have confined their operations principally to the west side of the coast mountains, where the carboniferous formation is reported to be a good quality of bituminous coal. It is alleged on good authority that these coal strata extend through the mountains, and that there are outcroppings on the east side that indicate the presence of coal in paying quantities. All that is needed to make these coal beds productive is an adequate means for transporting to market, which is so near as to afford an additional incentive for exploration and development. There is a growing disposition to divide the large farming tracts now held by single individuals in Washington county, and to make the country more attractive for agriculture of a diversified sort. One of the difficulties which has been experienced in the past is the inclination which some large land owners had to hold vast tracts which they could not themselves improve. By their refusal to sell in small lots, many thrifty farmers were prevented from securing satisfactory locations, and thus the improvement of the county was retarded. The soil of this county is rich enough to stand the closest cultivation, and only by dividing the large tracts into small farms can the attention be given which the natural conditions merit. Washington county is capable

of being made a vast garden. It is a favorable indication that the people realize its capabilities.

AN OREGON VALLEY.

THE great Willamette valley, consisting of all that great region lying between the Cascade and Coast mountains, and extending from the Columbia river on the north to the Calipooia mountains on the south, is divided into many subsidiary valleys, prairies and ridges, differing among themselves somewhat in soil, characteristics and local climatic conditions. As a whole, the entire valley has a fertile soil and delightful climate, but there are a few sections which, owing to favored locations, are superior in all the elements requisite to agriculture in various branches. Prominent among these is the beautiful Chehalem valley, in the northern portion of Yamhill county. Protected by the Coast range on the west, and by low ridges on the north and south, watered by a large and never failing stream, possessing soil of unsurpassed richness and a climate delightfully mild and equable, it is such a spot as the general farmer, the dairyman or the fruit grower, should he travel the whole world over, would select for his home. Newberg, the commercial center of the valley, is connected with Portland, from which it is distant only twenty-six miles, by the Portland & Willamette Valley narrow gauge railroad. Land in the valley, excellently adapted to fruit and general agriculture, may be purchased at

prices ranging from \$15.00 to \$75.00 per acre, according to improvements made upon it. There is no better opportunity offered to secure a good home at reasonable rates in Oregon, than is presented by the lovely and fertile Chehalem valley.

A MAMMOTH EXPOSITION.

WITH much ceremony and enthusiasm the corner stone of the great exposition building in Portland was laid on the fifteenth of June. The ceremonies were conducted by the Grand Lodge A. F. & A. M. of Oregon, assisted by local Masonic organizations, with all the impressive rites of that ancient order, the lodges, orators and invited guests being escorted to the scene by the First Regiment, O. N. G. Orations were delivered by Hon. George H. Williams, of Portland, and Hon. Elwood Evans, of Tacoma. Work on the mammoth structure is progressing rapidly, and its massive proportions will soon become a reality which will make a deep impression upon every visitor to the city. The same energy and comprehensive plans carried out in all departments that have characterized the organization of the association, the designing of the building and the beginning of its construction, the exposition will be one of which the entire Pacific coast may well feel proud, and whose benefits will be enjoyed alike by the people of this entire section of the Union.



Thoughts and Facts for Women.

BY ADDIE DICKMAN MILLER.

ORGANIZATIONS FOR WOMEN.

Of the many forces that are at work for the broadening and the educating of women there is no other so potent as the systematic organization, of which we have a diversity. Two decades ago, Sorosis, the first woman's club in America, and probably in the world, was organized, with Miss Alice Carey as president. It is composed largely of business and literary women. Sorosis has no aim outside itself, but exists as a means for the commingling of busy women. In it the *esprit de corps* of useful women has been spread to the uninitiated until they, too, have gone out into the open channels of usefulness which are now inviting women everywhere. This has been the influence of Sorosis. It has two meetings a month, one a business meeting, the other social. Two annual entertainments are given, to which the husbands and other guests are invited, as many as three hundred often sitting down to a twelve-course luncheon at Delmonico's. The membership fee is \$25.00, and besides, each member pays for her own luncheon and that of her guests. It is seldom that a woman distinguished in art, letters, music or the drama visits New York without being invited to attend a social meeting of this society. Something of the same nature as Sorosis is Meridian, a new club which has lately been organized in New York. It is quite exclusive, having but thirty members, all of whom have a national reputation. Nearly every city of size and repute throughout the United States has clubs similar in organization and purpose, though they are not so well known. Numerous philanthropic societies composed of women exist, most noted of which is the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. This society will soon be found in every land on the globe. There is no state and only one territory in the United States in which we may not find it with its forty different departments, moulding society for truth and temperance. Of all organizations perhaps no other has been so efficacious in developing practical ability in woman as has this one. No church now but has its organization of women for missionary and other Christian purposes, for in them is realized an additional lever for the bettering of humanity; to what extent testimony may be found in heathen lands as well as in our own. These various societies, whether entered into by the members for pleasure and profit to themselves or for good to others, are resulting grandly in ennobling and elevating womankind. Little jealousies are replaced by respect and love, while wise counselings instead of silly gossipings beguile the hours of social intercourse. And women are realizing everywhere that if they would accomplish the most possible in their families they can not afford to neglect the opportunities for improvement offered by these societies. The culmination of societies for women in the United States has been in the national council. The following extract from its constitution, expressing its belief and purpose of organization, is significant:

"We, the women of the United States, sincerely believing that the best good of our homes and nation will be advanced by our own greater unity of thought, sympathy and purpose, and that organized movement of women will best conserve the highest good of the family and the state, do hereby band our-

selves together in a confederation of workers, committed to the overthrow of all forms of ignorance and injustice and to the application of the golden rule to society, custom and law."

WHERE LIES THE BLAME.

I saw a procession of mourners file into the church with sad, tear-stained faces. Some were in life's prime with the full strength of manhood and womanhood upon them; others were bowed with years. The hoary frosts of time had painted white their once dark locks, and upon brow and cheek were seen the furrows of care. Still others were just beginning to become acquainted with life's sorrows, and half bewildered, they wept because of grief and because of sympathy, they hardly knew which the more. The deceased was a young man just turned his thirtieth year. That dread disease, consumption, had wasted his strength and sapped his life. His spirit had taken its flight. Naught was left but the uninhabited clay of him who was once robust with life and strength. It is hard to be severed by death from those beloved when there is nothing to remember but kindness and good deeds; but how much more bitter is the sorrow when error and wickedness in heinous forms have been the cause of all. Intemperance had grasped its iron fingers about the life of this young man, and by slow degrees strangled it from him, leaving behind a deeper impression of his vices than his virtues. Among those who mourned the most sadly disconsolate was she who but a few years since had been led a blushing bride to the altar of Hymen, where, all unprepared, she laid herself upon it. She, too, had sinned. Hers was a will that withstood the warnings of father, mother, brothers and sisters. Secretly she stole from them and united herself to this man. Then she returned to the roof of her parents, for intemperance had left no means with which to provide for a family. No need to speak of the janglings, separations and reunions; these came as a natural result, but now they were all over. The last bitter word had been said, the last forgiving caress had been given, and the widow, grieving more for what might have been than what was, enfeebled in health, gathered her three babes about her in her aged father's house. In her father's house? Ah, no. Reverses of fortune had one after another swept by him until the homestead must now pass into the hands of another. No, not to father's house, but to the home of his son all went to be cared for, probably to be an encumbrance and a hindrance, certainly not to an independent allowance by means of which children may be well fitted for life. This is not an isolated case. How often do we hear of widows and their children being supported by their relatives, and after a year or two marrying anyone who may offer himself simply for a home, which results often in anything rather than a home. Woman's dependence! Yes, her dependence and all its accruing evils. The remedy lies in preparing young ladies, as well as young men, for some one thing by which they may gain a livelihood if necessary. Then, if theirs should be a lot of reverses and trials, whether married, widowed or leading a single life, they will be able to assist themselves and those dependent upon them.

DIFFERENT IDEALS.

The difference between the ideal woman of pagan Greece and that of christian America is well described in the following lines from the pen of Miss Frances Willard:

"The sculptor, Hart, told me, when I visited his studio in Florence, that he was investing his life to work in marble a new feminine type which should express the twentieth century's womanhood. The Venus de Medicis, 'with its small head and button-hole eyelids,' matched the Greek conception of woman well, he thought, but America was slowly evolving another type. His statue, purchased by patriotic ladies of his native state, Kentucky, adorns the city hall at Lexington, and is the embodiment of what shall be. In an age of force woman's greatest grace was to cling; in this age of peace she doesn't cling much, but is every bit as tender and sweet as if she did. She has strength and individuality, a gentle seriousness; there is more of the sisterly and less of the siren; more of the duchess and less of the doll. Woman is becoming what God meant her to be and Christ's gospel necessitates her being, the companion and counselor, not the incumbrance and toy, of man."

GUARDING THE YOUNG.

