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"Industrial Exposition."

ESTABLISHED 1875

THE WEST SHORE

MAY 1888

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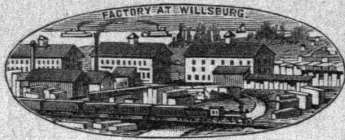
	Page.		Page.
The Metropolis of the Pacific Northwest.....	233	Thoughts and Facts for Women.....	279
If So.....	245	International Council of Women—Finnish Women—Laugh-	
Tom Norwood: a Story of the Civil War—III.....	246	ter—Obedience to Parents—Brief Notes—Fashion	
The Royal Metal—II.....	258	Freaks—Useful Health Hints—Fancy Work—How to	
Oregon and Portland in Winter.....	261	Carve—Plain Victuals—A Clean Carpet.	
Eastern Oregon Quartz.....	264	Northwestern News and Information.....	283
North Pacific Industrial Exposition.....	265	Agriculture in Linn County, Oregon—The Future Range—	
Yamhill's New County Seat.....	267	Wood River Reservoirs—Petroleum in Washington	
The Town of Hillsboro.....	268	Territory—Butte City's Growth—Coal in San Francisco	
Chehalem Valley Dairying.....	268	—Portland's Industrial Fair—Mineral Shipments from	
Some Attractions of Forest Grove.....	271	Butte City—Palouse & Lewiston Railroads—Russell &	
Linn County, Oregon.....	272	Co.—Vancouver Railway—Manufacturing Enterprises	
A Mountain Tragedy.....	273	in Seattle—Spokane Falls & Northern Railway—Olym-	
"Siss".....	274	pia, Gray's Harbor & Baker's Bay Railway—Fawcett	
		Brothers—Dayton, W. T.—Fruit Crop of Oregon—	
		Stock Yard Company Organized—Tacoma Southern	
		Railroad—Another Gold Discovery in Alaska—Bridge	
		at LaCamas—Kootenai Mines—No Damages for "Salt-	
		ed" Mines—Oswego Iron Works—Want Public Lands	
		of Oregon Surveyed.	

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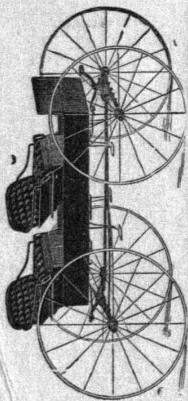


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PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The publisher presents this magnificent number with feelings of pride and satisfaction. The colored plate of the city of Portland, and the colored supplement of the North Pacific Industrial Association speak volumes for the metropolis of the Pacific Northwest. The June number will contain a handsome supplement of the beautiful Chehalem valley, the great fruit-raising section of Oregon, also illustrations and description of Washington county, and an engraving of a new business block in Albany, the most costly building for its size in the Northwest. This, or any other copy of the magazine, will be sent to any address on receipt of twenty-five cents. A large supplement accompanies every number of *THE WEST SHORE* for 1888. The supplement for January is a beautiful oleograph, in nine colors, of the "Entrance to the Columbia River," and is sent only when fifty cents are remitted for the number. All other supplements are sent without extra charge. The oleograph is given as a premium to all yearly subscribers.

Since our last issue we have taken another step in advance, and have opened an office in St. Paul, under the charge of Egbert A. Brown, who will cheerfully furnish information of the Pacific Northwest free of charge to all who apply to him. The office is located in the Merchant's Hotel, only one block from the Grand Union Depot, easily accessible to all tourists and emigrants.

CONTENTS OF THE APRIL NUMBER.

Supplement, in Five Colors, Olympic Range from Seattle Harbor.

ILLUSTRATIONS—Views in the city of Seattle.

Seattle, the Queen City.....	169	Northwestern News and Information.....	216
The Moose.....	175	Montana Statistics—British Columbia Mining	
The Pennsylvania of the Pacific.....	176	Wealth—The Chinook Wind—Umatilla In-	
Until the Sea Gives up Its Dead.....	179	dian Reservation—Increased Postal Busi-	
Farming on Puget Sound.....	180	ness—The Manitoba Railroad in Montana—	
King County, Washington Territory.....	182	Pacific Coast Grain Product—Alaska Sal-	
Regret.....	189	mon Fishing—The Kootenay Canal—Wash-	
Tom Norwood: A Story of the Civil War—II ..	190	ington Territory Railways—Capital and Me-	
The Royal Metal.....	201	ropolis of British Columbia—A Branch	
By Accident.....	203	Railway—Oregon—An Expression of Confi-	
Industrial Fair Association.....	209	dence—State Agricultural College—To Sup-	
Great Falls Smelter.....	210	port Feathered Songsters—The Sheep Mar-	
Southern Oregon's Healthfulness.....	210	ket—Seacoal—Lumber Product of the	
Industries of Albany.....	211	Pacific Coast—Another Railroad—The Spo-	
Thoughts and Facts for Women.....	213	kane & Palouse Railroad—Packing House	
Giving and Receiving—Hopefulness—Co-ed-		for Colfax—To Provide Irrigation—Salmon	
ucation—The Doll—Remarks About Women		River Improvements—An Immense Reser-	
—Fashion Freaks—Center of Room Decora-		voir—The Library Magazine—Coast Defens-	
tion—Mirror Ribbons—Silverware for the		es—The Cattle Ranges—Salmon Breeding	
Table—Kitchen Recipes.....		Station—Mongolian Pheasants in Oregon—	
		Idaho Mining—A Chinese Mining Camp—	
		Surveying Indian Reservations—Bridge at	
		Oregon City—School of Mines—The Great	
		est Mines—Map of California.	

CONTENTS OF THE MARCH NUMBER.

Supplement, Mt. Tacoma, or Rainier.

ILLUSTRATIONS—Views in the city of Tacoma.

The City of Tacoma.....	113	Nelson Bennett.....	147
The Ship that Never Came.....	123	A Man of Business.....	148
Tom Norwood: a Story of the Civil War—1.....	124	The Seedtime of Love.....	151
Mount Tacoma.....	134	Thoughts and Facts for Women.....	152
A Law Unto Herself.....	137	Northwestern News and Information.....	155

If you are at all interested in the Great Northwest, its grand scenery, its industries, cities, towns and people, you will find *THE WEST SHORE* an interesting and valuable magazine. Try it for 1888. Subscription price, \$2.50; single copy, 25 cents; January number, including oleograph, 50 cents. All subscribers receive the oleograph free. Address L. SAMUEL, Publisher, Portland, Oregon.

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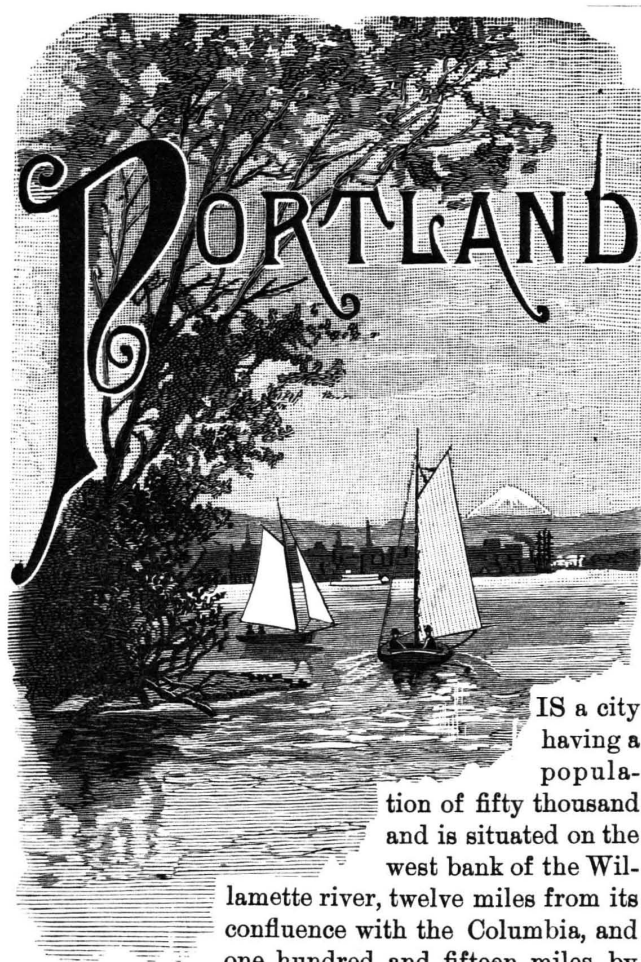
THE WEST SHORE.

FOURTEENTH YEAR.

MAY, 1888.

NUMBER 5.

THE METROPOLIS OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.



river, from the Pacific ocean. The first settlers came here in 1843, and in 1851 the settlement was incorporated as a city. It is now the metropolis of the Pacific Northwest, and the third richest city in the world in proportion of the wealth to per capita of population. On the east side of the Willamette, directly opposite Portland, is the city of East Portland, and on the same side, to the northward, around the bend of the river, the city of Albina, which jointly contain a population of about ten thousand souls, and

are connected with Portland by two bridges. Numerous ferry boats also ply on the river between Portland and her trans-Willamette suburbs. Thus there are clustered here under three corporate names, a community of sixty thousand people, whose business intermingles, and who are actively engaged in its diversified industries.

The favorable position which Portland occupies for an important commercial city can be best understood by gaining a knowledge of its location relative to a large area of very rich country. The Willamette valley, at the foot of which Portland is situated, contains four million acres of land, and its products are abundant to furnish sustenance to more than a million people. Most of this territory is now under cultivation. Wheat has been the chief crop raised, but other cereals, root crops and fruits are now occupying the attention of the farmers, and on the slopes of the mountains bordering the valley, stock raising and dairying are found to be profitable industries. The finest flavored fruits in the world are raised here—apples, pears, prunes, peaches, plums, small fruits, melons, etc. In fact, all the products of the temperate zone can be successfully grown in the Willamette valley. The surplus product of this fertile valley, of course, flows through Portland, to which port it is transported by boats which ply on the Willamette, and railroads which penetrate the country on each side of the river. The Columbia river, before piercing the Cascade mountains, flows through and drains a tract of country more than four times as large as the state of New York, and with a soil of wonderful productiveness. The improvement of that vast region is scarcely begun, yet the product has already grown beyond the facilities for moving it, though they are great, and beyond all expectations. But the transportation facilities are increasing rapidly and that trouble will not last. Anything that can be grown on fertile soil in a mild climate is produced in this basin, and from Idaho, Washington Territory and

Oregon, a constant stream flows into Portland. The mines of Oregon, including those of gold, silver, iron, copper, etc., and the vast mineral output of Montana, Idaho and Washington contribute a very considerable amount to the business of this commercial metropolis. The timber product is by no means inconsiderable, large quantities of lumber being annually turned out. The most extensive salmon fishing in the world, and the general piscatorial industry of the Columbia and Willamette rivers, have their mainsprings of capital in Portland. Situated as it is at the gateway to the regions mentioned, the resources of which are practically illimitable and easily transported on the rivers draining the country, being accessible to ocean craft and having a demand for trade from across the sea, being at a point of interchange of foreign and domestic traffic, having a situation favorable for utilizing these various agencies for promoting growth, Portland certainly possesses advantages of location equalled by few cities in the world.

There are five lines of railroad centering in Portland. The Northern Pacific runs north to Tacoma, thence east to St. Paul. It also connects at Wallula Junction with the O. R. & N., making a shorter route from Portland to the East. The Oregon Railway & Navigation Company has a line passing up the Columbia river to Wallula Junction, and branching out into various feeders, built and in process of construction, ramifying the south-central portion of the great Inland Empire. The lease of the O. R. & N. to the Union Pacific has been consummated, and this now gives a direct transcontinental line under one management between Portland and Omaha. The Southern Pacific Company has leased the Oregon & California railway, which has been completed, and this, besides affording a rail route between Portland and San Francisco, gives a through line under one management, from Portland, via New Orleans, to New York. This road runs southward through the Willamette valley. Another line of the Oregon & California starts from Portland, and running up the west side of the river, forms a valuable feeder, penetrating the heart of the garden of Oregon. This line connects at Corvallis with the Oregon Pacific, extending westward to Yaquina bay, and likely to reach a rich, but as yet undeveloped, region in Eastern Oregon this season. Then the Portland & Willamette Valley narrow gauge affords another outlet for the valley through Portland. Thus this city is made a terminus for three transcontinental railway systems, and has all the advantages of five local roads, besides the water transportation on the Willamette and Columbia rivers and the Pacific ocean. The Canadian Pacific is also competing for Portland business, running a steamer between here and Vancouver, B. C., to con-

nect with its China line of steamers. The Northern Pacific Terminal Company has erected shops in Albina, at a cost of over \$500,000.00, with a capacity for the employment of a thousand men. The company owns nearly eight thousand feet of water front. Besides the shops there are large grain warehouses, coal bunkers and a dry dock, owned by the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company. On the west side of the river about thirty acres of land have been purchased for a site for union passenger and freight buildings and for a freight yard. The completion of the bridge over the Willamette, which the O. R. & N. Co. is erecting, will permit the improvements contemplated for the Portland yard and buildings to be carried out. The bridge is a steel structure, consisting of a draw span of three hundred and forty feet and a fixed span of three hundred and twenty feet. It is a through bridge, with a carriage way and foot walks above the railroad tracks, and connects Third street, Portland, with Holladay avenue, East Portland.

The receipts of produce at Portland for 1887, from all sections, by the leading routes of transportation, were as follows:

Wheat	3,927,458 centsals.
Flour	302,299 barrels.
Oats	183,052 centsals.
Barley	42,509 "
Bran	23,853 "
Millstuff	90,599 "
Potatoes	31,818 sacks.
Wool	12,534,485 lbs.
Hides	2,868,134 "
Hops	1,598,646 "
Flax seed	56,799 sacks.
Lime	24,936 barrels.
Green fruit	94,336 boxes.
Butter	2,863 packages.
Eggs	19,478 cases.

All of these products, except the hops, some of which came from Puget sound, came from the Willamette valley and the Columbia basin. The shipments of wheat and flour from Portland for 1887, were as follows:

DESTINATION.	WHEAT.		FLOUR.	
	Centsals.	Value.	Barrels.	Value.
Europe	2,424,636	\$2,987,372	278,883	\$1,020,388
San Francisco	917,702	1,197,861	74,805	309,727
Coastwise, etc.	82,640	99,225	62,939	265,050
China and Japan	41,042	148,552
Peru	53,344	66,610
Total	3,478,322	\$4,352,068	457,669	\$1,743,717

The Columbia river pack of salmon for 1887 was three hundred and seventy-five thousand cases, valued at nearly \$2,000,000.00. The lumber supply of Oregon and Washington Territory is prodigious. Regular shipments to the eastern markets were begun in 1885, and last year averaged four million feet per month. Since the trade began, the shipments each year doubled those of the preceding season, and

it is fast growing into an industry of vast proportions. The home consumption and coast trade in lumber are very large. The total value of all exports from Portland for the year ending July 31, 1887, aggregated \$15,703,905.00, of which \$6,196,722.00 was foreign and \$9,507,183.00 domestic. The real estate transfers in Multnomah county for the year 1887 numbered two thousand eight hundred and eighty-three deeds, with total consideration of \$5,824,770.41, of which nine hundred and eighty-five deeds, with considerations aggregating \$3,144,480.64, were for property in the city of Portland. Exclusive of banks and railroads, there are two hundred and seventy-nine mercantile establishments with an estimated responsibility exceeding \$1,000.00 each, the total capital of which exceeds \$54,000.00. This does not include those represented by agents only. The available banking capital of Portland is \$7,307,348.82, distributed among twelve banking institutions. The city has sixty-nine miles of improved streets, three miles of which are paved with Belgian stone block pavement, thirty-seven miles macadamized and nearly five miles planked. The stone block pavement is on Front, First and Second streets, where the bulk of the heavy teaming is done. There are one hundred and twenty miles of sidewalk, and twenty-three miles of sewers. Four street railway companies have franchises and have improved them. The oldest is the Portland Street Railway Company, which is confined to First street, running a distance of two miles north and south. The company has eleven cars, comfortable and of neat design. The Multnomah Street Railway Company's main line is on Washington and B streets, from First street to the City park, with branches on Eleventh and Fifteenth streets. It has a total length of three miles of single track, and sixteen cars. The Transcontinental Street Railway Company is the newest of the three corporations. Its lines are on Third, G, Thirteenth, Yamhill, Morrison, Ninth and Montgomery. This company has six miles of double track and twenty-four cars. The Portland Cable Railway Company, incorporated with the view of constructing a cable car line to connect Portland Heights with the lower town, has completed the most difficult part of the construction—the trestle work from the corner of Mill and Fifteenth to the first high ground on the heights—and is making preparations for putting the line in operation as early as possible the coming summer. It will supply a convenient and rapid means of communication with that elevated southwestern part of the city, which is coming into prominence for beautiful residence sites. From the heights the road will be extended two and one-half miles to Fairmount. A franchise for a line crossing the city north and south,

on Fifth and Sixth streets, has been applied for and will no doubt be granted. The grand total of general permanent improvements in Portland and vicinity for 1887, is shown by the following summary :

Buildings in city.....	\$1,054,179.00
City streets.....	197,825.50
Miscellaneous, city.....	489,760.00
East Portland	195,750.00
Albina.....	612,999.50
Portland Heights.....	60,000.00
River tract.....	50,000.00
Sellwood.....	63,500.00
Mount Tabor.....	60,000.00
Grand total.....	\$2,784,014.00

The country whose trade Portland controls now embraces the whole of the Willamette valley, Umpqua, Rogue river, and the valleys of the Coast range, well down toward the southern boundary of the state; the valley of the Columbia, from its mouth to Pasco and beyond; the Snake river country, as far as Lewiston; the Wood river country, in Southern Idaho; the greater part of Eastern and Southeastern Oregon, and much of the Puget sound country. Portland also has a large trade with Montana. It practically controls Alaska, and enjoys a flourishing trade with British Columbia. A very large business with China, in flour and other articles, is developing. These are growing steadily, while new avenues of commerce are constantly being opened up to Portland, the extension of railways centering here allowing merchants to reach out into territory from which they were previously barred.

The Cœur d'Alene mines, in Idaho, were developed only during the past year, and there is now nearly \$2,000,000.00 of Portland capital invested there. A railroad has been extended to the mines, and there is a rich prospect for those who are pecuniarily interested in them. The operations are now almost entirely confined to developing, rather than discovering, mineral lodes. Mining is gradually being reduced to a systematic industry. The mineral wealth of Oregon is not developed to any great extent, as yet; still, she produced one-twelfth of the nearly \$7,000,000.00 of gold and silver mined in the Northwest last year. Portland's interest, however, is not confined to Oregon mines and minerals. The Cœur d'Alene and Okanagan camps may be considered the most important to the city, but the mines of Rogue river, of Pine creek, and of the Blue mountains, are also worthy of consideration, vast sums of money having been spent in their improvement, and a large yield of rich ores being obtained. In Western Oregon, the mines of the Cascades are being worked, but have not, as yet, become large producers. In Southern Oregon, the quartz and placer mines are in a flourishing condition. A large portion of these promising regions remains unexplored. In Eastern Oregon, thorough

work is being done and the results are favorable for the miner. The lack of adequate means of reaching the mining districts is felt in many places, but, at the present rate of advancement, this lack will not long remain.

The streets are lighted by six hundred incandescent and twenty-four arc electric lights. Gas and electric light companies supply these illuminants throughout the city for public and private purposes. The city owns its water works system, on which \$500,000.00 have been expended, and improvements necessitating the expenditure of \$125,000.00 more are contemplated. In order to purchase the water works from the corporation which owned them, the city issued five per cent. bonds to the amount of \$500,000, which were readily sold at an average price of \$1.08, showing the confidence in the city's financial condition. The city has thirty-two miles of water mains, and the pumping capacity of the works is fifteen million gallons per day. The supply is obtained from the Willamette river, about five miles up the stream. The average daily consumption is five million gallons.

The Portland Paid Fire Department is an efficient organization, operating under the city board of fire commissioners. The official report for 1887 shows the value of real property and apparatus held in trust by the organization to be \$171,350.21. The total running expenses for the year were \$58,927.69. There are thirty-three electric fire alarm boxes, and the system is in excellent working order. The numerical strength of the department is ninety men. There are twenty horses, seven engines, with necessary adjuncts, and seven thousand feet of rubber hose. The losses by fire during the year amounted to \$84,173.72, for which \$80,311.62 were paid in insurance. A firemen's mutual relief association is in operation in connection with the fire department.

The manufacturing advantages of Portland and vicinity are not utilized to an extent at all commensurate with their importance. There is abundant raw material in Oregon, cheap and reliable water power, and generally favorable conditions for the growth of varied manufacturing enterprises. The comparatively recent discovery of the resources of the region must account for the small amount of manufacturing that is done where circumstances are so favorable. People from the East, accustomed to the closer and fuller development of their resources, and alive to the advantages of manufacturing as near the source of supply as possible, are surprised at the neglected opportunities which they observe on the Pacific slope, and particularly in and about the commercial center of a region incalculably rich in the elements that promote manufacturing prosperity. Still, that class of

industries is well established, and is constantly increasing in volume and importance. They are yet truly infant industries, though every year there is a gratifying increase in the amount of raw materials consumed, the number of hands employed and the value of the product. From a record compiled by the *Oregonian*, the following figures for 1887 are taken :

INDUSTRY.	No. Hands Employed.	Value of Product.
Saw mills.....	500	\$1,596,000.00
Planing mills.....	204	550,000.00
Fruit canneries.....	94	96,000.00
Brick.....	106	58,000.00
Box factories.....	68	79,000.00
Foundries and metal works.....	583	1,176,000.00
Furniture.....	801	750,000.00
Cooperage.....	15	30,000.00
Wagons and carriages.....	61	72,000.00
Woolen mills.....	335	750,000.00
Furs.....	39	75,000.00
Breweries.....	72	500,000.00
Spices and ground coffees.....	15	130,000.00
Cloak making.....	105	145,000.00
Jewelry.....	12	26,000.00
Meat packing houses.....	95	435,000.00
Marble works.....	20	24,000.00
Harness and saddlery.....	60	260,000.00
Crackers and breadstuffs.....	78	275,000.00
Soda water.....	20	55,000.00
Confectionery.....	72	230,000.00
Ice making.....	27	75,000.00
Miscellaneous.....	497	417,000.00

RECAPITULATION AND COMPARISON.

Total value of product, 1887	\$7,804,000.00
Total value of product, 1886	5,447,500.00
Increase.....	\$2,356,500.00
Total number of persons employed, 1887	3,379
Total number of persons employed, 1886	2,764
Increase.....	615

The grand total of receipts and payments of moneys at the Portland postoffice for 1887 was \$4,195,271.12. The total number of reports and clearances of marine craft at the Portland custom house, exclusive of river boats, was four hundred and twenty, with an aggregate registered tonnage of five hundred and forty-eight thousand one hundred and eighty, for the year ending January 31, 1888. Of this number, one hundred and twenty-six, with a tonnage of eighty-five thousand six hundred and eighty-seven, were foreign, including fifty-one American vessels, of an aggregate of forty-one thousand five hundred and ninety-one tons burthen, which cleared for foreign ports, and the remainder, two hundred and ninety-seven, with a total of four hundred and sixty-two thousand five hundred and three tons burthen, were coastwise arrivals and departures. With the improvement of the Columbia and Willamette rivers, now progressing under the charge of government engineers, shipping interests will be materially benefited, adding largely to the volume of marine business transacted at this port.

From the figures quoted above, affording something of an idea of the business of Portland, it will be seen that her industries are varied and important. The whole Willamette valley is also studded with towns, which turn out, in the aggregate, a large vol-

ume of manufactured goods. These, in a considerable degree, find the Portland market, or come here for shipment, and if counted in the Portland product, would swell the list of manufactured articles to much greater proportions. Most prominent among these may be mentioned the iron works at Oswego, and the flouring mills scattered through the valley. East Portland and Albina, only separated from Portland by the Willamette river, annually turn out a very creditable manufactured product. Indeed, Albina is a town almost entirely dependent upon its manufacturing interests, the largest of which is the car shops of the Northern Pacific Terminal Company, which includes the Northern Pacific, Central Pacific, Southern Pacific, Oregon Railway & Navigation and Oregon & California companies and gives permanent employment to a large force of skilled mechanics. These works include blacksmith shops and foundry, engine house, pattern storehouse, machine shop, paint shop, boiler house, dust tower, and sundry buildings, bringing the entire cost of the plant, fully equipped for business, to a grand total of \$525,090.50. This establishment was built last year, and with the brick kilns, flouring mills, etc., located there, makes Albina a live manufacturing town. Woolen mills and other factories, at Ashland, Brownsville, Oregon City, Salem and other towns, keep many people employed, and the product of their handicraft is large and increasing. The Northwestern Canning Company, recently located in East Portland, has done a very successful business; another cannery is projected and others are to follow. The superior flavor and quality of Oregon fruits and vegetables give them preference in the market over those packed in the eastern states or in California. Oregon peas and corn can command an almost unlimited sale. The Portland Cordage Company, which was incorporated last June, with a capital of \$100,000.00, has erected a large factory, which will be an important addition to the manufacturing institutions of the city. With the growth of manufacturing enterprises, the interests of the three cities of Portland, East Portland and Albina unify, and a common fraternal spirit pervades business circles. The recently-built bridges, in addition to the five ferry lines, which are still maintained between the cities, tend to bind them closer together. A street car track has been laid across the Morrison street bridge and put in operation by the East Side Street Railway Company, the lines of which extend through two miles of streets in East Portland, and are reaching toward Albina and Vancouver, at the north, and with a prospect of soon extending to Sellwood, about five miles to the southward, which is also really a suburb of Portland. The power for operating these extensions will be steam motor. Sellwood is a very pretty

little village, on the east bank of the Willamette, and is growing into popularity as a quiet and pleasant residence place for people who do business in the city. Boats ply regularly between Sellwood and Portland, and railroad communication is not inconvenient. Willsburg is a manufacturing village just over the hill, less than a mile from Sellwood, and on the line of the O. & C. railway.

The state of Oregon is divided by the Cascade mountains into two parts—Eastern and Western—the most conspicuous difference between them being in climate. West of the mountains the direct influence of the warm currents of the Pacific ocean operates to modify the temperature and preserve a remarkable equability throughout the year. This influence is less marked east of the Cascade range, and consequently, Eastern Oregon has greater changes in temperature and more severe weather than the coast, though not to be compared with the region east of the Rocky mountains. In Portland there may be said to be no violent changes of weather. The coldest temperature is less severe than ordinary winter weather in the more eastern northern states. The peculiarly balmy atmosphere from the near ocean does not allow cold to linger long, and many winters pass entirely without there being any chance, which is so eagerly watched for by Portlanders, for a sleigh ride. A week of good sleighing is a rare thing. The precipitation of moisture is not so prominent a feature as many eastern people are led to believe. The "rainy season," which they fancy is about the most disagreeable and unhealthful of all sorts of weather, is not, by any means, six months, or even one month, of constant rain, with continuously cloudy skies, muddy streets and general gloom. The winter season in Portland is, of course, wet. The dates for the beginning and ending of wet weather vary greatly in different years. Perhaps most frequently the period is from November to May. Sometimes the weather is beautiful and bright as late as Christmas, and March is frequently one of the pleasantest months of the year. Following is a tabular statement showing the temperature and precipitation at Portland for the past sixteen years, compiled from the records of the United States signal service. The rains are usually warm when they are persistent, and a good rainy season is conducive to health as well as to good crops. It also protects us from many pests which devastate less favored localities on the Pacific slope. Thunder storms are never known here. During July and August, when the highest mercury is recorded, the nights are deliciously cool, as they are during the whole summer. The winters are also free from those chilling cutting winds, which are characteristic of winters in the middle and eastern states.

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Portland's growth has not been so closely identified with a mere strip of territory bordering on the Pacific ocean, as is imagined by many. Of course, her first communication with the outside world, or, rather, the outside world's first communication with Portland, was by water, and the water routes of travel are still maintained. Portland was connected with the East by rail several years before railroad communication with San Francisco was established. The exceptionally favorable railroad facilities which Portland now enjoys were only arranged within a very recent period. Only since last December has there been a through rail route between Portland and San Francisco. So far as that great industrial developer, the railroad, is concerned, Portland was for a number of years the chief commercial center of an empire having its direct communication with the eastern states. This facilitated the immigration from the East, which has so largely contributed to building up the city and region tributary to it. The very name "Portland" was selected by the original settlers, who came from Maine, and named the new town after the metropolis of the Pine Tree state. Thus the chief city of the most eastern state and the metropolis of the most western state of the United States have the same name. But the western vigor of the occidental city is leaving her staid namesake far behind in everything that counts for a great city. The two are not far apart in the number of inhabitants within their limits at the present date, but in the volume of business transacted, the amount of capital employed in trade and the resources on which growth relies, the Oregon city is already far in the lead, and time must increase the difference between them.

