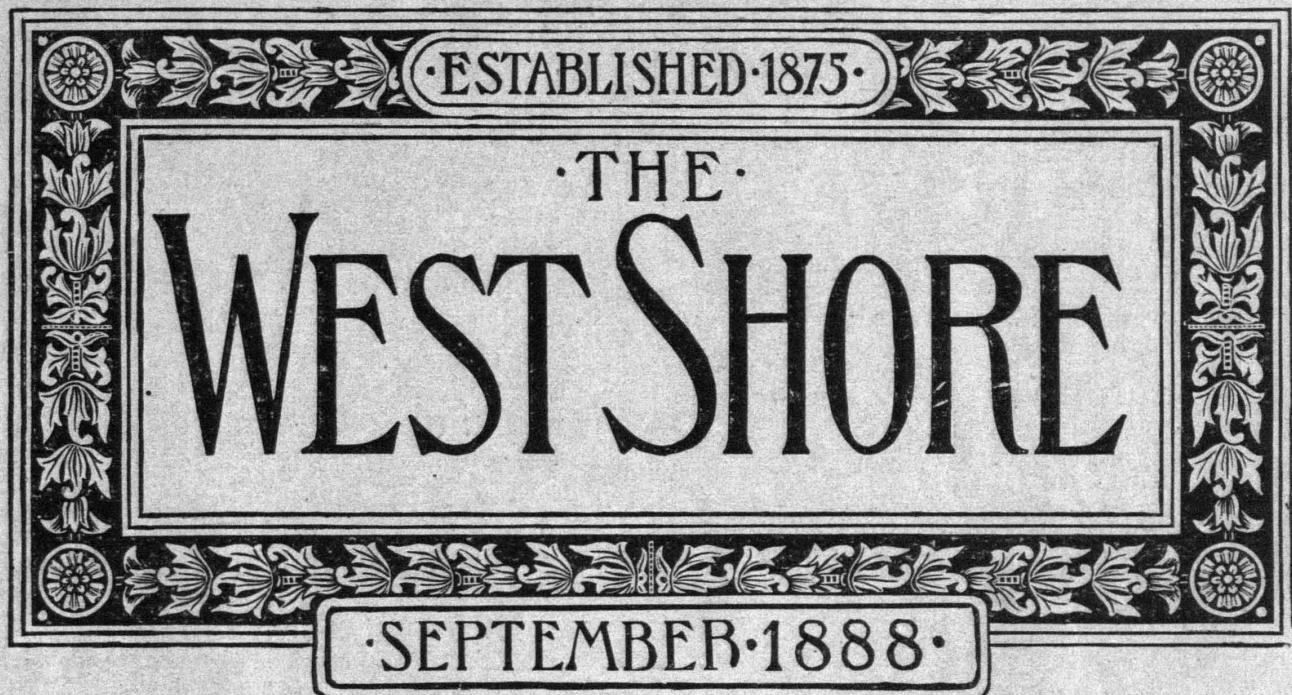


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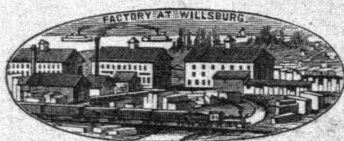
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Any number of the magazine, including supplement, will be mailed upon receipt of twenty-five cents, except the January number. The January supplement will be sent only when twenty-five cents extra are remitted. The leading articles and illustrations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

### JANUARY.

Supplement—"Entrance to the Columbia River," a beautiful oleograph in eight colors.  
Contents—Illustrations and description of United States Life Saving Service, and engravings of scenery.

### FEBRUARY.

Supplement—"Shoshone Falls," of Snake river, in tints.  
Contents—Engravings and descriptions of East Portland, Albina and Newberg.

### MARCH.

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

### APRIL.

Supplement—"The Olympic Range, from Seattle Harbor," in colors.  
Contents—Engravings and description of the city of Seattle.

### MAY.

Supplement—"North Pacific Industrial Exposition," in colors.  
Contents—Large colored view of the city of Portland; also many other engravings, and a comprehensive article on the city and its surroundings.

### JUNE.

Supplement—"Chehalem Valley, Oregon," in colors.  
Contents—Illustrations and descriptions of Hillsboro, Forest Grove and Albany.

### JULY.

Supplement—"Roseburg and Umpqua Valley," in colors.  
Contents—Illustrations and descriptions of Yamhill and Douglas counties, Oregon.

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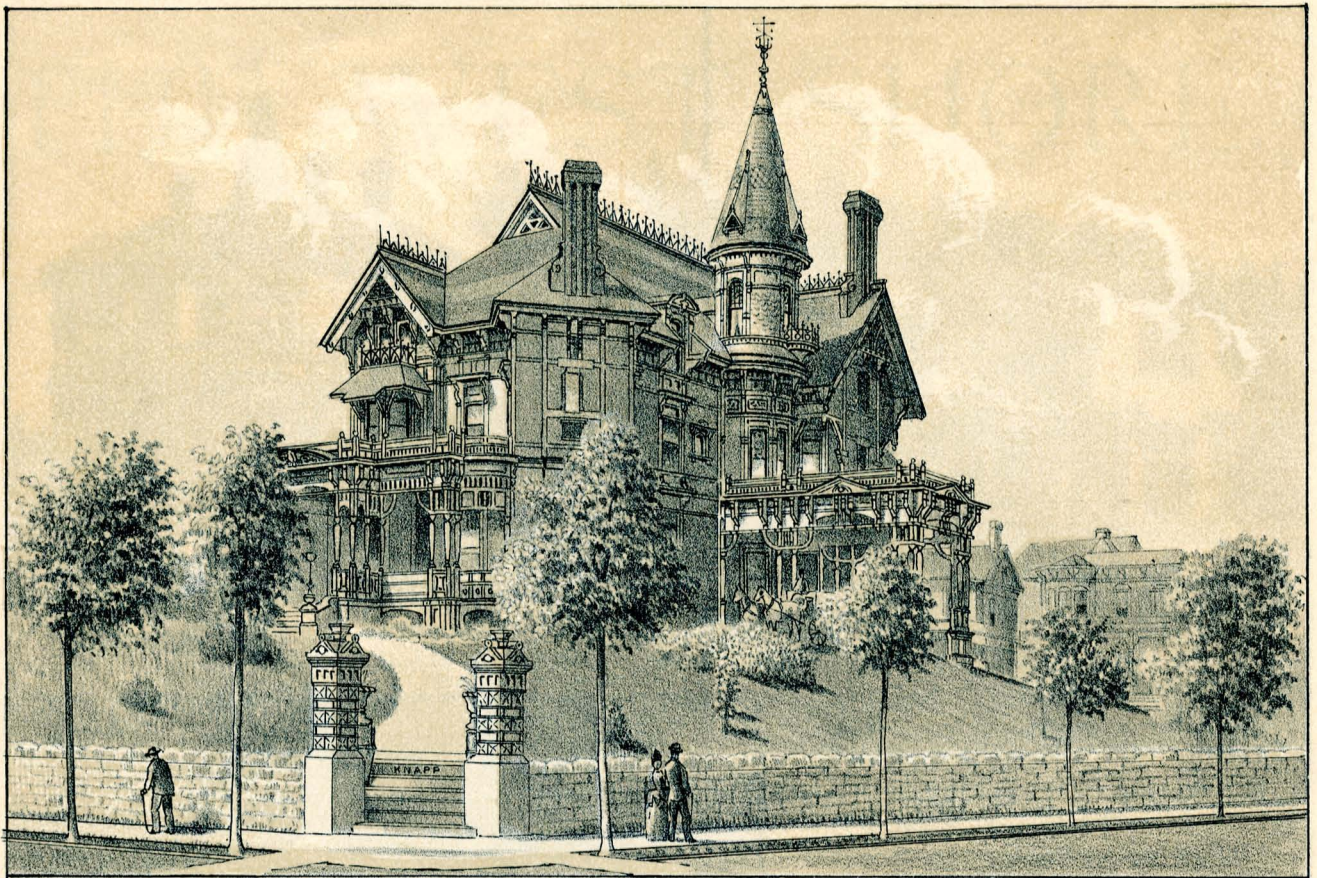
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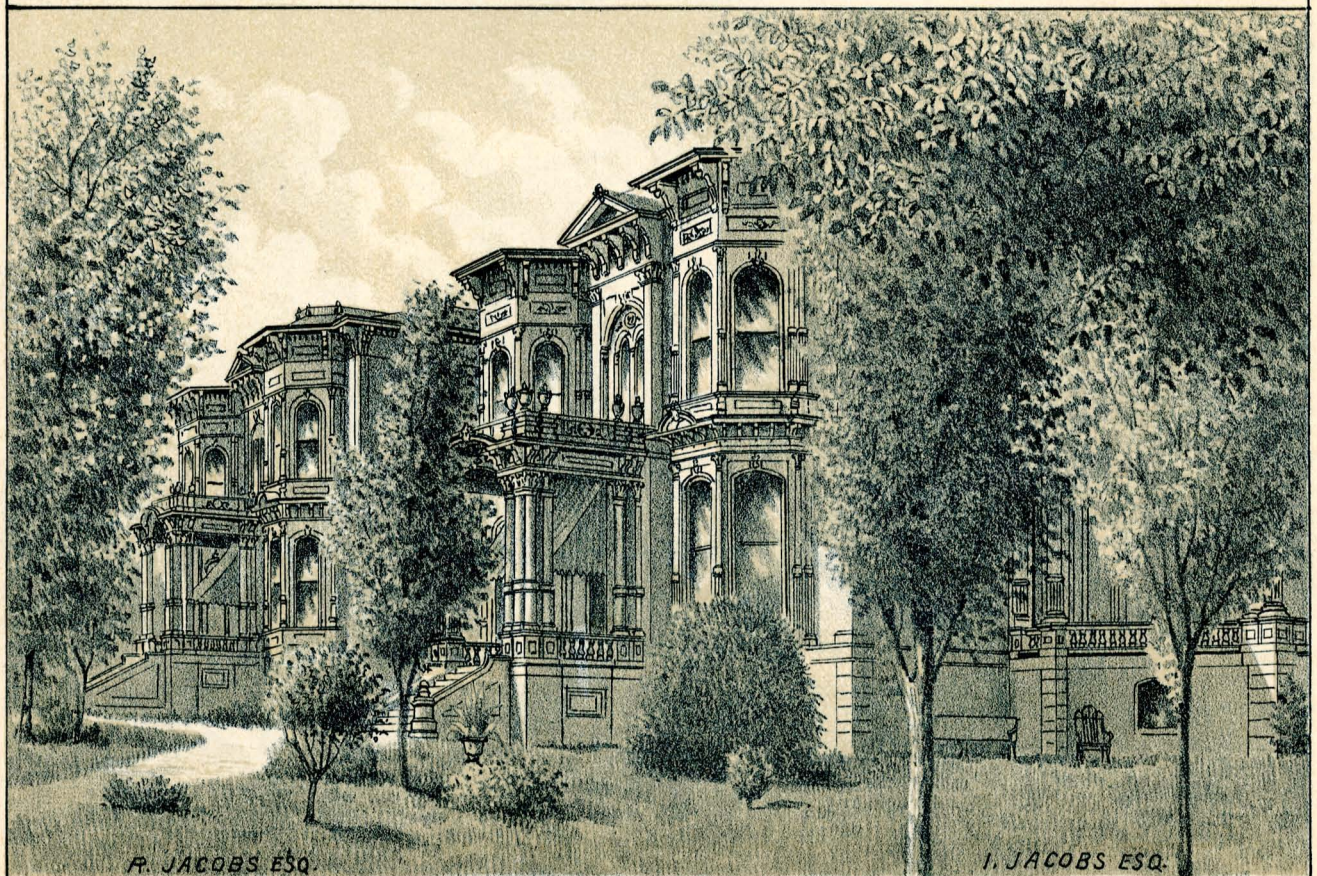
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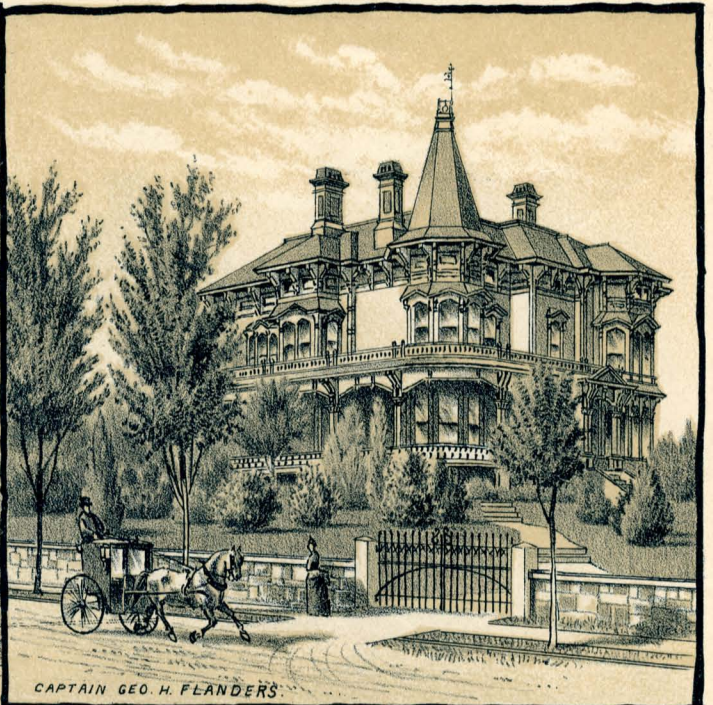


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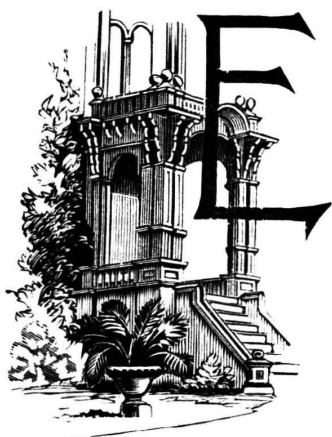
# THE WEST SHORE.

FOURTEENTH YEAR.

SEPTEMBER, 1888.

NUMBER 9.

## BEAUTIFUL HOMES OF PORTLAND.



EARLY in the history of the Pacific coast, but little thought was taken of ornament or architectural beauty in the construction of either business houses or dwellings. The times were homely and practical to the last degree. Almost anything that was large enough and would shed water was good enough to do business in, and a good dinner and a comfortable place in which to sleep were considered the most important essentials of a home. Every one was intent upon "getting a start in life," and had no time to waste upon luxuries and frills. But as time passed and wealth accumulated, as the pioneer era gave way to the one of settled communities and permanent institutions, as the older business men began to retire from active life and enjoy the fruits of their many years of toil, as the younger generation, educated with ideas and tastes their fathers had not, at their age, possessed the time and means to acquire, came upon the field and prepared to take charge of the business the older ones were about to abandon, and as others possessing wealth and refinement came here to invest their means in developing the resources of the growing west, a change came, at first slowly, and then rapidly, until now it would be difficult to find a portion of the Union where more taste is displayed or more money expended for the erection of buildings, either for public or private uses. Especially is this so in the matter of private residences, and in this respect Portland leads all the cities of the coast in the number of elegant and costly dwellings as compared to her total population. Possessing the most wealth per capita, she has not been at all niggardly in using it for her

own adornment, and for the entertainment of those who, from time to time, enjoy her hospitalities.

Culture and refinement have their best index in the home of the individual, both in the objects with which he surrounds himself and in the manner of enjoying them; and, tested by this standard, Portland may fairly be said to be a city of beautiful homes, of liberal, cultured, refined and hospitable people. Real estate in the better residence portions of the city is extremely valuable, yet many of our citizens have not been deterred from using an entire block for residence and ornamental grounds because of the fact that the ground alone is worth from \$30,000.00 to \$100,000.00. Nor have they limited the architect, the furnisher, or the landscape gardener, to equalize the first cost of the land; but in everything, from first to last, have done all that ample wealth and refined taste could accomplish to produce a home beautiful without and within and possessing all the requirements demanded by comfort, convenience and artistic taste. As a general thing, the houses are surrounded with ample grounds, a whole block being occupied in many instances, and by some two blocks have been utilized. Green lawns, ornamental trees and shrubs, and a profusion of flowers of every hue, in which predominates the rose, the best suited to this climate of all the children of Flora, greet the eye continually. There is scarcely a week in the year when the blushing rose or the many-hued pansy does not offer up its incense upon the shrine of beauty from hundreds of door-yards, and no season when the emerald green of fresh and growing grass and clover does not refresh the weary eye from the well-kept lawns. In this matter of perennially green grass and ever blooming flowers, the people of Portland possess an advantage over their friends in the east. The services of the lawn mower are in constant demand, for the rains of winter and the ever-ready garden hose of summer keep the lawns fresh and beautiful the entire year, while the sportful Jack Frost, who plays but few pranks in this



corner of his realm, seldom nips the tender flowers or stops the growth of plants. The beautiful lawns and profusion of choice and carefully cultivated flowers speak more loudly of the culture and refinement of the people than do palatial residences. Flowers are the property of rich and poor alike, and often the humbler house is as richly embowered as the more pretentious mansion, showing that the beautiful homes of our most wealthy citizens are not simply evidence of riches, but the natural consequence of the possession of means to gratify a refined taste common to them and others less able to follow its promptings.

The many beautiful residences which form subjects for illustration in this number are located in all portions of the city, and have been selected from scores which might be equally entitled to a place in these pages. To see them all, and the hundreds of other neat, tasteful, and even elegant, residences, would require a drive about the city of at least two hours' duration. Let the stranger, who desires to behold the beauties of Portland, direct his driver to proceed up Sixth street as far as Harrison, back on West Park to Washington, out Washington and B to Sixteenth, down that street to D, from D to Seventeenth, thence to H and Nineteenth, down Nineteenth eight or ten blocks and returning to Eighteenth and F, to Seventeenth and thence to B. He should then go out B to City Park, and return to Twelfth, passing up Twelfth in front of the magnificent high school building, to Montgomery, and thence to Portland Heights. Though this drive, extended as it is, does not include all the residences illustrated and many other attractive ones, it does embrace the greater number, and certainly as many as any one could desire to see in one continuous drive.

