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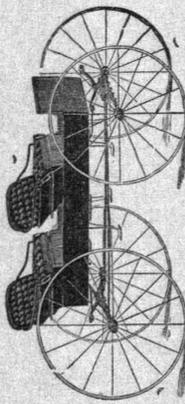


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PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

This number of *THE WEST SHORE* is one with which every reader will be pleased. A careful perusal of it reveals what enterprise and push accomplishes for a city in the rapidly-developing Northwest. The grand feature of the April number will be a magnificent supplement, in colors, of the "Olympic Range," as seen from Seattle harbor. This view is said to be one of the grandest in the world, and our artist has done the subject full justice. The April number will also contain a large amount of general information and illustrations of Seattle. It will be sent postage paid to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of 25 cents, inclusive of supplement.

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Supplement, in Nine Colors, "Entrance to the Columbia River."

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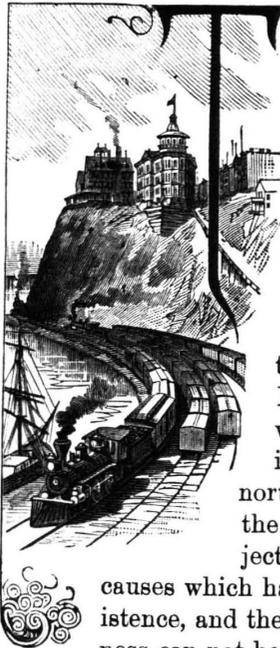
THE WEST SHORE.

14TH YEAR.

MARCH, 1888.

No. 3.

THE CITY OF TACOMA.



HERE is but one Tacoma. It is the city whose natural location, whose established commercial connections, whose varied and extensive resources, have given it such material prosperity, and assured it such a substantial future as to attract the attention of all who keep posted in regard to the development of the Pacific Northwest. It is the city which has made greater strides in the past year than any other north of California, and west of the Rocky mountains. The object of this article is to show the causes which have brought the city into existence, and the reasons why its future greatness can not be open to question.

Tacoma does not depend upon any one resource for its future growth. Many cities in the Mississippi valley have grown into commercial importance by having centered in them an extensive trade in grain. Pennsylvania has her cities built up by the manufacture of iron. In Colorado, cities have been the outgrowth of the development of her extensive mines. In Michigan, the lumber industry has developed great commercial centers. In California, cities of metropolitan importance have sprung up in a few years, in regions where the fruit industry is their chief resource. Tacoma is so favorably located as to enjoy all of the natural advantages which contribute to the growth and development of a large city, and in this particular she is unlike other cities, which have grown wonderfully with limited resources, as compared with those of Tacoma. If any one of the following named industries, to-wit: The handling of grain, the manufacture of iron, the converting of tim-

ber into merchantable lumber, the raising of fruit and canning and drying the same for market, the development of mines of precious metals, the exporting and importing of the products of other countries, has been sufficient to develop and sustain cities of several scores of thousands of people, what shall be said of the prospects for the future growth of that city whose natural location is such that she has for her resources, not only all of those mentioned, but many more?

In order to consider the subject fully, let us inquire into the natural sources of wealth which are tributary to Tacoma; first, of the country in general, and afterwards the particular locality in which Tacoma is situated. Tacoma is located at the head of navigation on Puget sound, in Washington Territory. The territory comprises sixty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-four square miles, of which it is estimated fifteen million acres are tillable. The eastern portion of the territory is largely prairie land, adapted to the raising of grain. The Cascade range of mountains separates the eastern portion of the territory from the western, and a little to the west of the center. The western portion of the territory is covered with a magnificent growth of fir, spruce and cedar timber, the finest in the world, and estimated to have contained, originally, one hundred and sixty billion feet, of which only about three billion feet have as yet been cut out.

The climatic conditions of these two divisions of the territory are marked. The western portion has a climate which is mild and moist, owing to the influence of the Japan current, which strikes the Pacific coast on the western shore of the territory. Every variety of climate and soil can be found in Washington Territory. In the southeastern portion of the territory, grapes, peaches, and fruits which thrive in warmer countries, are raised successfully and in abundance. In the Yakima and Kittitas valleys, just east of the Cascade range, both of which are highly productive under irrigation, immense crops of barley,

grain and vegetables are produced. All of the country lying south and east of the Columbia river, clear through to the Rocky mountains, is adapted to raising wheat, the average yield for the acreage now in use being thirty bushels per acre. This region, which is generally known as the Columbia river basin, and sometimes called the Inland Empire, comprises about twenty-five million acres, capable of producing, when tilled to its fullest capacity, upward of two hundred million bushels of wheat per annum, the annual surplus of which has already reached the very considerable bulk of fifteen millions of bushels. West of the Cascade range of mountains, are found extensive fertile valleys, which yield, under the influence of a moist, mild climate, immense crops of hops, hay and vegetables, and the clay loam uplands, when cleared, yield plentifully of hardy fruits, such as apples, pears, prunes, plums, cherries and small fruits. Immediately east of Tacoma, about thirty miles distant, are found extensive deposits of coal, which have been reliably estimated to be worth more than the value of all the precious metals ever produced in golden California. These deposits vary in thickness from three to twenty feet, and are believed to extend throughout the Cascade range of mountains, from the extreme northern to the extreme southern boundary of the territory. The coal measures of this field have been opened up, and its mines are now being rapidly developed, upwards of one thousand tons per day finding shipment from Tacoma. Near by, have been discovered extensive deposits of iron, copper and marble. On the eastern slope of the Cascade range of mountains, rich mines of gold and silver are being worked, and in the Salmon river district, located in the central part of the northern portion of the territory, have been discovered ledges of gold and silver which bid fair to rival, in richness, the mines of an Eldorado. Immediately adjacent to Tacoma, and on the islands in Puget sound, tributary to this city, are extensive lime quarries, which supply, to a large extent, the market of the Pacific coast. In no portion of the world is there found, in such close proximity for manufacturing purposes, iron ore, coking coal and lime, the three essentials for the manufacture of iron and steel. The iron and lime are both found on navigable waters, and can thus be transported to Tacoma at very small expense. As the resources of the territory become more generally developed, there is found ample justification for the statement, that no similar area of the United States, or the world, enjoys so much and varied wealth in natural resources as Washington Territory.

The location of Tacoma is most favorable for reaping the greatest benefits arising from the development of these resources. It is situated at the head of

navigation on Puget sound, which is an arm of the Pacific ocean, extending in, through the Straits of Fuca, to the wharves at Tacoma, without reef or rock, open for navigation three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. The Straits of Fuca are thirteen miles in width, and present a favorable highway for navigators, who frequently sail their craft to Tacoma without assistance of pilot or tug. The safety of Puget sound for navigation is attested by the fact that no vessel has ever been lost between the Straits of Fuca and Tacoma. Vessels of the deepest draft can land at the wharves at Tacoma at any stage of tide. Commencement bay, on which Tacoma is located, is all that could be desired, being land-locked and capable of affording anchorage for all the vessels which will find their way here for cargoes. The local trade of Puget sound is tributary to Tacoma by numerous local steamers. The immense wheat fields of Eastern Washington are tributary to Tacoma by the Cascade division of the Northern Pacific, which has recently been completed across the Cascade mountains, and which, with other feeding lines, reaches the heart of the richest and most populous portions of Eastern Washington. The trade of the mining districts above referred to, is tributary to Tacoma by steamers on the Columbia river, in Eastern Washington, and thence to Tacoma by rail. On the south, Tacoma enjoys connection direct with Oregon and California, by means of the Pacific division of the Northern Pacific railroad to Portland, Oregon, and thence to San Francisco by the Oregon & California railroad. The main line of the Northern Pacific railroad, to St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth, extends directly east from Tacoma, through the Cascade mountains and Eastern Washington. The trade of Eastern Oregon is tributary to Tacoma by connections made with the Union Pacific railroad, in the southeastern portion of the territory. Thus it will be seen that the channels of trade already established in the territory center at Tacoma.

Tacoma was chosen as the western terminus of the Northern Pacific railroad by a resolution of the board of directors of that company, passed in 1873. Owing to the financial difficulties under which that corporation labored, but little development was evidenced in the place until 1880, from which time its growth has been rapid. Its greatest growth has been within the last year, since the completion of the main line of the road across the Cascade mountains, which at one time were considered an insurmountable barrier. Knowing that a great city would inevitably spring up at the point on the tide water of the Pacific coast at which its road would terminate, the Northern Pacific Railroad Company's management years ago purchased, in and around the town site of

Tacoma, upwards of thirteen thousand acres of land, the larger portion of which it has not disposed of, knowing that, in time, its large landed interests here must grow to be of immense value, now estimated to be worth \$10,000,000.00. Here are located the headquarters of the western officials of that company. Here it is now completing, at an expenditure of upwards of \$100,000.00, a magnificent structure to be used as offices by the management. Here are located its extensive car, repair and machine shops. Here it owns two miles of valuable water front in the city, which it declines to sell, knowing the immense value to which it will ultimately reach. At no other point on Puget sound does the Northern Pacific Railroad Company have any landed interests. Here it has caused to be constructed, by the Tacoma Land Company, in which corporation it owns fifty-one per cent. of the stock, a magnificent hotel, the finest to be found on the Pacific coast north of San Francisco, and costing over \$250,000.00. By centering its western terminal business at Tacoma, the Northern Pacific Railroad Company is reaping sufficient profit out of its landed interests to liquidate the cost of construction of a large portion of the roads constructed in the territory.

While the interests of Tacoma might be considered as identical with those of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, yet the city has other avenues, by means of which the commercial ascendancy of Tacoma is assured. The Canadian Pacific Company has recently put on a line of steamers between Vancouver, its western terminus, and Tacoma, thus giving the wholesale dealer the choice of two competing roads in bringing his merchandise from the East. A line of steamers, having its headquarters at Tacoma, plies regularly to Alaska, which is developing in mineral wealth, and the general trade of which is rapidly increasing. The Bellingham Bay & British Columbia railroad, which will parallel the shore of Puget sound, through the rich valleys west of the Cascade mountains, will probably terminate at Tacoma, and thus make tributary to it a large scope of the richest agricultural land, not now tributary by water. Under the charter given to this company by the United States government, work must be commenced during the present year, and its management is in the hands of men who will push the construction of the road without delay. It is well known that transcontinental railroads, other than the Northern Pacific, are pushing their lines toward Puget sound, and it is generally conceded that they will be compelled to terminate at Tacoma, in order to compete with the two lines which already find profitable business here. Notable among the roads whose preliminary surveys point toward Tacoma, are the Mani-

toba, the Northwestern, the Union Pacific, through its ally, the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, and the Central Pacific. That these roads will, in the course of a few years, reach Puget sound, is beyond a possibility of doubt, for it will be the scene of active development, and they will seek the trade which will be, and now is, the outgrowth of that development.

From the fact that the chief channels of trade center at Tacoma, it naturally follows that here is the emporium for the products of the territory, for exchange and export, and it must necessarily become the supply depot for all the region which is tributary to it. Although the Cascade division of the Northern Pacific railroad has been completed but a few months, upwards of one-sixth of the surplus wheat of the inland empire has been diverted to Tacoma, from the channel by which it formerly found its export from Portland. Until recently, the trade of Eastern Oregon and Washington has been tributary to Portland, by means of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company's line down the Columbia river. A few of the reasons why Tacoma must, in the near future, outstrip Portland in her present commercial supremacy, will not be inappropriate. The City of Portland is located on the Willamette river, about twelve miles from its confluence with the Columbia river, by means of which it has connection with the Pacific ocean. At the mouth of the Columbia river is a bar. The river itself, up to the mouth of the Willamette, has shoals and bars which greatly impede navigation, except at high stage of water. The expense attending the shipment of wheat from Portland is greater than from Tacoma, chiefly in the three following particulars, to-wit: Pilotage, lighterage and insurance. There are no charges for pilotage on a vessel coming to Tacoma, and no necessity for lighterage, and the dangers of navigation being at the very minimum, insurance rates are less on vessels to Tacoma than to Portland. Bearing on this point, the following from the *Oregonian*, the leading newspaper of Portland, of recent date, is of interest:

On the 18th of January, the ship *W. F. Babcock* sailed from Tacoma with the largest cargo of wheat that ever left Puget sound—seventy-three thousand and thirty-three centals. Her port expenses (not including advances to seamen) were as follows:

Towage to and from the sea.....	\$ 300.00
Custom house charges.....	70.00
Discharging ballast, at 40 cents a ton, 600 tons.....	240.00
Lumber for lining ship.....	285.00
Labor for lining ship.....	100.00
Stevedoring 3,260 tons wheat in bags.....	978.00
Water at Tacoma.....	28.25
Broker's fees, \$2.50 per man.....	30.00
Surveyor's fees.....	30.00

Total.....\$2,059.25

If this ship, carrying over three thousand tons, had loaded at Portland, her expenses, at the specific rates charged here, would have been as follows:

Bar towage (in and out)	\$1,000.00
Bar pilotage (in and out).....	352.00
River towage (up and down).....	400.00
River pilotage (up and down).....	118.00
Discharging 600 tons ballast, at 75 cents.....	450.00
Lumber for lining.....	285.00
Labor for lining.....	100.00
Loading 3,260 tons, at 50 cents.....	1,630.00
Lighterage, not less than.....	1,400.00
Broker's fees, \$15.00 per man.....	240.00
Surveyor's fees.....	30.00
Custom house.....	70.00
Total	\$6,075.00

Here we have a total bill, for loading at Portland, of \$6,075.00, against a total bill, for loading at Puget sound (Tacoma), of \$2,059.25. In several of the smaller items, it will be seen that the fees are larger than at Puget sound (Tacoma). Stevedoring here costs fifty cents per ton, and at Tacoma only thirty cents; to discharge ballast here costs seventy-five cents per ton, there forty cents; brokerage for supplying sailors costs \$15.00 per man here, and only \$2.50 at the sound; but it is not these smaller items that make the contrast. Towage, pilotage and lighterage here would cost, for a ship like the *Babcock*, \$3,270.00—at the sound, \$300.00. Here is the secret of the cheaper ocean rates at Puget sound (Tacoma), and the corresponding higher prices for wheat.

From this it will be seen that a vessel can take cargo at Tacoma, and get out into the Pacific ocean, for several thousand dollars less expenditure than at Portland. As a consequence, wheat is worth more at Tacoma, by from six to twelve cents per cental, than at Portland, and the difference in expense between these ports, which will still further widen in Tacoma's favor, must inevitably force all of the wheat for export from the Inland Empire to Tacoma. The freight rate from Eastern Washington to Tacoma is the same as to Portland. Not only will the wheat from that region find shipment from Tacoma, but, for the same reason, the surplus wheat of the rich Willamette valley has been brought *through Portland* to Tacoma for shipment abroad. The prevailing winds off the coast at the entrance to the Straits of Fuca are northerly during the summer months, from May to the end of October, and easterly the balance of the year, but drawing generally westerly up the straits to Port Townsend, the port of custom entry for the entire Puget sound district, thus enabling vessels to sail in without a tug, and the well known freedom of all obstructions or dangers to navigation, therefore, obviate the necessity of employing a pilot. Arriving at Tacoma, the only wheat shipping port on Puget sound, the ship is anchored in from twelve to twenty fathoms of water, within easy distance of the dock, and ballast can be discharged without the expense of hauling it away. In Tacoma there are no harbor or town dues, or dock or wharfage charges of any kind.

At present the export trade from Tacoma, on Puget sound, is greater than the import trade, thus mak-

ing it necessary for vessels coming here seeking cargo to come, in some cases, in ballast; but with the increasing Oriental and other foreign trade it will soon be the exception for a vessel to come in ballast. Tacoma is eight hundred miles nearer Japan than San Francisco, and this distance in mileage is upwards of two days to the average sailing vessel. This being true, consignments of tea from China and Japan can be landed in New York and other eastern cities two days quicker, by way of Tacoma and the Northern Pacific railroad, than by San Francisco and the Central or Southern Pacific railroad. This fact having been demonstrated, has served largely to divert a considerable portion of the trade from San Francisco to Tacoma, and all of the vessels which have landed at Tacoma, loaded with tea and other merchandise from China and Japan, have found ready charters for wheat, at paying prices, for Great Britain. This trade, which is yet in its incipiency, must rapidly develop, owing to natural laws. At the wharves at Tacoma, the cost of handling merchandise from boat to cars, or *vice versa*, is reduced to the minimum. Following this idea still further, it must naturally follow that there will grow up at Tacoma large wholesale establishments for supplying the tributary country, because the wholesaler can get his merchandise from the great trade centers of the East, or abroad, cheaper than any other city north of San Francisco; and lying near to the country to be supplied, can furnish his customers their goods at a considerable saving on freight. Should the competition between the transcontinental railroads not give him satisfactory freight rates, he can, without great loss of time, get his goods by sailing vessels around Cape Horn, which can afford to give, and will give, a low freight rate, knowing that they can obtain at Tacoma profitable wheat cargoes. Not only will Tacoma be the emporium at which will be exchanged the various products of this rich territory, but it will also become, as it is fast becoming, the center at which the raw material will be converted into the manufactured product. The only steam flouring mill on Puget sound is located at Tacoma, with a capacity of two hundred barrels per day, and another, of six hundred barrels capacity, for export trade, will probably be located on the water front during the coming season. The only smelting works in the territory are being constructed at Tacoma, by well known gentlemen of extensive wealth in the East, and for these reasons:—the richest mines in the territory are directly tributary by water and rail to Tacoma, as hereinbefore referred to, and for the reason that it is cheaper to bring the precious ores to tide water to be smelted than it is to transport the fuel and material necessary for smelting to the mines where the ore is worked. These smelters are to have

a capacity of four hundred tons of ore per day, and the same reasons which induce the establishment of these works at Tacoma will induce the establishment of several industries of the same nature. As these ores are brought to Tacoma for reduction, it naturally follows that the trade of the mining districts which produce them will drift to the wholesale dealers at Tacoma. Consequent upon the operation of these smelters, other industries, such as the manufacture of shot, lead pipe, etc., will naturally follow. As before stated, within fifty miles of Tacoma are found iron, coking coal and lime, in exhaustless quantities. That the location of Tacoma in the heart of a region so rich in necessary materials for the manufacture of iron and steel goods will make her a manufacturing center, is conceded by those who have carefully studied the subject and know whereof they speak. The following extract from a letter recently written by one of the iron and steel manufacturers in the Allegheny mountains, is conclusive on this subject:

I will make this prediction: that before another decade you will see the best Bessemer pig iron made on Puget sound for \$10.00 per ton—that is as cheap as it can be produced in England, France or Germany—and its products of Bessemer steel, as rails, nails, sheets, forgings, machinery, steamers, guns, etc., made more cheaply than at any point in the United States, and only the difference in labor in cost of production in comparison with the cost of the same goods in England, France, Belgium and Germany. And then look at the market—all the Pacific coast trade of the United States, British Columbia, Mexico, South America and thousands of miles nearer to Japan, Eastern Russia, China, the East Indies, and Australia. It will prove to be the strongest competitor in these countries that England has ever had. I almost hear you say "That's mighty good reading, but can it be proved?" Let us try:

English Bessemer pig, at 43s 6d per ton.....	\$10.87
Cost of rolling to rails.....	8.00
Profit per ton to manufacturer.....	1.13
Selling price to-day, £4 f. o. b.....	\$20.00
United States duty on English rails.....	17.00
Freight to United States.....	3.00
Commissions and Insurance.....	1.00
Total cost delivered in United States.....	\$41.00
American Bessemer pig, at Pittsburg, per ton.....	\$22.50
Cost of rolling same to rails.....	10.00
Profit to manufacturer.....	7.50
Selling price to-day.....	\$40.00

Now take the same on Puget sound:

Bessemer pig, at English cost.....	\$10.87
Cost of rolling pig to rails, same as Pittsburg.....	10.00
Cost of rails on Puget Sound.....	\$20.87
Add freight from Puget Sd. to China, Japan, Australia..	10.00 \$30.87

Say freights were the same from England to the same points—you are both on an equal footing.

"Now," I hear you say, "that is still better reading, but can we make pig iron on Puget sound for \$10.00 per ton?" Well, let us count that. You have on Puget sound, within a circuit of fifty miles, everything necessary for manufacturing Bessemer pig as against England, who has only her coke near home. Her ores come by sea, from Spain, and you have everything, ore, coke and limestone, all within fifty miles of a given point. Here, in West Virginia, we bring our ores from

Lake Superior, one thousand miles by water, and nearly two hundred miles by rail; our coke is brought one hundred and twenty-six miles, our limestone one hundred and twenty-five miles, and still we make Bessemer pig iron for \$14.50 to \$15.75 per ton. The freights alone on ore, coke and limestone to West Virginia from the mines would more than make the difference in cost between \$10.00 on Puget sound and \$15.75 in West Virginia. One is brought an average of a thousand miles and the other fifty miles. I hear you say "that reads still better; the case seems proven, conclusively, at least, by the best circumstantial evidence of comparison."

Until recently, the largest mills on Puget sound and at Tacoma have found market for their lumber product in California, Mexico, South America, China and Australia. Since the completion of the trans-continental railroad connecting at Tacoma, a demand has sprung up for Puget sound fir, cedar and spruce lumber, as far east as Ohio, and one manufacturer of cedar shingles has a ready market for his product in New York City. This trade, which will undoubtedly develop to large proportions, will stimulate the establishment of other mills of similar character, tributary to the railroad and city from which their product can be shipped at the best rate. The Puget sound fir is a most valuable timber for building purposes, being easy to work when green and extremely hard when dry. The fir trees grow on Puget sound to great size, and furnish, in some cases, single timbers one hundred feet in length, void of knots. The cedar affords the best of finishing lumber and shingles, which are more enduring than any other made of wood. The value of the cedar in this particular is rapidly being appreciated by architects and builders in the East, the demand for such shingles being greater than the supply. The fir is also valuable for ship building, large quantities of it being shipped every year to the Atlantic sea-board, to be used for spars and masts of ships.

The district of Puget sound holds the sixth rank in the United States, as to American and foreign ocean steamers in the foreign trade, in entering and clearing to and from the district, and, excepting New York, is the leading port in the United States as to the number of entries and clearances of American steamers engaged in the foreign trade. When it is remembered that this is a comparatively new country, in which foreign commerce has hardly made a beginning, its future growth and importance may be imagined. The wheat, coal and lumber trade from Puget sound to foreign and coastwise ports has steadily increased during the past year. In fact, in the last three years, it has nearly doubled in volume, and promises to increase in the same ratio in the future. The total number of shipments of wheat, coal and lumber made in 1887, was seven hundred and forty-two, an increase over 1886 of eighty cargoes. The

aggregate tonnage engaged for the year, including steamers to Victoria, was one million one hundred and ten thousand tons. The total value of exports from Puget sound for the year 1887 was \$12,820,513. Merchandise to the value of \$1,000,000 was shipped from the sound north on the Alaskan steamers, which have their terminus at Tacoma. In the amount of tonnage exported, Tacoma excelled every other point on Puget sound, and lacked but forty thousand tons of shipping as much as the combined shipments of six of the seven shipping ports on the sound. The total amount of lumber shipped from Puget sound during the year 1887, was seventy-one million six hundred and ninety-three thousand three hundred and eighty-three feet, valued at \$1,003,186. Of the cargoes sent to foreign ports, forty were in American vessels, thirty in British, twenty-three in Norwegian, seven in Swedish, six in Chilian, five in German, two in Hawaiian, and one in Nicaraguan. The freight money received in transporting the lumber averaged \$12.00 per thousand feet, amounting to \$860,328.00. Three hundred and seventy-seven cargoes of lumber were sent in American vessels to coastwise ports, amounting to two hundred and fifty-seven million six hundred and eighty-nine thousand four hundred and thirty-eight feet, valued at \$3,349,957. The freight money received for transportation averaged \$6.00 per thousand feet, amounting to \$1,289,445.00. There were two hundred and fifty-one coal cargoes shipped during the year from Puget sound to coastwise ports, amounting to five hundred and twenty thousand five hundred and twenty tons, valued at \$2,602,600.00. The freight money received for transportation was \$1,301,300.00. Large shipments were made by sea of oats and other produce from the surrounding country to San Francisco, valued at \$1,364,322.00.

Tacoma, the chief shipping port on Puget sound, is located on the western shore of Commencement bay. In 1880, its population, as shown by the official census, was seven hundred and twenty people. To-day it has a population not less than fifteen thousand, and is rapidly growing. The location of the city is perfect for drainage, and admirably situated for the supply of water for all purposes. The land rises to the west and south from the bay, in several well defined terraces, and the longitudinal streets of the city have been laid out with especial reference to the contour of the land, so as to give broad thoroughfares with the least amount of grade, and place the residence lots so that, from nearly every one of them, there can be obtained magnificent views of the bay, Puyallup river, Cascade mountains and Mt. Tacoma. From the northern portion of the city, there is obtained, in addition to these, an uninterrupted view of the rugged, snow-capped Olympic range. The Pacific

division of the Northern Pacific railroad enters the city from the south, and the Cascade division, or main line, from the east. In front of the city, are several hundred acres of tide-flat land, which will ultimately be used for building purposes, when the territory is admitted as a state, and titles to this land can be obtained in fee simple. The growth of the city is now ranging out toward the north, along the water front, to the west and the south. The water frontage on the bay, which affords a landing for vessels at any stage of the tide, lies to the north of the main business portion of the city. Driving due west from the city, the sound is again reached in a short distance, so that the townsite of Tacoma, in truth, is a peninsula. Between the head of Commencement bay and the point of this peninsula, called Point Defiance, lies the most valuable portion of the townsite. Its main business thoroughfare, called Pacific av. nue, is improved with imposing structures, which give it a metropolitan appearance. In 1880, there was less than a mile of sidewalk in the city, none of the streets were graded, only two brick structures were to be found in the city, it had but two public school buildings, but one newspaper, three churches, six hotels, three manufactories and not a single bank. To-day it has upwards of fifty miles of sidewalks, twenty-five miles of streets graded, scores of brick buildings, seven public schools and two private institutions of learning, a university soon to be constructed, two daily and four weekly newspapers, twenty-two churches, twenty-four hotels, fifty manufactories and five banks, four of them national, with aggregate capital of \$450,000.00, having deposits of upwards of \$2,000,000.00. Then it had but six regular steamers; now it has upwards of forty steamers landing regularly at its wharves, besides ocean sailing vessels. Then the assessed valuation of all property within the city limits was about \$500,000.00. Now the assessed valuation of property within the city limits is upwards of \$5,000,000.00. The city limits comprise an area of seven thousand acres. In 1880, the amount of money expended in street improvements was insignificant. In 1887, there was expended by the city, in street improvements, upwards of \$90,000.00. Nearly \$1,000,000.00 was expended in erecting buildings in the city in 1887. Besides these amounts, there was expended by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, in permanent improvements inside of the city limits, over \$250,000.00, an amount which will be largely increased this coming year. The rate of taxation in the city is seven and one-half mills on the dollar; for county and territorial purposes, twenty and one-half mills on the dollar; making a total of twenty-eight mills on the dollar, on a valuation of about one-third or one-fourth the real value of the property assessed. Some of the build-

ings erected in Tacoma during the past year would be a credit to a city of one hundred thousand population, as one may well judge from our illustrations. Tacoma is the only city in the Pacific Northwest which can boast of an electric system of street railway. Two miles of track are already laid, and as much more will be constructed during the coming season, by the Tacoma Street Railway Company. In addition to this, a franchise has recently been granted to another street railway company, which will connect its lines with the former at the southern portion of the city. The Tacoma Street Railway Company's lines connect the two extreme wards of the city, and reach the wharves at the water front. In the matter of hotels, Tacoma can boast of the finest north of San Francisco, modeled after the famous Hotel del Monte, at Monterey, California, and costing, with its equipments, upwards of \$250,000.00, and affording every luxury that the most exacting of the traveling public can require. Its location is such, that from it there can be obtained a most magnificent view of the mountain scenery, which attracts to Tacoma so many tourists. The two private schools which are in operation at Tacoma, are the Annie Wright Seminary and the Boys' College, both endowed by Charles B. Wright, Esq., of Philadelphia, and both are in a flourishing condition. In addition to this, Tacoma has been selected as the site of a Methodist University for the Pacific Northwest, the enterprising citizens of Tacoma contributing, in cash and its equivalent, \$75,000.00 to secure its location. It is the intention of the bishops of that church to make of this a university in every sense of the term, and relieve the necessity, which has so long been felt, of sending the youth of this section to the Middle or Eastern states for collegiate instruction. The city is supplied with water by a company, which has expended upwards of \$300,000.00 in establishing a system of water works capable of supplying a city several times as large as Tacoma. The water is brought from a mountain stream, by a conduit nineteen miles in length. A large portion of the city is supplied from a reservoir, by gravity pressure, and the upper portion is supplied by means of the Holly system. The same company has also constructed the gas and electric light works, and the City of Tacoma can truthfully be said to be the best lighted city on the Pacific coast. The chamber of commerce is composed of one hundred and thirty-one members, and has erected one of the finest business structures in Tacoma—the only one of a similar character, and built by a similar organization, north of San Francisco. The general land office of the Northern Pacific railroad is located in Tacoma, and it has full control of all the lands owned by its company, as far east as the eastern boundary line of

Idaho Territory. The growth and importance of the city is illustrated by the fact that it enjoys free mail delivery, and the amount of mail handled by the Tacoma post office exceeds that of any other office in the territory. Although Tacoma has over a dozen saw mills, yet during the past year they have not been able to supply the demand for building purposes. The amount of money involved in the real estate transactions in Tacoma for the year 1887, as shown by the records in the auditor's office, was over \$2,000,000.00, and it is a significant fact showing and illustrating the stability of values in the city, that during the last seven years less than two per cent. of the mortgages placed on Tacoma real estate have been foreclosed in the district court.