An important feature of Portland and the tributary country is the stability of their institutions. They have not been developed by booms; they do not depend on booms for their support. It may be said that the growth of Portland has been entirely independent of speculative enterprises. It has been steady from the first. Speculation in real estate, which has grown to be an almost unavoidable adjunct of western towns, and has been a principal element in the inevitable collapse of many branches of business based on fictitious prosperity, has not obtained to any extent in Portland. There is a healthy, active movement in real property, but no one acquainted with the situation of affairs will claim that it is on other than a legitimate basis, and is merely an incident of the general growth of the city. During the past year there has been more rapid appreciation of real estate in East Portland than in any of the cities of the valley, but it is in no wise a boom in the sense that it has a speculative basis. The transfers in Multnomah county, of which Portland is the capital, in 1887 more

than doubled those of the previous year, and the advancement continues. Business establishments did not build on a basis of dreams, to fail when the strain of reality came. Portland has been conservative, and as a consequence, rests on a business basis second to none. She has been tried and found equal to the emergency. August 2, 1872, a great fire destroyed property valued at nearly \$1,500,000.00. Her population then was less than twelve thousand, but she declined proffered assistance from abroad, and helped herself. The same year the failure of Ben Holladay and his railroad schemes caused losses that were heavy in Portland. This double disaster proved a check, but it was only temporary. The collapse of "Transcontinental" stocks, in 1883, was a strain that would have caused general disaster in many communities older and larger than Portland. Between two and three million dollars were taken out of the city by this depreciation. Unwise financial legislation at this unfortunate time also contributed to increase the trouble, and the "mortgage tax law," before its objectionable features were repealed, caused the withdrawal of \$1,000,000.00 of foreign capital from circulation in the state. Other influences served to complicate the situation. For nearly three years Portland had to carry the entire country with which she traded. But she stood the strain and came out of the trial with unblemished reputation and still on secure footing. The country gradually made good its losses, and the volume of trade was resumed. The effects of these depressions are no longer felt, and the steadily increasing business and prospects for the future are, indeed, full of promise for Portland.

Portland is the seat of justice of Multnomah county, and Salem, the state capital, is only fifty miles distant. United States court for the Oregon district of the ninth judicial circuit, holds sessions here, beginning the first Mondays in March, July and November, Judge Deady presiding. The state circuit court for Multnomah county is divided into two departments, civil and criminal. There are, also, the regular county and probate court, six justices of the peace, and the court of the police department. The federal officers in Portland are U. S. district attorney, clerk and deputy clerk of the U. S. court, three U. S. commissioners, one collector and two deputy collectors of customs, an appraiser, a clerk, a weigher and gauger, a store keeper, two night inspector and two day inspectors, a collector of internal revenue, three deputies and a clerk, a U. S. marshal and two deputies, U. S. surveyor general, inspector of lighthouses, two inspectors of steam vessels, and a postmaster. Foreign officials resident here are Belgian consul, British vice consul, Chilian consul, Danish vice consul, French consular agent, Guatemalan vice consul, German con-

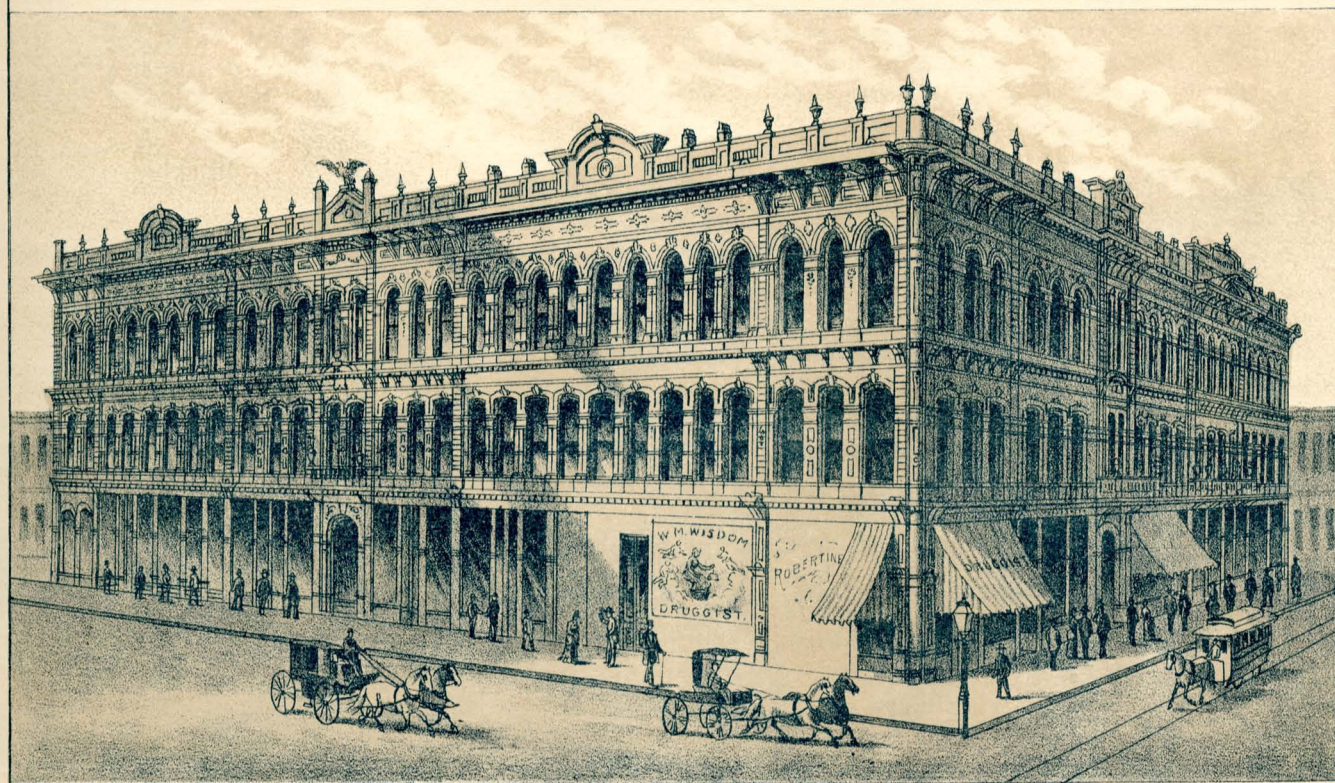
sul, Hawaiian vice consul, Peruvian consul, Russian vice consul, Swiss consul, and vice consul of Norway and Sweden. The department of the Columbia, U. S. A., has its headquarters at the barracks at Vancouver, only six miles distant from Portland. This city has six military companies, belonging to the First Regiment O. N. G. With newspapers and periodicals, Portland is well supplied. There are three daily newspapers, each having a weekly edition, fifteen weekly and three monthly publications of a news, religious or literary character, most of them very creditable periodicals and in a flourishing condition. There are fifty-seven organizations of secret and benevolent orders in Portland, and fifty-four miscellaneous societies and unions. Three express companies have offices here—the Pacific, Northern Pacific, and Wells, Fargo & Co.—and two telegraph companies—the Western Union and the Pacific Postal—are doing business here. The American District Telegraph Company is a messenger service organization, which shares the patronage of the city with the telephone exchange.

The reputation which the West has in some parts of the East for maintaining, among other crudities of civilization, poorly equipped and inefficiently managed public schools, is not shared by Portland. The public schools of Portland are widely known as among the best in the land. To families seeking homes in the West, it is an important consideration that good educational facilities are afforded, and where these are not, a great element in influencing desirable immigration is lacking. Aside from the direct advantages which are sought in a good public school system, it is viewed as something of an index to public character and the general enterprise of the citizens. A town having old, dingy and dilapidated school buildings, and poorly paid and poorly equipped teachers, generally offers very few inducements for the settlement of intelligent, industrious people. On the other hand, a city which provides spacious, comfortable and handsome buildings, furnished with due regard for the needs of pupils, and with a corps of able and well paid teachers, offers attractions that are of prime importance to strangers seeking a home. They admire the public sentiment of a community which supports its common schools handsomely. Portland has reason to be proud of her system of public schools, as it will bear the closest scrutiny and comparison with the best in the country. The buildings, seven in number, are constructed on the most approved plans, and all that architectural skill and the best materials can do to make them serviceable, substantial and ornamental structures, has been done. They are all supplied with the best modern furnishings, and whatever tends to an elevating and refining

influence is observed in the decoration of the grounds and buildings. The high school building is a brick structure, located on an entire block, and has two main entrances. The outside of the walls is covered with cement, giving them something of the appearance of stone. From east to west the measurement is two hundred feet, from north to south one hundred and forty feet, and it is three stories above the basement. Under the sky-light there is an area, or court, thirty-seven by sixty-two feet, on each of the floors, which is partly occupied by the stairways. The heating throughout is by hot water, direct radiation. This structure cost \$127,000.00. It is modeled on the plan of the Case school building, in Cleveland, Ohio, and is as near perfection for the purposes intended to be served as it is possible to attain in the present stage of advancement of science. The other buildings are constructed upon the same general plan as the high school, and are all furnished in the very best manner. The total cost of real estate belonging to the public schools of Portland was \$340,550.00. The total receipts from all sources, for the year ending March 1, 1888, were \$139,593.00, and the total disbursements for the same period, \$133,050.00. The number of persons of school age—four to twenty years—is seven thousand one hundred and ninety, of whom four thousand and eighty-nine were registered in the schools between September and March, the average daily attendance during that time being three thousand one hundred and eighty. There are eighty-four teachers employed, of whom seventy-seven are women, and seven men. The total number of graduates from the high school to date is two hundred and ninety. The schools are thoroughly organized and graded in every department. Good salaries are paid teachers, and only capable and experienced persons are employed as instructors. Additions to the corps, at the rate of about four teachers a year, are made to meet the demands of the growth of the city. The school government is totally separate from, and independent of, the municipal government. Its administration is entirely free from political bias, its elections being held early in March, and having no bearing on the other elections. Once each year there is a meeting of the voters—the regular New England town meeting—at which the directors make their annual report of the condition of schools, state of finances, etc., and the tax for the following year is voted there, the tax payers taxing themselves for the maintenance of public instruction. The amount received from the county and state is usually sufficient to support the schools nearly half the year, and the tax payers have never yet failed to provide funds for the balance of the year's work, so that the schools have never been stopped, nor teachers without pay, on account of the



RIVERVIEW CEMETERY.



UNION BLOCK.

PORTLAND, OREGON.



FRONT STREET, SOUTH OF VINE.



FIRST STREET, NORTH OF MORRISON,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

lack of sufficient money. The directors are five in number, one being elected each year. In addition to the excellent system of public schools, there are several private institutions in the city. The Bishop Scott Academy, for boys, and St. Helen's Hall, for girls, are under the management of the Episcopal church. The Roman Catholics have St. Michael's College, for boys, and St. Mary's Academy, for girls. The International Academy is a Lutheran co-educational institution. Then there are the Portland Business College, the Holmes Business College, the Law Department of the State University, the Medical Department of the Willamette University, and several kindergartens, the last supported by contributions. The Portland public library contains fifteen thousand three hundred and seventy-six volumes, and over two hundred periodicals are regularly received there. The high school library contains six hundred volumes, and each of the other schools has a small library.

There are thirty-six churches in Portland of the various denominations. This city is the See of a Roman Catholic arch-bishopric, composed of the state of Oregon. The number of churches of each of the several sects is as follows: One Adventist, two Baptist, three Roman Catholic, including the cathedral, one Christian, three Congregational, four Protestant Episcopal, two Evangelical, two Hebrew, two Lutheran, eight Methodist Episcopal, one Non-Sectarian, five Presbyterian, including a Chinese mission, and two Unitarian. There are seven cemeteries—one Roman Catholic, one Masonic, three Jewish and two others, all being in attractive locations and carefully attended.

One of the things which tend to prejudice the minds of eastern people against the West is the fancied lack of social advantages. Of course, there are some disadvantages in this regard in frontier posts, but not all the cities of the western country are wild, frontier towns. A place having a population of sixty thousand people, and nearly half a century old, in the midst of broad, agricultural valleys, improved by farmers from the eastern states, and rich in the elements that make a prosperous commonwealth, possesses the same social features that characterize a city of New England or the middle states. Education and refinement make their indelible impress here as well as in cities whose age entitle them to veneration, and there is cultivated taste and refined society in the West. Portland's numerous neat and elegant residences, and its stately business blocks of modern styles of architecture, are an index that would alone disabuse the stranger's mind of the opinion that the tastes of the people are coarse and crude. The business part of the city is compactly built, but the residence portion is not at all crowded together. The

blocks are small, and frequently an entire square is occupied by one dwelling. Neat and artistic lawns surround the residences. The streets are lined with large trees, and the flowers of the parks lend their fragrance to the breeze. To the most superficial observer it must be evident that Portlanders have a love for the beautiful in nature as well as in art, and they improve, in a large degree, the natural advantages which have been so bountifully provided for their enjoyment. The fine arts are liberally patronized. There are societies for social amusement and culture, and for the prosecution of scientific research in various lines. A vigorous, wholesome tone pervades society, and is visibly manifested in numberless ways in ethics and in business. No one need be deterred from locating in Portland because of unfavorable social conditions which are fancied to prevail here.

Aside from the advantages of its relative location, Portland has a very admirable site for a beautiful city. From the docks at the river's side, the land gradually ascends to the west and southwest, finally breaking in elevated and picturesque hills, upon which the residence portion of the city is already encroaching. These hills form an important feature in the topography of the city. The lower and more level portion of the town is occupied by business houses and manufactories. The heights are visible from almost any point. They are ascended by means of roadways winding along the hillsides, affording magnificent views as the prospect unfolds. From the top of Robinson's hill, on a clear day, the sight is most grand and inspiring. Within a radius of a hundred miles, which the eye sweeps from this elevated outlook, north, east and southeast, five perpetually snow-clad mountain peaks are visible. The most prominent of these is Mount Hood, which rests upon the long, bluish bank of the Cascade mountains, and rears its lofty summit to the sky. Its covering of snow and glaciers sparkles in the sunlight, and when suffused with the soft glow of the setting sun, reflects the most delicate tints of crimson and gold, giving it a majestic splendor fascinating to the beholder. To the south is Mount Jefferson, and to the north, Mounts Adams, St. Helens and Rainier, the latter the loftiest peak of the Cascade range, all of them capped with snow and ice, and relieving a landscape of charming beauty. Breaking through the ridge of the Cascades, the great "River of the West," the Columbia, pours its mighty tide toward the sea. The Willamette threads the broad valley to the south, like a ribbon, its course being visible for many miles and finally being lost among the farms and villages that dot its banks. The towns of Sellwood, Fulton and Milwaukie, up the Willamette, and the military

station of Vancouver, some six miles to the north, are also in full view, and at the foot of the hill Portland itself stretches five miles along the river, coming up to the very feet of the observer. East Portland and Albina, on the opposite side of the stream, combine to give a metropolitan aspect to the cities. Back of East Portland the wooded slopes of Mount Tabor loom into view, and rolling hills lead back to the interior. These are the most prominent features of a view that is diversified, yet grandly harmonious in its blending. It is a scene always interesting and never to be forgotten. Back of Robinson's hill the country is broken for about two miles, when it again sinks to a beautiful valley, about twenty-five miles in width, extending to the foothills of the Coast range. A beautiful driveway is laid out up the Willamette about six miles, to what is known as the "White House." The road is macadamized and always kept in excellent condition, and the scenery on the river's shore and along the sides of the hills is charming. Riverview cemetery, which is on this road, is as pretty a "silent city" as may be seen anywhere. It is on the side of a high hill, and a spiral driveway leads between banks of flowers, from the lower to the higher portions. It is tastefully laid out, and shows that careful attention is devoted to keeping it in order. At the "White House" is a driving park, in a pleasant situation, which is well supported. In the western portion of Portland is the City park, another of those attractions of which the city may well feel proud. The hills are covered with a primeval growth of fir, cedar, maple, ash, oak, etc. Driveways wind back and forth along the steep incline to the summit, from which a view, secondary only to that to be obtained from Robinson's hill, stretches out before the eye. At the top is a large, cleared grove, in which are numerous seats, a band stand, where open air concerts are given regularly in the summer time, and large beds of flowers are cultivated, which often bloom the entire year without interruption. Some deer, a bear and a seal are confined there, and squirrels frisk among the branches of the trees, with the utmost contempt for visitors, who are not allowed to molest them. Wild birds flit about and sing, and build their nests undisturbed in the park. It is not a work of art, but is largely left as nature made it, and retains a pristine beauty that is indeed rare in city parks. From springs near the top, small streams trickle down the hills, the waters gathering in brooks that flow noisily to the Willamette. The Washington street cars run to the park, and there is another entrance from Montgomery street. The city has other parks, also, among which are the one known as the Court House park, occupying the two blocks between Third and Fourth, Salmon and Madison streets; and the

strip between East Park and West Park streets, extending more than half way through the central portion of the city. These are beauty spots which are quite noticeable. About the hills to the north, west and south of the city are many driveways, leading to points but a mile or so distant from the city, varying from three hundred to one thousand feet in elevation, and from which views are to be obtained unsurpassed in their grandeur and picturesqueness. Wooded dells and cragged rocks adjoin each other, babbling brooks tumble down through ravines so deep and dark with bush undergrowth that the waters can not be seen from the hillside. Glade and thicket, hill and vale, are mingled together. Small game may be found, and if he chooses to go into the mountains on either side of Portland, the sportsman may meet anything from a gopher to an American lion or grizzly, and hook any number of mountain trout.

The Columbia river passes through a region which, among other features, affords the grandest and most picturesque of scenery. Tourists who have traveled in many countries pronounce the ride up the Columbia from Portland the finest within the range of their experience, and even declare the scenery to be the most magnificent along any river on the globe. The Columbia receives its large tributaries, with the exception of the Willamette, before breaking through the Cascade mountains. The whole course of the Lower and Middle Columbia is through a mountainous country. The towering rocks, abysmal chasms, wooded cliffs, gloomy caverns, cascades and cataracts, are made familiar to the voyager on the Columbia, who can spend any time he chooses at specially interesting points along the shores. The palisades of the Hudson, the pictured rocks of Superior, the rugged crags of the Alps, the picturesqueness of the Rhine, the deep wildness of the Amazon, combine on the banks of the Columbia, to make a continuous scene of rare beauty and sublime grandeur. The steamers, which ply regularly on the river, carry thousands of delighted tourists annually through this American wonderland, any attempt to describe which only makes evident the poverty of language. A railroad runs along the southern bank of the river, so that there may always be easy communication with Portland. The cascades of the Columbia, about one hundred and sixty miles above its mouth, and the dalles, about fifty miles farther up stream, are objects of special interest to tourists.

There is no disputing the fact that Oregon is being rapidly enriched by immigration from the more eastern states. According to the report of the secretary of the Oregon State Board of Immigration, the population of the state was increased, during 1887, by about twenty-six thousand persons, who brought with

them cash to the amount of nearly \$13,000,000.00. This was considered a conservative estimate, on the basis of the number of persons who visited the board's rooms in search of information about the country. The cash capital of each immigrant varied in amount from \$50,000.00 down. It is no wonder, in view of these facts, that Oregon is rapidly developing. Yet, of her immense area of ninety-five thousand square miles, improvement has barely begun. Along the comparatively few lines of railroad, and on the shores of the navigable streams, the land has been improved and numerous small towns have sprung up; but the vast interior yet remains almost as wild as ever. Even at the present rate of advancement, it must be years before the woodman's axe shall have cleared the templed hills, or the farmer's plow shall have broken the "stubborn glebe" of all the plains, or the miner shall have delved in every recess wherein are hidden precious stores. The country is yet new, and rare opportunities are only waiting to be improved.

It is a section filled with almost unlimited possibilities. Patient and intelligent labor in any branch of legitimate business is amply rewarded. With the improvement of Oregon and other territory tributary to Portland, the city must reap a corresponding benefit. As a prosperous city, Portland offers exceptional inducements for people to locate at this point. It is a pleasant city in which to live. There is ready employment for capital in safe investment, and for labor at remunerative prices. Taxation is light, and all the advantages of modern improvements may be enjoyed. From its location, with regard to grand, varied and picturesque scenery, and the attractions in the sport of rod and gun, Portland is unrivaled as headquarters for tourists. Seaside resorts are near, and while there is not the necessity that exists in inland towns for people to go to the ocean to escape heated terms in the cities, the facilities for travel are so convenient and cheap, that large numbers of people avail themselves of the opportunity for a change.

IF SO.

If so there were a spirit, poised in peace
 Above all wind gusts in the heavens high,
 And he might mark us mortals laugh or cry,
 According as the gloomed clouds increase
 Or suns beguile them into golden fleece,
 Methinks he would be like to smile, to sigh
 (So placid he, so far within the sky,
 And knowing God's great love can never cease),
 That we the puny yet the prideful race
 Must change as skies change; be like babes that fret
 Whenso their yearning mother moves her breast
 To ease her mothering, or turns her face
 Aside a moment, reaching out to get
 Some wrapping soft to lull their limbs to rest.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

BY JAMES P. SHAW.

III.

THE fourteenth army corps, to which our hero belonged, had been assigned to the center of the line in the approaching battle. It had marched from the extreme right to its new position, reaching it at midnight on the 18th of September. The men were overcome with long marches, and as soon as the column halted, lay down in their places and were soon sound asleep. Captain Norwood spent a couple of hours, ere he lay down, in writing letters and making needful preparations for the coming conflict. To his mother he wrote a long letter, telling her of the expected battle. In closing, he said: "Tell Amy that should I fall to-morrow, my last thoughts will be of her." He was low spirited on this night, having a foreboding that he would not survive the battle. It was this that prompted him to send the only message to Amy during the two years and a half he had been in the army. When he had finished he rolled himself in his blankets and lay down to rest, feeling that he needed all the strength he could command to sustain him in the coming struggle.

The sun arose in all its grandeur on the memorable 19th of September, 1863, dispelling the dense fog which had hung over the valley during the night, and revealing a smile on the face of beauteous nature as she looked up to heaven to meet his bright rays. Beautiful birds, with bright plumage, flitted from tree to tree, chirruping their morning songs of praise to the great God who had given them this lovely valley for a home. But, oh! how soon was this enchanted spot to be changed into a place of death, and its little brooks of clear, cold water to be crimsoned with the life blood of thousands of human beings, and the tall, majestic pines, now rearing their proud and lofty branches heavenward, to be stripped of their foliage, and their trunks riven by the terrible cannon ball!

Early that morning the Union forces were aroused from their sleep by a sudden attack upon their picket line. Scarcely had the echoes of the first shot died away when Captain Norwood was upon his feet calling upon the men to "fall in."

Said he, when they were in line, "We are about to engage the enemy once more, and I shall expect every man to do his duty. Keep your ranks well closed up and let every shot tell."

As he finished speaking, one of the men said: "Captain, in behalf of myself and comrades, let me say that where our commander leads we will follow."

The firing along the picket line was scattering at first, and at times ceased altogether; then came a volley, as if an entire regiment had discharged its pieces. This, with the occasional boom of artillery, told plainly to old soldiers that a determined attack was being made on the pickets. The men were ordered to leave their knapsacks and everything else that would encumber them. There was now heard a steady roll of musketry, which was rapidly drawing nearer to where the Union army stood in line of battle, awaiting the assault. Shells soon came flying through the tree tops, bursting in mid air and hurling a deadly rain of iron and lead upon the motionless ranks.

Immediately in the rear of Captain Norwood's position was General Thomas, commander of the gallant fourteenth army corps, surrounded by his staff, anxiously listening to the heavy firing, which now became general along the line. Nearer and nearer came the awful noise, as the battle raged furiously in front, to the right and to the left. Aides rode at full speed from different parts of the field, riding down men in their mad haste to report to the general some change in the line. The very air was laden with flying missiles, hissing and tearing through the timber, many finding lodgment in the body of some unfortunate soldier or horse. The latter, when mortally hurt, with eyes distended, would rear upon his hind feet and plunge madly forward, falling to the ground dead, not infrequently carrying his rider with him, who would suffer a broken arm or leg. With a dull, sickening thud, the musket balls struck their victims, who sank to the ground with the cry of "Oh!" or "My God, I'm shot!"

The first line had engaged the rebels but a short time when it gave way in utter confusion, followed closely by the enemy, who poured volley after volley into its disordered ranks. On came "Yank" and "Reb," the former endeavoring to escape the fury of the latter, and on reaching the main line the panic-stricken regiments passed over it to the rear. As the last Union soldiers leaped over the prostrate line, the latter rose and sent a deadly volley of musketry into

the advancing rebels, checking them in their impetuous charge. "Forward!" was sounded from the bugle in clarion tones, and the men sprang forward with fixed bayonets, stopping the hitherto exulting rebels, and starting them on the run to the rear, now as thoroughly panic stricken as the Union regiments they had just routed. Back, far back, into the woods the Union boys drove them, capturing hundreds of prisoners and several pieces of artillery.

The great battle of Chickamauga had commenced. Regiment after regiment, brigade, division and corps were now ordered into the fight. All was confusion. Men, with blood streaming from wounds, came to the rear, riderless horses galloped over the battle field neighing for the masters who had been shot from their backs, artillery horses, with their harness still on, ran aimlessly about, leaping over the prostrate forms of the dead and wounded, and men too cowardly to remain in front with their comrades fled to the rear for safety. From early morn until darkness put a stop to the fighting, the battle raged with unabated fury. Mingled with the roar of a thousand cannon, belching from their fiery throats both shot and shell, were loud volleys of musketry discharged into the advancing columns, mowing them down like grain before the harvester's sickle. Add to this the loud blasts of the bugle, the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying, and you have a scene seldom witnessed by man.

Our hero, with his band of faithful followers, was in the thickest of the fight. We find him, near the close of the first day's battle, with his ranks terribly depleted, many of his brave men scattered over the field, killed or wounded, while some had fallen into the hands of the enemy. As the awful day drew to a close, the western horizon became crimsoned with brilliant hues, and the setting sun, casting its rays upon the blood-stained battle field, kissed the pale, upturned faces of the thousands of heroes who had poured out their life blood for their country. And as the survivors gazed upon this ghastly scene they knew full well that ere night should wrap the field within her sable mantle many more of their number would lie beside their dead comrades, for the work of death was not yet ended.

Captain Norwood's command was ordered to a point of timber some distance in advance of the main line of battle, with orders to hold it. The sun was sinking to rest behind the western hills, when the young officer gave orders for his command to advance. They at once moved forward into an open field, across which they quickly charged amidst a shower of bullets; but as they neared the edge of the timber they were met with a withering fire from the enemy, who were lying on the ground concealed from

view. The word was given to charge, and with fixed bayonets they rushed upon the foe.

The rebels, not being in sufficient numbers to withstand the onslaught, fled, leaving Captain Norwood in possession of the woods. His victory was of short duration, however, for, procuring assistance, the enemy soon returned to the attack. Captain Norwood, seeing them leave their position and move forward, ordered his men to lie down and not discharge their pieces until he gave the command to fire. On they came, through the brush, yelling like devils incarnate.

"Fire!" cried the young officer, as they arrived within a few yards of his position. The men sent a well-directed volley into the charging ranks, checking them for a moment. Springing to his feet, Captain Norwood shouted: "Give them the bayonet!" At the word each man sprang up, and with leveled musket rushed upon the enemy.

What a grand sight to see those heroic men, fighting hand to hand with men as brave as they! Steel met steel in deadly conflict, the Union blue and the rebel gray lay thick upon the ground side by side, forgetting in their death that they were enemies. Two-thirds of the gallant band of defenders of the Union had been killed or disabled. Finding himself surrounded and no support coming to his assistance, and knowing that he was largely outnumbered, and could hold out but a short time, Captain Norwood decided to surrender in order to save the lives of the rest of his men. It was a sore trial to the ambitious young officer, but as he saw his men falling around him, with no hope of assistance, he struck his colors and handed over his sword, crimsoned with the blood of his foe. Never did man go to his prison cell with a heavier heart than throbbed in the breast of Captain Norwood as he marched under guard to the rear of the rebel army.

On the night after the second day's battle, the pale moon shown out over the gory field, casting sickening shadows upon the contending armies, as they lay bivouacked where they had fought, waiting the dawn of another day, that they might renew the conflict. Relief parties of both armies were wandering over the battle field in search of some missing comrade, and as they met each other in the darkness they held friendly intercourse, talking of the incidents and scenes of the day just closed. The silent midnight watch had been posted, and the croaking raven, perched on a tall, shot-riven pine, in mournful cadence sung a requiem o'er the illustrious dead.

Once more we find the two vultures stealing from a deep ravine, some distance in the rear of the Union army, where they had concealed themselves during

the day. They made their way toward the field of battle, there to plunder the dead and dying of both armies. They had not proceeded far when Fagan, who was in the advance, suddenly halted and motioned Joe to do likewise.

"What-a matta?" asked Joe.

Fagan made no answer, but lay down upon the ground and tried to pierce the darkness. He remained in that position for some time, then rose to his feet, saying: "I vas sure I hears somepodies valking in de prush." Turning to Joe, he said: "Joe, you no hears somedings?"

"No," replied that worthy, "I not-a hear anything-a, Mr. Fagan."

"I vas been mistaken den," said Fagan, as he once more moved off in the darkness, followed by Joe.

They had proceeded in this way some time, Fagan occasionally casting his eyes over his shoulder, to see that Joe was following. Suddenly there was uttered, immediately above their heads, a loud scream, and at the same time some object passed over them, coming so close to Joe's head that his hat was knocked off. With yells of terror, the vultures threw themselves upon the ground. Joe's wailings were pitiful, as he cried in his native tongue to be saved, while Fagan, in half English and half German, cried out:

"Mein Got, Mein Got! Dos is ein teifel, und he vill mich nemen."