The beautiful residences themselves are not the only attractions of a drive of this kind through the streets of Portland, for they form but a charming and constantly changing foreground for a landscape of remarkable beauty and grandeur. At every street crossing this picture bursts upon the view, becoming

more extended and beautiful as the higher elevations are reached, until it is beheld in its greatest stretch and highest charm from the brow of Portland Heights. From that point the view is indescribably beautiful, and the traveler of experience finds it difficult to recall a city he has visited in his wanderings, whose surroundings charm the eye and evoke such exclamations of admiration as Oregon's metropolis. At the base of the hill, and stretching far to the right and left, lies the city, embowered in a mass of shade, fruit and ornamental trees, the Willamette, like a silvery ribbon, winding around it on three sides. Across the stream, the larger and smaller suburbs fade away into the green valley, in the midst of which rise the grassy and sylvan slopes of Mount Tabor. Still farther to the northeast can be traced the course of the noble Columbia until it is lost in the grand gorge which it has cloven through the mountains; beyond the stream the endless forests rise higher and higher until they culminate in the summit ridges of the Cascades, which close in the picture as far as the eye can reach from north to south. Were this all, the view would be a grand one indeed, but the crowning charm yet remains. Rising grandly above the sombre-hued mountain ridges are the white sides and crests of four giant peaks covered with eternal snow. Two of these are in full view from base to summit, differing radically in outlines and surroundings, St. Helens, a rounded and graceful cone, and Mt. Hood, a rugged and canyon-scarred peak. Beautiful as they are at all times, they are especially grand in the early morning, with the light of breaking dawn bringing them out in bold relief from the dark and as yet sunless mountains around them, and in the sunset hour, with the last glories of departing day resting upon their shining brows in ever-changing hues. If possible, the drive to the heights should be so timed that the glories of an Oregon sunset on mountain ridge and snowy peak may be witnessed from the time the sun first hides his face behind the hills until the ashen hue of twilight has settled on the mountain tops.



TOM NORWOOD: A STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.\*

BY JAMES P. SHAW.

VII.

COLONEL Harrington and Captain Norwood improved rapidly under the influence of home and friends. Tom was a general favorite before the war, and now, with his record as a soldier, and his Andersonville experience, he was doubly so. In fact, his towns-people lionized him. Little Mamie, Tom's sister, was very jealous of all the honors bestowed upon her big brother. She was ever found by his side—Tom said she went along to take care of him. Sam, the colonel's servant, was a great curiosity, and attracted really more attention than either the colonel or captain. He delighted to relate wonderful stories of the battles he had seen and the soldiers that had been killed right before his eyes. Sam was never without an audience, for he really told his stories well. To a crowd of men, one day, he said, in telling of the battle of Gettysburg—

"I 'clar to goodness, dar war more 'n a million ob dem seshers at Geterburg, an' dey had guns nine feet long. I neber seed sech guns in all my bo'n days. And talk about yer cannons! Why, one ob dem cannons dun shot balls bigger 'n a house; an' it 'pears to dis nigger dat dey sometimes run out ob amernition, an' loaded 'er up wid batteries, kase I dun seed batteries frowed all ober de yard ob a plantation, and knocked ober de ash hopper. Dis I seed wid my own two eyes, or else I wouldn't believ it."

"Where was you, Sam, when these batteries were flying around?" asked one of his listeners.

"Golly, marsa, I wuz layin' mighty low about dem times."

Sam was very careful, however, not to tell his big stories when the colonel or "Marsa Captain Tom" was around.

Tom became once more a regular visitor at the Harrington mansion, and judging from past events, it was a little strange to see that the colonel was pleased at the result he could not help but see would follow these visits. He now met Tom with a hearty shake of the hand, with the assurance that he was glad to see the son of his old neighbor.

"I hope," said he, one day, "that you are improving as fast as I am."

"I am glad to say, colonel, that I feel well enough to return to my regiment. In fact, I have for some

days; but I have, as yet, been unable to say as much to mother, as she is very much opposed to my leaving her."

A few days after this conversation with Colonel Harrington, and near the close of August, Captain Norwood received a letter from Washington, advising him to report in that city at his earliest convenience, and informing him that there awaited him, at the war department, a colonel's commission. He read the letter, which was from his friend, Dr. Roether, several times, and wondered who the friends were who had interested themselves in his behalf. It did not occur that he owed his advancement almost wholly to himself. He took the letter to his mother, who, when she read it, said—

"Then must you leave me, Thomas?"

"Yes, mother, duty calls me to the field, and I must obey."

Telling his mother he would run over and see Colonel Harrington, he put on his hat and left the house. On his way he met Amy, whom he told of his intended departure and of his promotion.

"Don't go, Tom."

"I must obey orders, darling."

"Then obey mine. I now give you most positive orders to remain."

"And what will you do if I disobey?"

"I will have you arrested and thrown into prison."

"You already have me a close prisoner, and I only await your permission to once more plead my cause with your superior officer."

Amy understood well what he meant, but blushing hung her head.

"What say you, darling, shall I again speak to your father?"

Looking up into his eyes, her own filling with tears, she said, "Yes."

They slowly advanced up the walk leading to the colonel's residence, and when they entered, Amy at once went to her room, too much excited to meet her father. Tom still had misgivings as to the result of his second interview, and as he neared the house his heart beat with anxiety and fear that it would be the same as the first. He took courage, however, when the colonel met him at the door with more than his

usual warmth, and said, "Come right in, captain; don't stand on ceremony."

"I am glad, colonel, to see you looking so well; I trust you are almost yourself again."

"Never felt better in my life, sir, and want to get back to my command."

"I appreciate your feeling in that respect, colonel, as I am ready to respond to the advice this letter contains, which was received but an hour ago." As Captain Norwood said this, he handed the letter to the colonel.

"Well, well," said he, when he had adjusted his glasses and read the contents of the letter. "Right glad I am. Let me congratulate you. By George!" he exclaimed, "you are a lucky scamp. But you deserve it, my boy, you deserve it, and no one is better pleased at your promotion than myself."

"You will pardon me Colonel Harrington, but I believe there is one whose pleasure at my promotion exceeds that of your own."

"Who is that, sir?"

"Your daughter."

"There, now, Colonel Norwood, stop right where you are. I know what is coming. I saw you two coming up the walk, a billin' and a cooin', and will spare you any further talk upon the subject."

"But hear me, colonel."

"Not a word, Norwood," cutting him off short.

"But you—"

"There is no but about it. All I have to say is, take her, and be as good a husband to my daughter as you have been a soldier."

Great drops of perspiration stood on Tom's face, so worked up with excitement had he become at the abrupt manner of the colonel; and now that the ending was so different from what he feared, he was left without the power of speech, and knew not what to say. He afterward said he would rather face a six-gun battery, double shot, than to go through the second time what he did on this occasion.

Recovering himself sufficiently, he grasped the colonel by the hand, and said—

"God bless you for those words. With the help of Him who has guided me through battle, I will be to your daughter all you could wish."

"Say no more, Colonel Norwood, a soldier should deal sparingly with his words. When will you start for Washington?"

"I have not yet decided."

"Let me know as soon as you decide, and I will accompany you, as I am anxious to join my regiment. Besides, I am getting rusty, lying around here playing sick, just to please the women."

Tom was anxious to inform his mother of the good fortune attending him, so he took his leave of th

colonel as soon as it was convenient to do so, and hurried home. As he went down the gravel walk to the street, a pair of beautiful brown eyes watched him from behind the blind, and his joyous air and elastic step gave them the intelligence they were anxiously seeking.

"I am glad," said Mrs. Norwood, when Tom informed her of the prize he had won, "for your sake, and I believe Amy will make you a good wife, Thomas."

Little Mamie was delighted, when told that Amy was to be her real sister, and that they were to live together. It was earlier than usual that evening when Tom called at Colonel Harrington's, and, fortunately, found the colonel and his wife had gone out to spend the evening with some neighbors, leaving Amy the only occupant of the house, except the servants. This was as he would like to have had it. It is wonderful the degree of foresight parents sometimes show, especially when matters progress to their liking. At such times they seem to know just when to absent themselves; but then, they not infrequently return at inopportune moments; that is to say, their absence is sometimes thought to be of too short duration.

This was the case with Tom and Amy. They had scarcely finished the business part of their meeting, when the colonel and his wife returned. While it is true they were given little time to say soft things, such as lovers are supposed to say when on the eve of getting married, yet, like the sensible folks they were, they had completed all their arrangements for the consummation of that happy event. One part of the programme was to have Doctor Roether present, to be the groom's best man, an arrangement with which Amy expressed herself as being well pleased. Accordingly, a telegram was sent that evening to the doctor, apprising him of the wish of both the captain and Amy.

As arranged that evening, subject to the approval of the parents of both parties, they would be married the following Thursday, at 9:00 o'clock in the morning, after which breakfast would be served. This would give them time to catch the 10:30 train, on which the captain and his wife, Doctor Roether and Colonel Harrington would depart for Washington. Amy would accompany her husband to the capital, and remain with him until he was ordered to his command.

The arrangements for the wedding met with approval and were substantially carried out. Doctor Roether wired his intention of being present, and reached Wapakoneta the day before the one set for the wedding. Every arrangement had been made, trunks were packed, tickets purchased, and it only remained for the minister to say the magic words



which would cause two hearts to throb as one, two souls to live but for each other.

The only one who was not happy in that entire household was Sam. He was having too good a time to wish to give it up, and the thought of returning to the front positively made him sick.

"Golly!" said he, as he busied himself getting the colonel's traps together, "I'se 'bout's soon stay in de norf, if it's all de same to de kunnel. I'se not so bery pow'ful stuck on de wah as de white folks am; nigger no 'count, and not worf fightin' for nohow."

As all weddings are about alike, we will spare the reader a description of this one, and only say that Amy was married in a handsome gray traveling suit, and that the captain, or Colonel Norwood, as we might call him now, was dressed in a neatly fitting uniform, which he had hastily procured from Cincinnati for a wedding suit; and that Colonel Harrington and Doctor Roether both appeared in brass buttons and shoulder straps. In fact, it was a genuine military wedding, even Sam having donned a cast-off uniform of Colonel Harrington's, that he might help do honor to the occasion.

When the party reached the depot, they were greeted by a large number of their townspeople, who had gathered at the little station to bid them good-bye and God speed on their journey.

"Paper, sir? All about the battle in front of Richmond," cried the news boy, as he passed through the train at one of the stations.

Colonel Harrington purchased a paper, and was scanning the war news, when his attention was attracted to a name in the list of killed, and turning to his daughter, he asked—

"Did Frank Von Brean enter the army?"

"Why, yes. Did not mamma write you, that soon after he left us for New York, we saw in the paper that he had been commissioned a captain, and went with his regiment to the front a few days afterward?"

"This must be he, then, whose name I see in the list of killed," said the colonel, leaning forward and handing the paper to his daughter.

"Poor Frank! How sorry I am," said Amy, more to herself than for the ears of any one else.

The party reached the capital in due time, and registered at the Willard, where Doctor Roether soon left them to attend to his duties at the hospital, but not before he had exacted a promise that they would come over to the heights and take dinner with the old mess before returning to the field.

As soon as Colonel Norwood had rested somewhat, he reported at the war office, when he was given his commission as colonel, and assigned to the command of his old regiment, whose colonel had been killed in a charge at Jonesborough, on the Atlanta campaign.

He was also informed that the regiment was then on the march to the sea, with Sherman's victorious army, and to reach it at that time would be all but impossible, owing to the fact that General Sherman had severed his connection with the north by cutting loose from his lines of communication, and was then fighting his way to a new base of supplies on the coast, at Savannah, Georgia. The only way to reach his command would be to take the vessel, which was then loading with supplies at New York, and would sail in time to meet Sherman's army at Savannah, some time in December, at which time Sherman was expected to reach the coast. In the meantime, Colonel Harrington ascertained that his regiment was in the trenches in front of Petersburg, and, although anxious to be with his command, he allowed himself to be persuaded to remain over a day to pay the expected visit to Doctor Roether, at Arlington hospital. Accordingly, the following day, they drove over to the heights, where they met with a warm reception, not only from Doctor Roether and his assistants, but from the remaining inmates who were there during the confinement of the visitors. Many were the hearty congratulations extended the newly married couple.

"I knew it would come to this," said Doctor Stone. "In fact, it never fails, I believe, that when a beautiful young lady undertakes to nurse a handsome young fellow through a spell of sickness, she invariably concludes that he is not fit to take care of himself, and marries him so that she can look out for him. That is the only fault we have to find with our lady nurses, especially the good looking ones, and, God bless them, they are all good looking to the boys."

"I freely concur in the last part of your remarks, Doctor Stone, but must dissent to the insinuation conveyed in the first; and when I tell you that I just had to marry Colonel Norwood to get rid of him, you will retract the first part of your assertion."

"Don't you do it, doctor," said Tom. "Leave the matter in *statu quo*, for I assure you, you were pretty nearly right."

"Now, Tom," said Amy, giving him a gentle slap on the face, "how dare you?"

Our friends enjoyed the day at the hospital very much, only leaving the heights in time to reach Washington before dark. The next day was devoted to receiving calls. A great many of the officers in Washington availed themselves of their slight acquaintance with Mrs. Norwood, and called to see the handsome bride, whose great beauty had been talked over within the precincts of the mess room.

Colonel Harrington said good-bye to his children, and went to join his regiment at Petersburg, much to the dissatisfaction of Sam, who saw certain death staring him in the face; and but for the love he had



for "Marsa Kunnel Harrington," he would have joined the ranks of the thousands of unfortunate colored refugees who had flocked into Washington, believing that "Marsa Lincum" would take care of them. Colonel Norwood and wife remained a few days longer in the capital, then went to New York, to learn when the vessel on which he was to take passage would sail. At the steamship office he was informed that it would be a week before the ship would have her cargo completed. This was pleasant news to both Amy and her husband, as it assured them one more week's enjoyment of their honeymoon.

As all pleasures must have an ending, so must the happiness of the two young people give way to duty and the stern command of war. The day arrived when the good-byes must be said, and the young bride of but a few days must return, sad and alone, to her home, there to watch and wait the coming of her husband; while he must brave the ocean billows, that he may reach his regiment, at the head of which he hoped to march, and direct the brave men composing it in battle, as he had done his company, now more than a year ago.

The greatest war of modern times was over. The victorious Sherman, with his "bummers," had driven the rebel forces from Atlanta, had marched from Atlanta to the sea, thence into the Carolinas, where the great battle was fought at Bentonville, resulting in a victory for the Union cause. Colonel Norwood had reached his regiment, after the storming and capture of Fort McAllister, at Savannah, and at Bentonville led his men into action, covering himself, as on former occasions, with imperishable glory.

The rebel capital had fallen into the hands of the Union army. The two greatest captains had met under the spreading branches of an old apple tree, at Appomattox, and one of them—General Lee—had surrendered his army to the other—General Grant—who, with a magnanimity seldom exhibited by the conqueror to the conquered, returned the surrendered sword to the fallen chieftain, sparing him the humiliation of losing his trusty blade. It was, indeed, a noble act, and one worthy the man who performed it. Grant's treatment of the captured army was no less magnanimous than his conduct toward its commander.

Lee's army disbanded, and the men returned to their homes; but oh! what a sad picture of desolation awaited these poor, heart-sick and foot-sore men, who, through the intrigues of a few ambitious men in the south, had been brought to their forlorn and desperate condition. In their ignorance of the purposes of their leaders, they were made to believe that their rights and liberties had been assailed by the government of the United States, which had given them the

only social and political liberties they had ever enjoyed. They seemed not to know that these same ambitious men, who had drenched the soil of their "sunny south" with the blood of her native sons, were trying to fasten upon her people an oligarchy founded upon human slavery. If there are any of the citizens of this great republic, who, more than others, should rejoice at the overthrow of this foul conspiracy, they are the brave, but deluded, men who fought in the ranks of the rebel army.

A few days later, the Union armies were marching toward the capital, to be disbanded and sent to their homes. The soldiers were jubilant with bright anticipations of seeing their homes and friends once more, when, in the midst of their joy, the crowning act of the terrible tragedy of war was consummated by the assassin's bullet. The president of the United States was murdered on the evening of April 14, 1865, and at such a time! The country was ablaze with joy at the termination of the war, and this was quickly turned to mourning for the death of that great and good man, Abraham Lincoln. What a terrible, what a useless, act! Just when peace had dawned upon the country, and the authority of the government was about to reign supreme throughout the whole of the United States, the assassin's bullet took from the people their beloved president. Thank God, the foul deed was not the work of the brave soldiers of the south.

The grandest military pageant ever seen in America took place in our national capital on the 27th day of May, 1865. The victorious Union armies had come from far and near, to Washington, that they might fittingly celebrate their victories, and the ending of the war, by a grand parade and review, after which the brave patriots were to be mustered out of the service, to go back to their homes and once more resume their places in the counting room, office, field, workshop and factory, to help produce the wealth necessary to pay the enormous debt the government had contracted in consequence of the war, the amount of which was too appalling to contemplate.

The parade was indeed a grand and imposing affair, and will never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to witness it. Two hundred thousand veterans, bronzed by the hot sun and winds of the south, the smoke of battle still clinging to their garments, making a column of soldiery nearly forty miles long, marched through the streets of the capital, past the grand stand on Pennsylvania avenue, which was occupied by the president of the United States, foreign ministers and diplomatic representatives from all the civilized governments of the east. Close by the president's mansion, known as the White House, stood five thousand little girls, school children of



Washington, all dressed in spotless white, with sash of red, white and blue passing over the left shoulder and tied in a knot at the right side, the ends left hanging in graceful folds until they almost touched the ground. In the right hand, each waved a tiny flag, while in the left was a beautiful wreath of fragrant flowers, and at their feet were hundreds of bouquets. The flowers were thrown to the marching soldiers, while the children sang happy songs of welcome to the heroes, who had braved the storms of battle on many hard-contested fields, and now that their work was done, were returning to their homes to enjoy the fruits of the victories they had won.