Among the manufacturing establishments of Tacoma, the Tacoma mill must not be overlooked. The output of this mill during the year 1887 was sixty-five million feet, and in one working day of ten hours it has cut four hundred and seventeen thousand feet, making next to the greatest record of any mill in the world. At its docks, which are located in the first ward of the city, may be seen at any time vessels loading for foreign ports. Adjacent to the Tacoma mill are located the warehouses of the Tacoma Warehouse Company, with a storage capacity of fifteen thousand tons, and from which have already been shipped, of last year's crop, twenty-five thousand tons of wheat to Great Britain. At present, the Cascade division of the Northern Pacific railroad crosses the Cascade mountains by means of the switchback, during the progress of driving the large tunnel, which will be completed June 1st, of this year. This tunnel is nearly ten thousand feet in length, and when completed, the volume of wheat shipped from Tacoma will be largely increased, owing to the fact of the greater ease by which it can be hauled through the mountains instead of over them. There is already one ship yard in operation in Tacoma, which has turned out some of the fleetest craft which ply the waters of Puget sound, and another will probably be constructed this year.

The climate of Tacoma is all that could be desired. The average annual temperature is fifty degrees, Fahrenheit. The temperature in summer ranges about eighty degrees, and in winter, seldom, if ever, falls below zero. What constitutes the Winter season in the East is the rainy season on Puget sound, which extends from October to April. It must not be understood that during the rainy season there is nothing but mist and rain. Nothing could be further from correct. This season is described as the rainy season from the fact that during this time there is more rainfall than during the summer. Frequently there are two or three weeks during the win-

ter when the weather is bracing and the sky is clear. The rainy season is no more all rain than the summer season is all sunshine. The fact is, the rainfall on Puget sound is distributed throughout the year, and this explains the reason why vegetation is so luxuriant. Grass remains green throughout the year, and flowers can be picked from the open yard any month in the year. A sleigh ride on Puget sound is a luxury seldom enjoyed. Throughout the whole Puget sound district, out-of-door work goes on during the winter months about the same as in the summer. Carpenters, bricklayers and laborers need lose but few days in the year. The climate of Puget sound, and in fact, all of Western Washington, is a strictly healthy one. There is no malaria, and malignant and contagious diseases are practically unknown. The death rate on Puget sound is less than in any other locality in the United States. The scenery around Tacoma is all the most ardent lover of Nature could wish. Citizens of Tacoma can daily view the changeable blue of the waters of Puget sound, fringed with the dark green of the tall and stately firs, backed up with rugged, snow-capped mountains, and towering high above all, eternally white, stands Mt. Tacoma, clear cut and solitary.

To the south of Tacoma one can drive over a level and smooth prairie, soft as velvet, dotted in spring with daisies, buttercups, violets and wild strawberries. Scattered here and there, around lakes of crystal purity, are evergreen trees as shapely as those of Central park, New York. This natural park extends over a scope of upwards of twenty miles square, and for beauty can not be excelled. The sportsman can angle for trout in the picturesque and ideal streams which come coursing down from the foothills of the Cascades. The sound abounds in salmon, rock cod, smelt, flounders and other fish, some of which are gamey, and afford the angler an abundance of sport. Grouse, pheasants and deer are found in the forests, and near the foothills of the mountains, bear, cougar and elk are plentiful. Mt. Tacoma is fifty miles southeast of Tacoma, and he who is ambitious to scale its lofty heights, study its flora and fauna, and see at close range its tremendous glaciers, can obtain guides at Tacoma, who will conduct him thither over a road which has been hewed out of the forests for the special accommodation of tourists who desire to make the trip. No one can truly appreciate the grandeur of the scenery of Puget sound, and the enjoyment to be obtained from boating on it, until he has plied the oar in its placid waters, or ridden on some of its magnificent steamers, three of which are equal to the floating palaces on the Hudson river.

A country which is so highly favored by nature as Washington Territory, can not fail to develop rap-

idly. It is now fast settling up by immigrants from the eastern states, who are driven hither by the severe and changeable climate of their old homes, and at the same time attracted by the rich soil and pecuniary benefit which will come to those who cast their lot here. Hundreds of square miles of valuable land yet lie open to the settler, in Eastern Washington, and hundreds of square miles can yet be purchased from the railroad company, at a nominal figure, by actual settlers. The climate of the western portion of the territory, being of an English character, brings hundreds of the sturdy yeomanry of England and Scotland, who are given a low rate by the Canadian Pacific railroad, to the Pacific coast. It is estimated that the territory will double its present population in the next three years. The fact of this immigration, the development of the mineral resources of the territory near Tacoma, the establishment of large manufactories at the city for the purpose of utilizing this mineral wealth, can not fail to vastly augment the wealth, trade and population of Tacoma in the coming five years. The establishment of extensive iron works on the line of the Cascade division of the Northern Pacific, will stimulate the establishment of nail and stove works, rolling mills, and other manufactories in iron at Tacoma, to which point such proposed works would be tributary. The adaptability of the upland soils, near Tacoma, to the raising of fruit, has prompted most of the tillers of the soil to engage extensively in the cultivation of pears, plums, prunes and small fruits, and in a few years canneries for the preservation of this fruit for market will be successfully conducted here, as in California. At present most of the beer consumed on the Pacific coast comes from the breweries of the East; but while the hops for the manufacture of this beer are so successfully raised in the Puyallup valley, and barley, equal to the imported article, is raised in the Kittitas valley, there is no reason why a brewery should not be located here, which would supply the trade as far east as the Missouri river. Poplar, for the manufacture of paper, is abundant in the valleys, and paper manufactories to supply the Pacific coast, will, in the not distant future, be constructed here. The territory is independent of the East in every particular, save one—manufacturing; but wherever a want exists, some one can be found to supply that want, and as capitalists become acquainted with the opportunities offered them for profitable investment in manufactories here, they will not be slow to lend their aid to their establishment.

There can no longer be any doubt that Tacoma will develop into one of the greatest commercial and manufacturing cities of the Pacific Northwest. It has immediately tributary to it the richest natural re-



TACOMA - PACIFIC AVE. NORTH FROM 9TH ST.



TACOMA - PACIFIC AVE., SOUTH FROM 9TH ST.

sources, any one of which, in itself, has been sufficient to build up and support large cities. Coal, iron, copper, lime, the precious metals, extensive grain-producing prairies, rich alluvial-deposit valleys, and virgin forests of valuable timber, are some of the natural resources from which Tacoma will draw the nourishment necessary for its rapid growth. Add to these, perfect location for the commerce of the world, already extensive and rapidly increasing rail facilities

for the development of trade with the interior, an always temperate, equable and healthful climate, unexcelled natural location, as regards townsite, a wide-awake, self-reliant, progressive population, and you have a combination of elements, each of which, in itself, is a powerful auxiliary in city building, but together, will be all powerful and irresistible in pushing Tacoma to the front rank among the cities of the United States, in rapid and substantial growth.

THE SHIP THAT NEVER CAME.

How often in my boyhood days
 I've stood upon Life's main
 And gazed afar, with anxious eyes,
 For the ship that never came.
 Oh, ship on the dark blue sea!
 Oh, ship on the bright, blue sky!
 Your hold is laden down for me,
 But naught of thee is nigh.

Again in manhood's prime
 I've looked and longed in vain,
 How often have I searched the port
 For that ship that never came.
 Oh, ship on the troubled sea!
 Oh, ship on the clouded sky!
 I'm longing and waiting for thee,
 But naught of thee yet descrie.

And now in my feeble age,
 Although I knew 'twas vain,
 I've sometimes yet looked forth
 For the ship that never came.
 Oh, ship so long past due!
 Oh, ship, I fear, too late!
 I go where I need not you,
 And now no longer wait.

Oh, beautiful ships of Fate,
 Lost on the ocean of Life,
 That wreck on the treacherous reefs,
 And come not to those who wait!
 We look for thee in our youth,
 We long for thee in our prime,
 In our tottering, feeble age,
 Down to the end of time.

DR. CHARLES H. MILLER.

TOM NORWOOD: A STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.*

BY JAMES P. SHAW.

WAPAKONETA, a quiet little country town in the interior of Ohio, was one of the first to respond to the call of President Lincoln, in 1861, for seventy-five thousand volunteers to defend the Union, which was threatened by armed bodies of men in the South. The firing on Fort Sumter had greatly excited the people throughout the North, who, up to that time, could not believe their brethren of the Southern states really intended to carry their hatred of the old Union to such an extreme; but the attack upon the fortress of the United States left no doubt in their minds as to the intention of those who had defied the authority of the government and trampled its laws under foot.

A few days after the call of the president for volunteers, an unusual spectacle was presented on the streets of Wapakoneta. A recruiting officer, with a squad of soldiers, left the cars and marched up the principal street. Preceding them, were the never-to-be-forgotten fife and drum, playing "Yankee Doodle," the music attracting most of the inhabitants to the street, to witness this unusual martial display in the streets of their own town.

The officer, dressed in his neatly-fitting uniform, with sword hanging by his side, the bright muskets and mountings on the accouterments of the soldiers, glistening in the morning sun, were a sight never before witnessed in that little village. Although the coming of the soldiers was a surprise to most of the people, still they were expected by a few of the leading citizens, among whom was Colonel Harrington. That gentleman met the officer at the train, and conducted him and his men to the court house, where temporary quarters had been provided for them.

Men, women and children, eager to see the soldiers, gathered at the court house. Old men, who had seen service under Generals Scott and Taylor, in Mexico, and who were looked up to by the young people, were plied with questions as to what it all meant.

"That," said they, "is a recruiting officer, who is beating up for volunteers."

They encouraged the young men to enroll themselves in the defense of the stars and stripes, which had been insulted and trampled in the dust by armed traitors.

Old Josh Gundy, who had been a soldier in the war of 1812, and also in the war with Mexico, participating in the capture of the capital of that country, had around him a number of young men, who were eager listeners to the old soldier, as he told again the oft-repeated stories of his battles. Josh was very old now—almost eighty—yet he declared his intention to be the first to sign the roll from Wapakoneta, in defense of the dear old flag.

"I am going to offer myself to the captain as soon as he comes out, and set you young men an example of patriotism," said he.

The crowd, which had been largely increased, now began to get noisy, and loud calls were made for Colonel Harrington. After repeated calls, the colonel, accompanied by the officer, made his appearance, and when silence was obtained, introduced to the excited people Lieutenant Barber, "who," said he, "is here for the purpose of enlisting men for the army."

"My friends," he continued, "our country is in danger. The stars and stripes, that beautiful emblem of liberty we love so well, has been trailed in the dust, and the laws of our country set at naught. Large bodies of armed men, traitors to their country, are gathering in the South, for the purpose of overthrowing the government of the United States. Can we, as loyal citizens, permit them to destroy this republic, without raising a hand to prevent it?"

"No! No!" responded the people, with one accord.

"Let us, then, shoulder our muskets and rally 'round the starry banner, which has floated triumphantly over so many battle fields, and not lay down our arms until every traitor has been driven from the land."

At the close of the colonel's speech, there went up such a shout from the loyal people, that told plainly the officer would have no difficulty in procuring men to defend the old flag. Lieutenant Barber then stepped forward, and, in a few words, informed them that his coming to their beautiful little town was to give the young men an opportunity to enroll themselves in the service of the government.

"The president," said he, "has called upon the country for men to put down a rebellion, which has been raised in the South, by disloyal people, who are

endeavoring to destroy this republic, which has cost so much blood and treasure to establish and maintain. I will soon be in readiness to enlist those who may wish to offer their services."

The most intense excitement prevailed among the young men, while the older ones were thoughtful, feeling that a crisis was upon the country. True to his word, old Josh Gundy, with tottering steps, came forward, and, addressing the officer, said—

"Sir, I was a soldier in the war of 1812, and was with General Scott at the capture of the City of Mexico, and now I wish to be the first to sign the roll from Wapakoneta in defense of the dear old flag."

As the old hero's mind went back to the days when he fought the battles of his country, the hot tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks, visibly affecting those present. The officer was moved by the patriotism, and, grasping Josh by the hand, said—

"God bless you, my patriotic old friend. The government, I hope, will not need men of your age. You have already given your best years to her, and she will not expect you to give her your declining days."

Colonel Harrington now stepped forward, and advised the people to return to their homes and prepare themselves to make great sacrifices during the coming struggle, the end of which no one could foresee.

As may well be supposed, the country was ablaze with excitement; the country people continued to flock into town in great numbers. The soldiers' quarters were being besieged by the young people, who had never seen a soldier in uniform, and these "for sure" soldiers were great curiosities to them. The enlistment went on briskly, and when the sun went down on the day after the arrival of Lieutenant Barber and his men, there were enrolled, in the service of the government, one hundred as fine looking young men* as ever shouldered a musket, and who were eager to be led against the foe, who dared to insult the flag of their country. This company was at once forwarded to the camp of instructions, there to be put through the various evolutions necessary to the recruit, before being sent into the field.

The parting from friends on leaving for the scenes of battle, will long be remembered. Later on, these three months' volunteers formed a nucleus, around which, a few months later, were gathered large armies.

Among the most active in securing enlistments, was Colonel Harrington. The colonel was the wealthiest man in that section of Ohio, and a leader in

most matters which came up for consideration. His family consisted of himself, wife and daughter, and, as might be expected, he and his estimable wife worshipped at the shrine of their only child.

Amy Harrington, like many of her Northern sisters, was a blonde of the purest type. She was just the age—nineteen—when woman attains her most perfect form and beauty. Her hair, like threads of gold, hung in luxuriant masses about her shoulders, extending far below her slender and shapely waist. Her complexion was most delicately fair, showing the dainty blushes and the blue pencilings about the temples, every passing emotion being noted by the ebb and flow of color, as seen through her transparent skin. She had large, soft, blue eyes, with arched eyebrows of golden brown; hands small and white. In height, she was five feet five inches; and in her walk, showed a queenly grace.

Colonel Harrington had been exceedingly careful about his daughter's education, giving her all the advantages which wealth and position could procure. One would naturally infer, that with her numerous friends and indulgent father and mother, she would be very happy. Not so, however. Being a woman, and an exceptionally beautiful one, she had a great many suitors, and being conscientious, her heart was sad when she had to send her many admirers away. There was one, however, who laid siege to Amy's heart, and who was not sent away without recognition. That one was Tom Norwood. Tom was the son of Mrs. Norwood, who lived neighbor to Colonel Harrington. The husband of Mrs. Norwood had died a year before the opening of our story, leaving two children to the care of his widow. Tom was the elder, being just twenty-one years old, while little Mamie, his sister, was only two. Tom and Amy had grown up side by side, always the best of friends, and, as they reached manhood and womanhood, this friendship had ripened into love. Tom was a perfect specimen of manly beauty, standing five feet eleven inches, with square shoulders, and weighing one hundred and eighty pounds. He had dark, chestnut-brown hair, which clustered in ringlets about his fair brow. When his hat was laid aside, his forehead showed that he had intellectual capacity, as well as manly beauty. He was a genuine type of a Western man.

There was a wide difference in the social positions of the two families. The Harringtons, possessing wealth, had *carte blanche* to the best society, while the Norwoods, being very poor in this world's goods, were denied entrance to the *beau monde*. While Amy was away receiving her finishing education, Tom was studying at home. He could not afford a collegiate course, therefore he applied himself the more dili-

* The writer of these lines, although under sixteen years of age, enlisted in this company, and served in it and other commands continuously until the 28th of July, 1865, or until every traitor had laid down his arms and sued for peace.

gently at home, and at the age of twenty, with the assistance of a kind old professor, who lived in the town, he was far in advance of most of the young men in Wapakoneta. Tom had an incentive to labor—Amy's love. He hoped, some day, to make her his wife, and to be worthy of her.

How often are the day dreams of our lives ruthlessly destroyed, just as we are about to realize them? It was thus with these two young people. Their fondest dreams were destined, for a time, to be dashed to pieces against an inexorable parent's will. Not that Colonel Harrington did not think well of Tom; on the contrary, he regarded him as an exemplary young man; but when it came to marrying his daughter, his beautiful Amy, for whom he had hoped so much, why, that was another thing altogether.

Colonel Harrington had represented his district in congress for several years, and on one occasion he had taken Amy to Washington with him, to see the capitol during the sessions of our national legislature. She was only fifteen then, but even at that age, she created quite a sensation in Washington society, with her beautiful young face, turning the heads of many of the young men she met in that gay city. And after all this success, for her to think of marrying a poor, nameless boy, with neither wealth nor position—it was not to be thought of. Not so Amy. She could, and did, think of such an event taking place. Had she not promised, years ago, to be Tom's wife when she became a woman?

About six months previous to the opening of our story, Tom, with the consent of Amy, had spoken to Colonel Harrington about his love for Amy, and how they had loved each other from childhood—

"I do not care to wed your daughter at present, Colonel Harrington, but I feel that it is due you to know the relation we bear toward each other. Should I, in the future, prove myself worthy of her, I shall then ask her hand of you. You have known our family for a long time—before I was born, I believe—and you have seen me grow up to manhood, and, although poor, I know you have found me honorable in all things."

The colonel was taken entirely by surprise. He never, for a moment, supposed that his daughter entertained any other than friendly feelings for young Norwood, and when Tom informed him that Amy returned his love, he was dumbfounded. He was obliged to admit all that Tom had said. He had known the Norwoods for thirty years, and during all that time he had never known either father or son to do a dishonorable act; furthermore, he had spoken of Tom in his family as a promising young man, but did not think of him as a son—the husband of his only

child. No, no, that could never be. His daughter must marry some great man, some man of wealth and position. He told Tom so, in a kind, but firm, way, which left no doubt in his mind as regards the colonel's feelings in the matter, and there could be no mistaking his meaning when Tom was informed that the intimacy existing between Amy and himself must cease.

"Grant me one more interview with Amy," said Tom, "and if it be the wish of your daughter, as well as yourself, I assure you that my visits to your house will cease."

The colonel knew that Tom was the soul of honor, therefore did not hesitate to grant this request. That night Tom was to have his interview with Amy, and as he knew she would do nothing her father would not sanction, it was with a heavy heart and sad countenance that he bade the colonel good-day.

Colonel Harrington was very severe in his bearing toward those whom he considered beneath him. Pride was one of his worst faults—a trait of character not possessed by his daughter. That afternoon Amy received a summons from her father to appear in the parlor. Her heart told her what was coming, for Tom had said that he would speak to her father that very day. She knew he would oppose her marriage with Tom, but she relied on his great love for her to overcome any and all opposition he might entertain to her marriage with the one of her selection. As she entered the room, she saw at a glance that something unusual had occurred to her father. Going up and kissing him, as was her custom on meeting, she drew up a chair and seated herself by his side.

"My daughter, young Norwood called to see me to-day, about matters wherein you are interested. Need I say in what way?"

While her father was speaking, Amy sat looking out of the window; but when he ceased, she turned those soft, blue eyes toward him, and said—

"Papa, if he told you we loved each other very much, and have for a long time, he spoke only the truth."

If Tom could have seen her that moment, as she confessed her love for him, I fear his resolution to abide by the decision of Colonel Harrington would have been somewhat shaken.

Amy hung her head a moment; not in shame, however, but to hide her blushes, then broke out with—

"Oh, papa, forgive me if I have done anything wrong; I thought you knew; you have always spoken well of Tom, and we have known each other so long."

"My child, I can not give my consent to your marriage to a man so far beneath you. No, child,

that can never be. Think of the position in which the young man would place you, then of the one offered by men of wealth and prominence. Contrast the two futures, and surely you will not choose that offered by young Norwood."

"My dearest papa, do not talk that way; you know I care nothing for position; and as for wealth, Tom's love is more to me than all the wealth in the world, and while that love shall remain unchanged, I do not forget the love I have for my dear papa, who, I know, has only my welfare at heart, and as Mr. Norwood's attentions are displeasing to you, they shall cease. There now, papa, let us say no more about it."

As she finished speaking, she kissed her father and left him, going directly to her room, where she threw herself on the bed and gave vent to her grief.

Amy's mother always sympathized with her daughter, and when her husband told her of the interview with Tom, and the subsequent one with Amy, her heart went out toward her child. She knew her husband's ideas upon the subject of their daughter's marriage, and his great prejudice against those who occupied a lower position in society than his own. She knew, too, that he had set his heart on marrying their daughter to some man of wealth, or, at least, to one occupying some high position in life. She more than suspected the state of affairs between Amy and Tom, and now that her husband had put a stop to any further intimacy between the two young people, she knew there was many a heart-ache in store for her child. She believed Amy would be governed by her father's wishes, regardless of her own feelings in the matter.

As Amy lay on her bed that afternoon, she thought the matter over calmly, and on meeting Tom that evening, she had fully determined to give him up. She acted toward him as usual, only telling him that she could never do anything her father disapproved.

"Do not doubt my love," she said, "but I can not go against the wishes of my father."

When the door closed on Tom that evening, and he bade Amy good-night, he felt that she was lost to him forever. Thus ended the day-dreams of these two young people, who, up to a few hours before, never thought of the shoal water into which they were drifting, nor the rocks upon which their fondest hopes were to be dashed to pieces.

One of the first to offer his services to the government, was Tom Norwood. He had given up the hope of ever gaining Amy for his wife, and as soon as his name was on the enlistment roll, he became impatient to be off. He longed for the excitement of the battle field, and death, he thought, would be a

welcome messenger now. Tom was quite a favorite among the young men of Wapakoneta, and when it became known that he had enlisted in the company, many of his associates put their names on the roll and were sworn—cussed, as Ned Gray expressed it—into the United States service for ninety days. It was through the personal efforts of Tom, as much as anyone else, that the company was filled up so rapidly, and for his zeal his comrades elected him first sergeant of the company.

The company went into camp at Columbus, Ohio, where they remained for a few days, going through the various drills and the regular routine of camp life. From there, they were sent to Zanesville, thence into Virginia, crossing the Ohio river at Bellare. They participated in the several battles fought at that period of the war, losing heavily at Bull Run, where Sergeant Norwood received favorable mention by his superior officer.

At the expiration of their term of enlistment, the company returned to Camp Chase, where they were mustered out of service. The war was still going on, with little prospect of its ending. The president called on the country for three hundred thousand more men. Many of this number came from the ranks of the three months troops just discharged. Such of the latter who re-enlisted, were given a short furlough before entering upon this second enlistment, which was for three years, or during the war.

It had become a recognized fact now, by the people of the North, that the war would be a long and bloody one, and would tax the resources of the country to their utmost to subdue these people who were in open rebellion against the government. The many blunders and mistakes on the part of the North, at the commencement of the war, taught this unwelcome truth.

The disbanded "three months men," almost to a man, re-enlisted, thus forming a nucleus around which the new recruits could safely gather. Never, in the history of nations, did a people rally to the defense of their country as did the northern portion of the American people. Not even did the name of the great French general, Napoleon, stir the hearts of his people to greater deeds of patriotism, than did the firing upon the stars and stripes at Fort Sumter excite the loyalty of the northern people to their country's flag. While they did not love war, for war's sake, they were ready to lay down their lives, if need be, in defense of their country.

When Sergeant Norwood was discharged from his three months' service, he at once re-enlisted for three years, and when asked if he wanted a furlough, he replied—

"No, sir, I wish to be assigned to my company at once."

He knew that if he returned to Wapakoneta he would see Amy, and open anew the old wounds he was trying to heal. He longed to be again in active service, so that he might forget his troubles in the excitement of battle. It was a severe trial for him to forego the pleasure of seeing his dear mother and little sister, who, he knew, would be expecting him. He loved his mother with a deep, filial love, amounting almost to adoration, and when he finally made up his mind not to go home, he said to himself, "Dear mother, I know you will be disappointed, and perhaps blame me for my selfishness, but I think it for the best." He wrote a long letter, explaining why he could not come home, and gave it to one of his companions, with instructions to hand it to his mother.

"Tell her," said he, "that I am well and have enlisted for the war."

"Now, look here, Tom Norwood," said Ned Gray, "I'll do nothing of the kind. Do you want me to break your poor mother's heart? You just go and pack that knapsack and go home with us. I know you want to see the folks as bad as we do."

"No, Ned, I shall not go home with the company."

"Oh, you be blowed with such nonsense! I tell you you are going home with the us. Why, everybody in the country will be at the depot to meet us. Colonel Harrington telegraphed the captain that they were going to give us a rousing reception and a big dinner, big speeches and such, besides all the girls will be there; and all this you will miss by these moonshine notions of yours."

"Well, Ned, I hope you will have a good time, as you say, but I will not be there to enjoy it with you. I should like very much to go with the boys, and above all, to see mother and little Mamie, but I can not. I have reasons for the course I have adopted—reasons which I can not explain to you."

"Well, old boy," replied Ned, "you may have good reasons for acting the way you do, but, for the life of me, I can't see what there can be to keep you from going home to see your mother, unless"—and Ned stopped and looked quizzically at his friend a moment—"unless the colonel's daughter has gone back on you."

"Be that as it may, Ned, I shall not be in Wapakoneta to participate in the grand reception, which I feel sure the company will receive. Give the letter to mother, who, I suppose, will be at the depot on your arrival. Remember me to the folks at home, and take all the enjoyment you can before you return to the army, for this may be your last visit to your friends."

On the 5th of August, just four months after our citizen soldiers had left for the field, all was excitement in their native town, for they were expected to return on that day, and the streets were thronged with people, dressed in their holiday attire. As the time for the train, which was to bring them, approached, the crowd began gathering at the depot. The streets were filled with horses and wagons of every description. Men, wearing the badges of marshals, were riding through the crowd, trying to make room for a procession of citizens, which was headed by a band of music. Marching in the lead, was Josh Gundy, proudly carrying the stars and stripes. In the procession were carried several transparencies, with appropriate mottoes painted in black letters. Among them were "Welcome home," "We never forget our brave soldier boys," and "None so welcome as those who fight our battles." Colonel Harrington was in command of the procession, which he handled in true military style.

The people did not have long to wait, for the vibrations of the town clock in the cathedral tower had hardly ceased, after striking the hour of 2:00, when the train rounded the curve about half a mile from town, and soon came to a stop in front of the depot, amidst the cheers of the people assembled there to welcome the company back to their homes. The train had hardly come to a halt, when the boys began to alight and rush into the crowd, to grasp the hand of some friend, or to be clasped in the embrace of a wife, father, mother or sister. The band played "Johnnie Comes Marching Home" and "Hail to the Chief." Everyone did something to show welcome to the soldiers. Mothers, with tears of joy in their eyes, held up their babes to be kissed by their bronzed soldier fathers; fathers patted their sons on the backs, showing how proud they were of their soldier boys; young maidens gave their lovers a quiet, but heartfelt, welcome.

Standing apart from the many joyous ones, was a woman, having around her three small children—one a babe in her arms, and the other two clinging to her dress, and all crying as though their hearts would break. At length, one of the returned soldiers went up and took her by the hand, calling her Mrs. Johnson. When the woman recognized her old neighbor, and her husband's messmate, she broke into a perfect paroxysm of grief. Her husband had been a member of the company, and was killed at Bull Run; and to witness the return of the soldiers without him, brought to her mind his death on the battle field, so far away. The sad remembrance almost crazed her, and in agonizing tones, she cried—

"Oh, my husband! My poor husband!"

The widow Norwood was there, with little Mamie,

eagerly watching for her son, but she was doomed to disappointment. She was standing back some distance, near a carriage containing Mrs. Harrington and her daughter, and as soon as Ned Gray could tear himself away from his friends, he went up to Mrs. Norwood, and after shaking hands with her and kissing little Mamie, delivered Tom's letter. Mrs. Norwood eagerly opened and read it, then folded it carefully and put it in her pocket. It was impossible to control her tears, and she wiped them from her eyes. She sobbed out, more to herself than to anyone else—

"My poor boy! I understand it all."