Just then there came a sound, close by, like the snapping of teeth, causing a fresh outcry from Fagan, who still lay upon the ground almost paralyzed with fear.

"Got in himmel," said he, "nem das teifel away, it vill mit dem nicht gehen. Ach, lieber Got, lieber Got; if du nem das teifel away, I shtop dis peesness right away."

Joe continued to howl in agonizing tones, and was saying: "I no rob-a any more soljars. Mr. Fagan, he make-a poor Joe bad. Oh, Mr. Good Devil-a, you let-a poor Joe go this time and he run away from Mr. Fagan."

At last, from sheer exhaustion, they ceased their howlings, but still remained on the ground. Presently there came, from a neighboring tree, a sound which was not to be mistaken, even by those wretches.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, ah," repeated his owlship, as he snapped his bill and rolled his large, gray eyes from side to side.

"By tam!" said the now crest-fallen Fagan, as he crawled to his feet. Joe was not so sure of his safety, and remained on the ground.

"By tam!" again ejaculated Fagan, looking around for Joe, and seeing him still lying upon the ground, said: "Joe, vat for you lay on de ground like dot, eh?"

"Oh, Mr. Fagan, de devil-a come for Joe."

"You pees von d—d fool. Can you not tell von owl from te teifel, eh? Better you vas get up mit yourself, und make no more foolishment."

Joe rose and looked around as though he expected his satanic majesty to pounce down and carry him off; but as he did not appear, he became more assured, and said to Fagan—

"Was you no afraid, Mr. Fagan?"

"Vat for you dinks I pees 'fraid mit von owl? Old Fagan vas not dot kind vat gets shkart mit such little tings."

"What-a for you holla like you 'fraid when one owl come?"

Fagan made no reply to Joe, and had started forward, when the owl, which had been a silent listener, now screeched out, "Hoo, hoo, ah," and flew down from the tree, flapping his wings and snapping his beak, causing the two vultures to again throw themselves upon the ground. Fagan at once regained his feet, and for no better reason than to work off his own fears, fell to kicking poor Joe, who, believing that the "devil-a" had him this time sure, yelled with all his might—

"Stop-a, stop-a, Mr. Good Devil-a; take Mr. Fagan; he very bad man-a; kill-a soljar and rob-a the dead; Joe no want-a to go."

Giving Joe a kick, Fagan yelled at him: "You dinks old Fagan von bad man, eh? Und you wants de teifel to take him? Vell, Fagan gives you de teifel," and he resumed kicking the poor Italian until his strength was exhausted.

As soon as Joe could extricate himself from the feet of his assailant, he arose and looked about in surprise at not seeing the prince of the lower regions standing over him, and said to Fagan—

"Where he go to?"

Telling Joe to pick up his sack and come along, Fagan once more started for his field of robbery. It was getting late now, so they quickened their pace, and were soon on that part of the field where the heaviest fighting had been done. They immediately commenced operations by rifling the pockets of the dead and removing from their bodies anything of value. They had been plying their hellish work for some time, when the quick ear of Fagan caught the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Hist!" said he, as he crouched down, pulling Joe with him.

The action of Fagan was none too soon, for a party of rebel soldiers passed within a few feet of where they lay. When the receding footsteps had died away, they arose and resumed their work. Joe was now staggering under the weight of plunder, and timidly said to Fagan—

"I well-a tired, Mr. Fagan; I like-a to stop-a; dis sack get-a heavy."

He dropped the sack on the ground and seated himself upon it, taking a long breath as he did so. When he was sufficiently rested, he picked up his burden and told Fagan he was ready to proceed. They had gone but a short distance, when Fagan halted beside the body of a soldier, which he had nearly fallen over before he saw it.

"By tam!" said he, as he righted himself, "I near falls down mit myself." Turning the rays of the lantern upon the body, he ejaculated: "Dot is von officer, sure. Here Joe, hold dis lantern, und I sees vat vas in de pockets."

Fagan turned the soldier's pockets inside out, getting several small articles, including a sum of paper money which the officer had in a wallet carefully stowed away in an inside pocket. When Fagan's eyes beheld the money, he said—

"You see dot? Dot vas greenpacks," and then deposited the roll in his own capacious pocket.

Joe took no notice of the remark, so intent was he in gazing at the upturned face of the officer. Seeing a ring on one of the officer's fingers, Fagan picked up the limp hand and tried to remove it. The ring refusing to come off, he reached for his knife, saying—

"Here Joe, you hold the hand, und I cut him off," but before he could do so Joe sprang back, dropping the hand to the ground.

"Vat for you drow dot hand down?" said the irate Fagan.

"Oh, Mr. Fagan!" cried the affrighted Joe, piteously, "I knows dis officer; he was good to Joe; he save-a his life when the soljars go to hang-a Joe."

"Vat you tinks I care vat he done mit you? Ven you not pick up dot hand right away, I give you dis," tapping the handle of his knife.

Joe, through fear, picked up the arm and held it while Fagan cut the finger from the hand, and securing the ring, threw the severed member on the ground. The moment the keen edge of the knife entered the flesh, the warm blood began to flow, and with it came back the life supposed to have left the body. A slight quiver passed through the soldier's frame, and one arm was brought up to his head and left resting on the face. Joe dropped the arm he had been holding, and jumping over the prostrate form, bounded off in the darkness, followed by Fagan. As Fagan came up with Joe he dealt him a blow with his fist, felling him to the ground, and before he could rise to his feet, Fagan was astride of him with that murderous knife in his hand. Joe struggled to free himself from Fagan's clutches, crying—

"Let-a me up, let-a me up, Mr. Fagan."

"Yes, I lets you up, be sure I lets you up, so you can run away. You dinks old Fagan can no run, eh? Vell, you pees mistaken dis time, sure."

"Let-a me up, Mr. Fagan, I no want-a to run away from you," said Joe.

Fagan released his hold on Joe, more to lessen the strain on his own arms than with any intention of letting Joe up; but the instant the grasp relaxed, Joe, with a tremendous effort, threw his adversary from him and sprang to his feet. It was but the work of a moment to unsheath his knife and prepare to defend himself. The enraged Fagan was soon on his feet, and knife in hand, advanced upon Joe. The latter, seeing that he must now fight for his life, made a determined lunge at Fagan, who, with a dexterity not looked for in one of his decrepit appearance, sprang to one side and avoided the stroke, which spent itself in the air. For the first time, Fagan realized that his companion in crime was going to resent the many abuses he had heaped upon him, and that it must be a life and death struggle between them, now that Joe had determined to fight. All this passed through Fagan's mind like a flash, and before Joe could recover himself, Fagan made a cut with his knife, sticking him in the shoulder, at the same time clinching and attempting to throw him to the ground. But the Italian was thoroughly aroused now, and with a quick motion, tripped Fagan, who fell with Joe on top of him. Before the prostrate man could offer resistance the blade of the Italian's knife descended, burying itself to the hilt. A few spasmodic quivers of the body, one or two gapings of the mouth, and the old vulture was no more. He had paid the penalty of his crimes and the "teifel" had him now sure. The victor rose to his feet, and wiping the blood from his knife on Fagan's clothes, returned it to his belt. Spurning the body with his feet, he said—

"Now, Mr. Fagan, you no more kick-a poor Joe; he fix-a you dis time. You try vella hard to kill-a him, but he kill-a you."

Wiping the blood from his hands, he removed his coat and examined the cut in his shoulder. An ugly gash extended diagonally from the point of the left shoulder to the collar bone, just grazing the windpipe. The wound, though not a deep one, was very painful. Besides this one in the shoulder, he found some slight cuts on his face and hands.

After dressing his wounds as best he could, he retraced his steps to where the officer lay, all unconscious of the great struggle which had taken place so near him, and of the fact that he was the cause of Joe's happy deliverance from the cruel bondage of his partner. He found the wounded man moaning piteously, his eyes, face and head covered with dried blood. Occasionally he carried his arm up to his

head, as though the pain he suffered was there. With his lantern Joe examined the officer's head, and found a deep gun-shot wound on the left side, above the ear, the ball having penetrated the skull, and possibly the brain. Taking his canteen, he poured some water between the wounded man's lips, which, with considerable effort, was swallowed. This was repeated until the man seemed satisfied. Taking off his coat, Joe folded it up and gently placed it under the soldier's head, then bringing Fagan's overcoat, spread it over the body. When he had made him as comfortable as he could, he seated himself on a log close by and resolved to remain by him until morning, then notify his friends and have him cared for. Soon after he had taken his silent watch, he saw a light some distance from him, which appeared to be carried by some one walking through woods. He watched the light for some time, as it glimmered among the trees, debating whether to call for help or wait until morning. He finally decided upon the former, and gave a loud hallo. Receiving no reply, he repeated his cry.

At length there came an answer, asking, "Where are you?"

"Here, come dis way," said the watcher.

Not wishing to be seen, he secreted himself in a patch of thick underbrush close by, where he could see but remain unobserved himself. Nearer and nearer came the light, and when within a few rods of where the wounded man lay, it stopped, and one of the party said—

"By George, Tom, we can't be very far from the spot where the cry came from."

"No, it was in this direction. Suppose you hallo again, Jack."

Jack did as suggested, but nothing save the echo of his own voice came back to them.

"Well," said Tom, "that is queer."

"Yes, it is; I'm sure the calling was not a dozen yards from here. Let us look around, Tom; we may find the party."

They had made a circuit of several yards, and were standing near the place started from, discussing between themselves whether to continue their search or go their way, when there came from the wounded soldier, who lay but a few yards away, a loud groan, causing them to start back.

"What was that, Jack?"

"I don't know, unless it was a wounded man. Let me have the light, and I will look on the other side of that log."

Taking the lantern from his companion, Jack stepped over the log, holding the light close to the ground as he went. He had taken but a few steps, when he came to the wounded man, lying as the Italian had left him.

"Just as I expected," said he. "Here is a wounded soldier, and just about ready to peg out."

"Is he one of our men or a Yank?" asked Tom, as he came over to where his companion was. Before Jack could reply, Tom continued: "A Yankee officer, by thunder!"

"Yes," replied Jack, "a Yankee captain." Stooping over the officer, he asked: "Are you much hurt?" But the only answer the unfortunate soldier could give was a groan.

"Poor fellow!" said the sympathetic Tom. "He seems to be in great pain."

On examination, they found the man could not speak or move, except the arms, which were occasionally tossed about in a delirious way. The two rebel soldiers were now in a quandary to know who it was that did the calling.

"One thing sure," said Tom, "that 'ar man never done the hollerin'."

"No," said his companion, "that is quite evident; but the question is, who did do it? There has been some one with this man, and not knowing whether we were friends or foes, has left on our approach."

"Yes," said Tom, "look at the coat under his head, and the one over him; he did not put them there himself. Suppose you call again."

"I think it's of no use, but here goes," and he gave a yell loud enough to almost awaken the dead around them.

No answer coming, Tom picked up the lantern and started out to see what he could discover, walking in the direction of Fagan's body, but passing a few yards to the right of it. He had given up the search and was returning to his companion, muttering something about the strangeness of the affair, when he stumbled over the body of Fagan. Picking himself up, he turned the rays of his lantern on the corpse, and discovered the warm blood still oozing from the gash in the breast.

He called to his companion, saying, as he came up: "Here is an old coon, just passed in his checks."

"What is he?"

"I'll be cussed if I know," replied Tom.

"He's neither reb nor Yank, but one of them infernal body robbers, that follow up both armies for what they can steal," said Jack, when he had taken a good view of the body.

"I wonder who gave the old thief that cut in the breast; that's botherin' me," said Tom, as he gave the body a kick, as if that would help solve the query.

"This is becoming rather mystifying," said the other, as he rolled the body over to see what the other side looked like.

"I'll tell you what I think about it," said Tom. "There's been a fight here, and this old thief has got

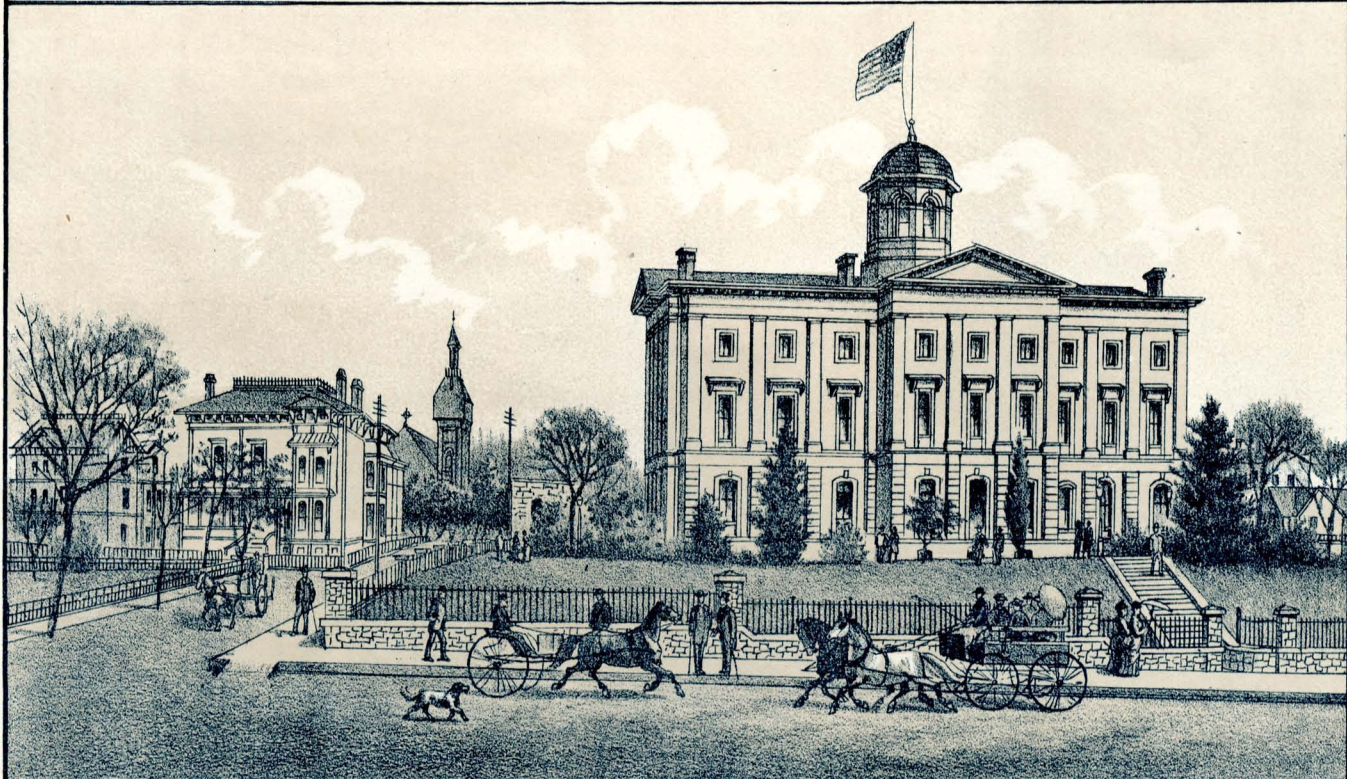


SECOND STREET, NORTH OF YAMHILL.

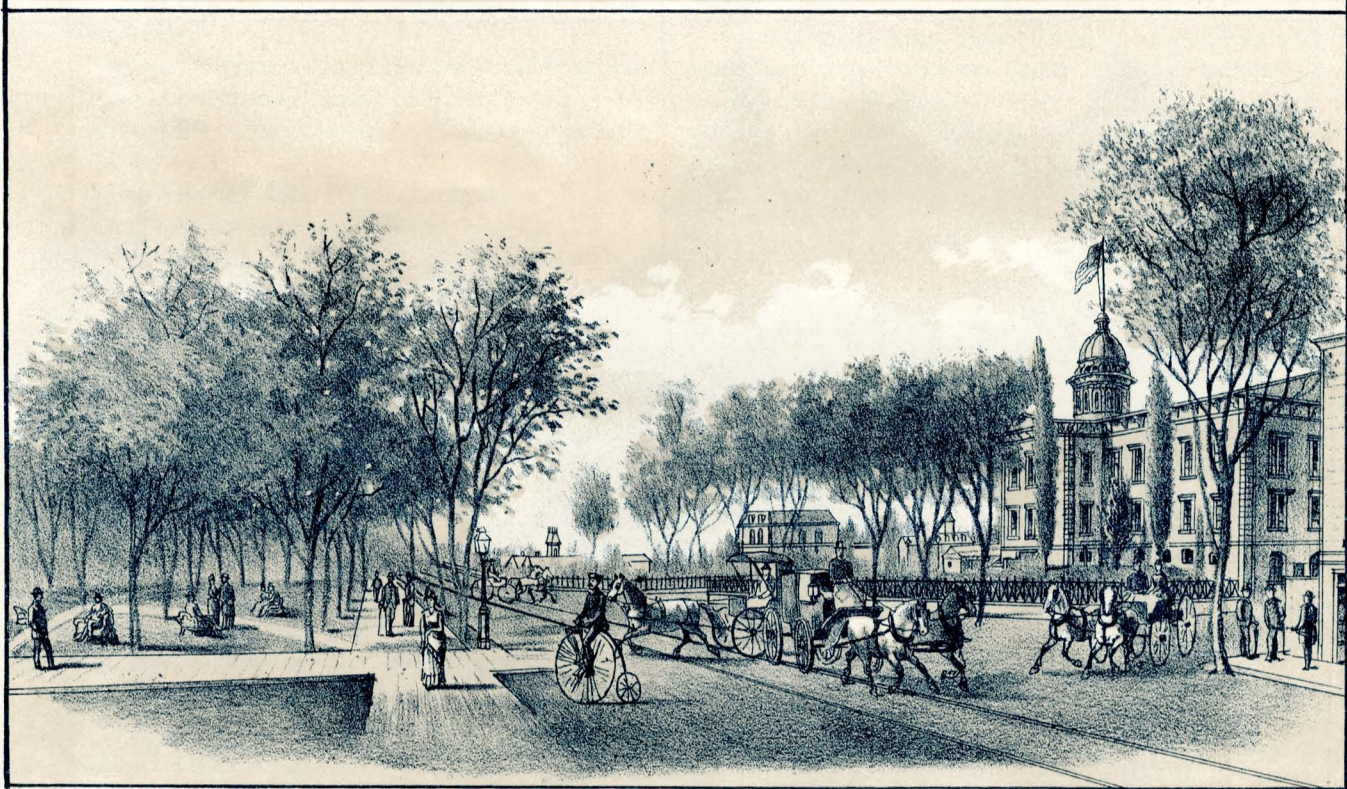


THIRD STREET, SOUTH FROM STARK,

PORTLAND, OREGON.



POSTOFFICE



COURT HOUSE PARK,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

the worst of it. See how the leaves and ground are raked up."

"Yes, I've been looking at that, and think you have hit it right; but where is the other party, and why did they fight?"

"It's my opinion," said Tom, "this old devil had a partner, and they have had a quarrel about the division of plunder, and t'other feller got away with this one."

Both then returned to the wounded man, where they found the plunder bag the vultures had dropped, which confirmed their opinion.

"There is no doubt," said Jack, "but that the old rascal down there was one of those human vultures, who rob dead and wounded soldiers, and he has been killed by his companion."

"Oh, wouldn't I like to get hold of t'other one for a few minutes!" said Tom, as he clenched his fists.

"What is that under your foot, Tom?"

Stepping back, Tom picked up the finger Fagan had thrown upon the ground, saying, as he did so: "By thunder, if it ain't a man's finger!"

"And here is where it came from," said his companion, lifting up the hand from which the finger had been cut.

"Well," said Tom, "this beats me. Them devils would cut a man's throat for five cents, I do believe."

"Yes, and not hesitate very long about it either. My impression is," continued he, "they thought this poor fellow dead, and to easily obtain a ring, cut off the finger; and, no doubt, in losing a finger, the man has gained his life."

"Providing," said Tom, "we can save it."

"We must do the best we can," replied his companion.

"I'm going to put this in alcohol," said Tom, as he put the finger in his pocket, "and if the Yank gets well I'll give it to him."

"And if he dies, what will you do with it?"

"If he pegs out, I'll give it to my gal as a souvenir—as them Frenchmen say—of the battle-field."

Lifting the officer as gently as they could, the two rebels carried him to their camp. When the receding footsteps of the two men had died away in the distance, Joe crawled from his place of concealment and went to where the body of his late task master lay.

"Now, Mr. Fagan," said he, as he delivered a savage kick upon the body, "I give-a you what-a you give-a Joe; you kick-a Joe, now he kick-a you," and suiting his actions to the words, he kicked the old rascal until he had completely exhausted his strength. Then seating himself upon a log, he said—

"Joe rob-a dead soljars no more."

He remained in this position until the light, breaking through the tree-tops from the east, warned him that day was approaching and it was time for him to be moving on, as it would not do to let the soldiers find him there. With difficulty, he rose to his feet and staggered in the direction of their late rendezvous. Here we will leave him, hoping that he kept his word not to "rob-a dead soljars any more."

That Old Fagan deserved the death he met, and that Joe did a good deed in sending his soul to meet its God, no one will deny, and when we think of the treatment his slayer had received at the hands of that hardened old criminal, who can deny that he did right in avenging himself upon the old vulture, thus ridding himself of a brutal master, and the world of a curse.

It is almost a year since we left Colonel Harrington busily engaged in renovating and, as he said, modernizing, his house, and we must turn back to the events which followed that act of rejuvenation.

The carpenters had driven the last nail, the painters had given the finishing touches, the carpets were brought home and laid, and in fact, everything was in readiness to receive the distinguished guest. The old family carriage, which had been in disuse for years, was despoiled of its cobwebs and sent to the shop, where it received extensive repairs, including a fresh coat of paint. A monogram, in gold, was added to the panels of the doors, giving the equipage a decidedly aristocratic appearance; and when John drove into the yard, he called the colonel to inspect the almost new carriage.

"Looks very well, John; looks very well," said he, walking around and examining it in all its parts.

"Yes, sir, it is almost as good as new; but this old harness don't correspond with the carriage."

"That is so, John, I am glad you called my attention to it. I will order a new set at Jones' this afternoon, and you can take the horses down and have the harness fitted."

It wanted but a few days now until Frank Von Brean would arrive, and the colonel was on the *qui vive* of expectancy. Everything was pronounced finished on Friday, and the following Wednesday the visitor was to arrive. In the meantime the colonel had gone over the house at least a dozen times, to see that nothing had been overlooked or left unfinished. Mrs. Harrington, also, felt anxious about the comfort of their expected visitor, who she knew had been brought up in the lap of luxury. The room allotted to Frank's use had been refurnished throughout, and nothing was left undone which would add to its attractiveness. Now that the time for this visit was so near, Amy became nervous and restless. She showed

by her actions that she was not pleased with his coming. Her mother saw her displeasure, but said nothing, preferring to let matters take their course. The evening before the arrival of the guest, the colonel had a long interview with his wife, concerning his plans about the future of their daughter.

"Amy would do well to marry Mr. Von Brean," said Mrs. Harrington, "but I doubt very much if she has any intention of marrying at present."

"Tut, tut," replied the colonel. "I dare say she is like all other girls. I'll warrant she will marry soon enough when the right one comes around."

His wife thought so, too, and knew "the right one" was far away in the Sunny South, fighting for his country's flag. But she did not give her thoughts expression.

While the colonel and his wife were discussing the probabilities of a marriage between Frank Von Brean and their daughter, Amy was in her room, asking her God to make her constant in her love for Tom. She prayed that his life might be spared, and that some time they should meet never to be separated. It was a late hour before sleep came to her, and when it did, her slumber was disturbed by frightful visions. She dreamed that Frank Von Brean was there, and that he came to her on the lawn, where she was reading, and asked her to be his wife; but before she could answer him, she saw Tom Norwood standing in a clump of trees close by, with outstretched arms, looking imploringly at her. There was a blood-stained bandage around his head, at the sight of which she fell to the ground in a faint. She awoke in a fright, and it was some time before she could bring herself to believe that it was simply a dream. She lay there unable to drive from her mind the vivid impression it had received, and the nervous excitement brought on a severe headache.

Mrs. Harrington was very much alarmed at the state of mind she found her daughter in the next morning. Amy related to her mother how she had seen him standing under the trees, reaching out his arms to her.

"What does it all mean, mamma?" she asked, imploringly.

"My dearest daughter, I do not know, I am sure; but I think, my child, that you have been thinking too much, of late, about Tom Norwood and Mr. Von Brean. Besides, you have overworked yourself in assisting about the house cleaning."

"This is the day papa expects his visitor, is it not?"

"Yes, dear, he will arrive on the afternoon train."

"I do wish he would not come."

"Why, my child?"

"Because."

"That is no reason, dear."

"Oh, mamma!" said Amy, after a moment's silence, "I fully understand what papa expects of me; but I can never, never marry any one but Tom. I should always see him, with his arms extended, imploring me to come to him."

"My dear daughter, while your father and I would like you to select a husband worthy of you, I am sure he will not insist upon your marriage with any one displeasing to you."

"I know, dear mamma, you would not ask me to do what my heart could not sanction; but papa has such queer notions about my marriage, not seeming to take into consideration my own feelings in the matter."

"You do your father great injustice. He loves you dearly, and only wishes to see you do well in life. I doubt not he would be pleased to have you united in marriage to some one of his choice, but that he would insist upon a marriage without your free consent, I do not believe."

"I shall always try to please papa," said Amy, "but I can never, never marry Mr. Von Brean—not even to please him."

"I am sure nothing relative to the subject has passed between Mr. Von Brean and your father, hence your fears are groundless."

Kissing her daughter affectionately, Mrs. Harrington went to join her husband in the dining room. When he heard of Amy's indisposition, he was very much disappointed, for he had made great calculations on the effect Amy would produce upon the young man. The colonel did not lack in sympathy for his daughter, and insisted on sending for the doctor, who, on his arrival, was taken at once to her bedside.

"Your daughter," he said, "is suffering from nervous prostration, caused by an over-excited brain. She must be kept perfectly quiet; otherwise she is liable to have a severe fever. The medicine I have prescribed, you will give every hour, and should there be any change for the worse, let me know at once."

All day Amy was kept a close prisoner in her room, and as she lay on her bed, attended by her loving mother, her thoughts continually reverted to that dreadful vision, and it was all her mother could do to keep her quiet.

"You must not allow yourself to think about that foolish dream. Doctor Nicolas said you were to be very quiet, and not excite yourself."

"Then," said Amy, "I suppose I am to lie here with closed eyes and not speak a word—not even to my dearest mamma."

"No, not so bad as that, but you must banish all thoughts of your dream."

"Very well, mamma, I will not mention it again to-day."

"Nor allow yourself to think of it," said her mother.

The bronze clock on the mantel in Amy's room tolled the hour of 12:00, reminding her that it would only be about one hour until the visitor would arrive. It also reminded Mrs. Harrington that she must see that dinner was progressing properly.

"It is too bad, dear, that you can not be down stairs to welcome Mr. Von Brean," said her mother, as she rose to go.

"Mr. Von Brean will be papa's guest, so why should I be expected to receive him? So far as I am concerned, I wish he had remained in New York. I don't like these great people; one has to be on her best behavior at all times, and you know that does not suit me. I dare say that he will make fun of us when he returns to his aristocratic friends."

"Do not talk so, my child. Mr. Von Brean is a gentleman, and would do nothing of the kind," said her mother, as she closed the door and went down stairs, where she met her husband, who asked after Amy and if there was anything he could do.

"Nothing," said she. "Perfect quiet is all she requires now."

Mrs. Harrington had returned to the sick room with a cup of tea and some toast for Amy, when the carriage drove up to the front entrance.

"Mamma!" exclaimed Amy. "There comes John with the carriage; I wonder if papa's visitor has arrived."

"Yes," said Mrs. Harrington, "I saw him shaking hands with a gentleman, and I suppose it was Mr. Von Brean."

Amy—her curiosity overcoming her dislike for the stranger—asked if she might come to the window and see what he looked like.

"No, child," said her mother, "you must remain quietly in bed, while I go to welcome our guest," and kissing her, Mrs. Harrington left the room and went down stairs.

Frank Von Brean had just passed his majority, and like most young men "born with gold spoons in their mouths," was not a little conceited. He had recently graduated from one of the leading institutions of learning, and now his father had started him out to travel for a year before settling down to the business of life. In appearance, he was not what a lady would call handsome. He was very tall—over six feet—and rather awkward in his carriage. His feet were large, but his hands, of which he was very proud, were small and shapely, and were seldom seen ungloved. His nose was of the aquiline, or half Roman,

type, and his hair and mustache were sandy and inclined to curl. The cold, gray eyes, set well back in his head, denoted decision of character, but lacked the warm, loving disposition which belongs to the blue. In dress, he was fashionable, neat, and, in fact, just what we should expect of a young man born in the midst of luxury and wealth.

The day after his arrival, Amy took her place at the dinner table. The family were already seated when she made her appearance, dressed in a neatly-fitting muslin dress, with a small knot of blue ribbon at her throat, and her golden hair tied back with a bow of the same color, while back of the little transparent ear, nestled a small, white chrysanthemum. Her feet were encased in a dainty pair of slippers, the toes of which peeped out mischievously from beneath her dress. As she entered the room, those seated at the table rose, and Colonel Harrington said:

"Mr. Von Brean, allow me to present my daughter."