It is impossible to bring up children in the way they should go without keeping them from the presence of vice. A child undeveloped in mind and imitative in judgment is not strong enough to be set amid temptations on every side, with the privilege of acting for itself, and yet develop into a man or woman who will be full of virtues and active in good deeds. Guard your child, shield him from the tidal waves of vice if you would not have him borne down by its remorseless vengeance. And this care may not cease until the child is able to stand alone in character, whether it be at an early age or a later one. A sad example of bad training occurred a few months since. A boy who had become a desperado at the age of fourteen years was incarcerated in the jail at Santa Rosa. His anxious mother, pitying him in his lonely condition, sent him, as a pastime, a bible, a bunch of cigarettes, a piece of sausage, and a copy of the *Police Gazette*. She certainly expected, with such a mixture of diet, to have his reform slow, whether sure or not. Such many-sidedness is not best to practice in training children. Nor is it best to throw a youth too early upon his own responsibility. Some of the saddest examples of profligacy occur where the home training is the best, so long as it is given, but before the habits are sufficiently formed, while yet the boy or girl should be in the school room, they are allowed to pass out into active life, select their own companions and their own places of amusement. The only wonder is that there are not more cases of recklessness, debauchery and crime. All's well that ends well, and a parent's work is not well ended until the child's character is formed, whether by personal supervision or by chosen help. It is thus, only, that a child is trained up in the way it should go.

THE GRIT THAT WINS.

There are many ways for a young lady to succeed in earning her own way through college if she have the right kind of determination, but the latest of our knowledge is that of a little blue-eyed girl of Vassar, whose expenses were, in part, met by a friend. There are many young ladies of wealth and ease in attendance at Vassar. They have been accustomed to more waiting maids at home than they can conveniently have when attending college. Taking advantage of this, our young aspirant determined to make a part of her way at the same time

that she was carrying on her active school work. So she put the following on a placard at her door:

Hair brushed each evening, per week, 10 cents.
Meals carried to room, 10 cents.
Beds made, per week, 10 cents.

In this way, during the school year, this young lady cleared \$150.00. We can easily predict future success for this little heroine, because she has the worth that wins.

A BEAUTIFUL GIFT.

The dwelling house which was given Mrs. General Hancock by her friends, is a handsome mansion in the northwest part of Washington City. The work on it was carefully and thoroughly done, the foundation being laid two years ago. The house is three stories high and has a basement and an attic. It is on the corner of Twenty-first and R streets. Dupont Circle is but three squares away, and the most beautiful and fashionable part of the city is but a short distance. The house is built of brown stone and pressed brick, making a fine contrast to neighboring houses built of white Maryland marble. This beautiful gift to Mrs. Hancock cost her friends \$20,000.00. It will be her permanent home.

DR. CLEMENCE S. LOZIER.

The late Dr. Lozier, dean of the New York medical college, and hospital for women, was a friend and associate of Wendell Phillips, Garrison and Lucretia Mott. She was an eminent advocate of woman's suffrage, and a pioneer in the medical education of women in this country. Mrs. Lozier was also a member of both the Anti-Slavery Society and the Female Guardian Society. Plainfield, New Jersey, was her birth place, in the year 1813. She was a graduate from the Eclectic Medical College, of Syracuse, New York, and was for more than thirty years a successful practicing physician in New York City. Surgery and the removal of tumors were her specialties. Her practice often brought her in an annual income of \$20,000.00 to \$25,000.00. Ardent and earnest in all reform work, she was especially devoted to the cause of woman's advancement. For many years she acted as president of the National Woman's Suffrage Society, also of the New York City Woman's Suffrage Society.

BITS OF GOSSIP.

The Empress Victoria, wife of the late Emperor of Germany, is very like her mother, Queen Victoria, in her great love and care for home. The prolongation of her husband's life was largely due to her careful nursing. The *Germania* said, prior to the emperor's death: "According to the reports of those immediately around the emperor, she deserves the name of German *hausfrau* in the highest sense of the word. Every day she is in the kitchen to see for herself that her husband's food is properly prepared; day and night she attends to every one of the doctors' orders; in moments of danger and at operations she assists like a skilled nurse, resolutely helping even to move the bed."

Mme. Rosa Bonheur has been made a member of the institute at Antwerp. She is a woman who, in form and face, expresses strength of body and mind. She dresses quite plainly in black for street use, and wears the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. At home and at work she wears a man's attire and a wide-brimmed felt or straw hat. Years ago she began the practice, that she might attract less attention from the hangers

about the cattle yards, stables and menageries, which her work obliged her to frequent. Mme. Bonheur is now an elderly lady, and her life work is a source of pride to artists everywhere.

Mrs. Cleveland has a beautiful team of sorrel horses, which she drives to her phaeton, and this is how she came by them: Several weeks ago the White House mail contained a letter from a gentleman in Richmond, who said he was in possession of a beautiful span of sorrel horses, which he had selected as a wedding present to his bride. Shortly after his marriage his young wife expired in his arms. The bereaved husband could not bear to drive the horses his wife had grown fond of, so he suggested that the president purchase them for "the first lady in the land." Mr. Cleveland had a consultation with his wife, and then telegraphed the Richmond man to ship the horses at once. By letter the president sent a check for the amount asked for the beautiful team.

When Queen Victoria visited Germany, it is said that Prince Bismarck was very much disgusted with the match making of Her Majesty. But since her return to England he has seen fit to take advantage of her visit, and shrewdly hints to Russia that an alliance has been formed between Germany and England, and that the czar must be on his good behavior.

It appears now that Secretary Bayard is not to marry Mrs. Folsom, as was supposed, but recently he, with Miss Bayard, gave a dinner to Miss Rose Cleveland, and probably the next story that will be going the rounds will be that Secretary Bayard and Miss Cleveland are soon to be married.

BRIEF NOTES.

Miss Freeman, the Dakota school teacher who saved the lives of eighteen pupils at the time of one of the terrible blizzards which occurred there last winter, has received \$2,000.00 from the territory, and a gold watch and other gifts from personal friends. It seemed to be in the hearts of a number of young men to increase her gifts still more. Fifty offers of marriage have been carried her by the mails since the occurrence of the blizzard. Miss Freeman will make her future home in California, where her father now resides.

At the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, held in New York City in May, the women who had been elected as lay-delegates were rejected after a protracted debate of several days. The ground of rejection was that the church had not expressed itself upon the question. It was relegated to future conferences to be decided.

Mrs. Eliza Garfield was the only woman who ever saw her son inaugurated president of the United States. Washington's mother was living in Fredericksburg, Va., when the Father of his Country was inaugurated, but she did not witness the ceremony, which took place in New York.

Mrs. Maxwell Scott, a great-granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott, is the present owner of Abbotsford. She desires to let the house for a term of years, but finds it difficult to secure a tenant, as the place is continually overrun with tourists.

Mrs. Dr. Smith has contributed \$12,000.00 for the purpose of constructing a play-house at Newark, N. J., for the use of the children who have no place but the streets to play in.

An exhibition of women's work is amongst the arrangements contemplated for the celebration of the Australian centenary at Sydney. An important department therein will be musical pieces by feminine composers.

Mrs. Debora Powers is the competent head of a banking house in Lansingburg, New York. She has reached the advanced age of ninety years, yet she looks much younger and is still quite vigorous.

At the American Medical Association, held in Cincinnati, May 8, there were fifteen hundred members in attendance, of whom twenty-five were ladies.

A rumor comes from abroad that the Ex-Empress Eugenie is likely to visit America soon, and possibly may make this land her home.

The Princesses of Wales are said to be expert tricyclists. The English Tricyclist Club has more than one thousand women members.

Mrs. Garrett Anderson, the leading woman physician of England, is said to make \$50,000.00 a year from the practice of her profession.

The first official act of the Emperor Frederick was the conferring of the rare and exalted order of the Black Eagle upon his wife.

Ninety-seven per cent. of Iowa's school teachers are women.

FASHION FREAKS.

Foot trimmings for dress skirts are revived. Pinked flounces overlapping each other to the depth of a quarter of a yard, are seen where soft silk material is used. This ruching effect is very pretty, and is dressier than plain skirts. An edging of moire silk, with a beading of passementerie, in gold or silver cord is common. But of all the modes of garniture, ribbon is at present the most popular. Ribbon bows, ribbon loops, and ribbon sewed on and worked through netting, each vying with the other to excel in freshness and beauty. Side panels and front breadths are made of netting trimmed with ribbon in various designs—plaid, trellis and ladder effects. Surahs are in favor for wedding dresses, especially in combination with laces, ribbons and nettings. For traveling dresses, more silk of the lighter qualities is seen than formerly. Dust is more easily removed from it than from all woolen goods. Silks and woollens in combination appear. Mohair, also, is much used, as it is light and releases dust easily. Blouses are to be for sporting purposes. They allow freedom of action and are jaunty in effect. For the same purpose the half-fitting jackets are used. Flower bonnets are very much worn at summer evening entertainments where bonnets are worn. The Directoire styles are gaining ground and seem to point to a probable abandonment of the tournour. Transparency is a feature of the season—transparent dresses of lace over silk, transparent parasols, transparent fans are the most dressy of all these articles. Shaded stripes are the latest novelty in ribbon. A double row of pearl beads set on the edge of a band is a substitute for neck ruching. Pink is the favorite evening shade.