The hearts of these soldiers swelled with feelings of pride and patriotism when they beheld the great pouring out of the people to do them honor, when all alike seemed desirous of showering words of praise upon them for the great result they had helped, by their arms, to bring about. Each then felt that, were it necessary, the government might call upon them for three years more of service to defend the starry banner. But, alas, the noble deeds of the old soldiers have long since been forgotten, and in the great struggle for wealth and rank, and inasmuch as his body is no longer wanted to interpose between wealth and danger, he is pushed to the wall, where he stands, supported by his crutch, broken in health and discouraged in spirit, asking for the necessary alms to keep his wife and children from starving. This, too, with the loud sounding praise, and the oft repeated, but now forgotten, promises of the government he help to save, ringing in his ears. But we must not be too hard on the people. There comes a time each year when we are reminded of the existence of the brave defenders of the republic, and in the pleadings for their ballots their heroic deeds are once more extolled, and they are told, as of the long ago, that but for them we would to-day have a divided country. But these paroxysms of praise only come from the lips, and last only till the election is over, when the old, broken-down veteran is labeled "Lay away carefully until wanted." Is it any wonder, then, that the old soldier sometimes declares that republics are, indeed, ungrateful?

Colonel Norwood, when his regiment arrived at Alexandria, opposite Washington, telegraphed his wife to come to him, and inasmuch as a similar message had reached Mrs. Harrington from her husband, they, together with Colonel Norwood's mother and little sister, hastened to Washington. Quarters at the Willard had been secured for them, where they had a splendid view of the long columns of troops as

they marched up Pennsylvania avenue. Soon after the review, the troops were mustered out of service and sent to their various states to be discharged. Colonel Norwood's regiment was sent to Louisville, Kentucky, via the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, to Parkersburg, Virginia, on the Ohio river, and thence down the river on the new steamboat *Telegraph No. 2*. Colonel Norwood's wife, mother and sister accompanied him, while Mrs. Harrington remained with her husband, whose regiment was to go to Camp Chase, at Columbus, Ohio, for their final disbandment. In due time, they all reached their native town, with hearts full of joy at once more being united and granted the blessings of a happy home.

In taking leave of our readers, we must not forget our old friend, Josh Gundy, who, it will be remembered, was the first to offer himself to the recruiting officer in April, 1861. When Morgan raided through Ohio and Indiana, Josh, although over eighty years of age, organized a company of men, nearly all as old as himself, and, armed with squirrel rifles, they offered their services to the governor to help drive the daring raider from the state. They were gratefully accepted, and the "squirrel hunters," as they were styled, with many other similar organizations, went in pursuit of Morgan, overtaking him at a point on the Ohio river nearly opposite Wheeling, Virginia, where a battle was fought and the rebels driven into the river. Many of them were drowned, while some, among whom was the leader, escaped to the shores of Virginia. Captain Gundy was killed in this battle, fighting at the head of his gray-headed followers. His body was conveyed to his home and laid away in the tomb with the honors of war, midst a sorrowing multitude of friends, who, as boys and men, had known the old hero all their lives.

Poor Ned Gray, with many others, did not return with his comrades. The joyous, light-hearted Ned had sacrificed his life at Chickamauga, and his body fills an unknown grave on that historic field. Jack Sniffleton did not "go to the war and be somebody," as Ned Gray had advised him to do. His fond mother would not allow the silken cord cut, so poor Jack was forced to remain at home, while his companions were doing their country service. Little, mischievous Clara Vaughn kept up her correspondence with Jack Craig, and when the cruel war was over, Jack dropped in one day and married her.

In closing, we can only say, that if the reader has enjoyed this sketch of a soldier's life, we are satisfied.

The End.



## HOP CULTURE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

THE luxuriant growth of hop vines on the Pacific coast is a subject of general remark by travelers; nor is it necessary for them to visit the many hop fields in order to be impressed with this undeniable fact. In city and country the vine is in general use for ornamental purposes, and is a great favorite with those who require a quick and shady climber to protect some porch or window too much exposed to the penetrating rays of the sun, or to cover some unsightly object from view. It climbs the sides of the millionaire's stately mansion, and wreaths its ever-reaching fingers and green cones about the humble door of the poorest settler in the dark depths of Oregon's "continuous woods." Its growth is certainly remarkable. Its exploring shoots reach out in all directions, and soon cover their supports with a dense mass of vine and leaves, from which the young hops hang in masses. In the fields the vines interlace from pole to pole, and droop in graceful festoons of darkest green, making a cool and shady avenue miles in extent. This rank growth, and the fact that the vines have not as yet been attacked by lice or any form of disease, such as play sad havoc at times with the yards of Wisconsin, New York and Europe, are attributed by growers to the richness of the soil, the length of the growing season, the cool summer nights and the absence of excessively hot summer days. These climatic conditions, so agreeable personally and so beneficial to crops and fruits, are peculiar to the region near the coast, and if it is a fact that they do exempt the hops from insect pests and scourge, the future of that industry is very bright. Be that as it may, such is now their happy condition.

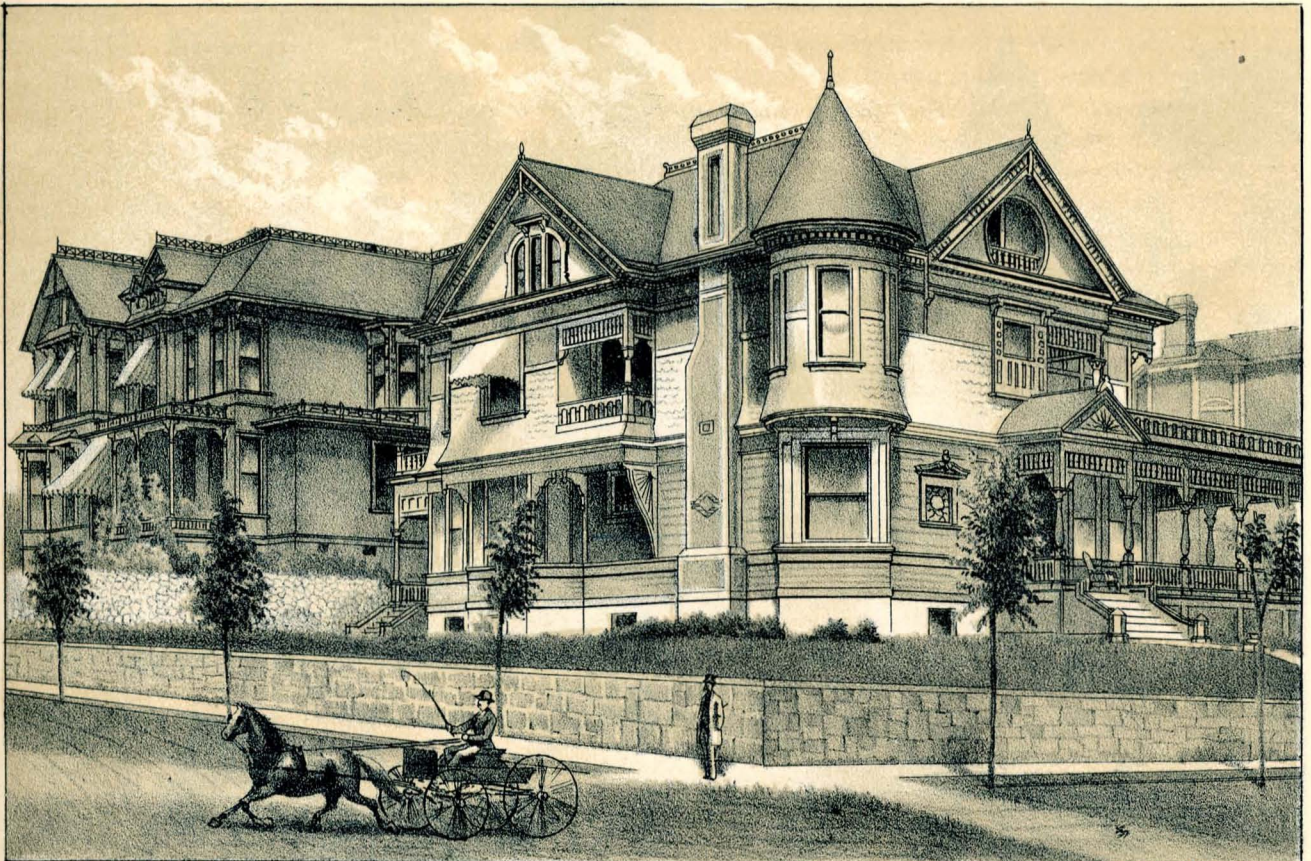
Hops are cultivated in the Sacramento valley and the northern coast counties of California, in all the counties of the Willamette valley, Oregon, in the counties bordering on Puget sound, Washington Territory, as well as Yakima county, east of the mountains, and to a small extent on the delta lands at the mouth of Frazer river, in British Columbia. The soil devoted to this purpose is essentially the same in nearly all these widely scattered sections, covering a distance from north to south of nearly a thousand miles. The rich, alluvial lands along the margins of the streams, known as "bottom lands," are always selected for hop yards, where the soil is deep and contains an abundance of moisture even in the driest seasons, the roots, unretarded by any subsoil, penetrating to a great depth in search of the life-giving fluid. Roots nine feet long have been exposed by the erosion of streams encroaching upon the yards, and one fourteen feet in length has been on exhibition here. The famous Puyallup valley, where hop cul-

ture has reached its greatest development, contains sixteen thousand acres of this character of land, only about two thousand of which are now in hops, a description of which, and the method of its formation, will serve for the same class of lands in other localities.

Through the center of the valley flows Puyallup river, direct from the icy glaciers of Mount Rainier. The soil of the valley is a black vegetable mold, the accumulation of years of washings of the soil and luxuriant vegetation of the Cascade mountains. There is no subsoil whatever, the mold extending to a depth not yet ascertained. At one place the drill of an artesian well struck a cedar log at a depth exceeding one hundred feet, and wherever the river erodes its banks, logs are uncovered lying fifteen feet below the surface. Large cedar stumps have been uncovered in this way which present the appearance of having been cut with a sharp stone implement, and above which are growing huge trees hundreds of years old. No better idea of this character of soil can be given than to quote the language of an old pioneer of the Willamette valley, who referred with pride to the rich bottom lands upon which his hop vines were thriving, as being a "conglomerated mass of muckulated gloom." In Yakima county, which lies east of the Cascade mountains, and in what is known as the rainless belt, the soil is different, being of a lighter texture, though also alluvial in its nature. That region was evidently once the bed of an immense lake, which has been drained by the Columbia river; in fact, Indian traditions point to this unmistakably in confirmation of the geological evidences. The soil of the valleys bordering upon the water courses is extremely rich, and wherever vivified by irrigation, produces wonderful crops of grain and vegetables. Here hops reach their great-st perfection in size, weight and quality, and Yakima hops are in great demand by our local brewers.

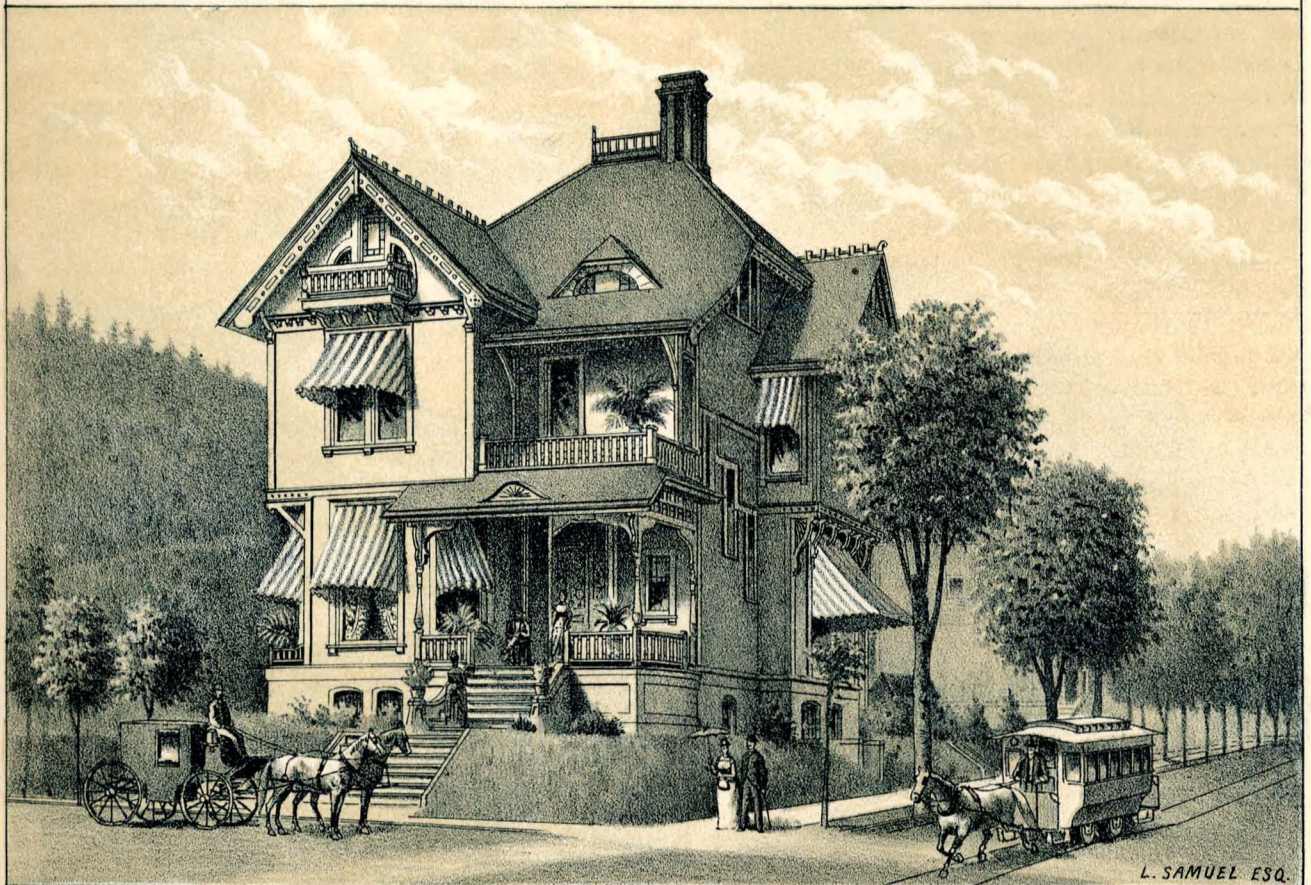
The method of growing hops is much the same here as elsewhere. In starting fields, the young creepers, or rhizomas, which start out from the roots of the old plants, are removed by grubbing and cut into pieces six or eight inches long, each piece containing two or three pairs of eyes; these are planted early in the spring, four or five being set in a hill, the hills usually being eight feet apart, with occasional avenues left for wagons. In other localities no crop is expected the first year, but here the growing season is so long, spring opening some years as early as February, the days are so free from excessive heat and the nights are so cool, that the plants produce the first season, though, of course, not nearly so abundant a crop as from the older root. As the vines begin to grow they are trained to poles about





L.W. WALLACE ESQ.

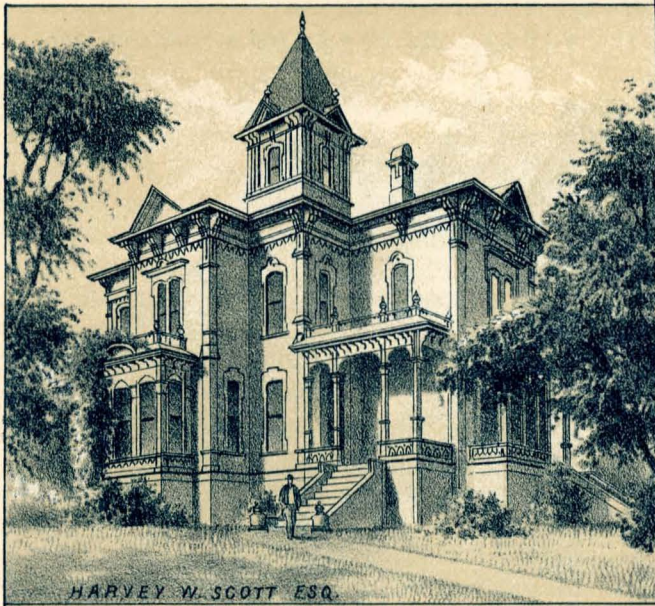
G.W. SNELL ESQ.



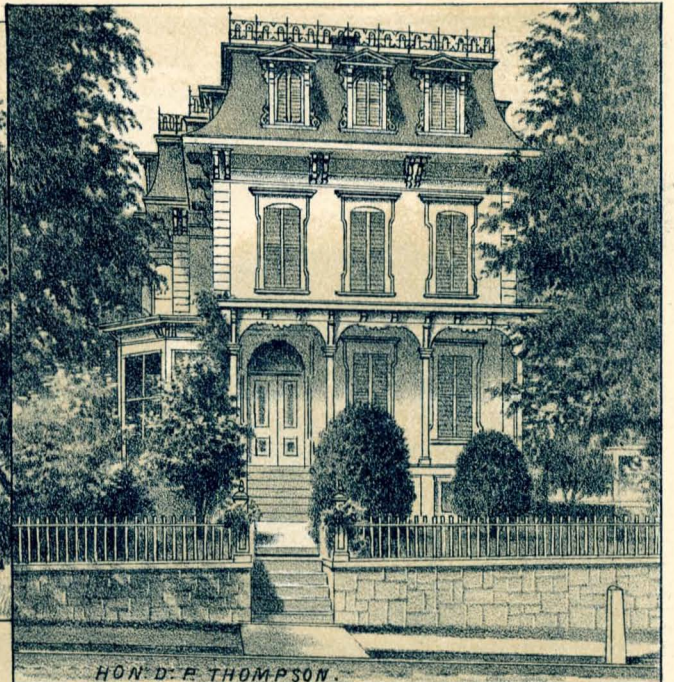
L. SAMUEL ESQ.