"I am most pleased to meet Miss Harrington," was the response.

To say that the young man was pleased with the appearance of Amy, would not express it. He was dumb with astonishment at beholding such wonderful beauty in this, as he thought, half civilized country. So dazed was he for a time, that he was unmindful of his surroundings, and was only called to his senses by the colonel resuming the conversation, which had been interrupted by Amy's entrance.

"So your father has retired from public life?"

"Ah, yes, sir," replied Frank, recovering himself, "father has eschewed politics altogether. You and he were in congress together, were you not?"

"Yes, we occupied adjoining seats, and participated in many of the stormy debates which took place during my last term in that body."

"I have heard father speak of the animated discussions between the two factions which composed our national congress during that time. If I mistake not," continued he, "you, Miss Harrington, accompanied your father to Washington."

"Yes, sir, I had the pleasure of seeing the capital one winter."

"You must have enjoyed the Washington society very much."

"I fear," said the colonel, "Amy was more interested in the public buildings than in the gay society."

"You must remember," said Mrs. Harrington, "she was very young at that time—only fourteen—and did not go much in society."

"The Hon. Mr. Vandenberg, who was in congress at that time, often speaks of having met you that winter, Miss Harrington."

"Yes? I do not remember him; but papa had so many friends that I could not remember the names of half of them."

"I can assure you the remembrance on the part of my friend is very distinct, and I should say lasting."

"Indeed, I must have annoyed him very much with my back-woods ways, to make such a lasting impression, and I dare say your friend has enjoyed many a good laugh at my expense. Do you remember Mr. Vandenberg, papa?"

"Very well, indeed," replied her father. "He used to come to our hotel frequently, and I found him a very enjoyable young man, and one who gave promise of attaining prominence in after life."

The conversation finally turned on the subject of the war, and the colonel informed them he had that day received a letter from the governor, offering him the command of a regiment, which was then being rendezvoused at Camp Chase, near Columbus."

"Oh, of course you will decline the offer," said Amy, quickly.

"Certainly!" said Mrs. Harrington, with decision.

"I am somewhat undecided, but feel it to be my duty to give what aid and strength I have to the service of our government, in putting down this rebellion."

"My dearest papa, none who know you will question your patriotism, and there are many others who would gladly accept the governor's offer, and who are better able to endure the hardships of a soldier's life." Turning to Frank, she said: "Mr. Von Brean, no doubt, would be pleased to accept the command of a regiment of our intrepid Western soldiers."

Frank thought he detected a little irony in Amy's remarks, and replied: "Certainly, I should esteem it a great honor to command a regiment of Western men, but fear I should not make a good soldier myself."

"Were I a man," said Amy, with asperity, "I would become a soldier; but as the privilege of carrying a musket in the defense of our beautiful flag is denied me, I have serious intentions of becoming a hospital nurse."

"Why, daughter, you must not talk that way; you know you would do nothing of the kind," said her mother in utter amazement.

"When does Miss Harrington contemplate putting her intention into execution?"

"I assure you, Mr. Von Brean," replied Mrs. Harrington, "Amy has no such intentions."

"Yes, indeed, mamma, I was never more serious in my life. There are a great many ladies who have become nurses in hospitals, and why should not I?"

"I fear Miss Harrington does not realize the position in which she thinks of placing herself, nor the duties devolving upon such a position."

"Oh, yes, I fully understand what would be required of me, and I assure you that waiting upon and relieving sick and wounded soldiers would be a pleasure, as well as a duty."

"I see," said Frank, somewhat sarcastically, "you are enthusiastic in the cause of your country, and, like Joan of Arc, would offer yourself to be burned at the stake in her service."

"I certainly shall not remain passively at home during this great struggle for national existence, while so many of my countrymen and countrywomen are rendering such noble service to the government," said Amy, piqued at the manner in which he had referred to her purpose of becoming a nurse.

Dinner over the party retired to the parlor, where the gentlemen soon left the ladies, and went out to enjoy their cigars.

"Daughter," said Mrs. Harrington, when they were alone, "what made you speak to Mr. Von Brean as you did at dinner?"

"Why, mamma, I said nothing terrible, did I?"

"I mean your assertion of going into the hospitals as nurse, and the manner in which you reminded him that he ought to be in the army. I dare say his father and mother would not give their consent to his becoming a soldier."

"Well, mamma, I think it would look much better in him, if, instead of traveling over the country, he was serving his government in some way. I should feel ashamed, were I in his place, to be seen idling away my time while thousands of our brave boys are in the army. Oh, I wish I were a man, that I, too, might become one of the great number of noble patriots who have so gallantly responded to the call of their country."

"My child, all of the men can not become soldiers; some must remain at home."

"There are plenty of men like papa, who are too old to go into the army, who can provide for and protect the defenseless ones at home. There is no excuse for a young man like Mr. Von Brean shirking his duty."

"You are severe on Mr. Von Brean," said Mrs. Harrington.

"I hate neutral people in times like these," replied Amy.

"I fear," said Mrs. Harrington, sorrowfully, "that your father will accept the governor's offer."

"Father is a patriot, and I do not wonder that he feels that he should be serving his country. So many of our neighbors have given their lives to the service that I know he would also have gone with them but

for his age, and I fear that will not prevent his going now."

"We must try and prevail upon him not to go," said Mrs. Harrington, anxiously.

A few days later the colonel announced to his wife that he had decided to accept the command tendered him by the governor. She tried to dissuade him, but without success. He had firmly made up his mind in the matter, and said, in reply to her entreaties: "I feel it a duty I owe to my country, and as I have no son to represent me among the nation's defenders, I shall go myself." His martial pride was roused and he was determined to take part in the great struggle.

When Amy was informed of her father's determination she was very much grieved, and begged him most piteously not to go. "You can not stand the fatigues of army life," she said.

"Tut, my child, I feel good for a dozen years in the army, and I dare say I shall stand the service splendidly."

"Why not recommend Mr. Von Brean to the governor in your stead? He says he would gladly accept a command from the governor, why not let him take your place?"

"Mr. Von Brean's father would not give his consent to have him enter the service."

"Is Mr. Von Brean's son any dearer to him than my father is to me? What immunity has he from serving his country that should not be granted to you?"

"None, my child, none whatever. We all owe a sacred duty to our country, which, as Americans, we can not evade, and especially at this time, when our flag is insulted by an internal foe, who is waging war not to redress a wrong, but to divide the country and destroy the national union. No, daughter, this is no time for true Americans to shirk their duty; no one who is able to shoulder a musket or draw a sword should be found in the rear."

When it became known that Colonel Harrington had accepted the command of a regiment, many of his neighbors, who had not yet enlisted, signified their intention of doing so, and importuned the colonel to take them with him; but as the regiment he was to command was already made up and only waited for its commander to march to the field, he could not do so. He could easily have enlisted an entire company, which would gladly have gone into battle with him as their commander. There is seldom seen in any community a man so universally esteemed as was Colonel Harrington. True, he was aristocratic in his notions, but he was just and honorable, and no man could impeach his good name. He had taken a run down to Columbus to see the governor, who was

an old friend, about his commission and the regiment he was to command. On his return he informed his wife and daughter that it would be three or four weeks before the regiment would be ready to move. "But," said he, "I must be in camp next week to assign the companies to their places as they arrive."

"Oh, papa, let mamma and me go to camp with you, and stay until you get your marching orders, won't you?"

"I will see your mamma about it," he replied.

It did not require much persuasion to induce Mrs. Harrington to go, and so it was arranged that on the following Monday she and Amy should accompany the colonel to Camp Chase. Amy could scarcely restrain her childish glee at the prospect of being in camp with the soldiers. She had often expressed a wish to visit them in their city of tents, and now that wish was to be gratified. Meeting their visitor soon after, she said—

"Mr. Von Brean, we are all going into the army with papa, won't we have a jolly time eating hardtack, drinking black coffee and living just as the soldiers do?"

"You seem to enjoy the prospects of camp life exceedingly, Miss Harrington."

"Oh, you are going, too."

"Indeed! To what position, pray, am I to be assigned?"

"You are to stand guard over mamma and myself."

"That will be a very pleasant duty, I assure you, and one which I will try to fill with honor. When do we strike tents?"

"If you mean when are we going, I will tell you to be ready to move at 10:30 o'clock next Monday morning. I intend to persuade papa to take me with him when he leaves Camp Chase."

"And should he get killed or wounded you will become a second Mollie Pitcher, and take his place at the head of the regiment."

"Should that unfortunate event occur, sir, you would find that the daughter of a Western man would not shrink from her duty, even if that duty led her to the cannon's mouth." As Amy said this she left him abruptly.

"By Jove!" said Frank, as he sauntered toward the stable, "what a high spirited girl she is—and I like her all the better for it."

He had become very attentive to Amy of late, never losing an opportunity of being by her side. Amy saw this, and her dislike for him kept pace with his increased attentions, but as he was a guest of her father, she did not show her dislike, save by avoiding him as much as she could with propriety.

The colonel was not a close observer and did not notice his daughter's displeasure at Frank's attentions. His wife saw it all but kept her own counsel, preferring to let matters take their course.

Monday morning, when the colonel and his party arrived at the depot, they found a large number of friends and neighbors there to bid them good-bye. Many of his old friends turned away their heads to hide the tears which dimmed their eyes while they shook his hand.

"Colonel," said Mr. Gray, "I am sorry to see you go without me."

"No one knows that better than I do," replied the colonel.

"If you should see my Ned," said Mr. Gray, "tell him his father expects him to do his duty, and not be found in the rear."

The whistle blew and the long train pulled out of the depot. The colonel found, upon his arrival in camp, that his regiment was almost in readiness to march, and therefore his stay in camp would not be as long as he had anticipated. Mrs. Harrington and Amy were greatly disappointed.

"Oh, papa, can't you stay a few weeks longer?"

Shaking his head, he said: "*Faire mon devoir*," to which she sorrowfully replied: "*Bella, horrida bella*."

A few days later the colonel received orders to get his command in readiness to move, and the following day orders came to take his regiment to Washington. The camp was in an uproar with preparations for the march. The men were in high glee as they packed their knapsacks for the journey. It would have been amusing to an old soldier to see those raw recruits stagger into line with heavy knapsacks strapped to their backs. One could not enumerate the different articles these enormously large knapsacks contained, beside the overcoat and blankets strapped to the outside. It is needless to say that the weight of the bundle was greatly reduced after a few hours' march on a hot day. Thus it is with a soldier, when he lies in camp a few weeks or months. He collects a quantity of various things, which, when he comes to break up camp, he thinks he cannot leave behind, and tries to carry a burden heavy enough for a mule. It requires but a few days, however, to convince him that he can get along with at least one-third of his load, and should you pass along the route of his march, you would find strewn by the roadside almost anything imaginable.

There were many hand shakings, and good-byes said as Colonel Harrington's regiment took the cars for Washington. With heavy hearts Amy and her mother took leave of the colonel and returned to their home, accompanied by Mr. Von Brean.

To be continued.

THE ROYAL METAL.

II.

IN my first article (see the April number) I spoke of the discovery of gold in California as the greatest event in the annals of the Pacific coast, and one of the most important and far-reaching in the history of America. As I there stated, the production of gold had for many years fallen below the increasing demands of art and commerce, and it was becoming relatively so valuable, because of its scarcity in proportion to other forms of wealth, that its use as a commercial medium threatened soon to become impracticable. This condition of affairs was suddenly revolutionized by the great discoveries in California, followed but a few years later by those in Australia. So sudden and so copious was this shower of gold, that it fell rapidly in value, and its very plentifulness threatened to dethrone the royal metal from its kingly seat. Happily this result did not follow, as the annual output of the mines speedily diminished, instead of increasing, as had been generally expected. There were, however, results flowing from this great discovery far greater than the mere fluctuation of the value of gold or its increase in quantity, results which have caused cities to spring up in the wilderness, have leveled forests and reduced to fertility the desert, have converted broad valleys and wide rolling hills into fields of grain, have planted the feet of our nation firmly upon the Pacific, and have added three great and prosperous states to the union, with others, equally rich and progressive, knocking at the door for admission. Surely, an event productive of such great results may well be called one of the most important and far-reaching in the annals of the nation. To properly understand and appreciate this great event, it is necessary briefly to sketch the prior history of this region, so far as it bears upon the point in question.

At the time Columbus discovered America, the people of Europe were profoundly impressed with the great riches of the East Indies. The reports of merchants who had engaged in the caravan trade with the Orient, and especially the account given by Marco Polo of the great empire of Cathay (China), where he had spent a number of years, and of the wonderful island of Cipango (supposed to be Japan), both of which he described as possessing wealth of gold, jewels, silks, spices, etc., in boundless profusion, had impressed the western nations with the great advantages of reaching those countries by sea, for the purpose of establishing with them profitable commercial relations, or of wresting their wealth from them with the sword. The latter was a favorite method of mediæval times among the most christian and chival-

ric nations of Europe. By carrying, with fire and sword, the blessed truths of christianity to heathen nations, at the same time relieving them of the accumulated wealth of centuries of industry and peace, they felt that they were spreading abroad Christ's kingdom upon the earth, and removing from the path of the heathen the great stumbling block of riches, declared by the Savior to be the greatest obstacle to an entrance into the kingdom of heaven. To us, in this more enlightened age, the conduct of those christian conquerors seems most cruel and bloodthirsty, and their acquisition of wealth but the spoils of robbery and murder; but not so did those martial zealots look upon it. They deemed the conversion of heathen nations, accomplished often by force of arms and accompanied by much bloodshed and cruelty, as a fair equivalent for all the wealth those nations possessed, and were by no means slow in converting this equivalent to their own use and to the coffers of his most Catholic majesty, whichever one he happened to be.

It was to find this much-desired route to the Indies that Columbus sailed on his famous voyage, heading due westward in pursuance of his firm conviction of the rotundity of the earth's surface. He did not, nor for generations afterwards did geographers generally, believe the circumference of the earth to be more than one-half as great as it actually is. This calculation left no room for such a continent as America nor such an ocean as the Pacific. Columbus never knew he had discovered a new continent, and it was many years after his death before the voyages of other daring navigators revealed the fact that America was not an eastward projection of Asia, that it was a veritable *Novus Mundus*, as it was for many years designated on the maps. It was more than two centuries later before the magnitude of the Pacific ocean was realized, a body of water in extent far exceeding the previous conceptions of the human mind. It is unnecessary to relate the well-known incidents attending the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, and Peru by Pizarro. It is only the effect upon the mind of Europe produced by the great riches they wrested from the natives, which has special bearing upon this narrative. The people, from the kings to the most humble vassals, became imbued with the idea that this wonderful New World was filled with nations possessing great wealth in gold, silver and precious stones, and thousands of adventurous spirits became convinced that it was a religious duty to carry the cross to those nations "sitting in darkness," and bring back the wealth which christians alone were qualified or entitled to enjoy.

When Cortez had subjugated Mexico, he at once began constructing vessels on the western coast of

Central America for service in the Pacific. He possessed a roving commission from the Spanish king, Charles V., which granted him almost despotic powers in all new countries he might discover and subdue in the name of the king, the discoveries and conquests, however, to be made at his own expense. By this means Lower California was discovered, also the mouth of the Colorado river, and the fact ascertained that the Sea of Cortez, or Vermilion sea, was simply a gulf, now known as the Gulf of California. Cortez was soon succeeded as viceroy of New Spain (Mexico) by Mendoza. The latter became so deeply impressed with stories of civilized nations living in the great unknown land to the northward, that he dispatched two expeditions in that direction. These went in search of two mythical countries called Cibola and Quivira, stories of whose wonderful riches had been brought to Mexico by wandering refugees, who claimed to have seen their great stone cities or been informed of them by Indians. One of these expeditions, under Fernando de Alarcon, ascended the Colorado river a distance of three hundred miles without observing anything suggestive of civilized nations. The other was commanded by Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, and was equally unsuccessful in a land journey extending as far north as 40°, almost to Great Salt Lake, and consuming two years of time. At the same time an expedition under Cabrillo and Ferrello coasted as far north as Oregon, in search of a water passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, known as the Straits of Anian, and claimed to have been discovered a few years before from the Atlantic side. The return of this expedition without having discovered the mythical straits or the equally visionary cities and wealthy nations supposed to exist in their vicinity, followed closely by Alarcon's fruitless voyage up the Colorado and Coronado's wild goose chase in search of Quivira, combined with the report of the survivors of DeSoto's most unfortunate expedition to the Mississippi, satisfied the Spanish authorities in the New World that neither wealthy nations nor navigable passages of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans were to be found in the wilderness to the northward of Mexico. With this conclusion they abandoned all effort at exploration in that direction and turned their attention to more remunerative ventures across the Pacific to the genuine Indies, which had been the goal of Columbus.

For several centuries but little was known of the Pacific coast north of Lower California. A few voyages of exploration resulted in securing a reasonably accurate contour of the coast line, but of the interior nothing was known until the brave, zealous and self-abnegating Franciscans entered it, not in search of wealth and power, but to carry the blessings of the

gospel to whomsoever they might find dwelling in that unknown land. After much hardship the pious missionary, Father Junipero Serra, founded a mission at San Diego in 1769. This was followed by others at later dates to the number of twenty-two. Soldiers were sent to protect the missions, and as the term of service of these expired they generally settled in the country. The power and wealth of the missions became so great that in 1824 the Mexican government began a series of hostile legislative acts, resulting, in 1845, in their complete secularization, the loss of all their power and nearly all their great wealth. By this time California had a large Mexican population, possessed the dignity of a governor, and had enjoyed the pleasure of several of those "revolutions" which seem to form such a necessary portion of Mexican political life. One year later, in 1846, California was wrested from Mexico by Lieutenant Fremont and Commodore Stockton, and became a territory of the United States. Following almost upon the heels of this great event came the discovery of gold at Sutter's mill and the great rush of adventurers to the verdant slope of the Sierras.

Gold had previously been discovered in California, but its existence in quantity was not known; or, if known at all, only to the priests, who kept it secret for fear of the consequences to their missions, a fear which subsequent events amply justified. Gold was being mined in small quantities in Southern California as early as 1828, and several discoveries were made subsequently, but no excitement prevailed, and the yield was small. No one, so far as is known, had the remotest idea of the hidden treasure in the gulches, streams and flats of the Sierras, nor of the ancient river channels and quartz lodes now so well known and so extensively worked. In 1826, Jedediah S. Smith, one of the partners of the American Fur Company, while returning from a trapping expedition through California, crossed the Sierras near Mono lake, discovering placer deposits in the mountains and carrying some of the gold dust with him to the company's rendezvous on Green river. The next year he led another party to California with the double purpose of trapping beaver and investigating the gold deposits; but his company was almost totally annihilated by Indians, first in Arizona and afterward in Oregon. In 1844, John Bidwell, since governor of California, and now a wealthy farmer living near Chico, barely escaped the honor of making known to the world the existence of gold in the mountains hemming in the Sacramento valley on the east. He was one of the few American settlers in the valley at that time, and was told by Pablo Gutierrez, one of Captain Sutter's *vaqueros*, of the probable existence of gold in the mountains. Bidwell proposed that they go on

a prospecting trip, but the Mexican said it was useless to attempt mining without a *batea*, and that it would be necessary to send to Mexico to secure the required implement. In his ignorance, Bidwell assumed that what the man told him was correct. He afterward learned that the wonderful *batea* was simply a wooden bowl, and that almost any kind of dish or pan would have served as a substitute. This was three years before the American conquest. Had Bidwell made the discovery, as he undoubtedly would have done but for the Mexican's positive assurance that nothing could be accomplished without a *batea*, the subsequent history of California might have been different. In compliance with the request of Mr. Bidwell, Gutierrez agreed to keep the matter a secret until such time as the supposed necessary implement could be secured. The next winter the Mexican came to an untimely end. The Castro rebellion was then convulsing the province, and Gutierrez was captured by Castro's men, while bearing dispatches from Sutter to Micheltoreno, and was promptly executed. With him died Bidwell's hope of finding golden riches in the mountains.

As has been said, gold was mined in Southern California for a number of years, but the Mexicans were indolent, careless and unambitious, and the great secret of the Sierras remained undiscovered by them. It remained for the energetic and adventuresome, the hated and despised *Americanos* to discover and develop the great El Dorado of the Pacific. Previous to the American conquest a number of Americans had settled in the Sacramento valley, and at that critical time, with their countrymen in other portions of the state, helped Fremont and Stockton subdue the Mexicans and gain possession. The most important settlement was that of Captain John A. Sutter, near the junction of the American and Sacramento rivers, where the city of Sacramento now stands. Captain Sutter was not a native American, but was born in Baden, Germany, of Swiss parents, and secured his title in the Swiss army. He had, however, lived in the United States several years before he came to the coast, in 1838. His establishment was known as "Sutter's Fort," and was a rallying point for settlers in the valley. During the two years following the conquest, trains of immigrants added considerable numbers to the American population of California and to the settlers in the Sacramento valley. This increasing settlement was what led directly to the discovery of gold.

Among the Americans was a mechanic, James W. Marshall, who had emigrated from Missouri to Oregon in 1844, and had gone to California the next year. He took part in the conquest of the state, and at the end of the war returned to Sutter's Fort, where he

had enlisted. He soon after made an excursion up the American river, in the joint interest of himself and Sutter, looking for a good site for a saw mill, as lumber was then becoming in great demand by the increasing settlements. He found a good water power at Coloma, on the south fork, and in August, 1847, began the construction of a mill. The mill was completed in January, and in opening the tail race for carrying off the water, the great discovery was made. One morning, while walking along the bank of the race, Marshall observed a piece of yellow metal in the debris which had been washed down by the water. He submitted it to several simple tests and became convinced that it was gold. A little search revealed still more of the metal, and after he had collected several ounces he departed for Sutter's Fort to tell the news. In a few weeks the intelligence had spread all over the state, and every man who could possibly do so hastened to the now abandoned mill at Coloma. The day upon which this discovery was made is in dispute. Until recently the nineteenth of January, was supposed to be the correct date, but the careful and thorough investigations of John S. Hittell, author of several historical works on California, have revealed the fact that it was on or about the twenty-fifth that Marshall picked up this forerunner of the millions of dollars of gold since wrested from the grasp of the Sierras.

The subsequent history of the mines is more or less familiar to all. Prospecting parties soon discovered gold on nearly all the tributaries of the Sacramento, and when the advance army of "Argonauts" from "the states" arrived, in the spring of 1849, they found mining in progress along the whole western slope of the Sierras. The great flood of adventurers which poured into California during the next few years, penetrated the mountains to their summits, and laid bare the golden secrets of their most hidden recesses. From California these discoveries spread throughout the entire coast, each new field, as its location was announced, drawing thousands of eager and excited adventurers from the older mines. Stampede after stampede occurred, each one, like the waves of the incoming tide, spreading farther over the country. In 1858 the mines of Frazer river drew thousands of men to British Columbia; in 1859-60 occurred the great Washoe excitement, following the discovery of the celebrated Comstock lode; in 1861-2 the Salmon river craze, and the next two years the Blackfoot excitement, led to the opening of the mines of Idaho, Eastern Oregon and Montana. Every year has seen some new region opened up, some of them witnessing exciting stampedes similar to those of early days, until mining is now carried on along the entire coast from Mexico to Alaska, and from the

eastern slope of the Rocky mountains to the Pacific ocean. Even now, with a population of about two millions in the mining regions, with cities, towns and farms scattered throughout the length and breadth of this vast mineral district, new discoveries are constantly being made, and with each discovery comes the inevitable rush of prospectors and adventurers. Even Alaska is now invaded, and is yielding its share of the royal metal from many mines, one of which is the richest in the world. In the discoveries of later years, in all the region beyond the Sierras, silver has taken the lead of gold, and is the metal predominating in the majority of the quartz ledges now being developed; but gold still remains the royal metal, as it has since the foundation of the civilized world, and will, beyond doubt, so continue until the final blast of the archangel's trumpet. H. L. WELLS.

OREGON AND PORTLAND IN WINTER.

UNDER date of January 28th, 1888, Dr. Joseph Holt, who had arrived in Portland, from New Orleans, only ten days before, wrote the following letter to the *Times-Democrat*, of the latter city. He arrived during the "cold snap," as our people term the few days of low thermometer (never below zero) we experienced in January. It is proper to add that almost continuously from the date of his letter we were blessed with sunny skies and the balmy air of spring; interspersed, to be sure, with short periods of rain, but of winter there was none. The letter is given as a whole as it appeared under the title of "Off in Oregon."

PORTLAND, OR., January 28, 1888.

We arrived here Wednesday, the eighteenth instant, in the midst of a cold spell and snow fall such as the records of this region have never noted; there was nothing about it, however, suggestive of a blizzard or a storm.

Knowing your constitutional antipathy to cold weather, it is a truly blessed thing you did not come with us, for the polar wave which swept the entire continent, struck us just as we left New Orleans, and increasing cold was the constant event until the end of our journey. East of the Rocky mountains it was a freezing blast, an Arctic hurricane, while on the western slope it was intense, exhilarating cold, with stillness of the atmosphere.

That silent coming and going of a cold spell without high winds is peculiarly Oregonian, and has impressed me pleasantly. My observation on this point is corroborated by the signal service records and by the testimony of citizens who have long resided here. On this account the recent unprecedented cold in a

dry and crisp atmosphere was most healthful in its effect upon ourselves, and was manifestly exhilarating, as the whole city seemed to turn out, making the occasion one of outdoor exercise and fun.

Under the blessed influence of a gentle breeze called a "Chinook," bearing warmth from the tropical current of the Pacific, the cold has disappeared as suddenly and yet as quietly as it came.

A marvelous phenomenon to me is the fresh, green grass, clothing lawn and field, as the snow has disappeared, with a rich sward, as in April.

Our entire trip was a prolonged picnic. I divided it into four stages of about eight hundred miles each, stopping at El Paso and visiting my old friend, Judge Bingham, United States consul at Paso del Norte, and at Los Angeles, Sacramento, and finally Portland.

I am particularly pleased that we approached Oregon by way of the Southern Pacific railroad, as it enabled me to make a comparative observation of the country traversed, immensely in favor of Oregon.

Western Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California present an unbroken scene of aridity, a boundless waste of desolation and monotony of such forbidding aspect as overcast, with a shadow of gloom, the spirit of a Louisianian, accustomed to the unrestrained revel of an exuberant plant life.

Being suddenly transported from the magnolias and live oaks, the roses and orange trees of New Orleans, the vine-tangled forests of Terrebonne, and the royal parks of the Teche, to the mesquit bushes and chaparral of Texas, invoked a sadness and a sense of being forsaken, presently intensified by the weather-worn gulches, the cactus-grown mesas and alkali deserts of Arizona, into a feeling closely akin to terror.

No wonder the Arabs and all other tribes having like surroundings are deeply imbued with fearful superstitions about spectres of the desert. These ghostly notions are not confined to the natural children of the desert, but possess the foster children as well, for I was told at Fort Yuma a legend of that place by a gentleman who said he could vouch for the facts, about an army officer who died there one summer, and, as I was pained to hear, went to hell. The next night his spirit came wandering across the desert, and when challenged by the terrified guard, simply remarked that he had come back for his overcoat.

You have probably heard the story, but I saw the man who knew the guard. Fortunately for us, the uncomfortable sentiment, associated with arid deserts and treeless landscape, was kept in endurable abeyance by the novelty of every object and the scientific inquiry and speculation constantly suggested.

A comfortable Pullman, filled with a delightful crowd of fellow passengers, together with the appre-

ciable fact that we were gliding along over this seemingly inhospitable region, where "holding up a train" is considerably more than a legend, toward a happy land of showers and plenty, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, had most to do with keeping out the melancholy spirit of loneliness which broods over mountain and plain in that rainless region.

Approaching Oregon over such a line of travel as I have faintly described (and the trip over the Southern Pacific railroad would well repay any tourist), you may imagine the glorious enchantment of field and forest, of the surrounding ocean of verdure that greeted us as we rolled into the immense valley of the Willamette.

When we reached Portland, although in midwinter, the rows of vigorous trees and the dark forests of magnificent timber rolling away toward Puget sound, far beyond the vision, assured us of our best-loved friends—the trees and the green fields—and I made a vow that no enticements of fortune or of fame shall long separate me from such friends. But the trees and the flowers and the showers go together as natural associates, and not the trees and the flowers and artificial irrigation.

Looking over the vast territory which separates the Mississippi from the Pacific slope, I can now appreciate the magnificent courage of the "Fortyniners," and of the vast advance corps of heroic spirits which followed in ox wagons and carts, with wives and children, toiling day by day and month by month, opposed by obstacles of such formidable kind as nature might have devised had it been her intention to barricade the Pacific slope from the encroachments of civilization.

Although human graves and bones of cattle and horses mark, with a broad swath, the trails of the emigrant, yet the fittest survived and pushed on to the "western shore," to establish here a civilization, which, even in these few years, rivals in wealth and refinement that of the Atlantic seaboard and the Mississippi valley.

I bow in reverential awe before the history of this people. As for their future, judging from their history and the prospect plainly before them, the promise is too immeasurably grand for them to comprehend or for any mind to compass.

The vastness of domain, the variety and unlimited extent of their resources, the healthful and invigorating climate, the loveliness, the majesty and splendor of scenery all combine to compel greatness by urging upon ambition an incentive of action, which, in turn, must realize wealth and develop state pride and love of country.

