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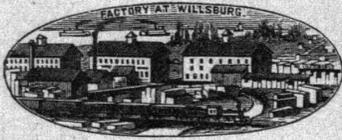
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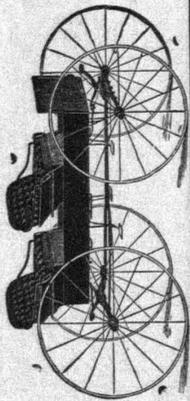


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The July number of *THE WEST SHORE* will contain numerous illustrations of McMinnville and Roseburg, Oregon, and complete descriptions of the county of Yamhill and the fertile Umpqua valley. It will be accompanied by a large colored supplement of Roseburg and the Umpqua valley.

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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.
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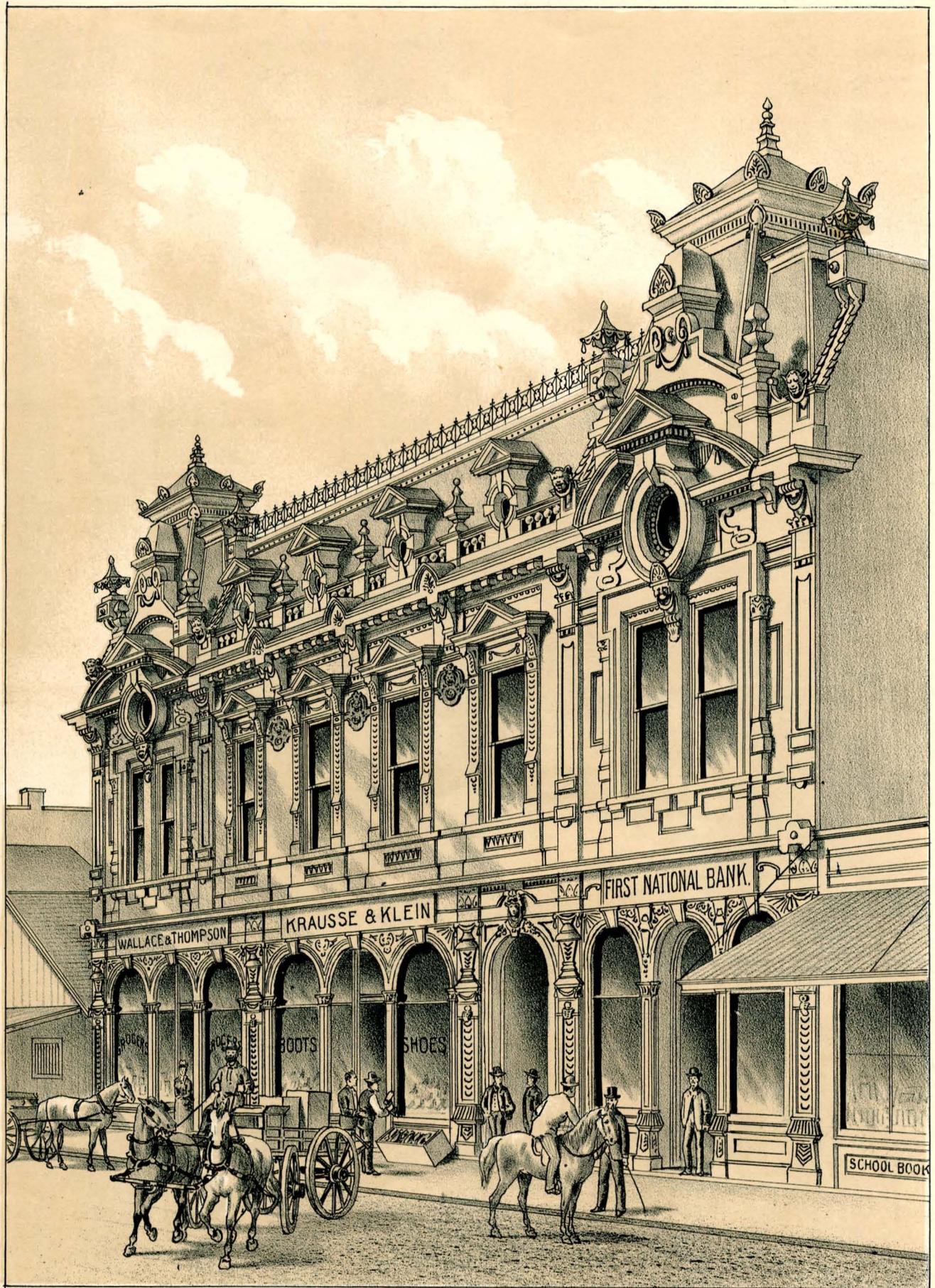
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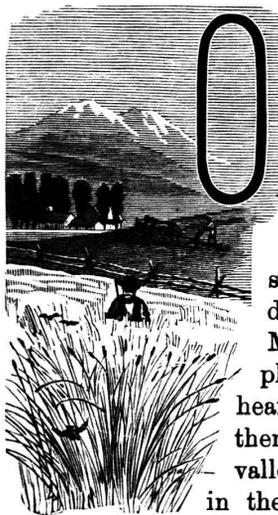
THE WEST SHORE.

FOURTEENTH YEAR.

JUNE, 1888.

NUMBER 6.

THE BEAUTIFUL CHEHALEM VALLEY.



ONLY a few years ago the explorer of the fertile valley of the Willamette would have found many tracts of its choicest farming lands uninvaded by the agriculturist. The hunters and trappers of the early day had sung the praises of this wonderful region throughout the Mississippi valley. The people of that portion of the Union heard much of Oregon, which, to them, meant only the beautiful valley of the Willamette, though in the general acceptance of the term it comprised the entire Columbia river basin. Previous to the discovery of gold the other portions of the vast territory of Oregon were deemed too rugged or barren for consideration as homes for civilized people. Oregon, in this restricted sense, was represented as the land of peace and plenty, where a veritable Golden Age reigned, and people who did not believe in standing around idle while such good things could be procured, came from the section where the praises of the newly found land had been sounded, and located in the valley of the Willamette. The farmers who came to Oregon in that early day sought locations where communication with the rest of the world could be easiest established. The quality of the soil was good enough anywhere. When they had built themselves homes, they found the merits of the country, so far as its natural advantages were concerned, were scarcely overstated. The fertility of the soil was surprising, and the climate was entirely beyond comparison with that of the region from which they came. The great drawback to development was the lack of communication with markets. For many years there were no markets for farm produce. With this state of affairs there was little opportunity for

the introduction of modern methods of farming, and the old style was continued for lack of having anything better available. The first outlet was by water, and the only crop that could be raised to advantage for the slow transportation to distant markets was wheat, and this was the prevailing crop. All along the navigable streams, and wherever the grain could be taken to them, wheat growing was carried on as extensively as the primitive facilities would permit, and other crops, except a few for home consumption, were not cultivated.

The advent of railroads in recent years has worked a great revolution in the conditions governing agricultural development. While the incredulous people of the far eastern states believed that Oregon was suited only to bold adventurers, or, at best, possessed nothing more attractive than scenery, a process of development was being carried on in the mines, the forests and the fields, which, at length, forced a recognition of merit. The admission that there might be something here of more than transitory interest was followed by increased accessions to the tillers of the rich soil of the Willamette valley. With the advent of new life came marked changes in the manner of obtaining the most profitable and the most permanent results from the soil. Farmers pushed back from the rivers, and railroads supplied them with means of transportation; they have taken possession of the foothills, and are even encroaching on the mountain sides; and yet the country is new, and its development barely begun. As the tide of the new era began to spread over the valley, such farming lands as had previously been overlooked, or ignored, because of their fancied commercial isolation, were seized upon. The sub-valleys of the Willamette system came into consideration, as being peculiarly adapted to farming operations. In this way the Chehalis valley, in Yamhill county, twenty-six miles south of Portland, now one of the most productive sections of the state of Oregon, became settled by a

class of people who brought with them habits of industry and ideas of progress that have evidently been applied to good advantage.

The Chehalem valley does not comprise an extensive area. The creek which drains it is not even one of the larger tributaries of the Willamette river. Still, the basin is well defined and possesses characteristics which are peculiar to it, and are more pronounced than those possessed by many sections of the Pacific slope. The past decade, and especially the latter half of it, has witnessed the subjugation of this valley and the location here of industrious, prosperous and progressive people, who have established pleasant homes and provided for the full enjoyment of the results of their labors. The valley is about ten miles across in an easterly and westerly direction, and five miles from north to south. The Chehalem mountains are the northern boundary, and on the south a ridge of hills divides it from the Yamhill valley. On the west the foothills of the Coast mountains interrupt the gentle undulations of the surface, and to the eastward the dividing lines of relief gradually fade away until the Chehalem merges with the broad expanse of the valley of the Willamette.

The supplement accompanying this number of THE WEST SHORE gives as comprehensive an idea of the general features of the Chehalem valley as an engraving can present. The point from which the view was taken is on the Chehalem mountains, five miles nearly due north of Newberg, and at an altitude of about a thousand feet above the town. In the left background is seen the Cascade range, from which rise the snow peaks of Jefferson and the Three Sisters, the former seventy-five miles and the latter about a hundred and twenty-five miles distant from the point of observation. To the right of the center is Mary's peak, in the Coast mountains, sixty miles away and about eighty miles from Mount Jefferson. In the central part of the view, on a clear day, may be seen the smoke ascending from the city of Salem, which is some thirty miles distant. The most prominent town in the picture is Newburg. Seven or eight miles to the southeast is St. Paul, and still farther away are Gervais and Hubbard. Champeog is near the foot of the hill, at the left, Dundee junction lies a little to the right of that, and a little farther on is Dayton. Lafayette, McMinnville, North Yamhill and Carlton are beyond the hills in the right of the picture. At the right, also, may be obtained a glimpse of the Yamhill valley, which unites with the Chehalem at the east, or at least the line of demarkation there grows indistinct. At the foot of the Chehalem mountains the valley stretches out, and is filled with timber groves, orchards, fields and villages. Several miles away the course of the Willamette riv-

er may be followed by the light-colored cottonwoods which line its banks, also that of Chehalem creek, flowing through the valley from the right to the Willamette river. The Portland & Willamette Valley narrow gauge railroad extends across the valley, entering through the opening between Parrot mountain and Ball hill, a trifle too far to the left to be seen in the view, and passing out of sight between the hills. Some of the hills are densely timbered with fir, cedar, oak and other woods. Several of the mountain streams offer advantages in the way of water power, and systems of water works for some of the towns, to be supplied from mountain springs, are in contemplation.

The Chehalem valley impresses one with a sense of its complete harmony of detail, like the chords of a perfectly-attuned musical instrument. It seems as if people could not help being peaceful, prosperous and happy in the midst of such surroundings. There are few places that appear so admirably designed for the abode of man. As it rolled from Nature's hand it was an El Dorado. It has not lost that charm, but the magic wand of progress has been waved over the scene, and the placid valley has given people homes, and been enlivened by their industry. Several small villages have grown up in response to the demands of the community. In a modest way manufacturing, such as is in a considerable degree incident to agricultural development, is carried on. Farms and woodlands cover the country, and the hills and mountains surrounding afford protection and vary the view. Numerous small streams from the highlands pursue their devious ways to the large creek which flows through and drains the valley. The large number of fruit orchards, with their blossoms in spring-time and the ripened fruit in autumn, make the country seem especially delightful during those seasons.

Fruit raising is one of the chief occupations that engage the attention of the Chehalem people. While the fertile fields produce abundant yields of other crops, the climate is best suited to the growth of fine fruits, and it is justly termed the fruit raising section of Oregon. Apples, pears, peaches, plums and small fruits all flourish, but the apple crop of the Chehalem valley and Yamhill county is the most famous. The hillsides furnish the best locations for growing fruits, for this section is not entirely below the line of winter frosts, and on ground of medium altitude there is least danger of unseasonable cold. The moisture is sufficient everywhere. The protection from blighting winds is complete. Fruit never fails on the hillsides; and this is a statement that is true of very few countries, indeed. Forests are grubbed from the land and immediately orchards are set on the tract, which scarcely misses its natural timber before the fruit trees cover it, and surely the crops of

luscious fruit produced must almost make the inanimate soil laugh at its achievement. Certainly the farmers are pleased with the products, and the preparations for greatly extending the orchard business evidences the faith they have in the industry.

When one branch of labor is particularly remunerative it does not long stand alone. The good things of life, as well as the bad, are so related that if they do not always complement each other they flourish together. If a section of country is superlatively well adapted to one thing it does not follow that everything else must be excluded from it. So, fruit raising being the chief business of the people of the Chehalem valley does not preclude the possibility of other lines of industry. Fruit orchards do not and never can utilize all the ground that can be made profitable to the farmer. A large share of the prosperity of the husbandman lies in his utilizing in some profitable way what would otherwise go to waste. In well watered regions there is always more or less land that is too wet for successful cultivation, and which makes prime pasturage for stock. The valleys of the west, also, are edged with ground too rugged for tillage, and there again may good grazing land be found and made to furnish subsistence for cattle and sheep. In consequence of these conditions in the Chehalem valley, the dairying interests have grown to be scarcely secondary to its fruit, and rapid strides in advancement are being made constantly. But when all is said and done in producing the raw materials of commerce, when the most favorable natural conditions have been improved in growing fruit, or when the best stock and the least expensive and most profitable means for obtaining a milk product is secured, still other considerations enter into the economy of the case. Given the raw products, the question of utilizing them so as to obtain the greatest measure of profit and still preserve the supply is not always easy of solution. Very naturally the expediency of operating canneries and fruit drying establishments will be suggested in an extensive fruit growing section, because the entire product of the orchards can not be sold as green fruit, however large the demand. On the same principle that corn sells better when converted into bacon, other agricultural products yield the most profit the further they can be converted into more desirable forms. Decayed fruit is seldom in great demand in well regulated markets; but if canned or dried in good condition, fruit is a merchantable product at all times. An establishment for preserving his product virtually secures to the orchardist advantages equivalent to possessing trees of constantly maturing fruit always seasonable; for the expense of preserving is more than made up by the extra price which it brings out of season. The dairying

business may be treated in the same relative manner. To peddle milk by the jugful, or to sell veal, is not the highest aim of the dairyman. Indeed, it is a recognized branch of the dairy trade to manufacture from the milk of the cow other articles of food—butter and cheese—and the same principles of economy apply in each case. The more nearly fit for its ultimate market a product can be made at home, the more labor is employed, the more profit is retained at home and the more prosperity is promoted. There are no special difficulties in the Chehalem valley to interfere with the operation of these general principles, and the people there are now looking to the establishment of these complements of their industry.

Newburg, the principal town of the Chehalem valley, is only about five years old. It was settled by Quakers, who at once established those habits of thrift and common sense customs which characterize the Friends. Their dependence is on the soil and climate of the beautiful valley in which they have chosen to locate. They have acquired property, even more than they need for present uses, and by recognizing the elements of a sound social fabric have laid the foundation for prosperous and healthy growth. Newburg is a town of less than five hundred inhabitants, but it has among its public institutions the Friends' Pacific Academy, which supplies an academic education to all who choose to avail themselves of its advantages. It consists of nine buildings, and is a valuable institution, well supplied with modern means of education. Its location marks the headquarters of the society of Friends in the northwest. Good public schools are maintained, and churches are well supported. For good order and the exemplification of the principles of the best citizenship, the people of Newburg are justly noted. Their business operations are conducted in the same spirit that pervades their social and religious life. Enterprise is manifested, but divested of a grasping or niggardly policy. Honesty, industry and economy are observable on all sides, and the mission which these people seem to have undertaken is to "scatter plenty o'er a smiling land." The embellishments which Nature has lavished upon the country have been turned to advantage in the improvements which have been made. The finest residences in Yamhill county are found in Newburg. A special effort to make it a pleasant residence town has been made, and with notable success. Those who controlled real estate were careful to sell only to people who wanted to make their homes there, so that speculators have been prevented from securing the finest locations and holding them without improvement until the enterprise of other people should make their lands rise in value. This policy is still pursued and the wisdom of it is clearly dem-

onstrated. It gives those who acquire property there an interest in promoting with their best efforts the common welfare of the community. It is desired to make the country productive, and inducements are offered to farmers to invest in fruit farms near town, five, ten, or even twenty acre tracts. These may be obtained at prices ranging from \$15.00 to \$75.00 an acre, according to the improvements that have been made upon them. The object is to induce people to make homes there, to improve the land, to secure from it the best results of a combination of favorable natural conditions and thorough culture. The improvement of these tracts is continually being made. One man has this season set twenty-two hundred trees, another fourteen hundred, and a company is preparing to set seventy acres with eleven thousand fruit trees. Good trees are obtained from several nurseries in Oregon at reasonable prices. In from three to five years after setting, an orchard should bear well. Perhaps the year after planting a healthy tree will produce a little fruit, and the product will increase until the maximum amount is reached.

The plat of the town of Newberg is laid out with special reference to its advantages for residences. Every resident of the town came from the eastern states. Not a saloon exists there and not a single arrest has been made in the town since its settlement. These facts, combined with a surpassingly beautiful site and the commendable management of its affairs, give Newberg attractions for a place of residence that are rarely equaled. The number of fine residences now there attests the fact that the benefits of the locality are not unappreciated. Town lots may be purchased for from \$30.00 to \$100.00 each. As the

lots in the plat are disposed of others are laid out in the contiguous lands, and real estate in the village may always be obtained at reasonable prices. Building materials are not expensive. A good quality of rough lumber, such as serves most purposes in constructing dwelling houses, is obtained from saw mills near by at \$8.00 per thousand feet, and other materials cost proportionally. It is the most desirable plan for those who propose to engage in fruit culture to purchase a residence site in Newberg and a fruit farm of a few acres a short distance away, where land is cheaper than in the immediate vicinity of the town.

It must not be inferred that the resources of the Chehalem valley are by any means exhausted. The conservation of natural forces which is observed in drawing out the wealth of the land, would make its exhaustion impossible, even if every foot of ground were being tilled. But there are many acres still in a wild state, and much more, easily obtainable, which might be more closely cultivated, and would yield handsome results. A statement of the exceptionally favorable conditions for the finest branches of agriculture which exist there, renders unnecessary any mention of the ordinary products of the soil, which, of course, could not but prove successful. The large grain warehouses attest the abundance of the cereals. The patronage of the railroad as well as the general appearance of the section shows the character of the industrial development, and indicates clearly that the residents of the Chehalem valley, while they extend a hearty welcome to industrious people from abroad, who may desire homes among them, are not themselves unappreciative of the advantages which surround them.



BY JAMES P. SHAW.

IV.

ONE day, a few weeks after the colonel's departure, Frank took a stroll through a grove of fine old oaks, which belonged to the grounds surrounding the Harrington homestead. It was a fine autumn day, the sun shining out just warm enough to make a walk under the spreading branches of the oaks enjoyable. He sauntered aimlessly along, now and then kicking over a chunk of decaying wood, or peering into some hollow log or tree. Occasionally a busy little chipmunk darted across his path, while the provident gray squirrels were busy storing away their winter's food of nuts, which are so plentiful in the forests of that section of Ohio. The native blue jays, with their uninteresting squak, were flying from tree to tree, always keeping just out of reach of the stick Frank carried. He had reached the farther end of the grove, when he suddenly came upon Amy, ensconced in a little bower, constructed with great care and artistic skill from the branches of the oaks in the vicinity. She was occupying a seat in one corner, her lap full of nuts, and a book lying on the ground beside her.

"So I have found your hiding place, have I?" said Frank, as he bowed, hat in hand, in front of the door of Amy's retreat.

"I was not aware that I had been in hiding," replied Amy.

"Do you know," said he, "I have not had the pleasure of seeing you since morning?"

"I have been very busy of late, preparing bandages and scraping lint for the hospital," said she.

"Indeed, that is commendable in a young lady, and shows patriotism. I suppose you are preparing a stock of stores to take with you when you leave us to engage in hospital work," he said, throwing considerable stress upon the last words.

"I am not preparing these to take with me."

"Oh!" said he, "I supposed you were, as you informed me on my arrival that you thought seriously of becoming a hospital nurse."

"Yes, I think I did, and my mind is unchanged. I hold it a sacred duty which the ladies of our country owe the soldiers, that they do all they can to alleviate their sufferings."

"Very true, and nobly said, but it will require a great deal of courage for a lady, who would necessa-

rily come in contact with the many revolting scenes which would meet her on every hand. Few ladies, I think, would care to venture on such a mission."

"No true woman, Mr. Von Brean, should shirk her duty to the brave men who have imperiled their lives in the defense of this country."

Amy rose from her seat and passed by Frank, as he stood admiring her great beauty while she was animated with her argument. Frank saw that Amy was piqued at the turn the conversation had taken, and changed it by asking when she had heard from her father.

"We had a letter from papa yesterday."

"When does he expect to leave Washington?"

"Very soon now. He writes that they may be ordered to join McClellan in Virginia any day, as there is a great battle expected to take place very soon in front of Richmond."

Amy made a move to pass on, when Frank said: "Don't go yet, Miss Harrington; it is so pleasant out here, and besides, I want to talk to you."

Turning so as to face him, she said: "I am all attention; proceed with what you have to say."

Frank was somewhat disconcerted by Amy's manner, but managed to say: "I wish to ask you why you avoid me of late?"

"I am sure I have taken no particular pains to avoid you, Mr. Von Brean."

"I wish you would drop the Mr. when you speak to me."

"And, pray, what shall I call you?"

"I should prefer to have you call me by my first name, which is shorter and much easier spoken."

"And what is your first name?" asked the mischievous Amy.

"Frank," said he.

"Well, I agree with you for once, for I think Von Brean is a horrid name, and were it mine I should petition the legislature to have it changed."

"You mistake my meaning, Miss Harrington. It was not on account of my name that I wished you to call me Frank, but to show that you regarded me, at least, as a friend."

"It is not necessary, I believe, to address one by his christian name to be regarded as a friend. Besides, you are papa's friend and guest, and it would

be very improper, if not impertinent, for me to address you by any other name than Mr. Von Brean."

"You seem to have forgotten that your father is not at home, and while I regard him as a friend, and occupy, as you say, the relation of a guest, yet my remaining at his house at present has no connection with him."

"Pardon me, then," said Amy, with a smile, "please inform me what is keeping you in this dull house."

"If I had not already learned, to my own discomfiture, the perversity of your nature, I should get provoked at you, and have half a notion to do so as it is."

"But you have a whole notion not to, as people never get angry with me; they know it would avail them naught."

"You are certainly enigmatical, and I confess I am unable to solve the riddle." Looking her full in the face, he continued, "*Tomava la por rosa, mas devenia carda,*" to which Amy replied—

"*No es todo oro lo que reluje.*"

"I think, Miss Harrington, I shall free you from further annoyance by my departure."

"I am sure, Mr. Von Brean, you have not annoyed me in the least, and I hope the little pleasures we have exchanged have had no bad effect upon you, as I assure you they were indulged in, on my part, only, as the French say, *pour passer le temps*. But you must find it very dull here in this little backwoods town, so different from city life; yet, if you can stand the dullness of our house, you are welcome; and mamma, I know, would be glad to have you remain with us as long as you care to punish yourself in our behalf."

"And at the same time inflict upon you the greater punishment by staying."

"Believe me, Mr. Von Brean, your staying with us would in no way punish me; in fact, it would be quite the reverse, as I shall be very busy this winter, and you can be a great help to me by remaining."

"It would afford me great pleasure, Miss Harrington, and you have only to command to be obeyed."

"As I was saying," she continued, "I shall be very busy preparing hospital stores for the Christian Commission, and shall have but little time to devote to mamma, and you can care for her in my stead."

As she said this she looked quizzically at Frank, out of the corners of her eyes, to see how he enjoyed it.

"You are exceedingly kind," he said, ironically.

Amy seemed not to notice his remark, and continued: "You see, you will be rendering double service by taking care of mamma, and thus giving me more time to devote to my labors for the soldiers."

Mrs. Harrington's voice was then heard, calling to Amy to come to the house.

"*Au revoir,*" said she, as she started swiftly homeward. She stopped a moment, and said to Frank, who had not moved, "Remember, you are to stay and take care of mamma for me."

When she reached the house she found several of her girl friends awaiting her, among whom was Clara Vaughn, who exclaimed, as soon as she caught sight of Amy—

"I've got the letter."

"What letter?"

"Why, have you forgotten?" replied Clara. "The one from my soldier boy, of course."

"Oh! Have you?"

"Yes, and we have come to get you to call a meeting of the society right away, so the letter can be read."

"When shall I call the meeting?"

"Oh, right away, to-night," said Clara.

"Very well, but you must notify the members, as I shall not have the time myself."

"Oh, I'll do that."

"By the way," said Belle Johnston, "I think Amy is becoming awfully selfish of late. Don't you, girls?"

"Of course we do."

"What have I been doing so terribly selfish?"

"Having a young gentleman at your house for over a month, and not inviting us over to see what he looks like," said Belle.

"No, nor even taking him on the streets for a walk, so we might view him at a distance," said Clara.

"What would you have me do to give you a chance to behold this, in your eyes, wonderful specimen of the human family? Would you have us parade the principal streets, or shall I engage the town hall and exhibit him at so much per head?"

"Oh, the latter, by all means," said one of the girls.

"Yes, and I'll tend door," said Clara.

"What will you do with the money?" asked Gussie Childs, "donate it to the Christian Commission?"

"Girls, you should be ashamed of yourselves to talk in that manner about Amy's guest," said Belle Johnston.

"Indeed," replied Amy, "Mr. Von Brean is no guest of mine."

"Von Brine!" said Clara. "What a name! V-o-n, that in German means of. B-r-i-n-e—salt. There you have it. No danger of him spoiling in warm weather."

"Clara Vaughn, I am ashamed of you, to say such things about one you have never seen. I wonder Amy don't drive us all out of the house."

"Oh, I don't mind it," said Amy.

Just then the front door opened and some one was heard to step inside. Instantly the voices in the parlor ceased, and Amy went to the door, where she found Frank.

"Won't you come in, Mr. Von Brean?" said she, opening the parlor door.

After the introduction, Frank, in his easy way, said: "This is, indeed, an honor and a pleasure not anticipated by me. I hope, Miss Harrington, I am not intruding."

"Not in the least," she replied.

"We were just speaking about you," said Clara.

"May I inquire in what way I provoked your conversation?"

"Certainly; we were upbraiding Miss Harrington for keeping you so close a prisoner."

"One would willingly remain a prisoner to so fair a jailor," replied Frank.

"Mr. Von Brean is inclined to deal in flattery, I fear," said Amy, slightly coloring.

"You must find it hard to amuse yourself in this quiet town," said Miss Poindexter.

"For my part," said the perverse Clara, "I think the country horrid. Nothing but trees and hills to look at, and the crazy old farm wagons, loaded with hay, while the driver sits perched on top, looking as though he would fall off at any minute, frighten one half out of their senses. Give me the city, with its beautiful parks, fountains, statuary, fine buildings and fine streets. And the theatre—oh, it must be grand!"

"I admit all Miss Vaughn says regarding the city, but she forgets that the beautiful parks and grand buildings which we meet with in the city become very dull, and the sight of them monotonous, when we behold them day after day; and we soon become so we can almost tell the number of bricks in each building, and involuntarily fall to counting the windows in the houses as we pass by. The parks, too, fall into insignificance, compared with the grand old forests, where one can wander, undisturbed, away from the eyes of the world and the buzzing voices of the people, which you can not escape in the city."

"There are many things to admire in the city," said Amy, "and many advantages to be gained over the country, and I enjoy a visit there; but I agree with Mr. Von Brean, that the city, with its beautiful parks and buildings, does not compare with the grandeur of our native forests. I am always glad to leave the busy, restless, ever-noisy city for my country home."

The young ladies soon took their leave, and as Clara started, she said: "Remember the meeting to-night, Amy."

"Miss Vaughn is quite vivacious, and rather pretty," said Frank, after the girls had gone.

"Yes," replied Amy, "Clara is very pretty, and good company. She sometimes speaks without thinking, but will overcome that fault with a few more years. The trouble is, she has been spoiled by her father, who is one of our prosperous merchants, and Clara is the only child."

Tea was announced, and when Frank and Amy went into the dining room they found Mrs. Harrington awaiting them.

"I hope," said she to Frank, "your walk this afternoon has given you a good appetite."

"While I enjoy a run through the woods very much, it is not at all essential to the enjoyment of your table."

"I suppose you take to the woods in self defense, now that Amy is so much occupied with her work. I fear she is very poor company."