RECIPES.

MOLD OF CHICKEN.—Boil a chicken, or chickens, in as little water as possible, until very tender; pick the meat from the bones, rejecting the skin, and chop or cut into small pieces—not mince. Season with pepper and salt. Boil half a dozen eggs until hard, and cut into slices. Put into the bottom of a mold some slices of egg, cover with chicken, then arrange some slices of egg around the sides of the mold, pressing in the chicken against the pieces to keep them in place. In this way fill up the dish. Boil down the broth, so that there will be about a cupful for each chicken; season, and to each cupful add a teaspoonful of gelatine, which you have first soaked in a very little cold water. Pour over the chicken while warm, not hot, and set aside for a day or night. Turn onto a platter, and garnish with celery leaves or parsley.

STEAMED FRUIT PUDDING.—Beat two eggs to a nice froth and add to it four cupfuls of nice buttermilk, in which has been stirred one teaspoonful of soda and one teaspoonful of salt. Add also one-half cupful of butter, one cupful English currants, thoroughly washed in warm water, and four nice stalks of rhubarb, cut fine. Make as stiff with flour as can be stirred with a spoon. Put into a narrow cloth bag, allowing room to rise, and steam two hours and a half over a quick fire. Eat with cream and sugar, or a sauce made by boiling one and one-half cupfuls of sugar in as much water. Thicken with one spoonful of corn starch stirred in water, and seasoned with butter the size of an egg and nutmeg. This makes dessert for twelve persons.

BOILED FISH.—Boiled fish is very nice if properly cooked. If you do not possess a fish kettle, after the fish has been well prepared, sew it up in a piece of white mosquito netting. The

kettle in which the fish is to be boiled should be large enough that the fish may be well covered with water. The water should be boiling and salted when the fish is dropped in. It should be closely covered while boiling. The time required to cook it depends upon the size of the fish. When done remove from the kettle and slip from the netting upon a platter; dress with sauce. Lemon juice put in the boiling water improves the flavor for some people.

SAUCE FOR FISH.—Cream sauce is easily made, and should be prepared while the fish is cooking. For a pint of sauce, use a heaping tablespoonful of butter, a level tablespoonful of flour, a little salt and a quarter of a salt-spoon of pepper. Mix into a smooth paste, then slowly add a pint of rich, boiling milk, and let it boil hard for three minutes. It is greatly improved by adding chopped, hard boiled eggs; and is also good if parsley is used instead of eggs. The same sauce can be used with plain baked fish. Both baked and boiled fish should be served with cut lemons near at hand, for those who can not eat it without lemon juice.

BAKED CHICKEN.—Dismember the joints in the same manner as for stewing; lay the pieces in a shallow dish, and pour over the meat sweet cream in the proportion of one half cup to each chicken; season to taste. Baste occasionally with the liquor formed by the cream and the juice of the meat, and as fast as the pieces get brown turn them.

POTATO CUSTARD.—Grate six large potatoes, and add to them one quart of boiling milk; stir in three beaten eggs and a quarter of a pound of sugar; boil seven minutes, taking care not to let it burn, then add one-half cup of butter. This will make three good sized custard pies.

AN INVITATION.

Come to the woods, where leafy shade,
 Umbrageous, cool and sombre hued,
 Gives one the sense of care allayed,
 And soothes the fretting spirit, made
 Unrestful by the world's stern mood.
 There, 'mid rustling leaves, a merry band
 Of Nature's own gives tuneful voice,
 And music swells on every hand.
 Then let your burdened heart expand
 And with the happy birds rejoice.

H. L. WELLS.

Northwestern News and Information.

NAVAL STATION ON PUGET SOUND.—The following extracts from a letter addressed to Senator John H. Mitchell, by Admiral David D. Porter, contain much that is of deep interest to every thoughtful citizen of the United States:

Any one who takes an interest in our possessions on the northwest coast, especially in the inland waters, including the Straits of Fuca, Puget sound, etc., will observe that here is the grandest collection of islands, inlets, bays and harbors that is to be found in the United States. The climate is unsurpassed, and the productions of the surrounding country, in lumber, coal and other minerals, are unexcelled. If it is desirable to establish a naval station on any part of our Pacific coast, this is undoubtedly the place. The Bay of San Francisco, California, is the only place on the coast where a navy yard could be established without a vast expenditure for breakwaters, etc., except the waters of Puget sound, and here nature has offered so many facilities that it would be sheer folly to look elsewhere. The climate of that part of our country is much milder than in the corresponding latitudes on the eastern coast, where, for one-fifth of the year, very little work can be done, owing to the inclement weather. Nature has designed the region to be the future seat of a great population, and in a few years emigrants pushing their way to the northwest will people this beautiful section and render it absolutely necessary that the government should do something for its protection. The British, who are quick to improve important positions, have of late years given much attention to their naval establishments at Esquimalt, on Vancouver's island, which was originally selected at the time of the Crimean war. The value of this station has been much enhanced by the construction of the Canadian Pacific railroad. Every large gun that has been sent from England in the last three years for the heavy fortifications now being built, has been transported over this road. All the stores, implements of war, machinery, in fact everything wanted for a navy, is no longer shipped around Cape Horn, but is transmitted via the Canadian Pacific. This gives Great Britain a vast preponderance along the whole line of our northwestern possessions, the command of the Straits of Fuca, Gulf of Georgia, Puget sound, Admiralty inlet, and Hood's canal, placing at their mercy all that magnificent chain of islands, inlets, bays and rivers, for which this region is so famous. So important has British Columbia become, that already two great lines of steamships have been established from the terminus of the Canadian Pacific railroad, at Vancouver; one to Hong Kong and Japan, the other to Australia. One of these will flood the country with Chinese emigrants, and the other will bring a large and worthless population from Australia, which, settling in British Columbia and encroaching on our territory, that portion commanded by British guns will pass out of our hands. Hence, it becomes of vital importance to establish in this region one of the largest naval depots, to say nothing of military posts, for the defense of the coast, which will confine intruders to their legitimate domain. I do not hesitate to say that the late rapid movements of the British government in strengthening their naval depot at Esquimalt, building heavy works commanding the Straits of Fuca, indicates a policy antagonistic to the United States, viz, to claim possession of that territory which they claimed in 1858. At that time, the British contended for the

Strait of Rosario as a boundary instead of the Strait of Haro, which would have given them command of our entire northwest coast. Now, although the British have a prominent position and actually control the islands to the eastward of the Straits of Haro, or Admiralty inlet and Puget sound, unless we are willing they should do so, these inland waters on our side offer a better position by far for defensive purposes than the navy yard in California, and form a half-way house between California and Alaska, which, although popularly supposed to be a region of Arctic cold, is really a very valuable country. Unfortunately, the coast of Oregon does not offer any proper site for a navy yard. The few harbors are inaccessible in bad weather and it would cost a large amount to make them available. The bar of the Columbia river is the great obstacle in that quarter. Therefore, the only points north of California for this purpose are in the inland waters known under the general name of Puget sound. In Admiralty inlet a navy yard could be established far beyond the reach of an enemy's guns, up straits easily defended by fortifications and torpedoes, and unassailable by any forces an enemy might attempt to land from ships of war. For many years Great Britain has had an eye on the Sandwich islands, which, if in her possession, would hold the same position with regard to our northwestern coast that Bermuda holds to our eastern coast, but having so far failed in her designs in that quarter, she has now selected a site for a naval station which is a constant menace to our shores. England never does anything without an object. One motive is to get possession of the whole trade of China and Japan, and have, via the Canadian Pacific railroad, the shortest route to Europe. Another motive is to keep a large military and naval force to protect, nominally, what are called "British interests," but really to facilitate encroachments upon the territory of the United States. Here we permit a great and grasping rival to establish a powerful naval station right between us and our possessions in Alaska, without taking any steps ourselves in the same direction. The latter territory, being so far away, may not be regarded as important by the generality of our citizens, but it cost this country of over \$7,000,000.00; has a territory larger than California, Texas and Colorado combined; contains the finest seal preserves, the finest salmon fisheries, inexhaustible supplies of other food fishes, and magnificent timber, while gold is found, and doubtless in future will be discovered in large quantities. The degree of cold in winter on the coast is not greater than that between Washington and New York. It is a healthy country and well worth retaining. Alaska can not depend, for protection, on a navy yard as far distant as that at Mare island. Indeed, our whole coast, from San Diego to Behring's straits, may be considered as wholly unprotected. However, it is not materially different from the condition of our Atlantic coast. As a rule, we give no protection to anything, and the three million six hundred thousand square miles of territory we have amassed depends alone for safety on that Providence which has heretofore looked out for creeping babies, drunken sailors and the United States of America. Within a few years a commercial emporium must grow up at the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific railroad, which will have the protection of the naval station on Vancouver's island, with a fleet to command all the waters of Puget