As she let the words escape, she cast her eyes in the direction of the Harrington carriage. Amy had noticed Ned deliver the letter to Mrs. Norwood, and had also noticed her eyes fill with tears, so when Mrs. Norwood looked toward the carriage, she beckoned her to approach.

"What was Ned Gray telling you just now, Mrs. Norwood?" asked Amy.

"He brought me a letter from Thomas, informing me that he would not come home with the company."

"Has he enlisted again?" asked Amy, forcing the words from her lips, the color leaving her lips as she spoke.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Norwood, "he says that he shall not return until the war is over."

Amy at once leaned back in the carriage, and lost all interest in what was going on around her. The widow saw the change in her face, but said nothing. Ned Gray also saw this little by-play, and said to himself—

"Whatever the trouble is between that girl and Tom Norwood, I'll go my pile it ain't her fault. Girls don't lose all the color out of their faces for a fellow they don't care anything for. Jehu!" continued Ned, "but didn't her face get white when the widder spoke to her! I guess she told her that Tom had 'listed again for during the war. No wonder he is dead gone on her."

"Hello, Ned! How are you? Got back alive, did you? How many rebs did you kill?"

"Well, Jack Sniffleton. Why in thunder didn't you clip that apron string and go to war, and be somebody, then you wouldn't be asking me how many rebs I killed?"

As Ned delivered these caustic remarks, he shook Jack by the hand, and said—

"How are you, Jack, and how are all the girls? You ain't married yet, are you? Of course you ain't, for your mother wouldn't let you."

Poor Jack! It was not his fault that he did not "go to war and be somebody," as Ned had said. He wanted to go badly enough, but, to use Ned's expression, he was "tied to a fond mother's apron string,"

and she would not allow the silken cord to be cut, so Jack did not enlist with the rest of the neighborhood boys.

"Are you going back into the army, Ned?"

"Why, of course I am. I have already enlisted for the war, or 'sooner shot.' Nearly all the boys are going back. Tom Norwood enlisted in Columbus as soon as he was discharged from our company."

"Where is Tom? I have not seen him," said Jack.

"Nor you won't see him, either, for he didn't come home," said Ned.

Their conversation was cut short by the captain calling for the men to "fall in." The soldiers were marched to the court house, escorted by a large procession of citizens, where they were feasted, as Ned told Tom they would be, in a grand style. Speeches of welcome were delivered, a chorus of young ladies, dressed in red, white and blue, sang patriotic songs, and everybody was happy. Here let us leave them to enjoy their feast, and the society of their friends and families, ere they return to the field of battle.

I will not ask the reader to follow Tom Norwood through the many and varied vicissitudes of a soldier's life, neither will we accompany him on his numerous long and fatiguing marches, nor disturb him while standing his lonely night watch. It was while doing duty as a silent picket, that his thoughts would carry him back to his native village, calling to his mind the many happy days he had passed with Amy, and the air castles they had pictured to themselves, only to be wrecked by the winds of disappointment.

As time went on, however, Tom began to hope—did I say hope? He scarcely dared call it by the name of hope—that some day, he knew not how, or when, he should call Amy his wife. This little ray, faint though it was, seemed to buoy him up in his many arduous duties, while serving his country as a soldier.

The regiment to which he belonged was ordered into Kentucky, to a place called "Camp Dick Robinson," eighty miles south of Lexington. Here was established a camp, or rendezvous, for the many East Tennessee refugees, who were forced to leave their homes on account of their loyalty to the stars and stripes. The regiment remained at Camp Dick Robinson until the winter of 1861-2, then broke, taking up its line of march toward Mill Springs, on the Cumberland river. Here they were placed under the command of that grand old soldier, General Thomas, who led them to victory at Mill Springs, where the rebel general, Zollicoffer, was killed.

During all those weary months, Tom had heard nothing from Amy, except as his mother would write and say that Amy had been over to see her, and had

inquired after him. He always felt better after reading one of those letters; they increased the ray of hope he had permitted himself to indulge in, and made him long to write to Amy, telling her that with each day's absence, his love for her increased. Once, while in one of these moods, he got out his writing material and actually commenced a letter to her, but remembering his promise to her father, he tore the half-written letter into fragments and scattered them to the winds. After that time, he did not attempt to write, preferring to wait for some encouraging word from Amy. Would that word ever come?

Tom did not remain a private soldier long. Being a patriot, he was, therefore, a good soldier. No word of complaint was uttered by him at the many hardships he was called upon to undergo, always ready for any hazardous undertaking requiring more than ordinary courage to perform. Such exemplary conduct on the part of a soldier, was sure to attract the attention of his superior officers, and to meet with a proper reward. He had already been made a non-commissioned officer, to fill the place of one who had lost his life in battle. One day in December, just before the battle of Stone river, he was summoned to headquarters, and on arriving at the captain's tent, that officer handed him a large envelope, bearing the official stamp of the secretary of war.

"That," said the captain, handing him the envelope, "Mr. Norwood, is a commission as captain, in recognition of your faithful service and patriotism to your country. Captain Norwood, in congratulating you upon your promotion to a rank equal with my own, permit me to say that I do so with the greatest of pleasure, feeling that there could not have been a more worthy recipient."

To say that Tom was surprised, would but faintly describe his feelings—he was dumbfounded. He had not the slightest knowledge that his friends were interesting themselves in his behalf, and in his reply to the officer, he truthfully said—

"Sir, I do not understand this; there must be some mistake. The commission, which you tell me this envelope contains, must be for some one else."

"There is no mistake at all, captain. The commission, as you will see, is for Thomas Norwood, of Company C, Ohio Volunteers, and as you are the only man in the company by that name, there can be no mistake. The colonel requested me to say to you, captain, that you would be assigned to a command in a few days, and until that time, allow me to offer you the hospitality of my own quarters."

When Tom was convinced that this good fortune was, indeed, his own, he said—

"I am not aware that I deserve such recognition from the government. I am sure there are many

others who are more entitled to this honor than myself."

His comrades did not think as he did, and when they heard of his promotion, they gathered at the captain's quarters to offer him their sincere congratulations. In reply to their many kind expressions, he said—

"While I recognize my unworthiness, I shall at all times endeavor to do my duty in whatever position I may be assigned."

As Tom had always been a good private soldier, he was sure to make an efficient officer. Two days after his commission was handed him, he was given the command of a company in his own regiment. Two weeks from that time, he was called upon to lead his company into battle. He went into this engagement with new hopes and feelings—hopes that he might gain on the field, honor and distinction, and thus command the respect of those above him in rank. These thoughts were not for himself alone, but for one far dearer, to whom he longed to communicate the news of his good fortune. He became impatient, now, for the expected battle to take place, that he might lead his men to victory, and to let those who had shown confidence in him see that he would at least try not to disappoint them.

Early in the morning of December 30th, 1862, before the sun had begun its circuit, or darkness had fully given way to day, and while many of the soldiers were wrapped in their blankets, dreaming, perhaps, of the wives and little ones far away in the northern homes, the sanguinary battle of Murfreesboro began.

The rebels made a furious attack upon the Union pickets, driving them back into the camp of the main body of troops. So sudden and unexpected was this assault, that before the Union general could form his troops into line of battle to repel them, they were in his camp, shooting down the men as they came from their tents.

For a time, a general panic among the Union troops was imminent, but the danger was averted in time to save the army from utter rout. The commanding officer soon realized the situation, and with the aid of his subordinates, succeeded in rallying the almost demoralized troops, and hurled them against the exulting rebels with such force as to send them flying back into the wood, whence they with so much impetuosity had charged a few moments before.

The battle raged furiously all day. Brave men went down in death, under the murderous fire which the enemy poured into our ranks; others had limbs torn from their bodies, by hissing canon balls, as they came crashing through the timber; and others, with blood streaming from bullet wounds, were car-



TACOMA "THE TACOMA" FROM THE BAY.



TACOMA - HEADQUARTERS BUILDING N.P.R.R. PACIFIC AVE., COR. 7TH ST.

ried to the field hospitals, improvised some distance in the rear, out of range of shot and shell.

Field hospital! What scenes the bare mention of that charnal place brings to the mind of the old soldier! Here men were brought from the front, with wounds of every description, and in every conceivable part of their bodies. Many of those poor fellows died, either from the wounds, or, worse still, by the knife of some inexperienced surgeon, who had secured his appointment through influence, regardless of the fact that he had had no previous knowledge or experience pertaining to the business in which he was engaged. But he was only practising on a private soldier, upon whom he could, with impunity, use the keen blade of his knife, and with the aid of his saw, sever the limbs, which, with proper treatment, might have been saved. How many brave men would be alive to-day, but for the brutal butcheries of those incompetents, who styled themselves surgeons? We pause for an answer, and call upon the ghosts of the departed victims to rise up and give testimony in their own behalf. We know their number would be legion.

The battle continued with unabated fury, both armies fighting heroically until night spread its mantle of darkness over the combatants, compelling them to stop the further flow of human blood, for the time. The Union general now found his lines driven well back on either flank, leaving them, at the close of the first day, in the shape of a horse shoe, with the convex side toward the enemy, the right wing resting on the Nashville pike, facing west, the left wing facing east, while the center held the enemy in check from the south. Thus was the noble Union army bivouaced on the night of December 31st, 1862, watching the enemy, who, they knew, on the morrow, would renew, with increased fury, the battle of the previous day. The following day, however, was to be one of victory for the Union forces.

During the night, large re-enforcements arrived, and on the following morning, just as the sun commenced the ascent of the eastern sky, dispelling the heavy, black clouds, which had hung like a pall over the battle field all night, the order was given to advance. Nobly did the gallant heroes respond to the command of their officers, and with yells of defiance, they charged the first line of the enemy, forcing it back upon the second, leaving hundreds of its dead and wounded on the field. The scenes of the day before were intensified tenfold.

Near the center of the Union lines, and immediately to the right of the Nashville pike, in front of the —th Ohio regiment, to which Captain Norwood belonged, the rebels had stationed a battery in a thick cedar woods, with which they were making sad

havoc among the Union ranks. It became apparent that this battery must be dislodged, or the position held by the Union troops abandoned, in order to stop the awful carnage among the men. After a consultation, it was decided to attempt the capture of the guns, and Captain Norwood's regiment was selected to perform the hazardous undertaking. The battery which they were about to assault was a favorite one in the rebel army, and was known as the New Orleans "Board of Trade Battery."

Colonel Walker, in a few brief remarks, informed his men of what was expected of them, after which Captain Norwood said—

"Men, in yonder woods is a rebel battery, which we are about to charge. Remember your former victories, and let this day add yet another to the number."

When the gallant young officer finished speaking, the men refilled their cartridge boxes, in readiness to be led against the enemy.

As the command was given to advance to the attack the men closed up their ranks, and with set teeth and fingers firmly clasped around the stocks of their muskets, moved forward into the open field, knowing as they did so that many of them would not return. They moved silently forward, with unflinching step, to meet the death which was to come to many of them. As these heroic men reached the edge of the woods they raised a yell, and with fixed bayonets, and a determined look upon their faces, dashed forward, discharging a volley of musketry at the artillerymen, as they neared the guns. Instantly, the cedar boughs which concealed the guns fell to the ground, and there belched forth from those terrible weapons—now double-shotted with cannister—round after round, dealing death and destruction in the ranks of the advancing column. Although many of the brave boys went down, from this murderous fire, their charge was not checked, or, if so, for but a moment; then, with renewed yells, they charged up to the very mouths of the guns.

It was a desperate struggle now between the contending forces, each fighting with a desperation never surpassed by men. Both sides fought for the mastery of the guns—one for their capture, the other to prevent such a disaster befalling their favorite battery. Men were falling all round, either from the thrusts of the deadly bayonet or the clubbed musket. The battery had now become useless to the rebels, as the Union boys were right among the guns, giving and receiving blows as they struggled to overcome their opponents. In the terrible encounter, Captain Norwood, with a portion of his company, became separated from his regiment, and was surrounded by the rebels. His men were falling around him,

and realizing that something must be done to extricate them from the dreadful enfilading fire which the enemy was pouring in, he called to them to follow him, and with sword firmly grasped, dashed among the enemy, intending to cut his way through the lines which were fast closing up. Receiving new courage from their brave, young captain, the men sprang after him, and with clubbed muskets, soon forced an opening in the ranks of the enemy. After a desperate struggle they succeeded in cutting their way out, but oh, at what a cost! Fully two-thirds of their number lay upon the field, either dead or dying.

By this time the mastery of the guns had been decided. The Union men had captured the battery, together with the surviving canoneers, who had fought with heroic determination. The captured guns were hauled to the rear and effectually used against their former owners through the remainder of the battle. Not one of the brave men who were with Captain Norwood in that glorious engagement came out of it unscathed. Many had bullet wounds in some part of their bodies, while others were suffering from bayonet thrusts, and bruises from clubbed muskets. Captain Norwood received a bayonet thrust through the fleshy part of his left arm, of which, in the excitement of the encounter, he thought nothing; but when the fight was over, he was reminded of it only too painfully. It grew very troublesome, and his colonel advised him to go to the surgeon and have it attended to. "You can turn your command over to your lieutenant, and rest while your arm gets well," said Colonel Walker.

"The wound is nothing, sir, and I prefer to remain with my company," replied Norwood. Removing his coat, he bathed his arm with some cold water which one of the men brought him, and then bound it up with his handkerchief.

That night when the young moon made her appearance above the tree tops, she cast her beams upon the victorious Union army, as it lay wrapped in sleep upon the tentless and bloody battle field of Stone river. The rebels had been driven all along the line through the cedar woods and across the river, leaving their thousands of dead and wounded on the field to be cared for by the Union troops. As Captain Norwood lay down to rest that night, he felt an inward consciousness of having done his duty, and as he lay there, with nothing but the canopy of heaven for a covering, looking at the clouds as they floated over him, his thoughts went back to his native town. He wondered what his mother and little sister were doing, and whether they knew there had been another great battle fought and won by the gallant Union army. Then his thoughts carried him

to Amy's side, and he wondered whether she knew of his promotion. "Yes," said he, "mother has told her of my good fortune." His arm pained him now, and for the first time since his enlistment he longed to be at home, so his mother could dress his wound; and if he were there, he wondered if Amy would come to see him.

The mental strain finally overcame him, and he fell asleep, only to dream that he was back at his old home in Wapakoneta. He thought the people all turned out to welcome him home. Amy, too, he thought, came to see him, and cried with mingled sorrow and joy—sorrow at seeing his arm in bandages, and joy at seeing him home again.

He dreamed he saw her weep—the big, bright tears
came in her eyes of blue;
And then he thought it did appear a violet
dropping dew;
He saw her smile, the sapphire blaze beside her
ceased to shine.
It could not match the living rays that filled
that glance divine.

Sleep on, weary soldier, for on the morrow you have a sad duty to perform—that of providing a last resting place for your fallen comrades, who gave up their lives that this glorious country, this grand, free America, might not be destroyed, but should continue to advance in grandeur and prosperity and take her place at the head of the nations of the earth.

[To be continued].

MOUNT TACOMA.

THEODORE WINTHROP, the noted tourist and essayist, who traveled from Puget sound over the Cascade mountains to the Columbia river, in Eastern Washington, in 1853, has given us, in his "Canoe and Saddle," in the "Leisure Hour Series," some descriptions of Mount Tacoma, and reflections and inspirations which he derived from gazing at the mountain, which are worth repetition. In refutation of the statement frequently made, that Mount Tacoma was named after the city of Tacoma, let it be remembered that he visited Puget sound when the townsite of Tacoma was a howling wilderness, and remained such for a score of years afterward, and, indeed, was not settled by a single inhabitant for ten years after his book was published. In the volume referred to, in speaking of the Cascade range of mountains, he says—

"The range continues dark and rough, and somewhat unmeaning to the eye until it is relieved by Tacoma, *vulgo* Regnier. We had rounded a point, and opened Puyallup bay, a breadth of sheltered calmness, when I, lifting sleepy eyelids for a dreamy stare about, was suddenly aware of a vast, white shadow in

the water. What cloud, piled massive on the horizon, could cast an image so sharp in outline, so full of vigorous detail of surface? No cloud, as my stare, no longer dreamy, presently discovered—no cloud, but a cloud compeller. It was a giant mountain dome of snow, swelling and seeming to fill the aerial spheres as its image displaced the blue deeps of tranquil water. The smoky haze of an Oregon August hid all the length of its lesser ridges, and left the mighty summit based upon uplifting dimness. Only its splendid snows were visible, high in the unearthly regions of clear, blue, noonday sky. The shore line drew a cincture of pines across the broad base where it faded unreal into the mist. The same dark girth separated the peak from its reflection, over which my canoe was now pressing, and sending wavering swells to shatter the beautiful visions before it. Kingly and alone stood this majesty, without any visible comrade or consort, though far to the north and south its brethren and sisters dominated their realms, each in isolated sovereignty, rising above the pine-darkened sierra of the Cascade mountains, above the stern chasm where the Columbia—Achilles of rivers—sweeps, short-lived and jubilant, to the sea; above the lovely vales of the Willamette and Umpqua. Of all the peaks, from California to Fraser river, this one before me was royalest. Mount Regnier, christians have dubbed it, in stupid nomenclature perpetuating the name of somebody or nobody. More melodiously the Siwashes call it Tacoma. Whatever keen crests and crags there may be in its rock anatomy of basalt, snow covers softly with its bends and sweeping curves. Tacoma, under its ermine, is a crushed volcanic dome, or an ancient volcano fallen in, and, perhaps, not yet wholly lifeless. The domes of snow are stateliest. There may be more of feminine beauty in the cones, and more of masculine force and hardihood in the rough pyramids, but the great domes are calmer and more divine, and, even if they have failed to attain absolute dignified grace of finish, and are riven and broken down, they still demand our sympathy for giant power, if only partially victor. Each form—the dome, the cone and the pyramid—has its type among the great snow peaks of the Cascades. * * * The Cascades are known to geography—their summits to the lists of volcanoes. Several gentlemen in the United States army, bored in petty posts, or squinting along Indian trails for Pacific railroads, have seen these summits. A few myriads of Oregonians have not been able to avoid seeing them; have, perhaps, felt their ennobling influence, and have written, boasting that St. Helens or Hood are as high as Blanc. Enterprising fellows have climbed both; but the millions of Yankees—from codfish to alligators, from chewers of spruce

gum to chewers of pig tail, cooks of chowder or cooks of gumbo—know little of these treasures of theirs. Poet comes long after pioneer. Mountains have been waiting, even in ancient worlds, for cycles, while mankind looked upon them as high, cold, dreary, crushing, as resorts for demons and homes of desolating storms. It is only lately, in the development of men's comprehension of Nature, that mountains have been recognized as our noblest friends, our most exalting and inspiring comrades, our grandest emblems of divine power and divine peace. * * * I had been following thus for many hours the blind path, harsh, darksome and utterly lonely, urging on with no outlook, encountering no landmark. At last, as I stormed a ragged crest, gaining a height that overtopped the firs, and, halting there for panting moments, I glanced to see if I had achieved mastery as well as position. As I looked, somewhat wearily and drearily, across the solemn surges of forest, suddenly above their sombre green appeared Tacoma. Large and neighbor it stood, so near that every jewel of its snow fields seemed to send me a separate ray; yet not so near but that I could, with one look, take in its whole image, from clear-cut edge to edge. All around it the dark evergreens rose like a ruff; above them the mountain splendors swelled statelier for the contrast. Sunlight of noon was so refulgent upon the crown, and lay so thick and dazzling in nooks and chasms, that the eye sought repose of gentler lights, and found it in shadowed nooks and clefts, where, sunlight entering not, delicate mist, an emanation from the blue sky, had fallen, and lay sheltered and tremulous, a mild substitute for the stronger glory. The blue haze so wavered and trembled into sunlight, and sunbeams shot glimmering over snowy brinks, so like a constant avalanche, that I might doubt whether this movement and waver and glimmer, this blending of mist with noontide flame, were not a drifting smoke and cloud of yellow, sulphurous vapor, floating over some slowly chilling crater far down in the red crevices. But if the giant fires had ever burned under that cold summit, they had long since gone out. The dome that swelled up passionately had crusted over and then fallen in upon itself, not vigorous enough with internal life to bear up in smooth proportion. Where it broke into ruin was no doubt a desolate waste, stern, craggy and riven; but such drear results of Titanic convulsion the gentle snows hid from view.

“No foot of man had ever trampled those pure snows. It was a virginal mountain, distant from the possibility of human approach and human inquisitiveness as a marble goddess is from human loves. Yet there was nothing unsympathetic in its isolation, or despotic in its distant majesty. But this serene

loftiness was no home for any deity of those that men create. Only the thought of eternal peace arose from this heaven-upbearing monument, like incense, and, overflowing, filled the world with deep and holy calm. Wherever the mountain turned its cheek toward the sun, many fair and smiling dimples appeared, and along soft curves of snow, lines of shadow drew tracery, fair as the blue veins on a child's temple. Without the infinite sweetness and charm of this kindly changefulness of form and color, there might have been oppressive awe in the presence of this transcendent glory against the solemn blue of noon. Grace played over the surface of majesty, as a drift of rose leaves wavers in the air before a summer shower, or as a wreath of rosy mist flits before the grandeur of a storm. Loveliness was sprinkled, like a boon of blossoms, upon sublimity.

"Our lives forever demand, and need, visual images that can be symbols to us of the grandeur of the sweetness of repose. There are some faces that arise dreamy in our memories, and look us into calmness in our frantic moods. Fair and happy is a life that need not call upon its vague memorial dreams for such attuning influence, but can turn to present reality, and ask tranquility at the shrine of a household goddess. The noble works of nature, the mountain most of all,

have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence.

And, studying the light and the majesty of Tacoma, there passed from it and entered into my being, to dwell there evermore, by the side of many such, a thought and an image of solemn beauty, which I could thenceforth evoke, whenever in the world I must have peace or die. For such emotion, years of pilgrimage were worthily spent. If mortal can gain the thoughts of immortality, is not his earthly destiny achieved? For, when we have so studied the visible poem, and so fixed it deep in the very substance of our minds, there is forever with us, not merely a perpetual possession of delight, but a watchful monitor, that will not let our thoughts be long unfit for the pure companionship of beauty; for whenever a man is false to the light that is in him, and accepts meaner joys, or chooses the easy indulgence that meaner passions give, then every fair landscape in all his horizon dims, and all its grandeurs fade and dwindle away, the glory vanishes, and he looks, like one lost, upon his world, late so lovely and sinless. While I was studying Tacoma, learning its fine lesson, it, in turn, might contemplate its own image far away on the waters of Whulge (Puget sound), where streams

from its own snows, gushing seaward to buffet in the boundless deep, might rejoice in a last look at their parent ere they swept out of Puyallup bay. Other large privilege of view it had. It could see what I could not—Tacoma the less, Mount Adams, meritorious but clumsy; it could reflect sunbeams gracefully across the breadth of forest to St. Helens, the vestal virgin, who still kept her flame kindled, and proved her watchfulness ever and anon. Continuing its panoramic studies, Tacoma could trace the chasm of the Columbia by silver circles here and there; could see every peak, chimney, or unopened vent, from Kulshan to Shasta butte. The Blue mountains, eastward, were within its scope, and westward, the faint blue levels of the Pacific. Another region, worthy of any mountain's beholding, Tacoma sees, somewhat vague and dim in distance—it sees the sweet Arcadian valley of the Willamette, charming with meadow, park and grove. In no older world where men have, in all their happiest moods, recreated themselves for generations in taming earth to orderly beauty, have they achieved a fairer garden than nature's simple labor of love has made there, giving to rough pioneers the blessings and the possible education of refined and finished landscape, in the presence of landscape strong, savage and majestic. All this Tacoma beholds, as I can but briefly hint; and as one who is a seer himself becomes a tower of light and illumination to the world, so Tacoma, so every brother seer of his among the lofty snow peaks, stands to educate, by his inevitable presence, every dweller thereabouts. Our race has never yet come into contact with great mountains as companions of daily life, nor felt that daily development of the finer and more comprehensive senses, which these signal facts of nature compel. That is an influence of the future. The Oregon people, in a climate where being is bliss, where every breath is a draught of vivid life; these Oregon people, carrying to a new and grander New England of the West a fuller growth of the American idea, under whose teaching the man of lowest ambitions must still have some little indestructible respect for himself, and the brute of most tyrannical aspirations some little respect for others; carrying there a religion two centuries farther on than the crude and cruel Hebraism of the puritans; carrying the civilization of history where it will not suffer by the example of Europe, with such material that Western society, when it crystalizes, will elaborate new systems of thought and life. It is unphilosophical to suppose that a strong race, developing under the best, largest and calmest conditions of nature, will not achieve a destiny."

A LAW UNTO HERSELF.

PART II.

THE events of the year immediately succeeding Roy Mason's departure I shall leave unchronicled, inasmuch as they have no direct bearing upon this little history. True, they were important to myself, as ushering in the beginning of a golden harvest from which, eventually, I garnered sheaves sufficient for the wants of all my days to come. But as in these pages I am no central figure, and claim no higher place than that of humble chronicler of the lives and fates of others, I shall step with one sweeping stride, from March to March, and make my bow to the reader once more, in the door of my small mountain home, wherein Damocles and myself had found shelter from the blasts of another winter.

Time had touched the little edifice as lightly as could be expected, and although the onslaught of Jupiter Pluvius had penetrated the thatch in one or two places, and washed the mud plaster from between the sticks of the tall chimney, the fireplace roared as cheerily as of yore, and the much-lamented downward slope of the floor now proved itself a blessing in disguise, by promptly carrying off the leakage from the roof.

Upon this particular March morning to which I call the reader's attention, the sun was shining brightly, with a suggestion of springtime warmth in its beams; the snow had almost entirely disappeared from the level of the valley below, and even the mountains were rapidly baring their brown breasts to the kiss of the southern sun.

Damocles, unchanged, so far as I could see, in either voice, manner or appearance, stood sturdily in the foreground, with his pack strapped to his back, quietly taking note of my movements, for he knew as well as I that the time had come for us to abandon our vine and fig tree, and betake us to deeper mountain fastnesses. Indeed, he sniffed the morning breeze with inflated nostrils, and gave every evidence of having imbibed much of the adventurous spirit of the gold hunter, in his long and intimate association with myself.

I had nailed a wooden shutter over the little window, heaped ashes over the coals in the fireplace, and set everything to rights in preparation for a summer's absence, and at last stood in the open doorway, lighting my pipe in a leisurely way, when Damocles suddenly turned his face to the southward, in the direction of the valley, and pointed his long ears forward in a listening attitude. That was simply his way of intimating that somebody was coming up the trail.

"All right, old boy," I said, as I locked the door and dropped the big iron key into my pocket, "Come along, sir; if we fall in with company on our tramp, all the better for us."

Skirting a thicket of young firs that intervened to screen my cabin from the gaze of passing wayfarers, we struck the trail, and as approaching hoof beats were now plainly audible, we both paused, as if by mutual consent, and glanced downward to see who or what was coming. In an instant Damocles lifted up his voice in a glad bray of welcome to a small, dun-colored Cayuse, which just then hove in sight, spasmodically picking its way up the trail, beneath the weight of a short, fat, roly-poly, little man, whom, to my surprise, I at once recognized as the jolly, Teutonic proprietor of Yum Yum's solitary hotel.

"Ah, Meester Plake," he panted, as the poor, little, over-burdened pony slowly drew near us, "I dink you got a wrong name; of I name you, I call you after dot leedle blant dot lif high oop on der moundain dop, und ees so hard to reach—dot edelweiss."

I smiled at what struck me as a poetic idea from a very unexpected source.

"Thanks, Mr. Gracht," I answered. "Am I to understand that I am the edelweiss of which you have come in search this morning?"

"I haf come in search of you, Mr. Plake, und so hardt time I haf, I would gone mit myzelf pack, if I only got some oxcuse for dot leedle vooman. You see, Meester Plake, dis vas how it vas: Dot leedle vooman she comes mit der stage at my house last night, und she pegins rightd off to ask me qvestions, und I—"

"Questions about me?" I echoed, with a sudden accession of interest in the little man's gibberish. "What little woman? Who is she?"