"Not at all. I find much to enjoy in the forests, and I am sure I do not wish to trespass on Miss Harrington's time, while there is so much outside to interest me."

"Mamma, Mr. Von Brean is thinking of leaving us, and I have been trying to prevail upon him to remain with us through the winter."

"I hope Mr. Von Brean has not tired of us so soon."

"By no means," said Frank.

"We should be pleased," continued Mrs. Harrington, "to have you extend your visit much longer. Mr. Harrington hoped you might find it agreeable to stay with us through the winter."

"If I can, in any way, be of service to you ladies, I should be only too happy."

"We will try and find enough for you to do to keep you out of mischief," said Amy. "Oh! since I think of it, our society is in need of a shipping clerk, and if you will accept the position, I can secure it for you."

"By all means. But stay—first define the duties of the office, that I may know whether I will be able to perform them."

"As to that, I think you need have no fear. The duties will not be very arduous, consisting chiefly of the shipping of our stores as we get them ready for the Sanitary Commission."

"With a little instruction from you, I may be able to do that in at least a passable manner."

"Oh, I think so. There is going to be a meeting here to-night, to transact important business, and I will bring the matter of your appointment to the notice of the members, and I doubt not they will decide to secure your services."

"Then I may consider myself already engaged?"

"Not exactly; I must first propose you at the meeting."

"Then I am to be a regular member of that august body of deliberators."

"No, indeed," replied Amy, quickly, "your membership will extend no farther than your clerical work. You will not be entitled to a seat in our councils."

"Oh, I understand, I am to be the outside man."

"Yes, that is it, I believe."

Tea over, Frank and Amy returned to the parlor, where Amy excused herself and went to attend to some household duties. Frank seated himself at the piano and let his fingers wander over the keys for a moment, then broke into the chords, and finally wandered off into one of Chopin's melodies, forgetting, for the time, where he was, and not until Amy's long-drawn breath close by aroused him, did he realize that he was not alone.

"Oh, Mr. Von Brean! What have you done?" exclaimed Amy, ecstatically.

"Why, Miss Harrington, I trust I have done nothing wrong," replied Frank, somewhat embarrassed.

"Such delightful music, and you not letting us know! I think it real mean in you to have kept us in ignorance of your wonderful talent."

"I had no idea of playing when I came in, but the impulse came, and as it was some time since I had played, I thought I would run over the keys just to keep in practice."

"Please play some more."

"Certainly, if it will give you pleasure."

He turned to the instrument, and running his finely shaped fingers lightly over the keys, struck into one of Mendelssohn's beautiful sonatas. Frank had received a thorough musical education, having had for his instructors the best talent in New York, and they pronounced him almost equal in execution to themselves. He was a born musician, and in his playing threw his whole soul into the music. When he had finished the piece he turned from the instrument to Amy, whom he found standing a few feet from him, with one arm resting on the back of a chair, her body inclined forward, one foot extended, her mouth partly open, and those wonderfully beautiful eyes turned full upon him.

"What a picture!" thought he, as he silently gazed into her lovely eyes, until the spell was broken by a deep sigh from Amy, as she said, softly—

"How beautiful!"

"I am amply repaid, Miss Harrington, by the knowledge that I am able to contribute to your happiness," said Frank, as he left the piano and went over to her side; but before he could form into words the thoughts which agitated his very soul, the door

bell rang, and at the same time the sound of several voices was heard outside.

Excusing herself, Amy went to the door, where she found several of the young ladies, members of the sewing society, awaiting admittance.

"The young ladies will please come to order," said the president, as she rapped upon the table to command silence.

"Where is the secretary?" asked one of the girls.

"The chair is unable to answer the question."

"I think it's real mean in Belle Johnston not to come," exclaimed Clara Vaughn, springing to her feet. "I gave it to her to read this afternoon, and she promised to bring it with her to-night, and if she don't come I'll never speak to her again."

"This meetin' is tooked up, and I call her to order," said Melissa Updyke.

"I'd just thank you to attend to your own business," said Clara, snappishly.

"Silence!" called the president.

Just then there came a knock at the door, and the tardy secretary made her appearance.

"It's time you were coming, Belle Johnston," said Clara.

"The secretary will call the roll."

As each name was called the answer came, showing that business of great importance was to be transacted. The reading of Clara's letter was, in itself, sufficient to bring every member out. To miss hearing the first letter received from the front was, indeed, out of the question. The secretary had scarcely taken her seat, as the roll call was finished, when half the members were on the floor trying to be heard.

"Miss President," "Miss Chairman," they cried.

"Sit down, every one of you, or I will declare the meeting adjourned," said the president, becoming very indignant at the uproar they were creating.

After the members had quieted down, the president said: "Now, Miss Birdie Miller, we will hear you."

That young lady arose and said: "Miss Chairman, as this is a special meeting, I move that we at once proceed to the transaction of the business for which the call was made. I call for the reading of Clara's letter."

"Why, that's just what I was going to move," exclaimed each of the other girls.

"I second the motion," said nearly every girl in the room.

The reader will remember the compact entered into by the girls, that the first letter received from a soldier was to be read to the society, when it would be determined whether it should be answered or not. This will explain the anxiety on the part of the young

ladies, as each had the letter uppermost in her mind. Miss Miller's motion, so numerously seconded, was put by the president and carried with a unanimity seldom seen in a gathering of this kind.

The secretary was instructed by the president to read the letter, but before she could do so, Clara Vaughn jumped to her feet and excitedly said—

“No you don't, Belle Johnston. Amy is to read the letter; that was the agreement.”

“Very well,” said the president, “I will read it.”

Receiving the letter from the secretary, Amy read:

CAMP MISERABLE, NEAR SLOUGH OF DESPOND, }
December 14, 1862. }

MISS CLARA VAUGHN,
Wapakoneta, Ohio.

My Dear Miss Vaughn:—I know you will pardon a lonely soldier for presuming to write you upon the flimsy pretext of finding your address, written on a tiny card, in tiny letters, and, I will venture the assertion, with the sweetest and tiniest hand in the Buckeye state. You must forgive my carelessness, when I tell you that I enjoyed the comforts of those—well, I must say it, and run the risk of shocking your modesty—beautiful socks one whole day before I found your card. The truth is, I was so anxious to wear something made by the hands of some fair lady, that as soon as I became the happy possessor of the aforementioned socks, I removed the gunboats from my feet, and with tears of joy swimming in my eyes, proceeded to encase my feet. But, horror of horrors! they would not go on. I pulled, tugged and—prayed; but it was of no use; they resisted my most earnest endeavors. They were several sizes too small. After resting a while, I got one of the boys, who had some knowledge of civil engineering, and we made a practical survey of the socks, then of my feet.

“It's no use, Jack,” said my friend, “you can't get a number six sock over a number twelve foot.”

My friend left me in my trouble. How awfully unsympathetic these fellows get after they have been in the army a while! I sat down on a log and contemplated the socks, those beautiful blue woolen socks, which you had knit with your little fingers. I can, in fancy, see you now, with your deft little hands, and the blue yarn wrapped around your fingers, making music with your knitting needles as you round off the toe of the last sock, a sigh of relief escaping you as the last stitch is dropped from the needle.

I remained sitting upon the log for some time, trying to work out some way to overcome the dilemma in which I found myself. At length, a happy thought came to me, and I acted upon it at once. I would exchange socks with one of the boys. I leaped from the log, and with my blue treasures in my hands, started for the quarters to find some one with a pair of blue—none but blue would suit—socks large enough to fit my feet; but before I could ask the question, nearly every man in the company yelled, “Jack, have you a pair of large socks to exchange for a small pair?” I tried every man I met, but it was no go. They were all in the same fix I was. Do you know, I felt like going to the pond—the boys call it the “Slough of Despond,”—casting myself in, and lying there until the water got deep enough to drown me. But thinking the matter over, I changed my mind, and here I am writing to my kind benefactor. Finally another thought struck me—it didn't hurt very much. I said not a word to my messmates, but quickly grabbed up my socks, and finding an axe, went to the woods, where I selected a tree suitable to my purpose and soon had it lying on

the ground. Cutting off a part of the trunk of the tree, about two feet in length, I hewed it roughly into the shape of a foot—my foot. After hewing and trying, I finally succeeded in getting the block into proper shape to stretch the socks over, which I did with the aid of a set of blocks and tackle. Once on the models, I let them remain over night, so that they might become thoroughly set to the shape. I removed them from the blocks the next morning, and oh, raptures of bliss! I was able to get them on my feet. True, there was not much of the upper part of the sock left, but enough to swear by. The world was all sunshine once more. I wore the socks all that day, not minding the little matter that my toe was being hurt; but at night I turned the one that was giving me the trouble wrong side out, thinking that, perhaps, in your haste to send them to me, you had left a ball of yarn in one of them. But happy was I when I picked up the tiny card which bore your name and address, and I trust you will overlook my carelessness when you read this and learn of my trouble in putting your gift into practical use.

I can not close this without expressing my warmest thanks to the dear young ladies who are doing so much to cheer the hearts of the soldiers, and remind them of the dear homes they left far to the northward. May God bless you, individually and collectively, is the prayer of
PRIVATE JACK CRAIG.

P. S.—I dreamed last night I held in mine the little hand that knit the socks.
J. C.

Oh, yes! Knit all the socks at least four sizes larger. All the boys have large feet—in fact, mine are the smallest in the company. Now, if you don't answer this, I will desert and come to see you; and when I am caught, I will be shot, and I know you would not like to hear of that misfortune overtaking me. Therefore, I give you fair warning, that you may know what will follow should you not answer this letter at once.

CRAIG.

After the letter was finished, Clara rose to her feet and asked: “Am I to answer the letter?”

“Yes,” cried several of the girls at once.

“Silence!” called the president, at the same time bringing down upon the table a potato masher, which had been borrowed from Mrs. Harrington's kitchen to serve as a gavel, with such force as to break the handle, rendering it useless for the evening.

“You'll ketch it, Amy Harrington, fer breakin' your mother's tater masher,” said the irrepressible Melissa Updyke.

As soon as order was once more restored, the president said: “What is your wish regarding the letter?”

“Lay hit under the table,” said Miss Updyke, whose knowledge of parliamentary usage was somewhat vague.

“I move,” said Miss Brattain, “Miss Vaughn be instructed to reply to the communication.”

“Hit hain't a communication; hit's a letter,” said Miss Updyke, wishing to correct the last speaker.

“I second Miss Brattain's motion,” said Miss Childs.

The motion was put and carried with but one no, Miss Updyke casting a negative vote, she being on bad terms with Clara.

"After the letter question was disposed of, the president said: "I have a proposition to submit to the society."

"What is it?" cried several voices at once.

"It is to employ a shipping clerk for the society."

"Who will it be?" asked Clara.

"The name of the gentleman I wish to submit is Mr. Von Brean."

"How much will he charge fer bein' our clerk?" asked Melissa Updyke.

"The gentleman would be glad to serve without pay," said the president.

It was finally agreed that Amy should secure the gratuitous services of Frank, and as there was no further business to transact, the meeting adjourned, to meet at the call of the president. After the adjournment, the girls gathered around Clara and plied her with questions as to what she was going to say to Jack Craig.

"How large were those socks, Clara?" asked Tammie Bloodworth.

"Oh," said Clara, "they were awfully big—about the largest I ever saw. I thought while I was knitting them I would get them large enough to fit most any one."

"What a delicate little foot he must have!" said Tammie.

"I expect he was just makin' fun of 'em," said Clara's enemy.

"If he was, it is none of your business, Melissa Updyke," said Clara, spitefully.

The young ladies soon separated for the night, and, escorted by brothers and friends, returned to their homes.

At breakfast the next morning, Amy informed Frank that he could consider himself in the employ of the society.

"So I was not black-balled last night?"

"No, I was given *carte blanche* in the matter, and concluded to take you on trial."

"When will my duties begin?"

"In about two days, when we will have a box of stores ready to ship, and you can see that it is started on its journey."

Breakfast over, Amy informed her mother that she had some shopping to do that morning and would not be back before lunch time.

"Do not be later than 12:00, my dear," said her mother, as Amy excused herself from the breakfast room.

"No, mamma, not later than that, as I expect Clara Vaughn over this afternoon."

"Amy is very much taken up with her work for the soldiers," said Mrs. Harrington.

"Yes," replied Frank, "she is certainly enthusiastic in her labor of love. Her loyalty need not be questioned."

Mrs. Harrington and her guest remained at the breakfast table some time, enjoying a pleasant *tete-a-tete*, and when the conversation lagged she rang for the servant to remove the cloth, while Frank excused himself, and, lighting a cigar, went out to the stable to have a chat with John.

The beautiful autumn weather had disappeared now, and the cold winter winds had taken its place, stopping all outdoor amusements. Although winter was pretty well advanced, there had been no snow, and in consequence, the young people were becoming impatient at the delay, fearing that the merry jingle of the sleigh bells would not be heard in the land.

As anticipated by Amy, Clara Vaughn came over in the afternoon, remaining to tea, and when she called for her wraps to go, she found it was growing dark.

"Why, I declare!" said she, "I had no idea it was so late. Mr. Von Brean, you are to blame for my staying over time."

"Then, Miss Vaughn, I feel myself under obligations to see that you arrive home safely, and, with your permission, will accompany you," said Frank, as he took his greatcoat from the hall rack and put it on.

"If you care to punish yourself in my behalf by going out in the cold, I shall be grateful for your company."

"So you are our shipping clerk now, Mr. Von Brean," she said, as they walked along in the chilling air.

"I suppose so; Miss Harrington tells me I am taken on trial by the—what do you call your society?"

"The Young Ladies' Sewing and Aid Society."

"Then I am your authorized mail clerk."

"Not mailing clerk, but shipping clerk."

"Oh, I see, I made a mistake; it was shipping clerk. By the way, Miss Vaughn, why can I not become a regular member of your society?"

"No, indeed, we don't allow gentlemen to become members. They would laugh at us."

"May I ask if you have answered that letter?"

"What letter?"

"Oh, the letter from—"

"From whom?" broke in Clara.

"The soldier with such delicate feet."

"Who told you that I received such a letter?"

"A pretty little bird whispered it in my ear."

"It's awfully mean in that little bird to tell tales out of school."

"Then you did get a letter, and the whisperings were true?"

"Yes, I did, and it was a jolly letter, too; and that same little bird told me something about you," said Clara.

"Pray what could it have to say concerning me?"

"It would please you too much to know," said the provoking little miss.

By this time they had reached the gate leading to Mr. Vaughn's residence, and when Frank had seen Clara safely inside, he bade her good-night and retraced his steps to the Harrington residence. That evening, at the request of Mrs. Harrington, who remained in the parlor with the young people, Frank entertained them with some excellent music on the piano.

"Now, Mr. Von Brean, said Mrs. Harrington, as Frank finished an operatic piece, "I will ask you to play just one more piece, and then I will excuse you for the evening."

"Certainly, Mrs. Harrington. Have you any choice?"

"I should like a descriptive piece, of which you can make your own selection."

After striking several chords, Frank played "The Storm," and when he came to the low, rumbling sound of distant thunder, which grows louder and louder as it appears to come nearer and nearer, until the awful crash is at hand, Frank whispered to Amy, who was near by, to turn down the lights. Then with one grand effort, he surpassed all his previous playing that evening. It needed only the lightning flash and the drenching rain to complete the storm, which seemed raging outside. It was grand—as was all his playing. Not until some seconds after he had ceased, and the vibrations of the instrument had died away, was there a word spoken. Then Mrs. Harrington said—

"Oh, how beautiful and grand! I almost fancied the rain pouring down upon me."

"I trust you will not take cold, exposed as you have been to 'The Storm,'" said Frank.

Frank's talent soon became known throughout the little country town, and it was difficult for him to visit a house where there was an instrument without having to play. There were, however, very few places he visited, excepting Mr. Vaughn's. The weather became suddenly cold, "spitting" snow for two or three days, then changed to warm rain, and then to sleet.

"Now," said Mrs. Harrington to Frank and Amy, as they were sitting by the old-fashioned fireplace, cracking and eating those delicious black walnuts and hickory nuts which are so plentiful in that section of Ohio, "look out for snow, for this rain and sleet will turn to snow before morning."

"Oh, won't I be glad if it does!" said Amy.

"You may get your sleigh ride yet," said Frank, as he cracked the nuts and threw them into the plate which Amy held in her lap. "Won't we have a jolly sleigh ride if it snows to-night?"

Frank had just placed a nut on the sadiron which he held in his lap, but as he was bringing down the hammer to crack it, Amy gave a scream and jumped to her feet, letting the plate of nuts fall to the floor, scattering them in all directions.

"Oh!" cried Frank, throwing down the hammer, and grabbing the thumb of his left hand with his right he danced around the room as though there were a colony of yellow jackets after him.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Harrington, going to Amy. Then turning to Frank, she asked: "Mr. Von Brean, what has happened?" For answer he held up his injured thumb.

"Oh, mamma! I was scared awfully. A horrid mouse ran right under my chair; and"—jumping up on a chair—"there it is now," pointing to the corner of the room.

Sure enough, there it was, quietly eating the kernel from a piece of walnut which Amy had dropped. Turning to Frank from her perch on the chair, she asked—

"Did it bite you, Mr. Von Brean?"

"I believe not," said he.

"I thought I heard you cry out."

"Perhaps you did, for when you screamed I was bringing down the hammer on a nut, but missed it and cracked my thumb instead."

"Oh!" said Amy, going over to him. "That was too bad. Let me see it." Taking his hand, she continued: "How very sorry I am!"

Mrs. Harrington, who had gone after the camphor bottle, returned quickly, and saturating a cloth with the liquid, she bathed the wounded thumb, saying: "That will take the soreness away." The thumb had been severely mashed, the flesh being torn away from the nail, which turned black in a few minutes.

"I am ever so sorry, Mr. Von Brean, that you should suffer so through my actions," said Amy.

"Oh, it is nothing, and will be all right by morning," but at the same time he was making a wry face and wincing under the application of camphor, with which Mrs. Harrington was binding up the bruised thumb.

"It was very foolish in Amy to scream out in that way for so slight a cause," said Mrs. Harrington.

"Do not blame her too much. I am sure she had sufficient cause for alarm, as the mouse is a most formidable and savage animal."

"Now, Mr. Von Brean, you are making fun of me."

"By no means. One of those animals, diminutive as they are, has been known to put to flight a dozen—"

"What?" said Amy, seeing Frank hesitate.

"Young ladies," said he.

"There, now, I knew you were making fun of me."

"I wonder when the little creature got into the room," said Mrs. Harrington.

"It came from toward the fire place," Amy replied.

"Then it must have come up through the hearth." And true enough, when mousie was frightened, he ran to the fire place and disappeared down a hole in the hearth.

Owing to the accident, the family circle broke up earlier than usual, and with many regrets from Amy for Frank's injury, the good nights were said, and they retired. As had been predicted by Mrs. Harrington, the rain turned to snow, and by morning about four inches had fallen, and it was still coming down in large flakes, covering the shrubbery and ground with a beautiful mantle of pure white. When Amy awoke, she sprang from her bed and ran to the window to see whether her mother's prophesy had been fulfilled. As her eyes beheld the trees and ground covered with snow, she clapped her hands with delight. She hurriedly dressed herself and ran down stairs, where she met her mother, who was already up and busying herself with her household duties.

"Oh, mamma! Isn't it beautiful?"

"What, dear?"

"Why, the snow. Has Mr. Von Brean come down yet?"

"I think not; at least, I have not seen him."

"When he makes his appearance, I am going to snow-ball him," said Amy, as she put on her hood and mittens.

She then went out on the porch, where she prepared several snow balls, to be in readiness for the attack. She was not kept long in waiting, as she had scarcely closed the door behind her when Frank's footsteps were heard descending the stairs.

"Good morning, Mrs. Harrington," said he, as he entered the room.

"Good morning, sir. I hope you rested well."

"Quite well, thanks to your care in dressing my wounded thumb. The camphor has relieved me of all pain, and I hardly realize that I was hurt. I see your predictions regarding snow have been verified."

"Yes, Amy will get her sleigh ride now."

"I wonder," said Frank, "that she is not up now, enjoying the sight of the snow as it falls so gently to the ground, carpeting it with its soft, white covering."

"Amy is out now, enjoying a run through the snow," replied Mrs. Harrington.

"Indeed, then I have been playing the sluggard, and, with your permission, will go and look her up."

He went out on the front veranda, and not seeing Amy, started around the house, and as he turned the corner, spat, spat, two snow balls hit him in the back, and Amy's voice was heard laughing in great glee.

"Oh! but won't I pay you for that," cried Frank, as he turned and started toward her; but as he did so, another ball took him in the chest, and as Amy threw this one she started around the house on a run, Frank after her with his hands full of snow, declaring he would wash her face. Around the house ran the pursued and pursuer, until Amy saw that he was gaining on her, when, darting among some shrubbery, she managed to elude him for a time, and before he could straighten himself out again, she took the back track around the house. Frank ran in the opposite direction, and as each turned the corner they met, when Amy stopped suddenly, picked up a handful of snow, and before Frank could prevent it, rubbed it over his face, then continued her flight, screaming with laughter.

The breakfast bell called them now, and Amy obeyed it immediately, leaving Frank to follow at his leisure. Upon going into the house, he found Amy, in the family sitting room, standing by the old-fashioned fireplace warming her hands, her face burning with a healthy glow, and her eyes bright and sparkling. Frank thought he had never seen such radiant beauty before.

The snow came down all that day, and soon the jingle of the sleigh bells was heard mingling with the merry voices of young people, as they enjoyed their first sleigh ride that winter.

"Won't we have a jolly time now?" said Amy, as she and Frank stood looking out of one of the parlor windows, watching the large flakes piling one upon another as they settled gently down. Frank was standing close by Amy, so close that he could feel her warm breath as she turned to speak to him. He felt that he must speak of the deep love which was consuming him. But now that he had made up his mind, he found it difficult to frame his thoughts into words. He stood looking at her for some time, then managed to say, "Miss Harrington."

Amy turned her eyes toward him, and instinctively her womanly nature told her what was coming. She made no reply, but averted her eyes and steadfastly gazed out of the window. Her dream came back to her now in all its dreadful distinctness. She saw Tom with his face pressed against the window pane, looking at her, the warm blood oozing from beneath the bandage about his head, and his lips were parted as he tried to speak to her. Amy covered her face with her hands to shut out the ghastly sight, and

her head became dizzy and dropped forward until it rested on her chest.

Frank did not notice the change which came over her, and continued: "Miss Harrington, it is useless for me to longer hide from you the intense burning—of my very soul—my deep love for you." He took her hand, which hung limp and lifeless by her side, unable now to make any resistance to his caresses, and continued, pleadingly: "Amy, can you, will you, be my wife?" Mistaking her silence for consent, he said, passionately: "I knew, my darling, you would not refuse my love. You will be mine; yes, mine forever."

Recovering from the stupor in which the recurrence of her dream had thrown her, Amy took her hand from his and drew back, not in anger at what he had done, but to show him how utterly useless his pleadings were. She looked him in the face and said, kindly, but most earnestly—

"Mr. Von Brean, I regret exceedingly that you should have allowed yourself to entertain such feelings for me. While I shall look upon you as a dear friend, I can never be your wife. It gives me pain to say it, but I can give you no other answer."

"Do not decide hastily, Miss Harrington. Take time. Remember the wealth I shall lay at your feet, and the position in which I can place you. Take a week, or two weeks if one is not long enough, to think the matter over, or even longer; only do not decide now. Do not tell me you can never love me; but if you do not love me now, that you will try to do so in the future. Won't you, darling?"

"No, Mr. Von Brean, do not allow yourself to indulge in false hopes, as the answer I give you now must be final. Let us be friends, but nothing more."

Thus ended the second chapter in Amy's life—one which her father would have ended so differently. Amy knew this, but she could, or did, not try to have it otherwise. She spoke truly when she told Frank that it gave her pain to reject his love, for she had learned to think more favorably of him as they were thrown more closely in each other's society, and she would have been glad had he never spoken to her of his hopeless passion.

"Let us remain the friends we were yesterday," said she, at parting.

The next morning, Frank informed Mrs. Harrington that he would leave that day for New York.

"Why, Mr. Von Brean, you astonish me. What takes you away so suddenly?"

"It is necessary for me to be in New York. Besides, my father seems to think I have prolonged my stay in Wapakoneta quite long enough."

"We shall be very sorry indeed to lose you, as we have come to look upon you as a part of the family. Does Amy know of your intended departure?"

"I think not. I have not seen her yet this morning, and I only decided late last night that I would go to-day."

"She will regret your going," said Mrs. Harrington, not dreaming that her daughter was the immediate cause of his precipitate flight.

"Frank went out to the stable to give John some directions about the transportation of his baggage, and on his way he met Amy.

"Good morning, Mr. Von Brean."

Bowing very low, Frank replied: "Good morning, Miss Harrington."

"You are out early. I hope you are not afraid I was going to steal a march on you as I did yesterday morning," said Amy, not betraying the least sign of what had occurred the day before.

"No, Miss Harrington, I return to New York by to-day's train, and as it will take me some time to pack my baggage, I arose early for that purpose."

"If we may judge by your haste in leaving us, you must have received sudden news urging you to return home. Does my mother know of your intended departure?"

"Yes, I informed her a few moments ago."

"Believe me, Mr. Von Brean, when I say I shall be sorry to have you go."

"On the contrary, I had supposed the knowledge of my going would be a matter of congratulation to you."

"By no means. Mamma and I had hoped you would remain with us through the winter. Besides, you forget you have not resigned your position in the Young Ladies' Sewing and Aid Society."

"True, I had forgotten that. When does your society meet?"

"Not for a week yet."

"Then," said Frank, "with my thanks to the president and members of your society, I must place my resignation in your hands."

"What if I decline to accept it?"

"In that case, I shall, with all respect to you, be forced to still leave it in your hands, to be presented to the society for such action as they, in their wisdom, may deem best."

Breakfast being announced, they went into the house together.

"Mamma," said Amy, when they were seated at the table, "Mr. Von Brean leaves us to-day, so he informs me, and I am sure you will join me in urging him to remain. I have already exhausted my powers of persuasion, without effect, therefore I turn him

over to you, and where I have failed it may be hoped you will succeed."

It was of no avail, however; he had determined on going, and could not be persuaded to remain a day longer, and at ten o'clock that morning, when the train pulled out of the depot, it carried Frank Von Brean, on his way to New York. Frank had loved Amy with all the intensity of feeling his nature was capable of, and had lost her, and now he was about to put into execution the plans he had matured the night previous. He would go to New York, and with the aid of friends secure a commission and enter the service before notifying his father. Poor boy! He did not know that he was following in the footsteps of another, who, months before, had left Amy's side with the same heart burnings and the same thoughts of enlisting in the army, with the hope that he might gain either forgetfulness or an honorable death on the battle field. Now that he had lost Amy, he longed to be in the field, that he might place himself in the front line, where, perchance, the terrible burning in his soul might be stilled by the welcome bullet.

"How dull the house seems," said Amy to her mother, a few days after Frank's departure. Mother and daughter missed him very much, and when it became known to the society that their shipping clerk—as Frank was always called—had gone away, it created quite a topic for conversation, and many were the questions asked Amy regarding his sudden departure. They were quite ready to believe that she had something to do with his precipitate flight, but with all their quizzing were destined to be left in darkness.

Matters went on as usual in the little town during the cold winter of '62 and '63. The young people had their sleigh rides, and otherwise enjoyed themselves as young folks do who live in a cold climate. The society met at stated periods, to make reports of their industry. Well filled boxes of clothing and delicacies were packed and sent to the ever-thankful soldiers, who were thus reminded of the dear folks at home. These tokens of love not infrequently brought tears to their eyes, as they beheld something in the packages which reminded them of their homes far to the northward. Perhaps it was an aged father or mother, waiting and praying for the safe return of their boy; or it may have been a sweetheart that caused the moisture to glisten for a moment in the eye and then roll down the bronzed cheek and disappear in the folds of the handkerchief with which the face was wiped.

A week had passed since Frank went away, without a word being received from him, when, one day, on her return from Mrs. Norwood's, where she had gone to carry a present to that lady—and to get news from Tom, we are inclined to believe—Amy's attention was directed to an article in the *Weekly Messenger*, which had been copied from a New York paper, stating that Mr. Frank Von Brean had been commissioned captain in one of the regiments then being organized in that state, and would leave for the front the following day.

"Poor Frank! How very sorry I am for him," said Amy.

"Whatever put it into his head to go into the army?" said Mrs. Harrington.