These are the essential elements of progress to the highest conceivable attainment of social distinction

and political greatness, the seeds of which are here in Oregon abundantly. And upon what does all this present prosperity and the brilliant future of Oregon depend? The salvation of Oregon and its hope is established solely upon its annual rainfall; upon these gentle showers distilled like dew.

It provokes me a little to hear an Oregonian speak apologetically about the rain and wet weather, when all he has and all he hopes for he owes to the rain. In a little pleasant badinage, they advise one to become web-footed. Now the idea of web-footed amphibia, whose annual rainfall is only fifty inches, suggested such a modification of structure to a Louisiana mammal already provided with fins for his sixty-five and seventy inches of annual rainfall, strikes the aforesaid mammal as a little absurd, however kind the intention.

The question of rain must become the predominating influence which shall locate the center of population and determine the political balance along the Pacific slope. Oregon, with its regular and abundant rainfall, its enormous agricultural territory, its forests of the finest timber, its unlimited water power, its fisheries and inexhaustible mining resources, must inevitably hold the balance of power. When all the forces of nature conspire to the greatness of a people, it is useless to talk about any artificial forces elsewhere offsetting these.

It is sad for the older, and at present more improved, state of California to contemplate these facts, disagreeable, perhaps, to its pride, but none the less facts, which would have been proven long since had Oregon enjoyed equal privileges of outside communication. But this enforced isolation has been removed by the transcontinental lines of railway recently completed and being added to, so that now, even in the dead of winter, and of an exceptionally hard one at that, the daily trains are coming in loaded with people from the states east of the Mississippi, representing the most energetic and aggressive elements of an ultra-American type, pouring in here to stay.

The muddy current of common immigration flowing across the Atlantic from Europe drops its silt on the Atlantic slope and in the valley of the Mississippi. This raw, un-American material is too heavy with poverty and ignorance to reach Oregon.

The descendants of the early settlers who had the hardihood to cross the deserts, floods and mountains, fighting their way, and who subdued the primitive savagery of this farthest western region, these form the proper nucleus about which is being shaped the permanent and definitely crystalized social structure. My observation has already abundantly satisfied me that this nucleus is a worthy assurance of a great social future.

With such material here existing and being rapidly added to, it needs no prophetic inspiration to predict for this Great Northwest the congenial home and abiding place of a pure American conservatism. It matters not what strange gods may profane the tabernacle elsewhere, those principles which recognize the state and the untrammelled voice of the people will always be fresh out here. These people will always be old-fashioned in their American sentiments.

To resume the descriptive. I have already intimated that Oregon, in delightful contrast with New Mexico and the other regions mentioned, is a vast sea of verdure. This pleasing feature is strongly perceptible, even in midwinter. It is pre-eminently a state of waterfalls, rippling brooks, of big trees, clover and grasses. The soil is volcanic detritus, which implies inexhaustible fertility. Portland, which is now, and ever will be, the metropolis of the Northwest, is a city of about fifty thousand inhabitants, compactly and handsomely built, and is in every respect far ahead of my fairest expectation. To say that the city is beautiful and its surroundings sublime is merely a mild statement of the facts. If I could unroll before you a canvas bearing a faithful picture of the scene, you would declare Portland the most unique and fanciful maritime city having existence outside the imagination of an artist. It needs only a continuance of public spirit and of good taste in public adornment to make it a brilliant gem among American cities.

There is something unexpected and delightfully incongruous in a maritime commercial city, with its array of ocean-going shipping bristling with spars and yardarms, and its streets crowned with the equipment of a rushing business, forming a constituent part of a panorama so majestic and of such wonderful beauty as would entrance with admiration even the dullest slave of a counting room, or the coldest and most obtuse money grasper in a professional routine. To affect with a pure and exalted sentiment one of such creatures requires of God and nature a prodigious effort. To be able to accomplish this much is the highest tribute that could be paid Portland and its glorious landscape.

The city itself is a fitting part of the picture and heightens the effect by the evidences of comfort and prosperity abounding. The absence of signs of squalor and pinching poverty, together with the scrupulous cleanliness which characterizes the city are chief among the charming features of the place. Indeed, the city reveals itself to me as a materialized fancy sketch of a hypothetical sanitary abstraction, with a touch of the esthetical quite bewildering. Take it all in all, this far Northwest, including Washington Territory, is the "coming great," and Portland is its gem, of which any American may be justly proud. As a place to spend a vacation, to venture in business, or to make a home for the sake of the happiness of living, I would be willing to stake all I hope to possess and back this "Northwest" and Portland against this or any other continent, and I am not in a bragging humor to-day, either.

JOSEPH HOLT, M.D.

EASTERN OREGON QUARTZ.

IN early days Eastern Oregon was famous for her placer mines. Even at the present time there are some excellent paying placers at the head of Grande Ronde river, and the various small streams heading in the Powder river mountains, Burnt river, Sparta and Eagle valley. Quartz, the mother of placer mines, was not the prospector's aim to any great extent until the last few years, and since interest has been manifested in this direction some rich veins of mineral have been struck. In 1884 the Pine creek excitement drew the attention of miners and capital to that district, and some of the discoveries made are turning out rich, and mills are now in place to work the different ores to advantage. Following the Pine creek discoveries came that of the Wallowa valley. Assays from the different ledges demonstrate their richness, and although developments so far are not extensive, the work done fully carries out the supposition that the veins are true fissure and fairly extensive. There is no machinery at work there at present, but this summer may see one, if not more, first-class plants erected. Last summer prospectors found their way into the Powder river mountains, and made some locations in the Rock, Cracker and Muddy creek districts, that bear evidences of outrivalling any of the above mentioned districts, both for quantity and quality. There are some thirty or forty locations made in the Rock creek district, among which are the Morning Star, Silver City, Miner, and Forest City, which are all of high grade ore and have flattering prospects, although developments are not sufficient to establish their genuineness. Eleven miles from the station of Haynes, on the O. R. & N., and situated on Rock creek, is the Chloride group, one and two, and Fisher, an extension of the Chloride. The Chloride was located last July, and already sufficient work has been done to demonstrate it a wonderfully rich and extensive property. It is owned by the Chloride Consolidated Mining Company, of LaGrande, who claim thirty-nine hundred feet of the ledge and eighty acres of placer ground, upon which is enough fine timber within three hundred yards of the mine, to run a ten-stamp mill for ten years, and a splendid water power, with a seventy-foot fall. While showing me over the mine, the courteous secretary of the company, J. K. Romig, informed me that every cent of money subscribed had been used in developing the property, and although only stocked for \$100,000.00, and \$25,000.00 of this amount reserved for machinery, so successful had they been with their work that but few shares have been placed upon the market. Of the \$100,000.00 only \$42,500.00 was reserved to pay for the property, including three quartz claims, eighty

acres of placer and fine timber, two water rights, and five acres for mill site. Some development shares have been sold, but only enough money will be required from this source to last until the first of May, when the company expects to be able to ship large quantities of high grade ore, and receive returns that will warrant more extensive working and pay handsomely for the same. The vein is opened on the surface for a distance of two hundred feet, with six cross-cuts. No. 1 divides the vein fifteen feet in depth, showing three feet of fine sulphate and chloride ore; No. 2 cuts the same vein twenty feet below the first, or forty feet from the surface, and shows four feet of the same kind of ore, and a further tendency to widen. Two hundred feet to the north the vein is exposed by four cross cuts, and at eight hundred feet is again exposed, showing in all well-defined walls in place and good character of rock. Tunneling into the mountain about four hundred feet from cross cut No. 1, the ledge is cut about sixty feet below the surface, and shows eleven feet of sulphate ore. The tunnel then follows south with the ledge and gradually dipping, will be under cross cut No. 2 at a depth of about one hundred and twenty feet, with a gradually widening vein. The ores are all free milling, and from nineteen assays made from the different openings, the highest sample was \$417.10, and the lowest, \$12.15, with the remarkably good average of \$127.96 per ton for the nineteen samples. Five specimens of ruby silver have been found in cross cut No. 2. The company has erected good, comfortable buildings for the six men now at work, and a substantial ore house, where there are forty tons of high grade ore sacked ready for shipment as soon as the weather permits. There are also two hundred tons of ore at the tunnel dump.

Although I had intended visiting many of the mines in the vicinity, including those on Cracker creek, I had to content myself with the visit to the Chloride for the present, which is, no doubt, the best developed property in that belt of the country. I have said before that this mine is only eleven miles from the railroad, but not that it possesses a good wagon road to within four miles, which, for a nominal sum, can be completed into the mine. The opening of the Chloride has been of such an encouraging nature, that the owners of other property will, no doubt, follow suit this season and make things lively thereabouts. In no distant day, Eastern Oregon will rank, in quartz as she does in placer, among the best mining districts on the Pacific coast, and the future output of precious metal from the Chloride mines will figure with those at the top of the list.—*Jay See, in Walla Walla Statesman.*

NORTH PACIFIC INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.

THE project of the North Pacific Industrial Association for a monster exposition in Portland is making gratifying progress. The plans for the pavilion have been prepared by Mr. H. Steinman, a well-known architect who had charge of the construction of the mechanics' fair building in St. Louis, and has an established reputation for work of this kind. His designs show an admirable arrangement for a truly mammoth institution. The details are calculated for the utmost economy of space without crowding. The arrangement of the various parts for their respective offices is unique and of novel simplicity, and the whole is of massive proportions.

The location selected for the exposition building is in the western part of the city, the east and north sides facing on Fifteenth and B streets. The structure will have a frontage of four hundred feet on B street, and will extend back on Fifteenth two hundred feet. It will be divided into three pavilions, the tallest of which will be sixty feet in height. At the northeast corner a tower and observatory is provided for, and over the main entrance on B street will be a statue of Liberty, holding aloft in a torch an electric light of five thousand candle power. The width of the street at that point will be increased five feet, and in front of the building will be a sidewalk twenty feet wide, with pillars and arches, from which will be suspended electric lights, making the locality as light as noonday. This front will have large windows and doorways and present a handsome appearance. The central pavilion will be devoted to the floral department, zoölogical gardens, aquaria, etc. The east wing will be arranged suitably for the display of products of the arts and sciences, and the west division will be an agricultural and machinery hall. The central division will be one hundred by two hundred feet on the ground and eighty feet high to the roof, the bottom being on the ground twenty feet below the floors of the wings. There will be galleries on each side of this department, accessible from the floors of the other divisions, and arranged with seats on an incline, affording all spectators a view of the botanical gardens, which will be located below. These gardens will be roofed with glass and laid out in beds with walks and fountains, and planted with shrubbery and flowers, which are to remain permanently. At the south end will be a stage or band stand, with a shell-shaped resounding board behind it. Above this will be a painting of mountain scenery, making Mount Hood a prominent feature, in the cyclorama style, which, with the surroundings, will have a very beautiful effect. The spaces at the sides of this will be filled with rock work and grot-

toes. Underneath the galleries, from which staircases will lead down through the rockeries to the garden, will be, on the west side, cages for native and foreign animals and birds, and aquaria stocked with fishes of various sorts; on the east side, rustic arbors, etc., the whole forming a most picturesque and beautiful adornment for the immense hall.

The science hall, in the east wing, will be divided into two parts, the art gallery being in the front portion. Between the posts supporting the galleries will be hung panels, which, during the exposition season, can be swung up, forming a ceiling underneath. When it is desired, these panels can be let down, forming partitions to shut off the space under the galleries and leaving a fine, lofty hall, eighty-five feet wide and one hundred and twenty-eight feet long, for balls, concerts and any large public gatherings. In the rear of this division will be a kitchen and dining room to be used when occasion requires.

Machinery hall, in the west wing, will have in its basement steam engines and boilers, for furnishing steam for heating the building and power for displaying machinery and driving dynamos to generate electricity for illumination. This arrangement allows all unsightly shafting and the nuisance of oil and dirt to be below the floor, through which the belting for running the machinery will come. Around the hall a fifty-foot gallery will extend and be devoted to agricultural exhibits. This feature will be a permanent exhibition, and space will be set apart for each county in the state, and for Washington Territory and Idaho, where each may display its products at all times. Each section can have a man in charge of its exhibit to explain the attractions of the region he represents, and to give general information about the country, showing especially the inducements which his locality offers for thrift and enterprise.

In the front of the building will be parlors and dressing rooms, offices for officials of the association, work shops, etc. On the east, south and west sides of the tract which the association has secured for the exposition, and fronting on Taylor, Stout and Fourteenth streets, will be the buildings for the exhibition of live stock. The remainder of the tract will be used as a parade and pleasure ground, planted with trees, shrubbery and flowers, and the sloping ground terraced and ornamented with fountains and arbors.

This is a brief statement of the features of an enterprise which gives promise of being of more pronounced benefit to Portland and the entire Pacific Northwest, just at this juncture, than any other feasible project. The magnificent scale upon which the exposition is planned leaves no reason to doubt that it will be of a representative character and an institution which may be referred to with pride. The finan-

cial support already secured is ample to insure a successful exposition, so far as money can contribute to that end. The first exposition will be held next October. It is not entirely an experiment, though on a much grander scale than anything heretofore attempted in this line on the Pacific coast. The resources of the Northwest demand accommodations of vast magnitude in order to harmonize with the importance of the interests represented. The benefits that accrue from an industrial exposition on this plan are incalculable. Oregon, Washington and Idaho comprise the territory which this gigantic fair is designed to benefit most. The sources of wealth of this great Columbia and Snake river basin are comparatively unknown in anything approaching detail. Some have heard of the mining operations and fancy that minerals constitute the only wealth of the region, and that agriculture can not be of much account in a country rich in minerals. A dwarfed or distorted idea of the real resources of the country and their stage of development is held by many persons. Few correctly appreciate the exact status of our industrial affairs, and the marvelous growth that is taking place renders a living, current index of the progress of the people one of the necessities of the time. The comparison of products of various sorts and grades is an incentive to the producer to make greater efforts for advancement in his special line of operation. The genius of men needs the stimulation derived from contrasts and comparisons of the results of their labor and ingenuity, in order to reach a full development. The recognition of the toil of the husbandman or the skilled mechanic, of the products of the land, of labor with the hands, or of intellectual effort, is beneficial alike to the producer and the consumer, to those who expend their energies for themselves and mankind and to those who enjoy the fruition of labor. The honest pride which the artisan feels in exhibiting the trophies of his industry for the admiration of his fellow men is a stimulus for further exertion. The artist who gives visible expression to nature's language in her various moods, or whose intellectual creations lift the ideals of humanity, is a benefactor, and the satisfaction which he may derive from a popular admiration of his genius will inspire him. Fairs, gardens and galleries devoted to specialties serve purposes. But a broader scope of enlightenment, a wider range of possibilities, more clearly defined views of the relations of the various lines of industry, are illustrated by the aggregation of allied and dissimilar products. It is instruction that is invaluable and could not be made popularly available in any other way.

It is doubtless unnecessary to commend an enterprise of this nature to the people whom it is designed

to benefit. A generous support and concerted and harmonious action in securing the very best exhibition the resources of this region will warrant, are elements too obviously necessary for a complete success to need urging here. No passively good exposition will at all meet the requirements of the case. It must be a rousing success or it will belittle the vast interests of the country and be a libel on the enlightened progress of the age. The conditions are ripe for the success of so magnificent an exponent of the industrial interests of this New Dominion. The North Pacific Industrial Association exists in response to a demand that is appreciated by the promoters of the project, but the plan of action is designed to lead in advancing material development and to inspire new zeal toward perfection, as well as to be an index of what already exists. It is not calculated to be a merely passive institution. It is expected to be an active and potent influence in directing the energies of the people and in concentrating scattered forces. Industry is not all that is desirable; the proper application of means to the end in view is of almost equal importance, and to have a well defined notion of what may be accomplished is of great aid in the achievement of success. An aggregation of varied wares of the highest grade of excellence, of the finest products of the soil, of the purest-bred stock, of the most perfect appliances for utilizing economically the many materials in all forms of service, affords a comprehensive view that can scarcely fail of being useful in every branch of honest labor. The results of all great expositions testify to their value in elevating the popular standard and promoting the highest interests of society. It is safe to look for very pronounced similar results here.

Another direct result of the North Pacific Industrial Exposition, and one too important to be ignored, is the influence it will exert in bringing strangers from abroad to see what the Northwest will exhibit, and to judge of its capabilities by the impressions received from the display that is made here. "Nothing succeeds like success." The very appearance of prosperity which must pervade every feature of the work will induce strangers to examine the basis on which it rests. The steady accretion of wealth in this way will produce a marked growth, and when coöperating with other favorable influences this can hardly be overestimated. In no other way can this region be so favorably and forcibly brought to the notice of the whole country. The feature of permanence which is suggested in connection with the exhibition will give it additional value to the several localities which have representation in the exhibit.

The arrangements for the specific purposes of a large and thoroughly representative exposition are

elaborate. The capacity of the building will be enormous. Ample provision will be made in the way of comfortable seating, good music and pleasing entertainment, so that the patrons of the institution can enjoy their visits. The site selected is a pleasant one, and is peculiarly adapted to the purposes of the exposition as contemplated in the plans. The light and ventilation will be good, the halls will be cool and spacious. Transportation lines will cooperate in making it convenient for thousands of people to attend the largest industrial exposition ever attempted on the Pacific slope. The people of Portland and the whole Northwest will subserve their best interests by lending their influence to the promotion of this exposition under the auspices of the North Pacific Industrial Association. The Northwest is to indicate what it can do by exhibiting what it has already accomplished, therefore let the exhibition be a representative one.

YAMHILL'S NEW COUNTY SEAT.

YAMHILL county is one of the richest in the Garden of Oregon. It is the most productive of fruits of any region in the state, and the farmers are making fruit raising the leading branch of agriculture in the sub-valleys and on the hillsides. The capital of Yamhill county is McMinnville, a city having a population of from fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred souls, and located in the east central part of the county, near a branch of the Yamhill river, and on the line of the Oregon & California railway. It may truly be said to be a growing town. By a vote of the people of the county last fall, it was determined to remove the county seat from Lafayette to McMinnville, and that alone gives an impetus to business enterprises. But the change, which is gradually taking place, from almost exclusive grain growing, in which the farmers of that immediate region were engaged, to fruit raising, dairying and diversified farming, is awakening a spirit of independence and enterprise, that is rapidly making its impress on the character and growth of the city. Among the more important improvements now in progress, are a court house, to cost \$45,000.00, a public school building, to cost \$10,000.00, and a flouring mill, to cost \$13,000 furnished with machinery, all of which will be finished this season. The Southern Methodist congregation also contemplates erecting a handsome church edifice. The work of removing the public records is expected to be completed by the end of the year, and the official county business will, beginning with the commencement of 1889, be transacted at McMinnville, with ample accommodations for a generous and wholesome development for years to come.

The first settler at McMinnville was W. T. Newby, who came from Tennessee in 1842 and located on the claim where he laid out the city and named it in honor of Governor McMinn, of that state. The first house was built in 1851. The city's growth since that time has been steady. The development of the country and a healthy spirit of rivalry between the towns in the valley surrounded by kindred circumstances, contributed to the constant progress of McMinnville, as well as the rival settlements. The growth has been especially marked since the advent of the railroad, in 1872. Among the principal business establishments now in the city, are two national banks, with a combined capital of \$100,000.00, three good hotels, three large and well-stocked livery stables, a sash and door factory, a furniture factory, a foundry, a brewery and a distillery. The city has two newspapers, both of which are issued semi-weekly. A college under the control of the Baptist denomination is well equipped and doing excellent work in the line of higher education. The public schools of the city employ five teachers. There are, at present, six church edifices, all of them of neat and pleasant appearance and well patronized. A volunteer fire department is in good organization. A number of civil and benevolent societies are in flourishing condition, the Masons, Odd Fellows and Grange each owning fine business buildings. The project of securing a system of water works for the city, the supply to be obtained from springs in the mountains near by, is being agitated and is among the probabilities of the near future. Sufficient examination has been made to ascertain that the enterprise is entirely feasible, and engineers' estimates of the cost place the expense at \$30,000.00. The streets are in good condition and cross each other at right angles. The town is very pleasantly laid out and built up, and the numerous fine residences and business and public buildings give it the appearance of a metropolitan city.

A quarter of a million bushels of wheat are annually marketed in McMinnville. As the fruit growing interests of the tributary country are coming to be of prime importance, the business men are looking to the establishment of canning and fruit drying institutions, which would be profitable enterprises. Cheese factories and creameries are also among the needs of the locality, to encourage and organize more systematically the dairying interests. Mills to manufacture the wool product are offered inducements here. At the present stage of the development of the county, McMinnville is not situated suitably for exclusive devotion to any single interest. It is a flourishing city located in the heart of a section having rich and varied agricultural resources, and in its prosperity the cosmopolitan character of its people and its diversity

of industries combine for development and wealth. A considerable tide of immigration has lately been turned toward Yamhill county, and rapid progress must result from the more general settlement and the introduction of improved methods of work.

THE TOWN OF HILLSBORO.

THE seat of government of Washington county, Oregon, is Hillsboro, a pleasant town of between eight hundred and nine hundred inhabitants, situated near the Tualatin river, in the central part of the county. It was among the earliest settled of the towns of the Willamette valley, and for a number of years it was the chief settlement on the west side of the river. It is an inland town, however, and when the business of the country demanded some point more favorably located for the concentration of vast commercial interests, Portland outgrew her sister settlement, as well as all others of the Northwest. But the wealth on which the prosperity of the commonwealth depends is in the country communities, and the ones most advantageously situated are those which have the resources required for the support of large cities, and are most directly connected with their market. A section of country may be rich, and even populous, without having any grand cities to boast of. But to have access to well established and extensive marts, is an advantage by no means to be disregarded. One of the chief auxiliaries that contribute to the importance of Washington county is its location with reference to the metropolis, Portland. As the Washington county seat, Hillsboro occupies a position of advantage.

The site of Hillsboro is a plain, in the midst of a prosperous farming community. It is on the Oregon & California railway, twenty miles west of Portland. The Tualatin river, which flows near the town, was navigated previous to the building of the railroad, but since then it has fallen into disuse, though it ever stands with the force of a competitor to influence transportation rates. In manufactories Hillsboro has a creamery, a furniture factory, two saw mills just outside the corporation limits, a brick kiln, flouring mill, oat meal mill, custom grist mill, and numerous smaller shops, which do more or less manufacturing. The erection of a public school building, to cost about \$10,000.00, is contemplated, and preparations are being made for its construction next season. There are five church organizations in the town, four of which own property. There are lodges of Masons, Odd Fellows and Knights of Labor, an agricultural society, a grange and a military company. The principal streets are planked and kept in good condition. Brick build-

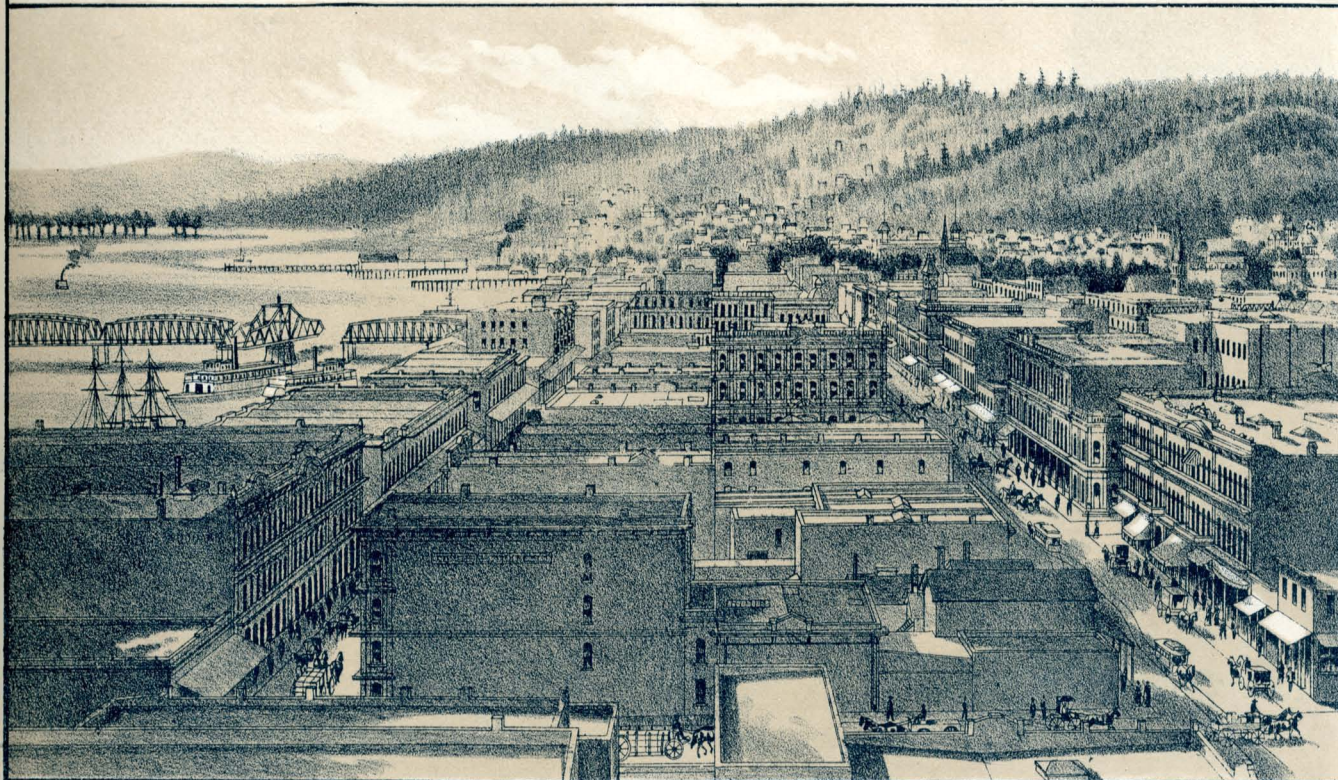
ings are coming into vogue, and several of neat architectural design have been constructed, and others are projected. The town has one newspaper, *The Independent*, which is a live weekly publication.

Excellent water is obtained at a depth of from sixteen to twenty feet, through a clayey soil. Owing to the porousness of the soil, Mr. Rucker has advocated for some time a plan of drainage, which is now being adopted by the town government, to prevent the contamination of the water supply by pollutions from the surface. A system of dry earth closets is also strongly advocated to assist in preserving the pure water. Mr. Rucker has both of these enterprises in practical operation, and they are demonstrated to be successful, and peculiarly desirable in view of the nature of the soil there.

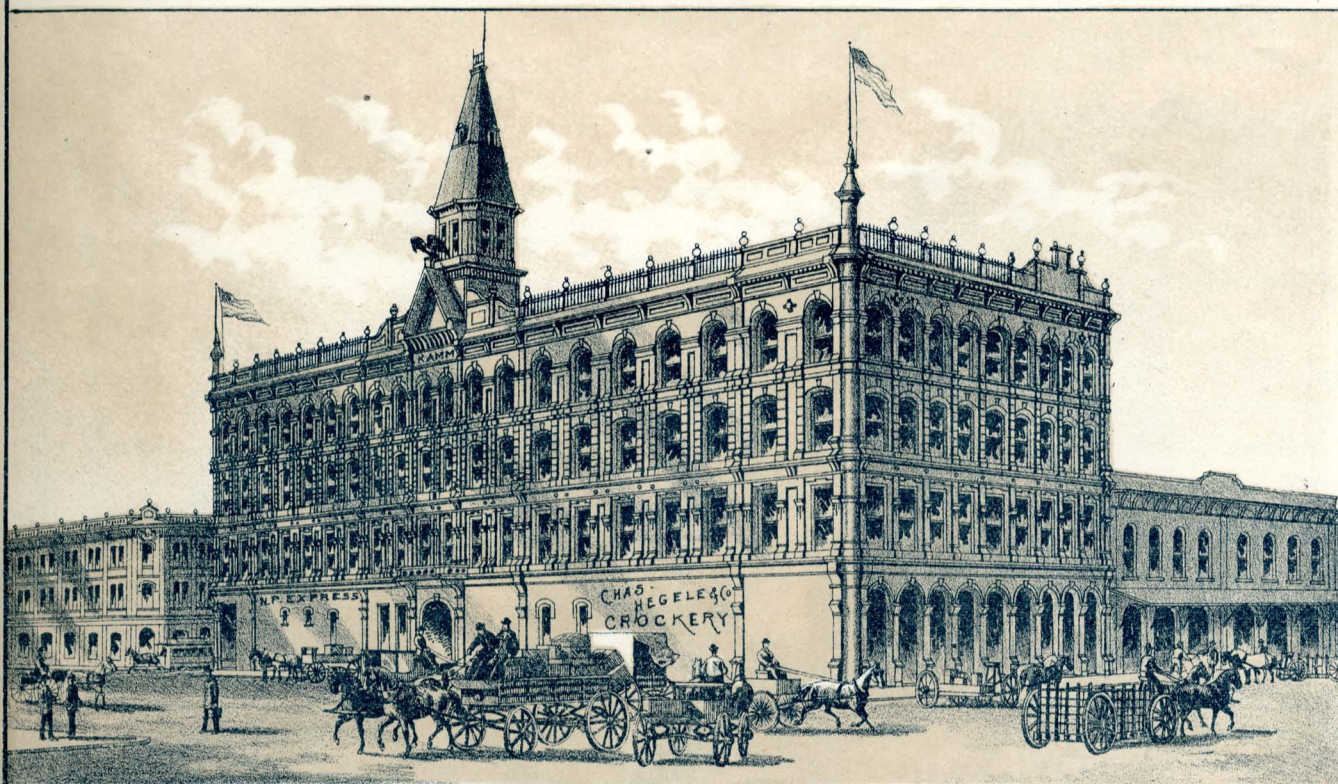
Hillsboro has recently taken a new start in growth. The advancement made during the past year is greater than for any two previous years, and the improvement continues. Real estate transactions in the county are gaining in activity, and general business operations are assuming a more positive tone than formerly existed. A canning and fruit drying establishment is numbered among the most imperative needs of the locality at present. The necessity for a local bank has been recognized, and arrangements are now in progress for the establishment of such an institution. At the present rate of advancement of Oregon, and especially this part of it, Hillsboro will, before many years have passed, be a thriving suburb of the metropolis. The drive through the country to Hillsboro now is one which entices many to partake of the pleasure it affords. The independent inducements which the town offers for the prosecution of various industrial enterprises are important, and when considered with reference to the capabilities of the surrounding country and the demands for the products of energies intelligently directed and expended, Hillsboro offers an attractive field for investments. Engineers are now considering the question of extending a branch line of railway from the Oregon & California, at Hillsboro, to some recently discovered coal mines in the northwestern part of the county, and on to Astoria, and this scheme gives an additional interest to the prospective junction.