"Dot leedle vooman vot comes to my house py der stage. Who is she, I don'd know. She yust comes mit der stage, und prings mit her a plack vooman und a pig dog, und she got my pest rooms, und den she ask me qvestions about Meester Plake—Charles Plake—don'd I knows him? Does he got a vamly? Vere does he lif? und efer so much. Ven I dold her as Meester Plake lifs more as dree miles away, oop glose py der sky py der moundain dop, she drob down on der chair, und look like she vas goin' to gry mit herself. Den I feels veak aboud der knees, like I vands to run, put I say to myzelf, 'Yawcob Gracht, of you makes dot leedle voomans gry, I kicks you down stairs.' Den I say somedings goot to her, und after avile she shmile, und say vot would I gost to gome und pring you py my house, und here I vas; und now, Meester Plake, of you would pe so kind as to gome along mit me—"

"But who is the woman? Where is she from?" I interrupted, once more, in a state of mystification difficult to describe.

"Don'd I just dells you who she vas I don'd know? Und vere she gomes from, py golly I don'd ask her."

"But what does she want with me? Surely, she must have given you some hint as to the nature of her business with me," I persisted, desperately.

"Dot peezness she don'd dalk about, und Meester Plake, I am a yentleman, und I don'd shtick my nose mit dot leedle vooan's peezness."

"Oh, certainly, I know you are a gentleman, Mr. Gracht; I only thought she might have given you some hint as to the nature of her business with me," I hastened to answer.

"No, she gif me no hint; she just say 'Dell Meester Plake a lady vrom a var gountry haf gome many miles to see him.'"

"Many miles," I mused, trying to imagine what lady would come many miles to see me. Surely it could not be Laura, my affianced wife, for only the week previous I had received a letter from her, guiltless of any hint of such a move on her part. Besides, Laura was too sensible, modest and thoroughly lady-like to have been guilty of planning such a surprise for me. She never did anything in questionable taste. Still, who could it be!

"What is she like, Mr. Gracht?" I asked. "Is she small and slender, with rosy cheeks and bright, laughing, brown eyes?"

"Yah," responded Mr. Gracht, but I imagined there was a doubtful look in his eye. "Yah, dot ees drue, she vas shmall, about so high, und shlim, und she haf lofly eyes, bud nod brown, I dink, und not in dem much laugh. She look in dose eyes like she haf some droubles, und her face vas whide, like der whide lillies dot grow in der Faderland."

A startling thought came to me—could Laura be in trouble! Laura, with the light gone from her face! The mere thought startled me into action. In a very short space of time, poor, disappointed Damocles had been remanded to his stable, and I was on my way down the mountain with Mr. Gracht.

A dozen times, on the way, I decided that it could not possibly be Laura. Even if some sudden great trouble had come to Laura, and she could not wait to communicate with me by mail, she had two brothers, both older than herself, manly young fellows, who would never have let their sister wander off alone to the wilds of Eastern Oregon, with no other escort than a black woman and a big dog—at such a season of the year, too, when the stages had to be transformed into bob sleds in order to get across the

mountains at all. No, surely it could not be my Laura; but then, on the other hand, who could it be!

So persistently did this problem present itself to my mind, unattended by any shadow of solution, that by the time I reached the little hotel in Yum Yum I felt as though my brain were rapidly resolving itself into a huge interrogation point.

Without any delay mine host ushered me into his diminutive parlor, and went away to "pring dot leedle vooan."

Scarcely three minutes elapsed ere the door opened, and a lady entered. I use the word "lady" in its finest sense, for in that first instant, the very way in which she entered the room and closed the door conveyed that intangible something which bespeaks a creature born and bred within the magic circles of refinement.

One or two other convictions were borne in upon me in that brief instant, while she closed the door. First, that she was not Laura; and second, that I had never seen her before.

I arose and bowed, as she came forward with her eyes fixed earnestly on my face.

"Are you Mr. Charles Blake?"

Her voice was low and melodious as the tinkle of bells softened by distance, yet there was an undertone of intensity that told of strong feeling held in restraint by an effort of the will.

"That is my name, madam," I replied, adding quickly, as I saw the soft eyes fill with tears, "In what way can I serve you?"

For reply, she drew a letter from her pocket, which she unfolded and tremulously held toward me.

"Did you send me this, Mr. Blake?"

I took the sheet in my hand, wonderingly, and held it up that the light from the one window might fall upon it. With one glance I recognized the letter—the one I had written at Roy Mason's dictation a year before.

I staggered, and leaned on my chair for support, while everything in the little room seemed swaying and swimming about me in confusion.

"You are—you are—" I stammered, my lips refusing to frame the name.

"I am Edith Mason," she answered, in the same low, restrained tone, "and you are the writer of this letter, are you not? You were with my—my—husband in his last hours?"

I nodded; I could not speak.

"You can tell me where he lies; you can take me to his grave, can you not, Mr. Blake?"

If the tremulous, appealing words had been drops of molten iron they could not have seared my heart more keenly.

And this was Roy Mason's relentless, unforgiving wife!—this soft-voiced, lily-faced little creature, with eyes that touched to life all the protecting chivalry in a man's nature. Heaven help me! I had never pictured her like this. When troubled with pricks of conscience, I had argued, in self extenuation, that a woman who could send Roy Mason away from her forever, and remain unforgiving, unrelenting, as the years should come and go, could not possess much depth of feeling—much capability of suffering. She must be woefully lacking, I thought, in all those tender, clinging, forgiving attributes that so enoble and beautify the feminine character. Mason had said she was literary, and I, putting that fact with the stern, unforgiving spirit in which her last letter to her erring husband had been written, had deduced the opinion that she must be a sort of mental hemaphrodite, possessing the physical attributes of one sex, and the mental characteristics of the other, by which anomalous combination she was, in my mind, debarred from the ranks of either. And now, here she stood before me, with tender, pleading eyes, and a flower-like face, white, indeed as the "lillies of the Faderland," and bearing pitiful lines not wrought by the chisel of Time. This was the being I had helped to deceive—this womanly little woman, who had come thousands of miles, leaving civilization and the home ties of half a lifetime behind her, to penetrate mountain wilds in search of the grave of the husband who had wronged her irretrievably.

All this flashed through my mind in the moment of time that elapsed ere I was obliged to make some reply to her words.

"Oh, no—" I began, but suddenly broke off and changed it to "Oh, yes—his grave—certainly, my dear Mrs. Mason, anything—I would do anything in the world for Roy Mason's wife."

She looked at me, reproachfully.

"Not wife, but widow, Mr. Blake; Roy Mason's wife would never have asked a favor at the hands of Roy Mason's friend, but his widow does, you see, most humbly."

"Ah," I reflected, "here is a flash of the spirit that has sustained her through it all."

Then it dawned upon me that I must be looking rather helpless and dumbfounded in the eyes of this little woman, and that she was, possibly, wondering what ailed me. Clearly, I must instantly decide on one of two courses open to me. I must either confess at once that I had written her a lie—that Roy Mason still lived, and that wife, not widow, was her legitimate title—or else I must forever hold my peace, and rise manfully to meet the trying exigencies of the situation.

My first natural impulse was toward the former course, as I was (and am, still, I trust) naturally honest and straightforward; but there arose before me that unforgotten pledge to Roy Mason, whereby I had bound myself to withstand any pressure that might be brought to bear upon me, in the preservation of his secret. True, he had never foreseen such a *contratempus* as this, else he would never have placed me in such a position; but that fact, I felt, did not lessen my obligation. As I had been weak enough to pledge myself to him, I must now be strong enough to keep my promise.

As this decision formed itself in my mind, there was a perceptible quieting of my nerves, and something within me, some latent power of self control, rose up to meet the emergency. Obeying a sudden impulse, I extended my hand to her, saying, with genuine feeling—

"You poor, little woman; can it be possible that you have come alone all the way from the Atlantic shore upon so sad a quest?"

Tears again swam in her eyes as she placed her hand in mine, and allowed me to lead her to a seat.

"Not quite alone, Mr. Blake," she answered, "I have with me a faithful attendant, a colored woman who has been a family servant ever since my infancy. She and I are inseparable now, since my mother's death, which occurred a few weeks after I received your letter. So, you see, there was really no one but Martha to come with me. However, our journey has been made in safety, and our goal, it seems, is reached at last. We arrived in San Francisco, by way of the isthmus, about the middle of November, and ten days later landed in Portland, where we learned that the mountains were already nearly impassible. I then decided to spend the winter months in Portland. But the time seemed long, and at the first hint of spring I resumed my journey, and—here I am. Oh, Mr. Blake, there is so much I wish to know—things I hope you can tell me—about him—his last days, how he died, what his sufferings were, and—oh, everything."

Reader, in pity's name, do not expect me to describe my sensations at that moment. Put yourself in my place for an instant, and let your imagination paint my predicament as no words of mine can do. To describe how well (or illy) I lied and played my hypocritical part, is a task from which, even after the lapse of years, my pen shrinks. Suffice it to say I paused at nothing that would help me to keep Roy Mason's secret locked in my breast. Only once did I falter, and feel my heart grow numb and cold with the weight of the awful responsibility I had taken upon myself; that was several hours later, when, in the full glow of the afternoon sunshine, we wended

our way up the mountain trail, Edith Mason, her sable attendant, and myself, and stood beside the grave that bore Roy Mason's name above it.

The poor little wife knelt and rested her pale forehead on the rough stone wall. I turned away. Whether she was praying, or recalling happy, bygone hours, I could not tell; I only knew that to look upon her sorrow was to feel my soul consumed with guilty remorse. I walked away and sat down on a moss-covered rock by the bank of the stream, looking down, with eyes that saw not, upon the lovely, undulating valley that lay far below, like a beautiful painting, in its misty blue frame of encircling mountains.

After a time Mrs. Mason joined me, and stood for some moments regarding the scene with silent, rapt solemnity; then, turning to me, she said, slowly—

"There is something grandly beautiful in the thought of being laid to rest in a stony grave, high among these rugged, eternal mountains, with such a scene as that beneath, and naught but waving pines and heaven's blue canopy above. It seems almost a pity that I have come all this way only to disturb his rest, to take him from the ever-renewing beauties of Nature's grandest solitudes, and give him, instead, only a musty corner in the family vault at home? I am almost sorry that I came; but now that I am here, I never can go back without him—the picture of this lonely mound on the mountain side would haunt me, waking and dreaming, through all my years to come."

I listened to these words like one but half awake, and a moment passed before I fully gathered their meaning. When, at length, their full import came to me, when I realized that she was speaking of taking the dead body that lay buried there, and bearing it with her to the far East, I sat stunned, silent and almost as breathless as the great rock beneath me.

In imagination I saw the stones rolled away, the grave opened, and the rough coffin brought from its tomb. I even saw the lid lifted, and the stricken wife bending for one more look on earth at her dead. But at that point even imagination faltered, and I sprang to my feet with a desperate impulse upon me to run away—to never cease my flight until hundreds of miles should lie between me and the scene of that dread deception.

Looking back now, I can only wonder that I had not, until that moment, divined her real mission in coming to the far West. But I had not; I had simply taken for granted that she wished to see her husband's resting place, and, perhaps, erect a stone to his memory.

She was still looking dreamily away toward the horizon line, and did not seem to notice my agitation. I turned my face from her, and for a minute or two did some wonderfully rapid thinking. "Oh, Roy

Mason," I reflected, desperately, "if I could but get my hands on you, I'd make you face this music."

One thing was quite clear, and needed no debating in my mind—Roy Mason's whereabouts must be ascertained without loss of time, and he must be made aware of the state of affairs. But, in the meantime, what could I do to prevent, or at least, delay, the opening of the grave!

Acting upon a swift impulse, I turned, with another lie upon my lips, to the poor, defenseless, unsuspecting little woman at my side.

"Mrs. Mason, I trust I have misinterpreted the meaning of your last words. I hope it is not your intention to—to—remove your husband's remains."

She turned and looked at me wonderingly, with eyes blue as the heavens above, clear and pure as the limpid waters that tinkled over the pebbles at our feet.

"Why, certainly, Mr. Blake," she answered, slowly, "that is what I came for. I thought you understood."

I groaned inwardly, but outwardly adjusted my mask for the part I was compelled to play. Assuming an expression of sorrowful commiseration, I laid my hand on hers, and said—

"Then, my poor little woman, it becomes my painful duty to tell you that you can only do so by violating the last wish of your husband."

She started, and shrank, as if hurt.

"Then he—did not wish me to—take him home?"

"No, he did not," I answered, firmly, while my heart ached for her. "Forgive me if, hitherto, I have not been entirely frank with you. The truth is, that before your husband's death (I had almost said departure), he and I became near and dear friends, and I had from his lips a history of his sad past. He said to me, 'God bless her! There is but one way that I can free her from the galling chains that bind her to me, and that way is, at last, within my grasp. My death will release her, and that is near at hand. Bury me here on the mountain side, where the little stream can prattle above me, and the moaning pines whisper my dirge. Let no one disturb my repose, for no mortal can give me a grander mausoleum.'"

She was looking straight into my eyes while I spoke, but at my concluding words her head dropped, and I saw tears falling on her clasped hands.

"Do you think his words referred to me, Mr. Blake? Could it be that he meant *I* was not to disturb him?"

Trying not to see the tears, not to hear the vibrations of pain in the gentle voice, I answered—

"My dear Mrs. Mason! Who else could he have meant? Who else would be likely to undertake his removal?"

"True, there is no one else," she answered, softly, without lifting her eyes. I sat down again, and waited for my leaven to work—waited, with bated breath, for her next words. For several minutes she stood motionless and silent, while the tears slowly dried upon her drooping lashes, and her eyes took on a look that heralded some new-born impulse.

"Well," she said, at last, "of course I can not disregard his dying wish. I will not disturb him, neither will I leave him. Down there, in that lovely little valley, I will make a home for myself, and for my faithful Martha. We will dwell near him, and our feet shall wear the mountain trail smooth in our journeys to and from his grave. Oh, Bayard! Poor old dog! You loved him, in your humble way, as well as I."

The noble old dog had come close to her, and was looking solemnly into her eyes and licking her hand, as if in affectionate sympathy with her grief; and she had ended by kneeling on the ground and clasping her arms about his shaggy neck. "We will never leave him here alone, Bayard—never!" she murmured.

Not far away, stood the Amazonian figure of the black woman, with face as sombre and impenetrable as that of a sphynx.

"Ah Roy, old fellow," I thought to myself, as I viewed the scene, "if you can ever retrieve this dreadful blunder, ever work yourself out of this ugly predicament, there may be happiness for you yet. It is plain to be seen that this little heart is, and has ever been, loyal to yours."

I fancied I understood that gentle, simple little woman before me, just as Roy Mason had thought that he understood her when he married her, years before. He had discovered his mistake when too late. I had yet to realize mine.

That evening, after escorting Mrs. Mason down the mountain, and bidding her good-night at the door of the little hotel, I went away by myself, to think and map out a plan of action for myself. It seemed plain, to my mind, that I had been chosen, as an instrument of fate, to assist in welding the broken life chain of the two people, who had been so strangely, so romantically, thrust upon the remote and circumscribed stage of my existence. If I was not especially grateful for the honor thus conferred upon me, it was because of the very peculiar nature of the responsibility. Every few minutes I found myself wondering, if any other human being than myself had ever been in just such a trying, unfortunate position. I thought not; and, up to date, I am of the same opinion. My darkest foreboding was, that upon me would eventually devolve the humiliating task of revealing to the poor little woman the whole heartless decep-

tion and preparing her to meet her lost husband, not in the spirit, but in the warmth and vigor of flesh. I felt that if she ever could forgive the part I had played, she would prove herself less human than divine.

But the first and most pressing necessity was to ascertain Roy Mason's whereabouts, and communicate with him without loss of time. The possibility of establishing communication with him readily was, to say the least, remote. I had received but two letters from him since his departure, a year before. The first was written at San Diego, California, and stated that he was following out his plan of sailing down the coast, and was just on the point of embarking again on his southward journey. I was instructed to write him at Acapulco, on the coast of Mexico, as that would probably be his next stopping place. I did so, and in due time received a reply from that place, with instructions to address my next letter to the City of Mexico, as he was on the eve of setting out, inland, to pay that ancient city a visit. I had written as desired, but no reply had, as yet, come to me, and more than three months had elapsed. I had no assurance that he had ever reached the City of Mexico, and even if he had, it was scarcely probable that he was still lingering there. He might be wandering over the isthmus by this time, or leaving foot prints on Peruvian sands. In short, the tracing out of the proverbial "needle in the hay-stack," I thought, could not have been a more formidable undertaking than the one that now loomed up before me. Nevertheless, I went to work with a will.

I sent a letter to the City of Mexico, and another to Acapulco, by mail; then another letter to each of the same cities by express; then a "personal," to be inserted every day for a week, in the leading papers of the two cities. Both letters and personal were written after the same pattern, and ran thus—

"Henry Morris:—Communicate immediately with Blake. Something of the utmost importance has occurred."

I also had the notice inserted in the principal papers of Portland and San Francisco, actuated by the thought that the traveler in strange lands is ever on the alert for home papers, and the personal might thus chance to come beneath his eyes, when altogether overlooked in foreign publications.

All this accomplished to my satisfaction, I decided that while awaiting developments, I must remain right where I was. To go away, would be to run the risk of missing his letter, if he should write.

So Damocles was picketed out every day, with a generous allowance of lariat, on the sloping hill side, fast growing green with the tender grass of spring-time, where he grazed and browsed with an air of res-

ignation, that set me an example of patience and submission.

Meantime, Edith Mason was making manifest the earnestness of her avowed intention to remain in the little valley and create for herself a home. Within a week or two, she had, with my assistance in the business details, purchased a lot in the suburbs of Yum Yum, procured building materials, and set two men at work erecting a small cottage. It was a cozy little affair, and money was not spared in rendering it not only thoroughly comfortable, but beautiful within and without. It was situated on a little, sloping plateau, overlooking the town and commanding a view of the greater part of the undulating valley.

Yum Yum, as may be supposed, was somewhat exercised over the advent of this new and evidently well-to-do resident. There was the usual amount of indirect questioning and round-about attempts to get at the private history, past and present, of the newcomer. She herself made no secret of the fact that she was taking up her residence in their midst for the sake of being near the grave of her husband. She always added, however, that, even were there no such sacred ties to hold her there, the natural beauties of the mountain-bound valley would prove an almost irresistible inducement to remain. In this, she was sincere. To me, she said—

“I think that, amid such scenes as these, I shall be able to write as I have never written before. The very look of the mountains, rising grand and rugged in their misty blue robes, out of this valley of sunshine and verdure, sets my brain and heart throbbing in unison with thought that must find expression.”

Weeks came and vanished, until two months had gone by, and June had come, warm, rosy, and fragrant with the breath of the wild flowers, without bringing me a word or sign from the wanderer. I began to be discouraged and downcast in spirit. There were reasons why things could not go on in this way much longer. Already I had been slightly chaffed, on more than one occasion, by inhabitants of Yum Yum, for staying about town at a season when, as a miner, I should have been elsewhere. Covert allusions to the “little widow” became so frequent as to arouse my resentment. Had Edith Mason been, in reality, a widow, such innuendoes would have been distasteful to me; and knowing her to be the innocent, loyal wife of my friend, rendered them almost unbearable.

I had, however, the comfort of knowing that she was unconscious of the coarse by-play, and went on the even tenor of her way undisturbed. She made but few acquaintances among the people of Yum Yum, and those few were mostly confined to families of the poorer class, whom she loved to assist in the thousand

and one ways that ever lie within the scope of kindness and true sympathy.

Her visits to the grave were frequent—so frequent that I often marveled that so slight and delicate a frame could bear up under so much mountain climbing. As the warm days of summer drew on, I grew accustomed to looking from my door in the early morning, and seeing her coming slowly around the fir grove, with black Martha closely following, bearing the small writing desk, which never was left behind. She had a favorite nook, beneath a clump of young firs on the margin of the little stream, a few steps distant from the grave, where she would sit hour after hour, dreaming and writing, seemingly shut off from all mankind, living an ideal existence in an ideal world, all her own.

I soon learned to shape my own habits to suit hers, or rather, to baffle the tattling tongues of Yum Yum. Her appearance on the mountain was usually the signal for me to discover that I had business to attend to in town, and such business was rarely concluded until the blue smoke, curling up from the chimney of her cottage, told me that she had returned home to her 6:00 o'clock tea.

Things went on in this way till near the middle of July, when messages from the “diggings” began to come in thick and fast, announcing new discoveries and urging upon me the advisability of giving the work my personal attention. After mature deliberation, I decided that I would go. I was growing very tired of neglecting my own affairs while waiting in vain for a letter or sign from Roy Mason. It had been all very well, at first, to regard myself as the chosen instrument of fate, and I had experienced a certain pride in the thought; but the friction of time and pleadings of self interest were beginning to crowd that feeling into the background.

So, at last, I said to myself that I would risk an absence of a few weeks at least. I would return by the first of September, at the latest, and see how things were going with the little woman. In the meantime, I would leave strict orders with the post master, that any letters coming for me must be held by him until I should return and call for them in person.

When I announced to Mrs. Mason my intended departure, she was bending over the grave, training ivy vines over the stones and purple morning glories around the rustic cross. She lifted her face quickly, and looked at me in startled wonder.

“Going away! You? Why, Mr. Blake, how very strange it will seem here without you. I shall miss you.”

How almost childlike she seemed to me, in her innocent frankness! She had risen, and was looking at

me with the expression of a startled child, threatened with parental desertion. My pride might have sprung to arms, had I not taken refuge in the reflection that, in point of fact, I was not so very many years her senior, and no more venerable in appearance than the husband she so mourned.

We seated ourselves to talk the matter over, and after a while I ventured to approach a subject that had long lain heavily on my mind, but which I had not known how to broach. I wished to draw from her, if I could, some word or sign by which I could judge what would be the effect upon her, in case of any sudden revelation regarding the deception that was being practiced upon her. I wished that I could ascertain what would be her sensations if she should suddenly discover that her husband was living. But it was a subject that could be safely approached only with the greatest care and delicacy, else I should either shock her sensibilities or arouse her suspicion. Yet, I felt that I could not go away until I had, at least, made an attempt to sound her on this important point. I began by saying—

“I know that you will guard and care for this poor, lonely grave while I am gone, and it is a comfort to know that it will not be entirely at the mercy of every passing tramp.”

“Yes,” she answered, simply, “while I live, this spot will never lack care and protection.”

“Oh, how I wish,” I burst forth, impetuously, “that my poor friend could look back through the mists of eternity, and, seeing you here, realize, as I do, your beautiful love devotion.”

“Oh, don’t say such a thing as that!” she exclaimed, with a quick dissenting gesture, “I can imagine no greater curse upon poor humanity than the power to look back, after death, and be forced to passively witness the sorrowful struggles of those left behind. If I could believe in such an awful dispensation, I would never visit this spot, never plant a flower or shed a tear above him. I like to think that he is at rest, and forever free from the shackles riveted by the mistakes of this life. I like to picture him either as living a peaceful, happy, progressive life, in some other world, forever sundered from this, with even the chords of memory severed eternally, or else, lying swathed in the shroud of an endless oblivion—dead in the soul as in the flesh—and forever at rest.”

A strange sort of awe of her crept into my heart, as I looked into her pale, impassioned face, and listened to words that impressed by the sheer force of their freedom from orthodox shackles. Presently, following up my original purpose, I said—

“Well, you are right; I should not have made such a wish, for, even if he could see you now, and know himself forgiven, the knowledge would come

forever too late. I will change my wish—I will say, Oh, why could not something have happened to let him know he was forgiven, before it was too late? Why, oh why, did you not write him a line to let him know that the cruel words of that farewell letter were null and void; that your heart had softened, and yearned toward him with pardoning tenderness?”

She arose and turned toward me a pale, set face—a face that heralded her words almost before she uttered them. Looking in her eyes, I quailed before a sternness I had never dreamed could slumber in their depths.

“Who has said aught of forgiveness?” she demanded. “My friend, have you fallen into the error of thinking that I have forgiven Roy Mason? Would you couple forgiveness with the name of a savage, who had brained an unborn infant, and ground its mother’s quivering heart beneath his heel? No; and a thousand times less is he deserving of forgiveness who commits a like outrage upon his own dear ones, upon those to whom he is bound by all the sacred oaths of love and loyalty. Oh, friend, if the grave could give up its dead, if these sods could part, and Roy Mason could stand before me, strong and fair as in the days of my short-lived happiness, I would have no word to say to him other than those contained in that last letter you so evidently condemn and deplore. Had I forgiven him, I might have a son of his in my arms to-day, to be taught, by a father’s potent example, as he grew up, that in one respect, at least, women and dogs are alike—there is no limit to the indignities to which they will submit and still—forgive. No, no! There are crises in life—in woman’s life—when to forgive is to commit a crime against posterity. Such a crisis have I gone through, as through a furnace of living fire; and though seared and blistered by the flames, I have not been weak; I have never, for one moment, forgiven.”

“But you—pardon me—you have loved him through it all, have you not?” I stammered, for her words, earnest to vehemence, had staggered me. I began to perceive that there were forces of character behind that little, white face, that I had never suspected. A shadow of mental pain flitted over her features, but she answered, unhesitatingly—

“No, that all died with the rest.”

“She spoke with a solemn earnestness that left no doubt of her truth. My heart sank as I thought of poor Roy, and saw all my hopes of a reconciliation expiring at my feet. Then another, and very natural, query arose in my mind, and formed itself, imperfectly, into words—

“Then, if you have never forgiven him, and have ceased to love him, what—what—” I faltered, and she took up the thread of my thought.

"What is it that holds me here, you would ask? It is a man's question. A woman's soul is 'A harp of a thousand strings,' and however many of those tender, sensitive cords man's merciless hand may rend asunder, there are ever some left that lie beyond his reach, whose quivering, throbbing melodies his ear can never catch. You ask, if it be neither love nor forgiveness, what can it be that holds me here? I can only answer that I think it must be the saddened, undoing melody of the dead past, vibrating along those harp-strings of my soul, that not even his hand could ever touch. Certain it is, that the touch of his living hand, at this moment, could not send one quickened throb along my veins, nor could the pleadings of his tongue move me to one shadow of forgiveness. Oh, friend, if the day ever dawns when man shall cease to soil his soul with the smirch of vice, it will be when woman has ceased to forgive. You look at me as you might at a sphynx, as though I were full of hidden meanings, which you can not fathom. Ah, well, Mr. Blake, you are a man, and therefore must reach in vain for some of the harp-strings. Come, while we talk the sun sinks, and now we shall be late for tea. Come, Martha and Bayard, it is time to go."

I sat down on my humble threshold and watched the little group out of sight, then shook my head and muttered: "'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'"

For the first time in all these months, I was glad that I had failed to find Roy Mason. I sincerely hoped, for his sake, that I would never find him—never see nor hear of him again in all the days of my life.

Two days later, I was in town making some final preparations for my departure to the mines. It chanced to be stage day, and that proverbially noisy vehicle came rumbling down the stony street of the town, while I stood beside a counter bargaining for a pair of rubber boots. I heard it, but felt no special interest in its advent, beyond the thought that now I would not go home until the mail had been sorted and distributed, as it would be too bad to miss a letter on the very eve of my departure.

About ten minutes later, as I approached the door of the small, frame building, that did duty as post office, Jack Todd, the stage driver, came out of a saloon adjoining and sprang to his seat, ready to start. Jack was a jolly, whole-souled fellow, ranking, intellectually, somewhat above the average stage driver. I was well acquainted with him, and now, as he cracked his whip, he caught sight of me, and, with a sudden halt, called out—

"Why, hello, Blake! You in town? I've just dropped a passenger that you'll be glad to see, I

reckon; at least he seemed in a deuced hurry to see you; he started off up the trail as soon as his feet touched the ground."

"Who?" I gasped, and held my breath for his reply.

"It's that fellow Morris, that used to be—"

I never heard the completion of the sentence, for as that name fell from his lips, I turned and sprang away in the direction of the trail. Two hours before, as I came down the mountain, I had met Edith Mason going up. The thought that now set my head throbbing, and lent wings to my feet, was—

"Great God! If I should fail to overtake him! If he should come upon her suddenly, the shock would kill her!"

"The shock will kill her," I gasped again and again, as I ran. And oh, how I ran! How I leaped and lunged up that steep and rugged trail! How I strained my eyes to catch sight of him ahead, as I rounded every curve and angle!

"Roy! Roy Mason!" I shouted more than once, as I ran, hoping that the sound might catch his ear and cause him to halt ere it was too late. He had not many minutes' start of me, and surely, I thought, I ought to catch him before reaching the cabin. I remembered, with satisfaction, that pedestrianism was not a boasted accomplishment with him; that he used to climb this self-same trail after a leisurely, languid fashion, often sitting down on wayside rocks to light a cigar and enjoy the scenery. Oh, if he would but sit down for a couple of minutes now! But no; crag after crag I rounded, rock after rock I passed by in my breathless race, and strained my eyes in vain for a sight of his familiar form. When I shouted his name, the canyon walls flung back to me the sound of my own voice, and nothing more.