"He must have decided on this course quite recently, as he always led me to believe he should never enter the service," replied Amy.

"I was under the impression," said Mrs. Harrington, "that Frank had no inclination for the life of a soldier, and that even if he should decide to go into the army, his parents would withhold their consent."

Amy made no reply to this, but tapped her foot on the carpet, as she gazed with a vacant stare out of the window, her thoughts busy with the cause which prompted Frank to take this course. She remained in this position for some time, absorbed in her thoughts, then turning to her mother, said—

"It is time we were hearing from papa, is it not?"

"Yes, we should have a letter now."

"Pocr papa! I do wish he would resign and come home. Just to think of him living in a tent such weather as this!"

"I constantly think of the hardships your father has to endure. It was very unwise in him to go into the army at his age," and as she ceased speaking, her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, mamma! I wonder if we shall ever see papa again."

"Do not talk that way, my child. I pray daily for his safe return, and have great faith in the efficacy of prayer, believing that God will bring him back to us."

Both of their hearts were too full for further conversation, and Amy, excusing herself, went to her room, where she knelt beside her bed and prayed fervently, not only for the safe return of her father, but for another, also—Tom Norwood.

To be continued.

WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON.

L YING immediately south and west of the city of Portland, in the Willamette valley, is the county of Washington, which was among the earliest settled of the counties comprising the state of Oregon. It was known as Tualatin previous to 1853, when its name was changed and a large portion of what is now Multnomah county was cut off. The present county of Washington includes an irregularly shaped area of about three hundred thousand acres. The northern boundary is the Scappoose hills, which separate the west side of the Willamette valley from the Columbia, and also extend along the greater length of the boundary line between Washington and Multnomah counties. The southern boundary is the dividing ridge between the Tualatin river and the streams flowing into the Willamette farther to the south. The western limit is the crest of the Coast range. The topography of the county presents few prominent features. The total area is pretty evenly divided between timber and prairie. Rock, Dairy, Scoggin, Gale and Patton creeks rise in the mountains, and joining in the central part of the county, form the Tualatin river, which flows into the Willamette near Oregon City. The Tualatin is navigable for light draft steamers a distance of about forty miles. The surface of the country is rolling, so that the best of natural drainage for the soil is provided. Numerous springs of pure water abound and the streams which traverse the county are prized by stock raisers. The rough country consists of the Coast mountains and the range of hills on the north and east.

The valuable natural timber of Washington county includes fir, cedar, pine, hemlock, spruce, white oak, maple, ash and alder. Some of the spruce and fir trees grow to a height of three hundred feet. A score of saw mills do a profitable business in manufacturing lumber for building purposes, fencing, etc. The hardwoods are of the finest quality for making furniture. The lumber supply of Washington county is claimed to be the largest and most accessible possessed by any of the agricultural counties in the state. In the past, heavy timber has in many cases been regarded as a disadvantage to a farming community, but the demands which the farmers themselves make upon the timber product proves it to be one of their sources of wealth, and it must continue to grow more valuable. The forests that cover the hills are coming to add much to the industrial resources of the people, and as the timber supply becomes less the farmers grow beyond reliance upon it. The climate of Washington county is in general the same as characterizes the whole Willamette valley. From May to October, inclusive, the prevailing winds

are from the west or northward, and the rainfall during that period is generally scant, nor is it needed to bring to perfection the crops already abundantly supplied with moisture by the copious rains of spring. During the harvest months of July and August, scarcely any rain falls whatever. This dry season is not like a drouth. The cool evening breezes from the ocean and the capacity of the soil for retaining moisture neutralize the effects of the dryness, and good crops are often raised with scarcely any rain after planting. The summers of Western Oregon are notably cool. The mercury marks a considerable degree of heat in the middle of the day, but the nights are invariably cool and refreshing. To this feature of the climate is attributed, to a considerable extent, the good health that prevails. The months from November to May comprise what is termed the wet season, but there are frequently weeks during that time when no rain falls, and the weather is bright and pleasant. The rainy season is not a long period of disagreeable weather, as many strangers suppose it to be. A good wet season is conducive to healthfulness and good crops, and is certainly to be preferred to a corresponding period of frost and snow and the industrial paralysis which storms and excessive cold produce, or to a lack of moisture and consequent unhealthfulness and failure of crops. Some seasons flowers bloom out of doors the entire winter. Washington county occupies a more favorable position than some other portions of this division of the state, from the fact that the mountains on its western and northern boundaries protect it from occasional unpleasant winds. So far as the growth of crops and general farming operations are concerned, it is a fact that the average season here is fully six weeks in advance of the New England or Middle states or the Upper Mississippi valley.

The soil of Washington county may be said, in general, to be a rich loam several inches deep, and the subsoil is clay. Of course, some parts of the county have different varieties of soil; for instance, at Beaverton there is a tract of many acres the surface soil of which is a rich, black alluvium, the deposit caused by a beaver dam which formerly existed there. Soil of this character is also found along the streams. Then again, in the foothills of the mountains the surface stratum is a little heavier, a red soil of almost unlimited depth. Dirt taken from eighty feet beneath the surface of the ground has been found to grow vegetables as well as any soil, only the sunlight and heat being needed to develop its fertility. An important feature of the soil of this county is its remarkable durability. On the Tualatin river bottoms, the thirtieth successive crop of wheat has yielded forty bushels per acre. With the systematic

culture that is bestowed upon lands in the Mississippi valley, there is scarcely a limit to the producing capacity of the soil of Washington county. The land can be plowed at any season of the year and is always friable.

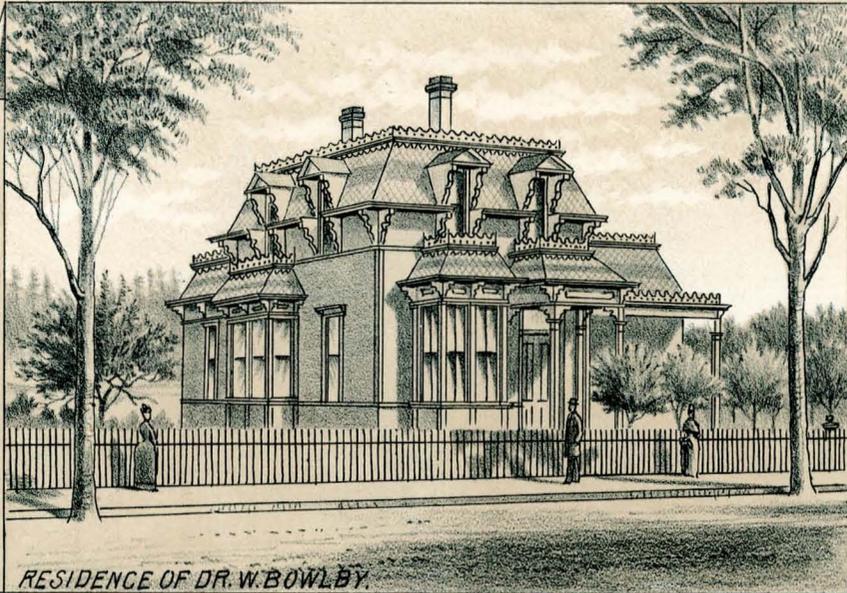
Washington county shares in the greatest measure the fame of the Willamette valley in the fertility of its soil, its salubrious climate and its general productiveness. The natural conditions are as favorable for the growing of many fruits as can be found anywhere. In a wild state numerous kinds of fruits and berries are produced in abundance, especially strawberries, blackberries, huckleberries, plums and crab apples, and the size and flavor of these spontaneous productions would compare favorably with the cultivated fruits of some states that make an effort to rank high in fruit growing. Cherries, peaches, pears, quinces, apples and all the common small fruits are grown in abundance, and with the possible exception of peaches and grapes, they are characterized by large size and exceptionally fine flavor. However, good peaches and grapes are raised in large quantities. Throughout the county, wherever fruit culture is undertaken it is a most gratifying success. The hill-sides seem to offer the best locations for orchards, from the absolute certainty of the crop there, but the marked excellence of the product on timber lands bordering the streams shows that no portion of the county is unfitted for orcharding with profit. The proximity of a never-failing market is a great incentive to the development of this industry. The great staple product of this county, as well as of the whole Willamette valley, has been wheat, which still receives more attention than any other crop, though it is giving place to more profitable branches of agriculture. The strength of the soil is evidenced by the yields of wheat which are obtained, eighteen to forty bushels being the usual crops, the system of tillage, or lack of it, governing the result more than the difference in quality of the soil. The grain is first class in every respect. With good cultivation oats yield in the best localities one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five bushels per acre, and are of very heavy weight. Of course, root crops and vegetables do well.

The considerations which, until a very recent period, influenced the operations of farmers, have been changed. The great lack of adequate facilities for transporting products to market, from which the entire northwest suffered, was nowhere more manifest than in the realm of agriculture. There being no reliable market at hand, nor any convenient means for reaching one, there was no inducement for striving for the finest results from the soil; wheat, being the grain that brought sufficient money to pay for trans-

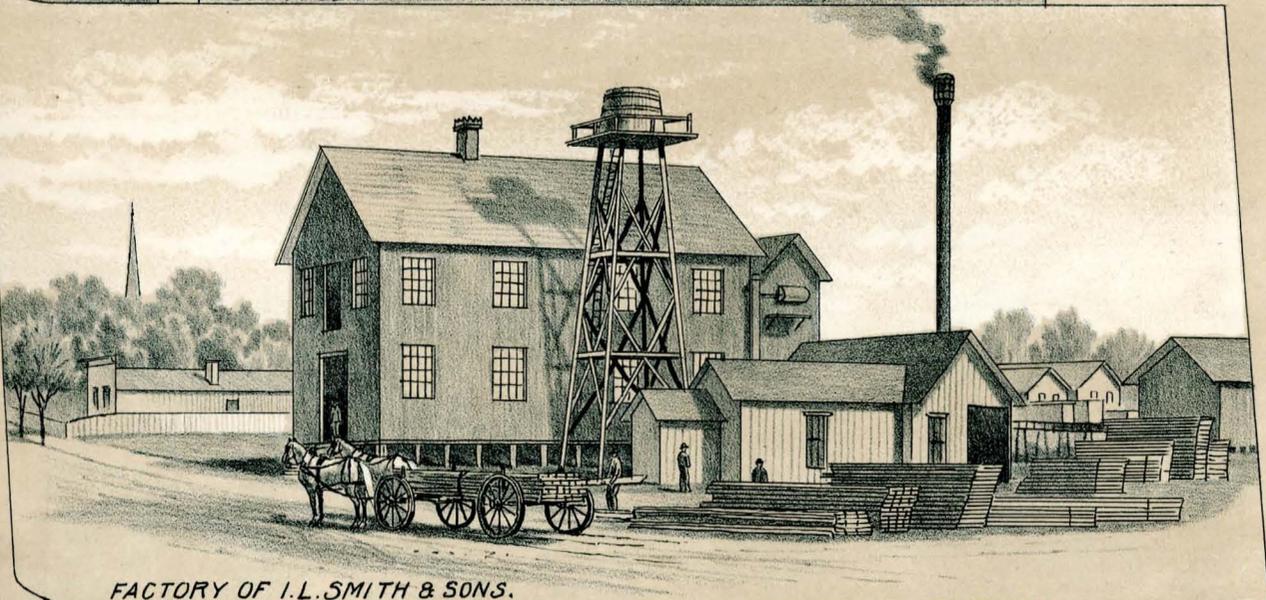
portation by water to distant markets, and being of a nature that would permit such transportation, was the farmer's staple. The railway connections that have been established within the last five years have entirely changed the status of agriculture. They have brought within reach the best markets of the world, not only for one product but for all. In addition to this they have been one of the most important agents in the growth of the northwest, and the incidental creation of a reliable home demand for farm products. With safe markets for encouragement and with favorable natural conditions as the foundation for his business, the farmer is not averse to making progress, and when such conditions were established here the farming communities were not slow to recognize them. The wheat crop, though still important, is not an exclusive one. The cultivation of barley, oats, rye, corn, beans, hops, fruits, roots and grasses, in a word diversified farming, is coming into vogue, and the improved methods of operation are the result of the new status of affairs. Recent experiences, also, have convinced farmers that they will do well to take advantage of their facilities for dairy products, for supplying meat markets and for raising vegetables. Washington county is unsurpassed in its natural capacity for producing and marketing those products. Its proximity to Portland gives it superior advantages, for the cultivable area of Multnomah county is too small to supply the requirements of the metropolis.

Among the considerations which specially commend Washington county to dairymen is the unusual adaptability of the soil for the production of foods for cattle. Clover grows to a rankness and richness which few other localities can show. Roots, such as carrots, turnips, rutabagas and beets also yield large crops. Timothy, red top, orchard grass, and many other varieties are natural to the soil, and with reasonable care green grass can be provided for cows the entire year. The creek bottoms and swale lands produce enormous crops of grasses, three or four tons of hay not unusually being harvested from an acre of ground. By reason of its location with reference to market, and by its climate, soil and productions, this county claims attention as a section of superior qualifications for fruit growing, dairying, gardening, stock raising on a moderate scale and a system of generally diversified agriculture. Small farms are the most profitable and satisfactory.

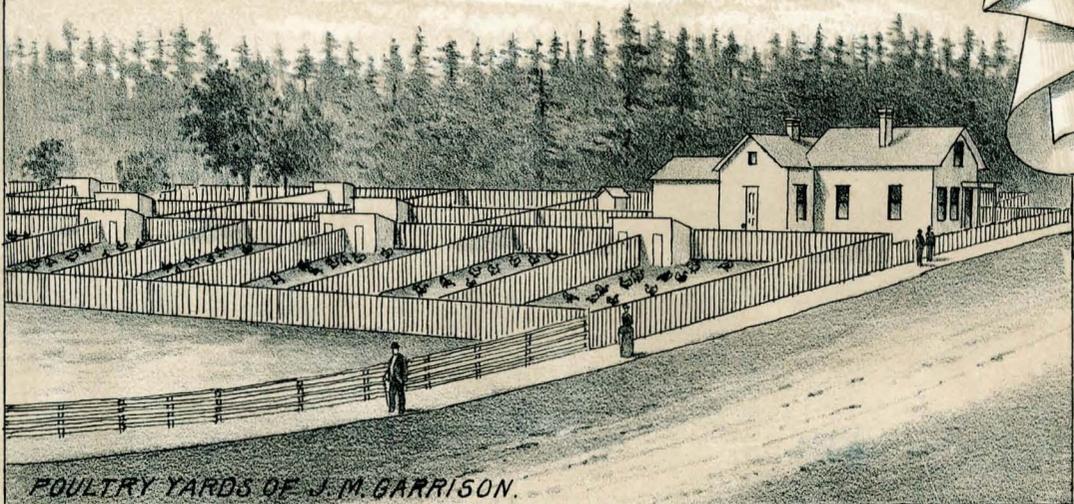
Hillsboro and Forest Grove are the only incorporated towns in Washington county, the former being the county seat. There are numerous other trading centers for farmers distributed over the county, and many lumber mills and flouring mills, about which more or less of the population is located. Hillsboro's



RESIDENCE OF DR. W. BOWLBY.

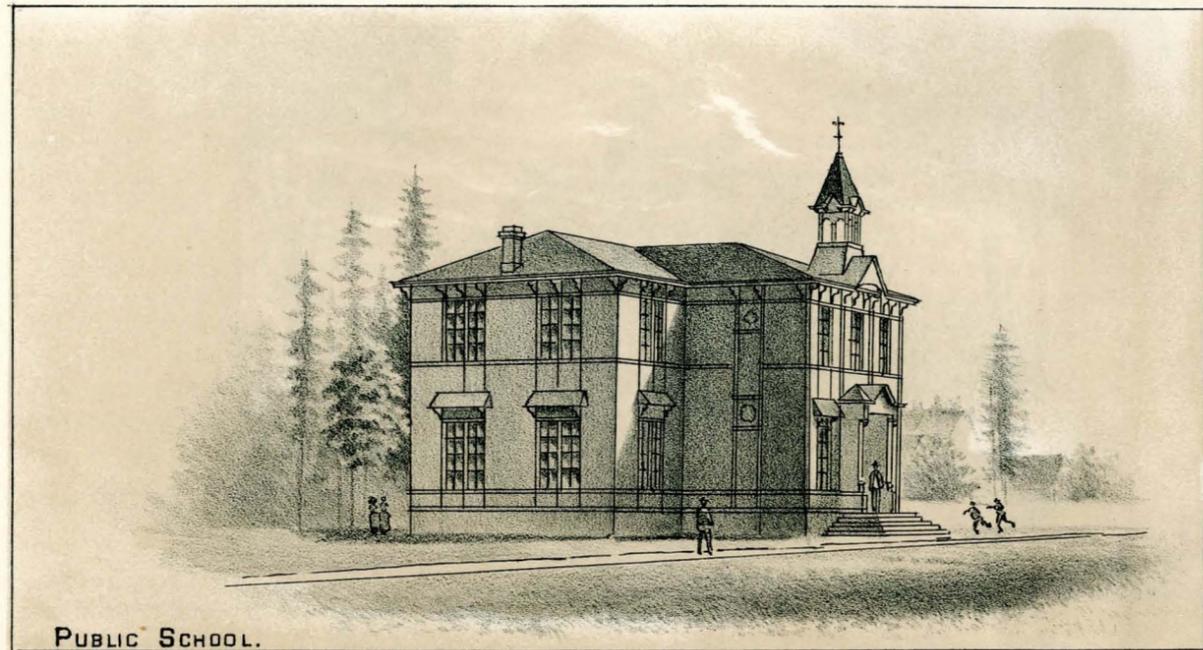


FACTORY OF I. L. SMITH & SONS.



POULTRY YARDS OF J. M. GARRISON.

FOREST GROVE, OREGON.



PUBLIC SCHOOL.



FOREST GROVE, OREGON—THE PACIFIC UNIVERSITY.



FLOURING MILLS AND DEPOT, HILLSBORO, OREGON.

mercantile, mechanical and professional interests are important. It is located on the Oregon & California railway, and its institutions indicate a progressive trend of public sentiment in social and industrial matters. From Hillsboro fertile prairie lands extend westward and northward eight or ten miles, to the foothills of the Coast range. On the northern border of this plain is West Union, and to the westward of this place Glencoe and Greenville, where flouring mills and lumber mills are located. The local trade of the county is supplied mostly by the mercantile establishments at these centers. Of course there is a tendency toward the railway towns, and Hillsboro draws largely from the farming section, on account of the advantages which railway communication secures to it, besides the fact that the official business necessarily transacted at a county seat induces people to go there from all sections of the county. The recent marked improvement in business at Hillsboro gives promise of a more rapid growth than it has heretofore achieved. The citizens are extending special inducements to outsiders to invest there, and show their faith in their own town by undertaking themselves what they recommend others to do. Equidistant between Hillsboro and Forest Grove, on the railroad, is Cornelius, which has grown up since the railway was constructed in 1872. Here is located the largest grain warehouse in Washington county, and, indeed, on the line of the road from Portland to Corvallis, having a capacity of one hundred thousand bushels. There are four general merchandise stores, a church, a good school building and quite a collection of residences. Between Portland and Hillsboro, are Beaverton, where a tract of the richest alluvial soil in the county yields wonderful results, and Reedville, where a model farm, owned by Messrs. Ladd and Reed, of Portland, illustrates what may be accomplished in the way of general farming when pains are taken to pursue the work systematically.

Forest Grove, which ranks with Hillsboro in importance, is a pretty place, only twenty-six miles from Portland, and in one of the most beautiful locations in the whole Willamette valley. Besides having a large trade with farmers of the well-settled surrounding country, it claims prominence in its advantages as a suburban residence town. Forest Grove is also recognized as quite an educational center. It possesses one of the oldest institutions of learning anywhere on the Pacific slope, which, besides the intrinsic merit of its instruction, has, by reason of its age and the circumstances surrounding it, gained a reputation second to none of its class in the west. Even before the organization of Oregon territory Tualatin academy was incorporated at For-

est Grove, in 1849, by the provisional government, it being the outgrowth of a private school for small children conducted by Mrs. Tabitha Brown the two preceding years. Mr. Clark gave to the academy two hundred acres of land, which constituted a large part of the present site of Forest Grove, and the first buildings for the academy were erected in 1853, from the proceeds of the sale of a portion of this land. The next year a new charter was obtained, conferring college privileges upon the institution. Since that time it has been known as Tualatin Academy and Pacific University, the former being a preparatory department for the latter. The institution has an endowment fund of \$100,000.00, and a library of six thousand volumes, valued at \$10,000.00. The college campus includes thirty acres of ground, sloping slightly to the southeast, and the school buildings are three in number—college hall, academy hall and ladies' hall. In the academic department there are two courses, one leading to the ladies' and scientific courses, and one to the classical course. The college curriculum comprises three courses—classical, of four years, and ladies' and scientific, of three years each.

The poultry yards of Mr. J. M. Garrison, of Forest Grove, a view of which is given elsewhere, are the most extensive of the kind in the northwest. Mr. Garrison has been a breeder of fancy fowls for over ten years, and by his system of fair dealing has built up an immense trade extending throughout the Pacific states and territories and British Columbia. His specialties are Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks, Rose and Single Comb Brown Leghorns, Black and White Minorcas and Light Brahmans. At the various fairs and poultry exhibitions of the country his fowls have universally received the highest honors. During the past season Mr. Garrison has imported very largely, always paying the top price, and thus securing the very best fowls, which always pay best in the long run. No breeder, east or west, has finer stock than is to be found in Mr. Garrison's yards at Forest Grove. The poultry industry is an important one in this country, and this particular establishment is certainly a model in all its appointments. No one should be tempted to send abroad while as good as the country affords is to be found near home.

Dilley and Gaston are stations on the line of the Oregon & California railroad, beyond Forest Grove, and Middleton, on the narrow gauge, Farmington and Newton are country business places in the interior. There are in the county about twenty saw mills and sash and door factories, six flouring mills and four creameries. The population of the county is about nine thousand persons. The total assessed valuation of Washington county in 1887 was \$4,043,875.00. The rate of taxation is not high, and the county now

has in its treasury \$3,000.00 more than enough to pay all indebtedness against it. Washington county is in the fifth judicial circuit of the state, in which are also Clackamas, Clatsop and Columbia. The first land claim was taken at Hillsboro about the year 1839, and ten years later that town was designated as the county seat. In 1853 the name was changed from Tualatin to Washington on account of the great differences in the spelling and pronunciation of the Indian name.

There are large tracts of land in the foothills of the Coast range that offer many advantages for improvement. In the region of the Ball and Nehalem hills, in the northwestern portion of the county, there are some lands yet unsurveyed, but the settlers of that vicinity have recently made application for a survey of the several sections of public lands there, and they will very soon be open for settlement. The absence of rocks to interfere with cultivation is one of the advantages of the hilly lands of Washington over the same class of lands in some other counties. The prices of farming lands range all the way from \$4.00 to \$60.00 an acre, according to location and amount of improvements which go with the transfer. At from \$15.00 to \$40.00 per acre good farms may be secured, reasonably improved and in desirable locations.

The recent discovery of coal fields in the Coast mountains has turned considerable attention to that locality. Prospectors are on the ground, and from the examinations that have been made come most favorable reports of an extensive coal formation in an accessible location. Engineers are looking over the route to the newly discovered coal fields, with the view of ascertaining the most feasible course for an extension of the railway from Hillsboro or Forest Grove to afford an outlet for the coal. The development of these mines will greatly change the industrial complexion of the county. The already unexcelled market for farm produce will be greatly augmented, and Washington county will be one vast garden. This is a condition which the people of the county are looking forward to, and which appeals to the interests of those who are seeking homes in the great western country.

In summing up the conditions which induce enterprising people to locate in Washington county, the facilities which it has for utilizing its resources to the best advantage are of chief prominence. However fertile the soil, however perfect the climate, however abundant may be the products, without means for reaching those communities that require these pro-

ductions, it is a waste of energy to attempt a wide range of industrial development. This is amply illustrated in the earlier history of the northwest. An appreciation of the necessity for a market to complement the business of production in all its phases, leads the people of Washington county to rejoice in their situation and sound praises of the land to those less fortunately located. Though the transportation facilities by rail and water are excellent, the farmers are not confined to them nor governed at all by them. The roads are good and the distance not great to Portland, and many a farmer increases his profits a considerable per cent. by drawing his own produce directly to market. The reliable and extensive character of this market, too, is worthy of consideration. Three transcontinental lines of railway enter Portland, and there are three lines penetrating the producing sections of the northwest—to the mines, the farms, the stock ranches, the lumber camps, and to other cities having requirements that draw from the resources of the land. Lines of steamers ply up and down the Willamette and Columbia rivers, on the ocean to foreign countries, and along the extensive coast line of America to ports which offer advantages in the way of desirable trade. This makes the city an important distributing point for wares of all kinds, and while it brings the products of various localities together, and in a measure into competition, it presents, by this very course of operation, a reliability that no merely local market could offer.

The metropolis of the Pacific northwest also has requirements of its own, that are of primary consideration and would establish a creditable market. A city of sixty thousand inhabitants is no mean consumer of farm produce. The country immediately tributary to Portland has at all times a market that is not surpassed in the world. It is capacious and reliable. Thus the people of Washington county have a good basis for their claims, and can establish the truthfulness of their assertions regarding the advantages of their location with reference to the great world of consumers on whom they rely to give their productions value. The manufacturers of flour, dairy products, etc., observe the application of the same principles of commerce to their several lines of business. Good water power is at hand and raw materials are plentiful. The educational and moral influences are excellent. In the progress of Washington county, in the lines suggested by its natural capabilities, and with its favorable location, there is much that is of interest, and it would pay immigrants to investigate the advantages which are claimed for it.

A PICTURESQUE TOUR.

I AM about to invite the reader to follow me in "A Picturesque Tour" from the northern base of the Siskiyou mountains to the historic Straits of Fuca, not on foot, or horseback, in car, or carriage, or steamer, but by the aid of the printed page. The proposed trip, be it understood, is not to be a hurried "scud" from start to finish, but a leisurely survey of a route in which the traveler will find many objects of interest and admiration. For the globe-trotter, or sight-seer, who is content to take a hurried glance at a new country from a car window, and from the sight of a fragment pass judgment on the whole, there will be little of interest in what I am about to write; but to those who are on the search for "fresh fields and pastures new," and those who, having tourists' tickets by rail, with stop-over privileges, and desire to spend a few weeks, or the whole summer, from May to October, in unconventional study of the northwest, I imagine these pages will prove not uninteresting or unsuggestive. The average tourist, it is to be hoped, for his comfort's sake, enters upon a summer's outing with a heart attuned as much to the beauty of nature as to the mere materialities of breakfast, dinner, supper, an increased *avoirduois* and sound sleep. When, after having at some turn of the road by which he arrives at Ashland lost sight of Mount Shasta, the mountain monarch of Northern California, he wonders what fresh surprise in the way of scenic beauty and grandeur awaits him, let him prepare himself for exquisite revelations. Let him also remember that the Siskiyou have been made classic ground. A few years ago a young mountain pine from that region was selected as the class tree by the graduates of the State University of Oregon. From one end of this picturesque tour to the other, he will be, while daylight lasts, in sight of the pine. Its resinous fragrance will accompany him in his lying down and his getting up. As a certain poet, whom I shall quote somewhat at length, has said—

Since days were born and years began,
The pine was sacred unto Pan.

Poets of all ages, from Virgil, with his *loquentes pinos*, to Tennyson, with his weird and mystic invocation to Mother Ida, have helped to make the tree immortal in song. However, it has remained, I think, for an Oregon poet, Mr. Sam. L. Simpson, to come nearer to the heart of the matter as to what is due to the chief grandeur of these northwestern woods, through which this tour runs, than either Virgil or Tennyson, or any man who wrote before them or has written since. As class tree poet in 1885, his theme was "The Pine." Hear him—

Oh, proudly in the Siskiyou
His princely tribe arise and reign,
And get delight of summer dews,
And strength of winter's toiling strain—
While bright madronas at their side
Like courtly princesses abide,
And tell the scarlet beads they use
As symbols of a passion slain.

* * * * *

And there, like some barbaric king,
All mailed in bronze-red dragon scales,
The pine tree towers—glad to fling
His royal ensigns to the gales—
And in his robes of golden green,
That glisten with a vibrant sheen,
And garnished with bright cones, that swing
Like jewels, over all prevails.

The Gothic minstrel of the woods,
He sings the lightest lullaby,
Or, swept by winter's fitful moods,
The battle chants, and loud and high
The Pyrrhic numbers rise and roll
To midnight stars, and earth's great soul
Wails in the solemn interludes
Of death and woe that never die.