CHEHALEM VALLEY DAIRYING.

IN traveling through the agricultural sections of Oregon, the husbandman from the East is impressed with the exceptionally favorable conditions for dairy farming which exist in many localities. If he dismisses the subject from his mind with the thought that the expense of marketing the product

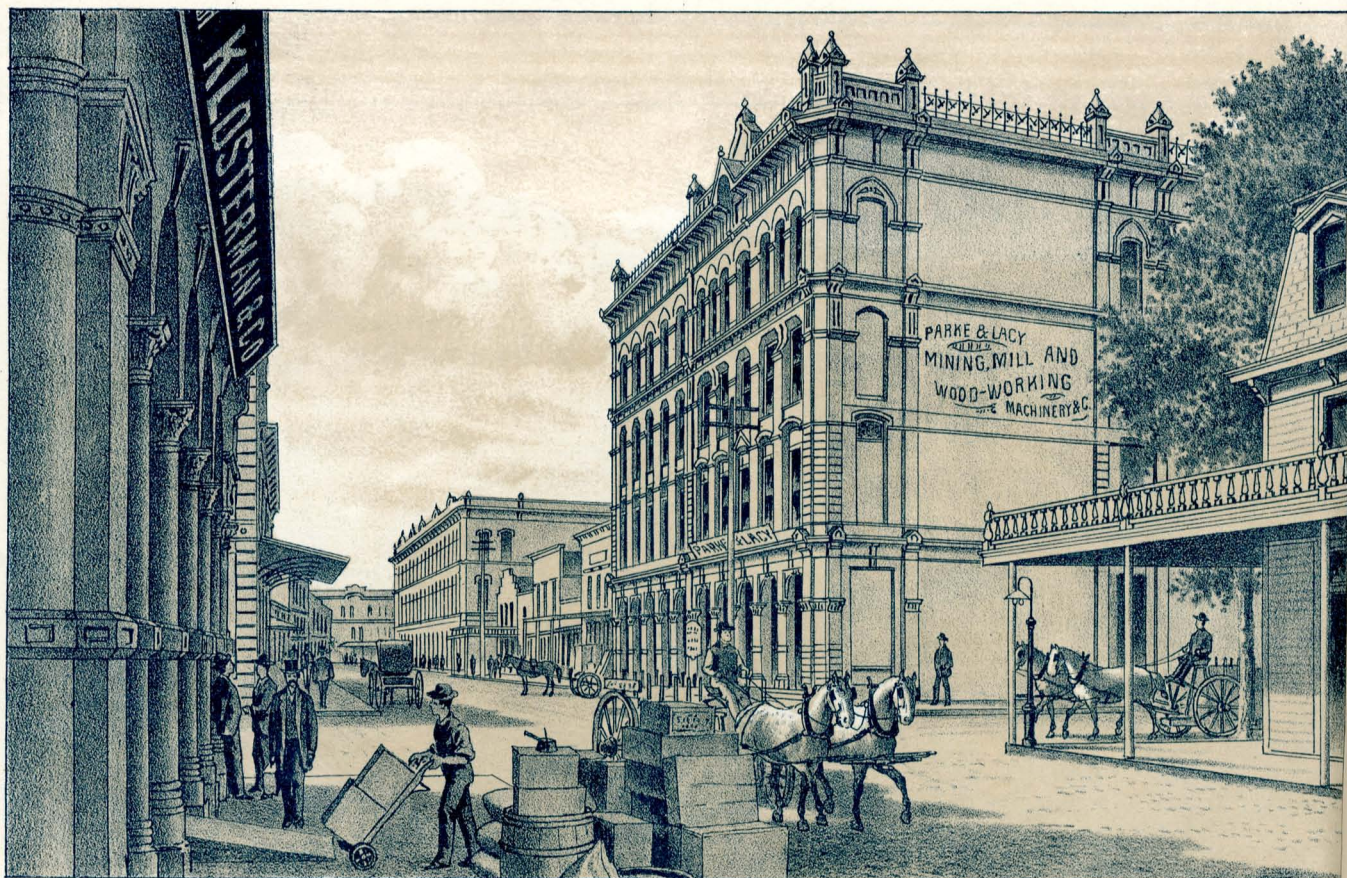


VIEW FROM THE KAMM TOWER,



KAMM'S BUILDING,

PORTLAND, OREGON.



NORTH FRONT ST. SOUTH FROM G.



FRONT ST. NORTH FROM YAMHILL.
PORTLAND, OREGON.

and the low prices for it probably make this industry unprofitable in the far west, he will be readily undeceived on reaching a mart and finding that there is a greedy market right in our own country, and that the prices range from thirty to fifty cents per pound, and even higher. It is true that much of the butter consumed here is not of that weak, characterless sort which graces the best eastern markets. Here it is often a strong and vigorous article and full of character. Possibly this accounts for the difference in the market price of the butter product between the east and the west. It must be admitted, however, that the butter from the east which is consumed in Oregon is better than that shipped in from some parts of California, and most of it is better than is deserved by a community that has not improved the magnificent opportunities for producing its own supply of the article. A change, though, is being wrought in this matter. A new era in farm management is quietly being inaugurated, and the dairying interests are gradually coming into prominence. In the localities which have been newly built up by immigration from the east the dairy business is accorded the most attention. In the Chehalem valley, in Yamhill county, the production of choice grades of butter and cheese is a recognized business, and Newberg is the center of a valley that is giving the dairy interests of the state a commendable example to follow. The farmers are giving attention to securing choice and profitable grades of stock as the first step in taking advantage of the conditions that are waiting to be utilized. The pasture lands are abundant and the expense of wintering stock is nominal, so that with the proper animals, reasonable care and skill in attending to the milk, cream, butter and cheese, and a common-sense supervision of the whole, dairying can not fail to produce gratifying results. The valley has an area of only about fifty square miles, but every foot of it is arable land of unusual richness. The grasses that are indigenous to the soil include a marvelous number of varieties that are useful for cattle food. The climate is favorable for dairying, and as choice products can be made here as anywhere. The facilities for transporting to market are of the best, and the market for dairy products is unsurpassed. At present, Iowa and Minnesota and other eastern states furnish much of the butter and cheese used in Oregon and Washington Territory. If the farmers of those far distant states can afford to produce these articles under more unfavorable conditions than exist here, and then transport them two thousand miles or more to market, Oregon farmers certainly neglect a very lucrative field when they fail to seize the opportunities that lie at their doors. They are coming to a realizing sense of this fact now, and it will not be

long before the state butters its own bread; and the Chehalem valley is leading in this improvement, though it has by no means yet entirely developed its own territory.

SOME ATTRACTIONS OF FOREST GROVE.

WHEN President Hayes was on his western tour, in 1880, he pronounced Forest Grove the prettiest place he had seen in Oregon. Of course, he had not inspected all parts of the state, nor may his judgment be infallible, but this is enough to indicate that the location is one of more than usual natural beauty, and that the town impresses the stranger with a sense of its enlightened and homelike pleasantness. It is situated a little distance from the track of the West Side division of the Oregon & California railway, about twenty-six miles west of Portland. The site is a tract of gently undulating land, and the center of the town is on the highest ground.

Perhaps the best known of the institutions of Forest Grove is the Pacific University, which is, with one exception, the oldest college in the state of Oregon. It was started while Oregon was under a provisional government. With a steady growth, and by improving such opportunities as were afforded for enlargement, this institution has become an important one in the development of the northwest, and it is on a substantial footing for future prosperity.

While the location of Forest Grove is such as to make it inviting for business enterprises of various kinds, its sylvan beauty and peaceful surroundings render it preëminently attractive as a place of residence. It is sufficiently elevated to permit a charming view of the contiguous territory and the mountain ranges and peaks in the distance. Several miles to the westward are the foothills rolling back to the Coast range, while to the eastward spread out the fertile Tualatin plains, and in the distance Mount Hood and the Cascades loom into view. Gales creek, a clear mountain stream, skirts the southwest limit of the town, and empties into the Gaston river a few miles distant. The natural drainage of the town is perfect. The salubrious climate, made so, in part, by the protection afforded by mountain ranges on either side, as well as the general characteristics of the country, is a powerful attraction, especially when surroundings are so delightful as are found here. The citizens are public spirited and earnest in their efforts for advancement. The social tone is high, without being stilted. The influence exerted by the university is very noticeable here, and the action of the people in general is in unison with the best sentiments of the community. There is not a saloon in the town. Schools and churches are in a flourishing condition.

To keep busy at some useful employment is evidently the rule governing the actions of the citizens, and the result is manifest in the general appearance of the town. The volume of business transacted is comparatively large, for the country around Forest Grove is well settled with industrious farmers, whose patronage is, in the aggregate, important. More business activity is apparent now than ever before in the history of the town.

The steady flow of people and money to Portland gives promise of its overflowing its own bounds, as other large cities have done, and such beautiful locations as Forest Grove must come into prominence as suburban residence towns. The railroad furnishes a rapid and convenient means of travel, and people confined to the grind of business in the city can find, in a pleasant suburban home, the relaxation and freedom from the oppressive restraint of metropolitan customs, which is conducive to the full enjoyment of the blessings of life. The ride to and from business would be a short and very pleasant one through some of the fine scenery for which the Pacific coast is noted, and through woodland and prairie, where the abundant fruits of the toil of man, with evidences that he has not yet subjugated all available domain, are visible on every hand. So cozy a nook as Forest Grove is a gem that would be esteemed in any land where enlightened people dwell.

LINN COUNTY, OREGON.

LINN county, Oregon, is situated in the center of the Willamette valley, on the east side of the river. It is about forty miles across the county from north to south boundaries, and the distance from the Willamette river, which forms its western line, to the eastern boundary is about seventy miles. The area is about twenty-four hundred square miles. As the eastern boundary line is the crest of the Cascade mountains, a considerable portion of the eastern part of the county is occupied by the foothills of those mountains and the range itself. The western part of the county, for a distance of twelve to twenty miles east of the river, is level prairie land, having but little timber, except along the streams which rise in the mountains and flow to the Willamette. In the central part of the county there is an abundance of the finest timber, white, yellow and red fir, cedar, pine, alder, oak, etc. The South Santiam river flows through the west-central part of Linn county, and along its banks, as well as on many of the smaller streams that traverse the section, are farming lands of remarkable fertility, and the proximity of the timber, with the convenience of grazing lands, makes these tracts

particularly desirable for farms to be used for general purposes of agriculture, rather than the prosecution of a single branch on an extensive scale. Thomas creek and Crabtree creek, the Calipooia and other streams are lined with land of this sort, admirable for small farms. The country is already quite well settled, good roads have been opened to travel and reliable markets for all the products of the farm are within easy reach. Schools and churches are distributed over the county. The temperature is mild, rainfall moderate, and the climate is healthful and pleasant.

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

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

tions for their advancement and to secure their interests.

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

Albany is the county seat and the principal city of that section, and for this reason it has an especially attractive location for manufactories which rely prin-

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

A MOUNTAIN TRAGEDY.

Where the mountains lift their snowy brows,
 To the touch of the wild sea wind,
 Where the sun, as it sinks where the great river dies,
 Leaves a rose-bloom tint behind
 On the glistening peaks, and throws darker shade
 'Neath the tall, grim pines in each woodland glade—
 Under a tree, moss-bearded and old,
 Is a grave that no hand hath made,
 But over the bones that the coyotes left
 The leaves have a coverlet laid;
 The mountain ivy clings to the ground
 And grows under and over and round and round.
 In the misty past, 'neath these forest shades,
 From a bed of the frosty sod,
 Unbidden, a soul passed over the gulf
 To the judgment bar of its God.
 Perchance, in the moss curtain, dank with dew,
 Is a ragged rent where an arrow came through.
 The wild deer bounded into the brake,
 After him followed the doe,
 A cry rang out on the startled night,
 And on the white breadth of the snow
 Was a darker tint than it e'er had known,
 From the colors of sunset upon it thrown.
 But no tradition the tale has told,
 And deaf are our mortal ears
 To the wild, weird stories ever sung
 By the ghosts of the vanished years,
 As the long, dark aisles on the mountain's side
 Echo the sound of the surging tide.

MAUDE SUTTON.

"SISS."

THE sun had sunk behind the western hills a half hour or more and the shadows were fast darkening the river bottoms of the Ninnescah, away out on the plains of Western Kansas, on this balmy March evening. It was spring there, a late spring, too, for the winter had been unusually long, though not severe, and there was a freshness and exhilaration in the air that seemed contagious to both man and beast. The bottoms resounded with the croak of a million frogs concealed in the ponds and pools by the sandy, river wayside, the katy-did adding its sharp, shrill note to the general medley, and here and there the bright, sudden light of the "fire bug" deluded some weary, expectant traveler with a phantom of home and rest. From far away—so far that they seemed like on a distant shore—came the low, plaintive bleating of sheep, and the sweet, melancholy tinkling of bells, as the cows, one by one, wound their way up from the river banks to their corral. The sound of human voices could occasionally be heard, now near, now distant, as the breeze raised or lowered, and snatches of a song, a loud laugh, the miserable rasp of a violin and the loud wailing and barking of dogs were borne on the air. Here and there a light appeared at a farm house window, or danced and whirled through a yard, or in and out of a barn or shed, and soon, one by one, the blinking, twinkling little stars of night broke through the firmament above.

It was a warm, calm evening. So thought Old John Whitson—when he could think at all and his oxen gave him a moment's peace—as he trudged along the road, now within a few rods of home, lash in hand, goading on his slow, obstinate charge attached to an empty hay rack. There was something on the old man's mind this evening, however, besides spring and garden seeds, for he was muttering to himself almost constantly, and emphasized an occasional passage in his oratory with such savage blows of his lash against the flanks of his beasts that they actually got into a middling fair trot, an event quite unusual with them. But there was no need of this, for with a sudden mad plunge they turned the corner of the lane leading up to the barnyard, and never ceased their zig-zag run until they reached the pump in the yard, where they stopped as suddenly, and appeared as weak and gentle as lambs. When Old John caught up, which he did a moment later, all out of breath, he gave each a sharp cut with his lash as a reward of merit for their future good behavior, and proceeded to unyoke them. But before he had half finished he suddenly remembered his groceries on the wagon, dropped all further charge of the work to one of his sons, just then coming up to help him, and

busied himself in ascertaining how he stood in number and condition with his purchases. By the time he had groped all over his wagon for each of these, counted them carefully, one by one, and inspected them critically by touch and smell to discover if they were all there properly, he was called to supper by Siss, from the open door.

Siss was his only daughter, a magnificent specimen of womanhood, tall, well proportioned, with a profusion of jet black hair curled up in a knot at the back of her head, intensely coal-black eyes which sparkled like diamonds, a full, smooth, white face with long eyelashes, and a mouth irresistably bewitching, though firm. Although only a trifle past eighteen, her age might readily be taken for twenty-five, as her development was fully in accordance with such a reckoning. There was only one point of resemblance between her and her father, and that was her desperate obstinacy of character. If she once made up her mind to a certain line of thought or mode of action, no power on earth could move her to adopt another. But there was a redeeming feature about this not common to both, inasmuch that the daughter's intelligence and judgment were immensely greater, more reliable and intuitively true, and she was slower in forming an opinion or conforming to a mode of action new to her. Much of her gentleness and refinement of manner she inherited from her mother, a woman of culture, who married much below her station in life a man who yet struggled with his alphabet and who could write no more than his own name.

"Siss" was a misnomer. It was not her real name. Her true name was Agnes, but from childhood she had been nicknamed "Siss" by her father, and as such gradually became known to the family and her friends. In derision of her precocious development Old John had given her this name early, and persisted in it now more from downright obstinacy than anything else, for in secret John Whitson loved his daughter more than his selfish nature would admit—more, in fact, than he fully realized himself. It was Siss here and Siss there, all day long, for this and for that; no one could do so well as Siss, from holding a board while he nailed it, to coaxing a refractory cow while he milked. To be without Siss one day in the Whitson homestead would have nearly bankrupted it. No one knew this better than John Whitson himself, in the grave manner of deductions usual to him, but his one great failing got the better of him in this respect as well as in others, and he would never allow himself to acknowledge it.

As he sat at the supper table that evening with downcast eyes and in utter silence, eating slowly and deliberately, reaching here and there as one in a

dream, there was no member of the household, from the youngest up, but knew full well that a storm was brewing which would sooner or later break upon them all. With him, as with nature, the silence was ominous, and betokened anything but the peaceful calm it indicated. No one, therefore, desired to disturb him, and for fear of hastening the impending outburst, all carefully avoided any noise, frolic, word or suggestion that would in any way tend to break the spell. There was no use, however; it was bound to come. The first low mutterings escaped him as he lighted his pipe and tilted his chair back against the window sill for more comfortable support, with his arms over his head.

"Why don't ye ask me how I made out in town? 'Pears ye're all mighty innercent ternight."

This was directed to his wife, who sat in a rocking chair nearly opposite, by the open door, mending a pair of blue jeans for one of the boys. Siss was engaged in washing the dishes, and the boys had all quietly disappeared from the house, on various pretended errands about the yard and barn.

"We are just as much interested as you, John, but you appeared so sullen and moody that we all concluded, I guess, to await your own time," replied his wife.

"I reckon 't would make anybody moody and sulkin'," resumed the old man, now fully under way with a reasonable pretext to vent his spleen, "ef ye hed to deal with them critters an' thet blamed money business. Thet hay'd never got to town ef thet devilish ole off ox'd hed his way this mornin', fur we hedn't more 'an half crossed th' ford, when he slid over on th' quicksan', an' I hed to git down in th' water an' hold 'im up by the chains till Joe Thompson come along an' gimme a lift."

Here he knocked the ashes from his pipe, placed the old black clay smoker carefully in his coat pocket, and taking a long, searching look at Siss, who had finished her work and was now reading a long letter which he had brought with him for her from the post office. Receiving no response he assayed again.

"Thet morgige was ready fur foreclosin' this mornin'. Th' jedge said he wouldn't wait on me 'nother day, so who was it hed to hussel all over thet town, sarchin' fer some one tu go my bail fer ninety days more, but me? An' ef it hedn't been fer Tom Sykes, we'd not hed a home long. Tom Sykes es a perfect gentleman, he es, an' kind o' struck on Siss, I reckon, from hes talkin'. He told me tu tell her he'd be aroun' this evenin' on hes way home, an' he'd expect a little better treatment from her than he got t'other night."

This was a point in the one sided conversation that evidently demanded some reply from Siss, who

now looked up from her letter for the first time, with a suggestive glitter in her eyes. The blood surged into her face in great volumes, and then it became fairly livid from suppressed emotions of anger and hate; anger at her father for persisting in demanding compromising attentions from her for this detestible suitor, and hate for the brazen effrontery the young man exhibited in so boldly and persistently thrusting himself forward, when he certainly knew his mission was vain, if he was capable of comprehending anything at all.

"Father," she at length managed to reply, "what do you mean? Mr. Sykes was treated as a gentleman the other night, as he will be again, should he see fit to call; but that I would accept any attentions from him, other than in a social way, would be wholly out of the question, as you well know."

This was just the spark John Whitson had been looking for. He seized it immediately with avidity and kindled himself into a perfect blaze of indignation.

"Ye sassy, imperdent thing, ye!" he fairly shouted. "D'ye mean to buck up agin yer old father in thet way, arter all he's done fer ye these many years? I reckon ye've still got some notions on thet pert chipmunk o' yorn out in Colorado. He'll never do ye any good, fer he ain't got any sand worth a pinch o' salt. Didn't I know hes father long afore yer were born; an' what did he 'mount to? Not a cuss. He lived high out thar 'n Indiana, an' put on lots o' style, he did; lived in a big, fine house, an' people thought he was worth lots—so big a lawyer as he was reckoned to be—but arter he was buried people foun' out, they did, thet thar wasn't money enough left to pay fur his grave-close, an' his property all went to pieces, et did."

"But, father," said Siss, "that has nothing to do with his son, has it?"

"Et hasn't, hasn't et?" he retorted. "Do figs come f'm thistles? Don't th' scriptur' say thet can't be? Now, I'll tell ye what, Siss, Tom Sykes is jest worth a hull county o' them Burleighs. Whut's th' matter o' Tom Sykes, anyhow, thet ye be down on 'im so? Ain't 'e worth more 'an anyone else aroun' these parts? Ain't 'e young nuff, nur good lookin' nuff, nur smart nuff? Then trot out his ekal, I say! Look et 'is horses an' cattle an' hogs! Look et th' acres an' acres o' th' best river bottoms here 'bouts, an' they all b'long to Tom Sykes! Whut more d'ye want? Th' airth, eh? Ain't he done lots fer yer pore ole father—lent 'im money, bailed 'im, an' help'd 'im out o' lots o' tight places? An' he'll do more, Tom Sykes will, more'n ye know of."

"That may all be, father," again asserted his daughter, now endeavoring to pacify him. "It's

very good in Mr. Sykes, I'm sure. We all appreciate it, I know; no one can be more truly grateful for these many acts of kindness on his part than I; but there the matter should end, I think. He has no more right to thrust his obnoxious attentions upon me—nor you to force me to accept them—than he would have to rob me, or you to kill me. Besides, he drinks; is too free and easy with himself as well as with others; is not the style of man I admire or have a proper respect for; and I think if he had a proper respect for himself he would let me alone, and pay his attentions elsewhere."

This, however, had just the opposite effect from what was intended, for Old John flew into a towering rage, and struck the little pine table a savage blow with his clenched fist, as he delivered himself of the following—

"So thet's th' way y're goin' to treat yer old father, ye sassy jade, ye! I'll show ye, though. I'll give ye smethin' else to think about from now on. I'll jest give ye a week to git ready fer yer marriage to Tom Sykes, countin' to-day, an' yer mother'll go to town on Saturday, to buy yer weddin' goods, which be already paid fer in th' best store in town by Tom Sykes. Ye jest take whut ye want—the whole store ef ye like—an' it'll be all right with him. But marry Tom Sykes ye must an' will, er—"

The conclusion was suddenly interrupted by a loud "hello!" in the yard, repeated a moment later with a dreadful oath, and as Old John Whitson went out with bared head, shading his eyes with his hand, he saw a two-horse buggy with its top down, standing in the yard, some distance from the road leading to the creek. Before he recognized the driver, however, or could get close enough to accost him, he was greeted by the familiar voice of Tom Sykes with—

"Hello, you—you're there! Where'm I? Seems to me I must have traveled forty miles to reach you, stranger."

His surprise was still greater and unfeigned when he recognized the form of Whitson, and he braced up with a sudden vigor amusing to one knowing his "boozy" condition—jerked himself together from the side of his buggy, gave his stiff hat a trifle more elevation, and endeavored to appear as sober as a judge. The shock he received at his alarming mistake had the undoubted effect of sobering him, for he realized his condition most acutely.

"Well, well!" he managed to ejaculate as Whitson advanced to the buggy. "I didn't know one could get so lost. It is only half a mile from here to the corner of Rimert's stubble-field, and do you know, I passed that stubble-field a dozen times to-night before I could get away from it. I was three hours, I am sure, in coming that half mile to your place."

"Won't ye come in?"

"No, thanks, Mr. Whitson, I'll not get out to-night. By the way, how's the ford across the creek since the rain? I'm not so certain of my way, and I'm a little afraid of quicksand, which may have been washed farther in. Suppose you let one of your boys here mount Texas and ride ahead until I get across the creek safely, and I will be much obliged, Mr. Whitson."

And this was done. When the rattling of the buggy and trot of the horses could no longer be heard, and then only, did the man enter the house. It was not, however, with the feeling that he had departed, for he, too, had received a shock, in some manner, that had subdued him wonderfully. He offered no word of explanation of the affair on the outside, further than that Sykes had lost his way and desired one of the boys to accompany him across the creek horseback, to point out the way, on account of the treacherous sand. He missed Siss immediately, however, and inquired at once what had become of her. Being assured that she had gone up stairs to bed, he felt more relieved, as was evinced by the manner of his speech. He sat a little while by the table, talking to his wife, but on no matters referring to this quarrel with his daughter, and soon also retired; not, however, before ascertaining from his wife that the letter which Siss had received that evening was from Fred Burleigh, and that it contained the most flattering accounts of the young man's prospects and fortunate speculations in real estate in the new and thriving town in which he located to practice his profession—law.

Long before daylight the next morning the old man was up, tinkering about the stable and harnessing the horses for the day's work. He ate his breakfast by lamplight, and just as the first gray streaks were stealing across the heavens, he struck the road leading up the creek, with a plow in his wagon. He was going to the widow Smith's to do a day's plowing on her truck patch. He had known the widow when a mere child, away back in Indiana, years and years ago it seemed to him occasionally as he came to reflect on these past events, when she played with her dolls by the old log school house door, as he trudged along with his father after the plow in the fields beyond. Later on, before he became acquainted with his present spouse, rumor had it in those sparse backwoods settlements, that John Whitson bore more than a passing regard for pretty Sally Jones, as, indeed, deep down in the old man's stern and rugged heart, he did to this day. He could take more "sass," as he termed it, from the widow than from any human species. She was always "sassy" and "pert" with

Old John, and gave him many moral lessons on his excessive irritability and inhuman obstinacy, in her bewitching, magic way, peculiar to her, not apparent to him, nor very much so, indeed, to any one else, that did the old man an immense amount of good.

She was an independent little creature, the widow was, whose independence was backed up by a showy, comfortable home, without a dollar's incumbrance, a well stocked farm and as good a quarter section of land as any of her neighbors. Add to this the fact that she had a thousand or two on high rates of interest, all derived from an insurance which her husband carried on his life at the time of his death, she owed no man anything, and could well afford to be "sassy" and "pert."

All but this truck patch was rented out yearly to tenants—stock, machinery and all—for never having had children of her own, she awaited the harvest at leisure, without aiding or directing any of the sowing or reaping. The plowing of this truck patch Whitson was indebted for, and it was for the purpose of fulfilling this obligation that he now drove into the yard, among the old and gnarled cottonwoods, and unhitched his team prior to harnessing them to the plow.

The widow saluted him pleasantly with a "good-morning" from the open kitchen door, from which a fragrance issued that tickled the nostrils of the old man to a whiff of infinite satisfaction, for next to her superior needle work, the widow undoubtedly bore off the palm in those parts for good cooking. It was not until high noon, however, after the delicious repast had been finished, and Old John sat on a chair smoking his pipe by the kitchen window, and the widow lounged comfortably against the open door, that she tackled John Whitson on the subject of his daughter. The moment she spoke he knew he was in for it now, and as holding his own with the widow was a thing undreamt of by him, he simply bit his pipe more firmly and bore it all with a grin, and a far away look that indicated anything but his presence before the broadsides that were now pleasantly poured into him.

"And so you are going to have a wedding at your house, I understand, a one-sided wedding. I gave you credit for more sense, John Whitson, than to suppose you thought you could force such a sensible, intelligent girl as Siss is, as you would a brute—one of your oxen. Don't you know some one else besides yourself may have likes and dislikes; may have affections that can not just be accounted for precisely, or be bribed with a sugar plum or a new calico dress? Don't I know the time when you were in the same fix? And for any one to have taken it on himself to have sold out your affections to some one else you had no interest in, for so much a pound, would exactly

have suited you, perhaps, would it? And you would have kicked worse than a bay steer. Just take that home to you, John Whitson, and put yourself in your raw-hide shoes when your affections were worth considerably more than they are now. I know more about Tom Sykes than you would ever care to find out. Don't I know about his drunken debaucheries, his loathsome diseases, his nightly orgies with all kinds of lewd women on his own ranch? And let me tell you, John Whitson, he's not one-sixteenth as rich as you think he is, for I know that he has more notes out now than would bankrupt four such men as Tom Sykes, as only a little time will show."

Just how much more the widow would have poured into his unwelcome ears will never be learned, for all discourse was suddenly interrupted by one of his horses, whose hitch-strap had become untied in some way, and the brute was now walking slowly down the lane, evidently bent on returning home. To head him off, secure him by the strap and lead him back was but the work of a moment, but it gave John Whitson an excellent opportunity to escape all further persecutions by gearing up for his work again.