A two-mile run, even on level ground, is a Quixotic undertaking for a man not in training, and the same distance up the ruggedest of mountain pack trails becomes something formidable. How I ever accomplished the feat, I am at a loss to explain. I only know that I seemed to be goaded on at every step by the thought of the awful responsibility resting upon me. If Roy Mason had returned, he had done so in response to my letters or advertisements, I told myself, and as I had given him no hint of the true state of affairs, I, and not he, was the blunderer; and I alone would be to blame, should anything disastrous ensue.

In fancy—a fancy terribly real and life-like—I saw Edith Mason turning from what she believed to be the grave of her husband, and finding herself standing face to face with the supposed occupant of that grave. Even I, with my masculine strength of nerve, shuddered at the thought of a shock so terrible.

At last, however, I grew so exhausted with my long, unbroken run, that I almost ceased to think, and bent all my energies to the task of keeping up physical locomotion. Heart and brain were throbbing painfully, every vein in my body seemed flowing with molten metal, and my breath was coming in quick, short gasps. Dark shadows seemed to settle before my eyes, and when I tried to scan the trail ahead, trees and rocks were mingled in one quivering, indistinguishable mass. At last, came the moment when the limit of physical endurance was reached, and I sank to the ground.

Whether it was seconds, or minutes, that elapsed before I lifted my head and drew a free breath, I can not say. When I did so, I glanced instinctively up the trail. About a hundred yards ahead, was the narrow pass around the jutting crag, where poor Morris had lost his life. I gazed at it now, in my helplessness, with a certain vindictiveness of feeling, reflecting that it was the fatal spot whence had sprung the seedling shoot of all this entanglement.

Gradually, as my vision cleared, lesser objects became visible, and suddenly a wild thrill ran through me, as I made out the outlines of a man's figure, quietly seated on a rock, a few steps from the pass. True, I had no assurance that the figure was that of Roy Mason, but my heart told me it was—it must be.

Struggling to my feet, scarcely able to stand, but buoyed up by the most intense nervous excitement I have ever experienced, I endeavored to run toward him, shouting, hoarsely, "Morris! Morris!" and gesticulating to attract his attention. Even in that exciting moment, I had sufficient presence of mind to remember that the cabin was in close proximity, and it would be unsafe to shout his own name upon the rarified mountain air. To my joy, he turned at the first sound of my voice, and rose to his feet in a slow, wondering way, as if struck with astonishment at my queer conduct. At the same instant I sank again to my knees, unable to take another step. But I beckoned him wildly, and frantically shouted: "Come here! In heaven's name, come here!"

He started toward me instantly, but had scarcely taken three steps, when around the crag came another form bounding into view. It was Bayard. My heart sank, for I knew that Bayard never started down the trail except in the capacity of advance guard for his mistress. For one brief instant, the noble, intelligent animal paused, with his eyes fixed on the unexpected figure before him, then, with a cry of almost human joy, he sprang forward and leaped frantically about his long-lost master, making use, I think, of the entire canine vocabulary of barks, whines, kisses and tail wags, to give expression to the joy that overwhelmed him.

Again I shouted to Mason in a frenzy of anxiety, and strove to rise to my feet; but he was on his knees now, with his arms around the old dog's neck, and did not hear me. Then, in a moment more, two other forms came into view around the crag. I saw Edith Mason pause, and stand, for one instant, as if turned to stone; then, without a word or gesture, she fell to the ground. Seeing, that, despite all my efforts, the worst had come, and I could do no more, the intense strain of nervous excitement that had upheld me thus far, suddenly snapped asunder, and I gave myself up to an interval of welcome, restful oblivion.

I wish to say here—parenthetically, as it were—that never before nor since that day have I been guilty of the unmanly weakness of swooning; and to add, in self justification, that it was more the stupor induced by extreme physical exhaustion, than laxity of nervous force.

When consciousness returned, I found Roy Mason bending over me, dribbling water in my eyes and down my neck, from an old oyster can that the poor fellow had picked up on the bank of the stream. I sat up and grasped both his hands in mine, but all I could say was, "Where is she?"

He sprang up at the words, and nodded in the direction of the cabin.

"Do all you can for her, Blake," he said, huskily, as he turned away, "I'm off for a doctor."

He bounded away down the trail, I calling after him: "There's a doctor in Yum Yum now. Ask at the post office, and they'll tell you where to find him."

Then I made my way, in rather a stiff-legged manner, to the cabin, where I found Edith Mason lying on my bed, still and white, in a swoon so death-like that I thought it was death until I bent over and felt a faint—oh, so faint!—little flutter in the region of the heart. Poor black Martha was working desperately to restore the flitting life-breath, and ignored all my questions and suggestions as utterly as a stone image might have done. Martha was not, at any time, much given to speech. All that I had ever heard from her lips was an occasional monosyllable, in reply to a direct question. Now, however, I found that I could not frame a question so directly as to elicit a reply. Only one expression of her feeling did she vouchsafe me, and that she did by straightening up her Amazonian figure once, and fixing her great, rolling, black eyes on me, with an expression that made me feel like a detected murderer. I shrank away, and stood around outside the cabin, in a miserable state of mind, until Mason and the doctor arrived. After that came another half hour of suspense, while the physician made his examination and tried his re-

storatives. Finally, Mason came out to me, looking as though he himself had been close to death's portals.

"Help me to make a litter, Blake; he says we must get her down the mountain while the stupor lasts, for he thinks that—brain fever—" His voice broke, and he turned away.

I went and cut some fir boughs, and together we constructed a litter, which we piled full of blankets, and thus bore her slight, motionless form slowly and tenderly down the rough trail she had climbed so often, in her heart-broken devotion to the memory of other days.

* * * * *

Four miserable weeks—twenty-eight long, trying days—had dragged their slow length into the past before we knew, or could guess, whether Edith Mason would live or die. Another physician had been brought, as counsel, from Marionville, and all that human skill could do had been done for her; yet, as I scanned the faces of her attendants each day, I gathered less and less that could give hope or comfort.

At last, one morning, as I sat disconsolately on the back stoop of her cottage, waiting for the doctors to come out, the door opened and black Martha came and grasped my shoulder, with a clutch that seemed to almost crush the bones.

"Get up!" she ejaculated, in a voice that would have lifted me to my feet had I been unable to comprehend the words. I got up, and turned my shrinking gaze upon her. Then she suddenly loosed her grasp, and pointed, with a long, black finger, in through the open door: "Go in there and see what you have helped to do."

I went in, submissively, feeling that the words and actions of my dusky Nemesia could have but one dread meaning. On the threshold of the chamber, one of the doctors met me—

"Come in, if you wish," he murmured, "she is conscious now, and will not live more than an hour."

I sank down on a chair near the foot of the bed, with a miserable sensation of cold and weight about my heart. I was glad, very glad, when I saw that she had not perceived my entrance, for it seemed to me that one word of reproach or pardon from her poor, white lips, would utterly crush me.

She was lying quite still, with her eyes fixed upon the white ceiling above, and one thin little hand resting on the bowed head of her husband. Poor Roy! Strong sobs were shaking his frame, the first outward expression his grief had taken throughout all those weary weeks, though hollow eyes and attenuated features had attested to the work going on within. Suddenly, now, he lifted his head, clasped the frail little hand and pressed it to his lips, crying out, in a despairing desperation—

"Oh, Edith, darling, live! Forgiveness is not enough; live and let me do what I can toward atonement."

"Oh, heaven forbid!" was the solemn response from dying lips. After a moment's pause, she slowly turned her beautiful, heaven-blue eyes upon his face. "Roy, my husband, can you not understand that death is all that renders forgiveness possible? Do you think, if I lived, I could ever forgive? No, no, no! The little, dead hands of our baby would draw me forever from you, and life would be but a million deaths."

"Oh, Edith, don't! You kill me!" he cried, and I pray that I may never again hear such a cry of torture wrung from a human soul. "Darling, live! and in time I will win you to forgive and forget. Oh, I promise—"

She lifted her hand, with a tremulous motion, and laid it on his lips. Then her eyes wandered away, dreamily, to the open, vine-draped, little window. Presently she spoke again, but with an apparent effort, and I had to listen closely to catch the low-murmured words. Evidently her mind was wandering, for she spoke of her husband, instead of to him, as if addressing a third person, but never removing her eyes from the patch of blue sky that gleamed through the little casement.

"That word, that last word he uttered, carries me back—back into the dim past. He says he will promise. Oh, God! Promise!—"

"I builded my all on promises, once,
A castle that toppled and fell;
Each broken vow was a red-hot stone,
To pave my way—to hell."

I do not think the poor, dying creature knew that she was breathing her last words on earth; but she was. She never spoke again, and she could not have left a more awful legacy to Roy Mason than those words, which, as we afterwards knew, constituted a verse from an unpublished poem of her own.

The low murmur of her voice died away, and naught broke the silence of the little chamber, save ever and anon a gasping sob from the breast of the kneeling man. The dying eyes remained fixed upon the open casement, gradually taking on a far-away look, as though seeing into the widening portals of futurity—a look that settled, finally, into the fixity of death, and I was not surprised when the physician bent to me and said, softly—

"You are his friend, let him know, if you can, that all is over, and get him away."

May I never again see, in human eyes, such an expression as came into Roy Mason's when he lifted his head and was made to understand that his wife was dead. Before nightfall of the same day, he him-

self was raving in the delirium of brain fever, and for weeks thereafter he hovered upon the brink of the grave. I never left him, for an hour, through the whole time; but my vigils, day and night, were shared by black Martha. She never spoke to me when she could possibly avoid doing so; but once, when I remonstrated with her, and strove to induce her to take some much-needed rest, she burst forth so suddenly as to startle me—

“Keep still; I’ll not leave him; she loved him; even the dog loves him,” pointing to Bayard, where he lay close beside the bed, “when he is well, or in his grave, I’ll rest, and not before.”

These words, succinct and decisive, silenced me, and I let black Martha alone, while I came to regard her with an awe that betook somewhat of reverence.

Weeks later, when Roy Mason came forth once more into the light of heaven’s sun, with white hair and strangely aged face, Martha disappeared one night, without a word of explanation or farewell, and it was only by questioning the stage driver that I learned she had crossed the mountains on her way to Portland. We at once inferred that she was *en route* to her old Eastern home, and subsequent letters sent to that place proved the correctness of the inference. They were answered by an attorney, who announced himself as authorized to assume control of Mrs. Martha Johnson’s affairs financial.

Edith Mason had left a will, in which her dusky, faithful old servant was remembered so generously as to enable her to end her days in independent comfort. The remainder of her possessions were bequeathed, without reserve or condition, to her husband, making him a wealthy man, but heaping coals upon the already undying fire of remorse.

“Oh, Blake,” he said, piteously, “I must get away from here as soon as I am strong enough to travel; everything reminds me of her; even the birds and the mountain streams murmur reproaches as I pass, and the crags frown down upon me savagely. I think, sometimes, it will drive me mad. I must get away—away.”

The words struck a pain through my heart, and involuntarily my eyes turned toward the white shafts of the little cemetery, on a gentle slope not far away. I remembered that she had journeyed thousands of miles for the privilege of dwelling in the wilderness beside his grave. Now, he would journey as far, doubtless, to get away from that little sloping mound of earth, and the scenes that must ever remind him of her.

“Verily,” I thought, “she was right—there are, indeed, some strings in the harp of a woman’s soul that no man’s hand can touch.”

The year was beginning to fade into the sere and

yellow leaf, when once more I wrung Roy Mason’s hand, and saw him depart upon his wanderings, far from the little valley that nestles in the bosom of the Blue mountains.

The next day I went away, shaping my course over the mountain trail; and when I had reached the highest point overlooking the valley, I paused and looked down, with a queer sensation of pain at my heart, upon that little white shaft, gleaming in the autumn sunlight, and thought of the harp that lay shattered there, its unbroken strings vibrating with deathless melody down the ages of eternity.

I never again saw the little valley, nor the grave of the woman, who had been, in life and in death, “▲ Law Unto Herself.”

More than a quarter of a century elapsed before I again clasped hands with Roy Mason. When I did so, we stood upon a thronged street of Oregon’s metropolis. It was the eighth day of November, 1887. As my dear old friend extended me his right hand, I noted that in his left he held a ballot, to be cast for or against the issue of the day—the prohibition amendment.

For or against! Which would it be? I wondered, as my mind ran back over his darkened past. At length the question formed itself upon my lips—

“Which way do you vote, Roy?” I asked, but in an instant was sorry I had spoken, for he lifted his dim eyes to my face, with a pitiful look of reproach.

“Blake, that question from you?”

Then, baring his whitened head, he lifted his eyes to heaven, and added, solemnly—

“With a murdered wife and child looking down upon me from those eternal heights, is it likely that I can vote for the perpetuation of the curse that killed them?”

C. BLAKE MORGAN.

NELSON BENNETT.

AMONG the men who are most prominently connected with the development of the Pacific Northwest is Nelson Bennett, who has built more miles of railroad connected with the main line and branches of the Northern Pacific railroad, than any other one man. Under the firm name of Washington, Dunn & Co., he built two hundred miles of the main line, in Montana. Of the Cascade division he built one hundred and seventy-five miles. For the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, he built the Pendleton and Blue mountain branch, consisting of twenty-eight miles, and also twenty-eight miles of the Palouse branch, running from Colfax to Farmington. In addition to the construction work on the main line

of the Northern Pacific railroad, Mr. Bennett has built for that company one hundred and seven miles of the branch called the Spokane & Palouse railroad, leaving the main line between Spokane Falls and Cheney, and extending southeasterly to Genesee, in Idaho Territory, and also fourteen miles of the Spokane Falls & Idaho road, extending into the Cœur d'Alene lake region. About a year ago he took a large contract on the Oregon Pacific railroad, projected to be built from Yaquina bay to Boise City, Idaho. After performing a large portion of his work according to contract with that company, it failed to meet its engagements with him, and he is now vigorously prosecuting a suit to recover over \$500,000.00 expended by him in clearing the right of way, grading, etc., on that road. Mr. Bennett is now engaged in driving the tunnel through the Cascade mountains for the Cascade division, or main line, of the Northern Pacific railroad. This tunnel is about nine thousand eight hundred and fifty feet in length. The steam drills were started on September 1st, 1886; on February 16th, 1888, the east end had reached a depth of four thousand and ninety-five feet, and the west end four thousand three hundred and eighty-six feet, a total of eight thousand four hundred and eighty-one feet, leaving one thousand three hundred and sixty-nine feet to be completed. On that day, for the first time, the forces working at each end could distinctly hear the reports of the blasts on the other sides. The average daily progress for the past six months has been fifteen feet and nine inches, which "knocks out" the record of similar work in this or any other country. Mr. Bennett is known, not only as a great builder of railroads, but also as a merchant, being engaged extensively in the agricultural implement business and the handling of farm produce, having extensive houses in Butte City, Deer Lodge, Townsend and Missoula, in Montana, and in Ellensburg, in Washington Territory. Mr. Bennett is the leading spirit in the Butte City Street Railway Co., and is also the projector and proprietor of the Tacoma Street Railway, which he is now constructing with the intention of operating with electric motors. Mr. Bennett is but forty-four years of age, is genial and affable in his manners, and is considered by those who have business dealings with him as a man whose word is as good as his bond. He has the faculty of surrounding himself with trustworthy and capable assistants, and this, with the fact that his treatment of his associates and employees is most liberal, and conducive to his popularity among them, accounts for his being able to successfully carry on so many responsible enterprises. Mr. Bennett is a resident of Tacoma, and is well known throughout the Pacific coast.

A MAN OF BUSINESS.

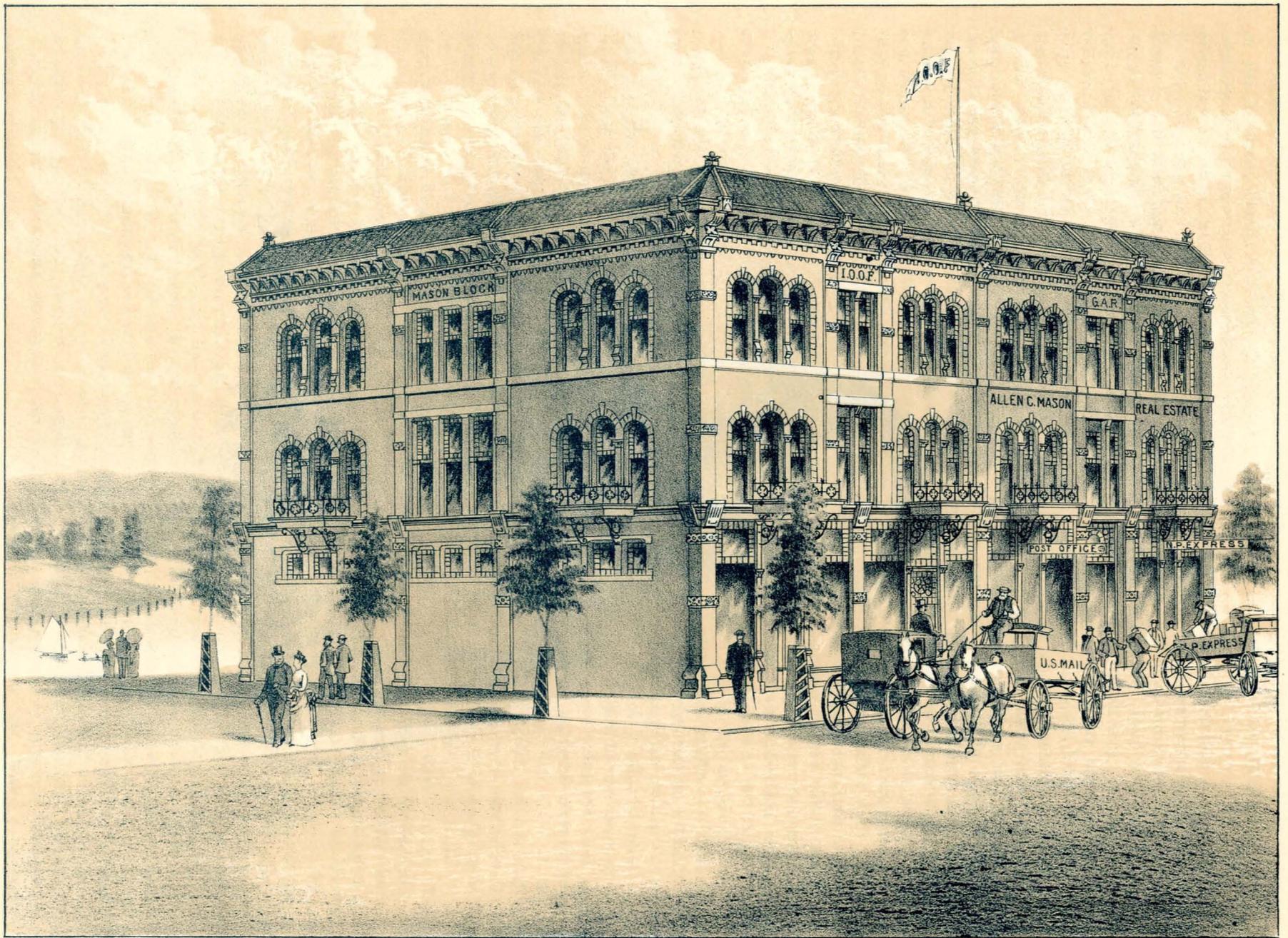
THE well-known fact that a city presents, as a whole, the characteristics of the individuals who compose it, finds no better illustration than in the City of Tacoma. It is wide-awake, enterprising and progressive, and is such, not only because of its unrivaled location and its commanding position as the terminus of the great Northern Pacific railroad, but because its business men are themselves possessed of a spirit of progressive enterprise, are thoroughly imbued with confidence in the great destiny of their city, and are united in their efforts to promote its welfare. Prominent among these public-spirited men, standing at the very front of progress, is Allen C. Mason, to whom Tacoma is largely indebted for its widespread reputation, and for the moneyed interest so many people have taken in it. Since he settled in Tacoma, Mr. Mason has done more to advance its interests than any citizen within its limits. He has had the handling of more real estate, has caused the investment of more money, has more extensively advertised its advantages, and has induced more people to cast their lot in the Terminal City, than any other of its enterprising citizens, of whom there are many. He has seen the city grow from a few board shanties scattered among the trees and stumps, to its present grand array of brick and stone structures; and this marvelous growth, the work of but a few years, he expects to see continued until Tacoma becomes the largest city in the Northwest, to take rank with the leading commercial cities of the United States. In this future growth, as in that of the past, Mr. Mason, himself, will be no inconsiderable factor. A brief sketch of his life will be an index of his character and business methods.

He was born in Polo, Ogle county, Illinois, on December 22nd, 1855. His earlier education was received at the State Normal university, located near Bloomington, Ill. He took a full collegiate course at the Wesleyan university, located at Bloomington, graduating therefrom in 1875. During the last year of his course in college, he was a tutor in the preparatory department. In 1876 he had charge of the Litchfield high school, and continued for three years as the superintendent of the schools at Perry, and four years thereafter was superintendent of the English Training school, at Jacksonville, Ill. While engaged in this educational work, he published a system of arithmetic, geography and history, and also a manual of pedagogics, entitled "One Thousand Ways of One Thousand Teachers," which ran through four editions in a very short time, and which can now be found on the desks of practical teachers in every state of the Union. Mr. Mason's reputation as a



Allen C. Mason

TACOMA, W. T.



TACOMA-MASON BLOCK, S.E. COR. A & 10TH STS.

teacher was based on the fact that he enthusiastically believed in practical education. He believed it was the duty of the state to give to pupils receiving instruction at the expense of the general public a thorough and practical understanding of the fundamental branches of an English education. He believed that a pupil who was able to read with readiness, to write a clear and legible hand, with every word spelled correctly, to solve any practical example which might arise in the mathematics of everyday life, to understand the geography of his country and the history connected with it, was fitted for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. With such practical instruction in the ordinary branches of an English education, he believed that pupils would be fitted for all the ordinary requirements of active business life, and if, after having received this education, they desired a course of instruction in the higher mathematics, sciences or languages, they could, and would get that education from the private schools. In 1878, Mr. Mason was united in marriage, in Bloomington, Illinois, to Miss Libbie L. Lawrence, who is a classical graduate of the Illinois Wesleyan university. They have been blessed with two interesting children. His sister, Lettie A. Mason, now Mrs. Dr. William E. Quine, of Chicago, was the first medical missionary in Central China. She was sent out by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and established the first medical dispensary at Kinkiang. In June, 1881, Mr. Mason was admitted to the bar of the supreme court of the state of Illinois, standing second in a class of over fifty, which passed examination at that term of court. Believing that the West offered greater opportunities for a young man than the East, Mr. Mason resigned his position at Jacksonville, Ill., and early in the year 1883 removed to Tacoma, with the determination of making it his home and becoming a factor in the growth and development of the place. He engaged at once in the real estate and loan business. During the time he has resided in Tacoma his business has extended generally throughout the whole of the territory. By means of his extensive acquaintance in the East, and by the care and attention he bestows on business entrusted to him, he has placed loans on Washington Territory real estate amounting to over a million dollars, in upwards of twelve hundred loans. During the time he has been in business he has had but seven foreclosures of mortgages, and in every case the property brought more than the principal, interest and costs of foreclosure. No one who has made an investment through him has ever lost a dollar in principal or interest. Mr. Mason's offices are located in the south half of the second story of Mason block, of which an illustration is given in this issue. He has, perhaps, the

most handsome and complete offices of the kind to be found in Washington Territory. In looking after the details of his extensive business, Mr. Mason is assisted in his office by seven clerks.

The high estimation in which Mr. Mason is held by the business community is evidenced by the fact that he is expected to take a prominent part in all movements for the general welfare. He is one of the trustees of the American District Telegraph Co., of Tacoma: is vice president of the Tacoma Street Railway Co., and at the last meeting of the stockholders of the Bellingham Bay & British Columbia Railroad Co. was elected one of the trustees of that corporation. For a short time Mr. Mason engaged in journalism, and conducted the business with the same prudent zeal and persistent energy which are his chief characteristics. From February, 1886, until the fall of that year, he published the *Tacoma Daily News*, and during that period more than trebled the circulation of that influential journal. A man of such sound judgment, strict integrity, careful attention to the details of business, with a liberal and broad education, and endowed with great force of character, is invaluable to a growing community. His services, also, are very valuable to those seeking an investment for their means, and who desire to place them in experienced and safe hands. None safer than Mr. Mason can be found. All who have invested through him have made money, some of them trebling their money within twelve months. Mr. Mason will cheerfully answer all inquiries addressed to him by strangers seeking information about Tacoma and real estate in the surrounding country, and intending investors are assured that all statements emanating from him may be fully relied upon.

THE SEEDTIME OF LOVE.

Down in the meadow a bobolink's singing,
The tall grass swayeth and bendeth quite over;
Only a minute he leaves off his singing
To pick out the heart of a red-eyed clover.

Robins are wantoning—doves are a-cooing;
A bluejay is calling his mate in a tree;
Softly she croons to her own undoing—
A daring and ardent lover is he.

Cuckoo buds gleam in the meadow grasses,
The cuckoo is leaning from copse and brake;
Dippeth the swallow low as he passes—
A long, forked shadow glides in his wake.

Out in the orchard the fruit buds are swelling,
The thorn tree is white with its drifted snow;
Donald and Dolly the old story telling,
Lean each to each in the garden below.

Saucy and thievish—a greedy getter,
The jackdaw croaks on the wall above;
What does it matter? He knows no better;
The coming of spring is the seedtime of love.

MEM LINTON.

Thoughts and Facts for Women.

BY ADDIE DICKMAN MILLER.

THE EDUCATED WIFE.

Woman has been so long taught to "seek to be good, but aim not to be great," that even the consciences of some of those who believe most in the aggressive measures for woman, will ever and anon warn their possessors that their "noblest station is retreat," and that fertile thought and strong expressions of opinion will bring them into "too strong a light" for the endurance of their womanly virtues. But how one-sided have been these teachings! When it is wished to pacify woman with her position in life, she is taught that hers is the "power behind the throne," and that her goodness is the magnet which attracts even intellectual strength itself. Yet, when her deficiencies are the cause of perplexity and trouble, she is called weak, and changeable as the air about us. Such has been the case so long, that some very substantial doubts have arisen as to whether goodness, of itself, is sufficient, without the balancing of a like measure of intellectual strength. These doubts have so stirred the depths of feminine ambition, that it is no rare thing to see the diplomas of husband and wife hanging side by side, equally proud in gracing the study walls. We are not past the time, however, when it is asked, by women themselves, "What is the use of a young lady going to the trouble of getting an education, when she marries as soon as the closing of the commencement exercises will allow time for the preparation of the wedding trousseau?" Some of the answers given to this question are very amusing, such as the following; "Education helps a young lady to marry better," as though marriage were the ultimatum of a young lady's existence; another, "She may be left a widow some time, and be obliged to depend upon her own resources," as though meanwhile, and in case such an event never happens, she is to lay aside her acquirements in a napkin, reserving them for use in emergency. The truth is, the educated wife is in greater demand than the educated widow. She is her husband's companion, and often his inspiration. Her full mental resources supply him many a gem of thought. It is true that the husband and wife should be the complements of each other, but not in the sense that the husband is strength and the wife weakness; rather, that they have unlike gifts, and the one completes the other. Deficient cultivation of gifts, on the part of either, makes the other deficient by just so much. Narrowness and breadth can not be united, without each modifying the other. To teach that woman, when married, needs not an education, is to advocate the greater cause of her condition in the barbaric past, when servile obedience was her primal duty. But, that a christian civilization may be abiding, it must continue as it has grown through the use of the cultivated powers of both man and woman; and the more general this use, the more complete the civilization.

SPITEFUL REMARKS CONCERNING WOMEN.

If any woman wishes to feel better satisfied with the position in society, and the family which advanced christian thought and endeavor have given her, she needs only to compare it,

even as viewed by the worst cynics, with that of her sex in Grecian times, as taken from the expressions of some of the philosophers of that era. Simonides of Amorgos says: "Zens made his supreme evil women. Even though they seem to be of good, when a man has one she becomes a plague." In his satire on women, Simonides classifies them as from ten different origins. "In the beginning, God made the souls of woman-kind out of different materials." Among these materials, were the swine, the fox, the dog, the earth, the sea, the ass, the cat, the mare, the ape and the bee." But this philosopher says one good thing: "A man can not possess anything better than a good woman," but immediately adds, "nor anything worse than a bad one." Even worse than the expressions of Simonides, were those of Hipponas, of Ephesus. He savagely affirms that "a woman gives but two days happiness to a man—the days of her bridal and of her burial." Even Plato derives all animals from man, by successive gradations, on the first step of which stands woman. Many modern writers are severe, but they criticise woman's special peculiarities, rather than speak of her as a unit, and that unit utterly bad, as did ancient critics. Pope, for instance, speaks of her as a "weather cock," on the edifice of creation; yet, as DeQuincy very soundly says, "Pope, in too many instances, for the sake of some momentary and farcical effect, deliberately assumes the license of a liar." More nearly in keeping with popular opinion, was the utterance of Richter. He says: "Woman has much virtue, but not many virtues; she requires a confined sphere and social forms." It might be well to add, for our own consolation, Lord Littleton's words: "Women, like princes, find but few real friends."