The shriek of ships and war of waves,
And fury of the blanching surge,
The desolation of lone graves,
And shouts that still the onset urge,
The sob of maidens in despair
And all sad sounds of earth and air,
The harp of Thor, o'er peaks and caves,
Blends in the pean and the dirge.

These words make the Siskiyou classic ground for all time. You, reader, have started out on a picturesque tour. There is no particular reason why you should make it a sentimental one. For all that, it is well enough—indeed, it is better—to carry along with you a heart attuned to the gentler and kinder sympathies of humanity, and it seems to me that, whether you are lying out under the stars, with now and then a stray falling needle from a pine tree flicking your eyebrow, as if the dagger of Puck had been thrust into you by that mischievous sprite while on one of his earth-girdling missions, or whether you are snugly ensconced under a cottage roof in the edge of a "clearing," your mind will be more in harmony with nature and her high priests, health, rest and sleep, if these resonant and majestic lines of the poet are set to the music of your thoughts, reminding you that humanity is the same on sea and land, in the shock of the tempest and the hush and calm of a summer night beneath the pines of the great northwest. But it is not the pine alone which glorifies the landscape. The poet further sings—

All round the varied forest sweeps
A cloud of changing loveliness,
Where June's adorning sunlight sleeps
On gleamy brows and braided trees,
And rosebay lights the leafy bloom
With torches of auroral bloom.

Strength and beauty clasp hands in these northwestern forest aisles.

It is only within a few years that the great north-west has been made accessible to the tourist by that potent annihilator of the discomforts of travel, the railroad. Vast and varied as are its attractions, grand and magnificent as are the ever changing panoramas of mountain, hill, plain, lake, river, bay and estuary, lofty mountain ranges only to be overcome by long and tedious journeys by stage, have, until recently, practically shut the whole region out from visitation by the ever increasing numbers who, moved annually by considerations of health, desire to travel, search of relaxation from the cares of business, or love of the beautiful in nature, pack up their wraps and clothing and descend like armies of observation upon hitherto untrodden fields.

It is my purpose in this article, not so much to attempt a descriptive presentation of the attractions offered by the route I propose to point out, as to indicate the general features of a trip to which the term "A Picturesque Tour" can be applied with unchallenged exactness and perfect truth.

When, about fifteen years ago, after a sojourn of several years in San Francisco, and being practically ignorant of the charms of the state of California, I made a tour of observation in the southern part thereof, I was moved to exclaim, "California is full of pleasant surprises for the traveler within her borders." Not less in degree, though differing radically in kind, are the pleasant surprises which await the leisurely reader of nature's book, who, along the route indicated, gives himself or herself up to the perusal of the great volume, stamped with the impress of the Great Author.

This picturesque tour will probably disappoint, in one sense of the word, the *dilettanti* tourist. Except, perhaps, at three or four points, there will be a woeful lack of *dinde au truffles*, *vis de veau au champignons*, *champagne frappe* and the various other component parts of the every day menu of the temporary exile from Delmonico's and other caterers of our great cities; but almost everywhere that he may have occasion to stop over, he will find good lodging, good fare, including fruits and game in season, and many pleasant and hospitable people, liberal in courtesies to the stranger. In addition, he will find a summer climate absolutely without a superior, the thermometer rarely reaching the nineties in the daytime, and almost invariably with the coming on of night descending to a point which makes sleep a luxury.

The completion of the railroad extending from San Francisco to Portland has made this tour a possibility. The initial point, as before stated, is Ashland, in the Rogue river valley, a section of country which, with its surroundings, will well repay inspection. The pleasant little town, through which runs a

mountain torrent, admirably adapted to, and wisely utilized for, manufacturing purposes, claims prominence as a health resort—and rightfully so. The streams in the vicinity abound with game fish, and the woods are full of deer and other large game. Within easy travel of the town, in Josephine county, are extensive caves in the limestone formation, the trip to which will repay the adventurous and vigorous. Within a few miles of Ashland, Jacksonville, the shire-town of Jackson county, invites a visit. Owing its settlement, in a large degree, to mining interests, the eastern tourist, not familiar with the peculiar features of a mining town, will find here much that is typical of an era fast passing away, so far as the early characteristics of the business on the Pacific coast are concerned. Hydraulic mining is carried on in the vicinity, and those who have never seen a bank of earth disappear by this process, may safely put themselves to the trouble of watching the operation without fear of disappointment. The tourist will find Jacksonville a pleasant, hospitable, orderly town. A visit to Herbert Helm's cabinet of ores, minerals and fossils will form a pleasant interlude of his stay, and it is a foregone conclusion, that after an inspection of Peter Britt's collection of photographic views of adjacent scenery, he will be desirous of carrying away with him souvenirs of this romantic and inviting section of country. Drives and excursions to neighboring points of interest, deep canyons, shady dells and mining camps, can well fill up the spare hours of the tourist's stay, whether it be long or short.

A few miles to the north of Ashland, is the young and flourishing town of Medford, from which point, or the adjacent mining camp of Gold Hill, is the starting point to Crater lake, one of the most remarkable and awe-inspiring localities, it is not too much to say, on the American continent—perhaps in the whole world. Those who have visited it speak in ever increasing terms of admiration of this relic of days when the fury of volcanic action swept in torrents of fire along the crests of the mountain chain. From the summit of the mountains, Crater lake is reached by difficult and precipitous descents of from one thousand to two thousand feet. It is situated in Klamath county, ninety miles east of Medford. The Jacksonville and Fort Klamath military road takes the tourist to within three miles of the lake, and is an exceptionally good road for a mountain country. The surface of the lake is six thousand two hundred and fifty-one feet above sea level, and it is surrounded by precipitous walls, with but two or three approaches to the surface. The lake is about six miles wide and seven miles long, with a depth of about two thousand feet. Far out in the lake is a solitary, cone-like island, eight hundred and forty-five feet in height, in

the center of which is the crater of the subordinate volcano which formed it. A visit to this outpost of wonderland presupposes a somewhat extensive outfit of camp equipage, bedding, provisions, etc. The camp grounds for the whole distance are all that can be desired. The time for a visit extends from the middle of July to late in September, and sometimes until October.

Leaving the vicinity of Ashland, and starting north, the route of the tourist lies through Rogue river valley, destined to be one of the most prosperous and thickly populated fruit growing sections of the country. Peaches, grapes, melons, and all temperate zone fruits here find congenial soil and climate. Passing Grant's Pass, a young and flourishing manufacturing town, the wild and romantic scenery of the Canyon mountains, the most notable, perhaps, in this respect, on the entire route, challenges the interest and admiration of the beholder. Wolf creek and Myrtle creek furnish a constant succession of views, any one of which is an inspiration to the artistic eye. Entering the valley of the Umpqua, rich in ever changing vistas of hill and river and plain, the beautiful town of Roseburg is reached, and here the tourist will do well to tarry a while. I would be thought extravagant in my praise, I am inclined to think, if I were to put down on paper my real opinion of the climate of this section of country. I am not dealing in comparisons just now; I am only speaking of things as they are. There is something peculiar about this locality. In July, for instance, it becomes rather warm, for a few days at a time, in the town on the hill. A walk of half a mile will take you to the Umpqua river, which runs merrily by. Cross that stream and find your way to Sheridan's grove, about half a mile above town, and take your ease in a hammock, if you have one, or on the grass if you have not. Presently you will feel the languorous touch on your heated brow of a sea breeze which has been slowly making its way up the river, between precipitous and hot rocky walls at one point and over heated sand bars at another. All the harshness of the sea air has gone. It is the very perfection of west wind. Having once felt the benediction of its touch, you will be better able to appreciate Bryant's ode to that same wind, commencing—

Spirit that breathest through my lattice.

Daily for three long months, a few years ago, being in every sense of the word an invalid, I felt that breeze come up the Umpqua with healing on its wings. There is another wind, so far as I know, peculiar to that locality. I made its acquaintance in April, 1881. It came from the southwest—not the Chinook—and swept over a huge hill of iron lying

abreast of the town. Delicate as the great master's dream of Trickys Ariel, it did its spiriting gently indeed. Arnold, in his "Light of Asia," speaks of

Palms that rise,
Eager to kiss the skies and drink the air
Blown from Malaya and the cool blue seas.

It must have been such an "air" as that indescribably delicate visitation from the spice islands which I felt in Roseburg, which Arnold's palms were so eager to drink.

After lingering for a while at Roseburg, it is possible that the tourist might feel a natural, a wholesome, a commendable, desire for a breath of sea air. All rightly constituted tourists do. A trip by stage or private conveyance to Coos bay, from which points Port Orford, with its beach of agates and carnelians, Bandon and other points of interest, will prove neither expensive nor tedious. To those who are not Pacific coasters, such a trip will afford rare revelations in forest growths and other matters of cognate interest. From this point, the tourist can reach the railroad, to bear him farther north, at Drain Station, or he can return to Roseburg, at which place, I contend, there ought to be a \$100,000.00 hotel, and there will be one in five years from now, or I am no prophet in hotel matters. The locality is intended by nature as a sanitarium.

Leaving Roseburg by rail, the tourist is introduced to a sight of the Calipooia range of mountains, interesting as the commonly recognized dividing line between the northern and southern sections of the state. Crossing the summit of this range he finds himself in the far-famed Willamette valley, which, in beauty, fertility and possibilities of supporting a dense and prosperous population, has few rivals in the universe. A few hours' run brings him to Eugene City, the seat of the State University. Here let him make up his mind to tarry a while. The town is in every sense of the word a prosperous and active one, from both business and intellectual standpoints. At the same time, it is one of the most restful and agreeable places of sojourn on the Pacific coast. Embowered in shade, adorned with tasteful and hospitable homes, it challenges admiration, and well deserves it. The university buildings are handsome structures, and the very large geological collection of Rev. Thomas Condon, professor in that department, is one of the most valuable and complete on the coast. If the tourist happens to be fortunate enough to reach Eugene City during commencement week, I can promise him several days of rare and delightful entertainment; and when, from the upper windows of the main building, he looks out upon the exquisite pastoral scene which will greet his eye, if he does not say that

all that must have been beautiful in the classic vale of Tempe is here reproduced, I shall think none the less of my own enthusiastic admiration of the scene when I first beheld it, but shall be tempted to call into question the correctness of his taste and judgment.

If the tourist's stay at Eugene City is limited, he will do well to ascend Spencer's butte, in the vicinity, from the summit of which he will behold a far-spreading panorama, not unmatchable—for this old earth is full of beauty—but rarely beautiful, and to be remembered with pleasure as long as memory holds her place. A drive out to the forks of the Willamette, among the wheat fields, starred, much to the farmer's discomfiture, with myriads of wild pinks, with here and there a column of annunciation lilies, lifting their white chalices on high, will prove another pleasure, which it were not wise to forego. Here, also, another deflection from the main line of travel can be made with profit and pleasure. A camping tour up the McKenzie river, with its wealth of mountain scenery, its rushing rapids and ice-cold waters, its mountain trout and grouse and pheasants and deer and bear, is an episode always to be remembered with delight. The trip can be extended to the base of the Three Sisters, three mountain peaks covered with perpetual snow, or to Foley springs, sixty miles east of Eugene, the waters of which are fast winning a reputation not second to those of the famous Hot springs of Arkansas. The Siuslaw river, debouching into the Pacific ocean, is another favorite resort of the dwellers in Eugene City and the surrounding country. Taking Eugene City as a base of operations, it is questionable if there is any other spot in the northwest where the material for junketing is more accessible.

One peculiarity of the northwestern flora may here be mentioned for the benefit of the botanizing tourist. It will be found that the climatic conditions of the country have set their seal upon leaf and flower, shrub and tree. During my first trip through this region this fact had impressed itself upon my mind, and a few months later, meeting Prof. Hawthorne, of the State University, he being at that time on a botanizing tour, in the course of conversation, he mentioned the fact, and said that to him it constituted a most instructive object lesson in the manner in which nature cares for her own, and adapts not only the higher, but the lower, forms of life to their environments.

Leaving Eugene City, the route of the tourist lies down the Willamette river, as the river runs, although traveling nearly due north, to Albany, in Linn county. Before reaching this pleasant city, Mount Hood, Mount Jefferson and the Three Sisters, world-famous

snow peaks, become visible. These majestic monoliths henceforth become, perhaps, the chief objects of interest in the landscape, until, crossing the Columbia river at Kalama, the tourist plunges into the forests of Washington Territory, and, emerging into the open prairie after a fifty-mile run, sees Mount Rainier in his transcendent splendor, and, farther on, catches a glimpse of Mount Baker, lifting itself aloft from what seems the debris of a shattered world. It is not one glance, or a thousand, which will reveal to the tourist the grandeur and sublimity of these colossal peaks. From the arctic desolation which they typify, when seen through the steel blue atmosphere of a winter day, dark clouds of neutral gray hanging high above their sky-piercing summits, to the delicate blush of the Alpine glow, which transforms, at times, their thick rotundities to the semblance of one entire chrysolite of ruby hue, these mountains challenge awe and admiration in innumerable phases. Poet and artist have caught inspiration from their grandeur. From youth to old age, men and women have marked their kaleidoscopic changes and not even familiarity with their splendors has robbed them of the power with which they compel the dwellers at their base to hold these silent sentinels of nature in reverential affection.

Albany is a delightful and progressive city, situated at the junction of the Oregon & California and the Oregon Pacific railroads, with the beautiful Willamette river laving its western corporate line. The adjacent country abounds in charming drives through a farming section rich in orchards, meadows, stock farms and grazing fields. Comfortable camping places in the foothills, and several summer resorts located at health-giving mineral springs, are in easy reach of the city by stage or private conveyance. From Albany, the city of Portland is reached either by steamboat down the Willamette river or by rail on either the east or west side of the river. For the present, however, I will suggest another deflection to the sea coast.

Leaving Albany either by steamer, rail, stage or private conveyance, the pleasant town of Corvallis is reached after a drive of an hour or two. Here let me call attention to a climatic peculiarity of this section. Albany, sheltered by an outlying spur of hills is measurably protected from the sea breeze, which, with the regularity of clock work, sweeps in the afternoon through the pass in the Coast range through which the Oregon Pacific railroad finds its way to Yaquina bay, to which point, with its outlying attractions, I now direct the attention of the reader.

There is a world of health-giving ozone in this breath from the grand Pacific ocean, if you receive it with the necessary precaution; and I have found this

to be the case from the far-famed Santa Monica, in the semi-tropics, to Port Townsend, in the far north. Corvallis is not lacking in its attractive drives, its adjacent trout streams and its pleasant and hospitable homes. From this point you can take it leisurely, in camping wagons, to the sea coast, over picturesque mountain drives, or reach the resounding sea by rail. I would suggest, as a pleasant and gradual introduction to the coast, that the tourist stop at Elk City, the head of tide water, sending his traps ahead by rail to one of the hotels at Yaquina City or Newport, and at Elk City hire a small boat, and, with the ebb of tide, row leisurely down to Toledo. The Yaquina river, for the ten miles between the two points, is neither very wide nor very deep. In some places the trees on the bank nearly over-arch, and make "a thick embowered shade." Be these things as they may, a lovelier stretch of water for a quiet pull with the oars in congenial company will be sought for a long time without being found. From Toledo the trip to the bay can be completed by steamer or rail, as is preferred. Arrived at the bay, there is no lack of good accommodations. People fond of a sea fish diet will find enough to content them. An agate beach—in fact, two or three of them—will reward patient search with many curios worth taking home. A few miles south of the bay are the seal rocks, well worth a visit. They are to be reached by a delightful drive over a beach of firm and compact sand. Three or four miles north is a lighthouse, with its attendant air or romance and mystery. Every lighthouse suggests romance and mystery to the well balanced mind. These signal fires, shining through the tempest and casting "long, level rays of streaming light" over the multitudinous waves of the sea, are Poor Jack's almost solitary protection against

The fury of the blanching surge.

At the bay, the construction of a government jetty for the improvement of the harbor is in progress, the work on which will be watched with interest. Besides the guests at the hotels, the beaches and cozy nooks in the groves will be filled with campers, and there will be no end of good company, honest jollity and "songs in the night."

Returning from the bay and passing down the west side road, the towns of McMinnville, in Yamhill county, and Forest Grove and Hillsboro, in Washington county, will furnish pleasant stopping places. From either of these points delightful camping places on the coast, at Big and Little Nestucca, or at Tillamook bay, can be reached by stage or private conveyance. Going to these places, it is well to take tents, bedding, camp stove, camp chest and well stocked

larders. Leaving Hillsboro an hour or two brings one to Portland.

If the tourist should not desire to visit the points indicated on the west side road, but prefers to push on to the metropolis from Albany, the car stands ready for him; but there are points of interest between Albany and Portland. Salem, the capital city, is only a little over an hour's run from Albany. Here are located the state capitol, an attractive building well worth a visit, the state penal institution, the asylum for the insane, the deaf, dumb and blind schools, and other public institutions, all of which can be visited and studied with profit by the student of the public affairs of the country, and it is to the tourist who desires to combine information with pleasure that this sketch of travel is particularly directed. The homes of Salem, with their well-kept lawns and flower yards, form good object lessons as to the unlimited capacity of the Willamette valley for the building up of beautiful homes. The Willamette University, successor to the oldest educational institution in the state, is located here and is doing good work. The tourist will be repaid if, with his party, he drive to the top of one of the adjacent hills, and feast his vision upon such a far-reaching, wide-spread panorama of snow peak, lesser mountain, smiling valley, woodland copse, gleaming river and far off hills that rim the horizon, as is seldom met with in the course of travel. The next day, if he cares for nature's handiwork, he can easily persuade the ferryman to Minto's island to set him and his party across the slough and show him the rocky beach, where agates, carnelians, jasper, green, red, yellow and purple, singular shaped lava cones and curious petrifications can be discerned by sharp eyes, and carried home to find place in the cabinet of remembrances from far off lands. After a morning spent in such a search, and a lunch to follow, three or four hours will suffice for a drive to, and inspection of, the Chemawa Indian Training School, where he can see for himself, in part, what the government is doing for the fast perishing race who inhabited these lands before the white man came to dispossess them. Returning to the hotel at 6:00 p. m., if the sky be fair, a walk to the west end of the bridge should follow, when a glance to the northeast will reveal Mount Hood, in a setting which makes a picture worthy of the brush of a Tintoretto. Whether at sunrise or sunset, the view of the swelling hills of Polk county, clothed with nodding grain, is a vision of beauty, the recollection of which will haunt him for years.

Lebanon soda springs and Silver City falls, at which latter point two beautiful cascades lend a poetic charm to the landscape, are localities well worth a visit by the leisurely tourist. Either point can be

easily reached by stage or private conveyance from Salem or Albany.

Leaving Salem for Portland, stops can be made for the purpose of inspecting the Benedictine monastery and nunnery at Mount Angel. The members of this venerable religious organization have planted their educational institutions in the heart of an American state, and I have heard it frequently remarked that their imposing buildings and their surroundings seem almost like a bit of the Old World dropped down in the midst of the New. The friars and nuns wear the peculiar garb of their order, and are noted for their courtesy and hospitality to the visitor. Twelve miles east of Mount Angel are located Wilhoit springs, the water of which is a sparkling soda, in high repute, and attracting hundreds of visitors annually. Located in the foothills of the great Cascade range, the adjacent scenery is of rare beauty and attractiveness.

Located on the bank of the Willamette river, about seven miles from the line of the railroad, is the old pioneer settlement of Champoeg, intimately connected with the stirring days of the early history of the state, full as it is of the record of important events, and, in a marked degree, illustrative of the natural state-founding capacities of the descendants of the men who laid the foundation of the great republic. One incident alone, which occurred at this old town forty-five years ago, lends epic interest to its modest annals. As early as 1843, the question as to whether Oregon should be a province of Great Britain, or an American commonwealth, was a burning one. Its population was sparse indeed. The employes of the Hudson's Bay Company, for the greater part Canadian voyageurs—many of whose descendants, and not a few of the original members of that adventurous guild, still inhabit that section and are among its most practical, industrious and honored citizens—and a handful of American immigrants, made up the elements of a possible state. The men who had left the eastern, the middle and southern states—for all sections contributed a contingent—and fought their way through savage tribes, and dragged themselves wearily over mountain ranges, to emerge at length upon the soil of Oregon, were men of stern and peculiar mold. They brought with them those instincts, and those peculiar mental equipments, which have led a writer to remark, that if twenty of them were cast upon a desert island without a book of any sort, but with pen, ink and paper, or even a pencil, they would recast, in perfect mold, the constitution of the United States, and in three months be the possessors of a perfect governmental machinery. The early immigrants to Oregon came here with just such purposes in view. Practically the political situation was

chaotic. The British element had grown restive at the prospect of seeing this fair province become the spoil of the new-comer. The Americans, on the other hand, saw impending ruin to their hopes in further delay. Measures were set on foot to form a provisional government. Champoeg was selected as the place for organization. The 2nd day of May, 1843, was named as the fateful time. Carefully and insidiously, the British element had been trained to "masterly inactivity," if not to an open opposition to the movement, so far as it related to American success. One hundred and two men were present, and a close canvass left the result in doubt. At a critical moment, Joe Meek, a rough diamond, but with the blood of some of the best families of Tennessee, the Polks and the Walkers, in his veins, seized with a happy inspiration, brought the generally questionable tactics of the ward meeting into play, and raising himself to his full height, swung his hat aloft and cried out for all who favored the American side of the case to arrange themselves near him, and on a division fifty-two were for the American and fifty for the British view of the question. The moment was a critical one, and the situation was dramatic—none more so in the history of the state. The site of Champoeg, though nothing should be left of it but the ruins of an old stone chimney to show that once a town stood there, will, while time lasts, be a Mecca to the mind of every Oregonian. On some commanding point of the bluff on which the town stands, there should be reared, in heroic mold, a statue of Joe Meek, the pioneer, and every boat that passes should salute the marble effigy of the eccentric, but courageous, commandante of the plains. But for this man, so happily fertile in expedients, the result of that day's work might have been different, and a vastly different color might have been given to the history of Oregon. To enumerate all the points of marked historical interest, however, which deserve the notice of the tourist, would extend this paper far beyond the allotted limits.

Oregon City, which is reached by a short run by rail from either of the last mentioned localities, will challenge the attention of the tourist, not less by the natural beauty of its location and surroundings than by the fact that, historically, it occupies a prominent place in the annals of the state. Situated at the foot of a series of falls, not less picturesque than valuable as a source of power, sure to be utilized, as the state increases in population, for manufactures which will rival, in extent and value, those of any locality on the continent, it already presents a busy and instructive scene; only, however, a dim prophecy of what the years are to bring forth. Here was organized the first territorial government of Oregon. General Joseph Lane, appointed by President Polk in 1848, after an

adventurous trip, in which all speed was made regardless of discomforts, arrived at Oregon City on March 3, 1849, and on the same day took the oath of office and entered upon his onerous and arduous duties, in the discharge of which he evinced all of the energy and ability which made him so marked a man among his fellows. Let me say, in passing, that while it was the fashion for his political opponents to indulge in both covert and open sneers at General Lane's abilities and acquirements, I doubt if there were many among those who saw fit to thus gratify their personal and political spleen, who were his equals in knowledge of men and books. I saw him for the first time in June, 1879, on a delightful summer evening, seated in front of the old Clarendon hotel, in Portland. After an informal reception—for it was the first time he had visited the city for a long period, he was surrounded by friends, young and old—more of the former than of the latter, perhaps—when some young man propounded a question on some topic of the day. For more than an hour, the white haired old veteran delivered a disquisition upon "the question before the house," and certainly he must have been hypercritical who could have desired language more affluent, more correct as a matter of literary construction, more fully or more richly or more entertainingly illustrated by references to history, modern and ancient, sacred and profane. A year later I met him frequently at his modest home in Roseburg, and never closed an interview with him without being more and more impressed with his wide range of learning and his philosophical views of men and matters, and, while totally disagreeing with him in fundamental points relating to public policy, I bear witness that if all men in public life were as fully equipped as he was for public labors, the polemics of the country would probably occupy a higher plane than at present. Forty years ago the questions which, in less than twenty years after General Lane became the first territorial governor of Oregon, shook the land from center to circumference, were measurably in abeyance, and when the history of the early days of Oregon, seen in due perspective, comes hereafter to be written by a competent hand, the part which the Marion of the Mexican war played in laying strong and deep the foundations of Oregon as an American state, will be better understood, and Oregon City, as the scene of his first labors, will be one of the places of historic interest in the republic.

From the loftier elevations around the city, a succession of attractive panoramic views unfold them-

selves to the never-wearying delight of the beholder. Before reaching Oregon City, the town of Aurora may properly claim the attention of the tourist. Here was located, a number of years ago, an experimental German colony. Just upon what basis it was founded, I am unable to say, nor does it particularly matter. The colony system has been virtually abandoned, but in the orchards and vineyards with which these industrious and thrifty men have converted a wilderness to a garden, can be found an instructive hint as to the vast possibilities of the magnificent country through which the tourist has traveled thus far. In one-half of this region alone, the Willamette valley proper, there is a surface area of three thousand seven hundred square miles, supporting a population, at present, not to exceed twenty persons to the square mile. If populated as thickly as Rhode Island and Delaware, this segment of the great state of Oregon alone would have more than five hundred thousand people within its borders, between the Columbia river and the Calipooia mountains, with room for as many more between those mountains and the California line. Let the tourist moreover remember that he has traveled through a section of country unique in its climatic characteristics. By the middle of May its vegetable gardens are full of fatness, and until late in September he will find in these gardens every vegetable that is found in California markets, in the height and glory of the season, not excepting the delicate, frost-fearing bell pepper, egg plant and tomato. Oftener than otherwise, these can be gathered from vine and bush late in October. In the average season, it is not until December that winter makes its appearance, and then for a stay of but a few short weeks at the most, except in extraordinary visitations. Nowhere do spring, summer, autumn and winter come as more grateful visitations than in this favored land. The rainy months, tedious, perhaps, to the new-comer, are hailed as benefactions of Divine providence by those who realize how necessary they are to make Oregon the land of plenty, and how surely they do it.

Not far below Oregon City is located the United States salmon hatchery, on the Clackamas river, which no tourist ought to miss seeing. This interesting point can, however, be made the objective of an excursion from Portland, the metropolis of the state, to which point a ride of brief duration will bring the tourist from Oregon City.

A. T. HAWLEY.

To be continued.

A BEAUTIFUL CITY.

MY residence of a few months in Portland, Oregon's charming and prosperous metropolis, has been one of constant delight and surprise. Coming, as I did, from the rigors of midwinter into the balmy air of spring, almost at a bound, as it were, I was so forcibly reminded of the contrast between the Pacific coast and the entire region from the Rocky mountains to the Atlantic, that I am not likely ever to forget it. For weeks, even months, I reveled in delightful spring weather, and with the telegraph daily informing me of cold waves and blizzards, of snow and ice, in my former home, I watched the opening of bud and flower, saw the fruit trees burst into their bloom of white and red, and heard the cheerful voices of early summer birds, as they hopped from branch to branch of the profusion of shade trees which line the streets of this beautiful city. The lilacs disappeared in April, and the beautiful snowballs, whose masses of white appealed to my eye for admiration from hundreds of well-kept lawns, gave way to roses the first week in May. And such roses! The yards of the rich and poor alike are a mass of bloom; carnation, yellow, pink, cardinal, flesh, saffron, and all the glorious hues assumed by that queen of flowers, mingled with the variegated tints of flowers of almost numberless kinds, greet me at every turn. The love of flowers, evidenced by their profusion and the attention given them, speaks of culture and refinement, and in my most pleasant intercourse with the people of Portland I have found them all that their beautiful yards had led me to believe. It was certainly a novel experience for me to see lawn mowers in active operation in March, and to behold the Portlander in April nightly handle his garden hose with all the care and apparent enjoyment the resident of Chicago or Cincinnati would display in June or July. This matter of lawn is the Portlander's pride and one of the chief glories of this most delightful climate. The sight of green grass is not absent from the eye from one year's end to another, save, perhaps, during a few days in January or February, when the ground is covered by a light fall of snow. It is only a few weeks in the entire year that the services of the lawn mower are not required to keep in trim the constantly growing grass. This perennially green sward, with almost constantly blooming flowers, offers an opportunity for beautiful lawns and pleasure grounds, of which the people of Oregon's metropolis have not been slow to avail themselves.

In the matter of shade trees, the streets and grounds of private residences appeal strongly to every eastern man, be he a resident of the Mississippi valley, the middle states, or of far New England.