OREGON-BEAUTIFUL HOMES OF PORTLAND.





HARVEY W. SCOTT ESQ.



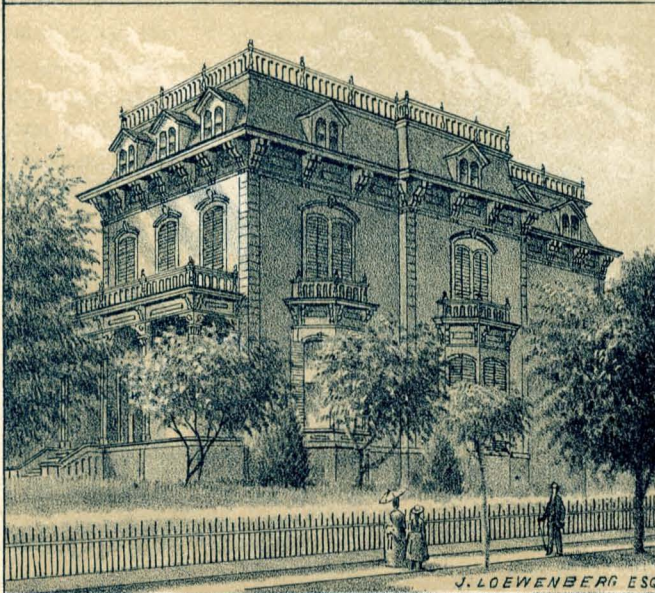
HON. D. P. THOMPSON.



JOHN R. FOSTER ESQ.



MRS. ANNA VAN RENSSELAER.



J. LOEWENBERG ESQ.



MRS. ROSA F. BURRELL.

OREGON-BEAUTIFUL HOMES OF PORTLAND.



fifteen feet high, above which they soon creep, their long arms reaching over and interlacing with those from other hills, until they form a dense network of vines, their shade protecting the soil in which they grow from being too quickly relieved of its moisture by the sun. The vines flower early in summer, and in about ten days the blossoms expand, or "hop out," forming the cones, or strobiles, of commerce. Although the cones quickly attain their full size, they are allowed to mature on the vines until about the first of September, when the picking and curing begins. Then all is bustle and activity. The pickers are supplied with long wooden boxes, provided with handles for carrying when full. A box will hold one hundred pounds of green hops, or twenty-five pounds of dried ones. The price of picking is based upon these, and fluctuates from seventy-five cents to one dollar per box, according to the law of supply and demand in the labor market, one dollar being the usual price. A hand will fill from one to three boxes a day, only the most diligent and expert reaching the higher limit, and then only by working early and late. Beginning at the ground the picker plucks off the cones as high as he can conveniently reach, being careful not to crush them, and then the pole is pulled up and placed in a recumbent position, the end resting on a forked stick, so as to keep the fruit from being soiled or injured by contact with the ground, when it is thoroughly stripped of its burden. In this way the picker passes from pole to pole until his box is full.

Wagons pick up the loaded boxes and convey them to the kilns, which are essential features of every hop yard. Hop kilns, which average about one to every ten acres of vines, vary in size, averaging about twenty feet square, with a steep, four-sided roof, surmounted by a short ventilation tower. The floor, several feet above the base of the kiln, is made of lattice work, covered with burlaps. Upon this the hops are placed, evenly distributed to a depth of twenty to twenty-four inches, about two thousand pounds being the average spread in one "flooring." Below the floor is a furnace for heating the air beneath the hops, several systems being used. The temperature is thus raised gradually as high as from 120° to 140° and even 150° Fahrenheit. A draft is created by means of holes in the sides of the kiln near the ground, the fumes from the drying hops escaping through the ventilator, which is protected from the elements by an overhanging roof. To properly dry a flooring twenty hours are necessary. Growers who, in their haste to dry two kilns a day, turn the hops over with a fork or permit men to trample on them in the kiln or baling room, lose more in injury to the hops than they gain in time.

It will no doubt surprise many to know that the natural color of hops is not the rich golden shade so familiar to all, and they will be more surprised to learn that this tint is produced by sulphur. This substance is burned in a little pan under the hops to bleach and color them. The quantity used varies with the condition of the crop and the ideas of the grower. A kiln of green picked, discolored, mouldy, or "redded" hops, requires more sulphur to bleach it than one of well ripened cones in good condition. It is a mooted question whether the use of sulphur is injurious to the quality of the hops. If such be the case, our hops should be the least injured of any in the world, since but from one to three pounds of sulphur are used here as against about fifteen by eastern growers. The superior condition of the cones when picked renders the excessive use of sulphur unnecessary.

When hops are sufficiently dry, having been reduced to about one-fourth their original weight, they are shoved carefully through a door into the cooling room. Much experience is required in determining just when to take them from the kiln. If not dry enough they will sweat in the bale, and if too dry they become brittle and powder in handling. The proper test is the brittleness of the stem of the cone. When cooled they are lowered to the main floor of the warehouse, and unless needed for immediate shipment, are allowed to accumulate in layers, one drying above another, until the whole crop is in store. In this way they not only become thoroughly toughened but permit the bales to be made of an even quality. This latter object is accomplished by taking the hops off in perpendicular sections, a portion of each layer thus getting into every bale. Baling is done in portable presses of sufficient size and power to make a smooth, compact bale of two hundred pounds weight. The greatest of care is necessary in handling dried hops, not to break or powder them, and thus lose much of their strength by the sifting out of the lupuline, the yellow powder containing the bitter principle, or injure the appearance of the cones, upon which their market value largely depends.

In one respect, at least, hop culture on the Pacific coast differs widely from that in the eastern states—in the character of the labor employed in picking. In California pickers are almost exclusively Chinese. In Oregon, Chinese, whites and Indians are used. The scholars of the Indian training school at Chema-wa, near Salem, earn a large sum annually in this way. In Washington Territory the pickers are almost exclusively Indians, men, women and children engaging in the work. In the Puyallup valley, where the greatest number of fields are located, the scene is a busy, picturesque and interesting one during the



picking season. As the time approaches for the picking to begin, Indians flock into the valley from all directions, on foot, in wagons, on horseback, and by far the greater number in canoes, some of them from hundreds of miles up the coast, even from British Columbia and Alaska. The tribes at a distance come in their large canoes, made from the immense cedars that grow along the northern coast, following that romantic and picturesque channel lying between the coast and its outlying fringe of islands, which is the admiration of every tourist to Alaska. These canoes are large and staunch, manned by twenty men or more, who often venture to sea in them during the sealing season. They make their journey leisurely, often consuming a month in the trip, fishing and hunting along the route, and camping wherever night overtakes them. Thus they come from far and near, to the number of about three thousand to Puyallup valley alone, there being considerable pulling and hauling among the growers to secure a complete and reliable force of pickers. They camp along the river, hauling their canoes well up upon the bank, and are soon ready for work. They are steady, reliable and industrious, going to the fields as soon as it is light in the morning, carrying their dinners with them, and remaining until dark. It is popularly supposed that an Indian will not work, but that they do work on Puget sound and the northern coast, in the hop fields, on the farms, in the saw mills, canneries and fisheries, is a fact; and if they did not, some of these industries would not thrive as well as they do now. The hops of Yakima valley are picked by Indians from the large Yakima reservation close by.

Hop culture was begun in California in the fifties. The first field north of that state was one of two acres, planted in the Puyallup valley in 1865, with cuttings from Sacramento, and that field is still yielding large annual crops from the original roots, now twenty-three years old. The acreage of Oregon is now two thousand two hundred and ninety-one; Washington, three thousand three hundred and sixty-seven; California, five thousand one hundred and seventy-one, and about twenty-five acres in British Columbia. The crop of 1887 was sixty-six thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight bales, divided as follows: California, thirty-four thousand seven hundred and fifty-three; Oregon, eleven thousand nine hundred and forty-three; Washington, twenty thousand one hundred and sixteen, giving a total average per acre of eleven hundred and forty pounds, being twelve hundred and forty, nine hundred and sixty, eleven hundred, and nine hundred pounds respectively. California, having the largest percentage of old roots, has the highest average per acre. Oregon has the most new yards, hence its smaller average. The largest

total yield was in 1884, when seventy-six thousand four hundred and seven bales were produced on a smaller acreage than that of last year. That season as high as three thousand pounds per acre were raised in some yards, while there are growers who have never averaged less than two thousand pounds per acre. The lowest average for an old field is placed at fifteen hundred pounds. Shiftless picking by new or unreliable hands reduces the yield in some yards so as to materially affect the general average. Whether the fertility of the soil will be exhausted in the course of time, or whether pests and scourges will curtail the crop, is a matter which the future must determine.

The price of hops fluctuates more than that of any other product of this region, ranging from seven cents to one dollar a pound. The cost of production is from seven to nine cents a pound, and when the price is as high as fifteen cents the crop is a profitable one. The average price realized by growers during the past twenty years is about twenty cents. The price is regulated by the quantity and condition of the crop in the east and in Europe, the product of this coast being too small to materially affect the market. Every three or four years the eastern and foreign crop is short and the price goes way up. Some of our hop growers have grown fairly wealthy upon one year's crop under such conditions. The price received for the crop of 1887 averaged ten cents per pound, though some were sold early in the season for twenty-five cents. In the early part of this season some growers made three-year contracts at twelve and one-half cents. The market for one-year contracts then fell to nine cents, but has now advanced to twelve cents. A few sales of extra choice at thirteen cents have been reported. It is the general opinion of growers and dealers that prices will not materially advance, and that it will pay to harvest the crop at these figures. The total crop of 1888 is estimated at eighty thousand bales, being fourteen thousand greater than last year and four thousand greater than the wonderful crop of 1884. It is demonstrated by experience that in a series of years the careful hop grower of this region may depend upon a season when he can "make a killing," while at no time will the price fall much, if any, below the cost of production. What the future of the hop industry will be on the Pacific coast it is impossible to prophesy. Though the acreage, owing to the prevailing low prices, has not been materially increased this year, it is much larger than it was a few years ago. The labor question is a serious one, and whether pickers could be found for a crop much larger than that of this season is uncertain. And yet, scarce as labor is, there seems to be as much in proportion as

there was a few years ago when the acreage was not one-half as great as at present. With the increase in the size and number of yards has come a corresponding increase in the number of pickers. Upon the theory that "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," our growers are going ahead, leaving the remedy to be determined when the disease appears.

#### AN INDIAN BURYING-GROUND.

ABOUT a mile from the little town, or mining camp, of Chewelah, in the Colville valley, is one of those curiously interesting spots, an Indian cemetery. The country formerly belonged to the tribe of the Calispels, and much of the beautiful farming land in the valley is still occupied by individuals of this tribe, who continue to use this cemetery as a place of interment. Many half-breeds, and a few white families, also bury their dead here, as the ground at present belongs to the Catholic church. A new ground is soon to be laid off not far from the old one, but it is to be hoped that the present one may be allowed to remain intact, as a picturesque and interesting relic of a departing race.

Some of the more recent graves are surrounded by handsome enclosures, and show the omnipresent invasion of the white man's hand, though there is not a letter of inscription anywhere. There, too, is evident the influence of the missionary church; for all the graves, even those so old that the queer little houses built over them are crumbling to decay, are marked by some form of a crucifix.

These little houses were originally built over the shallow graves of the untutored savages, to protect them from the depredations of coyotes and other animals. Whether the many flags and pennons with which they are decorated were intended, by their fluttering, to frighten the crows and other sinister denizens of the air, or to scare away less tangible spooks, is uncertain; but, through custom, both houses and flags continue to be erected over many of the graves.

Some, however, are merely surrounded by enclosures, more or less rude. Some of the houses cover half a dozen graves. One is æsthetically decorated with a coat of wash bluing all over the inner walls and roof.

It was formerly the custom to skin a favorite horse of the deceased, stretch the hide over a rude skeleton of poles, and leave it standing on the grave until it fell to decay, but Christianity seems to have effaced this superstitious practice.

The graves are huddled together in the smallest possible space, with heads to all points of the compass. Some of the enclosures are tilted up against the others, and no attempt at order or decoration has been made, except by trimming the trees and covering the ground with cobble stones and gravel. Nature, however, as if watchful over the dust of children peculiarly her own, is in this particular spot more lavish of her bounties than elsewhere. The location of the cemetery is one of the most beautiful in the whole valley. It is on a smooth mound, partly open, partly timbered, and conspicuous for miles. Its base is almost surrounded by the deep and placid Colville river, whose course the eye can follow for miles by the fringe of willows along its banks. Though the beautiful mound is traversed by many paths in the vicinity of the graves, and littered with the debris of generations of mourners, yet the carpet of grass is here most luxuriant, and the numerous wild flowers of this region bloom here in unequalled beauty and profusion. The stage road up the valley winds around the base of the hill, and crosses the river by an immense bridge just below the cemetery. Near the bridge, an old canoe lies rotting among the willows. Looking upon the scene, and the little city springing up in the distance, and listening to the shriek of the whistle from the mines not far away, one is reminded of the graphic lines—

Behind the squaw's light, birch canoe,  
The steamer smokes and raves,  
And corner lots are staked for sale  
Above old Indian graves.

E. BARNARD FOOTE.



## AN EPISODE OF PIONEER DAYS.

IT is well to refer occasionally to the stirring scenes of pioneer days, that we may keep alive in the breasts of the old, and instill into the hearts of the young, a due sense of gratitude to those sturdy men and women, who, through trials, privations, labor and dangers, laid broad and strong the foundation upon which the present peace, happiness and prosperity of Oregon rest. For the stranger who arrives in a palace car, and is set down in the midst of free schools, free institutions, a free press and a prosperous and contented people, it is difficult to realize that there was a time, less than half a century ago, when others, loving and enjoying these things no less than he, came to this fair land of promise when it was devoid of them all, and that to these same sturdy, liberty-loving men and women, we owe the fact of their existence to-day. These things should never be forgotten; and that they may not, it is well to recite, upon proper occasions, some of the trials and dangers our predecessors so valiantly encountered, to build up this commonwealth of Oregon, whose free institutions we inherit.

One such incident as that, which has generally been spoken of as the Snake river massacre, occurred within the present limits of Idaho, but then, and for years afterward, a portion of Oregon. The danger to be apprehended from hostile Indians while crossing the plains, was well known to emigrants before leaving the general starting point at Independence. It was customary to make up trains of wagons, which were placed under a leader, or captain, and to cross the plains carefully and with the exercise of the greatest vigilance. A lack of these precautions was fatal to many. However, when the Rocky mountains were crossed, especially on the Oregon route, this vigilance was generally much relaxed, because of the well known fact that the Indians of this region were dominated by the old and powerful Hudson's Bay Company, and were not accustomed to commit depredations upon settlers or travelers. Fort Hall, the extreme eastern post of the company, was the point at which these wagon trains generally dissolved. Here the California and Oregon trails diverged, and those bound for the fertile Willamette valley usually continued their journey in small parties, with a sense of security not felt before. The incident referred to occurred in 1854. Up to that time, except the Whitman massacre and the resultant war with the Cayuses, there had been no trouble with the Indians of the Columbia and Snake rivers; but, unknown to the whites, the spirit of discontent and revenge had already taken possession of the natives, who saw a new tide of immigration roll in every year and spread it-

self over the land which had belonged to them and their fathers for centuries. This feeling burst into the red flame of war the next year, and burned fiercely until it was quenched at the rifle's mouth.

One of the small parties which left Fort Hall in the summer of 1854, to begin the final stage of the journey which should carry them to the green banks of the Willamette, was composed of Alexander Ward and family of wife and ten children, Mrs. William White, Dr. Charles Adams, Samuel Mulligan, William Babcock, and a German whose name was never ascertained. On the 20th of August, while on the south bank of Boise river, twenty-five miles above Fort Boise, another post of the great fur company, they were suddenly attacked by Indians. The surprise was complete and the struggle brief. Ward, his eldest son, Robert, Dr. Adams, Babcock, Mulligan and the German fought bravely, but to little purpose, as they were all quickly slain. Norman Ward, a lad of thirteen years, was wounded, but hid himself in the brush, where he remained unobserved by the savages. The oldest daughter fled, but was pursued and quickly overtaken. She fought desperately to avoid capture, well knowing the horrible fate in store for her, and so angered the Indians by her resistance that they killed her with a bullet through the head. One of the wagons was burned at that point, and the angered monsters heated an iron in the flames and with the red hot brand mutilated the body of their victim. The two women and the children were captured, and the murderers started with their prisoners and four wagons for their camp, some half a mile distant, on the river bank. After progressing a short distance through the brush, they stopped and burned three of the wagons. Here Mrs. White met the terrible fate which came to many a brave and noble woman who laid the foundation of the peaceful homes their sisters and daughters now enjoy from Cape Cod to Puget sound. Her trials ended with her death, and then Mrs. Ward and the children were taken to the Indian camp, where the final act of the tragedy was played. The wagon was burned, and upon this blazing heap three of the helpless children were immolated. They were grasped by the hair and held across the burning pile until their pitiful cries of agony were hushed in death. The agonized mother, after being compelled to witness the horrible sufferings of her children, was subjected to the same fate as Mrs. White. What became of the other four children was never known.

A party of seven arrived upon the scene a few hours later, and observing the evidences of the crime, at once followed and attacked the perpetrators. In the fight which ensued, a young man named Ammen was killed and the others were compelled to retreat,

taking with them the wounded Norman Ward, whom they had found in the brush. Two days later, John F. Noble left Fort Boise with a party of eighteen men, and discovered the bodies and evidences of the horrible details as above described. They saw no Indians, and after burying the mangled bodies, they returned. The news was carried in haste to The Dalles, which was then an outpost of the military establishment of Vancouver, and Major Raines, the commanding officer, at once dispatched Major Haller with a strong detachment of troops to the scene. Nathan Olney, Indian agent, raised a company of thirty-seven volunteers and accompanied the troops. When they reached Boise river, they found the Indians had retreated to the mountains, beyond reach. A few days of campaigning disclosed the fact that nothing could be accomplished, and the force returned to The Dalles.