THE INCENTIVES OF CHILDHOOD.

It is not an uncommon thing for parents to accredit to a child's natural disposition what is directly the result of their own training. Especially is this true of ignoble traits of character. I have great faith in childhood, and believe that Dame Nature is ever beneficent enough to give us the "survival of the fittest" at birth. In many cases even that would be base, indeed, but of such dispositions it is not our purpose to speak. It is to the average specimens of youthful humanity that reference is made. As a rule, such are much above the standard given them by the parent in practical home life. How often we hear tired mothers say, "Oh, you children are so quarrelsome! You have always been so," or "I can never trust you out of my sight," else "You seem to care for nobody but yourself; it is your nature to be a perfect bundle of selfishness." Such remarks should never escape from a parent's lips, especially in an irritated tone. Faith in childhood should, as a duty, be cultivated by every parent, for children very often become the ideals which their parents thus unwillingly hold before them. It is extremely hard for the developed man or woman to become much other than that which is expected of them by those with whom they are constantly associated. How much harder, then, for the development of children, that are molded, like the tender plant, by every breeze about them. To expect a child's

best is to help it to be its best, if there be the proper protection thrown about it; but, on the contrary, to express suspicion in its natural disposition is to discourage and thwart its good intentions. Parents thus become, in many cases, the cause of a child's motives. And in another way, also, are they largely responsible; that is, by holding before the child, as an inducement to obedience, the very incentives which they sadly deprecate at other times and upon other occasions. "Johnnie," says Mamma, "here is the bowl of milk you wanted; come and get it." But Johnnie prefers the milk in his silver bowl, while mamma has it in a china one, so he demurs and refuses to accept it. "Very well, then," concludes mamma, "I'll give it to little sister," and starts to make good her word. This arouses Johnnie's selfishness, and he receives the milk. Mamma comments, "I thought I would conquer," and in half an hour after, perhaps, she is lamenting this same selfishness. This is but one instance, where many might be given, where, through the parent's fault, the child develops impure motives. Too much care can not be taken in mingling with children at all times, that the slightest development of a wrong motive be checked as soon as it appears, and that requires the parent's watchfulness over his own actions as well as those of the child.

READING FOR BOYS.

Many boys drift into loose, and even bad, habits, more because they are not well engaged in something profitable and elevating, than because they naturally incline to a wrong course. Mothers realize this, and very generally make some effort to supply entertainment at home. Games, society reading, and whatever the ingenuity of parents may suggest, are employed for the purpose. Best of all these means, as a source of pleasure and improvement, is that of reading, for it not only affords pleasant employment, but if well directed by parents, it enriches the mind and gives it bias in the right direction. Reading aloud is often more entertaining than reading to one's self. Especially is this so to the young, for in talking the subject over they may give their own thoughts with seeming weight, and enjoy the added information which those older may give upon it. Every family, whose circumstances will at all permit, should have always on hand a book in progress of reading in this way. It may take weeks, and perhaps months, to complete it, but the pleasure and profit will pay for the trouble. A book thus read is never forgotten. The matter of family reading is not a subject which parents may pass by lightly. The child mind must be fed in some way, by some means. The following, taken from an article in one of our exchanges, discloses the folly of such parents as not only do not direct the taste of their family in the selection of reading matter, but neglect to supply the means necessary for the purchasing of such as is interesting and instructive: "Not long ago, I overheard a conversation between two boys, upon the merits and demerits of their favorite books—which, alas! seemed to be all of the blood-and-thunder kind—and though I profess to have a fair knowledge of boy nature, I must confess I was surprised; not so much at the class of literature they had evidently been digesting, as at the credulousness they displayed in speaking of their Rocky Mountain Jims, Three-Fingered Jacks and Mustang Petes, for these bloody gentlemen were seemingly as much heroes to the boys, as though they had really existed anywhere except in the diseased imagination of a sensational novel writer. I could not understand, at first, how these boys had formed the habit of reading such unhealthy stuff; but after talking to them, it came out that their parents, who are good, conscientious christians, by the by, who would not let a novel come in their households, if they knew it, did not take any interest

in, or furnish them with, reading of any description, and so the boys supplied themselves with flash literature, which they devoured by stealth. I also discovered that the only reason they had, in the first place, for buying this style of reading, in preference to any other, was that their limited supply of pocket money would not allow them to indulge in anything but ten-cent "yellow-backs." I also found out that they had so deteriorated their minds by such reading, that it was doubtful whether they could now enjoy a pure, elevating book. Such is the effect that flashy, cheap literature has on those who oftentimes become its too willing slaves."

PLAN YOUR HOUSEWORK.

The following, from a Maine housekeeper, is full of practical suggestions, just such as have long been thought to be practiced by New England housewives: Have your bread baked in the forenoon. Pile your supper dishes together snugly and set them in the closet, to be washed with your breakfast dishes, except your knives and forks, which you can wash and wipe in a very short time. Have two sets of milk strainers, one for night and one for morning, and drop the night strainer into water until morning. Rinse milk pails and turn them bottom side up in the sink, and give them a thorough washing in the morning. Get a half-bushel basket; when you wash your dishes, have two pans of nice water, one very hot; wash through the first, rinse through the second, and turn on edge in the basket to dry; in an hour or so they will be dry and ready to set away. Plan all your work so that it can be done as quickly as possible, and when evening comes, always dress up and enjoy it with your husband, in such ways as are most agreeable. What work you can not do before evening, leave until morning.

BRIEF NOTES.

Boston has always been noted for her intellectual women. That city has now an organization of women, known as the "Boston Political Class." Its members meet twice each month to discuss questions of public importance. At one of the recent meetings, there was a spirited debate of two hours upon the tariff question, which was decided, by a vote of the house, to be a victory for free trade. Some of the opposite sex, who believe in protective tariff, will doubtless give it as their opinion, that the ladies who discussed the question were not of the laboring classes.

At the civil service examination held in New York last month, eighty-five women expressed their willingness to serve Uncle Sam, by applying for an examination for customs inspectors. They came from various vocations in life, each hoping to better her condition. The passing average of the examination was sixty-five per cent. The rustling, crowding and jostling of Eastern women, for sufficient money-paying labor to meet daily needs, proves that the broadly aggressive and enterprising West is better than the East, for woman as well as for man.

Miss Etta Shattuck, the Nebraska school teacher, who was so badly frozen during the recent blizzard, in saving the lives of her pupils, died at Seward, Nebraska, after having suffered the amputation of both legs. A sum of money, amounting to over \$2,000.00, which had been contributed as a reward for her heroic effort, was given to her parents, who were dependent upon her for support.

Of the two thousand six hundred and nineteen graduates from twelve American colleges, a large proportion—nine hun-

dred and ninety-eight—have already married, and have, therefore, falsified the pessimistic theories of opponents of female education, who say that higher culture breeds in woman a distaste for matrimony.

By a joint resolution of the New Hampshire legislature, \$5,000.00 have been appropriated to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the state, for the purpose of founding a home for discharged prisoners, and other unfortunate women who may need the restraint and moral support of a reformatory home.

"Bachelors' Mending Offices" are among the late departures of ingenious women as a means of livelihood. As the name indicates, all sorts of repairing may be done to the apparel of that most unfortunate member of society. The goodness of woman is unbounded! What next will be her device?

A statue of the queen is being executed by Mr. Boehm. It will be placed at the top of the first flight of the grand staircase in the University of London, directly in front of the main entrance.

Mrs. Grant and her son own a controlling interest in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, of New York.

ARTISTIC HANDIWORK.

STAMP HOLDER AND LETTER CASE.—For stamp holder, take small oblong envelope, open out and line with rose-colored satin, cover with deep green velvet, close again and blind stitch together. Fasten flap down with tiny button and loop. For accompanying letter case, take larger and stronger envelope, and cover in the same manner as the smaller. Across the front of the smaller one, paint the word "stamps;" across the front of the larger one, paint the word "letters." Attach to each of these a silk cord and tassel, by which to suspend them. Hang the stamp holder above the letter case, on a vertical line with it.

ORNAMENTAL CALENDAR.—Take a square piece of cardboard of desired size; face one side with satin and the other with velvet to match; finish the edge with cord to match; through one corner, run a loop by which to suspend it; roll the opposite corner over neatly, to form a receptacle for pencils and pens. Above the roll, have, either previously embroidered or painted, a spray of flowers. Below the roll suspend the calendar, and at each end of the roll attach a cord, same as edging, with loops and ends. Cross the cord below the calendar, finishing with loops and ends, completing all ends with tassels.

HORSE-SHOE FRAME.—Take a real horse-shoe and gild it; when dry, cut a piece of pasteboard same size as horse-shoe; from this cut an oval piece enough smaller than the opening in the shoe to allow a margin of a quarter of an inch all around. Shir red satin about the pasteboard, gathering in about the oval opening. Fasten the pasteboard to the shoe with baby ribbon the shade of satin shirring, by running the ribbon through the nail holes.

WALL POCKET FOR PHOTOGRAPHS.—This is made out of a circular piece of pasteboard, measuring nine inches in diame-

ter. Cover it with olive plush, placed on in three folds, forming pockets for photographs. Line the back with glazed cambric. Finish the edge with chenille of the same tint as the plush.

PORTFOLIO.—A portfolio to complete the set with the stamp and letter case, may be made of an old book cover, lined and covered to harmonize with the other two pieces. Across the front, paint the words "paper and envelopes." Suspend on the same vertical line, beneath the letter case.

RECIPES FOR THE KITCHEN.

ICED APPLE WITH CREAM.—Pare and core a dozen large apples, and cook in a syrup made of one cupful of sugar and two of water. When they are tender, lift them out and cover with a thin layer of meringue. Sift granulated sugar over this and let it brown lightly, leaving the door open. Reduce by boiling the syrup, in which they were cooked, until there is only a gill and a half left. When this becomes cold it will be a firm jelly; cut it in squares and lay it on and about the apples. Eat cold, with cream and sugar.

PRESSED BEEF.—Buy three or four pounds of beef from the neck; boil or steam until the bones will fall out, using but little water; salt and pepper it just before taking up; pick out the bones and pack the meat in a dish, in which you can press it nicely. Leave a little of the liquor in the meat. Place a very heavy weight on till cold, when it will be found to be a very savory and economical dish, which is especially nice for the cold meal of the day.

LEMON MARMALADE.—Slice the lemon very thin, only taking out the seeds; add three pints of cold water to each pound of fruit after being cut into pieces; let it stand twenty-four hours; boil it until tender; pour it into an earthen bowl until the next day, when weigh it, and to every pound of boiled fruit add one and one-half pounds of lump sugar. Boil the whole together until the syrup jellies and the chips are rather transparent.

EGG CREAM PUDDING.—One quart of milk, yolks of four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, eight tablespoonfuls of sugar. Make into boiled custard. Beat the whites of the eggs, with eight tablespoonfuls of sugar, for frosting; pour custard into a pudding dish, and spread frosting on top. Bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Flavor the custard with vanilla, the frosting with lemon.

MAXIMS FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

It spoils vegetables to allow them to boil slowly. They should be dropped into boiling water and kept boiling rapidly until cooked.

All water used in cooking should be brought to a boil very quickly, and used as soon as it reaches the boiling point.

One-third of a teacupful of molasses is a good substitute for a wine glass of brandy, in fruit cakes or puddings.

Put fresh fish in salt water half an hour before using. It improves the flavor and hardens the flesh.

In warming over vegetables of any sort, the fire should be very hot and the heating quickly done.

Coffee cakes should be wrapped, while warm, in a napkin, and there remain until cut.

Bar soap goes much farther if bought by the quantity and dried before using.

Northwestern News and Information.

ALASKA AND THE INLAND PASSAGE.—Man travels for business and pleasure. The former can be easily described, by a slight interpolation in a well known mathematical definition, as "the shortest distance and quickest time between two points." The latter bears, to this mathematical rectilinear exactness the relation of the curves—Hogarth's "line of beauty," the rotund circle and graceful sweep of the Archimedean spiral, and bends of beauty beyond computation; and, as any of these are more pleasing to the eye than the stiff, straight line, so any tourist's jaunt is more pleasing to all the senses than the business man's travels. But, as all straight lines are alike, and all curves are different, so are their equivalents in travel, to which we have alluded. One tourist, as a nimrod, dons his hunting shirt and high-topped boots, and, seeking the solemn recesses of the Rockies, slays the grizzly and the mountain lion, and thus has his "good time;" another drives through the grand old gorges of Yellowstone park, and the deep impressions left by a lofty nature are his ample rewards; and yet again, where physical exertion is to be avoided by delicate ones, or those averse to its peculiarities, one may float down the distant Columbia, with its colossal contours, and, without even lifting a finger to aid one's progress, view as vast and stupendous scenery as the world can produce. Thus each place suits each varying disposition, from the roystering "roughing it," developing the muscles in mighty knots, to where the most ponderous panorama of nature may be enjoyed from a moving mansion, as it were. Could we conceive a place where all these advantages would be united into one, or where one after the other might be indulged at pleasure, we would certainly have a tourists' paradise, an ever-to-be-sought and never-to-be-forgotten nook of creation. Such a tour is to be encountered on the "inland passage to Alaska," as it is called by those knowing it best. In this rough, rocky region, Nature has been prodigal of both land and water, making the former high and picturesque, and the latter deep and navigable, and running in all directions through the other, apparently for the purpose that it might be easily viewed. From the northwest corner of Washington Territory, through all of the coast line of British Columbia, and along Alaska's shores, to the long-cast shadows of Mount St. Elias, stretches, for nearly two thousand miles, a picturesque panorama, that seems as if the Yellowstone, the Yosemite, Colorado, and Switzerland and the Alps, were passing in review before the spectator; and, when the greatest northing is reached, Greenland and Norway have added their glacier-crowned and iceberg-bearing vistas to the view. It looks as if the Yellowstone national park had sunk into the sea, until the valleys had become waterways, and the feet of the high mountains had been converted into shores. A grand, salt-water river it is that stretches from Puget sound, itself a beautiful sheet of water, to our distant colony of Alaska, a good, round thousand miles, and whose waters are quiet as an Alpine lake, even though a fierce gale rage on the broad Pacific outside. Beyond the parallel of Sitka, though the grand scenery may be no more imposing than that through which the tourist will have passed in coming from Washington Territory, he will find some of the curiosities of Nature, which are to be found only in the dreaded frigid zones—icebergs and glaciers. Before the waters of Northwestern Washington Territory are out of sight, great patches of

snow are to be seen on the highest of the grand mountains bordering the inland passage. These little white blotches, in the northern gullies become larger and larger as the excursion steamer wends her way northward, until the loftiest peaks are crowned with snow. Then, across connecting ridges, they connect their white mantles; and, in a few more miles, the blue ice of glaciers peeps from out the lower edges of the deep snow. Lower and lower they descend as the steamer crawls northward, until the upper parts of the passage are essayed, when they have come to the ocean's level, and, plunging into the sea, snap off at intervals, and float away as icebergs, some of them higher than the masts of the large, commodious steamers that bear tourists to this fairy land of the frigid zones, if one can be allowed such an expression. Glacier bay, which the excursion steamers visit on their summer trips, has a great number of these frozen rivers of ice debouching into it; and its clear, quiet waters, reflecting the Alpine scenery of its shores, are ruffled only by the breaking of icebergs from the terminal fronts of the glacier, that send waves across its whole breadth, and with a noise like the firing of a sea-coast cannon. Muir glacier is the greatest of this grand group, and surpasses anything nearer than the polar zones themselves. There is no use in going into mathematical measurements—its two or three hundred feet in height and its breadth of several hundred miles—for they but feebly represent its grandeur, the deep impressions which figures can not measure, when viewing this frozen Niagara of the north. Not until the blue Adriatic has pierced its way into the heart of the high Alps, or some ocean inlet has invaded the valleys of the vast Yellowstone park, will we ever have an equivalent to this display of nature's noblest efforts in scenic effects. Were the other scenery as monotonous as the ceaseless plains, a visit to the Alaskan glaciers and icebergs would well repay any one's time and effort; but when the tourist travels through the greatest wonderland of the wide West to reach these curious sights, he will be paid over and over tenfold. So far, everything may be seen from the decks of an elegant steamer; but should the tourist want a little "roughing it," let him stop over in Glacier bay from one steamer's visit to another, from two weeks to a month apart, clamber over the glaciers and row around among the icebergs to his heart's content, and until he imagines he is an arctic explorer. He will descend from the tumbled surface of the frozen seas of ice on the glacier's surface, only to wade through grass up to his waist, that waves in the light winds like the pretty pampas fields of South America. In these fields of grasses he may pitch his tent, which, with a cook stove and a month's rations for each person, is all that is needed, beyond the baggage of the other tourists. Hunting is found in the mountains back of the bay, fish in the waters, and small game in the woods near by. Or, if longer and rougher jaunts are wanted, ascend the Lynn channel, and then the Chilkat, or Chilkoot, inlet, hiring two or three Indians to carry one's camping effects on their backs, to the lakes of the great Yukon river, of the British Northwest Territory and Alaska—the third river in America. Going by the Chilkoot trail, over the Alaskan coast range of mountains, which will furnish Alpine climbing enough to satisfy the most eager, on snow and glacier ice, one comes to a series of lakes, aggregating one hundred and fifty miles in extent; and along these he may paddle

and return, shooting an occasional brown or black bear, moose, caribou or mountain goat, while aquatic life is everywhere on these pretty Alpine lakes. Throughout the whole inland passage, one is passing, now and then, some Indian village of more or less imposing appearance and numbers. In Alaska, they all belong to a single great tribe, the Tlinkit, bound together by a common language, but by no stronger ties, for each village, or cluster of villages, makes a sub-tribe, having no sympathies with the other, and they often war against one another. It is not often that one would want to call attention to an Indian village, for the average encampment or habitation of the "noble red man" is not the most attractive sight or study; but in the Tlinkit towns we have no such hesitation, for, in the curiosities to be seen in their houses and surroundings, they are certainly one of the strangest people on earth. They are the artistic savage of the world. In front of each log house, and often rearing its head much higher than it by two or three fold, are one or two posts, called "totem poles," which are merely logs on end; but, on the seaward side, the savage sculptor has exhausted all the resources of his barbaric imagination in cutting, hideous faces and figures, that, with a hundred or so such terrible totems in front of a village, makes one think of some nightmare of his childish days. The houses, too, are carved inside and out. Every utensil they have is deeply sculptured with diabolical, but well executed, designs, and their spoons of mountain sheep and goat horns are marvels of savage work. All these are for sale to tourists, and every excursion steamer brings out numbers of these romantic remembrances of a yet more romantic journey back to civilization. But the inland passage to Alaska is not the only grand and picturesque part of that great territory visited by the excursion steamers; for beyond, and as far as Mount St. Elias, they often sail to this the greatest cluster of high mountains on the Western continent—Lituya Peak, ten thousand feet high; and Fairweather and Crillon, a third taller; then beyond, Cook and Vancouver cluster near sublime St. Elias, nearly twenty thousand feet above the ocean that thunders at its base, and whose jagged top may be seen one hundred and fifty miles to sea. How disappointing are the Colorado peaks, of twelve and fourteen thousand feet, for the simple reason that they spring from a plain already six to eight thousand feet above sea level, and seem, as they are, but high hills on a high plateau. How like pygmies they appear to Hood, Tacoma, Shasta, and others not so high above the ocean base line, but whose nearly every foot above sea level is in mountain slope. How grand, then, must be hoary-headed St. Elias, whose waist is the waters of the wide sea, and whose twenty thousand feet above sea level springs from the Pacific ocean, from whose calm waters we view its majestic height. For many years the people of our great Northwest country, Oregon, Washington and Idaho, have spoken familiarly of the sound as one of their great geographical features—in much the same way as the people of Southern Connecticut and Long Island speak of "the sound"—referring, thereby, to Puget sound, that cuts deep into the northwestern corner of Washington Territory. Many have visited it, and sailed on its beautiful waters, beautiful enough in themselves or their own immediate surroundings, but thrice grand and gorgeous in their silver framing of snow-clad peaks and mountain ranges, surrounding them on all sides. The long, narrow, picturesque sound, that looked not unlike a Greenland fjord, or close-walled bay at the mouth of some grand river—one of those bays so slowly converging that a person can hardly define where it ceases and the river commences—was considered one of the most beautiful and scenic places of the Northwest; and its people delighted to show it to strangers, with its enhancing sur-

roundings, reaching from the beautifully situated capital of the territory, Olympia, at the head of the sound, to where the broad Straits of Juan de Fuca lead to the great Pacific ocean. Then Alaska was known only as Russian America, when it was spoken of at all, so seldom was it heard, and seemed to be as far away from the United States on that side of the continent, and as little thought of, as Greenland or Iceland is to-day with our people of the Atlantic coast. An occasional Hudson's Bay Company trading boat steamed out of Victoria harbor, and disappeared northward, crawling through a maze of intricate inland channel and Alpine-like ways, to some distant and seemingly half-mythical trading post of that lonesome land; but, as to anything definite as to where she was going, as little was known by the people as if an arctic expedition was leaving the harbor of New York or Boston, and not one hundredth of the *furor* was made about the departure, if, in fact, any notice was taken of it at all. With the accession of Alaska, through the efforts of Secretary Seward and Senator Sumner, the discovery of the Cassiar mines, in British Columbia, but which must be reached through Alaska, and a few other minor incentives, set many people to looking northward. They then found that they could continue their trips on a long, inland, salt-water river, of which the well-known Puget sound was but a small part—hardly the equivalent of Narragansett bay taken from Long Island sound, or Green bay from Lake Michigan. The inland passage to Alaska may be said to practically extend from Tacoma, in Washington Territory, at the head of Puget sound, to Chilkat, Alaska, at the head of Lynn channel, a distance of nearly eleven hundred miles, where the tourist taking a sea voyage has high shores in close proximity on either side of him, except a few places here and there, where a short communication with the ocean outside. But this "inland passage," so called, is not the only one leading between the two points named. It is, rather, a Broadway in New York City, a Pennsylvania avenue in Washington, State street in Chicago—*i. e.*, the main way—but every few miles a vessel could turn off down another passage, as readily as a pedestrian or vehicle could turn down a side street, and, continuing a short way, return to the main thoroughfare again. Probably all the straights and channels and sounds and inlets in this part of Alaska, British Columbia and Washington Territory, susceptible of navigation by fair sized ocean steamers, and all of them connecting with each other in a perfect network of waterways, would, if placed end to end, reach from a quarter to a third of the way around the world. Many of them are so illy charted, or not charted at all, that no craft of value would trust herself to follow their courses, while some of the smaller ways, but probably none the less picturesque, have yet to bear the first white man on their bosoms. The most picturesque of all the ways through this intricacy of picturesque channels has been selected, carefully surveyed, and experienced pilots conduct the vessels to and from Alaska on its waters. The whole length of the passage is heavily timbered with various kinds of pine, fir, hemlock, cedar and spruce. Here and there, avalanches from the mountain tops have swept through the dense timber, like a sickle through so much grain, and, although the growth is restored in a few years, yet the varying shades of green in the old and new growth of trees, running in perpendicular stripes up the steep hillsides, plainly show the ancient and recent devastations. Prettily situated Indian villages dot the narrow, shelving shores at rare intervals along the passage, and when these nomads of the Northwest are seen, which is not infrequent, the chances are more than likely that they will be in a canoe, where they spend two-thirds of their out-of-door life. Says the American Cyclopaedia, speaking of this interesting part of Washing-

ton Territory, the southern part of the inland passage: "Washington Territory possesses a great multitude of harbors, perhaps more than any other country of equal extent on the globe. Puget sound, which has an average width of two miles, never less than one nor more than four, and a depth never less than eight fathoms, runs one hundred miles inland in a southward direction from the Straits of Fuca, and Hood's canal, twelve miles farther west, with half the width, runs in the same general direction about sixty miles. These two great estuaries, or arms of tide water, have depth sufficient for the largest vessels, and numerous bends and corners, where the most perfect protection may be found against the winds." Captain Wilkes, in the report of his famous exploring expedition, writes of Puget sound: "I venture nothing in saying there is no other country in the world that possesses waters equal to these." The Coast range and Cascade range of mountains are plainly visible from the sound. Near the Columbia river, the Coast range is not very high, but west of Hood's canal it rises, in abrupt, beetling ridges, seven to nine thousand feet high, called the Olympian mountains, many of the peaks being snow-crowned throughout the year. The Cascade range fairly bristles with snow-clad peaks, from eight thousand to over fourteen thousand feet in height, and in every direction, almost, may be seen the grandest Alpine scenery in the distance. The difficult thing for the tourist to do in regard to Alaska, is to describe for the general reader what is seen. Everything is on such an immense and massive scale, that words are diminutives for expression, rather than—as travelers have been credited with using them—for exaggerated descriptions. For example, people cross the continent to gail for an hour or two among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, and word-painting has been exhausted in exultation of their beauties. But here is a thousand miles of islands, ranging in size from an acre to the proportions of a state, covered with evergreen forests of tropical luxuriance, yet so arctic in character as to be new to the eye, and in regard to which botanical nomenclature but confuses and dissatisfies. And in all this vast extent of mountain scenery, with summits ranging from one thousand to fifteen thousand feet in height, there is not enough level land visible to aggregate one prairie county in Western Missouri or Kansas. Day after day there is a continuous, unbroken chain of mountain scenery. I can not better impress the character of the landscape, as seen from the vessel's deck, than to ask the reader to imagine the parks, valleys, canyons, gorges and depressions of the Rocky mountains to be filled with water to the base of the snowy range, and then take a sail through them from Santa Fe to the northern boundary of Montana. Just about what could be seen on such an imaginary voyage, is actually passed through in the sail now completed by our party of enthusiastic tourists for the past ten days. You may divide the scenery into parts by the days, and just as it was successively passed through, and any one of the subdivisions will furnish more grand combination of mountain and sea than can be seen anywhere on the globe. It is this vast profusion of mountain scenery, this daily and hourly unrolling of the panorama, that overwhelms and confuses the observer. It is too great to be separated into details, and everything is platted on such a gigantic scale that all former experiences are dwarfed, and the imagination rejects the adjectives that have heretofore served for other scenes. To employ them here is only to mislead. As one gentleman, a veteran traveler, remarked to me, as we were looking north at the entrance to Glacier bay, with the St. Elias Alps in full view, and Mounts Crillon and Fairweather overtopping the snow-covered peaks of that remarkable range: "You can take just what we see here, and put it down on Switz-

land, and it will hide all there is of mountain scenery in Europe." Then he added: "I have been all over the world, but you are now looking at a scene that has not its parallel elsewhere on the globe." I cite this incident, as it is more descriptive and gives a better idea of contrast than anything of my own could do, giving, as it does, to the reader, a conception of the vastness and immensity of the topographical aspect of the shores of these inland seas. FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