In California he sees the ubiquitous eucalyptus and others less familiar to his eye, less beautiful in form and color than those of his native forests, filling him with a sense of loneliness; but in Oregon, and especially in the umbrageous streets of Portland, he is greeted by the familiar foliage of his childhood, by the graceful elm, the leafy maple, the sweet-scented locust, and the glistening poplar. I have been particularly impressed with the multitude of fruit trees growing in the yards surrounding the residences. Cherry trees of enormous size and wide-spreading branches now appeal most strongly to the eye, as their burden is already displaying the rich tints of the ripening fruit. Pears, apples, peaches and plums hang from the boughs of thousands of trees in an abundance that promises a crop of unusual magnitude, even in this land so prolific in nature's bounties.

Spring departed early in May and gave way to summer, after holding its own for over two months. Think of it, you who, like myself, have been accustomed to but from two to three weeks of genuine spring weather; think of a vernal season extending over a period of three months, a season of bud and blossom, of leafing trees and blossoming fruit, of wild flowers and cultivated bloom, of clean, dry streets and good roads, of sunny, cheerful days and cool refreshing nights, with the air kept pure and invigorating by occasional seasons of warm and refreshing rain. Such was the spring through which I have just passed, and my earnest hope is that I may live long in this land to enjoy many another like it.

One of the pleasures of the cool, early summer in Portland is that of driving on the well-paved streets, or upon the excellent roads leading along the river, or back upon the hills lying west of the city. To the pleasure incident to riding behind a fast horse on a hard, even road, is added the constant presence of beautiful landscapes, glimpses, at times, of mountains, shading off in the distance from green to blue and purple, and culminating in the snowy masses of the Cascade summits. Along the river bank to the southward, and passing Riverview cemetery, one of the most beautifully located and carefully tended homes of the dead in America, is a most charming drive, several miles in length. It is maintained in excellent condition by the Multnomah Driving Association, composed of gentlemen owning fine roadsters, and in the now rapidly lengthening evenings is crowded with buggies, carriages, horsemen and bicycles.

Other drives lead back between, and upon, the hills, and in the particular that they open up to view grander scenes and more extensive landscapes, are of greater attraction. One in particular, leading to an elevation known as "Portland Heights," a beautiful residence place soon to be brought into easy access

by cable cars, should not be neglected. From the brow of this verdant hill is presented a landscape the equal of which, I am confident, can not be found near any other city on the continent. With the winding Willamette and the tree-embowered city for the foreground, the rolling hills and valleys, clad in the green raiment of forest and field in the middle distance, while the extreme distance is filled up with the varying tints of the nearer and more remote mountains, above which rise the white crowns of five great peaks

covered with the snows of eternal winter, the picture is one of grand and impressive beauty. Especially at sunset does it evoke the deepest admiration, as the rich tints of gold and crimson and purple move gradually upward, finally resting for a few moments solely upon the snowy peaks before fading into the gray of twilight. If you were here to see and feel what I find it impossible adequately to describe, you would agree with me that Portland is one of the most delightful places of residence in the Union.

A LAMENT FOR JUNE.

We miss the guest our homes that graced ;
 By weeks we count her stay ;
 But, ah, so swift the moments haste
 They seem but one bright day.

She brings us roses wet with dew
 And many a flower beside ;
 Oh, when she comes the skies grow blue,
 Softer the waters glide.

The birds so love her that they meet
 About her feet in pairs,
 And none within her circle sweet
 Its mystic charm but shares.

She waves her hand and passes, lo,
 All nature breathes a sigh ;
 The wind wails softly to and fro
 'Mid tree tops green and high.

When she is with us, we but feel
 As others oft before—
 May death's calm sleep upon us steal
 When June is at the door.

ELLA C. DRABBLE.

IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

“AND this,” said Oscar Meade, drawing a long breath and cast a quick, but comprehensive, glance around him, “is Oregon! Well!” He hesitated, whistled softly once or twice, then quite unconsciously began pulling the ends of his fine mustache, evidently lost in reflection. “Well,” he said again, with another long breath, that was nearly related to a sigh, “this is a queer place to seek for one’s health; but I’m in for it now, so I may as well make the best of it.”

He shouldered his red Russia leather satchel and took two or three rapid steps forward, then stopped abruptly with the grim shadow of a smile flickering over his countenance. Turning back, he accosted the agent of the little station at which he had just alighted from an eastern train.

“Will you kindly direct me to the nearest hotel?” he asked.

The young man looked blankly at him.

“Oh, there ain’t none,” he said, at last, as if just recovering from his surprise at the question, “folks always come an’ camp out here, an’ bring their things along with ’em. They do say, though,” he added, after a little reflection, “that Old Man Varney, over there, takes a few boarders, off an’ on, an’ that he do have one spare room, sometimes.”

He removed a long lead pencil from its resting place over his ear, and with it pointed to a low, rambling house, built entirely of logs, with square wooden chimneys, from which soft, blue columns of smoke were rising in rolling curls, while over all clambered luxuriant hop vines, which autumn was now turning from green to gold.

Several houses of similar architecture, and a goodly number of white tents—looking whiter, perhaps, by contrast with their evergreen roofs and the dark forest background—were scattered over the narrow “mile by half-mile” clearing, near the summit of the Blue mountains. Tall, straight pine trees grew scatteringly about, gradually thickening until they blended into the dim, shadowy forest. While a blue sky—blue with Oregon’s own matchless blue—bent over all, and a pine-scented wind went straying in and out among the low shrubs; now climbing in lazy whirls to the tops of the tallest trees, and again descending and sweeping through the long, rank grasses, until they rustled and whispered to each other in voices sweet and low as the strains of an Æolian harp.

“It is certainly a beautiful place,” reflected the young man, as he walked toward the vine-clad cabin, “but somehow I am under the impression that Dr. Walden is playing a practical, and rather cruel, joke upon me. It seems too absurd—that this should be

the only climate in the world that can give me back my strength.” And again an amused and rather disgusted smile flashed over his countenance.

His loud and impatient knock upon the half-open door was answered by an old and coarse-looking woman, and a feeling of positive unhappiness possessed his soul as he stepped reluctantly over the threshold.

“Want board, eh?” said the old woman, eyeing him openly and suspiciously, as she stood with a coarse, red hand upon either broad hip. “Where do ye come from?”

“From Boston.”

“Boston! Now, is it possible? So far’s that? What might yer name be?”

“It might be Jones, but it isn’t,” thought Meade, with a sort of humorous despair, the while he courteously gave the desired information.

“M-e-a-d-e,” repeated the woman, slowly, and with an air that gave the young man the odd impression that she had bundled his name up into a ball and was rolling it into every nook and corner of her cobwebbed mind. “Wa-al, now, that’s a name I never heerd afore, an’ I’ve heerd a good many queer names in my time, too; an’ I’m nigh onto fifty year, sir, if I be a day, an’ follerin up the railroad all the time, too, which is that hard on a woman, sir, specially when she hez to keep boarders an’ lodgin’. But—M-e-a-d-e!”—and here a smile of ridicule and pity broadened her face. “No, sir-ee, I never heerd that name afore.”

At last he was ushered into the “spare room,” and found, to his great relief and still greater surprise, that everything was neat and clean. He noticed, with a feeling of quiet pleasure, that a curling hop vine and white rose bush were playfully quarreling for entrance into the open window, while snowy muslin curtains were idly rustling back and forth in the breeze.

“No Canton flannel abominations, thank heaven!” was his grateful reflection, when he was at last left alone. “It is the first window I have seen that was not draped with that faded stuff. And now what is that? As I live it is a heliotrope!” He approached the broad window sill, upon which stood a little tin can painted green, containing a blooming plant; but at that moment a low knock came upon his door.

“Come,” he said, a little impatiently, and the door was quietly opened and a young woman entered, bearing a pitcher of water. She bowed slightly, then cast a second, and very brief, glance at him, colored deeply as she placed the pitcher on the table and turned toward the door.

But Meade’s curiosity was excited. Here in the midst of a wild forest on the summit of the Blue mountains, was one of the most beautiful women he

had ever known—and he had known many—occupying a menial and degrading position with dignity and grace. When before had a chambermaid ever blushed because he forgot his good breeding and stared at her with open admiration?

“I—I—beg your pardon,” he said hastily, advancing toward her, “but at what hour may I have—” he was about to say dinner, but hesitated and then added—“supper?”

The girl turned with her hand resting upon the latch of the door and looked at him. Her color rose higher and deeper, but her clear, brown eyes never wavered.

“We have supper at six,” she said, quietly, “and I may ’s well tell you now that you will have to take it with my parents.”

“And how about you?” Meade asked, impulsively, and with a little emphasis.

“Oh, I—” she spoke coldly and scornfully—“I’ll wait upon you while you dine.”

There was a black flash from her eyes that disconcerted him for a second, and then the door closed noiselessly behind her.

“I came here for my health,” muttered Meade, with a ludicrous expression, as he threw himself into a chair by the window. Then he whistled softly.

“By Jove, her voice was sweet and clear as a bell, and I do believe she has a little education; but she has the mountain dialect for all that—pronounces her y’s and u’s and a’s all wrong, rolls out her r’s, and runs all her words together. But she is a beauty.”

Then he suddenly remembered that he was wasting his thoughts upon a chambermaid, and beginning to unpack his valise soon forgot all about her.

He thought of her, though, when he entered the little square dining room. The table was set whitely and temptingly; the butter was yellow and firm, the cream rich; the plated ware shone like silver, the napkins were spotless, while in the center of the table was a big vase of white roses.

To Meade, who had been getting his meals at all sorts of vile eating houses along the road, this seemed like a feast in paradise.

“Paw ain’t ’t home to-night,” Mrs. Varney vouchsafed, seating herself with a bounce and a sigh at the table. “This ’s my daughter, Agnes, Mister Meade.”

Meade looked up with a smile of recognition, but the girl only bowed slightly without raising her eyes.

“By Jove!” thought Meade, “she is neither a chambermaid nor a waitress; how could I have been so foolish? She is evidently a lady.”

“I am afraid you find this a lonely life,” he said, desirous of drawing her out; but she looked as if she had not heard.

“Yes, that sh’ do,” said Mrs. Varney, with some

emphasis. “There’s nobody here ’bout as ’filliates ’th her; nuther b’ys nur gals, though a heap of ’em come a courtin’, the Lord knows; but nothin’ ’ll she have to do with ’em, she’s that proud an’ high an’ feels herself that ’bove ’em. It all comes o’ her goin’ down to her aunt’s, in Californy, to boardin’ school.”

Here the girl quietly left the room, showing no sign of annoyance, save the deep, rich color on her face and throat.

“Not but that she’s a mighty good gal to her paw an’ me,” continued the old woman, “an’ allus kind an’ tender like, ’specially when m’ rheumatics ’s worse, which be purty near all th’ time, sir, this ’s such a climate fer ’em; but somehow, she’s that queer an’ odd like. Allus a goin’ off on her spotted mare fer the longes’ rides you ever see, an’ comin’ home ’way ’n th’ dead o’ night, sir, an’ a stealin’ up to bed, an’ then a gettin’ up in th’ mornin’ afore any of us.”

“How old is your daughter?” asked Meade, and then felt that his own cheek grew red as Agnes entered, bearing some fruit.

“Wy, lemme see,” said Mrs. Varney, looking perplexed. “I’ll declare to goodness ’f I ain’t fergot; here, Agnes, this gentleman ’s so kind ’s to inquire how old you be, an’ I’ve fergot w’ether it’s nineteen ’r twenty.”

“As he’s only askin’ because he don’t know how else to pass his time, I don’t see ’s there’s any use o’ my tellin’ my age,” returned the girl, coldly.

“There, sir,” said Mrs. Varney, looking rather frightened. “You understand what I mean, when I say she’s odd like an’ unnatural. What other gal o’ her age ’d object to tellin’ her age, ’specially to a nice spoke, peert sort of a man like you be? An’ now ’s I think of it, what might yer business be?”

For the first time he caught a shadow of interest in the girl’s eyes.

“Oh, not much of anything,” he replied, carelessly, but smiling a little as his thoughts went back to the magnificent bank of which he was president, besides being one of the largest stockholders.

Mrs. Varney looked disappointed.

“W’y, now, sir,” she said, with some condescension, “from your linen, an’ way of eatin’, an’ hands an’ so forth, I kind o’ thought you must be purty well fixed.”

“Good heavens!” thought Meade, when he had at last escaped to his room and flung himself, exhausted, into the chair by the low window. “Can one really live in the same house that woman occupies? Oh, that poor girl! ‘Odd an’ unnatural like’ indeed! And yet, ‘kind an’ tender like to paw an’ maw.’ She is a beautiful piece of crude originality, I imagine—and what a magnificent form! Magnificent! Jove! The word does not do her justice.”

He looked out over the little camping ground, with its tall trees and velvety, swaying grasses; saw the white tents gleaming forth from the shadows, and heard the chorus of frog voices from the marsh behind the house; heard the voices of happy children, shouting in their play, mingled with the lonely howl of a coyote in the forest beyond; he saw the blue smoke from a hundred campfires, curling lazily upward, and the silver moon dipping slowly through the trees. Then his head sank lower and lower, the lights faded, and the sounds and voices grew dim and faint as the memory of childhood long gone by.

He awoke with a start and found that the moon had sailed above the tallest trees, and the little clearing was as light as noon. At the same moment there was a clattering of horse's feet, and Agnes Varney dashed past his window on her silver-dappled mare—an erect, beautiful figure. She was returning from her moonlight ride.

With a sudden impulse he sprang up and went down the narrow hall, reaching the door just as she leaped lightly to the ground. She looked at him in astonishment.

"Are you up yet?" she said. "W'y, it must be nearly twelve o'clock."

"I fell asleep by the window," he replied, coming nearer, "and you awoke me. I thought you were Diana."

"Did juh?" she said, with some coldness and a good deal of scorn.

He wondered why she should say "you" in one breath and "juh" in another, but he said—

"What a beautiful mare! She is the most perfect dappled gray I have ever seen."

A rich color came into the girl's face. Even in the moonlight he could see it staining her fair cheek. She turned to him, her lips parted, her eyes glowing with dusky fire.

"Is she not perfect? Oh, I like you for saying that. I was afraid you might laugh at her; and she—she is all I have on earth, and—I—love—her—so."

She spoke the last words very low, and as she had flung an arm around the mare's neck and laid her face against the soft, silver mane, he had to bow his head to catch their meaning, although, in her strong feeling, she had dropped the dialect and pronounced each word sweetly and clearly. Instantly the mare gave a vicious snap at him.

"W'y, Juno!" said her mistress, with a little soft laugh that indicated more approval than reproof.

"Why do you call her Juno?" asked Meade, also laughing and retreating.

"Oh, b'cause—we-l-l—b'cause I like th' name, an' b'cause she has so beautiful a form, an' lastly—" she looked up, laughing archly, and with an expression in

her eyes so full of delicious coquetry that he felt his pulses quicken—"b'cause she's so jealous of me."

"All very good reasons," he returned, slowly, and drawing a deep breath—for the girl's softened beauty and sweetness of manner, together with the mystic witchery of the night, were turning his head a little—"especially the last one."

Her lips parted a little, and he thought he had never seen such beautiful teeth. Suddenly he bent forward.

"What is this—only a blanket! You surely do not ride without a saddle!"

"W'y, ye-e-s," she said, looking at him in perplexity and doubt. Indeed, she seemed afraid of doing or saying something that would amuse or shock his fine sense of propriety. "W'y, Is there anything wrong about that?"

"As to that, there certainly is nothing wrong about it," he replied, kindly, struck by the look of dumb entreaty in her face, "but the idea of a lady riding without a saddle—and you sat so superbly, too."

"Oh," said the girl, bitterly, "I thought all the time you was laughin' at me, an' now I know it. Th' idea o' you comin' from th' east, where th' ladies are beautiful an' dress in lovely clothes, an' ride—" she drew her breath in passionately—"don't you s'pose I know how they ride back there? Ain't I seen picture after picture of their silk hats an' their habits fittin' like gloves? An' then fer you to say that I ride well!"

The concentrated passion and bitterness of this outburst took Meade entirely by surprise, and it must be confessed, increased, rather than diminished, his admiration of her.

"One can be a fine and fearless rider without wearing handsome clothes," he said, kindly, but with an involuntary glance at her green, flowing habit, showily decorated with gilt buttons, "and I only spoke the truth, Miss Varney, when I said you rode superbly. You may believe it or not, as you like. But if you care for silk hats and that sort of thing, I wish you could see my sisters ride."

"Your sisters!" exclaimed the girl in so wistful a tone that his heart was touched. "An' do they live in Boston, too?"

"Yes."

"I wish you'd tell me a little 'bout 'em," she said, speaking diffidently and turning her head away.

"So I will," said Meade, cheerfully, "but not right now, you know, it's—er—rather late now, isn't it?"

"Ye-e-s, I s'pose 't is," said the girl, with a long sigh, that somehow the young fellow could not forget

for days. "An' night's the only time I have, too," she added, regretfully.

"Good-night," he said, yet lingering, in the hope that she would lift those dusky, passionate eyes once more.

But she only laid her hand on the mare's neck, and with a calm response walked swiftly away.

Meade went in with something of the feeling one has of blank surprise upon finding, after playing with supposed safety with fire, that he has burnt himself, while the fire still burns as cheerily and brightly as if he had not passed by; and being something of an egotist, he did not like the sensation.

"He thinks he can laugh at me an' me not know it," muttered the girl, as she turned the mare into the barnyard, "but I do know more'n he thinks I do, if I do dress differ'nt an' talk differ'nt from what he's been used to. An' I know better, too; an' it always comes to me the minute I say anything wrong; but what's the use o' tryin' when one's parents an' everybody else talk improperly, I'd like to know? Somehow the words jest slip out un'wares, an' I get so discouraged that I wisht—oh, I jest wisht—that they'd never sent me to boardin' school, ner nothin' else."

Here she paused in her vehement speech, for Juno, missing her customary caress, came to her with wondering eyes and rubbed her nose gently against her shoulder. Then, with a heavy sigh, the girl put up the bars and went slowly to the house.

Meade did not have a chance to talk with her again for several days, but he learned more and more of her life and tastes. Her "paw" and her little brother, aged ten years, appeared upon the scene, and each was a revelation in his own peculiar way.

"Paw" Varney was a fair type of the early settlers of Eastern Oregon; good natured, easy going, shiftless, he shambled serenely along through life, with no ideas or thoughts above the single aim of getting enough to eat without any extraordinary exertion, his chief religion founded upon the deeply-rooted principle that the "wimmen folks" ought to do as many of the chores as possible.

Upon the day of his return from town, Meade found him seated on the front porch, as it was called, idly whittling a piece of Blue mountain pine.

"Mornin', sir," he said, looking up with a twinkle in his small, light eyes. "So you've tuck up yer bed an' board weth us, hev ye? We-l-l, it's a mighty good place fur the health, sir, mighty that, though it do git harrable cold in winter; but, then, winter on'y comes oncet a year. Hev ye got 'quainted weth any o' the campers, yit?"

Meade replied that he had not.

"Goll!" remarked the old man, meditatively. "Now thet's queer, I'll swear 'tis! Bashful, be ye?"

We-l-l, now, ye jes git Aggie to take ye roun'. Not thet she 'filiates weth 'em, 'zer maw says, but thet ye 'd like to go roun' weth 'er, I know—all the b'ys does, how be, though, she don't hev nothin' to do 'th any of 'em. But you're so smart in them bran' new store close—('Ye gods!' thought Meade)—thet jes 's like's no, ef ye tried 'er, an' talked right peert like, she'd take a shine to ye."

"Thank you," said Meade, with a grim smile, "I will think of it."

"A pearl in a brass setting," he said, under his breath, as he walked away. Passing the kitchen, he heard Mrs. Varney's voice mingling with the violent rattling of dishes.

"H-yur, you, Agnes! Ag-nes, I say! What d' ye want to be out thar foolin' over thet pansy bed fer, et this time o' mornin', an' my neuralgy thet bad 's I ought t' be in bed. This comes, the Lord knows, o' sendin' jades t' boardin' school, when they oughter be plantin' taters, er droppin' corn—not 's there's ever any sech work done roun' this ranch, though! W'at's thet? You wisht we'd never sent ye to boardin' school, eh? Eh, I say? Yes, thet's all th' thanks a body gits in this world fer doin' their duty by their young 'ns. When they gits old an' 'ficted an' miser- 'ble, all they git 's airs an' pride an' back sass."

"Oh, mother," said the girl's voice, clear as a bell, but tuneless from pain, "is there any harm in gathering a few pansies while the dew 's on 'em? I haven't been five minutes, an' they make the table look so pretty."

Meade now passed out of hearing, but he fully realized, from what he had already heard, that life with Mrs. Varney was not a bed of roses so soft but what the thorns pierced through.

"It appears that I am doomed to meet the whole family this morning," he thought, when, upon his return to the house an hour later, he came suddenly upon the "brother," sitting in a sunny corner, smoking the stump of a cigar Meade had thrown away.

"How-er-ye, sir?" remarked the urchin, closing one eye and regarding him attentively with the other. "Got a match 'bout ye?"

Meade, greatly amused, produced one.

"Thank ye," said the boy, examining it critically. "Thet be a blazer, don't it? Say, hev ye ever been in our parlor?"

Meade confessed that he had not had that honor.

"We-l-l, then, I'll show it to ye fer givin' me a match, an'—" winking slyly—"fer throwin' 'way sech long ends o' seegars. B'sides, I heerd maw tell paw she wisht to goodness she had a excuse to let ye see into the parlor; an' then Aggy she up an' said: 'Oh, maw, don't take 'im in there—don't!' jes as if 't was

a pen'tentiary 'fense. Here, we be! Whew! My guns! Ain't it nice in here, though?"

It was indeed nice, Meade thought, as he looked about the little, cool, homelike room. The carpet was a bright green-and-red pattern, the walls were a pretty tint and the curtains were soft and white. An organ stood in one corner with a vase of flowers upon it, and several shelves were crowded with books.

"Goll!" suddenly ejaculated Johnnie, "ef here don't come Ag! Won't we git it, though, ef she ketches us! I'll git in this corner, an' you git b'hin' the sofy, quick, now!"

And Meade found himself hustled without ceremony into the designated hiding place. Notwithstanding his disgust, or, perhaps, because of it, he could not repress a smile as Agnes entered softly.

She had evidently stolen a few moments from her work in the kitchen, for she wore a blue calico dress, turned open at the neck for the sake of coolness, revealing a throat and bust that Venus might have envied. Meade, peering out from the shadow of the sofa, felt his pulses quicken with keen appreciation of her beauty. Without hesitation she seated herself at the organ and began playing a simple little waltz. At first Meade saw only the beautiful poise of her head and the exquisite lines of her figure, but gradually he became conscious that each note she touched was like a throb from her own heart—sweet, sad, plaintive.

She had played but a few moments, when the door opened with one swift sweep, and Mrs. Varney's head appeared.

"Oh—ah!" she exclaimed, in a tone of violent anger, "ye've nothin' better to do at this time o' day, 'cept to be foolin' et thet organ, eh! I never did see yer match fer a shirk, in all my borned days."

"Maw!" The girl arose, pale, but looking like a princess, Meade thought. "You know that's not the truth, an' I'm tired of your sayin' so. I've worked an' worked ever since I can remember, an' the only rest I ever had was when I went to boardin' school, an' even then I studied so hard I was always tired. God knows I'm willin' to work from mornin' to night fer you, if you'd only be good natured an' kind, an' not let yer temper run away with you. But I can't, an' won't, be talked to this way any longer. I'll—" she drew a long, deep breath, and a look of determination, born of despair, settled upon her face—"I'll leave home first."

There was deep silence in the room. A remarkable transformation had taken place in the mother's expression, and also, apparently, in her mood. Her face worked convulsively, and then she began to sob and weep in her childish, yet heart-broken way, that

would have touched a heart of stone, for what is so pathetic and solemn as the grief of the old?

"That's it," she sobbed, "turn agin yer pore ole mother an' abuse 'er an' talk about leavin' 'er, now et she's ole an' sick an' rheumaticky. Oh, Lord, Lord, thet's the way, when you've worked an' suffer'd fer yer childern! An' then when ye git ole, an' are a little trouble to 'em, they git up an' leave ye."

"Oh, mother!" cried Agnes, in a voice of such passionate grief that Meade was moved. "Oh, you know I didn't mean it! Oh, I didn't mean it! Forgive me! Oh, forgive me!"

She ran to her mother and clasped her arms around the brown, wrinkled neck, and sobbed as if her heart would break. Meade shrank back in his corner and did not look at them again—there was something in this scene that shook his very soul, and aroused in him feelings and sympathies that never before had been awakened.

When the door had closed behind them, he still sat, lost in reflection, until Johnnie came crawling across the carpet to him.

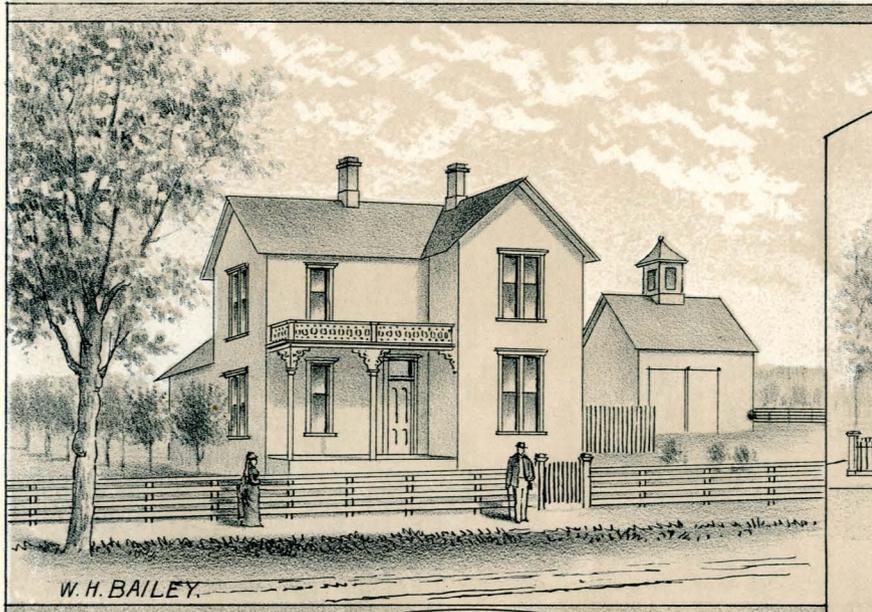
"Ye can come out, now," he remarked, with characteristic condescension. "Golly! ain't maw a holy terror, though? You bet w'en she takes one o' her mad fits at me, you don't ketch me a-huggin' an' kissin' 'er! She's jes wearin' the life out o' Agnes, though, you bet, weth 'er growlin' an' scoldin' an' 'er tarnation everlastin' fault findin'."

"I would have thought," said Meade, looking thoughtfully at the boy, "that your sister was well qualified to take care of herself."

"She is," replied Johnnie, with a significant grin. "She don't take nothin' from nobody, you bet, 'cept maw an' paw; but w'en it comes to them, she's thet soft an' tender hearted thet she's got no spunk 't all. I tell ye what," he added, with a sudden burst of enthusiasm, "ef ever any boy's sister was so high an' mighty, an' yit had sich a awful big heart as what my sister has, I don't know w'ere 'e lives."

Meade did not reply, but went out with that thoughtful look still on his face.