The excitement and indignation was great in the Willamette valley. Ex-Governor John P. Gaines was known to be near Fort Boise with two of his sons, and it was erroneously reported that they, and others, had been killed. There was a demand for punishment of the perpetrators, both as an act of vengeance and because it was necessary as a measure of protection for the immigration the following year. At last, Governor Curry issued a proclamation calling for two companies of volunteers, to be armed, equipped and mounted at their own expense. A few days later he countermanded it, the high officials of the state militia—Brigadier General J. W. Nesmith, Adjutant General E. C. Barnum, and others—having advised him that a winter campaign was not advisable. This brought out a public indignation meeting in Portland, held September 30, and adjourned to October 2, at which resolutions strongly condemning the governor and his advisors was passed. In this there was a spice of the same political feeling which tinged every important movement in those days. T. J. Dryer was one of the committee which drafted the resolutions, and being editor of the *Oregonian*, and an intense whig, this was a splendid opportunity to deal the democratic administration a stinging blow. In this instance he was, in a measure, in the right, for in case the campaign were deemed necessary at all, the winter season was the best one in which to make it. Because of the snow, the Indians could not retreat into the mountains before the advance of troops, but must remain in the valleys with their families, where they could be easily found and attacked. In the summer,

on the contrary, twice as many troops and twice the expense would be required to pursue them through the mountain wilds. It was charged by the whigs, that this greater expense was what the "government ring" desired, preferring a war with "something in it" to a short and decisive campaign, while the democrats asserted that they only desired to prevent a useless expenditure of the people's money. The question was taken into the legislature the following January. A majority of the committee to which it was referred reported in favor of doing nothing, while a minority reported a bill providing for the raising of five companies of volunteers and prosecuting a war against the Snake River Indians. The majority report was adopted and the proposed war collapsed.

The following year, General Wool, commandant of the Department of the Pacific, dispatched Major Haller with a strong detachment of troops to guard the emigrant route from Fort Boise. His action was heartily praised by every one, and he was, for the time being, in high feather with the people of Oregon. When Major Haller reached Fort Boise, he held a council with the Indians of that region. During its progress, four of the Winnass Indians, the tribe which had committed the massacre, came in to see what was going on. These were arrested as soon as the council was over and tried by military court. One of them confessed and related the circumstances, offering to conduct the troops to the hiding place of the tribe. Soon after doing this, he broke loose from his guard and ran toward the river, but was shot before he had passed out of range, and killed. The other three were condemned to be executed on the scene of their crime. The next day, the command marched to the place of execution, and, after burying in one grave the bones of the murdered emigrants, which had been dug up by the coyotes, erected a gallows over the mound, and hanged all three at once. The next morning the bodies were cut down and buried, while the gallows was left standing as a warning to others who might feel disposed to murder unprotected emigrants. The command then went into camp on Big Camas prairie and remained during the summer, returning to The Dalles when the emigration had all passed through, arriving just in time to participate in the disastrous invasion of the Yakima country, the first campaign of that bloody war which raged throughout this region for nearly a year.

H. L. WELLS.



## HARVEST IN THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY.

AS surely as the husbandman deposits seed in the soil and tends with solicitous care the growing plants, he expects the harvest to requite him for his toil. As the seasons recur and harvest and seed time follow each other in never-ending alternation, the farmer plies plow share and sickle and pruning hook, and the teeming fields abundantly testify to the efficacy of his industry. There are few scenes which afford more satisfaction than that of reapers gathering a bountiful harvest. The busy days have not been spent in vain. The soil has been prepared, the seed sown, the crop nurtured from germination to maturity. The result no longer rests in doubt. Incessant labor, added to the gifts of nature, has been productive of a rich reward. The fruits of honest toil are always sweet, and to him who has labored long and faithfully the successful harvest comes like a benediction, and fills his soul with contentment and his heart with joy. It is no wonder the bards have been inspired to sing of the harvest from time immemorial.

To appreciate the magnitude of the agricultural operations of the country it is necessary to get a view of the farmers' harvest. This is the focus of the year's work. For this purpose it is not necessary to go to the valleys and prairies of the east, which have been under cultivation many years, and are considered the garden of the world. West of the Rockies there is a wide field for observation. The grain raising on this side of the continent's backbone is second to none in the country in quantity and quality of production or methods of handling. As one of the most important of these western grain producing sections, the Willamette valley offers unsurpassed opportunities for observing the manner of conducting harvesting operations. During the harvest just finished a WEST SHORE man made a trip through this valley to acquire personal knowledge of the condition of the crops and the methods employed in caring for them. Much of this information will be valuable to readers of the magazine.

Starting out on the west side division of the Southern Pacific lines in Oregon, the gardens and grain fields of Washington county are first brought into view. The long ridge of Scappoose hills, forming the northwestern boundary of the county, still contains a good deal of timber, but from a distance numerous openings appear, and the fields of ripened grain or stubble are easily discerned. All the way down the hillsides and over the plain of the Tualatin, the farmers were busy with their harvest, and the rattle of the binder and the hum of the thresher were the common music of the land. The same scenes of activity were

visible on every side—the fields of waving, golden grain stretching away on either hand as far as the eye could see, the reapers cutting and binding into sheaves and the threshers at work, taking the sheaves from the shock and leaving the straw and chaff in irregular piles and the grain sacked and stacked on the field. In cutting the ripened grain, twine binders are used. Drawn by three or four horses, a twine binder will cut and bind twelve to sixteen and even twenty acres of grain per day, leaving the sheaves collected in rows so they may be easily set up in shocks by one or two men who follow the machine for that purpose. The old-time cradle, or even the more recent table or reel-rake reaper, would be of little use in harvesting the grain from these fields. The weeks of steady work with the present facilities would be lengthened into months to perform the same amount of work, and the crops would, of course, be ruined, in many cases, before they could be taken care of. Now, two or three men, with a binder and three or four horses, constitute a force to take the standing grain and put it in shocks in good order, at the rate of twenty acres a day in many instances. But the matter of speed is not the only consideration in favor of the modern method. All the grain is saved, or at least the loss from shelling with each handling, and from the stragglers which will escape from hand-bound sheaves, is reduced to a minimum, and is not appreciable. Thus the grain gathering from thousands of acres is made an orderly and economical process, while with old methods, which many eastern people think are still employed here, grain raising on so large a scale would be impracticable.

The harvest season in Oregon is free from damaging storms. It is rare, indeed, that a rain storm occurs to injure the grain after it is cut. It is often deemed desirable, however, to cap-sheaf the shocks of barley in order to preserve that sensitive grain from the possibility of being discolored by dews. Even though the wet weather lasts so late as to touch the hay crop, as was the case this season, the grain harvest is free from danger from that cause. With a good growth of straw and long, well filled heads, the acres of wheat, oats and barley in shock wait the coming of the thresher.

From the large number of threshing machines, nearly all of them operated by steam power, which were observed working in the Willamette valley, it seemed as if half the farmers must own threshers; but of course one machine will ordinarily do much more work than several farms require. Still, many thousand bushels are produced on some of the farms, one man near Forest Grove having twenty thousand bushels of oats alone this season, and some others in the valley even more. The threshing can not be de-



layed until late in the fall, as is done in many cases in the east, where the grain in the straw is carefully stacked or stored in barns and threshing protracted long into November, because of the wet weather which is likely to occur here in September. All threshing here is done in the field, the machine being stationed in a central location and the teams drawing the grain from the shocks direct to it. The number of teams required for this work varies, of course, with the distance they have to travel, but usually from four to seven are employed. The steam engine provides much steadier motion than the old horse power, and it is no uncommon thing for one machine to thresh and clean a thousand to eighteen hundred bushels of oats a day, though it is seldom attempted to clean the grain fit for market with the separator. On the larger farms, grain cleaners run by horse power are owned, and these clean the grain so it is merchantable. Wild oats, which have grown in the grain during the past few years in Oregon, can not be separated from it by the cleaning apparatus of the ordinary separator.

A custom that is growing in favor of late is for threshers to take their own crews and go from farm to farm and do their work independent of any aid from the farmers. They take with them even the teams for drawing the grain from the shocks, and board their own men. Ordinarily the farmer has to provide teams and the greater number of the hands to attend the machine, and furnish board for the entire crew.

As a rule the straw from which the grain has been taken is not considered of any value. In threshing, the only object is to keep the machine clear, and no attempt is made to put the straw in barns or even in stacks. One or two horses drag it away from the thresher, and frequently two or three acres are covered with this refuse to a depth of five or six feet. It is burned on the field. There is, however, a growing disposition to utilize the straw of spring grain for cattle fodder, and a few of the farmers submit their straw to their stock by which it is at least trodden into good compost during the winter season. This and other instances of turning to profitable use what was formerly considered worthless refuse, are among the improvements which are elevating the standard of agriculture as a systematic business in Oregon.

By the middle of August the winter wheat had mostly been taken care of, and the harvesters were in the midst of gathering the spring wheat and oats. Throughout the valley these crops were much more than the average yield, but the gain was particularly noticeable in the northern portion in Washington and Yamhill counties. The rains continued this year

quite late, and this kept the grain growing, and there was no hot sun at the critical point to interfere with the filling out of a plump, large kernel. There was no evidence of rust on any of the grain, and as for the evils of chinch bugs and weevil, Oregon farmers do not fear them much, the former never having appeared in this region. Estimates of the average yield of winter wheat in Washington and Yamhill counties, based on partial returns from the farmers, are about thirty-five bushels to the acre. Yields of forty or forty-five bushels to the acre are not uncommon. What is believed to be the largest yield in the Willamette valley is reported from near Forest Grove, in Washington county. Mr. Corum had four acres which produced three hundred and twenty bushels of fine wheat—an average of eighty bushels per acre. It should be stated that this is a new variety of wheat that is being introduced in the valley, and that this was the second season it had grown in this climate. Near Hillsboro, Cornelius and Forest Grove, in Washington county, and McMinnville, Sheridan, Lafayette and Newberg, in Yamhill county, many farmers reported yields of winter wheat of forty and forty-five bushels per acre, and one man near McMinnville had a twenty-acre lot that produced fifty bushels per acre. These are not isolated cases of the growth in mere garden patches, but of the not extraordinary production on farms in various parts of the counties mentioned. It may be truthfully stated that this season has been in some respects unusually favorable for farmers in Western Oregon. There is no failure of any crop, not a single instance being reported.

As the range of Scappoose hills fades from sight in the northward and the lesser elevations, such as the Chehalem ridge, interpose their relief in the jagged horizon and the vast expanse of rich country, reaching from the crest of the Cascade mountains on the east, to the top of the Coast range on the west, extends before the view of the traveler, he can begin to comprehend the magnitude of the agricultural operations carried on in this garden of Oregon. The grain fields, which at this season attract the eye most readily, send their many million bushels of cereals to the principal marts of the world, but they do not constitute the only source of wealth of the region. At this season the cattle have largely forsaken the brown hills and sought the shade of the timber on the creek bottoms, and the nutritious grasses which grow in abundance there afford them ample food. The wide expanse of grain area is interspersed with orchards, heavily laden with ripening fruits, and the farms also produce root crops and the various adjuncts, of which the successful farmer best knows the value, in connection with his staples. The fruits then in season



were being harvested, and a magnificent sight they were, a scene which is reserved for description in the next number of THE WEST SHORE.

An element that is of more importance here than those unfamiliar with the business would think, is the matter of grain sacks. All grain is put in jute sacks by the farmer, and it remains in sacks for shipment out of the country. There are no grain elevators here, as known in the east. The grain lies in the warehouses and is handled in sacks, and is shipped by rail and boat to the seaboard and to foreign countries in the same form. Thus a new supply of bags is necessary for each harvest, and sometimes the farmers are perplexed by the difficulty of securing a sufficient number for their grain just when they want them. This trouble occurs when the yield of grain exceeds the calculations of the shippers and dealers in bagging materials. All shipping facilities are taxed to their fullest capacity to move the crop when the harvest is completed, and, generally, the last of the old crop is not sent away before the new begins to come in.

Next to Yamhill county on the south, lies Polk, wholly within the Willamette valley, and south of that lies Benton county, extending from the Willamette river to the Pacific ocean. The same general features of the harvest as described above are seen in these counties. The tract of comparatively level land between the Willamette river and the coast mountains grows narrower, and at Corvallis, the county seat of Benton, the foothills are only four or five miles from the city. Corvallis is the southern terminus of the west side division of the Southern Pacific lines in Oregon, and there a junction is formed with the Oregon Pacific extending from Yaquina bay, eastward a little beyond Albany, in Linn county. The large number of grain warehouses there indicate that it is in a productive section and is well patronized by the farmers.

Boarding a train on the Oregon Pacific, the traveler is taken down the river, though in an easterly direction, through farms and woodland, and at Albany the Willamette river is crossed. Here the farms extend a greater distance back from the river before the land becomes too rough for cultivation. Linn county is covered with improved farms for a distance of thirty miles or so from the Willamette, and there are a number of villages in the interior. The WEST SHORE representative noticed in this county that some farmers were pressing their hay for shipment to markets that have more severe winters, and consequently a better demand for hay, than Western Oregon. The hay crop this year was late, owing to the late rains that kept the grass growing, but it was heavy and the yield was entirely beyond the demand for home con-

sumption. By horse power it is pressed into compact bales, of one hundred or two hundred pounds each, and bound with wire so that it may be easily handled in shipment.

Next south of Linn, lies Lane county, which comprises the head of the valley of the Willamette. This county extends from the coast to the crest of the Cascade mountains, and from the watersheds in the southern and eastern part the streams collect which form the Willamette river. Eugene City is the county seat and the principal town in that section of the valley. It is surrounded by excellent farming lands, in a high state of cultivation. From Skinner's butte, on the northern boundary of the town, a view of the whole upper end of the valley can be obtained, and on every side the grain fields, hop yards and orchards extend for miles. While other portions of the valley are not destitute of hops, more attention seems to be given to raising that crop in Lane county than elsewhere. The plant grows luxuriantly, and the product is of excellent quality. It is said that Lane county possesses the most profitable hop yard in the world. The valley of the middle fork of the Willamette extends away to the southeast many miles between two spurs of the Cascades. The rich soil produces large crops, and there are few eligible locations unimproved.

Returning on the east side to Salem, in Marion county, there were the same busy harvest scenes witnessed, as on the west side of the river. Everywhere in the county the golden grain was going down before the advancing harvesters. The threshers were engaged in cleaning up their work as far as it was ready for them, but most of the farms needed at least another visit from this machine. The winter wheat on most farms was entirely taken care of before the spring grain was ready to cut. Winter oats demanded attention about the same time. It being unwise to leave these in shocks on the field until the later grains are ready for threshing, it is necessary for a thresher to make two or three trips to a farm to clean up its grain harvest. Often the grain in sacks is stacked in pyramidal piles in the field and a fence built around it to protect it from cattle until the farmer has opportunity or inclination to market it. The harvest season is so entirely free from moisture, that the product is safe in the open air from damage from that source. A rain storm in the middle of an Oregon harvest would, indeed, be disastrous, but of all seasons this one is most surely exempt from humidity.

Oregon does not claim to be a corn raising state, but it is a noticeable fact that there was considerable of that grain grown in the Willamette valley this season. The smaller variety of yellow corn seems to give best satisfaction. Some of the large dents are



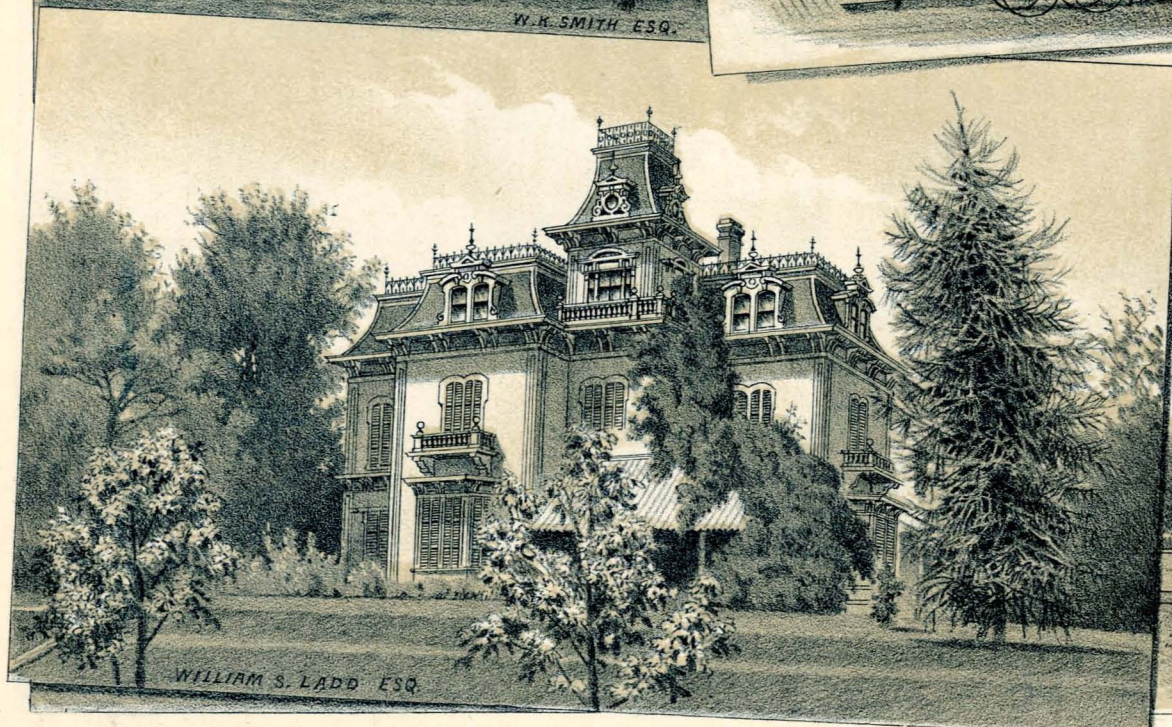
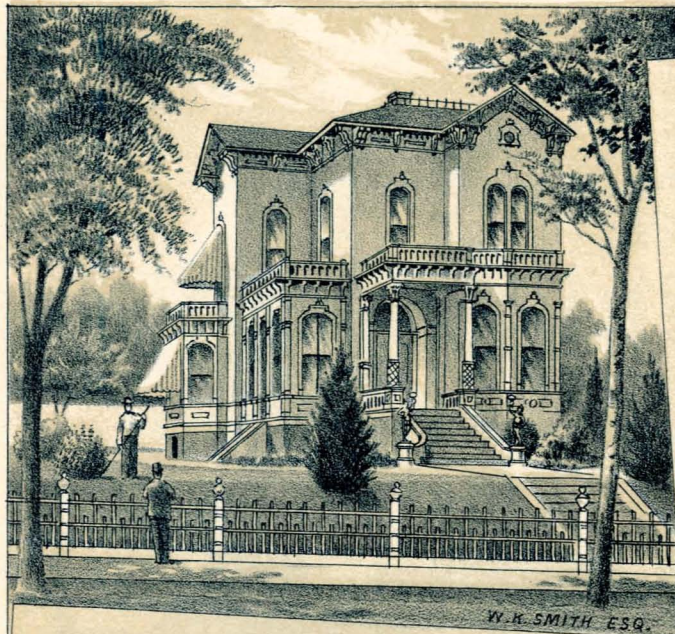


HON. GEO. H. WILLIAMS

HON. C. B. BELINGER  
GEO. H. DURHAM, ESQ. JAMES LAIDLAW, ESQ.