OVER THE SWITCHBACK.—The Northern Pacific train, upon which I was journeying, reached St. Paul February 14th, six hours late. The delay was caused by an old-fashioned Dakota blizzard, which fell with relentless fury, soon after the train entered that inhospitable territory. The mercury, while it did not fall so low as upon former occasions, reached thirty-two degrees below zero; and the cold wind which moaned and whistled around the train, prevented the engine from "steaming" rapidly, and of course, delayed our progress. Little snow was encountered until Minnesota was reached. Here the whole face of Nature wore a covering of white, to the depth of two feet, and the fences were almost hidden. The railroad track, however, was kept clear, and had not the elements conspired against us, we would have arrived at St. Paul on time. I wish, here, to say a deservedly good word for the train service of the Northern Pacific. The managers of this popular transcontinental route seem to have selected their train men with a special view to their gentlemanly qualities, and I can heartily testify to the many kind attentions bestowed upon the passengers in their charge. Leaving St. Paul, I went east over the "Royal Route," that splendid thoroughfare of travel between Chicago and the West, and over which T. W. Teasdale, Esq., has a fostering care as its general passenger and ticket agent. I shall ask the reader to go back with me to the Cascade division of the Northern Pacific, and together we will cross the Cascade mountains, over the switchback, and as we scale the dizzy heights, seated in a comfortable car, contemplate with wonder the great power of man to overcome seeming impossibilities. Our train left Tacoma early on the morning of February 10th, and taking its course through the fertile hop fields of Puyallup valley, soon commenced the ascent of the mountains. The engine pulled us along with labored groans, sending up great clouds of smoke, which formed into rolling, black rings, small at first, but enlarging as they rose, until the circle broke, and the vaporized carbon once more returned to Mother Earth. The railroad crosses the mountains through what is known as the Stampede pass, a succession of deep gorges and canyons, down which course turbulent waters, forming Green and White rivers, and several smaller streams. Two of these—Boise and Sunday creeks—are small streamlets in summer, but at this season, the melting snow in the mountains has filled their banks with clear, sparkling water, which rolls and tumbles over the rocks and precipices in its eager haste to reach the sea. The road follows up White river for several miles, crossing and recrossing it many times, until Green river is reached; it then takes the course of this river. Seven miles west of Green river station, the road enters Eagle gorge, a narrow defile through which the river has forced a channel for itself. A roadway of sufficient width to accommodate the track has been cut in the side of the precipitous bluff, over which, in a zig-zag manner, the train speeds along; not very rapidly, however, as the curves are many and the grade is steep, being from one to two hundred feet to the mile. A dense forest of fir and pine covers the sides of the mountains, some of the trees attaining a height of three hundred feet, their branches piercing the lowering clouds which hang upon the mountain sides. Near

White river, and for several miles east, a white, ghostly-looking forest is seen. The trees, except here and there a limb, resembling an outstretched arm, are stripped of their branches, and as these huge, white monarchs of the forest, long since dead, stand there among the firs and pines of recent growth, they present a most singularly striking appearance. This forest was evidently destroyed by other means than fire, as the trunks bear no evidence of that destructive element—the scourge of our western forests. The country along Green river is very much broken. Buttes, from one to five hundred feet high, are to be seen on either side of the river until Hot Springs is reached, where a more clearly-defined range is presented. At this place a new hotel is being built by the company, to replace the one destroyed by fire a few weeks ago. The medicinal properties of these springs are said to be good for many of the ills, or supposed ills, to which humanity is heir. Soon after leaving Hot Springs, the road, in running around the head of a canyon, assumes the shape of an immense balloon, enlarging the circle at the upper end, and returning on the opposite side forms the small end, or neck. Eight miles are traversed and nothing gained but altitude. Between Weston and Stampede stations the track is seen in three different places at a glance, one above the other, cut in the side of the mountain. Here are numerous snow sheds, not long ones, but occurring frequently, as the track is exposed to the drifting snow, which is blown on the roadbed from the mountain side. The switchback is reached at Stampede station, which is also at the west end of the great tunnel through the Cascade mountains. This tunnel, which is being cut through solid rock, when completed, will be second to the longest tunnel in America, being nine thousand eight hundred and fifty feet from mouth to mouth, with a grade of seven feet to the mile on the west, and two feet on the eastern slope. Mr. Bennett, who is constructing the tunnel, informed me that less than fourteen hundred feet remains to be completed, and that by May or June it will be ready for the passage of trains. Twenty men have already lost their lives in the prosecution of this great work. At Stampede the small engine is left, and the two monarchs of the road are taken, one at either end of the train. These engines, known as decapods, are the largest ever built, weighing one hundred and thirteen and one hundred and seventeen tons, respectively. They are, indeed, monsters to look at. The word switchback is a term used by railroad people to apply to a railroad built over a mountain in a shape strongly resembling the letter Z, each switch, or leg, as it is called, being long enough to hold the train. Thus, in a zig-zag way, the roadbed is cut in the side of the mountain, gaining in height with every switch, until the summit is reached. At Stampede the train is turned over to a special crew, whose business it is to take it over the mountains. It is scarcely necessary to say that the scenery is grand in the extreme. At some places the grade is so steep that the combined efforts of both monster engines is barely sufficient to take six cars to the top. As the summit is neared, a splendid view is presented. One can look back down the canyon, and hundreds of feet below see Stampede station, the works at the mouth of the tunnel, and portions of the track just passed over; and a thousand feet below this the road can be seen where it winds its way around the mountains, over Green river, and into Eagle gorge, appearing as though built upon the tops of the tall, majestic fir trees that line the sides of the mountains. The switchback train makes about four miles an hour, and as it is but three and one-half miles to the summit, it is not long in reaching the top, which is eight hundred and fifty feet above the mouth of the tunnel, and twenty-five hundred feet above sea level. The

gain in distance is very slight—not over two miles. The eastern slope is made with comparative ease, there being but three legs, to four on the western slope. I have traveled over all of the transcontinental routes leading from the East to the great West, where the “Star of Empire” still takes its way, and have looked upon much of the scenery of this and other countries, but until this time, had never crossed a mountain over a switchback; and I can truthfully say that this trip afforded the grandest sights I ever beheld.—*J. P. S.*

SOME OF OREGON'S ATTRACTIONS.—The following letter from Portland to an eastern exchange mentions some of the attractions which Oregon presents to an eastern man:

To a person who has never lived outside the Upper Mississippi valley, or the region of the great lakes, the Pacific coast of our own United States seems a veritable dreamland. Being accustomed to the changeable climate, the excesses of heat and cold that follow each other in rapid succession in those eastern states, and somewhat inclined to regard the stories about the mild, equable and healthful climate of the Pacific coast as tinctured with an alloy of design, more or less selfish, on the part of those who gave them currency, it is not strange perhaps, that an eastern man should be agreeably surprised by the conditions he finds actually existing in Oregon. He leaves the East, where the country is overcome by severe blizzards, carrying misery and death across the plains, through the forests, and even to the very thresholds of large cities. Railways are blockaded, and of course lakes and rivers are locked in icy fetters and covered with the common mantle. Mercury freezes, and the spirit thermometer continues the record down in the fifties, and even below. Wild beasts and birds perish in their haunts. Fishes are frozen in many streams. The newspapers teem with accounts of the suffering and starvation of human beings, in almost innumerable instances, and many branches of business are entirely suspended to await the approach of a tardy springtime.

But what a grand transformation scene greets the eye of the traveler from that ice-bound region to the Pacific coast! In less than one short week (if he gets out of the blizzard country without being snow bound) he is transported across the plains, plateaus and mountains, more than two thousand miles, from a land of ice and snow and cutting northwest winds, to a country of sunshine and moisture and balmy southwest breezes, where fresh verdure is seen on every hand, song birds are warbling, and the farmer is preparing his fertile fields for the abundant yields that never fail. Ocean ships and river craft ply regardless of the time of year. Railroads are never blockaded by snow, and the hardships of a rigorous winter are unknown here. “It is not always May,” though, even in Oregon. And who would want a continuous climatic monotone? During the past winter of almost unprecedented severity all over the continent, there have been chilly days in Portland. Snow fell to a depth of nearly a foot, and there was about a week of very tolerable sleighing in January. The mercury, too, for a day or so, hovered about the zero point, but it did not remain there long. That “cold wave” which eastern people have learned, not without cause, to dread, soon passed, and the record for a winter of unparalleled severity was established by temperature which would have attracted no particular attention in the inland states. No portion of the country, from the lakes to the gulf, and from Plymouth Rock to Golden Gate, escaped the breath of Winter this year. In looking over the record of temperature in Portland for ten consecutive years, not one instance is found where mercury went as low as zero, and for half of those years it did not get below twenty de-

greens above, and one or two of them not lower than thirty. The climate is mild, equable, healthful, and of course, delightful.

Does this seem like a fairy tale to people who inhabit the bleak plains and rugged hills east of the Rockies? It is fact that can be amply substantiated. They expect, as much as they expect snow at all, to experience in a winter, from one to half a dozen disastrous storms—blizzards—that hold them for days, and even weeks, in a relentless, frozen grasp. We do not expect any such blasts, and it is very seldom we are surprised in that regard. Oregon, however, possesses other attractions than those of climate. The state has untold wealth of mineral resources, which are rapidly being developed. The constant extension of railroads in all directions furnishes facilities for transporting the products of the mines, and makes profitable further delving for the precious metals. The valley of the Willamette and the plain of the Columbia are justly famed for the richness of their agricultural advantages, and to those eastern farmers, who, suffering from the ravages of insects, drouths, storms and frosts, barely, or not quite, "make ends meet," stories of farming here would be beyond belief. The most luscious fruits, as well as the cereals and other staples, are produced in abundance. Then the fisheries constitute an important branch of industry, and include the most extensive salmon fishing in the world. The matchless scenery of this region affords never-ending diversion for the tourist, and the resident can not weary of it. The dalles of the Columbia, the falls of the Willamette, the numerous cascades on all streams, the mountains, hills and vales—everything so related that it can not fail to interest and awe. Mountain peaks, perpetually snow clad, three of which are in sight of Portland, lend a grandeur to the view, and all Nature seems to conspire to make this a country of attractions surpassed by few anywhere.

BRITISH COLUMBIA MINES.—The annual report of the minister of mines, of British Columbia, shows the output of the mines in the different sections of the province, for the year 1887, as follows:

Cariboo	\$227,673.00
Cassiar	60,485.00
Kootenay	37,900.00
Lillooet	106,000.00
Omineca.....	13,000.00
Yale	158,200.00
Total.....	\$603,258.00

The average rate of earnings, per hand employed, was \$296.00, being the third lowest year since 1858. The highest was in 1875, when the figures reached \$1,222.00. The coal output for the year reached four hundred and thirteen thousand three hundred and sixty tons. Of this quantity, Nanaimo produced one hundred and thirty-eight thousand seven hundred and twelve tons; Wellington, two hundred and thirty-nine thousand two hundred and seventeen tons, and East Wellington, thirty-five thousand four hundred and thirty-one tons. On the first of January there were on hand, twenty-three thousand five hundred and ninety-three tons, making a total output for the year of four hundred and thirty-six thousand nine hundred and fifty-three tons, against three hundred and twenty-six thousand six hundred and thirty-six tons for 1886. The export trade consumed three hundred and thirty-four thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine tons, and the home market, ninety-nine thousand two hundred and sixteen tons. The export trade for 1886 was only two hundred and forty-nine thou-

sand two hundred and five tons. The total number of miners employed in the Nanaimo collieries was six hundred and eighteen, of whom three hundred and eighty were whites, two hundred and twenty Chinese, and two Indians. The average wages paid to whites was \$2.00 to \$3.50 per day, and to Chinese \$1.00 to \$1.25. Value of plant, \$350,000.00. In the Wellington collieries the total number of hands employed was seven hundred and fifteen, three hundred and eight being whites and four hundred and seven Chinese. The wages paid white miners range from \$2.00 to \$3.75 per day, and to Chinese, \$1.00 to \$1.25. Value of plant, \$250,000.00. The East Wellington Coal Company employed one hundred and thirty hands, eighty-three being whites and forty-seven Chinese. The earnings of the whites average \$2.00 to \$3.00, and the Chinese \$1.00 to \$1.25. Value of plant, \$119,000.00. The total number of hands employed was about fifteen hundred.

WILD CATTLE IN OREGON.—An Umpqua country pioneer is thus quoted by the *San Francisco Examiner*: It is a fact that there are hundreds of wild cattle in the high hills skirting the Umpqua valley, and some of them are not more than a couple of miles from the railroad track. Some of these cattle, too, are twenty-five years old, or more. In the mountains near Riddles and Roseburg, they are probably the thickest, but they do not venture down in the valley much. They stay on top of the hills, and get water from living springs which rise there. For the most part they are concealed in the dense growth of oak and fir in these mountains. There is heavy underbrush, too, so that it is a hard matter to get at them. They go in bands of six or eight, usually, but at night a herd of forty or fifty get together and lie down in the same yard—that is, they sleep on the same spot, which is usually a secluded place among the trees. A band of wild cattle have been known to get together on a cleared place like that every night for a couple of years. When feeding, there are always a few bulls to act as sentinels. While the cattle graze in bands of half a dozen or so, they are, nevertheless, close to other bands, so that an alarm from one of the bulls, which leisurely feed on higher ground, they all run away together. The cattle are of all colors and wilder than deer. It is a hard matter to get a shot at them, for the reason that their scent is so keen. They can smell a man a long way off. They got wild in 1853, when Old Man Riddles and two or three others of the first settlers came to the valley. Their cattle wandered off and could not be found. After two or three years, all the pioneers had to do when they wanted beef was to rig out two or three pack animals and go up into the mountains. The cattle had to be killed on sight, the same as deer or bear, for they could no more be driven down than could a deer. Once killed they were quartered, packed on the horses and carried down. They have been hunted a good deal of late years, so there are not as many as there used to be. Some of the cattle are very large and fat. I have caught glimpses of bulls on the tops of the Umpqua hills that astonished me. A bull I saw in the fall of 1878, on the head of Rogue river, I am certain would weigh fourteen hundred pounds. There is good grazing in the mountains all the year round. A peculiarity of these cattle is that their eyes are jet black. The retina, iris and the whole apple are one mass of black. You can't distinguish any difference in any part of it. The horns, too, while being black as ink, are long and very sharp. Brought to bay, the Oregon wild cattle are very wicked fighters.

SPARTA MINES.—A correspondent of the *San Francisco Mining Press* writes, concerning the Sparta mines, as follows: The gold-bearing quartz mines are attracting considerable at-

tention, and it is hoped the next season will see mills constructed for the proper reduction of the ores, and forever put to rest the imperfect arastras, which are now the only means of getting the values out of the mines. The amount of ore treated in the six different arastras aggregates, in round numbers, one thousand one hundred and thirty-seven tons, showing a clean-up of \$24,331.80, or \$21.40 to the ton. The sulphurets, which contain the greatest value, are entirely lost, and not over sixty-five per cent. of the free gold saved. During the past season, the coarsest gold has been found in Betsy gulch, many of the nuggets weighing an ounce or more, and of superior quality. Shanghai, Rattlesnake, Tackle, Sawmill, Blue, Red, Maiden, Town, Skillet, Cow, Bear, Lovers, Hungry, Gem and Bolivar, are the principal gulches worked. The output from the old channel of Eagle creek has averaged \$7.40 to the hand, and the bars on Eagle creek proper have paid handsome returns to the miners. Considerable ground has been worked on Lower Powder river, but, owing to imperfect facilities for handling the water, only moderate wages have been made. Nearly one-half of the placer mines are owned and worked by Chinese, which makes it difficult to obtain correct returns, as they only sell enough of their gold to pay expenses and ship the balance to China. From the best information obtainable, and computing that two-fifths of the gold washed was by Chinamen, not less than \$325,000.00 was taken from the above named gulches, making the output from Shanghai gulch alone, since its discovery, \$1,800,000.00. The capacity of the Sparta canal, which is thirty-two miles in length, will be increased, and the water raised one hundred and twenty-five feet higher, carrying it over the Powder river divide, which will furnish hundreds of miners with rich placer ground for the next quarter of a century. With proper facilities for treating the inexhaustible supply of gold ores, and miners enough to work the available placer grounds, the output of gold for the year 1888 will exceed \$2,000,000.00.

A GREAT RAILWAY.—The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company now owns and operates over fifty-six hundred miles of thoroughly equipped road in Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri and Dakota. Each recurring year its lines are extended in all directions, to meet the necessities of the rapidly populating sections of country west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and to furnish a market for the products of the greatest agricultural and stock raising districts of the world. In Illinois it operates three hundred and seventeen miles of track; in Wisconsin, twelve hundred and eighty-seven miles; in Iowa, fifteen hundred and sixty-six miles; in Minnesota, eleven hundred and twenty-two miles; in Dakota, twelve hundred and thirteen miles; in Missouri, one hundred and forty-two miles, and the end is not yet. It has terminals in such large cities as Chicago, Milwaukee, LaCrosse, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Fargo, Sioux City, Council Bluffs, Omaha, and Kansas City and St. Joseph, Mo., and all along its lines are hundreds of large and small thriving cities, towns and villages. Manufacturing interests are cultivated, and all branches of business find encouragement. The railway company has a just appreciation of the value of its patrons, and its magnificent earnings are the result of good business tact, which characterizes the management of its affairs. The popularity of the line is attested by the fact, that, notwithstanding the strongest kind of competition of old and new lines, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway continues to carry the greater proportion of all the business between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis. It is the best patronized route to and from all points in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota and Iowa, and its Kansas City and St. Joseph line will undoubtedly take equal rank

with the older lines leading to and from the Southwest. On all its through lines of travel, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway runs the most perfectly equipped trains of sleeping, parlor and dining cars and coaches. The through trains on all its lines are systematically heated by steam. No effort is spared to furnish the best accommodations for the least money, and, in addition, patrons of the road are sure of courteous treatment from its employees.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—British Columbians are beginning to realize the importance of the vast iron deposits in that section. The production of iron and steel for 1887 was the largest in the history of the province—larger even than in 1886, when all previous yields were surpassed. Reliable estimates place the production of pig iron for 1887 at six million two hundred and fifty thousand gross tons, an increase over 1886 of six hundred thousand tons. The Bessemer steel rail output is estimated at one million nine hundred and fifty thousand gross tons, an increase over 1886 of three hundred and seventy-five thousand gross tons. The production of iron ore was eleven million tons, an increase over 1886 of one million tons. A new feature of the iron and steel situation in British Columbia is found in the fact that in spite of the enormous production, the imports of iron and steel in all forms for the year amounted to one million eight hundred thousand tons. Prices at the end of the year, however, had reached a rather low figure, and if they continue low, the home production will probably overcome the heavy importations. It is worthy of note that while there have been vexatious and wasteful strikes in many other branches of business, there has been no serious interruption in the iron trade.

In farming capabilities, the Fraser, Kootenay and Okanagan districts are rich, and the grazing lands of the southern part of British Columbia are considered remarkably fine. There are extensive tracts all over the province which are well adapted to agriculture. An area of about twelve hundred square miles in the northern interior is of that character, and must ultimately afford homes for a large farming population. There is also an expanse in the Peace river country of some five or six thousand square miles, which is of considerable agricultural value. South of the Dunvegan pass there is a stretch of prairie land of two hundred and thirty thousand acres. It is a most attractive region, watered by splendid streams, and the soil is very fertile.

A RAILWAY TO ASIA.—A gigantic railway scheme, which is alleged to be not so visionary as it would appear to many, is credited to the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul company. The great project of building a railway across Siberia, is now being pushed to completion by the Russian government. This suggests the idea of a correlative line on the Western continent, running from some mart to the extremity of the Aleutian peninsula, with transfer and terminal facilities suited to handling international business. An immense bridge, to connect Asia and America, is even said to be feasible. The country that will necessarily have to be crossed in western British Columbia and central Alaska, is far from being the frigid zone that many believe it to be. The line would, undoubtedly, in its course north, strike the headwaters of the Yukon river, then keep down that mighty stream to within perhaps a hundred miles of the coast, at or near Nulato, where it would leave the river, and, running nearly west, would terminate at Cape Prince of Wales, within about fifty statute miles of the Siberian coast. Very little difficulty, except, perhaps, in crossing the ranges at the headwaters of the Yukon, would be apprehended from deep snows in winter. The climate along the Yukon is dry, and but very little

snow falls there—from eighteen inches to perhaps two feet in depth. Extreme cold, from seventy to eighty degrees below zero, only prevails during about two months of midwinter, and this would be the greatest drawback to winter travel. Immense forests skirt the route nearly to the coast, and about midway down the Yukon are, probably, the greatest coal bank in the world. Branch lines would tap the coast settlements and the rich mineral sections of the interior.

CALIFORNIA GOLD FIELDS.—It is now forty years, says the *Mining and Scientific Press*, since the grand discovery of gold was made at Sutter's mill, in California, that event having occurred, as now seems probable, on the 24th day of January, 1848, and not on the 19th day of that month, as has heretofore been generally supposed. This change of date, in so far as it may be said to have been effected, is due to an entry made in a diary kept by Azariah Smith, who was at work on the mill at the time gold was found by James W. Marshall, this date finding some corroboration from an entry made about the same time by Henry W. Bigler, in a diary kept by him, Bigler also having been a fellow workman with Smith on the mill. We speak of Marshall's as being the grand discovery to distinguish it from other discoveries of gold that had occurred in California long before. But the deposits previously found were unimportant, having been comparatively poor and of limited extent. The first gold found in this state was discovered in 1775, at a place now known as Carga Muchaco, thirteen miles west of Fort Yuma, on the Colorado river. Fifty-three years afterward, another find occurred at San Isidro, in the western part of San Diego county. In 1838, placers were struck in San Francisquito canyon, in the northwestern part of Los Angeles county, and were worked in a small way for the next ten years. These were all placer deposits, though there is a tradition that some attempts were made in the interim at working gold-bearing quartz. All the gold gathered in California prior to 1848 probably did not exceed \$200,000.00, and may not have reached half that amount. Much more might, and no doubt would, have been collected had not the Catholic priests, who were well aware of the auriferous character of the country, discouraged the business of mining as being inimical to their missionary labors. The early Spanish settlers did not explore the interior in search of gold, which is explained by the fact that the back country was infested by hostile Indians; nor had these settlers any reason to suppose that these interior regions were especially rich in gold.

OREGON IMMIGRATION.—The annual report of Mr. Wallace R. Struble, secretary of the Oregon State Board of Immigration, shows some interesting facts. He estimates that the total number of people represented at the board's rooms during the year, was twelve thousand eight hundred and twenty. The report says: "The amount of cash capital brought into the state by these newcomers is, of course, largely a matter of conjecture. Taking the former estimates of the board as a basis of calculation at present, we have (allowing each head of family the sum of \$1,500.00) a total of \$6,410,400.00 for the year. Very many newcomers have been men of extensive means. During the year one man reported his cash capital at \$50,000.00; several reported themselves possessed of \$25,000.00 apiece, and over fifty brought \$10,000.00 apiece, so that the above aggregate estimate would likely be largely increased if the actual financial status of every newcomer could be known. It is, perhaps, fair to say that one-half the actual immigration for the year has reported at the board rooms. Close observation would indicate that not over one-third the arrivals so re-

port. But estimating on the basis of one-half, which is certainly conservative, we have an actual cash increase to the state, from immigration, during the year, of \$12,820,000.00, and a grand total of arrivals for the year of twenty-five thousand six hundred and forty. If we were to figure on the basis of one-third, the result would be: Total arrivals, thirty-eight thousand four hundred and sixty; cash capital, \$19,230,000.00. On either basis, however, there is a good showing for the year—a showing which the experience of the whole state will fully confirm."

THROUGH HUDSON'S BAY TO EUROPE.—But it is not because of its human inhabitants, nor of its quarries for the hunter on land and sea, that the Hudson's bay region has special interest for us to-day. We might be content to leave it to the chill obscurity which has been so long its lot, were it not that, as already indicated, the central part of Canada and the Northwest of the United States are asking whether it does not afford a solution to the problem how to secure for their products the cheapest and most expeditious road to the best markets. A glance at the map will be sufficient to make clear that the shortest possible route between the region referred to and Europe, lies through Hudson's bay. Careful calculations have shown that the city of Winnipeg, for instance, is at least eight hundred miles nearer Liverpool by the Hudson's bay route than by the St. Lawrence, and the difference in favor of the former increases, of course, the further you advance northward. If, as has been pointed out, you take the central point of the agricultural lands of the Canadian Northwest, you will find that the distance from it to Winnipeg is about the same as to Churchill, the finest harbor of the bay. Now, the distance between Churchill and Liverpool is a little less (about sixty-four miles) than it is between Montreal and that great entrepot of commerce. The conclusion is, consequently, that as between the said center and Liverpool, there is a saving of the whole distance from Winnipeg to Montreal, by the use of Hudson's bay, which means, in miles, no less than twelve hundred and ninety-one, by way of Lake Superior, and sixteen hundred and ninety-eight, by way of Chicago.—*F. Macdonald, in the American Magazine.*

THE LAST OF THE BUFFALOS.—"It was but four years ago," said W. S. Burrows, of Mandan, Dakota, "that I bought ten thousand buffalo horns, and to-day it is almost impossible to obtain one pair for love or money." According to the stories of hunters and trappers who have been engaged in their occupation for years, one small herd of buffalo exists at this time, as a representative of the countless thousands that swarmed on the western prairies, and they have sought protection in the Yellowstone park. There are about thirty in the herd, and many of the tourists through the park last summer, encountered them during their travels. Even these are likely to become exterminated, unless the government takes vigorous measures for their security, as their whereabouts are known to a few daring spirits who will take desperate chances to kill them, if they can be decoyed near the boundary line of the park, where detection would be difficult. The experiences of W. T. Hornaday, taxidermist of the national museum, in quest of specimens for that institution, have been given at length, and he also has orders from European museums for some of those animals. After working industriously for two seasons, and traversing all the country north and west of Minnesota to the Canada line, he succeeded in finding two or three animals, which have been stuffed and mounted for the museum at Washington; and unless the United States government decides to pick

out a few of its only herd as a present to some European museum, the foreign orders never will be filled.—*St. Paul Globe*.

MONTANA MINES AND RAILROADS.—The first shipment of Sand Coulee coal for Benton, Montana, was made February 13. Track laying on the Montana Central is being pushed to early completion, when it is expected that road will handle seven hundred tons of coal daily, from the Sand Coulee mines, and it is estimated that the demand on the Manitoba road will be about one thousand tons daily. The Manitoba company recently closed a contract for fifty-five thousand tons of rails. These will enable it to build about five hundred miles of extensions and branches in Montana, and \$5,000,000.00 will be expended this season in building and equipping more lines and pushing on to the Idaho boundary. The bridge at Great Falls, one thousand feet in length, and having seven piers, has just been completed. \$2,000,000.00 of Montana Central bonds were put upon the New York market, and brought a premium of ten to fifteen per cent., though the road is yet really less than one hundred miles long. The Montana Central connects the Manitoba railroad system with Butte, a camp whose total freight shipments last year amounted to five hundred and forty-one thousand tons; which shipped seventy thousand tons of copper matte alone, and whose consumption of coke, coal, lumber and machinery is greater than that of all the rest of Montana combined. Such is the town which the Montana Central is about to tap, and it is for this reason that when \$2,000,000.00 worth of bonds were thrown on the market they were eagerly taken at a heavy premium.

ALASKA GOLD MINES.—The *Alaska Free Press*, in speaking of some of the resources of Alaska, mentions Douglas island, which is but twenty-five miles long and ten miles wide, and says: Running lengthwise of the island, and located for thirty-one thousand five hundred feet, lies a gold-bearing vein that has an actual average width of five hundred feet, with an average of eight hundred feet in depth above drainage, or sea level; ten cubic feet of ore weighs a ton; the ore will mill \$6.00 per ton. This is the approximate value of ore in sight on what is known as the Treadwell vein. The actual amount of gold realized per month is kept a secret, though it is said to be \$100,000.00, of which \$40,000.00 is clear profit. There are six owners, who, though it only cost them \$500,000.00 to put up their plant to work the mine, have since refused \$20,000,000.00 for their claims, which they assert are inexhaustible. The great value of the mines on Douglas island is not altogether on account of their richness, but also because of the regularity of the veins of gold, and their accessibility. Back of Juneau, in the canyon that separates the two mountains that loom up in the rear of the town, in what is called the Silver Bow basin, are a number of claims, which, the owners say, pay well for working them. Within a radius of ten miles there are a number of other gold mines. The settlers claim that the whole country without the outskirts of Juneau, as well as all of Douglas island opposite, are one mass of gold quartz rock.

THE SALMON RIVER MINES.—Of all the mining districts in Washington Territory, there is none which is attracting more attention at present than the Salmon river district, located on Salmon creek, just north of the Big Bend of the Columbia, in the eastern part of the territory. That this was a rich district was known years ago by the Indians and prospectors who occasionally visited the creek. The inaccessibility of the locality deterred its development until about eighteen months ago, when a Tacoma prospector staked out three claims and com-

menced work in earnest, to ascertain whether there were, in truth, any valuable ledges there. His persistent and well-directed efforts were rewarded with success, and he was soon followed by scores of others who were anxious to share in the fortunes to be found in this new, and now promising, district. The ores are chiefly rich in silver, but some give highly satisfactory returns in gold. A Tacoma company is now putting in reduction works at Salmon City. All who have visited the district speak in highest terms of the prospects, and it is the belief of those capable of judging, that Salmon City will be the Leadville of Washington Territory. The trade of this territory is tributary to Tacoma, by the Big Bend and Salmon River Transportation Co's. line of steamers, on the Upper Columbia, and connections to Ellensburg or Yakima, and thence by the Cascade division of the Northern Pacific railroad.