sound, and, consequently, every harbor of our inland waters will be at the mercy of British guns, should such a misfortune happen as a war between Great Britain and the United States. When a nation holds valuable possessions, she owes it to her people to give them all the protection necessary, unless like Cicero, they may consider that peace on any terms is better than war, even although subjected to the greatest humiliation. If we take such a view of the case we need give ourselves no trouble about protecting anything, and can adopt for our motto the old saying, that everything comes to him who can afford to wait. Under this rule we have obtained great success, having waited so many years for the fortifications of our coasts, and the augmentation of our naval forces. It is sometimes argued that we have too many navy yards, but such an idea is only advanced by those who do not comprehend the subject. Navy yards are the foundation of a navy, and without them, especially under the present system of heavy armor-clads, a naval force would be useless, for private citizens do not, as a rule, build docks sufficient to take eight and ten thousand ton ships out of the water. We have, in fact, only the following named yards that can be of service at any time: Portsmouth, N. H., Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Norfolk, and Mare island. All the others mentioned as "navy yards," or naval stations, can never be of any use. Some of them have never had a spade driven into them, and time has shown that Pensacola, the nearest approach to a navy yard among our minor stations, is entirely useless in its present condition. We make a poor showing on the eastern and southern coasts, but ten times worse on the western coast, where in a distance of more than five thousand miles there is but one navy yard, badly equipped and with small yearly appropriations. Even the dry dock, which was commenced many years ago, is not completed. As a strategic point, a navy yard in Puget sound would be much more valuable than the one at Mare island, because it would be in a central position. It could be built cheaper and be more easily defended, and, as I have said before, has all the materials necessary and at low rates. There are many points in Admiralty inlet where positions could be found within two miles of water front, if necessary, and instead of building heavy stone docks, the water front need only be faced with piles, and the largest ships of war would have plenty of water. The dry dock at Mare island has, up to date, cost \$3,000,000.00, and has been in process of construction for sixteen years. For that amount of money, we could build in Puget sound six dry docks that would accommodate the largest vessels. No practical man, with our present knowledge, would think of building a stone dry dock where timber is so abundant, for it has been proved that a dry dock of timber will answer all the purposes of a stone one, and can be more easily repaired. The northwest coast is amply supplied with stone quarries, from which the buildings could be erected and all the materials brought by water directly to the site of the navy yard. The idea of constructing a navy yard in this region is not, as many might suppose, a political scheme. A number of the so called "navy yards" on the eastern coasts were simply sops to Cerebus to gratify some faction or section. Hence they have never been of any particular service, or ever will be, in war or in peace; but a navy yard on Puget sound is an absolute necessity if we wish to maintain a position as a naval power or show any disposition to defend our territory against encroachment. British statesmen have been much shrewder than our own, for it will be remembered that before the treaty regarding the boundary between the two countries was concluded, the former contended so warmly for the southern end of Vancouver's island that the line was deflected in order to give it to them, and with it the command of the

Straits of Fuca, whereas, had we insisted on the boundary line of forty-nine degrees being continued to the ocean, we should have both shores of the strait. In spite of our concession, the British subsequently claimed the Strait of Rosario as the main ship channel and boundary between the main land and Vancouver's island, and it was almost a case of war because we declined to yield anything more. The emperor of Germany, as arbitrator, decided the point in our favor, and the Strait of Haro is the settled boundary. No doubt the British will eventually fortify the Saturna islands, off the southeastern point of Vancouver's island, so that the Straits of Fuca and Haro will be hermetically sealed by British guns. When the Russians owned Alaska, in the harbors of which they had several naval stations, Great Britain might naturally want a dock yard here to carry on war against Russian territory, with a place to retire in case of disaster. This was exactly what the English fleet did after being driven off by the Russians at Petropaulovski. They went to Esquimalt and there refitted their vessels. Although the British considered Esquimalt a naval station as far back as the opening of the Crimean war, it is only within the last few years that they have devoted their attention to making it a great naval depot. To-day, a line of railroad all along the boundary of our territory is in operation, capable of supplying any number of British posts, and at the end of it is a great naval depot that dominates our whole northwestern coast. This is a piece of strategy worthy a great nation, and we can not help admiring the wisdom and energy which has designed and executed such a plan, while deprecating the consequences which would result to our unprotected frontier in case of war with so vigilant and powerful an enemy. The nation with whom we would be most likely to go to war is Great Britain, for the boundary between the two nations is of such vast extent, a mere geographical line, marked with piles of stones which time will obliterate, and we are so curiously interwoven that when Washington Territory begins to fill up and overflow, and our people encroach on the territory of Great Britain, with their numerous Chinese inhabitants, brought over in their lines of steamers, there will no doubt arise sufficient provocatives of war, to which, if we maintain our present defenseless state, the British would not object. The British government witnesses with alarm the great advancement we are making in our territory, and the very fact of their building up a great naval station at Esquimalt in connection with the Canadian Pacific railroad, so heavily subsidized by them, shows an intent to which no one can take exception, but which must be considered an offensive act, for under present circumstances of peaceful relations between the two countries such extensive preparations do not seem to be necessary. England never fortifies a position without an intention to dominate over every place where her guns can reach, and hence, where she undertakes to fortify the important points commanding the waters of a neighboring state, it is incumbent on that state to do likewise. There is no doubt of one thing. Great Britain has outwitted us in all this treaty matter by obtaining important points along the boundary of our territory. Had we adhered to our original demand of fifty-four degrees and forty minutes, Great Britain would not to-day have the Canadian Pacific railroad, for she would have no seaport on the northwest coast. Our shore line would have been continuous from Lower California to Behring's straits; but the statesmanship which secured in 1846 what properly belonged to the United States has done us an irreparable injury, and a competing line of railroad has been built and equipped in a manner exceeded by no other in the world. Thus Great Britain has secured the shortest route to the East Indies, thirty days from Hong Kong to Liverpool, through the Canadian

snows and mountains, where it was never imagined the inhabitants had sufficient energy for such a gigantic undertaking, and which, indeed, would never have been accomplished but for British subsidies, while we who started in the race for China via the California Pacific railroad, can not accomplish the distance from Hong Kong to New York in less than thirty-four days. Our descendants will naturally wonder why our statesmen should have allowed a country, which was ours by right, to slip through their fingers. It is to be hoped that they will not have to wonder still more that the statesmen of to-day omitted to establish on the territory that still remains to us naval and military works that will defend our country from aggression, and be a nucleus by which thousands of people will be attracted to the beautiful northwest shores. There is one essential in which the representatives of the people are very deficient, that is, in fortifying the principal points of our extensive coast, and building naval depots at proper sites. Here is a case in point where a great naval depot should be established well up one of those capacious inlets, where an enemy's guns can not reach, and where the station could be so well fortified below that no fleet of hostile ships could pass up to destroy it.

I have said more in this communication than may be pertinent to the subject of building a navy yard on the northwest coast, and I hope you will excuse me if I have gone too far into the matter and will attribute it to the interest I feel in this great project, and to a hope that it may awaken in the minds of others that feeling of loyalty to their country which has so distinguished you in this connection.

SALMON RIVER MINES, W. T.—Seven miles above Ruby, at a point where the two forks of the Salmon river unite, on a beautiful site, is the town of Conconully, lately known as Salmon. The town has a population of probably three hundred and fifty, fully three-fourths of which are men. Its buildings are mainly single-room board shanties, but occasionally there may be found, for stores, hotel or merchandising, a structure of two stories and considerable length and breadth. The town has within its limits a saw mill, and the residents say the hum of the saw is never silent, although lumber is held at war rates. A branch of Salmon river, about the size of a large creek, passes through the city lengthwise, and running eastward, where the main residences are now being put up, is a canyon with a wide base, which in a quarter of a mile meets Conconully lake. This body of water is nearly four miles in length, about a quarter of a mile in width, and is deep enough to float a good sized craft. Its waters are a deep emerald, cold and seldom disturbed by wind. It abounds in fish of exceptionally large sizes and is a common resort for people who enjoy boating. Like Ruby, Salmon or Conconully, it is made up of saloons and restaurants. It has some few of the industries represented in a measure, but there is an opportunity for improvement all through the trades, merchandising and professional employments. The arrangement of the town is such that genteel folks live entirely segregated from the toughs; the home of the miner's family is not overshadowed by the palaces of cupidity. Situated between the two forks of Salmon river, and rising to a height of four thousand feet, is Mineral hill, the richest region about the towns. Standing on the top of this elevation, one can see, without interruption, the snow-clad peaks of the Cascades, the low range of mountains skirting the southern boundary of British Columbia, and observe the sinuous Cœur d'Alenes as they stretch away eighty or a hundred miles. In the midst of summer little patches of snow hide away on the hill so soon tortured and furrowed by miners. The peculiarity of Mineral hill is that everywhere across its broad top there is supposed, from