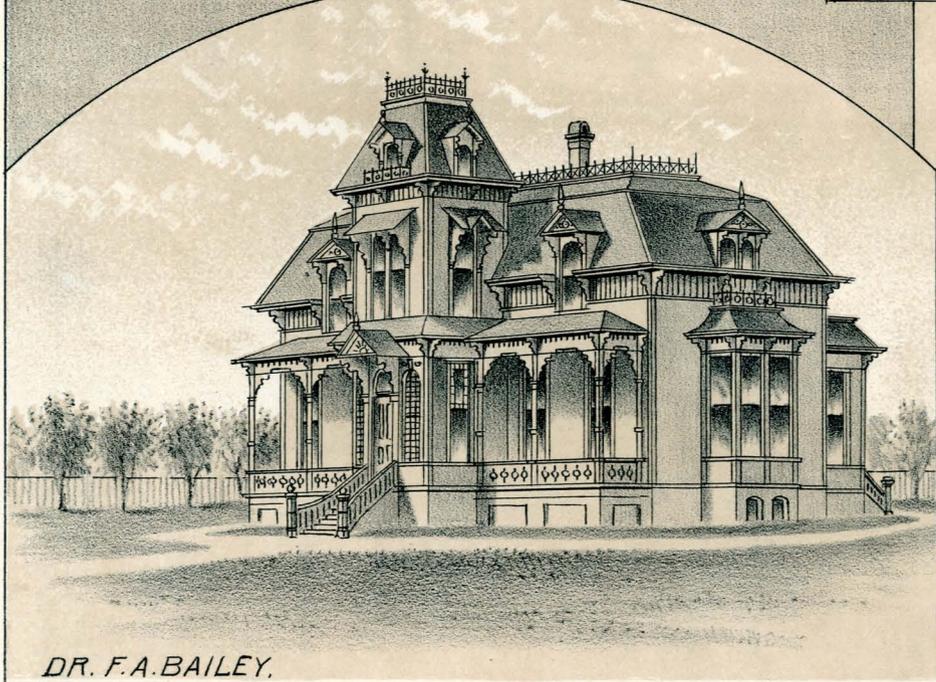
It was a week later, that Meade, passing through the hall late at night, on his way to his room, fancied he saw a figure resembling that of Varney's daughter, sitting on the dark, vine-draped porch. He hesitated a moment, irresolutely, then went slowly to her, doubtful of his reception. He was aware that she had avoided him lately, and for some reason, obscure even to his own well-balanced logic, this extraordinary conduct greatly enhanced his admiration of her. The rapid throbbing of his pulses and the soft, delirious sense of pleasure that thrilled through him



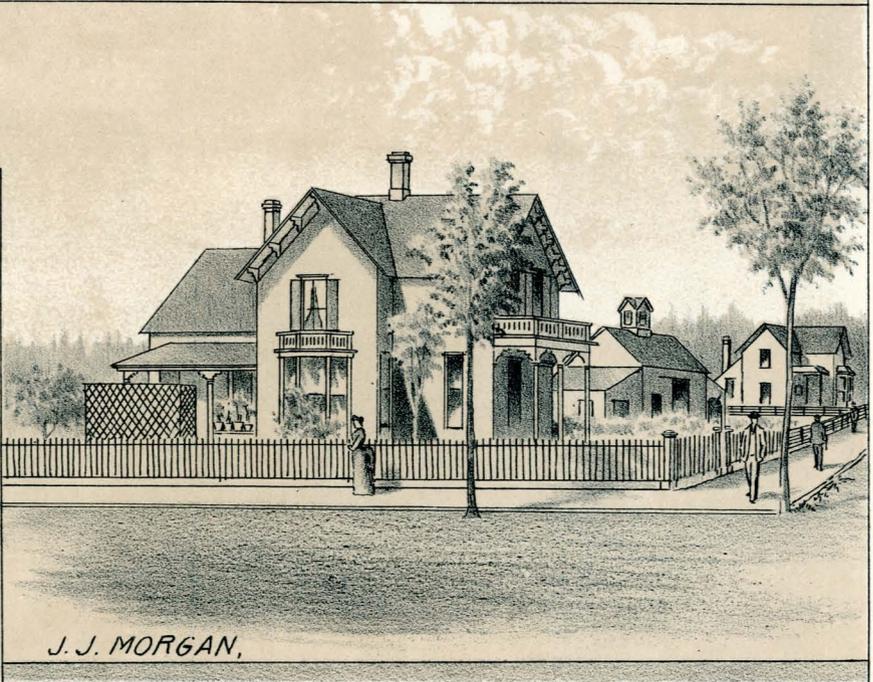
W. H. BAILEY.



DR. S. T. LINKLATER.

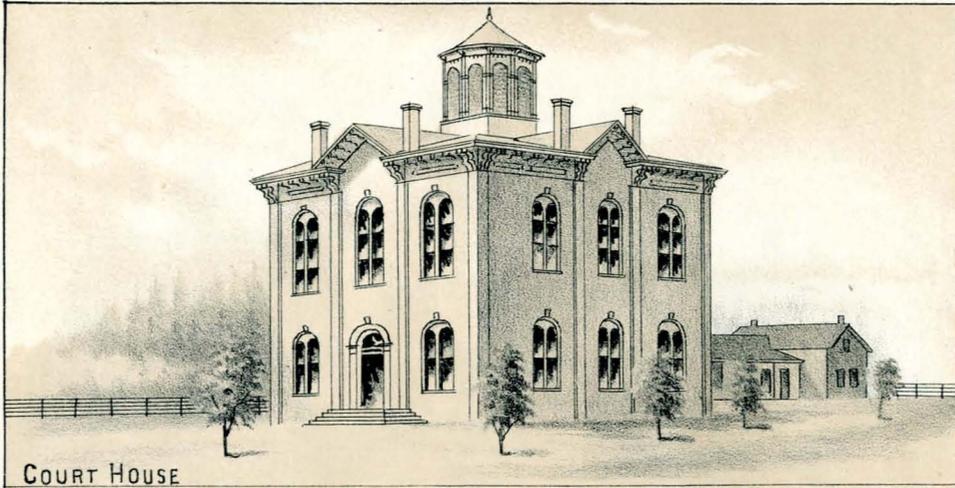


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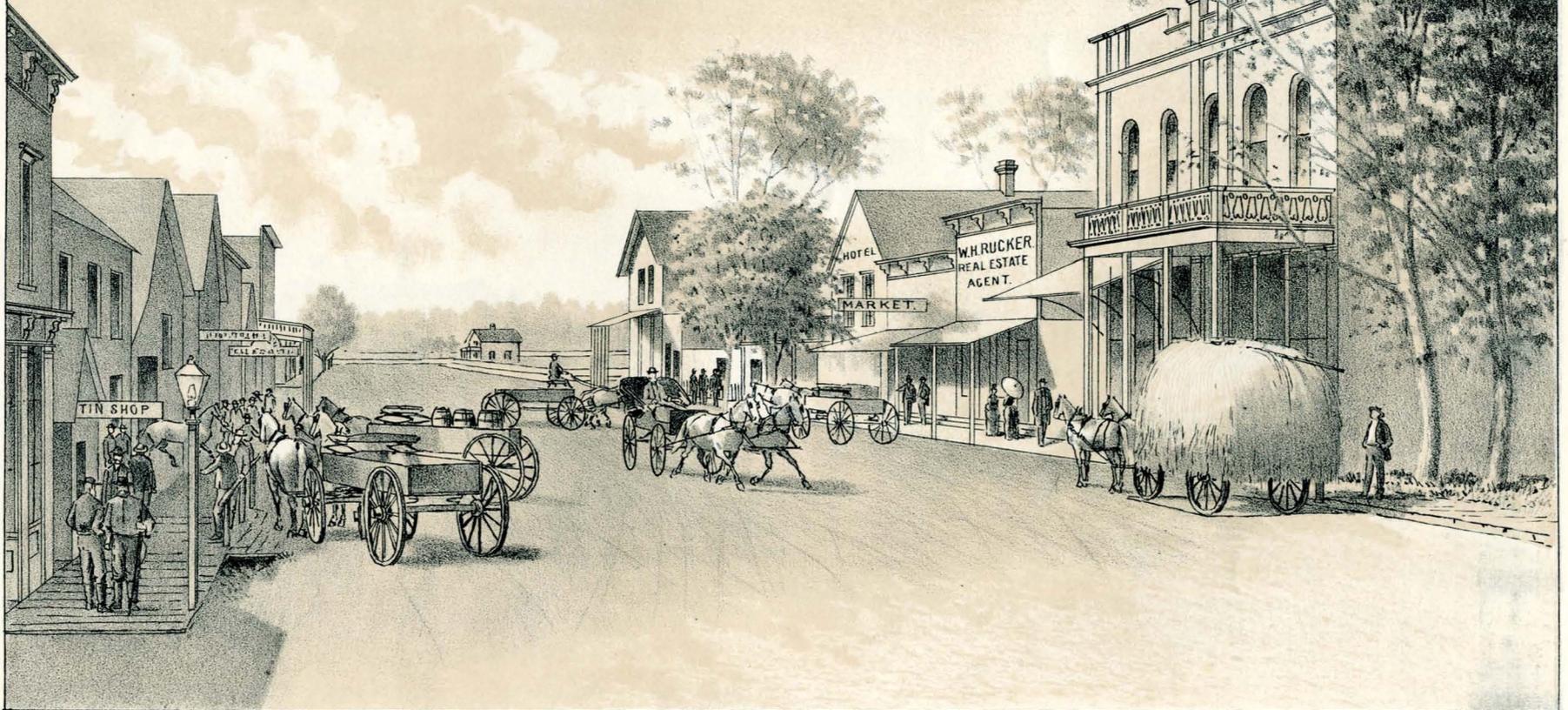


J. J. MORGAN.

RESIDENCES AT HILLSBORO, OREGON,



COURT HOUSE



MAIN ST. HILLSBORO, OREGON.

as he sat down on the steps beside her, should have warned him that it was time to go.

The girl sat perfectly still, her hands clasped over a lapful of sweet-scented roses. She was clad, as usual, in some dark stuff, turned open at the throat. She had a pretty way, all her own, of rolling all her dresses away in this fashion, and as her throat was simply perfect, it made her beauty almost irresistible. A little ray of light from the parlor lamp flickered against her now, and Meade thought he had never before seen such beauty.

"Are you not going to speak to me?" he said, taking her hand with a diffidence and humility that would have astonished some of his lady friends in Boston, could they have seen.

She let it lie, cool and quiet, in his clasp a moment, then slowly withdrew it. As he released it he fancied it trembled; but a look at her cold, unmoved face forced him to believe it was his imagination.

"It's gettin' colder," she said, with a little shiver. "In a few more weeks it'll be winter here in the Blue mountains, an' then the campers'll all go, an' the tents'll be gone from out the woods, an' we'll be all alone, snowed in fer three long months. I s'pose," she added, wistfully, with a little break in her voice, "I s'pose you'll be goin', too."

"I am afraid I will," he replied, and again he laid his hand on hers—without any repulse this time.

"It's awful lonesome here," she said, presently, almost mournfully. "It never is very gay; only, sometimes o' evenin's, when the campfires are all burnin', an' the childern are all shoutin' in their play I like to set out here an' fergit all about myself; but in the winter time—" she hesitated and sighed, looking away at the glowing campfires—"in the winter it's all a'budy can do to live. Nobody to see, but ourselves, an' six foot of snow piled all round us. I get so lonesome—"

"I know," whispered Meade, pressing her hand; but he did not offer to stay, though her wistful look went to his heart.

He knew his own hand was shaking with the intensity of his feeling; knew his heart had gone out to this daughter of the Blue mountains as it had never before gone out to any woman; knew her nature was higher, loftier than his, and that her education, notwithstanding her pronunciation and ungrammatical phraseology, was really more complete and comprehensive than his; but—

He thought of his refined and beautiful home; his cultured sisters and his proud, cold mother; and, perhaps—who knows?—he may have thought, most of all, of the lovely, well-bred women, to whom, at various times, he had made passionate love for a few weeks at a time, and who, he knew, would be ready to

look with critical eyes at the one who finally triumphed over them.

Then his thoughts traveled back across the continent till they reached "paw an' maw" Varney, and Johnnie, with his little shrill "goll!" and "you bet," and his heart grew bitter, indeed. He knew he need never be ashamed of Agnes, after she had taken a few lessons from him; but from what he knew of her noble character, he doubted if she would ever give up those lonely old people and the wild little brother, all of whom seemed to cling to her for help.

With a close pressure he laid her hand back very gently among her roses, and stood up.

"It is very late," he said, and he thought—men are so stupid—that she could detect no change in his manner. "I must not keep you out in the night air any longer. Good-night."

He walked to the door, paused, and coming hastily back, bent down to her.

"Agnes," he whispered, in the passionate tone a man uses but once in a lifetime, and which would be amusing were it not for the intense feeling of which it is the expression, "Agnes, think of me—sometimes."

"I will," said the girl, very low. And then he went.

"How could I have been so foolish?" he said to himself, when he was alone. "It would have been well enough for some other fellow—but for me, who have always held myself so well in hand!"

His last remembrance, as he went to sleep, however, was of a soft handclasp that thrilled through every fibre of his being, and of the sweet, low voice that had whispered back "I will."

As for the girl, she did not go to sleep at all that night, but sat where he left her till the rosy flush in the east told her it was the hour for her day's work to begin.

All that day she was unusually quiet; and Johnnie, after having asked and received a great many favors of his sister, remarked reflectively to himself, as he sat whittling, out in the woodshed—

"Goll! but ain't Agnes good natured to-day; wonder what's got into'er, anyhow; not as it's 'zactly good nature, nuther, but kinder 's if she's tender like, an' thought more o' me 'an usual. Goll!"

As for Meade, he felt that he had, with great weakness of mind and lack of principle, gone too far, and taken a step which it would be difficult to retrace. He looked anxiously at Agnes, when he came into the breakfast room, fearing to see some consciousness in her look or manner. But, to his inexpressible relief, she glanced calmly into his eyes and said "good-mornin'" as naturally and easily as Johnnie would have said "goll!" which he said very easily, indeed.

And yet, despite his relief—so unreasonable is the nature and so strong the under current of egotism running through the composition of man—Meade was distinctly disappointed because a woman, and especially one who had spent her life in a log cabin in the heart of the Blue mountains, speaking only the language of the mountaineer, and knowing only the beauty of the woods and the wild flowers, and the music of the whispering pines when the winds stole through them, could look at him with such calm, expressionless eyes, when, only the night before, he had made love to her. And, to his still greater chagrin, she again avoided him for days, going quietly about her household work, and taking her long rides at night.

“Don’t know what we’d do without Aggie,” said her father, one day, smoking his pipe lazily on the porch, “now that winter ’s comin’ on, an’ so many things to be got. But, land! she makes butter, an’ takes keer o’ the eggs, an’ then ships Johnnie an’ me off to town to sell ’em. W’y gosh, man! she’s built two extry rooms onto this cabin, from sellin’ ’er produce, an’ got all that purty stuff fur ’er parlor, es ’er maw calls et, an’ ’er a’nt in Californy gev ’er ’er orgin—an’ don’t she jes beat the bugs to play, though! Gosh! et’s a wonder to me now that ye don’t take a shine to ’er yerself. Yer sech a peert, likely sort o’ feller, jes es like es not she’d take a fancy to you.”

This he said with the twinkle in his eyes characteristic of the shiftless farmer, enjoying his little, simple-minded joke, while Meade, with a strong, involuntary shudder, felt the conviction that it was utterly impossible that this man should ever be his father-in-law strengthen and deepen with every word the old man uttered.

December came, and still the weather was fine. All day long the sunshine lay, soft and mellow as gold, over the little clearing, and even lighted up the dark forest surrounding, while the nights were clear and cold and each morning found the ground white and hard with frost. From morning till night, and from day to day, the frost-tinted leaves dropped to the earth, carpeting it luxuriantly with late autumn’s richest tints. In very truth,

The day and the year were fading together,
Crimson and crimson, and gold and gold,
And the pine, dropping burs in the sweet autumn weather,
Sadly and softly its rosary told.

But when, a little later, the trees were all bare, and everything looked desolate and gray; when the gay pleasure seekers were gone to their city homes, and no white tents gleamed among the trees; then Meade told himself that it was time to go. He had known none of those gay people, yet they seemed like a part of himself, as being from the outside, busy

world, which he knew and understood. When they were all gone a little sense of loneliness stole over him, and he walked about among the deserted camping grounds, finding here and there a little cast-off relic of the people whose lives had run for a day beside his own. He longed to be away, and yet he dreaded to go, and put it off from day to day, as is usual with those who have a little weakness in their nature, and who always shrink from the performance of a disagreeable duty—especially if it be painful to themselves.

But, one night, all the good resolutions he had made were shaken to atoms. It was a clear, moonlight night, and he had walked a long way down the road, when, without warning, a mountain storm burst upon him. One who has seen a thunder storm at its height in the Blue mountains will never forget it. Meade sought refuge in an old, dilapidated shed, and watched it with indescribable pleasure, though expecting every moment that the shed would fall upon him. The deafening and mighty roar of the forest, the terrific and almost constant blasts of thunder, gathering in volume and force as they rolled from peak to peak, seeming, at last, to burst in one mighty roar above him, and then to scatter and die away in long, sobbing flakes of sound, the sheets of lightning, that made the forest look like a stretch of living, leaping flames, and then the awful darkness and stillness that reigned for an instant ere the storm came rolling back, all exerted a powerful fascination over Meade. Suddenly, in the midst of one of those deep silences, another sound smote his ear, and a woman came riding like the wind, on a dappled gray horse, straight into the darkness of the shed.

“Agnes,” he shouted, springing to her side, “do not be afraid, it is only I.”

Oh, the wonderful conceit of man! It was enough that she should know this, and in his mind there was no doubt but that she could feel no fear now. He held out his arms, and she slipped down into them. He held her there in utter silence, only he laid his face against her wet, cold cheek, and drew his own thick coat around her. The mare stood, trembling violently, and with swelling, quivering nostrils, but did not move. So they stood until the storm had spent itself and died away in long, swelling vibrations through the forest. Then a perfect calm fell upon them, broken only by the rain-drops falling from the leaves.

With one long shiver, the girl made an effort to release herself; but Meade only drew her closer to his breast. Then, with the stillness yet upon them, and the rain falling softly, like the happy tears of angels, about them, he bent down and pressed upon her lips the first passionate kiss that the girl had ever

known. Then, still in silence, he placed her upon Juno's back, and the mare, with a low neigh, bounded away toward home, while in her mistress' breast throbbed the pure, exquisite passion that a woman knows only once in a lifetime.

"Well," mused Meade, as he stood thinking it all over, before breakfast the following morning, "there is nothing to be done about it now, I suppose. When an honorable man makes a fool of himself, there is nothing to do but to stick to it. Not that I regret her—God knows it is not that—but—" He shrugged his shoulders vehemently, for at that moment "Paw" Varney's voice came musically from the barn-yard, summoning the pigs with a loud "Poo-oo-ey, poo-oo-ey," with the accent on the second syllable.

"I shall know the first minute I see him whether he meant it or not," the girl was saying to herself, with a beating heart and a choking sensation in her throat, "an' if he didn't, he never shall know I thought about it again. No, not if it kills me, fur if it don't amount to nothin', there's one thing he did mean, an' that is that he—loves me—an' that there's some reason why it couldn't amount to nothin'; an' he shall never feel sorry about it, not if I can help it."

She gave him a searching glance when she entered the breakfast room, but he did not look up just at first, and she knew the truth at once. When he did look, her face was pale, but composed, and her calm eyes met his fearlessly. He was amazed.

"It's fine after the storm," she said, quietly, even cheerfully, though the roaring was growing louder in her head. "We may have some fine weather yet, though it's time for the snows to come."

Meade drew a long, inward breath. He was well out of it then. She was trying to make him understand, by her careless manner and indifferent tone, that he was still free as the wind. But what kind of honor is this? Honor so delicate, so exalted, so pure, that only her own lofty, noble mind could have given it birth.

And was he glad? Could he give up this woman, after all? He held her heart; that he knew, for she was not a woman to passively submit to an embrace from a man for whom she did not care. How nobly she would reign in his elegant New England home, where—

"I s'pose, now," suddenly said Mr. Varney, harshly interrupting Meade's reflection, "w'en ye've gone back east, ye'd be right smart glad to see maw an' me ef we tuck a notion to come back an' see the sights. I hev allus thought o' goin' back thar some time, an' ef we hed somebody to stay with et wouldn't cost sech a tarnation heap."

That settled it forever. Meade made some polite, evasive reply, but the look of cold, settled determina-

tion that came suddenly over his face, making it look set and stern, told Agnes the bitter truth. She knew, at last, why it "couldn't amount to nothin'."

That night a midnight train bore him away from the little clearing in the Blue mountains. Mrs. Varney insisted on sitting up and making him a cup of coffee, but Agnes was invisible the whole evening.

Ten miles down the mountain road, chancing to glance out of the window, he caught a glimpse of a dappled gray horse, looking almost ghostly in the moonlight, with an erect, fearless figure upon its back.

Winter passed. It was unusually severe, even in New England, and Meade, looking out of his window at the snow-bound world, knew that it was a hundred times worse in the Blue mountains, in Oregon. And if he was uncomfortable here, with warmth, elegance, luxury, everything that heart could desire, how must it be with her?

The thought of her was with him always. When he looked at some society queen, noted for her beauty, a face pure and cold as newly-fallen snow, with sunshine lying upon it, arose before him. At *fetes* where gay women came with bare, polished shoulders, he saw only a throat white and beautiful as an ivory column, warmed by Pygmalion's kiss, with a dark blue collar rolling away from it. When he dashed through the streets in his velvet-lined sleigh, drawn by four magnificent black horses, with some languid beauty reclining on the cushions beside him, he thought of a dappled gray mare, with her superb, fearless rider, and he grew weary of the foolish world in which he lived.

When spring came, he knew that he could not forget her, nor live without her. So, one beautiful day in April, he stood again at the door of the little log cabin. The hop vines were springing up, but there were no cords upon which their tendrils might curl, and the white rose bush was gone. Mrs. Varney opened the door, and something in her old, wrinkled face made his heart sink with fear.

"Where—is Agnes?" He could say no more than that.

"Didn't ye know?" said the old woman, in a dry, harsh tone. "I writ, 'cause, somehow, I thought ye'd keer to know. 'Twas in Janywary, sir, in the time o' the orful blockade. There wuz a big wreck down in the canyon, an' somehow a little chile strayed away an' got lost in the storm; an' Aggie would go—ther wuz no stoppin' 'er w'en 'er head wuz sot—on 'er mare, a-tryin' to fin' the chile. The mare come home to us a-whinnyin' an' neighin', an' w'en they follered 'er they found Aggie under a tree, dead, sir—dead. An'"—she began to rock violently back and forth—"she hed wrapped the chile all up in 'er own clo's,

sir, an' et wuz 'live an' well es could be, but Aggie wuz dead. Sech a baby es she wuz, sir, too! Fat an' dimpled, an' allus a joy to 'er paw an' me. An' when she growed up"—here she ceased speaking and began to croon an old song, looking down, in a vacant way, at the floor.

Meade saw that her mind was wandering, and, unable to bear his own terrible grief, arose and went outside. Everything breathed of spring and—of her. The ground was soft and green as velvet, and a few

flowers were putting up their heads here and there. The pine trees were whispering softly, and a light wind went sighing through them. Up the canyon, there was the tinkle of a sheep bell, and the shrill voice of a boy bringing home the cows.

As he stood there, he felt a light touch upon his shoulder. Turning, he saw that it was Juno, the dappled mare, who had always so hated him and been so hostile toward him, now rubbing her nose against him in mute evidence of sympathy.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

THE LEGEND OF KANIS-KEE. *

In silent shades of ancient pines,
Where moss festoons and swinging vines,
Like veils of mist and silken trains,
On forms that waltz to unheard strains,
An arbor fit for fairies make—
There lies the sleeping, silver lake.

The moonbeams rift the arch of green
And thrust the yellow spears between
The swaying trees, and shadows sport
In mystic ways about the court;
But almost perfect silence reigns
From full of moon until it wanes.
The waves that kiss the beaches glide
So noiselessly from side to side,
The sweetly-sighing murmur seems
Like songs of love in maidens' dreams.

In ivied walls above the waves
Of Kanis-kee are curtained caves,
Where goblins dwell of monster mien,
And every night they may be seen
To move about the haunted courts
In battle, or at fiendish sports.
Attendant forms in bridal dress—
As ghostly brides and nothing less—
Too great in number to compute,
Await the orders, standing mute,
Of monsters dread from some dark world
Whence for their crimes they had been hurled.

Tradition says a chieftain grand,
Of vanquished foes once made demand,
That e'er he'd stay war's bloody tide

A princess fair must be his bride.
The truce was signed, the noble maid
In cruel bonds must be conveyed
By strangers to a distant land,
To wed the chief at his command.
At Kanis-kee the young girl cried,
And ghostly echoes hoarse replied
From dungeon depths of mighty pall,
And half a score of monsters, all
Unknown to men of earth before,
Came from the caves and swiftly bore
The weeping hostage bride away,
While raved her master in dismay;
The warriors sought the distant plain;
The chief pursued the ghostly train.

Above the placid Kanis-kee,
The goblins danced in frantic glee
Around the fairy queen they crowned,
Until the chieftain, at a bound,
Appeared within the sacred ring
To battle with the monster king—
A double shroud of night o'erspread
And crushed the man with blighting dread.
To serpent form he writhing waned,
And serpent power tenfold he gained,
The power to charm in him abides,
To lure from love the fairest brides,
And every month at full of moon,
As runs the legendary rune,
The fairest bride in all the land
Is stolen for the goblin band.

NEWTON HIBBS.

* The Indians regard Kanis-kee, or Spirit lake, with superstitious awe. They believe the most lovely bride of every "moon" is stolen by witches and borne to the sands near its shores.—*Father DeSmet*.

CITY OF McMinnville.

THE progress which McMinnville is making is gratifying to the people who have interests in that city. Its selection to be the seat of government of Yamhill county marks the beginning of an era of prosperity which business men and property holders in general are improving. New life has been infused into the town and renewed energy is exhibited in business circles. New buildings are being erected, real estate is improving in tone, and the prospects for future growth are promising. Of course, the general appearance of a place has much to do with inspiring confidence in investors, and the business activity that pervades McMinnville indicates a healthy growth on a sound basis. The crops of the surrounding tributary portion of the Willamette valley are in good condition, and this alone, to a town largely reliant on agricultural resources, exerts a favorable influence. Work on the new flouring mill is being pushed, and preparations are being made in all branches of trade for handling the harvest from the farms and the increased business which an abundant yield insures. The development of the country about the city is as thorough as in many localities in eastern states. Along the roads diverging from town are farms in a high state of cultivation, with good buildings and a general air of comfort and prosperity. Not every farmer yet realizes the necessity for a diversity of products, and frequently wheat growing monopolizes attention. The reputation which Yamhill county possesses for raising fruit has not been attained without systematic culture, with a specific end in view, however, and the exclusive wheat crop is becoming a thing of the past. A sudden revolution in the methods of conducting farms is seldom beneficial. Important changes should be introduced gradually in most cases. The forces which were put in operation by the acquisition of modern means of transportation in Oregon during the past few years, have rendered necessary the changes in agriculture now taking place to utilize the advantages which the country possesses. In former years the fruit business could not be engaged in extensively with profit in Oregon, because of inadequate means for reaching market, and the superior natural conditions for that production could not be improved. If the topography of the country had permitted railroads to enter this region from outside points when settlers began pouring into the valleys, or if the roads had been constructed when there was need for them to carry the products to market, the Willamette valley would to-day have been as well developed and populous as the Mohawk or Connecticut. All the natural qualifications to induce improvement are present, soil of ex-

haustless fertility and climate of rare virtue. The peculiar conditions necessary for the production of fruit in Yamhill county are being appreciated, and farmers are now engaging in that branch of industry on an extensive scale, and are realizing large profits from the business. The transportation facilities are now so complete that Oregon can compete in any market with other fruit producing countries, and as the merits of its product become known it finds a ready demand. The large number of trees set out in Yamhill county this season shows that the farmers are in earnest about fruit culture. This feature of farming explains why the production of wheat is not keeping pace with the increase of population or of other productions, and the symptom is a hopeful one.

 THE UMPQUA VALLEY.

THE Umpqua valley, of Oregon, though not of extensive area, contains some of the choicest agricultural lands of the Pacific slope, as well as rich mines. The natural boundaries of the valley are the Calipooia mountains on the north, the Cascades east, Rogue and Canyon mountains south, and the Coast range, and for a short distance the Pacific ocean, on the west. The territory included within these boundary lines is drained by the Umpqua river, which gives its name to the valley, and it is coincident with Douglas county. This county has an area of about four thousand nine hundred square miles, equal in amount to that of the entire state of Connecticut. Its position and the natural features of the boundary give it characteristics differing, in a considerable degree from those of the adjoining valleys. The Umpqua basin is not a plain. The spurs of the Cascade mountains on the east, and of the Coast range on the west, traverse the county and give the surface a rugged character. The agricultural lands are in the valleys of the Umpqua and its tributaries, and are scarcely surpassed in fertility. There are no large tracts of level land in Douglas county, but along every one of the streams that course through the county there are strips of land which, under proper cultivation are capable of yielding wonderful results. It is estimated that about one-half the area of the county is susceptible of profitable cultivation. The remainder is hilly, and in some places rocky. There is a heavy growth of timber on the hills—pine, fir, oak, etc.—ample for supplying fuel, fencing and building materials for many years to come.