AN IMPORTANT COMMERCIAL CITY.—Looking forward to the dense settlement of the now sparsely populated wheat regions of Eastern Washington, to the development of the rich mineral belts of the Okanogan and other valleys, to the thorough clearing and cultivation of the surpassingly rich agricultural valleys, that extend from the sound to the foothills of the Cascade mountains, to the constant increase of the output of the coal mines, to the further growth of the great lumber industry, to the establishment of numerous manufacturing concerns, and to the advent of jobbing houses, to the building up of an extensive foreign commerce on Puget sound, the greatest and best of the natural harbors of the world—looking forward to all these as sure to come, one can not but feel, while looking down on Tacoma from the forest-crowned heights at the head of Commencement bay, that he has before him the beginning of what is destined to be one of the world's most important commercial cities. The foundations for such a city have been laid with intelligence and liberality, and all conditions are now favorable for rapid and substantial growth. Great progress has been made during the past few years, but still greater progress is sure to be made during the coming decade.—*Eugene V. Smalley, in Northwest Magazine*.

MONTANA.—The greatest length from west to east of Montana is five hundred and forty miles; the width, two hundred and seventy-five miles, and the superficial area, one hundred and forty-five thousand seven hundred and seventy-six square miles, of which fully one-third is mountainous. The great watershed between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the main divide of the Rocky mountains, runs through the western end, leaving about one-fourth of the territory on its western slope, and three fourths on the eastern. The western portion of the territory is exceedingly mountainous, while the eastern portion contains its grazing grounds and most of its agricultural valleys. The mean altitude is three thousand feet above sea level. Mining has always been, and probably will continue to be, the leading industry. Montana's mineral progress has been marked by gigantic strides. In 1882 her precious metal output was eight million dollars; in 1887 it was over twenty-five millions, a gain of seventeen millions in five years. What her probabilities are in this direction no one will dare to predict. The chief city of the territory is Helena, the capital, with a population, according to the directory just issued, of nearly sixteen thousand. Its chief mining camp, Butte, is the largest and busiest in the world. The territory has a population of over two hundred thousand.

A RICH GOLD DISCOVERY.—We are informed, on good authority, that a very rich quartz discovery has been made by

W. W. Sunderlin, one-half mile above the Cold Spring station, on the Red Rock and Salmon City scenic stage road. This station is only twelve miles northeast of Fort Lemhi, and a short distance from B. F. Sharkey's valuable mining property. The ore assays away up in the thousands, and a general stampede is just now being made by old-time prospectors for the new Cold Spring mining district, and one miner has pronounced it the richest gold discovery on the Pacific coast. Phil Shenon, a well known mining man, who has been very successful in mining operations for the past twenty years on the Pacific coast, pronounces the new find very rich, and has a few locations adjoining the Sunderlin property. Tate Taylor, a well known mine owner of Spring Mountain, in this county, has also taken up a location near Phil Shenon's. These new discoveries are situated right in the midst of a forest of timber, and only a few rods from the stage road and a large stream of pure, mountain spring water. Lemhi valley is fast coming to the front as a gold, silver and lead producing country.—*Idaho Recorder*.

CASTLE ROCK.—Upon reading an item published some time ago concerning Castle rock, on the Columbia, as belonging to Jay Gould, Mr. Longacre gave us some interesting information about the rock. He was assessor of the county in which the rock is situated, and has assessed it a number of times at a valuation of \$500.00, to Jay Cook, the New York banker, who, trying to buy too much of the Northern Pacific stock, failed so disastrously several years ago. The rock was formerly owned by Dr. Levins, who sold it to Hon. Philip Ritz, of Walla Walla, who acted as agent for Jay Cook. If Jay Gould owns the rock, he has purchased it recently. The taxes on the rock when assessed to Jay Cook, were paid directly. The rock has been measured several times by government engineers, and their estimates as to its height vary from eight hundred and forty-six to eight hundred and fifty-four feet. The top has never been reached, but there is an old Indian tradition that many years ago an Indian succeeded in climbing it. Dr. Levins, in an unsuccessful attempt to scale it, found the remains of an old pole ladder, bound together with withes, which proves the Indian legend correct. A person looking at the rock would guess its height was in the neighborhood of two hundred feet.—*McMinnville Telephone*.

DIVIDENDS OF MONTANA MINES.—The following dividends have been paid on Montana mines for a term of seven years, or since the first working of dividend-paying mines, say from 1880 to July 1, 1887:

Alice	\$ 750,000
Amy & Silversmith.....	331,851
Boston & Montana.....	520,000
Elkhorn	180,000
Empire	33,000
Granite Mountain.....	2,600,000
Helena M. & R.	192,310
Hecla Con.....	1,062,500
Hope	158,241
Lexington.....	565,000
Montana, Limited.....	1,254,000
Moulton	350,000
Original.....	120,000
Parrott.....	18,000
Total	\$8,134,902

A NEW MINERAL.—A few weeks since, Mr. John Farish, the well known mining engineer and mineralogist, of Denver, visit-

ed Tombstone, Arizona, says the *Prospector*, and while here procured a sample of ore from the Bob Ingersoll mine. Upon examining the rock, he found it to contain, among other metals, one which to him was entirely unknown. After a patient search and thorough delving among all the authorities on mineralogy, he found himself still unable to determine the character of the mineral, and submitted it to Professor Emmons, of Denver, one of the best authorities in the United States on mineralogy, for analysis. The professor gave the matter careful study, and he, too, could not determine what it was, and forwarded it to the Smithsonian Institute. Here was the court of last resort, and here it was determined that the mineral was one hitherto unknown. The authorities of the institute, in honor of Professor Emmons, whom they supposed had discovered it, gave it the name of emmonsite, although, as will be seen by the honor more properly belongs to Mr. Farish. The mineral is found in the form of a green crystal, but, as yet, its commercial value has not been determined.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY LEGISLATIVE APPROPRIATIONS.—The appropriations of the Washington Territory legislature, as provided for in thirty-two bills, totalize at \$396,414.83. Of this amount, \$173,490.00 is for the territorial penitentiary at Walla Walla; \$42,000.00 for the school for defective youth, at Vancouver; \$60,000.00 to build a hospital for the insane, at Medical lake; \$90,940.68 for the hospital for the insane at Steilacoom; \$10,600.00 for the territorial university at Seattle; \$1,000.00 to aid in sinking an artesian well in Yakima county; \$7,600.00 to codify the territorial laws; \$1,500.00 to purchase records of the territorial supreme court; \$1,000.00 to print the governor's report, and \$8,884.15 for relief and incidental claims. In addition, several other bills were to pay employees, committees and incidental expenses of the legislature. The office of attorney general was created, at an annual expense of \$1,800.00, and an annual tax of one-fifth of a mill was levied, to support a territorial militia. County commissioners were authorized to levy a tax not exceeding three-tenths of a mill to create a fund for the relief of indigent Union soldiers, marines and dependents of those deceased or indigent, to be expended under direction of Grand Army posts.

CAVE DISCOVERED.—A correspondent, writing from Dry Lake, Modoc county, California, to an exchange, thus describes some of the wonders of that section of country: A short time since, as two vaqueros were hunting, about five miles east of this place, they observed steam issuing from a crevice in the lava, which they explored for some distance; but it was so dark they could not see to walk. So, on the following day, after supplying themselves with candles, they penetrated the lower region about two miles, at a descent of four inches to the rod. The roof seems to be of solid lava. The floor is yellow sand, and about a mile from the entrance there is a large room, ten or twelve feet high and sixty feet across. The main cavern turns and runs in a northerly direction, and another runs east, or nearly so. The north extension has a temperature of about ninety degrees, and grows warmer every step, and descent grows steeper as far as it has been explored. As the candles grew short, the explorers were compelled to return to the outer world, and leave the wonderful cavern unexplored for the present.

THE OREGON PACIFIC'S PLANS.—It is announced that the Oregon Pacific directors have sent out instructions to their managers in San Francisco to make every preparation for vigorous work on extensions in the spring. By April 1st it is expected

active construction work will be begun, and in the months following the line will be pushed far into Eastern Oregon. In 1888, if all goes well, the intention is to take this railway into Boise City. Of the five hundred miles from Yaquina bay across the fertile interior of Oregon, to Boise City, about one hundred and eight miles is already built. The survey has been completed the entire distance, and grading has been done, in all amounting to nearly three hundred miles. Most of the route will range between three and four thousand feet in altitude. On this great table land the work is easy, and the line will pass through many fertile valleys and a great grazing country. The crossings of the Deschutes and Malheur rivers, in Eastern Oregon have already been secured.

CALIFORNIA'S EXPORTS.—The totals of California's leading exports may be given as follows: Wheat and flour, \$18,185,-821.00; wool, \$5,000,000.00; sugar, \$4,469,652.00; canned goods, \$3,935,048.00; green fruit, \$2,880,113.00; wine, \$2,632,815.00; salmon, \$1,918,738.00; dried fruit, \$1,823,450.00; raisins, \$1,-187,337.00; coffee, \$1,106,487.00; whalebone, \$1,000,000.00; quicksilver, \$867,533.00; beans, \$731,283.00; ginseng, \$715,-412.00; iron and steel manufactures, \$638,636.00; leather, \$700,-477.00; machinery, \$650,000.00; hides, \$580,976.00; brandy, \$559,691.00; syrup, \$523,273.00; barley, \$516,100.00; lumber, \$425,000.00; cotton goods, \$384,920.00; fish, \$243,475.00; hops, \$220,340.00; oils, \$279,944.00; cigars, \$250,496.00; blankets, \$250,000.00. The articles here noted make, altogether, close on \$52,000,000.00. With other articles over \$100,000.00 in value, the total would be swollen to \$54,000,000.00. Adding \$5,000,-000.00 of various articles by sea, and \$2,000,000.00 by rail, we make a total of \$61,000,000.00 as the value of California's exports by sea and land in 1887.—*San Francisco Journal of Commerce.*

ARIZONA TERRITORY.—Arizona, the extreme southwestern territory of the United States, now has a population of about ninety thousand, spread over an area of one hundred and thirteen thousand nine hundred and sixteen square miles, having doubled its population within the last nine years. It is now traversed by one thousand and fifty miles of railway, of which seven hundred and seventy-five are parts of the transcontinental trunk lines that cross the territory, the rest being branch lines of those two roads, connecting them on the one hand with Prescott, and on the other with Phoenix. In the East, Arizona is regarded as chiefly a waste region, and that its chief resources are subterranean. In simple fact, there are officially reported to be two million acres of arable and most fertile land in the valleys of the Colorado, Salt and Gila rivers, easily irrigable, while elsewhere in the territory equally large tracts are to be found, that only need the vivifying effects of water to be made fruitful in the highest degree, and from beneath which the requisite water may, and will, be brought in due season.

ALASKA.—Governor Swineford, of Alaska, has made a report, showing the Alaska Fur Seal Company in an unenviable light. He says it is a concern that has grown enormously rich from its monopoly, and has grown arrogant and tyrannical. At the time the contract was awarded, the government did not comprehend the magnitude of the fur seal business, nor did the people have any idea of the importance and value of this traffic. The contract will soon expire. It is recommended that even at this late day, some steps be taken to remedy the abuses which are practised under the contract. Alaska is growing into notice and importance every year. It is proving, as California proved, a veritable mine of incalculable wealth to the

United States. The country as it is now, undeveloped, is famous for its mineral affluence. The waters of Alaska are destined to become as noted for their fisheries as the waters of Newfoundland and the Atlantic of the Northeast. All that is required is settlement, upon which new discoveries will follow.

CONVINCING FACTS ABOUT TACOMA.—Samuel Wilkeson, secretary of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, in speaking of Tacoma, says: Whoever visits the City of Tacoma, sees the business activity, its bustling manufactures, its business and residence buildings going up by the score, views its extensive harbor filled with shipping craft, from the small sound steamer to the great three-masters and immense ocean steamers, studies the resources of the surrounding country, and considers its position as a railroad terminus and on the direct route of the Asiatic trade, and, having done this, is not convinced that within a few years a great manufacturing and commercial city will spring up, will live to wonder at his stupidity and blindness. Men of keen judgment and great business experience have testified to their faith in Tacoma, by large investments in real estate, and by founding there extensive business and manufacturing enterprises. Such facts as these are, in themselves, convincing.

AN AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION FOR OREGON.—Gov. Pennoyer has addressed the secretary of the treasury, giving assent, as far as Oregon is concerned, in regard to the grant of money made in what is known as the "Hatch bill," it being an act passed by the last session of congress to establish agricultural experiment stations in connection with agricultural colleges in the several states, and providing a sum of \$15,000.00 per annum for each state for that purpose. He further designated the board of regents of the Agricultural College of the State of Oregon as the proper board to which the fund should be paid. This board, by law, consists of the state board of education, master of the state grange, and nine others, appointed by Governor Moody. Under the law, \$7,500.00 was available to each of the states the first of last January, but owing to the non-acceptance, as yet, of the college building at Corvallis, it is feared that only \$3,000.00 will become available to Oregon for this year.

A NARROW GAUGE RAILWAY.—D. L. Bliss, vice president of the Carson & Colorado Railroad Company, is quoted as saying that as soon as the Nevada & California narrow gauge shall have extended its line well into California, the Carson & Colorado will build an extension from Mound House to Reno, connecting the two lines. The California & Nevada is pushing northward through Lassen county, and it is intended to extend it to the Oregon line. The connection of the two narrow gauge roads would stimulate the project for the extension of the Carson & Colorado from its present terminus, at Owens' lake, in Inyo county, to Los Angeles. This would give an unbroken line of railroad from the Oregon line to the city of Angels, a portion of which would lie east of the Sierra Nevada range. It would be one of the greatest narrow gauge lines in the world, and the people of California hope that Mr. Bliss is in earnest in the promise to build the proposed connection.—*Reno Gazette.*

THE CASCADE LOCKS.—The government has appropriated, altogether, \$1,142,590.00 for the Cascade locks of the Columbia river, which were commenced about ten years ago. Of this amount something over one million has been expended, and it will cost a million and a half more to complete the present plans. This would allow the passage at one time of a steam-

boat with three barges in tow. It has been questioned whether a smaller canal, completed in less time and subject to further enlargement, might not have been better. The board of engineers, however, in view of the almost universal experience of other canals subsequently enlarged, and on account of the local difficulties at the Cascades in the way of enlargement, determined on a plan large enough once for all. Of the \$187,500 last appropriated, all but \$80,000 has been expended, and the balance will be before another river and harbor appropriation can be available.

NEW PAPERS.—The *Corvallis Times* is the name of a new independent paper that comes to our table. It is a bright, six-column quarto, by Robert Johnson, published weekly at Corvallis, Oregon, and devoted to the interests of Benton county. We wish it success.

Beginning March 1st, the *East Oregonian*, of Pendleton, Umatilla county, issued a daily edition in the form of a neat six-column folio. It presents the appearance of starting under favorable auspices.

The *Capital Journal* is the name of a new daily newspaper started at Salem. It grew out of the old *Sentry*, which was a prohibition advocate, and is republican in politics. Its four pages, of six-columns each, present an attractive appearance.

The *Oregon Blade* will be started at Baker City about the 31st of March, by E. G. Hursh, formerly of the *Roseburg Plaindealer*.

UNSURVEYED PUBLIC LANDS.—Though in many places the best of the lands may be occupied, of the public domain there still remain unsurveyed upwards of three hundred million acres, as follows:

Colorado.....	9,000,000
Arizona.....	12,000,000
California.....	30,000,000
Dakota.....	40,000,000
Florida.....	7,000,000
Idaho.....	44,000,000
Minnesota.....	7,000,000
Nevada.....	30,000,000
Montana.....	74,000,000
Utah.....	31,000,000
Washington Territory.....	20,000,000

U. S. LIFE SAVING SERVICE.—C. A. W., under date of March 3d, writes from Washington, D. C.: The writer of the admirable article on the U. S. Life Saving Service, in the January number of your magazine, seems to have fallen into one error; not as to any fact concerning the origin, organization or operation of the service, but as to its present management. That is, he seems to imply that Mr. Kimball retired from its management after having placed it upon the grand footing which the writer so well describes and fully gives him credit for. If I am right in this supposition, I am sure the writer of the article, and every reader of THE WEST SHORE, will be delighted to know that Sumner I. Kimball is still at the head of the U. S. life saving service, and that its efficiency is constantly increasing under his management.

PROTECTION OF FUR BEARING ANIMALS IN ALASKA.—Judge Lafayette Dawson, in delivering his decision at a recent sitting of the district court, on the question of the constitutionality of the act of congress relating to the protection of fur-bearing animals in Alaskan waters, held that Russia had title by discovery to Behring sea, and that in her cession to the United

States, in 1867, she conveyed all that portion east of one hundred and ninety-three and one-half degrees west longitude, and that by such conveyance the United States acquired title to that portion of the sea including the Aleutian group of islands. The judge holds that England is estopped from asserting any right to the use of the waters of Behring sea, by reason of her acquiescence in Russia's supremacy since the expiration of the treaty of 1825, entered into between Great Britain and Russia.

AREA OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—Washington Territory has an area greater than the New England states, and possesses infinitely greater advantages by sea and land than does New England. It has millions of acres of most productive lands, it has glorious inland waterways, it has Puget sound, in which all the world's ships might rendezvous in a safe harbor and not be crowded, it has a glory of forest lands which no eastern man can comprehend, and it has mineral wealth which, in the next twenty years, will cause the fair land to glitter with mighty cities and great manufactories. It is a land of plenty, and in the hands of brave people who possess it, no other spot in America holds a more enchanting promise to the man who hopes, by clear brains and strong arms, to forge out a grand inheritance for his children.—*Ellensburg Capital*.

DAIRYING AND STALL FED BEEF.—Western Washington is pre-eminently the country for dairying and raising stall fed beef. Grass remains green throughout the year, and golden butter can be made every month in the twelve without the use of coloring compounds. It can be produced cheaper than in the East, and sold at higher prices, and therefore greater profit. From three to five tons of hay, per acre, can be raised on the bottom lands, and with rutabagas, can be fed during the winter with great profit, the beef being put in the shambles in the spring, at a time when range cattle are poor, and when good, juicy meat commands the top price in the market. One of the most prosperous Pierce county farmers, near Tacoma, gives his exclusive attention to raising stall fed beef for the city market.

THE YELLOWSTONE OBSIDIAN CLIFF.—One of the forthcoming reports of the government geological survey relates to the obsidian cliff of Yellowstone park. This cliff is an elevation of half a mile long by from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high, the material of which "is as good a glass as any artificially manufactured." The cliff presents a partial section of surface flow of obsidian, which poured down an ancient slope from the plateau lying east. It is impossible to determine what the original thickness of this flow may have been. The dense glass which now forms its lower portion is from seventy-five to one hundred feet thick, while the porous and pumacious upper portion has suffered from ages of erosion and glacial action.—*Frank Leslie's*.

NEW MILITIA LAW.—The new militia law of Washington Territory provides a full system for organization and discipline. The governor is to be commander-in-chief and shall appoint a quartermaster general, a judge advocate general, a paymaster general, a surgeon general, to rank as colonel, and four aides, with rank of lieutenant colonel. At each general election a brigadier general and adjutant general are to be elected. The territory shall constitute one brigade, and is to be divided by the military board into two regimental districts. An annual tax of one-fifth of a mill shall be levied on all property to defray the expenses of the organization. Regular meetings for drill are made compulsory, and an annual muster is provided for.

RAILROADS IN KITTITAS COUNTY, W. T.—The indications are that more miles of railroad will be constructed in Kittitas county this year than in any year previous, and that fully two thousand men will be employed in grading and general construction work. The Northern Pacific branch line up the Cle-Elum river is an assured fact, and the Short Line, from Ellensburg direct to Spokane Falls, will be put through beyond a doubt. The Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern is a certainty, and work will begin as soon as snow permits. The outlook for a busy season in Kittitas is very flattering, and as all the supplies will be obtained in Ellensburg, our merchants will drive a brisk trade and reap great benefits.—*Ellensburg Capital*.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY RAILWAYS.—The total mileage of railways in Washington Territory is summed up at one thousand and sixty and six-tenths. The number of miles operated by each company is as follows:

Northern Pacific.....	564.2
Oregon Railway & Navigation Co.	289.9
Mason county lines.....	41.0
Puget Sound Shore.....	23.0
Spokane & Palouse.....	43.0
Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern.....	40.0
Columbia & Puget Sound.....	44.5
Olympia & Chehalis.....	15.0

BRITISH COLUMBIA MINES.—Just at the close of the season, last fall, when many of the miners had left their claims for the winter, reports were current in Victoria of rich discoveries in gold, made on Siwash creek, a tributary of the Fraser river, in British Columbia. The difficulty of getting to the mines, and the early and heavy fall of snow, prevented a rush to the diggings, but it is probable they will receive considerable attention the coming season. A Tacoma company, of which the mayor of the city is president, has already expended several thousand dollars in this district, with gratifying results. The reports which caused the great rush to Fraser river, in 1857, may yet be verified.

PASCO'S LOCATION.—The town of Pasco, Washington Territory, is located at the junction of the Snake and Columbia rivers. The birdseye view which THE WEST SHORE issued makes it appear that Pasco is located some distance from that junction. The Northern Pacific line, passing through Pasco, is, of course, affected by this mistaken location, and its location on the view is wrong for a short distance. These errors escaped our attention in proof-reading. Pasco, owing to its favorable location as a shipping point, has a very bright future in store, and will eventually become quite a city, even if our engraver does move it away forty miles from its actual location.

TO GAIN BY THE ISTHMUS CANAL.—The lumber trade of Oregon and Washington Territory is one of the domestic industries which is sure to prosper by the completion of the Nicaraguan canal. Even now, when the voyage from Portland to our Atlantic seaboard requires five or six months' time, cargoes are occasionally shipped around Cape Horn. In 1886, Oregon and Washington Territory exported six million feet of lumber; in 1887, eight times as much; and when this vast, timber-bearing region is brought thousands of miles nearer Philadelphia, New York and Boston, by the opening of the canal, a wonderful impetus will be given to its development.

SUN RIVER AND CHOTEAU TELEPHONE LINE.—The new telephone line connecting Sun River and Choteau, is progressing

rapidly. We now have telegraphic communication between Benton and Fort Shaw, thence telephone line to Sun River, and the new line now under construction will supply the missing, and much-needed, link between Sun River and Choteau, thus making direct communication with Benton. The poles are already up, and the wire, which was ordered from the East some time ago, has arrived, and is now at Sun River. The work of stringing is to commence as soon as the weather will permit.—*River Press*.

WATER WORKS IN ELLENSBURGH.—A company has lately been formed for the purpose of putting in an extensive system of water works at Ellensburg, W. T. The plan is to construct a large reservoir on Craig's hill, at an elevation of two hundred feet above the town, and from there conduct the water in pipes through the principal streets. Hydrants will be erected at points designated by the city. It is the intention of the company to lay a large supply main to the mouth of Wilson creek canyon, a distance of about seven miles, from which place an abundant supply of pure mountain water can be obtained.

TO AMEND MINING LAWS.—Senator Stewart has introduced a bill to amend the existing mining laws of the United States, by providing that no person shall acquire more than one mining claim on the same vein of ore, or locate a claim which he has previously located, and also requiring that each patent for mining land shall reserve the right of way through or over any mining claim for roads, ditches, canals, cuts and tunnels, for the purpose of working other mines, provided the damages occasioned thereby are paid according to law.

NEED FOR A SURVEY.—The surveyor general of Washington Territory, in a letter to the secretary of the interior, states that at least one hundred and twenty-five townships in the territory need surveying, and estimates the cost at \$125,000.00. He also recommends an appropriation of \$15,000.00 for clerical work in his office, and suggests the advisability of increasing the present price allowed for surveying, which is \$16.00 for township lines and \$7.00 for section lines.

COAL IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.—The coal lands in Comox district, B. C., are to be opened up at once, by Dunsmuir & Co., the Canadian millionaires. Seven hundred men will be employed by them, to build a railway thirteen miles in length, to connect these lands with the Esquimalt & Nanaimo railroad. When thoroughly opened, the output of the mines will reach two thousand tons per day.

A CONTRAST.—March 12th, the date of the great storm in New York and other parts of the East, served as a strong contrast to the bright, balmy day in Portland, Oregon, where daffodils, narcissus, crocus and hyacinths were in full bloom in the open air.

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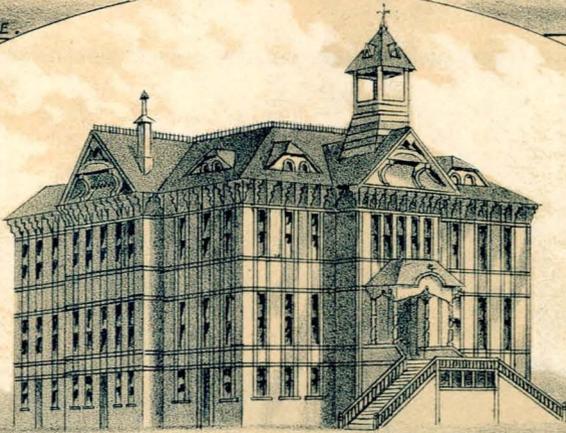
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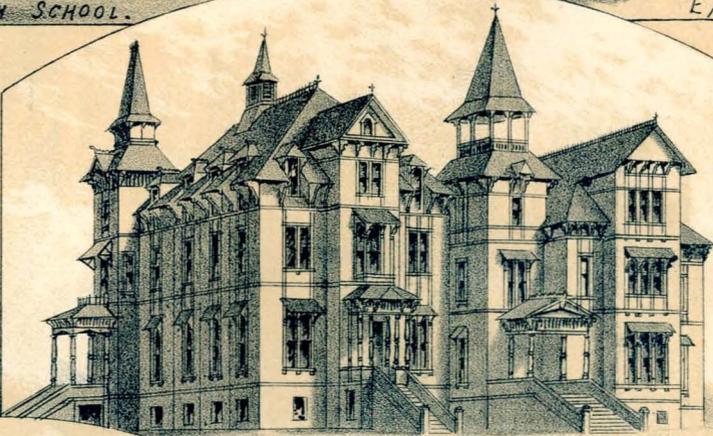
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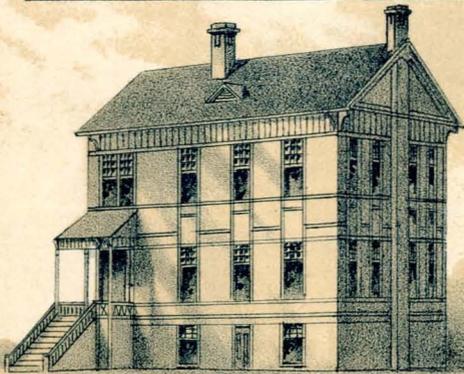
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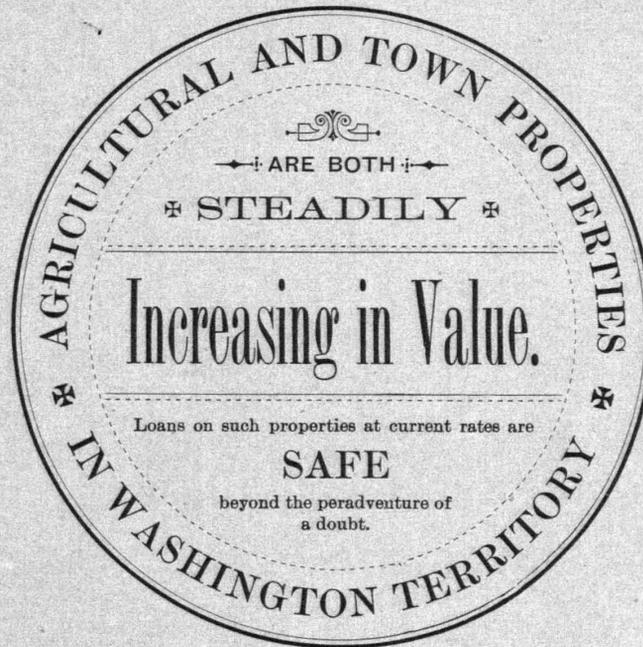
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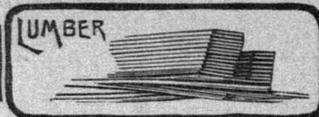
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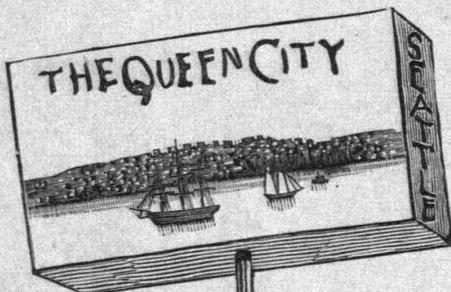
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