OREGON-BEAUTIFUL HOMES OF PORTLAND.





OREGON-BEAUTIFUL HOMES OF PORTLAND.



grown and are reasonably sure to mature successfully. The fodder, as well as the grain itself, is a valuable food for stock, and, with a little attention, farmers can easily raise enough corn for home use. It will probably never become a great staple of this section.

To the traveler who is not familiar with the country, a tour through Western Oregon affords him opportunity for profitable observation. If he be from the east, curious to know the habits and customs of the farmers of the far west, he will doubtless be surprised that they differ so little from those of the people with whom he has been accustomed to associate. He has imagined, or been led to believe, that much of the land is inaccessible, and that the farmers lead an indolent, shiftless life, isolated from markets and the influences of civilization. If this view has not been dispelled before reaching the Willamette valley, a revelation is in store for him. The ideal farmer is as likely to be found here as in Iowa or Wisconsin. This ideal farmer is, however, as difficult to find as the ideal banker or manufacturer, and he is, indeed, a modest man who does not think he could make valuable suggestions to the farmers of the Willamette valley, especially when he is acquainted with the methods employed in the staid old eastern commonwealths, which embody the acme of perfection in agriculture. It is doubtful, however, whether any of these chance visitors realize more keenly than the farmer himself the improvements of which western farming is susceptible. But these improvements carry him in advance of his eastern brethren, and the cause of this rests in the simple fact that the natural conditions in which he prosecutes his business enable him to carry into execution measures which would be impracticable in the vastly different climatic conditions of the east.

As truly as it "takes all kinds of people to make a world," there are different influences met among the farming people in the valley of the Willamette. Side by side will be found the man who has lived in the valley for twenty or thirty years and is convinced that it is the farmer's paradise, and the much-traveled individual who has been in every state and terri-

tory of the union and thinks Oregon doesn't produce as good fruit or wheat as frozen York state or Michigan, and even has the hardihood to declare, in the face of official figures and abundant experience to the contrary, that Oregon winters are scarcely less severe than those of the east. The man who is dissatisfied with the country lives just across the road from his neighbor who thinks it the best land the sun ever shown upon. To the impartial observer it appears that industry and intelligent perseverance reap abundant rewards here, and the country that will yield large profits without them is yet to be discovered. The tourist in the valley is also likely to meet the man who tells about the conductor who stops his train and rushes with shot-gun in hand a quarter of a mile to get a shot at a covey of grouse, but, singularly enough, he never rides on that train. The inquisitive traveler hears various libels on the railroads of this region.

The Southern Pacific lines in Oregon are making great improvements along the tracks for the accommodation of grain shipments and general traffic. New ties and rails are being laid, new ballasting is being done and new buildings are being erected along the lines on both sides of the river. At Salem, the finest passenger depot in the state is just completed. The Oregon Pacific possesses interest for the farmers of the section it penetrates, and its further extension eastward is watched with solicitude, especially by the grain raisers of the country along its projected route, for it will give them an advantage that can be estimated in dollars and cents, in placing them in better communication with their market. The difference between the price of wheat in Chicago and in Portland is about twenty cents per bushel ordinarily, so any benefit in the matter of transportation is of importance to the producer. Still, when the disparity of the yield per acre between the farms of the east and those of the west is considered, it is apparent that there is much more profit in raising wheat in the west. There is but little difference in the prices of oats. With the still greater improvement in transportation, the pleasures of the harvest time will be considerably augmented.



## THE POETESS OF PARADISE VALLEY.

IT was sunrise in Paradise valley—a calm, beautiful sunrise—such a sunrise as can be seen nowhere else, save on these boundless prairies of Western Kansas. Here and there, for many miles around, could be seen a dug-out or a claim shanty, nearly all emitting great volumes of smoke from their chimneys, constructed from stove-pipes and projecting several feet above the board roofs of these primitive habitations. These shanties are nearly all of one pattern, generally completed in a day by the rude carpenters of these parts. They are about twelve or fourteen feet square and from six to seven feet in height, with a door and a window in front and a window on each side and in the rear. The boards are nailed upright to transverse pieces on the inside, one at the bottom, the sill, the next about midway up, and the third at the top, on which the rafters of the roof are set. The door is also of boards, the commonest kind, secured by a lock on the outside and a bolt on the inside, and the windows are opened and shut by sliding them in a groove to one side. The dug-outs consist of an excavation about three or four feet deep, encompassed by a frame structure two or three feet high, on which the rafters of the roof start almost perpendicularly upward, to meet ten or twelve feet in the air and make a roof so steep that neither rain nor snow can remain a moment longer than is required to shoot down. And this was the original intention of these queer structures, no doubt, since the rapid transit for either, thus made necessary, prevents any dampness on the inside, in a country where shingles are so costly and the most ordinary boards are a small fortune in themselves.

The valley part of this landscape was rather hard to discern by a new-comer, since it existed more in imagination than in fact. It consisted of a long stretch of prairie, clothed in exceedingly dry, yellow buffalo grass, scorched by a blazing sun and many weeks of drouth, and flanked by a slight elevation on either side. It was called Paradise valley by the first settlers in contradistinction to Pleasant valley, a few miles beyond, whose inhabitants were given to understand thereby that they missed it woefully in not having settled here.

The settlement was new, it being not quite a year since the first dug-out made its appearance, and now there was a residence of some kind on every quarter section for twenty miles around, and it was no longer the frontier. It was so new, however, even yet, that the pine boards emitted a fragrance breathing of the leafy woods and lumber camps of Wisconsin, and shone, this June morning, in the glittering sunlight, like a scene freshly painted for a traveling comique.

In the dug-out on whose roof a meadow lark just perched and sang his sweet, cheerful roundelay, lives the poetess—the poetess of Paradise valley. As she slides back her window this warm, sultry morning, and then unbolts her door and thrusts it wide open, we get our first glimpse of her, the literary head and center of Paradise valley, the marvel of the country roundabout, whose fame has even reached the village “metropolis,” three miles distant. She stands in her doorway, tall and erect, in a neat, well-fitting calico wrapper, topped off at the neck with a lace collar of her own handiwork. Although tall, she is heavily freighted with a weight of one hundred and sixty pounds or upwards, her muscular anatomy well developed proportionately, her glossy brown hair banged over her broad, high forehead, and confined in a coil behind, her cheeks fat and chubby, glistening with the bronze of the plains, and her eyes beaming with contented good nature. Her age is probably thirty-five. She was formerly a school teacher by occupation, and is a spinster in law.

Her neighbor in the claim shanty across the way, a married woman with three small children, whose husband was absent six days in a week in a growing town sixteen miles distant, endeavoring to support himself and family by working at his trade in a harness shop, and “proving up” a claim at the same time, now unbolted her door and issued forth to the well, a few feet distant, for a bucket of water. As she was drawing this up by a rope run through a grooved iron wheel suspend from the framework above by a piece of rope, the poetess ran over for a few moments to chat.

“Do you believe, Mrs. Witting,” exclaimed the bard, now panting for breath, I sat up last night till almost 12:00 o’clock, composing a piece of poetry for the *Argus*. It is almost finished this morning, and I’m going over to town after breakfast to take it to the office. It will be there in time for the issue next Thursday, you know.”

“Laws o’ me, Miss Bunner, you mustn’t study so hard, dear child. Your eyes are red yet, child. You really mustn’t study so hard; your health might fail you.”

“Don’t worry, good Mrs. Witting,” replied the spinster, “I don’t study hard. Why, thoughts just flow in on me, do you know, every time I sit down to do a bit of writing, and all I have to do is simply write them down. No exertion at all. The truth is, I can hardly stop when I once commence.”

And this was a fact, as her frequent contributions to the *Argus* amply evidenced. Next to their rambling dissertation upon whatever subject turned uppermost in her mind at the time, regardless, frequently of rhythm or rhyme, from the hue of the sky to the

latest morsel of village gossip, was their length. In these respects, she did not differ very materially from her equally famous contemporary, Walt. Whitman.

The popular heart of Paradise valley had been reached, several months before, by a touching strain from the sweetly-tuned reeds of the poetess, on her solitary, lonely condition, so far away from the scenes of her childhood, the friends and kindred of her youth, among the pastoral scenes about Steam Corner, in the far-away land of Hoosiers. It was the first of her efforts that had yet attracted general attention, and at once elevated her above the babbling paragrapher from the cross-roads corner to a position of enviable prominence and respect in the community. So great was the popularity of this effusion, that several extra copies were called for at the *Argus* office, but, owing to the half dozen copies the poetess had herself sent broadcast over the land, the supply was exhausted, and there was no alternative except to buy such second-hand copies as could be found at disposal in the settlement. The poem was entitled—

#### ONE THOUSAND MILES AWAY.

Composed by Miss Bunner, in April, while holding down her claim, lonely, sad and dreary.

I am lonely now while thinking  
Of loved ones far away,  
Of scenes of early childhood  
And friends that have passed away.

CHORUS: Oh, blame me not for weeping,  
Oh, blame me not, I pray,  
I want to see my loved ones  
One thousand miles away.

My mind is made to ponder  
On home and shady bowers,  
On those who dearly love me,  
And of what they now do say.

CHORUS: Oh, blame me not for weeping,  
Oh, blame me not I say,  
I want to see my loved ones  
One thousand miles away.

My heart is full of sadness,  
My eyes are filled with tears,  
Who love me, dearly love me,  
And wishes I would come.

CHORUS: Oh, blame me not for weeping,  
Oh, blame me not I pray,  
I want to see my mother  
One thousand miles away.

And then my mind and heart is lifted  
To heaven and rest above,  
And I long to see my Savior  
And rest in peace with God.

CHORUS: Oh, blame me not for weeping,  
Oh, blame me not I pray,  
I want to see my Savior  
One thousand miles away.

The only person in the settlement whose heart was not melted by these touching lines, on a subject so tender, was Bob Stokes, rollicking, good-natured Bob, who ventured on divers occasions to make light of not only the subject, but the verses, but was frowned down upon so effectively by the local pedagogue—an old bachelor—that he forever desisted thereafter; not, however, before composing a reply in the following terms—

#### NOT QUITE SO FAR AWAY.

Written in the cool and shady month of May, on the open prairie, in somewhat less than three days and a night, on a piece of wrapping paper strongly impregnated with "salt horse."

And why, my friend, I pray you,  
And why thus feel so "blue" ?  
Why have your blessed Savior  
"One thousand miles away" ?

The comfort comes from closeness,  
The heart strings are most true,  
That beat in holy union  
The sweet tat-too!

Heartless he who wishes  
His loved ones far away,  
Beyond the scenes of childhood,  
Beyond the light of day!

We blame you not for weeping,  
In fact, we've all "been there;"  
Most God-like he who liveth  
And yet devoid of care!

Our cheeks are lined with furrows,  
Our hair is silvered, gray,  
Yet we'd rather have our mother  
Not quite so far away!

In fact, we're rather "scary,"  
Out here upon our claim,  
When earth and heaven are "glary,"  
And things refuse to "tame."

And though our ears oft tingle,  
And burn with heat aglow,  
We little care to "ponder"  
On what is whispered low.

CHORUS: We blame thee not for weeping—  
How could we, friend, I pray?  
The world is full of sorrow  
Forever and a day.

This, however, met with no recognition from any one, and was soon lost from both sight and memory, gradually dissolving in the pocket of Bob's Sunday coat.

The present effort of the poetess lay on the little pine table in her dug-out, surrounded by a cup and saucer, several unwashed plates, a bottle of ink, a rasher of bacon, some foolscap paper, and the latest copy of the *Argus*. The furniture of this one room, otherwise, consisted of a very diminutive cooking



stove, a bed, a trunk, three chairs, and a small, old-fashioned bureau, with mirror attached. On the bureau were scattered about, in reckless confusion, such accessories to the feminine make-up as were indispensable to a presentable appearance in this year of our Lord and fashion, and which the bard only too frequently resorted to on all occasions of public exhibition. From a brown and red tan, natural to life on the prairies, by a neat manipulation with a bottle and a rag, she could at once transform her complexion to an ivory whiteness, and by another manipulation with a red paste on a China slab, this could be made to suffuse into such a delicate tint of vermilion as to resemble a blush so fair and bewitching as to even kindle a flame in the ossified heart of the old pedagogue, wholly without emotion of any kind, for all that organ ever exhibited.

The poetess, however, was not bent upon such arts this morning, but stood before the diminutive stove, with a fork in one hand and a knife in the other, frying a slice of bacon and a few potatoes for her breakfast. Her mood was cheerful, almost gay, as she watched them intently, now assuming an appetising hue in the skillet, and she hummed a charming love-waltz, all the while keeping excellent time with her slippered foot. Soon the little pine table put on an appearance for the morning meal, the ink and paper disappeared, a commodious tea pot and sugar bowl took their place, and the lonely spinster sat down to her breakfast. While thus engaged, she was startled a moment afterwards by the close approach of a vehicle, which stopped before her door, and now a tall form blocked the way. It was the old pedagogue, on his way to school, nearly two miles distant, in his rickety old topless buggy, which he had left standing but a few yards away. The spinster gave a little scream, arose at once and blushed such a natural tint of deepest scarlet that the pedagogue scarcely knew what to do with himself, and actually attempted to smile, but the muscles of his face were so rigid that such a sudden relaxation of the muscular tissues caused him pain, and he gave up in alarm. The spinster here, however, came to his relief with another little scream, at the same time asking what ailed him, as he looked so deathly ill.

"I've been feeling a little indisposed for several days, Miss Bunner," he here managed to reply, "but I can't say that I'm particularly ill, that I know of. I must look frightful to you, though, I guess, or you wouldn't have expressed yourself with so much surprise."

"Why, Mr. Roberts, you look as though you had just got over a spell of fever. Don't you feel sick? Perhaps it's only a notion of mine, but you really look deathly ill. Take that chair, if you please, Mr.

Roberts, the other does not stand firmly." The spinster, in her excitement, had forgotten her usual courtesy and good breeding and had left him standing in the door, hat in hand, more painfully embarrassed with each succeeding moment, looking anxiously at several chairs before him for relief.

As he now seated himself, declining, at the same time, the cup of hot tea proffered him, we have a good opportunity to note the personal appearance of the man. His age might be anywhere from forty-five to fifty; dress, a light summer suit of gray and black, somewhat worn and faded, and a heavy, black, slouch hat; face, full and prepossessing, and had it not been for its habitual sternness and rigidity, it would have passed for handsome. The tightly-compressed lips, however, under a heavy black moustache, and the cold, steel-like gleam of the eyes, gave it an appearance of cruelty and severity unmerited and absolutely without foundation in fact; for no man bore a more tender heart than the old pedagogue, however well disguised. His usual fair, ruddy complexion had almost entirely disappeared, and in its place this morning now appeared a sallowness almost jaundiced in color; eyes so deep set and face so haggard that the spinster had good reasons for exhibiting surprise. The old pedagogue was ill, very ill, beyond a doubt, and it was only his indomitable will and robust constitution that enabled him to be on his feet at all.

"Sick or not sick, Miss Bunner, I guess I'll have to teach to-day, anyhow. There's nothing so harrassing, Miss Bunner, as a country school, which your experience may have taught you, also. But as I shall have a couple of days' rest after to-day, I may feel better by Monday. This weather is so warm and apt to breed fever. Although I don't fear anything myself, still I feel woefully indisposed."

"Yes, it is so warm, Mr. Roberts. If it only could rain! It hasn't rained since the 15th of last month, you recollect. Are you going to the social to-night, Mr. Roberts?"

"Now, that's just what I've stopped to speak to you about, Miss Bunner. I just thought, as I drove up, if you weren't committed to any engagement this evening, I might suggest the propriety of offering my services, you know. That is, if you desire to go, Miss Bunner."

"I shall be perfectly delighted, Mr. Roberts. It is really good and kind of you to think of me at all. I'll be ready when you call," and the bard gave him such a grateful, heart-felt glance, that it caused the pedagogue so much embarrassment that he forgot the location of his moustache and felt for the glossy, black curl on his forehead instead.