His work was a drag on him, however, the balance of the afternoon. His heart felt heavier than it had for many a year; he was extremely unhappy, yet he did not know precisely what ailed him. He felt so uncomfortable in his mind. He couldn't shake this queer, dull feeling off; for in spite of all he could think of to the contrary, the widow's scathing rebuke still filled his ears and gave him no peace. They were true, undeniably true, every word, and thrust upon him in a manner he could not avoid nor fail to see the justice of. They stuck in his mind like the sand burrs on his own clothing, and they pained with the piercing conviction of truth.

For the first time in his long life, perhaps, John Whitson was subdued by his own obstinacy. He felt sick of it; and if he could have found an avenue of escape from it—of backing down and out—without compromising his sternness too much, he would have taken it only too readily. As it was, he purposely retarded his work in order to get home late, when he pleaded a sick headache and went straightway to bed, without supper.

His sleep was not the sleep of the just, by any means, nor his rest such as comes from a light conscience; for he tossed and moaned until near midnight, when he sat up in bed to discover the room lit up almost as light as day. First he thought it was the moon, and then his stable on fire, and he quickly ran to the window to look out; but it was the prairie grass on the bluffs on the opposite bank of the creek, now one sea of flame leaping and shooting into the air, like luminous waves on a storm-tossed coast, wild-

ly sweeping forward with the impulse of a breaker as it surges up on the shore.

It was but the work of a moment to dress, to arouse the boys in the room adjoining, to give them instructions to follow as quickly as possible in the wagon, with buckets, tubs and gunny-sacks, with which to fight the flames, and he saddled Texas and was off.

The fire was not so alarming as it first appeared. It had come up from the south during the night, before a stiff breeze, but was carefully warded off here and there by a road, a strip of breaking or a field of fresh plowing, so that it had done no further damage, so far as could be ascertained, than consume a few hay-stacks and the tall and thickly matted blue stem grass, so abundant. It would check itself as soon as it reached the creek, for the breeze was hardly strong enough to carry it across, besides every precaution was taken against such an event by the many willing hands already engaged in "back-firing" to close its career.

Whitson did not remain long, but assuring himself that everything was comparatively secure, especially his hay in the meadow beyond, he started home, leisurely, and in the dark, for the light was now fast dying out. He was just ascending the last hill, when his attention was attracted to a dark object in the road, by the sudden plunge of the pony, which nearly threw him off, and then stopping stock still. It was either a coyote or a gray wolf, he concluded, and for the purpose of scaring it away, he attempted to dismount. He had reached the ground with his right foot, while his left yet rested in the stirrup, when the wild beast before him again sprang forward, which so frightened the pony—already trembling in every limb—that she went on a mad tear up the hill, Whitson clinging to her neck, with his foot still fastened in the stirrup. It was not long before his grip relaxed and he fell with a heavy thud to the ground. He was dragged in this manner fully a hundred yards, up the yard to the stable door, where the pony stopped, and his foot was released. When he regained his senses, he found he was terribly bruised about the head and back, and he could not move his leg. It was broken a little below the knee, and the bones pierced through the flesh.

It was Siss who first heard his cry; who ran through the yard to the stable door; who picked the old man up tenderly as a child and carried him to the house and laid him gently down on the old-fashioned settee in the sitting room. It was Siss who ran as fast as her nimble feet could carry her, down the road to the creek, her long black hair streaming in the wind, to hurry the boys home and to the doctor. The old man suffered terribly, but bore up nobly,

with a heroism as unexpected as it was consoling. He said but little. He thought, however, that this misfortune was a certain harbinger of his death, and would not accept any other conclusion. When the doctor came with his splints and bandages, he had him placed in bed, put him under the influence of chloroform, and adjusted the fracture. He told the old lady, however, in the kitchen, that the injury was a serious one at the advanced age of the patient, whose health was poor at best, and that the healing process would be slow, if ever perfectly completed. He cautioned her, however, never to let her husband know this, and then departed.

The old man had lain in bed just a week from the day of the accident, when he surprised Siss one morning by requesting her to write to Fred Burleigh at once, begging him to come on as quickly as he could, as he desired to see him on some business matters which could not be delayed long. Siss was his almost constant nurse during all those long, long days, and still longer nights. She slept on a couch near his bed, so that she could answer his every call, attend to his every wish and humor every whim. She read to him, when he desired to have her read at all, from the book of Psalms, which he never seemed to grow weary of, and apparently afforded him so much consolation. It was her gentle hand that could smooth the ruffled pillow best or support his back the most comfortably. She was rarely ever absent from his side.

During all these days of intense suffering, Old John Whitson's whole nature was undergoing wonderful changes. The muscles of his face relaxed; the sternness faded out of his eyes and was supplanted by a tenderness almost feminine. He even smiled occasionally at Siss as she stroked his gray hair or cooled his heated brow.

On the morning of the tenth day the doctor found him in a high fever, and could account for it only on examining his leg, which he found swollen excessively and tinted with a dark brown color over the seat of the fracture. He pronounced it traumatic erysipelas, called in another doctor for consultation, and exhibited great alarm. From that hour Old John Whitson grew rapidly worse, and when Fred Burleigh stood by his bedside that night, with Siss by his side, the shadows of death were fast closing about him. He extended his hand to the noble-looking young man now leaning over him, and said, in slow, measured words—

"I reckon ye'll fergive an ole man now passin' in his last chips. I see et all now; all wrong, all wrong, a muddle from beginnin' tu eend. Treat her well, she be yourn, fer her heart be set in the right place an' her head be level alway'. Maybe I did ye wrong

in buckin' up agin' ye an' yer plans so long, but et be all done now, an' I be sorry fer et. Et may be all fer th' best—who knows?—but et be all done now."

Here there was a sudden stoppage in his speech; he attempted to rise up, as though to cough, fell back again, and the white wings of the Angel of Death glimmered in his face. The soul of Old John Whitson had passed out that moment, on that great tide whose incoming and outgoing no man knows, and whose unfathomable mystery shall not be revealed, the Divine Master has said, until the end of all earth and of all time; until He who fed the Israelites in the desert and rescued them from the Pharaohs; who made the blind to see and restored the dead to life; who assumed the sins of the world and bore the cross for all mankind, shall come again with the glory of a kingdom not born of matter, nor built with blood nor strife, whose peace is eternal and whose laws are as supreme as the Great Being who created them, to bestow on all His true and faithful subjects. God be with you, my friend, when your soul, like the soul of John Whitson, drifts out on the tide to the shores of the unknown and unknowable.

* * * * *

Five years have elapsed since the solemn scene narrated above took place. Fred Burleigh has already served one term in the state legislature and is now entitled to a second by a growing and popular will of the people. He and Siss, with their two little daughters passed the last season in the capital of of their adopted state. The "boys" are farming the old homestead by the Ninnescah, and the mortgage rests on it no longer. The old mother still lives there, a serene and contented life, and Siss and the children rarely neglect to visit her twice a week, when at home, from the neighboring town and county seat, only nine miles distant. Tom Sykes was sold out by the sheriff, lands, stock and all, more than four years ago, and his memory lingers only as a thing of foulness among his former neighbors, and the river bottoms know him no more, for he soon afterward disappeared. The grave of John Whitson, in the garden plot in which he took so much pride, shaded by tall cottonwoods, is the only place that remains unchanged, and it is as green to-day as during the first month of its existence.

CHAS. H. MILLER.

Thoughts and Facts for Women.

BY ADDIE DICKMAN MILLER.

INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

In Seneca Falls, New York, was held the first public meeting toward the equality of men and women in educational, industrial, professional and political affairs. It was to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of this event, that the International Council of Women was called at Washington, D. C., for March 25, 1888. It was made international, because, however nations may differ in other things, they all agree in the inequality of men and women, though in varying degrees. The purpose of the convention was to devise new and more effective methods for securing a just equality in every department of human effort and to more closely unite the sympathies and aims of universal sisterhood. All departments of woman's effort were represented by specialists, who discussed their most advanced and comprehensive measures, and reported the progress in various phases of their work during the last forty years. Delegates came from England, Denmark, France, India, Scotland, Norway, Canada and Finland. The press reports the convention as "the grandest body of women the sun ever shown on," "nothing like it ever experienced before," etc. The convention was called under the auspices of the National Woman's Suffrage Association, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, president. Mrs. Stanton gave the address of welcome. Among other things, she said that the meeting held in Seneca Falls, forty years ago, "started the greatest movement for human liberty recorded on

the pages of human history—a demand for freedom to one-half, the entire race—and the key note struck in this country in 1848 has been echoed around the world." She said the crowning point of woman's labors was not so near its fruition as many of her enthusiastic sisters were inclined to think. Woman's higher education was discussed, the leading paper being presented by May Wright Sewall, of Indiana. During the discussion, Alice Freeman Palmer, late president of Wellesley College, said: "Give your girls the broadest, deepest and highest education possible; and then, for the honor of our common civilization, regret that it is not broader, deeper and higher." Tuesday was given to organized philanthropies, the principal speaker of the evening being Miss Frances E. Willard, who was received with enthusiastic applause. Wednesday was given to industrial and professional pursuits of women. Among a number of able papers presented, was one on "Industrial Gains of Women during the Last Half Century," given by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, which showed a remarkable advance into the field of practical pursuits. Thursday was given to discussing the subjects: "The Power of Organization," and "The Legal Condition of Women." Friday morning was exclusively a woman's session. Social purity was the topic of the day. The evening session was given to a consideration of politics. A "conference of pioneers" was held Saturday morning, at which time pleasant reminiscences were indulged in, making one of

the most enjoyable sessions of the convention. "Political Condition" was the subject of the evening meeting. Sabbath afternoon a religious symposium was held, and the evening was given to the consideration of "The Moral Power of the Ballot." Elizabeth Cady Stanton then delivered the closing address, and the council was at an end. The International Council appointed a strong committee of representative women to present plans of permanent organization for national and international associations. This committee reported constitutions for both, and the following officers were elected: International Council—president, Millicent Fawcett, England; vice president, Clara Barton, America; corresponding secretary, Rachel G. Foster, America; recording secretary, Kirstine Frederiksen, Denmark; treasurer, Isabelle Bogelot, France. National Council—president, Frances E. Willard, Illinois; vice president, Susan B. Anthony, New York; corresponding secretary, May Wright Sewell, Indiana; recording secretary, Mary F. Eastman, Massachusetts; treasurer, M. Louise Thomas, New York.

FINNISH WOMEN.

The following is a synopsis of Baroness Gripenberg's paper, read before the International Council of Women: The Finnish women were in olden times kept in great subjection. In the thirteenth century, however, they obtained the right to inherit one-third of their father's property, and in 1700 girls were admitted to some schools. The actual movement began about 1860, under the influence of Fredrika Bremer's work in Sweden. In 1863 an unmarried woman's majority at twenty-five was granted. Women at twenty-one can obtain special certificates of majority. In 1878 they obtained the right to equal inheritance with their brothers. In 1882 Mr. Snedberg introduced a bill on married women's property, but it failed. The next assembly, in 1885, agreed to the change, as far as was consistent with the maintenance of the husband's majority. The first girls' high schools were established in 1795 and 1840. At present, the state maintains eight Swedish and six Finnish girls' high schools, one hundred and seventy-three girls', four hundred and sixty-three mixed board-schools, three training colleges for board schools and two for high-school teachers. Some high schools, with co-education leading to the university, have grants. Women are admitted to art, commercial, dairy and industrial schools. Needle-work schools are started. The university receives women by special permission, and twelve ladies have passed its degrees. Between 1870 and 1880, the first lady doctor of philosophy, Emma Aström, and the first lady physician, Rosina Heikel, took their degrees. Women occupy situations in the post and telegraph office, as clerks and cashiers in the civil service, banks, railways, newspaper offices, as shop-keepers, book binders and printers. They can be teachers in all girls' and some boys' schools, but they never obtain the same salaries as men. Since 1880, they possess the municipal vote. They are also members of school boards for girls' and mixed schools. In 1884, Mrs. Løfgren started the Finnish Women's Union, which at present has about one hundred and thirty members. It has opened an office for the employment of women, publishes pamphlets, and arranges lectures on subjects concerning the woman question, and has a permanent committee for the dress reform. Once a year it publishes a review, called *Excelsior*.

LAUGHTER.

There is nothing that makes a child love home better than the sound of laughter. Merry parents are an unbounded source of joy to their children, and in their disposition alone, a rich heritage. But what is more musical than laughter in children?

Every parent should encourage laughing aloud, not simply for the sake of the happiness of the child, but because it is one of the best means of true development in other ways. Chavasse, an eminent surgeon, says: "Encourage your child to be merry and to laugh aloud; a good, hearty laugh expands his chest, and makes his blood bound merrily along. Commend me to a good laugh—not a little, sniggering laugh, but to one that will sound through the house. It will not only do your child good, but will be a benefit to all who hear, and be an important means of driving the blue devils away from a dwelling. Merriment is very catching, and spreads in a remarkable manner, few being able to resist the contagion. A hearty laugh is delightful harmony; indeed, it is the best of all music."

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

A nation falls in its homes ere it does in its capitals. If children be taught obedience to parents, and practice it as a matter of course, there will be little difficulty between them and the laws of their country when they grow to be adults. The respect for authority which obedience inculcates, does not beget anarchism, but rather peace and quiet. Obedience to parents is the foundation of good society. True courtesy is but a proper regard for the wishes of others, which is best learned through the relation of child to parent, while morality, firmness and stability of character, without which such a thing as good society could not exist, are promoted and largely established by obedience in childhood to parental wisdom and authority. Upon it, also, depends the child's mental and physical well being. Concerning the influence of obedience upon a child's physical nature, Dr. Andrew H. Smith, in a recent address before the New York Academy of Medicine, said: "Parents should be made to understand the supreme importance to the future health of the child of making obedience the first habit to be acquired; and also that this can be done, without the least harshness, by beginning at the first moment of intellectual consciousness. Many a child's life is sacrificed by the opposition of its untrained and untamed will to the means necessary for its relief in sickness. Brute force applied to a sick child is a terribly poor substitute for the gentle, yet absolute control which the habit of unhesitating obedience places in the hands of the parents. And not only so, but the vigorous means which may be thought necessary, as the child grows older, to break its will and enforce parental authority may have quite as bad an effect upon its physical and mental health as upon its moral nature." Obedience of the child to its parents is the ordained method of establishing the young in the ways of right and prosperous living, and the parents who neglect to enforce obedience through undue love, or carelessness, do their child an injury which a lifetime can not undo.

BRIEF NOTES.

The trustees of Columbia College, at a recent meeting, added another department to the course for women, corresponding to the post-graduate department in the School of Arts. Now, women who have taken the degree of master of arts or doctor of arts, may become doctor of letters or doctor of philosophy, by pursuing the required course and successfully passing the examination. This is another proof of the success of higher education for women; also an evidence that co-education in our higher colleges is not such a very disagreeable thing. Twelve years ago, when Sorosis presented a memorial to the trustees of Columbia College, asking that ladies should be admitted to the classes, the question was tabled. Another attempt, three years later, received no better treatment. But in 1882 and 1883, a plan was finally matured and adopted, allowing a special four

years' course to women, no one under seventeen years to be permitted to enter it. That this special course has succeeded well, we know by the late action. Miss Mary P. Hankey, who is recently deceased, was the first graduate in the collegiate course.

According to the report of the Divorce Reform League, through its influence, the repeal of many bad marriage and divorce laws has been brought about. Michigan has entirely revised its marriage code. Other states have had the number of divorces reduced at least one-third. The league is in its infancy, but this is a good beginning. When we think that upon the stability of the home depends the permanency of the republic, we can but speak words of encouragement to the Divorce Reform League.

The work of Mrs. Blanche Willis Howard, who is at present at Stuttgart, proves how much can be crowded into one life at one time. She says she is writing a novel, keeping house, educating a family of nieces and nephews, nursing several cases of diphtheria and scarlet fever, supervising the translation of one of her books into German, Italian and French, improving her memory according to a system, and learning to use a typewriter.

There has lately been established, in Cambridge, England, a college of carpentry for women. Its purpose is the training of women, who are already technically qualified for teaching, and manual dexterity is sought rather than the trade. All who are admitted must previously have finished a university course, or passed an equivalent examination.

A new insurance company has been formed in Denmark. Only young girls are admitted as members. Each member pays a small sum yearly, beginning at the age of thirteen. If the member marries, she forfeits all her rights; if she remains single, she receives a pension at the age of forty.

Mrs. Cleveland is making a strong personal effort to establish a ward for contagious diseases in connection with the Child's Hospital, in Washington. There is no place in that city where a child suffering from diphtheria, scarlet fever, or any other contagious disease, can be taken.

Oskaloosa, Kansas, elected a woman mayor and an entire city council of women. They certainly have confidence in woman's executive ability at that place. It will be interesting to know of the workings of this city council and the success of the mayor in this her untried field.

Mrs. Hall, the wife of Prof. Asaph Hall, of the naval observatory of Washington, teaches her boys Greek and Latin, keeps pace with her husband's wanderings among the stars, is an expert housekeeper, a fine historical scholar, and is said to write delightful poetry.

The Japanese government is about to establish a college for native ladies at Tokio. The college will, for six years, be under the management of a staff of English women. At the end of that period it will be taken over and managed by the Japanese.

Miss Mary W. Whitney will take Professor Maria Mitchell's place at Vassar for the present. She was Professor Mitchell's assistant for some time, and has lately been studying at Harvard Observatory.

"Pearl Rivers" is the pseudonym of Mrs. George Nicholson, a poet of rare genius, and the present editor and chief proprietor of the New Orleans *Picayune*.

Iowa has eighteen thousand seven hundred and forty-eight women teachers in her schools, and her school system ranks among the best of the nation.

Mme. Patti contributed \$4,000.00 to the hospital for children in Lisbon.

FASHION FREAKS.

Bordered goods are coming into favor again, bringing with them, as a matter of course, such styles as will best display the border. Long, full draperies are simply arranged, with the edges left as plain as possible, some being merely fringed. The skirts are made full, of straight breadths, plaited or not as is liked, but finished at bottom with the border in the majority of the new costumes.

Basques are of a diversity of patterns. Most of them have the usual short front and sides, but the back may be long, of leaf shape, or sharp points, or it may be finished like the front.

In the waist garniture, almost any style that is becoming may be worn. Vests, real and simulated, plastrons and full effects of all kinds, are alike fashionable.

Very pretty commencement dresses are made with the "Surplice" waist, which may be either high or low in the neck, and have sleeves long or short to match. A full, plain gored skirt, with narrow box plaiting, of plain, light colored silk, is covered with drapery to match, which is made in a long, full overdress, falling almost to the bottom of the underskirt all of the way around. The net overdress is trimmed with rows of ribbon, passing quite around it. A wide sash, looped at the waist, falls to the bottom of the skirt.

Little combs of tortoise shell, celluloid, or something imitating shell, and set with Rhine stones, steel, jet, or garnets, are favorite ornaments for the coiffure.

Bonnet strings are fastened together with tiny gold pins. The prettiest of these have gold heads, like ordinary pins, with tiny jeweled drops swinging from them.

USEFUL HEALTH HINTS.

It is every one's duty to be physically able, and it is every one's duty to look as pleasing and attractive as possible, not by the use of powder and applied bloom, but by being just what she would seem to be—healthy—by having a clear complexion and rosy cheeks. Here are some gathered-up suggestions to this end, both tried and good, and worthy the practice of every woman who would preserve her health and beauty.

Very hot or very cold water wrinkles face and hands; use tepid water.

Avoid a very soft pillow, as it will cause wrinkles about the eyes.

If the face and hands become sunburned, wash in a preparation made as follows: Twelve ounces elder flower, six drachms common soda and six drachms powdered borax. This keeps the skin soft and smooth.

A sty may be removed from the eye by applying black tea.

A wart may be removed by touching it several times a day with castor oil.

A foreign substance may be taken from the eye by wrapping white silk waste about a wooden toothpick and brushing the affected part.

Worry, hurry and overeating are three great enemies to health.

Cheerfulness, sleep and fresh air are three great friends to health.

Think healthful thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

"Seek peace and pursue it."

"Work like a man but don't be worked to death."

"Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease."

"Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, much less the universe. Trust the Eternal."

"Never despair. Lost hope is a fatal disease."

FANCY WORK.

A SACHET HANDKERCHIEF BAG.—Take half a yard of rose pink silk or satin, cover with a layer of batting well sprinkled with sachet powder, and quilt on the machine in squares or diamonds. Take half a yard of baby blue silk (or white if for a bridal gift) and run the edges all around with pink, leaving one end open, making a bag. Turn, which will bring the silk on the outside, work eyelets an inch apart and lace with a cord or tie with ribbons. First, double the ends of the long strips together, overcast where the batting and silk join, and paint or embroider a spray of flowers in blue, and an initial or monogram on the other side. Button and loop the open end.

CASE FOR FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHS.—Cover one side of a square of pasteboard (let size depend upon size of family) with garnet plush, lining back with cambric. When done, cross and recross from corner to corner and from side to side several times with narrow, dark green velvet ribbons. This will form a sort of net work which will hold photographs in place.

MORNING BLANKET.—This may be made for a delicate baby by taking a square of fine merino or cassimere and lining it with the softest Marcelline silk and binding the edge with ribbon. Ribbons attached to the four corners, and at a suitable place for the waist, are used to fasten blanket in position.

BALL FOR BABY.—A nice, soft ball for baby may be made by first knitting or crocheting a strip large enough for the ball, in stripes of gay colors; then sew up the side with needle and thread, draw up at one end, stuff with cotton, draw up the other end and fasten.

COUVRETTES.—Couvrettes of eider-down cloth for baby carriages and cribs are made by lining with some delicate shade of surah and a decoration of a large bow of moire or satin ribbon to match lining.

HOW TO CARVE.

First, remember that the easiest way is not always the best. Supply yourself with a sharp knife, fork, and a chair somewhat higher than a common dining chair. A roast of beef should always be carved toward the bone. The slices should be thin and even. Boiled ham should also be cut thin, but mutton, pork and veal should be somewhat thicker. In carving fowls, it should be remembered that the true way to carve is to sever the ligaments and joints and not to break the bones. In the first place, the fork should be inserted firmly by the breast bone, with the neck of the fowl toward the carver, thus holding it solidly upon its back. Remove the legs and wings from the body at the joints, and then disjoint the leg. Commence at the wing joint and make a diagonal cutting of meat on the breast. Cut through the thin place where the breast bone begins and through the middle of the back. This divides the fowl. As the pieces are cut off they should be put upon a smaller platter than the one on which the fowl rests. To carve fish, run the knife down the back; small fish may thus have the backbone and many of the side bones removed without breaking the flakes of the fish.

PLAIN VICTUALS.

A good cook may always be recognized by the plain dishes she produces. In the so-called fancy cooking much may be done to cover up a defect, but in plain cooking everything is apparent to all. We are drifting, slowly but surely, toward plain, wholesome cooking, as opposed to the more elaborate preparations, which, though they please the eye and tickle the palate, are not so wholesome. And we are coming to realize that it is much pleasanter to sit down to a simple meal, which may at the same time be very appetizing, and have mother, who is generally the cook of the family, fresh and cheerful, than it is to have her quite exhausted to gratify the whims of our stomachs. If mothers who do the entire work of the family—yes, if all mothers—would become experts in plain cooking, and then exclude much that consumes time and strength, there would be fewer overburdened among them and many happier homes.

A CLEAN CARPET.

The downy substance which flies about over the carpet and escapes the broom of the tidiest housewife, known by housekeepers as "fluff," may be prevented from gathering by going over the carpet occasionally after sweeping with a cloth wrung as dry as possible from warm water, which should have a spoonful of ammonia mixed with it to brighten the colors in the carpet.

Northwestern News and Information.

AGRICULTURE IN LINN COUNTY, OREGON.

The attention of the new-comer in Oregon, in the early spring months, is directed, chiefly, to the delightful spring weather which he finds in full possession of Oregon during the months of February and March. Green grass, growing grain and budding fruit trees greet his eye at a season which he knows, from long experience, is surrendered up to snow, ice and wintry blasts in the entire region from the Rocky mountains to the Atlantic ocean. This almost unexpected finding of spring at a time when he has always been accustomed to winter, is so pleasant that it arouses his keenest enthusiasm; but, as the novelty of the weather wears off, his mind begins to grasp something besides climate, and he observes more of the industrial features of the country. In addition to the climate, in weighing the advantages of a new country, the farmer will consider the quality of the soil, the location of tracts of land suitable for agriculture, facilities for transportation, primary markets, prices of land and products, and sundry other matters. The famous Willamette valley, south of Portland, is the most accessible agricultural region, and the one generally first visited by the stranger and the home seeker. Its extensive wheat-growing valleys, fruit raising districts and grazing lands compare very favorably with the best of their class in the east, notwithstanding the fact that the country is new and has not had the systematic culture that many older regions have had. Of course, climate has much to do with this difference. It is an element which no amount of scientific cultivation can entirely neutralize. Nature's forces must be depended upon by the most successful agriculturists, and where these are most favorable, farming is most profitable and satisfactory. The favorable climate of Oregon must account, in a large degree, for the advancement that agriculture has made in the state in so short a time. Instead of studying and experimenting with measures and crops, to mitigate the effects of damaging climatic conditions, the agriculturist is free to expend his energies in unison with natural forces, and the result is correspondingly augmented. The state has much territory that can not be profitably cultivated. The sub-systems of the Cascade and Coast mountains occupy a large extent of country that is profitable only for its mining and timber productions. The foothills furnish excellent grazing lands, and the rich valleys respond to intelligent tilling with abundant yields of cereals, fruits and root crops of all sorts. By the term "abundant yields," is not meant simply a little more than the average product in sections where the crops are sometimes entire failures and the harvest frequently meagre. With the same tillage that is bestowed upon crops in eastern states, a product fully twice as great may be safely relied upon in Oregon. The principal cereal produced is wheat, fully seventy-five per cent. of which is sown in the fall. When reasonable attention is given to this crop, the yield is from thirty to forty bushels per acre, and in some instances fifty bushels per acre have been harvested. The shiftless habit that obtains, in some localities, of raising volunteer crops from the accidental seeding during the previous harvest time, and also the practice of raising the first crop more to subdue the land than for the grain, brings the average yield of wheat in the state down to about twenty-five bushels per acre. This is not the only crop that produces well here. It is cited only as an in-

stance to show the fertility of the soil, and each item of the whole catalogue of farm products may be gone through with similar results.

The valley of the Willamette river is termed the "Garden of Oregon." It includes the land between the Cascades and Coast range, extending as far south as the Calipooia mountains, and has an area of about four million acres. It is the best settled portion of the state, because the Willamette river furnished a natural means for reaching it and for carrying away the produce before the advent of railroads, and the valley was too rich to escape the notice of the most careless visitor. But it is only beginning to be developed in a thorough manner. More diversified farming is now coming into practice, and the results are most gratifying. Linn county is one of the oldest, and in the very center of the valley, and its present rapid progress will make it as important in agricultural productions as any county in the Empire State before long. A canal fourteen miles in length, from the Calipooia river to the Willamette, furnishes a never-failing water power at Albany, and the prospects are that mills, in addition to those now there, for manufacturing wool, wheat, flax, etc., will be established to work up the products of the region, thus adding to its prosperity and importance. The railroads on either side of the Willamette river render communication with any part of the valley easy, the Oregon Pacific gives an independent outlet to the ocean at Yaquina bay, and there is active competition in the carrying trade.

The dairy industry is one of those that are altogether too much neglected in the western country, and yet the conditions for successful dairying here are greatly superior to those of eastern states where land and the care of stock are expensive, competition almost ruinous and the prices for the product much lower than they are here. This is one of the needs of Linn county and offers an available and lucrative field for enterprise. In view of the newness of many Oregon farms and the crude methods of cultivation employed on them, it is surprising that the agricultural interests of Oregon are as fully developed as they are. The past two or three years mark the beginning of an era of advancement that can not but be permanent. Agricultural machinery of all kinds has come into the country in large quantities and improved methods are being introduced in every feature of the work.

There is one thing to be learned while visiting the valley, which will be of special interest to those who have thoughts of coming to this state to live. It is not necessary to go into the wilderness to secure land if one has a little money. The owner of a farm in the Mississippi valley who can sell it for a reasonable price, can buy equally good land in Linn county for from \$5.00 to \$30.00 per acre, depending upon location, amount under cultivation and the value of improvements, leaving him a good balance for working capital or as a provision against possible adversity. In his new home he will find himself surrounded by all the comforts and conveniences he has been accustomed to. He will find churches for his family, schools for his children, railroads to take his crops to market, and good papers to keep him posted on the affairs of his country and the daily events of life.