the prevalence of mineral, to be a vein. Locations begin at the foot of the hill near the town and run across the entire surface, and nearly everywhere evidences of silver are discoverable in the croppings. There is one lead which has been developed considerably, and on this claims sell from \$200.00 to \$20,000.00, but generally outside claims are held at much less figures. The ore is high grade, often going into the thousands, and veins are usually small in comparison with those of Ruby hill. Opposite this hill easterly is a long, low mountain, which terminates at Conconully lake, which is located and on which some handsome discoveries have been made. It is on this mountain the Tacoma Concentrating Company has purchased two mines, the Homestead and the Toughnut. These properties are expected to furnish twenty-five tons of ore per day toward keeping the fifty-ton concentrator going, and undoubtedly they will have considerable development on them by fall. Should they prove good as anticipated, it will stimulate the owners of adjoining claims to greater industry, hence the concentrator is something on which the camp can be congratulated. In the neighborhood of twenty-five miles to the northeast is a land of great promise, where rich strikes have recently been made. It is designated as Wannicut lake district, and has lately been a point of stampede. The ore is gold and silver, and assays show as high as \$9,000.00, but the better claims are lower grade and much wider in vein. The silver appears to run with lead to a considerable extent, and many predict that it will be known as a galena camp. Prospectors are arriving daily and this year will witness a thorough prospecting of the Similkameen, Rock creek and Skagit mountain countries, in all of which gold or silver float is plentiful. The routes of travel are by stage from either Sprague or Spokane Falls, or by the new route soon to be opened up from Ellensburg, via stage to the Columbia and by steamer up the river.

CASTLE MOUNTAIN MINES.—The new mining field surrounding Castle Mountain, Montana, from present appearances, bids fair to become the most important in Montana. The indications are that the Castle Mountain mines, when developed, counting only those now discovered, will produce more carbonate ores than the mines surrounding Leadville in its palmiest days. Montana's great carbonate camp, besides an apparently inexhaustible supply of ore, possesses a decided advantage over the Colorado carbonate camp in that the altitude of the district is only between six thousand and seven thousand feet, and good wagon roads, over which heavy loads can be hauled, can be constructed with little difficulty through every portion of it. The ore product of the entire district has an average assay value of between \$65.00 and \$75.00 per ton, and is first-class smelting ore in every particular. Helena capital is very largely interested in the district, and the mines will be heavily drawn upon to feed the great smelters soon to be erected in that city. The camp is but a mere infant to-day, but it will furnish rich smelting ores in abundance, a product heretofore in great demand throughout the territory for the reduction of the more refractory ores found in every mining district. The Northern Pacific will connect the camp with the outside world by the building of a branch road, leaving the main line at or near Toston; and the Montana Central, it is rumored, will also build a branch road to Castle Mountain via Neihart. The Castle mountains are a comparatively small group, occupying by themselves a section of country about twenty miles square. They were formerly known as the Elk range. Their present name is derived from the perpendicular walls of granite projecting above the general surface of the mountains at frequent intervals, and resembling very closely the walls of castles in the Old World. These cas-

the rocks present a very pretty and curious sight to the lovers of the picturesque, rising at different places through the oval-shaped mountain sides, and reminding one very forcibly of ancient castles. The surface of the mountains is comparatively smooth, covered on some sides with timber and on others with thick grass. Several of the higher points can be reached by wagon or buckboard, and afford grand views of the neighboring ranges and the surrounding country. On one of the clear days, which are many in Montana, the snow-covered range of the Little Belt can be seen stretching for a long distance on the north. East of the Little Belt the Snowies raise their snow-capped heads, while between the two ranges the Judith gap can be plainly seen, the whole forming a magnificent view. The Crazies stretch away to the southeast, their craggy peaks forming a weird looking outline, seemingly to correspond with their name. Far away to the south may be seen the Emigrant and other lofty peaks of the Yellowstone mountains, and on the west the Big Belt range. The routes of travel to the mountains are by way of Livingston, up the Shields river to Castle, a distance of sixty miles, one day's stage ride in good traveling; and by way of Townsend and White Sulphur Springs, a distance of seventy-five miles, which will soon be made in one day, by one of the best equipped stage lines and over one of the best mountain roads and interesting routes in Montana. With private conveyance Castle can be easily reached in one day from Townsend by way of Sixteen Mile creek. The hills and valleys surrounding the mountains afford the finest grazing to be found in the territory, and the prospector's ponies come out of the winter fat and frisky for the season's use. Streams and springs of pure cold water abound everywhere. The climate is peculiarly healthful, the atmosphere invigorating, and the temperature moderate at all seasons.

OKANAGAN MINES.—That portion of Washington Territory lying along the border of British Columbia, north of the Salmon river mines, is but little known by general reputation, though some excitement has been caused in the Salmon river mines by free gold discoveries in the region of Palmer lake, Hunter mountain and Wannicut lake, the headwaters of Similkameen river, a tributary of the Frazer. Many rich ledges of free gold quartz have been discovered, and that region has been christened the "Gold Belt." It is reached by trail from Conconully. The Black Bear was the first location on Hunter mountain. It is owned by Hunter & Co., is three and one-half feet wide, and very rich in gold, assaying as high as two hundred and eighty-six ounces of gold to the ton. The War Eagle, adjoining, has a four-foot ledge, widening with every blast, and producing some excellent honey-comb quartz, with an abundance of free gold in sight. Both of these ledges are being developed. The Aida is a recent discovery of free gold quartz, and appears very rich, even from the croppings. Then the Coulee, Bobtail, General Lee and many others are promising, but undeveloped, prospects. On the Palmer lake slope of the mountain are the Pinnacle and several other mines, principally gold bearing ledges. The Pinnacle has produced the best coarse gold specimens found in the Okanagan district. Palmer lake is a handsome body of water, about four miles long, and averaging a mile in width. The trail to Wannicut lake passes the edge of the water at the foot of the precipitous mountain bluffs. In the Wannicut lake district, Golden City has been laid out as a townsite. It is situated near the lake, which is about three or four miles in length, in a broad flat, making a grand location for a town, if only there were more and better water privileges. There is six miles square of country in this neighborhood that is literally covered with quartz veins. The best looking prospect in the

group of mines near Golden City, is the Jesse, showing a good deal of free gold ore and some silver, with a four-foot ledge, assaying from \$240.00 to \$9,200.00 in gold and one hundred and fifty ounces of silver. Not far distant is the Triune, the largest ledge in the country. In places the croppings are two hundred and fifty feet wide, but with the exception of a ten-foot shaft, no work has been done upon it. The Rainbow is a promising mine, with a fifteen-foot tunnel, and there are several others looking well upon the surface, such as the Gray Eagle, San Francisco, etc. Lying about half way between the lake and Similkameen river is the Horn Silver mine, another exceedingly promising prospect. A seven-foot shaft exposes a four-foot ledge and a quantity of horn silver. This ledge has an average assay of from one hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty-five ounces of silver. With more or less development, but showing well so far, are the Trapper, Nevada, General Grant, Con-Virginia, Boston, California, Idaho, Morning Star, North Star and Tacoma. There are locations too numerous to mention, but should only one in fifty or one hundred turn out mines, the Okanagan country will, in the not distant future, with the aid of capital, become one of the largest and richest mining camps in the United States. In almost every instance where any development has been done, the ledges open as well-defined fissure veins, gradually widening as depth is gained. Even the "gold belt" mines improve with depth, and instead of running into silver, as a great many predicted, seem to retain the gold in increased quantities. To a stranger, perhaps, the most surprising feature of this country would be the extent of this mineral-bearing belt, and the number of its ledges. Taken as a whole, it is a good country for the prospector—grass, water and timber being fairly handy.