The mining interests of Douglas county are important. The minerals include gold, silver, quicksilver, nickel, iron, copper, marble and limestone. For a region that has shown paying leads the country

bounded by the Cascade and Coast ranges east and the Calipooias and the Siskiyou north and south, has received less attention from skilled miners than any other section on the Pacific slope. However, mining operations are carried on quite extensively, and the annual product of ores is by no means inconsiderable. Gold was first discovered in the county in 1851, on Cow creek, and lodes in different parts of the county have since been worked.

The topographical features of Douglas county are various. The Umpqua river, with its branches, the North and South forks, Cow creek, Myrtle creek, Calipooia creek and Deer creek, with numerous smaller tributaries, gather the water from the hills and mountains and form a stream navigable for boats of considerable draught about twenty-five miles from the ocean, and previous to 1872, when the Oregon and California railway was constructed through the Umpqua basin, this river furnished the chief means of transportation for the products of the region. Back from the streams, the surface of the country is more or less rough, and the hills too high and abrupt for agriculture. Roseburg, the chief town and county seat, is situated on the south bank of the Umpqua, and is entirely surrounded by high hills. From the protection which is afforded by the ranges surrounding it, the people of Douglas county claim one of the most equable climates in the world. It is both healthful and conducive to the growth of vegetable and animal products. This section is now coming into prominence for the richness and variety of its resources.

GROWTH OF ALBANY, OREGON.

CITIZENS of Albany, Oregon, feel justly proud of the advancement their city is making this year. Last season the construction of the Oregon Pacific railway made unusually prosperous times for Albany. The volume of business increased and the general tone of trade was much better than it ever had been before. It was not surprising that business should feel the benefits which would naturally result to the headquarters of an extensive railway construction enterprise, but this was regarded somewhat in the light of a boom, a prosperity that would prove, to a large extent, transitory. It was expected that when the railroad should be completed, the increased business which its construction had caused to be brought to the city would cease, and the town would relapse into a more staid course. This is proved to be a mistaken view of the case. Business affairs are in as good condition now as last year, when the railroad boom was supposed to be their foundation. The road is

now completed to Albany from Yaquina bay, and daily trains are now run over it. No construction is now in progress within reach of Albany, but the city's progress is not in the least stayed by the removal of railroad labor. By the completion of this section of the road a more substantial basis for growth is established than ever before existed in Albany. This does not imply that it is merely a railroad town, depending on the whim of some corporation for its prosperity. From its situation on a navigable stream and backed by a country with a variety of rich natural resources, this city is not dependent solely on the railroads; but as one of the elements which enter into business affairs in general, the railroads are justly entitled to consideration, and with the cooperation of them a wider influence is wielded and a more rapid development takes place. So, by having the railroad to Yaquina bay, the farmers of Linn county realized last fall about five cents more per bushel on their wheat than they would if that transportation line had not been in operation, though they would have raised wheat just the same if that road had not been built. Other staple products were similarly affected. In this way the railway benefits the farmers, by enabling them to get better prices for their products, and promotes the growth of the city because that is a central point for a large section of country in which the farmers, and business men in general, are eager to avail themselves of any opportunity for making the most of the results of their labor. Primarily Albany had water transportation on which to rely. Then the Oregon & California and the Portland & Willamette Valley roads came into competition for the business of the country and city, and this gave an impetus to business. Now the Oregon Pacific is added to the transportation facilities of the city, and more pronounced advancement is manifested, and there is every indication that this prosperity is of permanent character. One of the principal virtues of the new road is that it secures to Albany, not only another competing line, but a more direct route to tidewater than that part of the Willamette valley ever had before. A fine harbor at Yaquina bay permits excellent terminal facilities to be arranged, and a line of steamers takes freight from the cars and transports it to the large distributing marts, or directly to the consumer. The people of Albany feel that this route to the seaboard gives them important advantages, and as the practical results of this favorable condition are manifested reliance on commerce is greater, and more faith is inspired in every feature of industry.

It should not be forgotten, however, that Albany is not indebted exclusively to any one enterprise for the prosperity which it is now enjoying. It is certain

that the most perfect transportation facilities would be of no avail in establishing or building up commerce were there nothing produced for which there is outside demand. The crops last year were good, and prospects this season are very encouraging. The wool clip is fully equal to that of any past season, though not much of it has yet been marketed. The stimulating effect of the advanced prices for all products is clearly manifest. The manufacturer, too, has realized an important gain and the activity which the factories of all kinds are exhibiting is gratifying. Institutions that for a long time were idle have resumed work, and important new ones are projected. Building operations on a large scale are also being carried on. Several fine, large business structures are now in course of erection and others are under contract.

The growing business interests of the city have rendered organization to promote the common welfare advisable, and a board of trade was recently organized with a large membership. The object of this association, as stated in its constitution is to "more effectually promote and develop the commercial and business interests of Albany and vicinity," and its influence is already felt. Some idea of the improvement which the city has made during the past year is afforded by the tax roll which was lately completed for this year. This shows the total amount of taxable property of Albany to be \$1,031,906.00, while in 1887 the amount was only \$900,212.00. The public improvements show an enterprising spirit in the conduct of city affairs. It is safe to calculate that Albany has embarked on a tide that will carry it on in the advancement to which its location and resources entitle it.

NORTH PACIFIC INDUSTRIAL FAIR.

THE capital stock of the North Pacific Industrial Fair Association has been increased from \$100,000.00 to \$150,000.00. Work is progressing on the extensive foundation, which will, alone, cost \$24,000, and the contract will soon be let for the massive and more expensive superstructure. The directors have organized their several committees, a superintendent of experience and ability has been selected, and the work of arranging details for the most extensive and attractive exposition ever held on the Pacific coast is well under way. As this project develops, it assumes greater and more imposing proportions, and the zeal of its promoters, seconded by the enthusiasm and enterprise of its unusually large number of stockholders, embracing representatives of nearly every business house in the city, gives abundant assurance of a

most extensive and successful exhibition. Special attention will be given to attractive and interesting phases. It is especially desired and purposed to render the exposition so entertaining and pleasant that it will not only attract thousands from all over the northwest, but will draw out crowds of our own citizens day after day for a month. To this end, the finest music obtainable on the Pacific coast has been secured, and the seating capacity will be ample. One of the greatest drawbacks incident to fairs of this kind is the necessity of visitors standing or walking about in the dense crowd the entire evening. It is within bounds to say that thousands of people, residents of the city, have been kept away from our fairs in the past by this cause alone. If they were certain of securing a comfortable seat whenever they desired, they would visit the pavilion at least twice as often. This fact the promoters of this mammoth exposition fully recognize, and ample provision will be made for the comfort of visitors. The music will be given in the botanical and zoological gardens, removed from the noise and glare of the exhibit halls, where large galleries of amphitheatred seats are provided, and where the eye rests upon beautiful plants and flowers, spouting fountains and cool grottos, while the ear drinks in the most enchanting music. Terraced gardens in the rear of the building will afford a fine promenade for those who desire temporary relief from the sights and sounds and the jostling crowd within. As to the nature of the display itself, a most comprehensive plan has been prepared. It is proposed to make it the reflector and expositor of the material resources, advantages and industries of the North Pacific coast. Such a combination of products and objects of interest will be collected here as has never been brought together on the Pacific slope. A specialty will be made of fine blooded and fat stock of all kinds, and for this purpose a part of the grounds adjacent to the pavilion will be fitted up with exhibition stalls, sheds, display grounds, etc., etc. It is the intention of the promoters of this enterprise to make it the greatest advertisement of the resources of this region, in every particular, that it is possible to prepare. The beneficial results will be great and far-reaching, extending to every industry and every section of the entire northwest. Such being the case, every man interested in the growth and development of the northwest in general, or any particular portion of it, should do his utmost to make this exposition a success, both by aiding to increase the size, variety and representative value of its exhibits, and by personal attendance. Let every person do what he can to secure this result, and the benefits will flow out in a copious stream to every nook and corner of this entire region.

PORTLAND'S ENTERPRISES.

MANY new and important enterprises have been inaugurated in Portland during the past few weeks, which will result in largely increasing the business, population and material wealth of the city. Chief among these may be enumerated the North Pacific Industrial Exposition, the mammoth \$500,000.00 hotel, the railroad from Portland to Vancouver, street railroads in East Portland, a large tannery, extensive cordage works, a linseed oil mill of great capacity, a fruit and vegetable cannery, reduction works of fifty tons daily capacity, to be largely increased in size as soon as the branch of the O. R. & N. Co.'s line now under construction to the Cœur d'Alene mines provides better communication with that region, a line of cable railway, two steam transportation companies, one of them to engage in the trade between Portland and the coast ports of Oregon and Washington, and the other to operate steamers on the Upper Columbia and Clarke's Fork, the extensive iron works at Oswego, the opening on a large scale of work at the Albina car shops, the organization of several companies with large capital to control most of the largest and most valuable mines in the northwest, and last, but not least, a liberal subscription by the citizens for the purpose of making the world acquainted with the beauties and advantages of the city and its tributary country. Of minor enterprises, the most important and noticeable are the large number of business buildings and private residences under construction, which may be seen in numbers in whatever portion of the city one may go. Taken all together, the business tone of the city is most healthy and buoyant, and the rate of progress in every direction is faster and of a more permanent and satisfactory nature than ever before in the history of Portland.

CROPS OF OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

AS harvest time approaches, now almost at hand, the condition of the fields gives assurance that this is to be another year of a most bountiful yield of cereals throughout the entire northwest. Never in the history of this country has there been a failure of the winter wheat crop, and only occasionally a partial failure of the spring sowing, due to a lack of late spring or early summer rains, or to a continuance of rains during the vernal season to such an extent as to prevent seeding until too late to mature a full crop. The present season, however, has been one specially adapted to bring to the highest perfection all of the great staple products of this region, including cereals, fruit, berries, vegetables and live stock. Practically,

spring began in February, when, under the influence of warm rains and occasional sunny days, the grass began to grow rank and green and stock quickly fattened and thrived. Early in March, warm, sunny weather brought out the buds and blossoms on the fruit trees, and no frost came of sufficient intensity to injure those beautiful prophesies of an abundant yield of luscious fruit. During the month, plowing and seeding for the spring crop progressed continuously, while the winter grain made rapid and strong growth. Occasional rains in April, followed by a season of warm weather, almost like summer in its nature, gave crops and fruit a most rapid growth, and brought an abundance of berries at an extremely early period. So long continued was this season of warm weather, that in some sections fears were entertained that grain and fruit would be brought too early to maturity, and fall short of an average both in quantity and quality. Fortunately, and as usual, the last days of May and the first of June brought us nearly two weeks of cool, rainy weather, prolonging the berry season, then at its height, holding back the fruit and giving it time to develop fully before ripening, renewing the grass in the fields, meadows and ranges, and, best of all, retarding the ripening of the grain, thus adding to its size and fullness and bringing up to its usual high standard of excellence what still continues to be our leading staple product. It was a common remark, that the rain was worth a million dollars to Oregon; and so it was, directly, while indirectly its value was still greater, in as much as it enabled the thousands of tourists visiting the coast to appreciate the difference between the climates of Oregon and California. While in the former state everything was green and beautiful and vegetation was growing with enchanting luxuriance, in the latter the landscape presented a dry, scorched and desert-like aspect. Such a startling contrast could not fail to strike the most superficial observer forcibly, and result in spreading more rapidly a knowledge of the delightful climate and fruitful soil of the Columbia river basin. Throughout the state of Oregon there never were more promising prospects for a bountiful harvest. This condition of agriculture is of special importance just at this juncture, when the farmers are in many cases experimenting with new methods of management and a wider range of crops than have been common in this country. An unfavorable season during this period of transition from old style farming to the newer and progressive might prove detrimental to the interests involved. The complete satisfaction of the farmers with the results of their efforts will do more to establish confidence in the country, and inspire a more rapid development, than anything else that we could have now.

Thoughts and Facts for Women.

BY ADDIE DICKMAN MILLER.

GOLDEN DISAPPOINTMENTS.

It is the pride of the youthful aspirant to plan his life before him at the bidding of his inclinations, culminating them all in the accomplishing of a life purpose, and we usually consider that person successful who matures his plans, if they be in harmony with right principles. But it happens more often than otherwise, that such plans never reach a successful development, at least not as was first intended, and yet the person be the richer for the planning. A successful life practically consists, not so much in the fulfilment of special designs of our own, previously thought out, as it does in the gleaning of the utmost possible value out of every opportunity presented, even though it come not as we had wished. It would be better for our courage, if, instead of using the phrase "controlling circumstances, we would use the wiser one "developing circumstances." It is often impossible to control surroundings in the sense of bending them to a plan, but we can develop, we can make the best of everything, and the pleasure and profit thus gained constitute the most of the "sum and substance" of a successful life. Reverses are usually blessings in disguise. That which seems hardest to bear, if we but brace for the burden, strengthens us most. It is a hard philosophy, but it is the real one of life, and not so hard, either, if we but realize that we must work in harmony with it. That old saying "We were born crying, live discontented and die disappointed," should be false. It is not right to constantly fight our surroundings. Such people are society's dwarfs and bores. He who lives truly and helps others to do so, is the person who has learned to rest while it rains and work while it shines, who has learned "If it can be nae better, it is well it is nae worse."

A HARVARD WOMAN'S SUCCESS.

The happiest accident of the season was that which occurred in Harvard, when an essay of one of the young ladies of the Annex got mixed in with the regular list of those submitted by the boys for a prize. The professor, who is not a believer in co-education, whose duty it was to select the best essay, decided in favor of the stray manuscript; but when he came to look for the name of the writer he did not find it in the catalogue of the college, neither did he discover that she belonged to the Annex. Of course, she did not receive the prize, for young ladies are not permitted to compete. The second best essay won the laurels, but it was no small degree of satisfaction, doubtless, to know that though the prize was not won it was earned, and thereby another victory scored for equal opportunity and education among men and women.

MRS. BELVA LOCKWOOD'S BRAVERY.

In a recent letter written by Mrs. Lockwood, she intimates that she is willing to run for president again if urged. Of her previous nomination she writes—

"When my nomination for president was made by the national equal rights party, in 1884, it was not from any fanatical zeal or lack of knowledge of the real political situation of the

country on the part of the nominators, but to test the constitutional right of a woman to be nominated and elected to that supreme office. The desire of the nominators was to find a woman brave enough to meet the ordeal. And this in the face of the extraordinary political demoralization of the newspaper press of 1884, was not a sinecure. The test was made, and the political aspect of the woman question discussed, not only by pulpit, press and forum, but in every palace and hovel, from the Hub to the Golden Gate, and from the lakes to the gulf. It may have been the amusing side of the campaign, but it was an educator and civilizer, and a dense forest of ignorance has been blazed for a coming woman president. I am not anxious to know at this stage who that woman will be, but believe it not only possible, but probable, in the future of this country, by God's help."

INCONSISTENT POVERTY.

While traveling recently I was struck with some of the inconsistencies of people who are loudly poor. One old lady with a family of three children, was bewailing the fact that she had less than \$2.00 with which to pay expenses for herself and family for the remainder of her journey. Their car fare had been paid, but their food was yet to be provided for several days. She bickered for each little purchase she made and related to her fellow travelers the struggles for existence which she had made. "Many a time," said she, "I have gone without anything to eat to give my children food. I have washed and scrubbed by the day's work in order to keep from want." Some of the more sympathetic, who did not feel especially poverty stricken, were inclined to assist her out of her dilemma, but before anything had been done, the old lady, in enlarging upon the merits of her daughters, went a little further, and described with much fluency a half dozen or more elegant and expensive costumes belonging to each of them, any one of which would have kept them in food for weeks. She finally finished with this expression: "But you know, young ladies must dress if they go into society at all." Of course we knew. But why, we thought, will people be such worshipers at the shrine of fashion as to forego the dignity of independence.

FAMILY UNITY.

There is nothing more pleasing or better suited to individual development than good will and harmony in the family. Where parents are constantly contending with each other, children will do the same, and riot and disorder are the result. It is a fact that homes of young married people now are either worse or better than the early homes of their parents were. We account for this by the fact that woman is held in higher estimation than she was twenty-five years ago. Marriage now is a union of life companions, not the taking of an assistant by one or the other. When these companions prove incompatible, there is a severing of the family ties; when compatible there is family unity and a happy household. Some one has said that "there is very little truth telling between men and

women on either side. Men conceal from their wives the realities of their lives, as passed out of the house, on the plea that they are but coarse animals at the best, and that they do things which the purer creatures would better know nothing about; and women conceal the truth of their lives for fear lest they should be interfered with, denied or forbidden. When women want to have their own way, the popular doctrine among them is that they must maneuver for it. They must neither take it boldly, nor openly ask leave. Their husbands must be led to acquiesce by all manner of circuitous routes, and treated as the sick are treated by the sane, as children are treated by adults—that is, humored, hoodwinked, managed, and induced to do right by diplomacy, not by reason and justice." Now this may be the old method of family management, but we claim no such policy at present. We do find truth telling between husband and wife. We find families where husband and wife make each other their only confidants. We find women with enough individuality to determine and execute plans of their own, and earn increased respect by so doing. Family unity can be attained in no other way than through respect for the ability and worth of its members.

A STEPMOTHER APPRECIATED.

It is not always that stepmothers are unappreciated. Recently a Chinese emperor, in announcing the demise of his stepmother, sent the following communication to his ministers: "We have attended Her Majesty since we received the throne, and have cherished her for twenty-nine years. We have seen that in her declining days she had every comfort, and that she had passed the age of eighty, for which our heart was happy and calm, and we encouraged ourselves that she would happily add one year to another until she enjoyed the felicity of seeing a century. Lately, on the nineteenth day of the moon, she took an airing in the garden and returned to her palace. We daily went to inquire concerning her health. But, contrary to all anticipations, her ailments daily increased in violence, and the twenty-fourth, in the middle of the forenoon, 'she drove the fairy chariot and went the long journey.' Our grief broke out in long lamentations, for we are greatly afflicted. We humbly brought to mind that since the holy empress, 'Filial Pure Bright' (his own mother), left this world to take the upward journey we have been greatly indebted to Her Imperial Majesty Tabing for her abounding kindness and overshadowing favor. We have been made happy while attending to her behests, as men are rejoiced by the sun which prolongs their lives; but now we can never again look upon her affectionate countenance. Our grief cannot be easily assuaged."

A PERSIAN DINNER.

The Americans consider it quite uncultured indeed to sit down to a meal and eat in silence, but it is not so with the Persians. The dinners are placed upon the table in portions suitable for two persons. When all is ready, at the word "Bismillah" (in the name of God), the company begins eating, and no sound escapes them except that of mastication. The bill of fare at a certain Persian dinner, was a chillo and hillo, radishes, fried eggs, a stew of meat and a bowl of sherbet. These were all placed upon one tray and given to two persons. When they begin eating, they thrust their hands deep into the greasy dishes. With their fingers they squeeze the rice into balls and swallow it with astonishing rapidity. In less than a quarter of an hour little remains of the immense piles that have been set before them. Water is then brought in, each person slightly wets his fingers and wipes them on his handkerchief or coat as most convenient. Belts are then loosened and the

company lapses into a sound sleep. The Persians are large eaters, particularly the lower classes. They say the English do not eat, that they only play with their food.

A SCOTCH LEAP YEAR LAW.

The first statutory recognition of the leap year custom was probably that which was enacted in the parliament of Scotland in the year 1288. Certainly, ladies could not complain of it; and any lady who failed in securing her lover in common years, needed only to wait until the next leap year, when, if no rival were ahead of her, she certainly had the law to help her. The law read: "It is statut and ordaint that during the reine of her maist blissit megesty, ilk fourth year, known as leap year, ilk ladye of baith high and low estait shall hae libertye to bespeak ye man she likes; albeit, gif he refuses to take her to be his wyfe, he shall be mulcted in ye summe of ane undis, or less, as his estait moit be, except and awls gif he can make it appear that he is betrothit to ain ither woman, that he shan then be free."

THE QUEEN SILENCED.

The following anecdote is told of Queen Victoria: "When the statue of Beethoven was inaugurated at Bonn, King Frederick William entertained a brilliant company at a neighboring royal castle. Queen Victoria was among the guests. On the night of the court concert Liszt had arranged to play a piece with an 'introduction.' Queen Victoria arrived late, and did not appear in good spirits. As soon as he had taken his seat at the piano, her majesty complained of the heat, and a chamberlain flew to open a window. Two minutes later she found the draught unendurable. The chamberlain hastened to anticipate her wishes by closing the window. When he had played his introduction, instead of striking the opening chords of his piece, the master rose from his seat, bowed and vanished into the park to smoke a cigar. When he re-entered the concert room, half an hour later, King Frederick William rose to meet him, saying: 'You ran away just now, what was the matter with you?' 'I feared to inconvenience Queen Victoria in giving her orders,' replied Liszt. The king laughed heartily, and Liszt continued his performance amid devout silence."

BRIEF NOTES.

Mrs. Christina F. Haley, of New York, has made a comfortable fortune in a business rather unusual for a woman—the examination of inventions and patent claims. She is described as very quiet and retiring, and is said not to look nearly old enough to be the mother of two grown sons. She is chairman of one of the committees of sorosis.

At the close of the German opera season in New York, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt presented Madam Lehman, soloist of the May Musical Festival, at Cincinnati, with a diamond ornament representing a flaming sun; and a donor whose name is not mentioned, sent her a Nibelungen ring—two dragons set with diamonds and rubies.

Modern Greek women excel not only in personal refinement, but in general desire for self improvement. The Greek women of the higher class are generally clever, well bred, well informed, and might rival in accomplishments, culture and conversational powers, their sisters of the west.

The queen of the Belgians is a conjurer, and is said to produce bowls of fish from handkerchiefs, and to cause coins, watches and other articles to vanish into the air.

Probably no cotillion in this country has equaled in splendor that recently given in Paris by Mme. Oyagne, of South America. Among the favors were sunshades covered with real lace, real fur boas, gold pencils, expensive fans and other substantial nic-nacs.

A Portland, Maine, woman has read the bible through eighty-five times; she is seventy-five years old and began when she was seven. She reads from the same book with which she began, and on an average has read it one and one-fourth times through each year.

The government of Japan is about to establish a college for native ladies, at Tokio. The college will be under the management of English women for six years, after which time it will be managed by the Japanese.

Lady Colin Campbell, writes a London correspondent, is now to be seen in the black stuff dress and white cap and apron of a hospital nurse at St. George's hospital.

Mrs. Jennie Brown Potter is an expert seamstress and frequently made portions of her own gowns before her stage career enabled her to employ French dressmakers.

Rev. Mary C. Jones, who is described as an evangelist of rare ability, has been called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Spokane Falls, W. T.

More than one hundred women appeared in court in Bellefonte, Pa., recently, to contest the granting of licenses.

There are twenty-eight women studying at Columbia college. Co-education is likely to become the rule there soon.

St. Louis has a mining company composed entirely of women. They own a mine in Colorado.

Sarah Bernhardt is acting in Spain and Portugal.

TAKE CARE, GIRLS.

A well-bred young lady never accepts a valuable present from a gentleman acquaintance unless engaged to him.

She never turns around to look after any one when walking on the street.

She never takes supper or refreshments at a restaurant with a gentleman after attending the theater, unless accompanied by a lady much older than herself.

She does not permit gentlemen to join her in the street, unless very intimate acquaintances.

She does not wear her monogram about her person nor stick it over her letters and envelopes.

She never accepts a seat from a gentleman in a street car without thanking him.

She never snubs other young ladies, even if they happen to be less popular or favored than herself.

She never laughs or talks loudly in public places.

She never tries to stare people she doesn't know out of countenance on the street.

She never wears clothing so singular or striking as to attract particular attention in public.

She never speaks slightly of her mother and says she "don't care" whether her behavior meets with maternal approbation or not.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

HOUSE FLIES.—The spring season is the best time to destroy flies. If the first ones be destroyed there will be many less to contend with during the summer. The following method of destroying flies will recommend itself as a good one: Mix together equal parts, by measure, of melted resin and castor oil. Stir until thoroughly mixed, which will take but a minute. While yet a little warm, spread thin and evenly on any strong paper that is not porous. We use foolscap, writing paper, catalogue covers, show bills, etc. Spread with case knife or any straight-edged instrument slightly warmed. Leave a narrow margin to handle with. Lay the papers on tables, shelves or spare places where flies are numerous. They will soon cover the papers. As soon as they alight they will stick fast and soon pull themselves down. When the papers are covered two or three deep, put them in the stove and replace with others. Use no water. The oil prevents the resin from hardening, and has the peculiarity of not evaporating. The oil leaves no odor when cool. Ten cents will buy enough to kill all the flies in a hotel.

POTATO BALL BREAD.—Take a half teacup of mashed potatoes, salted as for eating; while very hot add a half spoonful white sugar; when cool add a teaspoonful good yeast. Keep in a cool place, but not in a cellar. Prepare this two days before baking. This is a "starter." Use an earthen jar in which to set the bread the evening before bake day. Boil enough potatoes to make a pint and a half mashed; while very hot add two tablespoonfuls salt; stir well and let cool, then add "starter," after which take out "starter" for next baking. The water in which the potatoes were cooked should be used to scald two spoonfuls of flour; when that cools add the potato yeast and allow it to rise. When very light sponge with warm water or whey; when light mix well and let rise, when it can be moulded into pans; let rise and bake. No one need have trouble baking after this recipe.

PRESERVED STRAWBERRIES.—A granite or earthenware kettle should be used, as it is unsafe to allow fruit to cool in metal. For each pound of carefully plucked fruit, washed and drained, allow one pound of sugar. Clarify the sugar by allowing half a pint of water to each pound of sugar, and boiling till clear, removing all the scum that may arise. After the sugar is clarified, set the kettle off the fire and put in the strawberries with great care, pouring the syrup over them. The fruit must not be stirred, as it will suffer. Set the kettle aside until the next day, when it must be set on the stove until the contents are hot. When thoroughly hot, set the kettle aside until next morning, when the same process is to be repeated, being careful never to stir. Now the fruit may cool, and when cold put it in jars, being careful that the fruit is covered with syrup.

BROWN THICKENING FOR SOUP.—This is easily prepared, is always ready, and will keep a long time, besides which it gives a far richer flavor than any other way of using flour thickening. Put into a small saucepan half a pound of butter; when hot stir into it half a pound of dry flour; stir this over the fire till a pale brown, taking great care it does not burn. One large tablespoonful thickens a quart of soup.

SALMON SALAD.—To one can of salmon take eight or ten stalks of celery; cut the celery into small pieces and mix with the salmon, which should also be picked into small bits; add a little salt and pepper, and pour on some good vinegar. A small onion may be added if desired.

Northwestern News and Information.

STAMPEDE TUNNEL.—The Northern Pacific railway tunnel through the Cascade mountains, under Stampede pass, has at last been completed, and trains are now passing through it instead of over the switchback. The contract for the tunnel was let in February, 1886, and all the material had to be hauled on wagons from Yakima, a distance of ninety miles, over a rough country. A portion of the heavy machinery required in construction was actually moved with block and tackle, and the great trucks on which it was loaded were kept from sinking into the soft ground by laying thick planks in front of the wheels, and as the trucks progressed with their ponderous loads the planks were hauled forward and replaced. This method was continued until the snow region was reached, when a transfer was made from trucks to skids. Here a new difficulty was encountered, but the contractor surmounted it. It was nothing less than the construction of a smooth and easy-grade road through a dense and heavy forest twelve miles in length, where the snow had accumulated to a depth of from six to ten feet, increasing in depth with altitude. This was done in order to reach the east end, and in order to reach the west end the same difficult work had to be continued over the summit through snow twenty feet deep, through gorges, over cliffs, down to the west portal. All of the supplies, machinery and tools had to be brought from Yakima, because it was utterly impossible to get in from the Puget sound country. The machinery once on the ground the work of construction began in earnest; but before a wheel was turned or a machine put in motion, upwards of \$125,000.00 had been expended. Much of this was caused by hardships encountered in winter weather. Difficulty was experienced in procuring labor, for at that time the Cascade division was being constructed, and men generally preferred railroad to tunnel work, which is regarded as difficult and hazardous. The west end approach consisted of an open cut through trap rock, while the east end enters the tunnel by crossing a creek immediately under a cataract which has a fall of one hundred and sixty feet. Before crossing this creek the track is made by cutting a heavy ridge or slide of earth and loose rocks. These two approaches contained in the aggregate upward of thirty thousand cubic yards of material, most of which was solid rock which had to be blasted. The strata or formation of the mountain lie nearly flat, having but a slight inclination from east to west across the entire range. By reason of this the work was more dangerous and difficult than is experienced in most tunnels. This one has been constructed for single track, being sixteen feet wide by twenty-two feet high, inside measurement. The progress made has been something marvelous. The tunnel was driven an average of sixteen feet per day during the last six months, and timbered close in the headings on both ends. In February five hundred and twenty-five feet of work were completed, and about the same in March. The entire length is nine thousand eight hundred and fifty feet.