THE FUTURE RANGE.—The past winter has been as favorable to stock interests in Montana as any experienced for many years, and the coming season will open up with as bright prospects. Nevertheless, the experience of the past must neces-

sarily show that radical changes are necessary—if, in fact, they have not already been made—in the conduct of the range industry. The possible chance of great profits from the throwing of vast herds of unacclimated cattle upon wild land to rustle for themselves, with no other attention than to see that they are herded together, is more than counterbalanced by the probable chance of losses, such as were sustained last year, and the utter ruin of reckless investors. That ranging stock upon free grass can be made profitable for many years yet to come none will deny, but that it will be—as it has been—attended with great risk, unless provision be made for such emergencies as have been experienced, is also a self evident fact. A few years ago there were located in this country a small number of ranchmen with limited herds, and probably less capital, and upon their ranges were driven cattle by the thousands, owned by companies and corporations with titles and revenues that gave them claim to the title of “kings,” beside whom the small rancher sank into insignificance. In every quarter of the range country, from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada, newspapers sprang into existence heralding the advent of these new barons to their presumable possessions. Only a few years, however, have been required to prove the fallacy of pretension, and the staid, sturdy rancher, the real citizen, is still in possession of his moderate claim, and while not expecting a fortune from nothing, is contributing his share to the universal prosperity, and reaping his moderate reward. For days of adversity he makes proper preparations and expects neither the Lord nor the climate to shield him from his own negligence.—*Miles City Stock Grower's Journal*.

WOOD RIVER RESERVOIRS.—More water has been appropriated on Wood river, Idaho, than there is in the river during the summer months. Yet there are large tracts of government land most favorably situated for irrigation from it; land that is level, that is free from stones, and that is unsurpassed in fertility. The large vacant tract on the north side of the river, ten miles from Shoshone and Teton may be taken as a sample. If the water that goes to waste on Wood river through the winter and in the big floods of spring could be saved and put into gradual use through the summer, all this land could then be cultivated. An acre of water a foot deep will irrigate an acre of land. A pond of one hundred acres—that is, half a mile long by a little over a quarter broad, and ten feet deep, will furnish water for one thousand acres. This is shown by practical farming operations in Colorado. There could be a large number of such ponds scattered along the head-waters of Wood river and its tributaries. In places, natural depressions and ponds are found. Comparatively small outlays would convert them into good sized lakes. It is not necessary to enlarge upon the benefits to be derived by the territory if the government would do this work for us. Of course no one else will do it. We would have a large and wealthy agricultural population in what are now the desert places of our country. If the same policy were pursued all over Idaho, the day would come when her valleys and plains would teem with a denser population than the most fertile agricultural sections of the East. No such crops can be raised anywhere else as in those places where, in addition to a warm sun and fertile soil, there is an abundance of water regulated by the hand of man. And it may be, that nowhere else will the prices of agricultural products be higher than in the West, when both the manufacturing and mining interests of the mountains attain their full growth.—*Inter-Idaho*.

PETROLEUM IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—Several weeks ago an Indian saw a store keeper at Centralia, W. T. measuring

out some coal oil. He recognized the fluid and said he knew where there was “heaps” of it, and stated that when the Indians wanted to make a fire quickly they poured the oil on the kindling wood. An investigating party was quickly organized and the Indian guided them to the spot, about twenty miles west of Centralia, in Chehalis county, about midway between Centralia and Gray's harbor. There in the woods, and on government land, was found what to all appearances was petroleum spouting from the earth. The flow was rapidly absorbed back into the ground, and had probably been going on from time immemorial, as no white man had ever been in that locality before. The discoverers resolved to keep the matter quiet, and at once sent to Pennsylvania for an expert to make a test of the oil. He pronounced the “find” petroleum of the best quality. The flow is about two barrels an hour, which the expert says is phenomenal, considering that no boring had been done. He asserted that when the ground should be broken by boring the flow would be immense, and he found indications of oil for some distance around. In his opinion that portion of Chehalis county will equal any section of Pennsylvania in the production of oil. Immediately upon receiving the expert's report a company was formed and application made to the government for permission to purchase the land. Machinery has been ordered and other active preparations to sink wells and work the discovery have been made. This is the second oil discovery in the territory. Two years ago a Tacoma company began boring a well in Puyallup valley, with great hope of success, but the enterprise seems to have been abandoned.

BUTTE CITY'S GROWTH.—A newspaper correspondent, writing about Butte City, Montana, speaks of that mining metropolis as follows: Butte City is situated on the west side of the main dividing range of the Rockies, near the headwaters of Clarke's fork of the Columbia. It is the largest city in the territory, and is beyond question the most important mining camp in the world. Gold was first discovered in Silver Bow creek, and placer mining was the chief employment of the early settlers. As the placers were being gradually worked out, the miners began to leave, so that in December, 1874, the population had dwindled down to less than fifty persons, and what was once a most prosperous camp became almost a deserted village. In 1875, several important discoveries were made in quartz ledges, and from that time may be dated the real settlement of Butte City as a mining center. Soon after, mills and smelters were constructed, and the development of the mines began in earnest. The steady growth and phenomenal richness of the camp since that time has been the wonder of strangers and a cause of great pride to the enterprising citizens. Its main and only wealth exists in the mines, which constitute, in the aggregate, the greatest silver and copper producers ever discovered in the Northwest. Over four thousand locations have been made in the district surrounding Butte, and to-day there are nine quartz mills constantly in operation, which use about seven hundred tons of ore per day. There are also three large smelting works. Three thousand miners, besides wood choppers and teamsters, are constantly employed around the mines, and the pay rolls of the various mining companies aggregate over \$600,000.00 per month.

COAL AT SAN FRANCISCO.—Though receipts of coal at San Francisco so far this year have been in excess of those for the same period of 1887, or of any year previous, they have been insufficient in quantity to affect rates, which still continue higher than at any time during the past decade. Receipts at

that port during the first three months of the current year, from all sources of supply, were as follows:

Eastern states.....	1,600 tons.
Coos bay.....	10,790 "
Great Britain.....	26,405 "
British Columbia.....	47,010 "
Australia.....	53,222 "
Tacoma.....	57,751 "
Seattle.....	86,199 "

Total to April 1.....282,977 tons.
Corresponding time 1887.....263,166 "

It will be noticed that the mines of Oregon and Washington are accredited with one hundred and fifty-four thousand seven hundred and forty tons, or about fifty-five per cent. of the whole. This quantity does not, however, represent the entire output of the Pacific coast collieries during the quarter. Of Seattle coal alone, at least ten thousand tons were sent to Astoria and Portland, and fully fifteen thousand tons were consumed at home and in the territory at large. The products of the Bucoda and Roslyn mines do not reach San Francisco.

PORTLAND'S INDUSTRIAL FAIR.—The immensity of the great industrial exposition to be held in Portland this fall grows upon our people daily. Though but forty days have passed since the project was first broached, work is now actively progressing on the massive stone and iron foundation of the building. The officers of the association are: Van B. DeLashmuth, president; Frank Dekum, vice president; J. C. Moreland, secretary; E. J. Jeffrey, treasurer, and A. H. Johnson, L. G. Pfunder, Frank Dekum, Van B. DeLashmuth, L. Samuel, C. B. Duhrkoop, F. McDermott, T. M. Richardson, Donald Macleay, H. L. Pittock, E. J. Jeffrey, W. B. Ayer, William Kapus, E. A. King, George H. Durham, Herbert Bradley, Charles E. Ladd, Ira F. Powers, L. Feurer, J. C. Moreland, George B. Markle, Jr., R. P. Earhart, R. B. Knapp, C. H. Lewis, W. F. Burrell, D. S. Tuthill and George H. Williams, directors. These men are all prominent business men of Portland, merchants, bankers, capitalists, manufacturers, and the fact that they have taken hold of this matter is a sufficient guaranty of its success. To Mr. Frank Dekum, president of the Portland Savings Bank, is due the chief credit of the successful inauguration of this enterprise. He conceived the idea and worked out the preliminary details which led to its reception into popular favor. The corner stone of the mammoth pavilion will be laid on the fifteenth of June, which will be made a general holiday in the city. This date has been selected because of the meeting of the Masonic grand lodge and of the Pioneer association, both of which will participate in the procession and ceremonies.

MINERAL SHIPMENTS FROM BUTTE CITY.—There were shipped in March from Butte and Anaconda three hundred and eighty-five cars of copper matte. This being averaged at eighteen tons to the car (the railroad rule) gives six thousand nine hundred and thirty tons for the month. Averaging the matte at sixty-five per cent. copper, a fair average, we have four thousand five hundred and five tons of copper. Montana copper is now worth in the markets about fifteen cents per pound; sometimes more and sometimes less, but it averages about that, which would be \$300.00 per ton. This would make the value of Butte's copper output for March \$1,351,500. This is exclusive of the value of the silver in the copper, which, it is safe to say, is sufficient to increase the amount to \$1,500,000.00 for the month. Taking the March product as a fair sample of the other months of the year, it will be seen that the value of the copper product of Butte for 1888 may, at a conservative esti-

mate, be set down at \$18,000,000.00. To this should be added the output of the silver mines. The average shipment of silver bars by express is, and for a long time has been, in excess of \$100,000.00 per week. But placing the figure at that, it would give us \$4,800,000.00 as the product of the silver mines for the year, which, added to that of the copper mines, would make a grand total of \$23,000,000.00 in round numbers. The figures require no comment.—*Butte City Inter-Mountain.*

PALOUSE AND LEWISTON RAILROADS.—There is much activity along Snake river and in the Palouse region in the matter of railroad building. The O. R. & N. company is extending its line up the south bank of Snake river from Riparia to Lewiston, with the ultimate intention of reaching the magnificent agricultural district of Camas prairie. Headed in the same direction, though coming from the north, is the Spokane & Palouse, a branch of the Northern Pacific. This company is pushing its line southeastward, and will probably reach Lewiston in advance of the other, and will also proceed to Camas prairie in due time. Meanwhile, the O. R. & N. Co. has an engineer party in the field making a definite location survey of the Spokane & Cœur d'Alene extension of the Palouse branch of that line from Farmington. This is the line which would be prevented by a joint lease of the O. R. & N. line by the Union Pacific and Northern Pacific. It will give Portland direct connection by a single line with the Cœur d'Alene mines, a condition of affairs of mutual benefit to the mines, to this city and to the company itself, and will undoubtedly be constructed at once if the preventing lease be not agreed to by the directors of the road.

RUSSELL & Co.—Merit, honesty and enterprise are the elements which alone insure success in any business. Possessed of these qualifications, the house of Russell & Co., Portland, Oregon, from its beginning here, has grown to proportions which place it in the lead in the implement line. As an evidence of the growth of this house, we would call attention to their fine building, shown in our view of Front street. This structure, built under specifications appropriate for such business, is a model of neatness and convenience. For handling their large automatic engines, so much used on this coast for running electric light plants, Messrs. Russell & Co., have placed in their building the largest hoisting elevator on the Pacific slope. It is a marvel of strength and power. This firm carries a full and complete line of machinery and agricultural implements, and in their large carriage repository will be found everything on wheels.

VANCOUVER RAILWAY.—A franchise has been granted to Frank Dekum and associates, by both East Portland and Albina, for a railway through the streets of those cities connecting with all the ferries and bridges across the river. The line will be continued to the Columbia river, opposite Vancouver, and thus greatly facilitate communication between that city and Portland. The franchise in East Portland requires a round trip from the terminus in that city to the Columbia river, a distance of fifteen miles, every hour, for twelve hours a day in winter and fifteen hours in summer. Construction on this line will be commenced at once and it is expected that the connection with Vancouver will be effected by the first of July.

MANUFACTURING ENTERPRISES IN SEATTLE.—An eastern gentleman named Marston has recently secured a site in the southern part of Seattle, upon which he is now engaged in the construction of a flour mill with capacity to grind one hundred

barrels a day. Another eastern man, named Eisenmacher, has secured a site in the northern part of the same city, upon which he will build a brick mill, with a grinding capacity of two hundred barrels a day. The Satsop Lumber Company has secured a site on the west side of Seattle bay, upon which to erect a larger saw mill than any at present on the Pacific coast. The mill building will be about eighty by four hundred feet and two stories high, with capacity for cutting thirty thousand feet of lumber per hour. This company is extensively engaged in logging on Puget sound, owning thousands of acres of timber land, a standard gauge railroad fourteen miles long, equipped with three locomotives and fifty cars, employing two hundred men in its camps and doing the largest business in saw logs of any concern on the North Pacific coast.

SPOKANE FALLS & NORTHERN RAILWAY.—Articles of incorporation have been filed of the Spokane Falls & Northern Railroad Company. The object is to build, equip and maintain a line from Spokane Falls to some point on the Columbia river. They also have the right to build branch lines in the territories of Washington, Idaho and Montana. Also to erect telegraph or telephone lines, or contract with telegraph or telephone companies to build and maintain the same. They are also empowered to build, equip and operate steamboats on the Columbia river, or such other streams and lakes in Washington and Idaho as the trustees see fit.

OLYMPIA, GRAY'S HARBOR & BAKER'S BAY RAILWAY.—Articles have been filed with the secretary of Washington Territory incorporating the Olympia, Gray's Harbor & Baker's Bay Railway Company. The capital stock is fixed at \$1,000,000.00, and the incorporators are the trustees. The objects of the company are to build, equip and operate a railroad from Olympia to Baker's bay, in Pacific county, and to build a branch road from some point on this line to Gray's harbor, in Chehalis county; also, to construct and operate telegraph lines along the railroad. The company has encouraging prospects of floating its bonds soon.

FAWCETT BROTHERS.—Among the largest business houses on the Pacific coast is Fawcett Brothers, dealers in and importers of farm machinery, who have business establishments at 208-210 Front street, Portland, and 1311-1313 Pacific avenue, Tacoma. This firm deals extensively in wagons and carriages, mowers, reapers and binders, feed cutters, seeders, rakes, plows, potato diggers, cider mills, churns, harrows, scrapers, hay tedders, hay presses, scales, circular saws, etc. The firm has an established reputation for fair dealing and enterprise, and commands an extensive patronage in the northwest.

DAYTON, W. T.—Though now the terminus of the main line of the O. R. & N. Co., Dayton is anxious to increase its railroad facilities. A board of trade has been organized to further the city's interests, and this body is negotiating with Mr. G. W. Hunt to secure a branch to Dayton from the road now under construction by him from Wallula to Eureka Flat and Walla Walla. This activity among its business men must result in much good, even if the additional railroad be not secured, though of success in that particular there can be but little doubt.

FRUIT CROP OF OREGON.—Reports from the fruit growing sections of Oregon indicate that the prospects for a good yield this season are excellent. In Jackson county the acreage of apple orchards was greatly increased last winter and the peo-

ple of Douglas county are turning their attention mainly to the production of prunes, which fruit does particularly well in that section. Throughout the Willamette valley orchards are being largely increased in size, especially in prunes, pears, plums, cherries and apples.

STOCK YARD COMPANY ORGANIZED.—A union stock yard company has been organized in Portland for the purpose of establishing stock yards, in the northern part of the city, ample for the accommodation of shippers on all lines of railroad centering here. The yards that have previously been in use have not supplied suitable accommodations for the demands of the business, and the new company is organized to obviate the difficulties that have heretofore hampered shippers of live stock.

TACOMA SOUTHERN RAILROAD.—The sale of eighty thousand acres of timber land in Washington Territory by the Northern Pacific Company, to a syndicate represented by O. W. Griggs, of St. Paul, and H. E. Hewitt, of New Richmond, Wisconsin, has been consummated. The transaction involves the construction of a railway, to be known as the Tacoma Southern, which will cost \$2,000,000.00. The property transferred lies within thirty miles of Tacoma.

ANOTHER GOLD DISCOVERY IN ALASKA.—It is reported that rich deposits of gold have recently been discovered in a black sand bank, which is situated on the coast near the mouth of Copper river, about seven hundred miles above Juneau, Alaska. One of the discoverers, it is said, was offered \$25,000.00 for his claim. From three pounds of sand taken from the bank, \$1.40 in gold dust has been obtained. A number of miners have gone to the new diggings.

BRIDGE AT LA CAMAS.—The United States senate has passed the bill authorizing the Columbia River Bridge Company to construct a bridge across the Columbia river at La Camas. The river and harbor committee reported unfavorably on the bill, but it was subsequently taken up and passed by the senate. The people of La Camas believe they are on the eve of a boom.

KOOTENAI MINES.—A great many miners are going into the Kootenai region this spring, starting from Sand Point, Idaho, the nearest station on the railroad. The reports of the richness of Kootenai quartz and the extent of the lodes are of a nature to draw prospectors and even create a stampede such as Cœur d'Alene witnessed four years ago. A stage line is talked of.

NO DAMAGES FOR "SALTED" MINES.—The supreme court of the United States holds that a person purchasing a mine that does not pan out well can not obtain damages from the seller on the plea that it was "salted," because it is the business of the purchaser to have ascertained the true character of the purchase.

OSWEGO IRON WORKS.—Great progress is being made in constructing the new works of the Oregon Iron and Steel Co., at Oswego. The furnace, bunkers, side tracks, etc., are all nearing completion, and it is expected that everything will be ready to begin operations by the first of July.

WANT PUBLIC LANDS OF OREGON SURVEYED.—All the registers and receivers of the various land offices in Oregon have sent a petition to the secretary of the interior, requesting him to urge congress to make an ample appropriation for the survey of public lands in Oregon.



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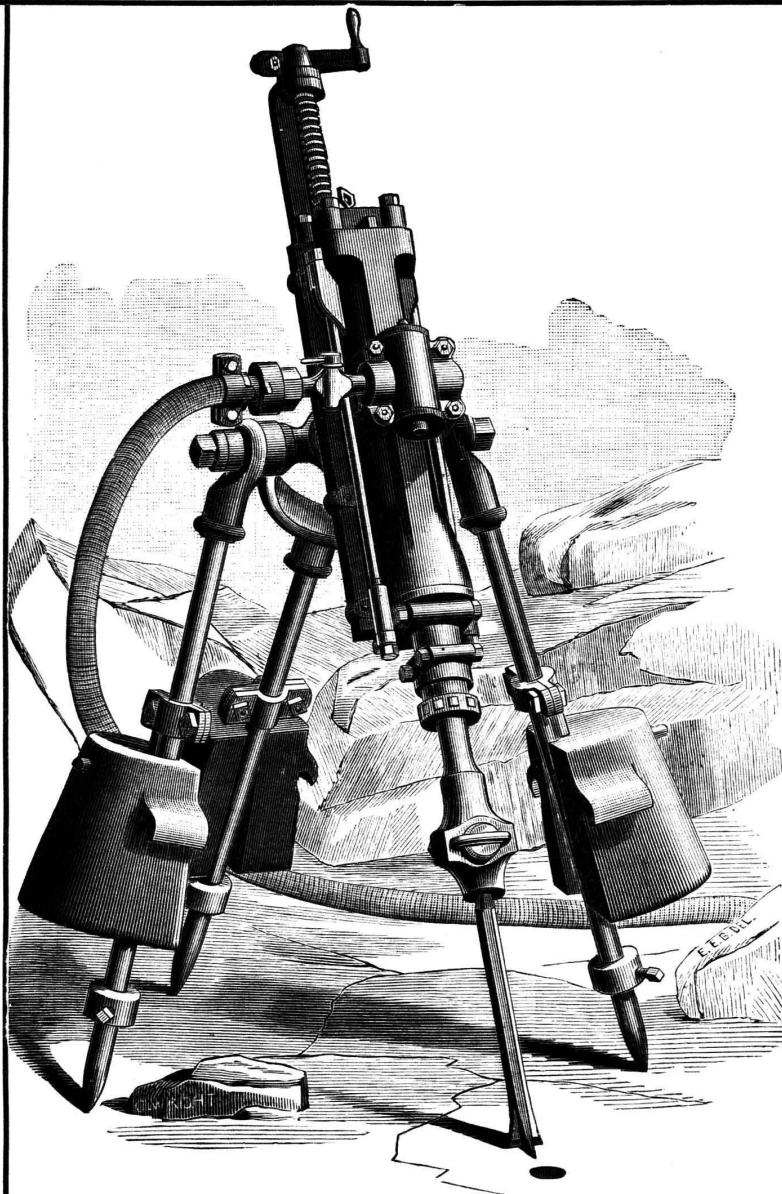
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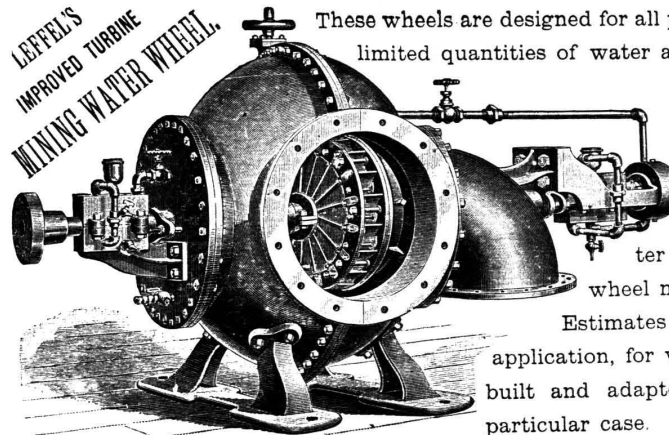
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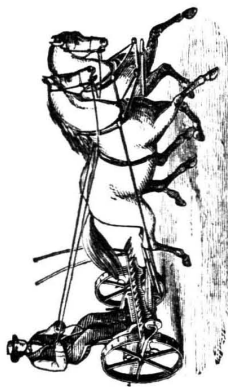
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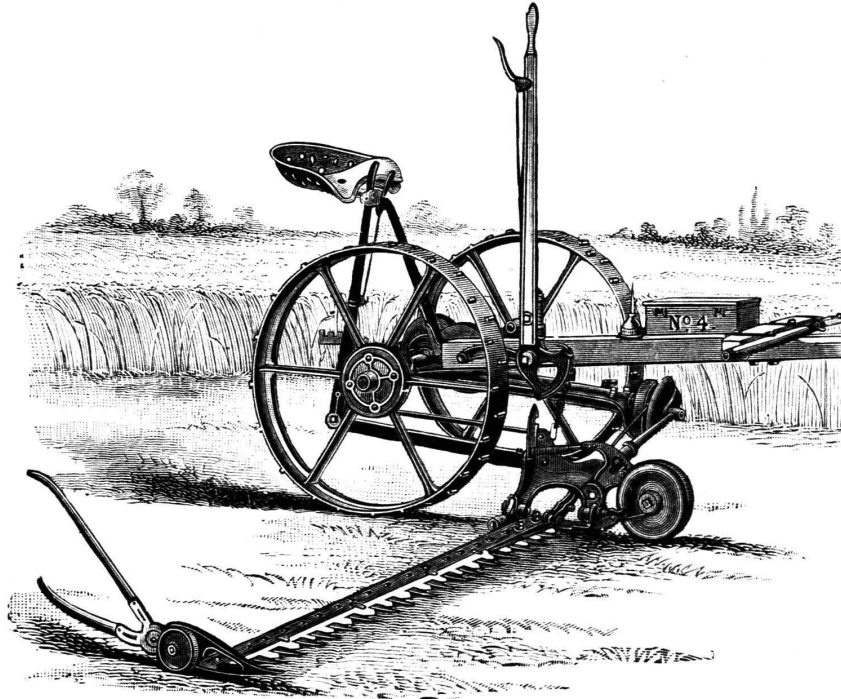
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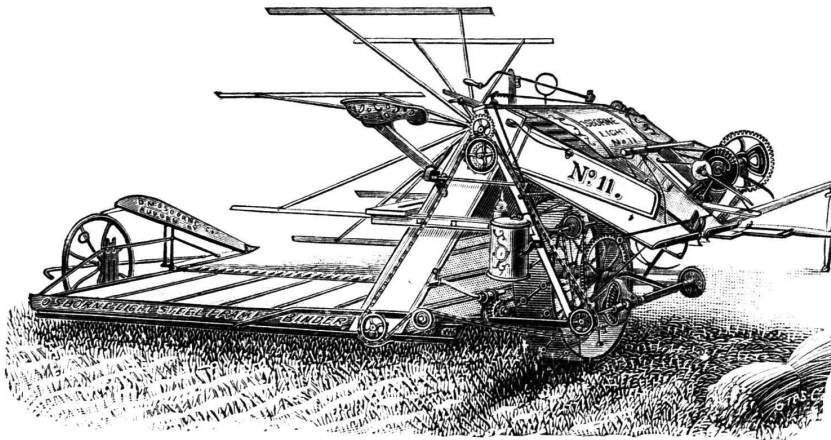
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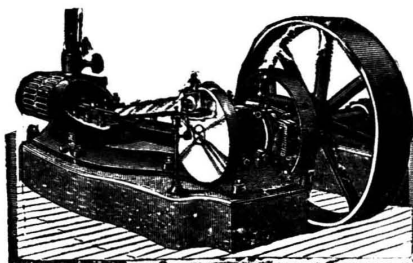
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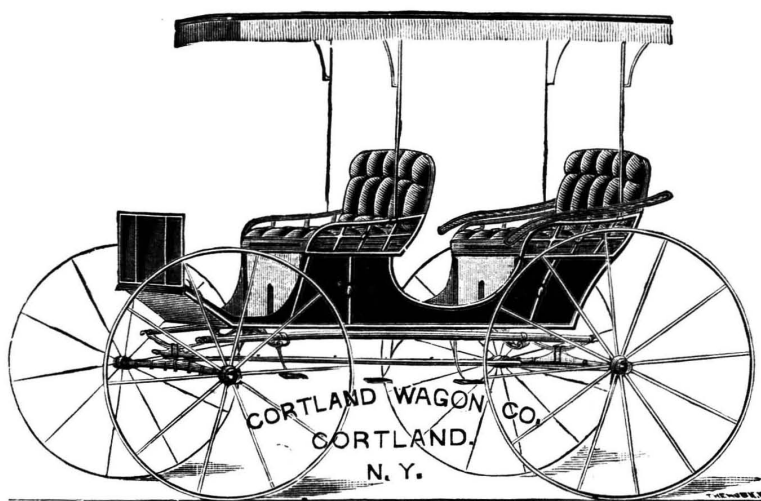
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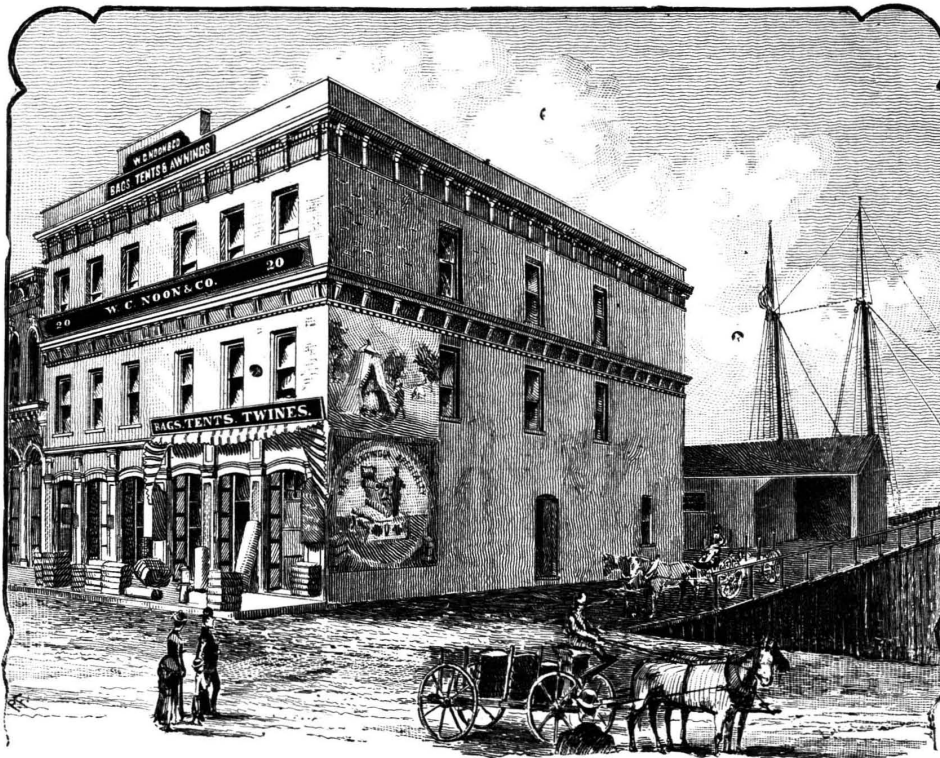
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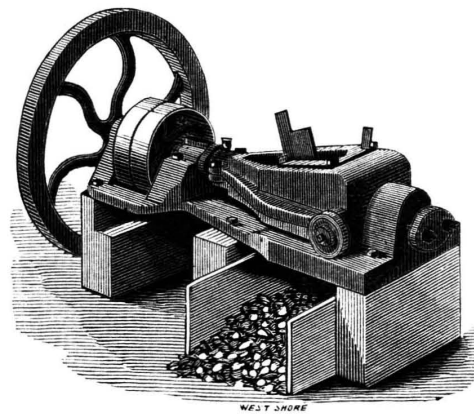
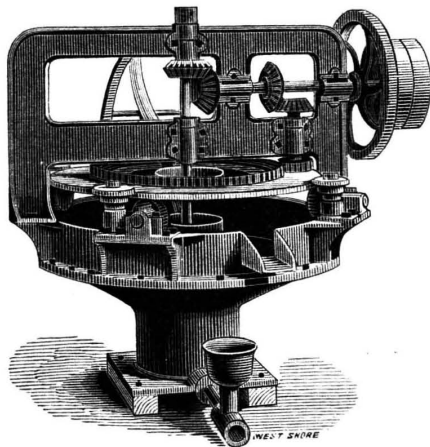
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