SOUTH FORK OF CŒUR D'ALENE.—Since the sale of the Fuller, Green Mountain and Burke claims and the organization of the Poorman Extension Company, the order for lumber for the Poorman concentrator has been increased from one hundred and fifty thousand to four hundred thousand feet. The product of the Tiger is now twenty-five to thirty tons per day. Think of six or seven car loads of ore, worth at the mines \$2,500.00 or \$3,000.00, rolling daily through the main street of Burke. In Milo gulch, the Bunker Hill and Sullivan concentrator, treating one hundred and twenty tons of ore daily, produces at least thirty tons of concentrates. Fifteen to eighteen tons come from the Tyler and Stemwinder, and the Sierra Nevada contributes a like amount in first-class ore. Here we have about two thousand tons per month, worth, approximately, \$80,000, or at the rate of nearly \$1,000,000.00 per year. Long before the close of the present year other mines in Yreka district are likely to be producing, and if the Bunker Hill and Sullivan company build the three hundred ton concentrator now talked of, the output of that great company will be more than doubled. In that event, Yreka district will contribute to the product of the banner mineral region of the west at the rate of about \$1,500,000.00. It is not likely to be more than a few months, at the farthest, before shipments will begin from a number of valuable properties in the four other galena districts, viz: Evolution, Placer, Center and Hunter, which include within their limits such claims as the Polaris, Argentine, Black Bear, Granite, California, Hunter, Morning, Evening, Central and many others, which, with development, may take rank among the greatest producers. The present outlook is so bright that no one well acquainted with the wonderful resources of Cœur d'Alene will consider it extravagant to estimate the probable silver-lead production, before the close of 1889, at six thousand five hundred tons of concentrates per month, or at the rate of seventy-

five thousand tons per year, representing a cash value at the mines of \$3,000,000.00. The Oregon Railway & Navigation Company is now at work locating a line across the Cœur d'Alene reserve from Farmington. When this road, operated in the interest of the Union Pacific, taps the Cœur d'Alene country, producers and consumers will be greatly benefited by the reduction of rates, which always results from lively competition. Until freight rates are materially diminished, only properties carrying a large percentage of silver can be profitably worked. Mr. Frederick Burbidge, the present gentlemanly agent of the Helena Smelting Works, of Denver, is about to establish sampling works at Cœur d'Alene City. The erection of the building has already commenced, and he expects to have the works in operation within two weeks. They are not to be run in the interest of any single company. Agents of Portland, Omaha, Denver, Wickes, San Francisco and other works will bid for the ores upon the basis of the sample certificates.

IRRIGATION RESERVOIRS.—In his report to the senate recently made by Captain Powell, director of the United States geological survey, on the subject of desert lands and storage reservoirs, he produces some most astonishing figures. It is proposed to inaugurate legislation in congress looking toward the construction of large reservoirs near the headwaters of streams flowing through those sections of the west requiring irrigation for the production of crops. In this question, portions of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana are deeply interested, and action of this kind by the general government will be productive of great and lasting benefit. Captain Powell estimates the cost of doing all that is practicable in this line at \$250,000.00, a most insignificant sum compared to the wealth which will thereby be created, as shown in the following extract from the report: "That portion of the United States in which agriculture will be carried on only by the aid of irrigation may be broadly designated as that portion lying west of the one hundredth meridian. Certain lands contiguous to rivers can be advantageously irrigated several degrees east of that line. And somewhat west of that line there are high places to which it will not be economic to convey water, but which will, nevertheless, afford a moderate return to cultivation. In the western part of Oregon and the greater part of Washington agricultural lands do not require irrigation, and there are a few other exceptional spots. The extent of the region in which agriculture depends on irrigation is about one million three hundred thousand square miles. Of this, about one-fifth is too rugged or too elevated to admit of cultivation under any condition of agriculture likely to arise for a century to come. A smaller fraction consists of drainless desert plains, so flat that it is impossible to wash the salts from their soils. There remain about one million square miles which need only water to be rendered productive. At the minimum price of public land, \$1.25 per acre, a price greater than its value for pasturage, this land has a valuation of \$800,000,000.00; at \$30.00 per acre, a moderate estimate of its value when irrigated, it would be worth \$19,200,000,000.00. The water which falls in the arid region would fully meet the agricultural needs if only it could all be stored until the proper season and then conveyed to the proper land. Unfortunately many causes conspire to render this impossible. Of the water from rain and melted snow which gathers in channels and forms streams, only a portion has such relation to arable land that it can be utilized. The remainder flows too low, or at such distance from the land as to be beyond the economic limits of conveyance. Under such adverse conditions it is manifest that only a small portion of the rainfall of the region can be made to serve the farmer, and that there is no solid founda-

tion for the opinion sometimes expressed, that the greater part of our arid west will ultimately be reclaimed. An estimate, based on such data as is obtainable, leads to the anticipation that when all the larger streams have been brought under control, and the storage of water has been carried as far as it may be economically, there will be redeemed about fifteen per cent. of the region, or one hundred and fifty thousand square miles, the whole comprehending an area which exceeds one-half the land now cultivated in the United States. At \$30.00 an acre, this will add \$2,880,000,000.00 to the wealth of the nation.

BEAR PAW MOUNTAIN MINES.—Since the opening of the Indian reservation in Northern Montana, a great many miners have gone to the Bear Paw mountains, which have for some time been known to be an inviting field for prospectors. Some fine veins of argentiferous galena, as well as silver carbonate ore, have been discovered, and numerous records of leads have already been filed with the recorder of Choteau county. There has also been found rich gold-bearing quartz, in the form of float, but the veins have not yet been found. The numerous miners who are in this favored section seem to be working very quietly, apparently with the hope of having a chance to get hold of the best properties before the inevitable stampede which follows rich discoveries. A company of twelve men have staked off twenty acres each, or two hundred and forty acres of placer mining ground, which they propose to work by means of ditches and hydraulic mining appliances. It is said that the ground yields from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day to the hand by the use of ordinary sluice boxes. The ground prospects evenly, and the bars show a great depth of paying gravel over quite an extent of territory. There are said to be several streams putting out of the Bear Paw mountains, the bars of which prospect well. One of the prospectors, who had found a great deal of magnetic iron ore, concluded to trace it up to the source of supply in the mountains, which he did a few days ago, and found a regular mountain of magnetic iron ore, which contains enough to supply all the northwestern states and territories. The prospectors are very enthusiastic over the mineral wealth of the Bear Paw mountains, and claim that they will soon have one of the richest mining districts in Montana. To make the situation more favorable, this new mining district has the Manitoba railroad running from east to west right at its very door, which will enable the miners to ship their ores and get their supplies cheaply.

GOLD DISCOVERY IN UMPQUA VALLEY.—Mr. Thomas Smith, an old Oregon pioneer, writes from Roseburg, as follows: "I see in the June number of THE WEST SHORE an article headed 'The Umpqua Valley,' page 333, in which you state gold was first discovered in this county in 1851, on Cow creek. I was a resident of this valley from May to November, 1849, as was also Mr. John Aiken, who now lives in Salem; as we did not have much to do we used to amuse ourselves washing for gold. We could find the color almost any place on the bars of the Umpqua river, but never found it in paying quantities. Others used to find the colors, as well as ourselves. Early in June, 1850, Captain Levi Scott, the former proprietor of Scottsburg, and who gave the name to the town, James Frederick, a resident of Polk county at that time, and the owner of the claim formerly held by the Hon. Jesse Applegate, a man by the name of Sloan, who afterward held the townsite of Lower Scottsburg, a Mr. Butler, and myself, took a short prospecting tour up the south branch of the Umpqua, and on the bank of the river, about two miles below the mouth of Myrtle creek we washed out three-quarters of an ounce of nice gold, one specimen of

which was worth thirty-seven and one-half cents, as gold then sold. We found it in a pocket in the rock, not larger than a two-quart bowl. We found the color in various places, but not being miners we could not find it in paying quantities. There was considerable prospecting done in the fall of 1850, and some gold dug which I purchased of the parties on their return to the Willamette valley. I have been a permanent resident of this valley since the 9th of April, 1850, and as stated above, resided in the valley from May to November, 1849. Believing that you wish to publish nothing but what is correct is my reason for troubling you with these few lines.

SMELTER AT HELENA.—A location has been selected for the great smelting works to be erected by Helena capitalists. This consists of three hundred and twenty acres on the Prickly Pear, less than five miles from the city, and will be connected with all the lines of railroad which reach Helena. It is proposed to construct additional works at Livingston, and for that reason the company has been christened "The Helena and Livingston Smelting and Reduction Company." It has absorbed the Helena and Livingston Coke Co., the Helena Mining and Reduction Co., and the Gregory Consolidated and Banner mines. The mines belonging to the company now produce two hundred tons per day, only about one-fifth of the proposed capacity of the new works, which capacity will be increased as rapidly as a regular supply of ore can be secured. Once the smelter is in operation and a home market is established, there will be a wonderful increase in ore production. Mining men claim that the next few years will see the output of the Montana mines wonderfully increased, lack of smelting facilities heretofore having had a great deal to do with keeping mining in the background; at least, not as far advanced as it should be. Claims will be rapidly developed by men, who, knowing they have good prospects and can secure a ready market for their ores, will be stimulated to renewed industry. If the claims in the Castle mountain district turn out as they are expected to, the proposed Livingston branch of the smelter will be built.

IRON ORE IN OREGON.—Another large deposit of iron ore has been discovered near Portland, on Scappoose creek, two miles from Scappoose station, on the Kalama branch of the Northern Pacific railroad. Raffety Bros., of East Portland, have purchased two hundred acres of land, including the ore deposit, and are taking out ore. They have made a contract with the Portland Reduction Works to supply iron for flux, for which purpose a large quantity is required. The mine is but four miles from Willamette slough, on a good road and down grade, where the ore can be loaded on barges and brought to the city. From surface appearances there seems to be a whole mountain of ore, constituting a practically inexhaustible supply for reduction and iron works. The ore is pronounced to be unsurpassed for iron making. This is the most important deposit of iron found near the city since the Oswego ore was discovered, at which place large iron works are being erected.