MONTANA'S COPPER WEALTH.—About three years ago, the same companies that are now forming the trust, says a Montana letter in the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, decided to crush the growing copper industry of Montana, then having an output of less than ten million pounds per annum. The price of copper was

placed at ten cents a pound, and finally at nine cents. The Montana ores carrying enough gold and silver to pay the cost of smelting, no attention was paid to the action of the trust, and the works were extended, until the year just past shows an output of copper from these same despised mines of one-fourth of the total output of the world, with a prospect that the total for a year to come will be fully one-third of the world's total. The fall of the year just past, the trust decided to try another plan, and the price was run up from eleven cents to seventeen cents in a few weeks' time, with offers to all mines in operation to take their products at a certain price and give them shares in the trust. The Montana producers of to-day say: Take our metal; we want nothing further to do with your business. Our industry is yet in its infancy, our mines can furnish us vast increase, while the mines of Spain, Chili and Germany have been worked to their full capacity. The solution of the copper problem is that in less than ten years the price of copper will be settled here at home, instead of in London or in Paris, as at present. The Anaconda Mining and Smelting Company's output the past season was more than fifty-five million pounds of refined copper, which exceeded the total production of the United States for the year 1880. The other Montana mines furnish an equal amount, making a showing that the world can not equal, of an increased production of more than one hundred million pounds in three years. With the wealth of mineral we have, we are assured of a very bright future for our territory. All we ask of our eastern friends is to keep up with the times and give us the credit we deserve for turning our unknown territory into the first rank as a mineral producer, as we did in 1887. We have won the banner for mineral products, and intend to keep it.

Look at one of the instances where pluck has been rewarded: In 1883, J. B. Haggin, of San Francisco, purchased the Anaconda property for \$25,000.00. To-day he employs eleven hundred men in his mills and concentrators and six hundred in the mines, and the property is valued at \$15,000,000.00. When copper was at its lowest, he gave orders for a new smelting plant to cost \$100,000.00, which he has already started, and will double the product for this year. Two new smelting plants will be erected in the territory this season—at Helena and Great Falls—both plants to be as complete as money can make them. These two works alone will mean an expenditure of more than \$3,000,000.00 the present year, largely of eastern and foreign capital, showing the faith of the outside world in our mineral wealth, and yet the development has just begun.

SEATTLE, LAKE SHORE & EASTERN RAILWAY.—The contract was let May 17th for the construction of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern railway, connecting Seattle, on Puget sound, and Spokane Falls, in eastern Washington. The firm of Ryan & McDonald, of New York, are the contractors. The distance embraced in this contract is about two hundred and twenty-five miles, and extends from a point a few miles east of the Gilman mines, in Squak valley, via the Snoqualmie pass, to connect with the fifty-mile section of the road which is now being built west from Spokane Falls. The cost of this section is about \$5,000,000.00, and the road must be completed so that trains can run between Seattle and Spokane Falls within two years from

the date of the contract. One object in view is to be in a condition to handle a portion of the grain crop of Eastern Washington in 1890. This is the largest railroad contract ever let at one time in Washington Territory. Less than a year and a half ago, the first earth was moved on the construction of this railway, and now over fifty miles of the line are in operation. This contract begins fifty-one miles east of Seattle and thirty miles west of Snoqualmie pass, where work has already been begun and is being rapidly pushed on toward Spokane. The line passes through the largest hop yard in the world, and touches the river bank at Snoqualmie falls, runs along the Snoqualmie river and prairie and through what has been pronounced the finest body of timber in the world. Then it penetrates the mineral belt of the Cascade range, tapping rich beds of coal not yet developed, and quarries of limestone and marble, and passing through the heart of the rich iron mines of Snoqualmie. When the line of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern reaches the summit of the Cascade mountains, in the Snoqualmie pass, it will be only one hundred and twenty-five feet above the elevation of the Northern Pacific tunnel through the same range of mountains, which cost \$2,000,000.00, and over five hundred feet below the level of the switchback. Besides this, on account of the more favorable exposure in the Snoqualmie pass, but few snow sheds will be required. Leaving the pass, the road skirts along the shores of Lake Kitchilass, and proceeds thence by easy grades and inexpensive construction to the mineral regions of Cle-Elum, and on down through the fertile and beautiful valley of Kittitas, which is described as a rich and productive section. In the heart of this beautiful valley, the road reaches Ellensburg, from which point it takes a fresh start for the Columbia river, traversing the great bunch grass and stock raising section of Eastern Washington. The Columbia will be crossed by an iron bridge at or near Priest's rapids, which are the head of navigation on that stream. The scheme is regarded as an important one to develop the section of territory through which it passes, and it is being pushed vigorously. It gives Seattle additional importance as a railroad and shipping point.

PACIFIC GLACIER DROPS INTO THE SEA.—A correspondent writing to an Alaska paper speaks, concerning the circumstances of the breaking of the Pacific glacier, as follows: "After pulling for five days against head winds, we pulled into Bartlett's bay. Here we found a small party of Indians encamped, who were greatly excited and were mourning over the bodies of two of their companions, who had but recently been swept out into the bay and drowned, and for another who had shared a like fate, but whose body had not yet been recovered. Upon inquiry, we learned the following facts relative to the strange manner in which they came to their death. Five Indians—three men and two women—left Juneau about the 15th of April for the head of Glacier bay. Arriving at a point about twenty miles to the northwest of Muir's glacier, and about five miles northeast of Pacific glacier, the Indians pitched camp late at night on the beach, just above high tide, and soon retired to bed. About 10:00 o'clock the slumbering Indians were awakened by a terrific crash, coming from the direction of the Pacific glacier; but before they could fully comprehend their situation, a monster wave, some thirty or forty feet high, came rolling up the beach, carrying the Indians and their effects high up on the shore, and then receding again, carrying them into the bay. Two of the Indians managed to catch hold of trees as the waves dashed them against the side of the mountain, and thus saved themselves from being washed back into the bay, but the other three were swept back. The canoes were completely demolished and all the camp effects lost. The wave

coming up again, but not as high as the first, washed two of the bodies ashore, but the third one could not be found. Upon investigation, we found that this great wave was caused by the whole front of the Pacific glacier suddenly breaking off and dropping into the bay. It broke about six miles along the face and between four and five miles back, the body being from six hundred to eight hundred feet thick. The Pacific glacier is the largest of the group; so large that if the Muir glacier were placed alongside it would scarcely be noticed. Directly after the break, glacier bay presented such a jam of ice as has not been seen there before in years. Great bergs nearly a mile square, and projecting from two hundred to three hundred feet out of the water, were floating around, grinding up the smaller ones, and at intervals great chunks would break off and drop into the water, and the crash and roar sounded as if two armies were in close conflict and a hundred cannons were belching forth at once. It was with great difficulty that we reached the head of Glacier bay, our destination, on account of high waves and the innumerable icebergs that dotted the bay. The weather was very cold there and considerable snow yet covers the ground, but it is fast disappearing.

CALIFORNIAN VIEW OF OREGON.—It is greatly to the interest of California to have a large population in Oregon and Nevada. Oregon must soon supply us with important and necessary commercial productions which we will cease to create for ourselves. The two states will be tributary to each other, generating a mutual prosperity. Oregon has a climate soft and salubrious, by contrast with that of the east, and soil that is unrivaled for standard crops. There is plenty of arable land, majestic timber, mineral resources not half developed, and, above all, the opportunity to buy at moderate figures. These allurements are not lost upon the rest of the country, and backed by a hearty welcome of the new-comer, but they will speedily second what nature has done for the founding of a great American commonwealth. Joaquin Miller's characterization of Oregon as the "Emerald Land," has been seized upon by the eastern press, for it implies a land where grass grows and water runs, and is associated with verdure and foliage, with sun and shade. All tastes are not the same, and it is a happy promise of the symmetrical development of these coast states, that their good qualities so complement each other as to be attractive to a diversity of tastes. In climate, they run from dry to humid, and in productions they cover the great area between the two extremes. The men who traversed the long Oregon trail forty years ago were the pioneers of a great civilization. They were to the Argonaut, who made early California, what the adventurous settlers in the Wyoming valley and along the blue Juniata were to the commercial Knickerbockers, who settled New York. We speak of the middle states now as a group allied in interest and progress, working out the same destiny, and greatly interdependent. The Pacific states are to be another family group like that, with a population which will balance the census of the two sides of the continent. Therefore, we say to the immigrant: "If you don't see what you want in California, ask for it in Oregon; and if you don't see what you want in Oregon, ask for it in California or Nevada."—*Alta-California*.

NORTHERN PACIFIC BRANCHES IN MONTANA.—Articles of incorporation of the Northern Pacific & Montana railroad company, the object being to construct and operate branch railroads in Montana, to connect with the main line of the Northern Pacific, have been filed with the secretary of the territory. The capital stock is placed at \$10,000,000.00. The proposed branches are as follows: (1) A railroad, the termini of which

are to be located in Lewis and Clarke county, Montana. The road shall pass partly through this county, and the general route from a point on the main line of the Northern Pacific, at or near Birdseye station, thence extending in a northwesterly direction to Marysville, and thence, via Gloster mine, to Empire. (2) Another, the termini of which are to be located in the counties of Jefferson and Silver Bow. The general route of this road shall be from a point at or near Jefferson City, thence up Boulder valley and across the divide to Butte City. (3) A road from a point on the road from Boulder to Butte, at or near Boulder City, thence to a point on the main line of the Northern Pacific near Gallatin City. (4) Another from a point at or near Jefferson City, thence down the Boulder river to a point near the mouth of Elkhorn canyon, and thence to Elkhorn City. (5) Another from or near the city of Missoula, across the Hell Gate river to the Bitter Root river, and southwardly up the Bitter Root valley, via Stevensville, Corvallis and Shalkaho, to a point near the west fork of the Bitter Root river, and thence in a general southeasterly direction to Ross' Hole. (6) A road of which the starting point will be at or near the city of Drummond, thence across the Hell Gate river, and in a general course west of southwardly up the valley of Flint creek to a camp near the mouth of Flint creek, thence to a point at or near Philipsburg, and thence to a point at or near the Granite mines. (7) From a point on the main line of the Northern Pacific, near Livingston, in a general northerly direction to the mines in the vicinity of Castle, in Meagher county. (8) A railroad in the counties of Yellowstone and Choteau, the general course of which shall be from a point on the main line of the Northern Pacific at or near Billings, thence in a northwesterly direction, via Fort Benton and the valley of the Marias river, to the northern boundary line of the territory. Also such branch roads to such points in the territory as the company shall from time to time determine.

BLACKFOOT INDIAN RESERVATION.—The bill changing the limits of the Northern Indian Reservation, in Montana, has become a law. The entire reservation contains twenty-two million eighty-four thousand acres of land, and was occupied by the Blackfoot, Piegan and Blood Indians, attached to three agencies, to-wit: The Fort Peck, the Fort Belknap and the Blackfoot. According to the latest data in the hands of the interior department, at Washington, there are seven thousand five hundred of these Indians. The new law gives them a generous allotment of lands, aggregating somewhere in the neighborhood of four million acres, or a little over five hundred and thirty-three acres each, leaving about eighteen million acres subject to homestead and pre-emption entry. The opening of the reservation will prove of great advantage to the stock men of Montana. It gives them a new range country as large as many of the smaller states of the Union. The territory opened to settlement comprises some of the best grazing and agricultural lands in the northwest. The only mountain ranges in this vast domain are the Sweet Grass hills and the Bear Paw and Little Rocky mountains. The Sweet Grass hills are thirty-five miles long by twelve to fifteen miles in width; the Bear Paw mountains are twenty-five by twenty-five miles in extent; the Little Rocky mountains are twenty-five miles long and from ten to fifteen miles wide. Taking the aggregate number of square miles covered by mountain ranges and their foothills—about fifteen hundred—there still remains over twenty-five thousand square miles of rolling prairie and valley lands for occupation. Here will the over-stocked ranges of Montana find an outlet for their surplus cattle, sheep and horses. The country is well watered and capable of sustaining more stock than is at present

contained in the limits of Montana. While the greater portion of Montana to the South of Sun river and the Judith basin is broken by mountain ranges, this great northern country is one immense, rolling prairie pasture, interspersed with fertile valleys and meadows. Here was the home of the buffalo, deer, elk and antelope, and the last stronghold of the savage tribes who lived upon the natural increase of nature's herds, until, hemmed in on all sides by the whites, the large game swiftly fell a prey to both red and white hunters and was exterminated for the skins and robes.

YELLOWSTONE PARK.—For the third time, the United States senate has passed a bill for the enlargement of the Yellowstone National Park and the protection of the forests, game and natural wonders within its limits. Under this bill, all that portion of the park lying in Idaho and Montana is restored to those territories, and the northern and western lines are the boundary lines of Wyoming, thus throwing the entire park within the limits of Wyoming. The southern boundary is extended to the forty-fourth parallel of latitude, a distance of nine and one-half miles, and the eastern boundary is carried to the meridian of one hundred and nine degrees and thirty seconds, adding a strip of territory twenty-five miles in width. The entire area added to the park is about two thousand square miles, while the portion cut off is comparatively small. This proposed addition abounds in large streams, and takes in the sources of the Columbia and Yellowstone, the waters running to both oceans. For the preservation of the water in this natural reservoir, the dense timber which covers the region is of immense value, and senators believe that the best way to prevent its destruction is to include it within the park. The added country includes favorite resorts of deer, elk, bear and mountain sheep, while the present limits of the park are much too small for a satisfactory game preserve. The bill provides for the administration of justice within the park, and fixes proper penalties for offenses, thus curing a serious defect in the present law governing the preserve. A local magistrate is to live within the park to try all violations of rules made for its preservation. Indictable offenses are to be tried in the courts of Wyoming.

LOST RIVERS OF IDAHO.—There are streams in various sections of the west which bear the name of "Lost river," and others that are as much "lost" as they, which have received less significant titles. Some of these simply lose their identity in a great marsh, such as the Humboldt, while others disappear as suddenly from sight as does a man when he falls through a trap door. Streams of this latter kind are found in the great lava plains of Southern Idaho. Large streams and creeks totally disappear from sight in dark, rocky chasms, and are never seen again. In past ages, great rivers of lava flowed through that region. The upper portion of the molten mass gradually cooled, forming a hard and thick crust, while the central mass still liquid in form, upon the cessation of the supply, ran out, leaving a long, hollow tube. The whole lava region is probably underlaid with these under-ground natural aqueducts. In many places, something has occurred to break through this upper crust, thus making a point of entrance, and it is into these openings that the streams disappear, continuing their course by the under-ground route. At one point on Snake river, one of these subterranean streams issues from an opening in the basaltic walls, which rise hundreds of feet above the river, and leaps as a great cataract down the face of the cliff into the great river. The source of this stream is supposed to be in the mountains to the northward, though which, if any, of the streams disappearing in the plain is the one thus suddenly bursting into view again as a cataract, probably never will be known.

QUICKSILVER MINES IN OREGON.—The Bonanza Quicksilver Mining Company is now erecting a ten-ton plant for the reduction of its abundant ores, in Douglas county, Oregon. The last run on a trial furnace was a fine success, and even on a small scale paid well. The present works were completed early in May. They were gotten up by A. Todd, and are the result of his experience in the quicksilver mines of Oregon during the past fifteen years. The outlook for the coming summer is a good one, as the mines are very extensive. The owners of the Elk Head quicksilver mines are now erecting a forty-ton furnace, which will be in operation in August next. It is of the most improved pattern. The owners are competent to judge of a good furnace, being the pioneers in the quicksilver business in Oregon. The ore vein on a two-hundred-foot level is fifty feet wide, and of medium grade. These mines have been in operation for the past seven years, during which time large amounts of quicksilver have been shipped; but the works were small and of rather primitive pattern. A tunnel taps the vein at a depth of three hundred feet, and shows an inexhaustible body of good paying ore. Limited means did not, in the past, allow the owners to erect larger works. But the obstacle has now been overcome, and Oregon will soon be able to supply all the quicksilver needed in the northwest; even the extensive demands of Montana and those rich mining districts of Washington and Idaho.

CŒUR D'ALENE RAILROAD.—As previously predicted, the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company has actually begun construction of its line from Farmington, W. T., to the Cœur d'Alene mines and Spokane Falls. The company doing the work is the Washington & Idaho R. R. Co., organized for that purpose two years ago, which was recently granted right of way by congress across the Cœur d'Alene reservation. The Oregon Railway Extension Company was recently organized to construct the necessary connecting link between Texas Ferry, on Snake river, and the Palouse branch, a distance of twenty-three miles. These improvements will give the O. R. & N. Co. a complete line, under its own management, from Portland to Spokane Falls and the Cœur d'Alene mines. These are the natural fruits of the failure of the joint lease project, and the beginning of these improvements shows that the managers of the O. R. & N. Co. have been aroused to the situation, and appreciate how nearly the road came to being "bottled up." Direct connection between Portland and the great mining region means much for this city, and is something the people have long desired and worked for. That the opportunity to take full advantage of the situation by the erection of extensive reduction works will not long be neglected, is beyond question. Portland is the natural outlet and smelting point for the ores of Cœur d'Alene, as well as other extensive mineral regions.

A MOUNTAIN SEAMED WITH METAL.—Some recent strikes in the Red Elephant mine, besides being of great value in themselves, go to prove a question of great importance. The situation is this: The Red Elephant group, consisting of the Red Elephant, the Central, the Queen Fraction and the Caledonia mines (owned by General Roberts and Mr. Venable of this city, and Mr. Bryan of New York) lies on one side of the hill; on the other side are the Bullion, Jay Gould, O. K., May Flower, Rising Sun, etc., some of which have wide fame as large ore producers. Now, if great ore deposits be found on the Red Elephant side, similar to those on the Bullion side, since all the veins run toward the summit, it shows that the whole mountain is full of ore; that it is a second Comstock and will some day be worked, perhaps through the Bullion tunnel. Such a

theory is borne out by the strikes just made in the Red Elephant. Three or four days ago, General Roberts got word that four feet of gold galena had been found in the lowest level; and now comes word of a couple of other strikes of like proportions. A level-headed mining man of Bullion was up to the mine yesterday, and telephoned to the general: "You have got the biggest mine on the river." Further particulars will be awaited with interest. The Red Elephant has ore on three levels, which proves the continuity of the vein, and has three hundred sacks of ore ready for shipment.—*Inter-Idaho.*

POPULATION OF NORTHWESTERN CITIES.—The Oregon, Washington and Idaho Gazetteer, of R. L. Polk & Co. has been issued since THE WEST SHORE last went to press. It is a larger, more comprehensive work than any of its predecessors. Its lists of business names in the cities covered by it were obtained by careful canvass of its own agents, and are reasonably correct. Accepting them as so, and averaging the people at fifteen in number to the directory name, the population of the largest seven towns north of California and west of the Rocky mountains, is found to be as follows:

Town.	Business Names.	Population.
Salem.....	356	5,340
Astoria.....	372	5,580
Walla Walla.....	387	5,805
Spokane.....	527	7,905
Tacoma.....	782	10,230
Seattle.....	1,037	15,570
Portland.....	2,743	41,195

The last includes only the city proper. According to the city directory just issued by the same firm, Portland, East Portland and Albina, all practically one city, though distinct municipal corporations, possess a population of sixty thousand.

OREGON WAGON ROAD GRANTS.—Senator Dolph's bill providing, in certain cases, for forfeiture of wagon road grants in the state of Oregon, passed the senate. The bill directs the attorney-general to bring suit in the United States circuit court for the district of Oregon, against all persons and corporations claiming to own or having an interest in the military wagon road from Eugene City to the eastern boundary of the state; and also the military wagon road from The Dalles to Fort Boise, on Snake river, and determine the question of seasonable and proper completion of the roads in accordance with the terms of the granting acts. To determine, also, the legal effects of the several certificates of the governor of Oregon on the completion of such roads, and the right of resumption of such granted land by the United States, and to obtain judgment, which the court is authorized to render, declaring forfeited to the United States all of such lands conterminous with the part or parts of either of such wagon roads which were not constructed in accordance with the requirements of the granting acts, and setting aside patents which have been issued for any of such lands, saving and preserving the rights of all *bona fide* purchasers of either of such grants, for valuable consideration, if any such there be.

FUR SEALS IN THE PACIFIC.—It is a mistaken idea that fur seals are only to be had on the Alaskan coast, and that it is absolutely necessary to invade the blockaded Behring's sea in order to procure the valuable skins of that amphibious animal. Hundreds of them are now being captured off the mouth of the Columbia and along the entire coast from San Francisco to Alaska. Schooners from San Francisco, Victoria, Seattle and other points are engaged in this business, and reports are almost daily received of their success in capturing seals along the coast. The method of operating is very simple. Each vessel

carries a crew of hunters, who use it as a base from which to cruise about in boats, two men to each boat. One of these rows the boat and the other carries a rifle, with which he shoots the seals when brought within range. It is essential that the animal be simply wounded, for if killed he sinks at once out of sight and is lost. If wounded, he floats upon the surface until he dies, giving the hunter an opportunity to reach and secure him. A vessel entered Yaquina bay about the 1st of May, having a cargo of fourteen hundred skins, taken on the way thither from San Francisco.

RIVER AND HARBOR APPROPRIATIONS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.—The river and harbor appropriation bill now in congress, and which will probably be passed and signed, with slight modifications, includes the following items for the Pacific coast: Humboldt, \$150,000.00; Oakland, \$175,000.00; Wilmington, \$90,000.00; Yaquina bay, \$120,000.00; San Joaquin, \$25,000.00; Redwood, \$74,000.00; Mokelumne, \$2,000.00; San Louis, \$25,000.00; Sacramento and Feather, \$20,000.00; San Diego, \$1,000.00; Napa, \$7,500.00; Petaluma, \$2,000.00; Deep Sea Mooring, \$150,000.00; Coquille river, \$20,000.00; Coos bay, \$50,000.00; Cascades, \$175,000.00; Upper Columbia, \$10,000.00; mouth of Columbia, \$350,000.00; Lower Willamette, \$80,000.00; Upper Willamette, \$150,000.00; Coquille, between Coquille and Myrtle points, \$2,000.00; gauging water of the Columbia, \$2,500.00; Chehalis river, \$2,000.00; Cowlitz, \$2,500.00; Skagit, \$15,000.00. The Mississippi river, from Minnesota to the gulf, receives \$3,385,000.00; St. Mary's river, Fla., \$1,500,000.00; Missouri river, \$625,000.00; Columbia, \$635,000.00. The whole amount appropriated is \$19,432,738.00.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT OREGON CITY.—The contract for constructing a suspension bridge across the Willamette river at Oregon City has been awarded to the Pacific Bridge Company, of San Francisco, for \$23,000.00, of which Clackamas county pays \$18,000.00, Oregon City the \$1,000.00 it donated by vote, and the Willamette Locks & Transportation Company \$4,000.00. The bridge will be braced at each end by an iron tower, and will be held up by two massive cables on each side, one cable running from its anchorage at one end of the bridge, over the river and towers, to an anchorage at the other end. A second cable is anchored at either end lower down, nearer the shore, and is shorter. The bridge will be nine hundred and thirty-five feet long, the main span four hundred and fifty feet, and be seventy-five feet above low water. This will be the sixth bridge across the Willamette. The structure will be a graceful one, and an ornament as well as an advantage to the city. It must be finished by the first of September.

BIG BEND METROPOLIS.—Waterville is the principal town of the Big Bend country, in Washington Territory, although it was only laid out last fall. It is a government town site, and there is no speculation in town lots there. Any citizen can secure two lots by paying for the making out of the papers, but every man who secures a lot must build a house on it before he can secure a patent on his property. From Waterville to within twelve miles of Spokane Falls, a distance of about one hundred and twenty-five miles, there is a gently rolling bunch grass country, which is an empire in itself, and all it requires is a thrifty class of settlers to make it productive. The Big Bend proper comprises a strip of land one hundred and thirty miles long and twenty miles wide, or in other words, two thousand square miles. The Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern railway, to be completed within the coming two years, will run through the heart of the Big Bend country.

LATAH COUNTY, IDAHO.—May 15 a bill creating the county of Latah, from a portion of Nez Perce county, Idaho, was signed by President Cleveland. Moscow will be the county seat. The act establishing the new county provides that all that portion of Nez Perce county, in the territory of Idaho, lying north of the following line, to-wit: Commencing at a point where the middle line of township thirty-eight north intersects the line between Nez Perce and Shoshone counties, in said territory; thence west to Big Potlatch creek, where it first intersects the said middle line of township thirty-eight; thence down said creek southwesterly to a point where it intersects the middle line of township thirty-seven; thence due west to the line between the territories of Idaho and Washington, be, and the same is hereby, formed and organized into a county, to be known and designated as the county of Latah, with all the rights, powers and privileges of the counties under the existing laws of the territory of Idaho.

WALLULA'S PROSPECTS.—Wallula, which has always been looked upon as simply a railroad junction in a desert, is coming to the front. The construction of Hunt's railroad from that point to Walla Walla, by the way of Eureka Flat, and the building of the branch line of the O. R. & N. Co. in the same direction, added to the recent completion of the road southwestward into Umatilla county, makes Wallula the junction of six lines, belonging to four distinct companies. This, alone, will add much to the population and value of property. There is, however, another resource. The lack of water is all that renders the soil of that locality unproductive, and this defect it is proposed to remedy by constructing irrigating ditches from Snake and Walla Walla rivers. As a great railroad junction and the center of a considerable agricultural population, Wallula must necessarily largely increase its present proportions.

MONTANA STOCK SHIPMENTS.—The shipments of cattle from Montana eastward last year, over the Northern Pacific, amounted to seventy-five thousand head, and of mutton sheep, one hundred and two thousand. There were also shipped into Washington Territory thirty-five thousand head of sheep which will be fattened and go to market this year. From Washington and Montana shipments of horses have been made as follows:

1884.....	400
1885.....	5,000
1886.....	8,000
1887.....	9,000

COLUMBIA RIVER AND CLARKE'S FORK STEAMERS.—Articles incorporating the Metalline Transportation Company have been filed with the clerk of Multnomah county. The object of the incorporation is to operate a line of steamers on Clarke's Fork of the Columbia river, or the Pend d'Oreille river, from the Metalline mining district to Sand Point, on the Northern Pacific, and the Columbia from Kettle falls to the headwaters of the stream, and to engage in building railways, canals, locks, dams, bridges, telegraph lines, etc.

OLYMPIA, BLACK RIVER & CHEHALIS R. R. Co.—Under the foregoing title, a company has been incorporated by Seattle capitalists for the purpose of building a line of railroad from Olympia to Black lake, and down the Black and Chehalis rivers to Elma, with a branch from Black lake to Mud bay. Surveyors are in the field locating the route. The chief business of the road will be derived from the magnificent forests through which it will run.

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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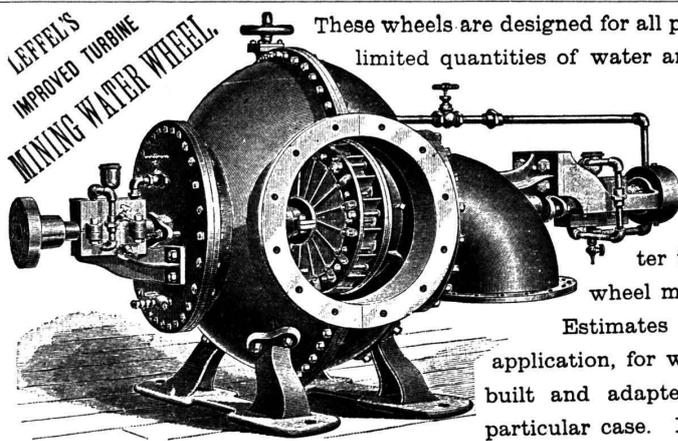
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Directory of Leading Newspapers of the Northwest.

THE BUSINESS EDUCATOR, published monthly by A. P. Armstrong, Prin. Portland Business College, Portland, Or. Each number contains interesting reading matter, cuts of pen work, etc. Sample copy free.

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