As the bony old nag of the school master trotted laboriously to school that morning, he must have felt

a queer sensation creep along his spine as he heard his master hum an old love ballad, in a cracked and broken voice, along the way, for such a proceeding had never before occurred during all his service. He must have felt queerer still as his old master stopped him by the roadside, more than once, to pluck some wild prairie roses and pin them on the lappel of his coat. His surprise must have been perfectly astounding to have found himself before the school house door half an hour late! But greater far was the simple wonder of the pupils, as they beheld their master thus arrayed, and their wonder grew as they discovered their privileges boundless that day, and the tones of the teacher so gentle that even the most thoughtless turned from their idle, reckless ways, to channels of thrift and labor.

The poetess, as she walked leisurely down the dusty road, and then across the "angling" prairie "cut-off," several hours later, to the village metropolis, under the protecting folds of her ample parasol, roll in hand, also felt the influence of that magical something that sent the blood to her heart so rapidly that she could only breathe with difficulty, and more than once rested by the wayside to quiet her throbbing pulses.

Four stores, a blacksmith shop, three dwellings, a neat, attractive little hotel, and the *Argus* office, constituted this growing commercial metropolis of Paradise valley. The buildings were scattered up and down the public street at random for a half mile or more—a thoroughfare which frequently saw no other vehicle than the daily stage for weeks at a time. The *Argus* office, which the bard now entered, consisted of but two rooms, but "we venture to assert, without fear of contradiction," in the language of the editor in one of his most booming editorials, that no two rooms on this continent exhibited more life and business activity; for in them not only dwelt the editor and his family, but they served for a postoffice, boot and shoe store, and printing establishment as well, all under one management and proprietorship. A second-hand Army hand press was screwed on a long table standing midway in the kitchen, on the one end of which the editor and his family ate their humble meals, and the type cases stood in racks roundabout. A folding lounge in one corner served as a bed, and the galleys and imposing stone rested on a framework in another. The *Argus* man was at once editor and compositor, proof reader and office "devil," and when he was not engaged in distributing the daily mail or selling a pair of plow shoes, he occasionally managed to eat by holding his victuals in one hand while he jotted down a local item with the other.

The poetess was welcomed heartily, her manuscript looked over carefully by the editor and his

wife, pronounced just the thing by both and highly complimented. It would appear in the issue of next week, and the usual number of extra copies would be at her disposal. And as it now hangs on the office hook, inscription inward, like a side of meat dangling from a butcher's rack, we take the liberty of transcribing it in full.

#### A PSALM OF LIGHT.

Tell me not, oh ye claim-holders,  
 Lights are but an expansive dream;  
 That the cry of lost in darkness  
 Is but vagaries of a dream!

Lights are real, lights are needed,  
 And you should not them withhold;  
 Home we seek, oh! home we long for,  
 So let the lights shine forth so bold.

Night is long and day is fleeting,  
 And our way is long and drear,  
 Still, the rays of sunlight gleaming  
 Are the lights seen far and near.

Not vain pleasure, nor wild mirth,  
 Is our pastime as our play,  
 But to place lights so each wanderer  
 Finds his heart cheered on the way.

In the prairie's lonely expanse,  
 In the journey o'er our claims,  
 Be not like the poor lost cattle,  
 Be ye one whose light far flames.

Trust no guide star, howe'er brilliant,  
 Let your lights shine for great and small,  
 Act, act in the urgent present,  
 Hearts in the right place, lights o'er all.

Lights from other windows remind us  
 We should make our lights so shine,  
 And returning, leave in plain sight  
 Guide lights cheering as red wine.

Guide lights that perhaps another  
 Wandering o'er the prairie wild,  
 A weary and distracted brother  
 Seeing, shall grow sweetly mild.

Let us then be sure to light up  
 Windows on each coming night,  
 Ne'er neglecting, ne'er forgetting,  
 Nightly to display our lights.

The social was a grand success. Dancing, music and refreshments sped the hours of night swiftly on, and it was near daylight as the squeaky old buggy rattled up to the door of the spinster's dug-out. Only the stars of night, the mute and silent stars, saw how tenderly he lifted her from the vehicle to her descending steps, and only the stars, the cold, gleaming stars, saw him hold her hands in his and kiss her good-night. But the memory of that night lingered in the spinster's mind like a holy dream for days afterwards, and so engrossed her thoughts that several days elapsed before it occurred to her that some-



thing was certainly wrong with the pedagogue, for she had not seen him since that eventful night, though heretofore he usually passed her door daily on his way to school. The more her thoughts dwelt on this mysterious absence on his part, the more worried she became thenceforth, and she was just in the act of crossing over to her neighbor, to inquire of her, in a circuitous manner deliberated and decided upon, when she was stopped in the way by the frantic actions of a driver and his team rushing madly up to where she stood, ejaculating at the same time, in a highly excited manner—

"I've been sent for ye, mum. Mr. Roberts has been sick since Sunday mornin'. Does nothin' but rave about ye, mum, day and night, out of his mind like; an' now that Bob Stokes is down too, we don't know what to do for help, ye see. He's bad off, mum, an' must have a good nurse, the doctor says, to get through, if he ever gets well at all."

It took but a moment for her to decide—to weigh probable public opinion on one side and duty on the other—but the scales dropped on the side of womanly sympathy, as it nearly always does, and always did since the dawn of humanity, and she hastily collected what few articles she needed, took her seat in the wagon and was driven off on the same mad gallop as when the team first encountered her.

The pedagogue was very ill. He lay in his bed with hotly flushed face and temples, tossing his head to and fro and working his hands in every conceivable manner, in the advanced stages of the fever of the plains. He no longer recognized any one, seemingly, and only ceased his almost incessant muttering when medicine was given him or he was offered water or broth. There was a wild, fixed expression in his eyes that was almost demoniacal. Frequently he would cast his eyes upward, uplift both arms and smile at some imaginary object above him, but what he saw was never seen by mortal eyes nor discovered by mortal sense. The spinster held his hands in her own and looked into his anxious, haggard face, until her eyes filled with tears that blinded her sight and trickled down her cheeks and fell to the bed clothing beneath, but if the faintest glimmer of reason attempted to struggle through the dark clouds now obscuring his intellect, she failed to discern it. She called him by name time and again, in a voice husky with emotion, but he knew it not, and only the more beseeched this phantom to take him away, as with outstretched arms he awaited its supreme will.

It was a long while before she could compose herself sufficiently to look up the needs of the house, and here the womanly tact asserted itself again, and a broom here and a brush there brought order out of chaos, and tidiness from the squalor into which it had

fallen. No more faithful nurse could any man have than she who watched the shadows creep closer, day by day, around the bedside of this dying man, a stranger, and the touch of his own mother could not have been more gentle or more holy than the touch of her whom fate had decreed should be the ministering angel of his house in these, the last moments of his life. But the fever kept a steady, unyielding course onward, from day to day, while he grew perceptibly weaker, and one evening, just about sunset, he broke out with such a profuse perspiration that it fairly bathed him. It was then that reason returned, but for a moment only, and he said, "Mother, are you here?" But before a reply could be made by any one, the angel of death smote him with eternal silence, and the strange, mysterious thing we call life had vanished from earth in the same incomprehensible manner it had first appeared.

However all-knowing the little community pretended to be on all other occasions, on this they little anticipated the horrible sequel which so swiftly followed. It fell like a great calamity on their simple lives, appalling all alike. One morning, only two days after the burial of the pedagogue, the poetess was found in her bed, cold in death, by her neighbor, with the ghastly paste and carmine dye yet upon her face, and her hands folded across her breast in the rest she sought and found. On the little pine table lay three powders of morphine and the empty papers of four more, a letter, neatly written and folded, and the manuscript of a poem entitled "Unrest," evidently written the night before, as the ink bore every evidence of freshness. The letter was brief. It simply read—

*Dear Friends:* I go to my long sleep to-night. Judge not, for the hand of God is greater than human ken. If no serious objections are raised by the friends of the one recently deceased, bury me by his side, *for he was the only man I ever loved.* You will find sufficient money for my burial expenses in my dress pocket. The balance, if there should be any, send to my poor, fatherless little girls, who live with my parents. You will find their address among the papers in my trunk. The homestead shall be proved up by my old father, whom I desire shall be their guardian, and sold as soon as practicable for their benefit. This is all.

PRISCILLA BUNNER.

And this the poem—

#### UNREST.

Oh, the fearful longing  
Of spirits not at rest!  
Oh, the awful feeling  
Of a soul that is oppress'd!  
How we catch at pleasure,  
"The bubbles blown by fate,"  
And think them such a treasure,  
Until, alas, it is too late!

There is ever that fearful longing  
 For the rest that never comes,  
 Ever a heart that's weary  
 As a wanderer who roams.

Now we toil and worry  
 For things that 'scape our grasp;  
 Though we know them to be fleeting,  
 Still we tightly them do clasp.

This life is but a warfare,  
 Make the best of it we can,  
 And we ever more are hearing  
 Of man's humanity to man.

Strive though we truly may,  
 These things we can not change;  
 Until unrest is banished,  
 We need not deem this strange.

It so has been decreed,  
 That we no rest should know  
 Whilst in this world we stay—  
 We are but puppets in a show.

Oh, how little life is worth,  
 If it were not for the thought  
 Of the world to which we're hurrying,  
 Where is the rest we long have sought!

By the grave of the pedagogue, in the open vil-  
 lage graveyard, among the wild prairie flowers both  
 loved so well, is another mound, the plain, fine,  
 weather-beaten board at its head recording this sim-  
 ple legend, in letters of white—"The Poetess of Par-  
 adise Valley"—and this is all that was ever known of  
 her who struggled, suffered and died in that valley  
 among the far-away western plains.

C. H. MILLER, M.D.

#### A ROUTE FOR HOMESEEKERS.

THERE is nothing, probably, that the intending  
 immigrant or visitor to the Pacific coast needs  
 so much as a few words of advice about the best routes  
 of travel, given by one familiar with them all, and  
 with the country he desires to reach or pass through.  
 Having traveled all through this region, and having  
 made a special study of its features with this end in  
 view, it gives me pleasure to offer the result of my  
 investigations for the benefit of those who contem-  
 plate a journey hitherward. Not a little confusion  
 arises from the fact that the eastern man does not re-  
 alize that this is a region of "magnificent distances"  
 until he is actually here. Let me mention a few, tak-  
 ing Portland as a basis. From this city to the head  
 of the Willamette valley it is one hundred and fifty  
 miles. Continuing south, Roseburg, in the Umpqua  
 valley, is one hundred and ninety-seven miles, and  
 Ashland, in the Rogue river valley, near the Califor-  
 nia line, is three hundred and forty-one miles. Asto-  
 ria, near the mouth of the Columbia, is ninety-eight

miles, by river, from the metropolis, and The Dalles  
 is about the same distance in the opposite direction.  
 Pendleton and Walla Walla, the chief cities in that  
 magnificent grain belt lying along the western and  
 northern bases of the Blue mountains, are two hun-  
 dred and thirty-one and two hundred and forty-five  
 miles from Portland respectively. Grande Ronde  
 valley is three hundred and five miles, and Baker  
 City, in Powder river valley, is three hundred and  
 fifty-seven miles. Colfax, the chief city in the cele-  
 brated Palouse country, is three hundred and fifty-  
 five miles, and Spokane Falls three hundred and sev-  
 enty-four miles. The Big Bend country, reached  
 from the Northern Pacific from Cheney, Sprague and  
 Spokane Falls on the east, and Ellensburg on the  
 west, is about a hundred miles farther than those  
 points. Ellensburg and North Yakima, the chief  
 points in Washington between the Cascade moun-  
 tains and the Columbia, are respectively two hundred  
 and seventy-seven and three hundred and seventeen  
 miles from this city. Olympia, Tacoma, Seattle and  
 Port Townsend, the chief business centers of Puget  
 sound, are respectively one hundred and nineteen,  
 one hundred and forty-five, one hundred and seventy-  
 six and two hundred and twenty-seven miles from  
 Portland. These are the principal points in Oregon  
 and Washington, and, as the figures quoted above  
 show, lie many miles distant from each other. It be-  
 hooves the stranger to calculate well before deciding  
 upon his routes of travel; otherwise he will find both  
 his time and money slipping away before he has ac-  
 complished his object, be it either the choice of a new  
 home or simply a pleasure tour.

The conclusion at which I have arrived, is that  
 the majority of home seekers will find the Northern  
 Pacific the most direct and economical route, while  
 for tourists it is undoubtedly the best in every par-  
 ticular. The Northern Pacific gives the best access  
 to the Spokane, Palouse, Big Bend, Yakima and El-  
 lensburgh country, and, in fact, the entire grain re-  
 gion of Washington, and is the only direct route to  
 Puget sound. To those finally destined for Portland,  
 it offers the opportunity of previously visiting those  
 regions without extra expense, while it places them  
 in this city on an equal footing with all other routes,  
 so far as any other portion of the northwest is con-  
 cerned. An emigrant who has neither time nor  
 money to waste, and who desires to see as much of  
 the country as possible before selecting a location,  
 can not fail to appreciate these advantages. I would  
 suggest to all families contemplating a removal to the  
 northwest, that one member be sent in advance to se-  
 lect a location before the family is brought out. Much  
 expense and annoyance will thus be avoided.

My observations have taught me that the North-



ern Pacific route above indicated, from St. Paul to Portland, embraces the greatest amount of grand scenery and objects of interest lying along any route of travel to the west. Though economy and convenience are the chief considerations of the emigrant, he has an eye for the beauties of nature as well as the man traveling solely for pleasure, and it is indeed fortunate for him that the route which possesses the necessary qualifications stated should also offer him the greatest pleasure as well. The country is flooded with guide books, railroad circulars and pamphlets in which both pen and pencil are employed to depict the scenic attractions of the various lines; but when the confiding traveler looks for them from the window of the rapidly-rolling car they fail to fall within the scope of vision. The reason for this is that the scenery of the country for a hundred miles on either side of the road has been called upon by the artist for contributions, much of which is invisible from the road itself. It is often the case that the route issuing the finest pictures has the fewest objects of interest actually visible to the traveler along its line. Take, for instance, the magnificent scenery of the Columbia river, which holds the leading place in all advertisements of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company. In all my travels I have never seen anything superior to it in beauty, but it can not be viewed to advantage from the cars. It must be seen from a steamer on the river itself. Any one choosing that route because of the Columbia river scenery, is doomed to disappointment. I simply mention this as an example. The northwest contains many beautiful scenes and wonders of nature's handiwork, but to visit some of the most famous ones requires a departure from the usual lines of travel, and the expenditure of much time and money. Leaving all such out of the calculation, the route which offers by far the greatest scenic attractions is the one between St. Paul and Portland by the way of Puget sound. Having such a wealth of magnificent scenery along its line, this road has not been compelled, like others, to draw travel by advertising scenery which is not visible from its line. It will be time and money saved, both to the tourist and homeseeker, if he listen to this word of advice from one who has traveled throughout the length and breadth of this great region.

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#### DOUGLAS COUNTY TIMBER.

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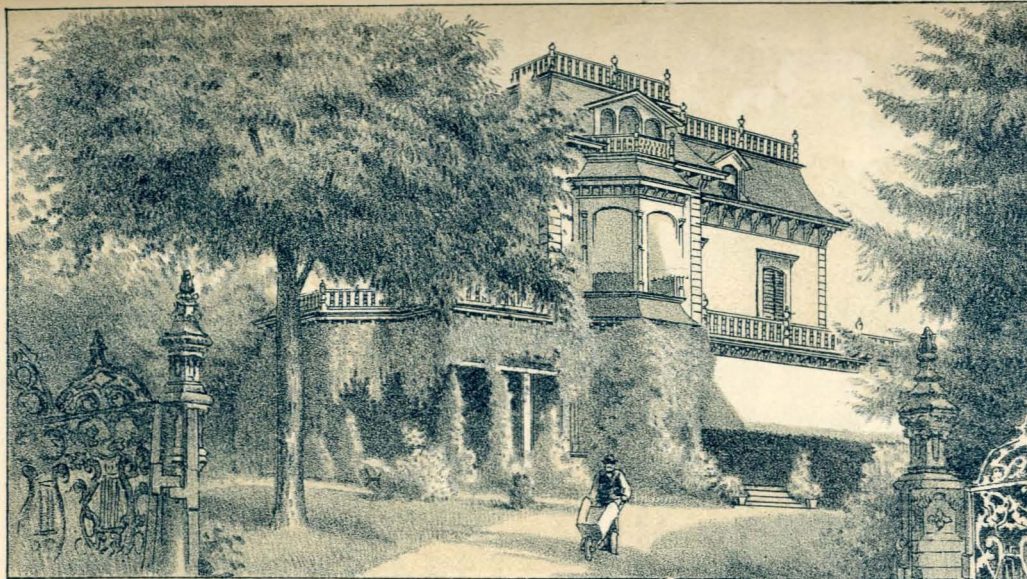
TO him who has acquired the impression that outside the famous red wood section, of California, the only timber worth mentioning on the Pacific slope is in the Puget sound country, a visit to the forests of the Umpqua valley, Oregon, must at least

prove instructive. Oregon is well supplied with valuable timber, of which that in Douglas county, in general character, is a fair sample. Any one who strays from the railway in that region, among the towering hills covered with a thick growth of primeval forest, must be impressed with an idea of the inestimable value that attaches to a resource so extensive and useful.