IRRIGATION IN YAKIMA.—The Sunnyside irrigation scheme, in Yakima county, W. T., is making good progress. A competent engineer has been secured and the work of construction will begin in August. The Sunnyside Ditch Co. has purchased fifty thousand acres of land from the Northern Pacific, but the canal to be constructed will cover twice that area, supplying water to hundreds of settlers. The ditch will be forty feet wide at the bottom and sixty at the top, alongside of which the Northern Pacific has reserved one hundred feet for a track to

carry away the products of the land irrigated. The company will build an iron front brick building in North Yakima. Another canal, fourteen miles long, will be constructed by another company into the Selah valley, at a cost of \$16,000.00, taking water from the Natchez river. These canals will bring under cultivation a vast area of some of the most fertile land on the Pacific coast.

COAL AND COKE AT TACOMA.—The Wilkeson Coal & Coke Co. was recently incorporated at Tacoma to engage extensively in mining coal and burning coke. The company owns seventeen hundred acres of land on which have been discovered four large veins of coal, three of which are now being developed. The land is covered with fine fir timber, fully one hundred million feet, and the company will engage largely in manufacturing lumber. One hundred coking ovens will be erected this season, and the product of these, as well as coal, beginning with three hundred tons daily in August and increasing to one thousand tons in a few months, will reach market through Tacoma. Two steam schooners, of fifteen hundred tons capacity, will be employed between Tacoma and San Francisco.

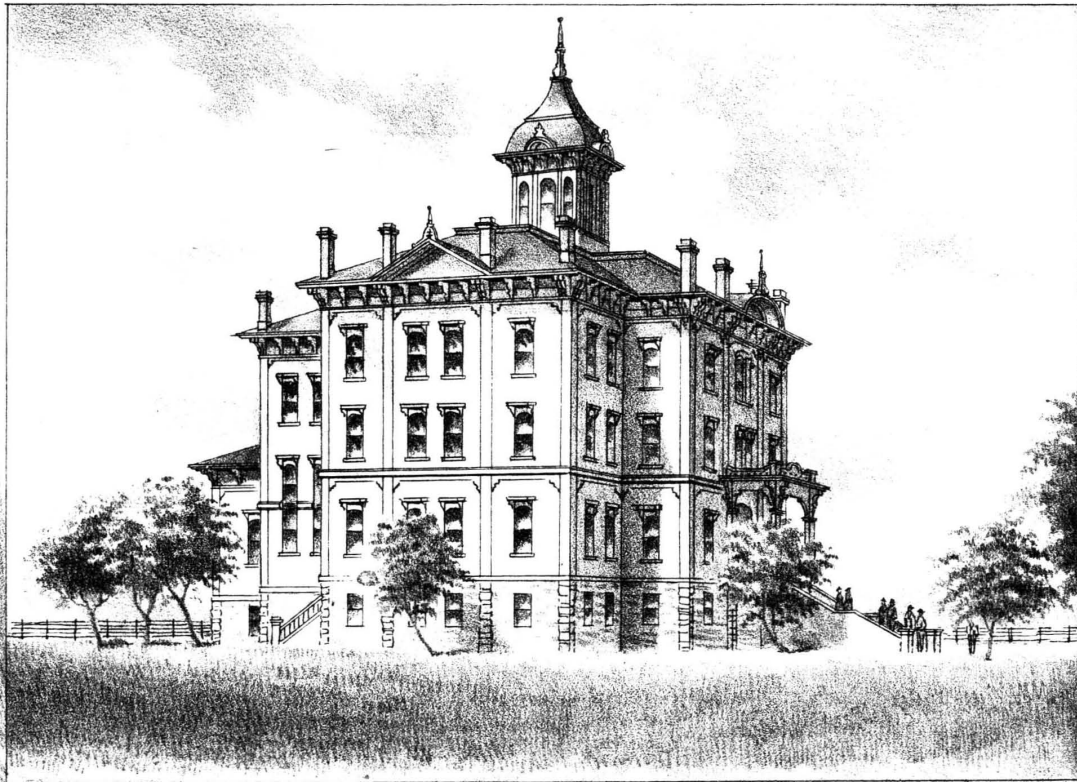
THE FORUM.—Chief among the magazines of the world is *The Forum*. It is devoted to the discussion of the leading topics of the day in politics, science, literature, religion, philosophy, economics, etc., receiving contributions from the pen of the most able and prominent men of both America and Europe. As an educator *The Forum* has no equal in periodical literature. The July number treats of "Our Political Situation," "How Can Wages be raised?" "English and American Manners," "Moral Principle in Public Affairs," "What Shall the Public Schools Teach?" and papers on other equally vital and interesting topics. Published by the Forum Publishing Co., New York, at \$5.00 per year, or 50 cents a copy.

AN OREGON FACTORY.—Among the manufactories of Oregon, that of Jones & Co., at McMinnville, is one of the most important. They have a large saw mill a few miles from the city, while in the town is a complete factory where they turn out great quantities of sash, doors, blinds, mouldings and a great variety of mill work of a first class kind. The mill finds a ready market for all it can make, and is one of the chief contributors to McMinnville's prosperity.

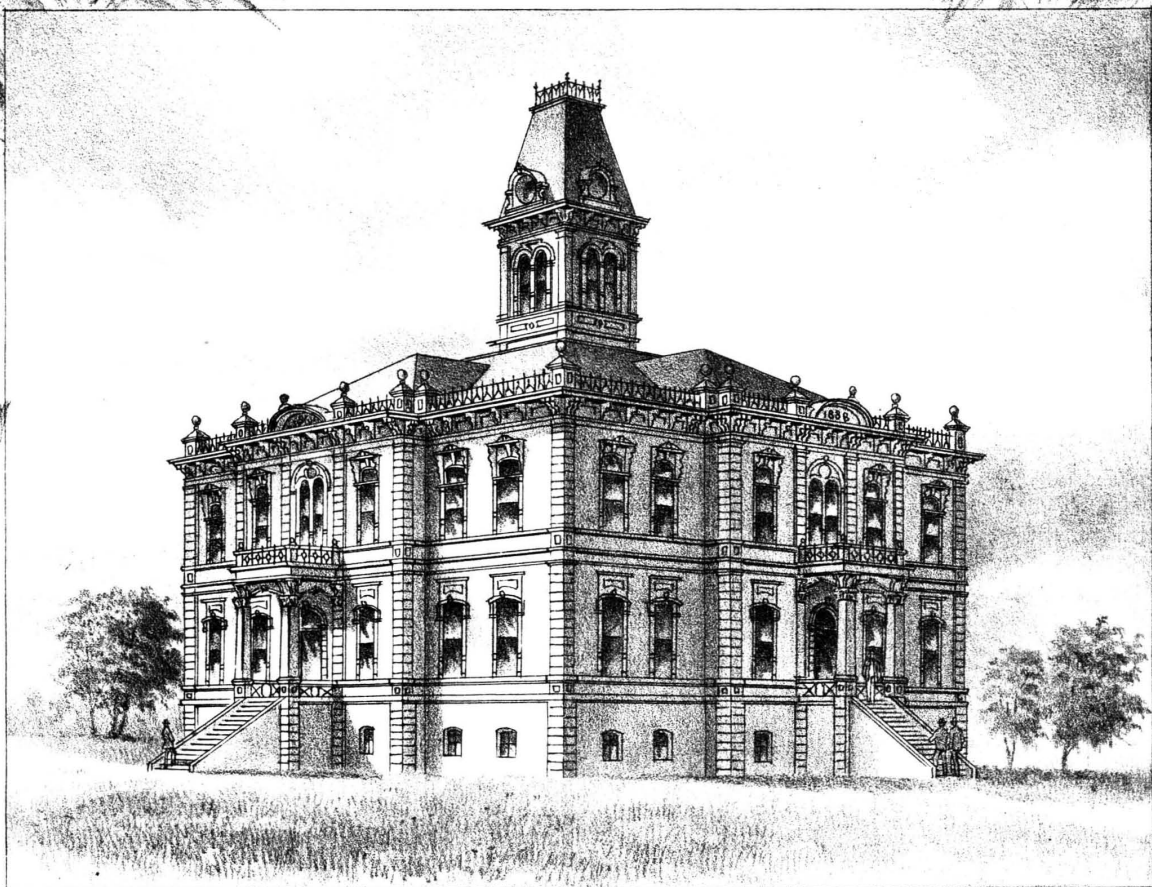
ROSEBURG'S HOTEL.—The McClallen House, Roseburg, Or., is one of the best hotels in the west. It is justly noted among traveling men, and for that reason Roseburg is a favorite stopping place for those knights of the road. The hotel has recently been enlarged to double its former capacity and newly furnished. Strangers may visit Roseburg with the certainty of finding most agreeable accommodations.

McMINNVILLE'S PHARMACY.—One of the best drug stores in the state is that of Rogers & Todd, at McMinnville. They carry a complete and carefully chosen stock of drugs and sundries, which are sold at metropolitan prices. The prescription department is carefully conducted, and in every feature the store is the equal of the best in our large cities.

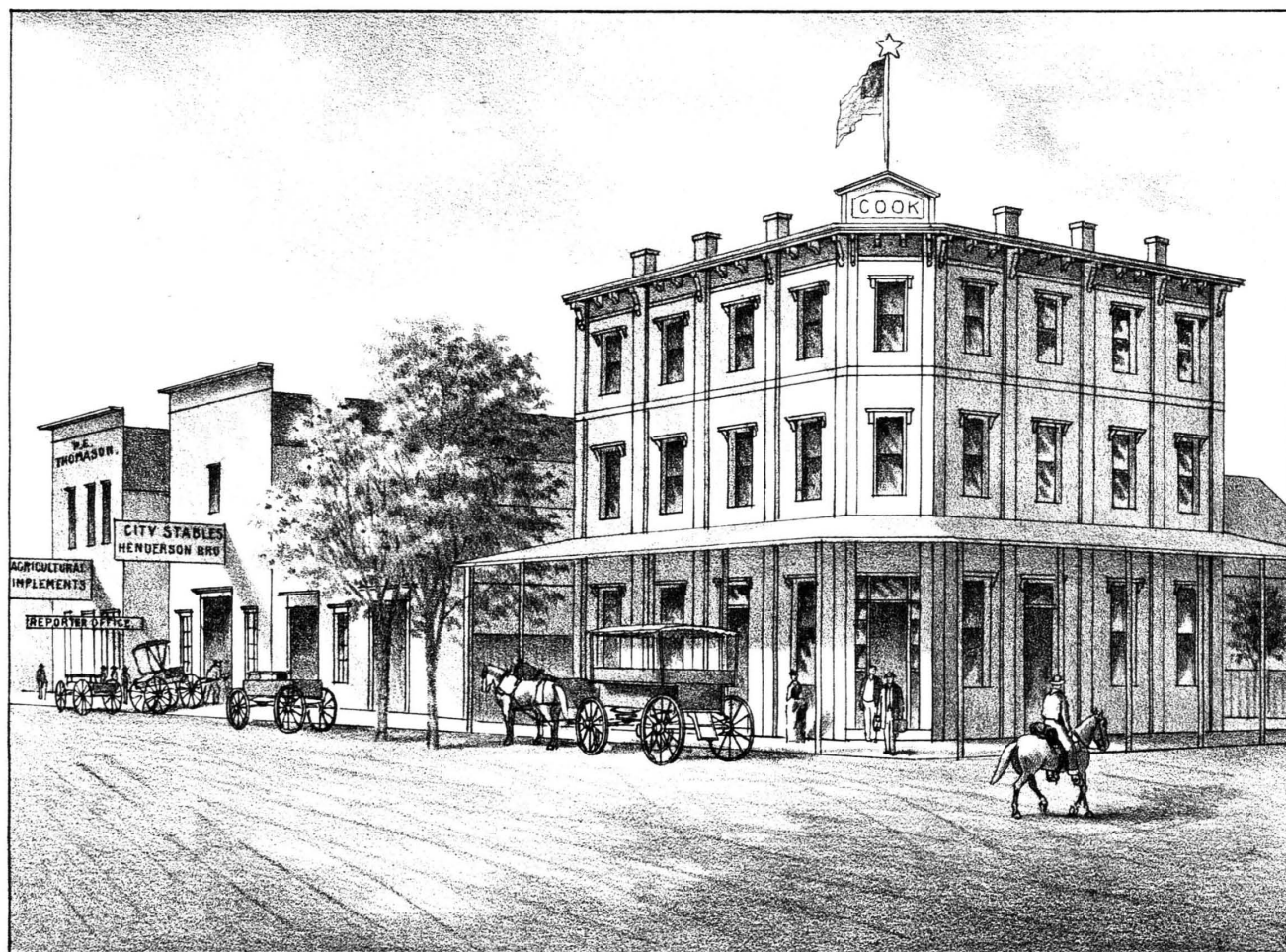
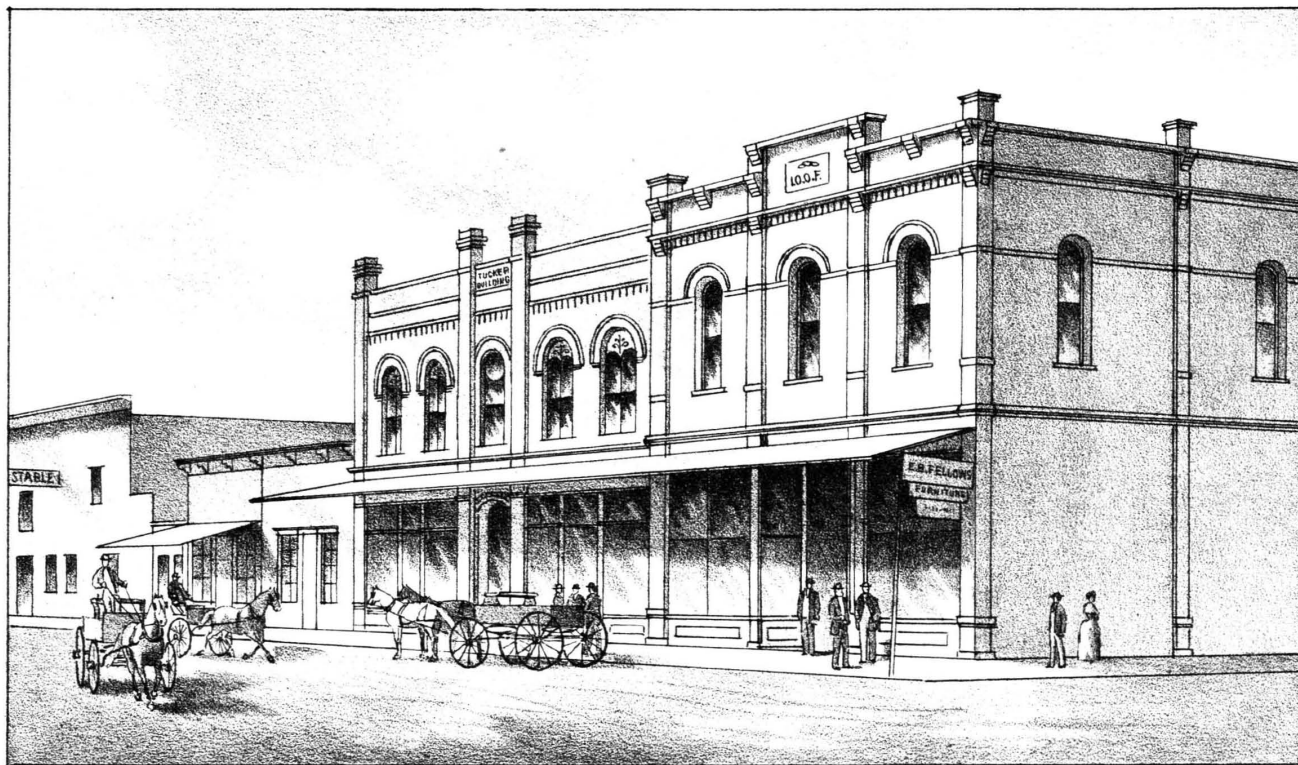
A PLEASANT RESORT.—H. T. McClallen keeps a pleasant resort for gentlemen in Roseburg, where the visitor can secure a first class cigar and enjoy a quiet game of billiards. Visitors in that city will find McClallen's a most pleasant and desirable place.



COLLEGE.



NEW COURT HOUSE.
MC MINNVILLE, OREGON.



Mc MINNVILLE, OREGON.

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.

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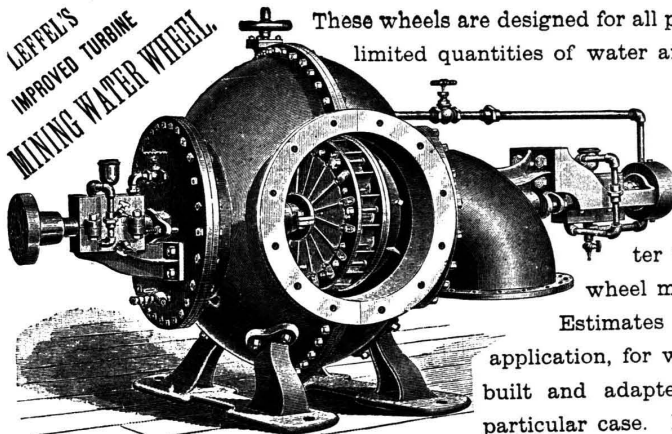
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