The timber most common is the fir—yellow and white. These trees grow to an immense size, and like the pines of the east, they form the staple of the timber product of the localities where they are native. The yellow fir attains to a height between three hundred and four hundred feet, and the largest trunk reported was twelve feet in diameter above the root swell at the base of the tree. The white fir does not attain to so large a size. There is a marked difference in the bark of the two varieties, that of the yellow fir being thick and deeply and irregularly, but not finely, corrugated, while the white has a comparatively smooth bark, like the white pine. The grain of the timber of the white fir is also much finer than that of the yellow, though the former lacks something in toughness of fibre as compared with the other. There are two varieties of cedar—red and white—the former of which attains to a body growth of much greater circumference than the fir, but a tree does not contain as much timber as the large firs, because of the rapid taper from the base to the top. The shingle product of the country is almost exclusively of cedar. The fiber of this timber will generally not permit it to be used for very fine work, such as window blinds, but for other purposes it has superior strength and durability. The celebrated Port Orford cedar of Oregon, has a fine, white wood, and is valuable for all kinds of carpenter work requiring strength, fine grain and light weight. Among the other valuable woods in Douglas county are white oak, black oak, ash, maple, laurel, cottonwood and alder, and some hemlock, spruce and cypress in the mountains. These constitute about all that have merchantable value for manufacturing purposes. The fir timber of this region is worked into lumber for the market, as also is a portion of the ash and oak. The white cedar is in demand for sash, doors, etc., and the common red cedar is made into shingles principally. The maple and laurel, as well as oak and ash, are excellent for manufacturing into furniture and machinery requiring hard woods.

The mills of Douglas county have scarcely made an impression on the timber supply of that section. Lumber and shingles for home use are manufactured, but there is hardly a well-established export business in timber products. Preparations are in progress for erecting new saw mills in various parts of the coun





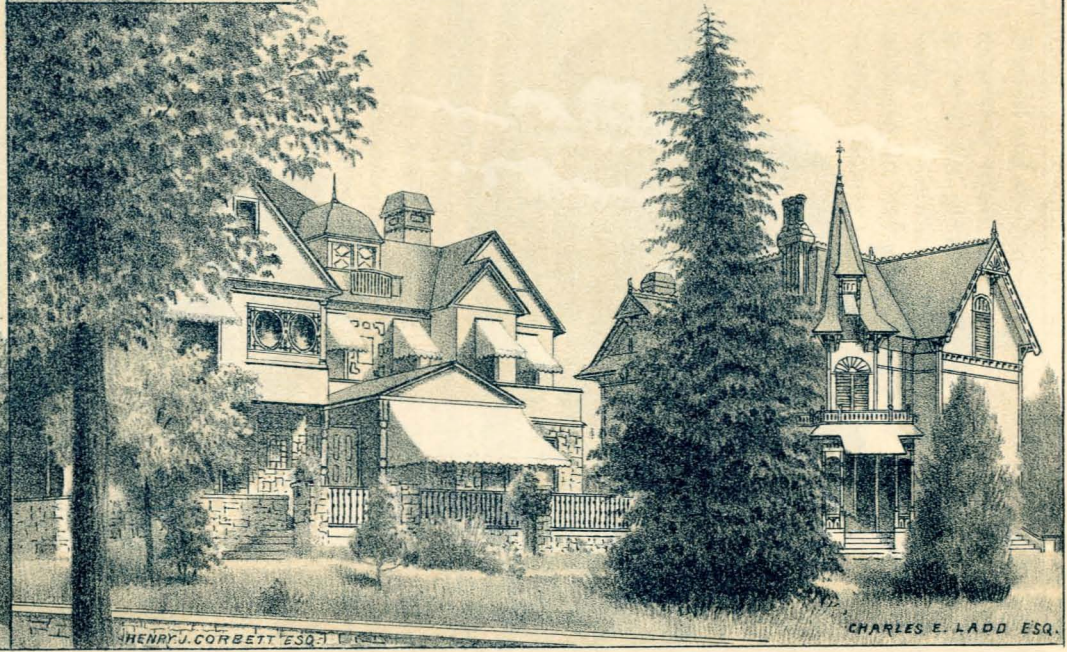
S. G. REED ESQ.



SAMUEL HEITSHU ESQ.



C. H. LEWIS ESQ.

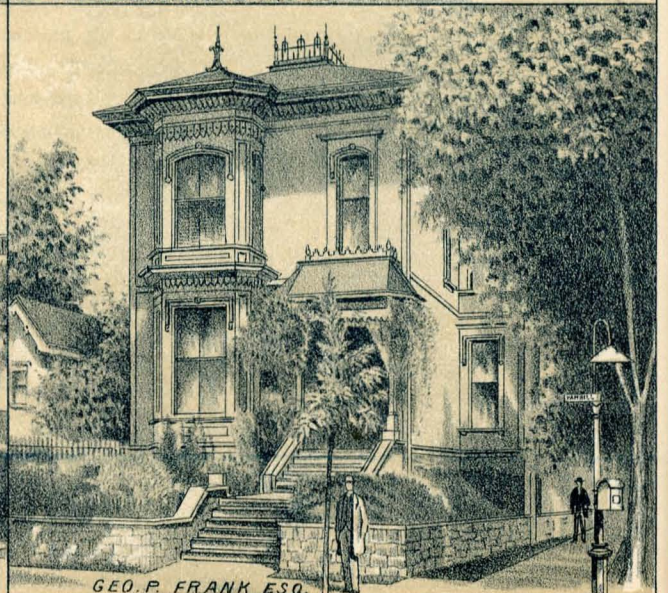
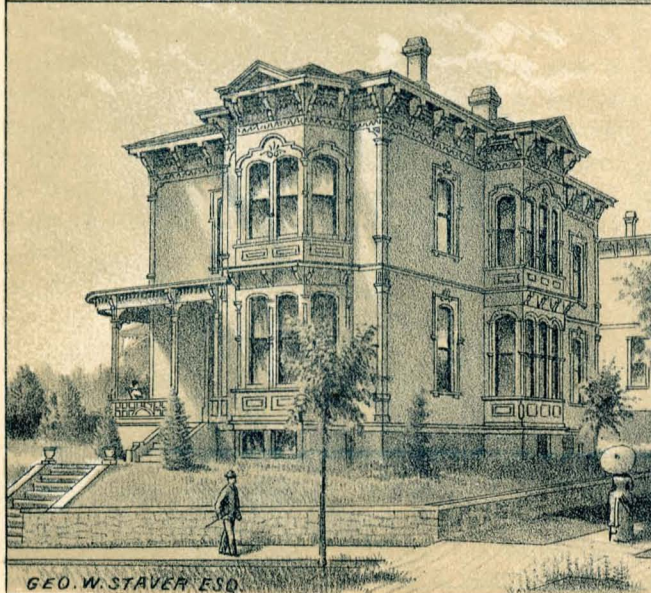
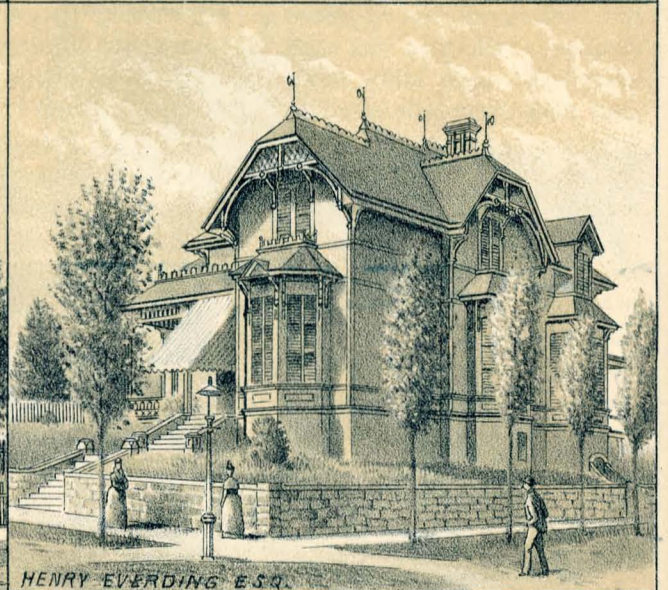
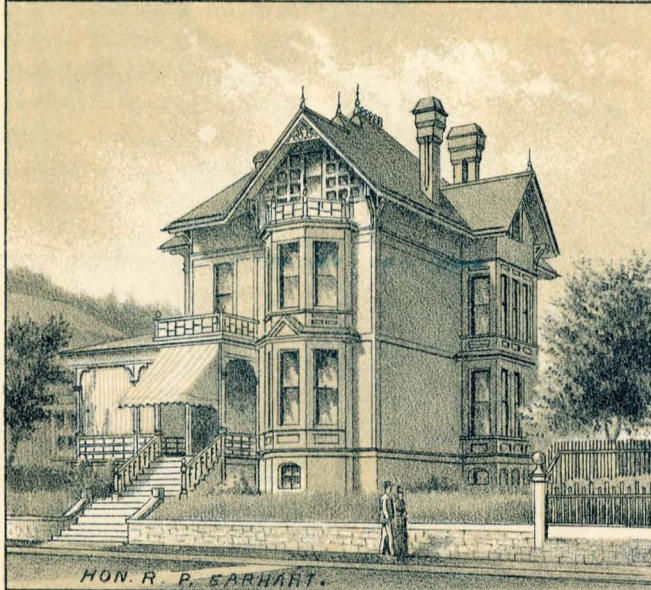
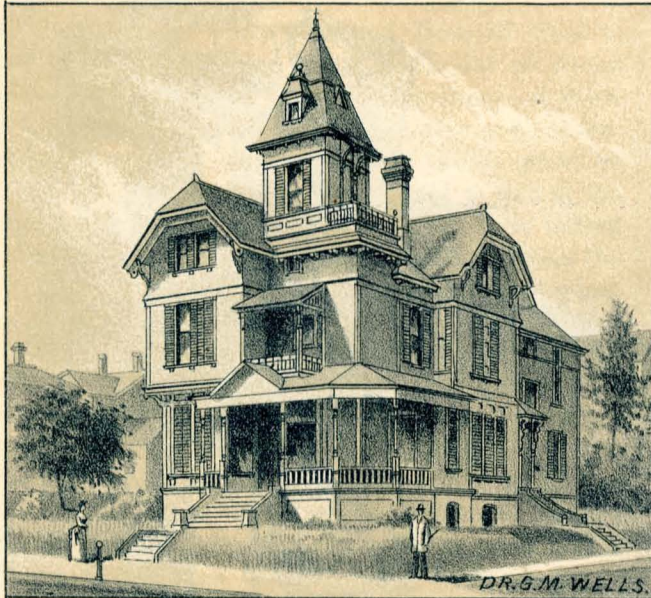


HENRY J. CORBETT ESQ.

CHARLES E. LADD ESQ.

OREGON-BEAUTIFUL HOMES OF PORTLAND.





OREGON-BEAUTIFUL HOMES OF PORTLAND.



ty, but the operations are not on a scale commensurate with the supply of valuable timber which constitutes the bulk of the forests. There is surely an attractive field for the establishment of saw mills and all manufacturing institutions which require a great deal of wood. The country is well supplied with water power, easily controlled and within reasonable distance from transportation lines. The location of manufacturing enterprises would also insure the construction of projected railroads to parts of the country present remote from the main routes of travel, particularly those to lead from the interior to the coast. With the building of the roads now contemplated to the coast, there would be established transportation facilities for reaching tide water second to none on the Pacific slope, and the harbor facilities on the coast are favorable for shipping. From the position of Douglas county and the character of its environments, it is deemed a section peculiarly susceptible of a profitable development in the line of manufacturing its timber into merchantable product—lumber, furniture and the like.

The flora of Douglas county includes much beside the valuable timbers mentioned above. There are many wild ornamental shrubs and vines, and a varied and luxuriant growth of wild flowering plants. Some wild fruits, too, such as the cherry, plum and crab apple, blackberry, raspberry, thimble berry, salmon berry, etc., grow in many localities. From the valleys bordering the streams to the tops of the mountains there is a great diversity of vegetation, from the most fragile flowering plants to those mighty monarchs of the forest, the giant firs.

To any one who watches the progress of Douglas county the signs of the times indicate a prosperity that must increase from the force of its own momentum. The influences from outside which are being attracted to the Umpqua valley evidence the wide attention it commands, and capitalists alive to the advantages of the situation are not slow to improve the opportunities which abound there. Roseburg, the county seat and principal town in the valley, is forging ahead rapidly, and it is already a manufacturing point of considerable importance. Its people have the spirit of enterprise which is essential to a healthy growth. The building operations for this season will make an important change in the general appearance of the city, which is spreading over new territory along the river to the southward. A cluster of new residences extends nearly as far as the site for the woolen mills plant. A new dam at Mr. Rose's flouring mill has just been completed, and the valuable water power at that point is thereby greatly improved. In every part of the city there is manifest substantial progress. The newspapers—the *Plaindealer*,

*Herald* and *Review*—by their vigorous tone and enterprising spirit, speak well for the general intelligence of the people whose interests center at Roseburg, and command attention that could scarcely be obtained in any other way. A prosperous press speaks volumes in favor of any community.

#### RESOURCES OF LINN COUNTY.

THE prosperous growth of Linn county, Oregon, and especially of its chief city, Albany, is no mystery. The causes are apparent to anyone who for a moment considers the location and nature of the country and the character of its people. Rich resources and favorable location will not alone make a country productive. It requires the labor and ingenuity of enterprising people to bring out the wealth of the land and to establish for it a place in the commercial world. The union of these elements and their harmonious operation have brought Linn county to the front in industrial matters, and attracted to it the attention which it justly merits. The agricultural interests of the county are most important. These include grain and fruit raising and the production of wool and live stock, with such other incidentals as these would naturally suggest and make profitable. So large a part of the area of Linn county is suitable for cultivation and has been improved, that the volume of its productions is sufficient to bring competitive markets to the doors of the farmer, who reaps the benefits which result from having his products sought rather than having to beseech an unwilling market to take them. This part of the county extends from the Willamette river back into the foothills of the Cascade mountains, and includes as choice farming lands as can be found anywhere. From these farms vast quantities of grain and fruit flow to market over the various lines of transportation, and the situation of Albany makes it the general market place for these products. The sheep and cattle ranges on the hills of the eastern part of the county send their productions, with the timber and mineral yield, to swell the volume which is competed for in the market of Albany. Thus the people of city and country do not have to make bricks without straw in building up extensive commercial interests.

Between the foothills of the mountains and the Willamette river the country never was very heavily timbered. There are groves of timber but no dense forests. The soil is rich and well watered, and it was a comparatively easy matter to establish paying farms in such a country. The raising of grain, commenced in the early day, has continued, but with the development of good markets and means of reaching them



other crops were made profitable, and the diversity of products has continued to increase, until now the fruit, hops, flax, hay and root crops, poultry, wool, dairy and live stock interests are quite extensive. The farmers do not merely dabble in these things, but prosecute their culture with a vigor that is productive of telling results. The acreage of wheat cultivated is probably larger than the area devoted to any other one crop. Oats and barley follow, and hay, hops and flax are by no means inconsiderable. The culture of hops is constantly increasing, and flax only needs the stimulation of manufactories to spring into prominence. In some cases flax culture has been demonstrated to be more profitable than raising grain. At present the only object is the seed, but there appears to be no good reason why the fiber should not be worked into fabrics that would further increase the profits of the industry. The fruits of Linn county are of the same general character as flourish in most parts of the Willamette valley, and considerable attention is given to their cultivation. This is another of the productions that is rapidly increasing in importance. The poultry business, as in most localities of the west, is particularly profitable in this county, because of the good markets at hand. A good hen is almost as profitable to the farmer as a sheep.

The dairy business and wool raising is obtaining special attention in Linn county, from the fact that they interest every farmer, and should be made important features in the output of the manufactured products of the county. Dairying offers special inducements here in the cheapness and abundance of

milk procurable and the high prices which the market offers for the manufactured articles. It would be difficult indeed to find a location combining more of the essentials for the successful prosecution of this industry than exist in Linn county, Oregon. A portion of the wool crop is now consumed by the woolen mills at Brownsville, but there is yet a wide field for manufacturing this line of goods, for the wool production of Oregon is large and the quality unexcelled.

In the natural timbers of the county Linn has a resource that is of permanent value. The lumbering interests are not so prominent as in some other sections of the Pacific slope, but the eastern part of the county has a large supply of fir, pine, spruce, oak, ash, maple, alder, etc., that will be available for many years. These could best be utilized in the manufacture of furniture. The streams which flow from the mountains furnish means for transporting timber as well as the power for operating mills. The chief mineral products are gold, fire clay, building stone and cement.

With this brief glance at the principal resources of Linn county, some idea may be formed as to the advantages which back the thriving city of Albany. When it is stated that the two banking houses have deposits exceeding \$300,000.00, it may be inferred that there is no popular financial stringency to oppress business. The municipal improvements this season show that Albany is rapidly growing, and the public spirit of its citizens must attract enterprise and capital from abroad. The exceptional transportation facilities the city enjoys are being increased by the extension of the Oregon Pacific eastward.

#### AUTUMN.

There's a whisper of death in each passing breeze,  
 A hint of decay in each fading bloom,  
 A jealous moaning 'mongst the trees,  
 A falling of leaves to their turfy tomb,  
 A twittering of birds as mate leaves mate,  
 A warning cry as the nights grow cold,  
 The chirping cry from the cricket late,  
 A gathering of lambs within the fold.  
 The blue of heaven begins to fail,  
 And bank on bank the white clouds pile;  
 The silvery moonlight grows more pale  
 And Earth slow doffs her robes of Nile.  
 She doffs the green to don the gold—  
 The gold with purple 'n crimson wrought—  
 Nor dreams that death lurks in each fold—  
 Death—grim as Cleopatra sought.

VELMA CALDWELL MELVILLE.



## A MOUNTAIN EPISODE.

ONE autumn evening, in the year 188—, I was one of a tired party who were toiling up one of the narrow ridges between the Umatilla and Walla Walla rivers. To the right stretched the Blue mountains, one low peak after another, until they faded away in a long, dark line in the southwest. Behind and below us were the rolling hills, shorn of gold and brown, with thin lines of smoke arising from clustering farm houses, here and there a cozy village, and beyond all, the Columbia shining in the level sunrays.

But the dust and the rocky road had so completely destroyed, for the time being, our sense of love for the beautiful, that when we drove into a shady grove, fragrant and cool, with the soft, tinkling sound of a mountain stream coming to us from the canyon below, with a log cabin in the most romantic location possible, the only thing which aroused our enthusiasm was the aroma of cooking from the open door, so suggestive of relief for our ravenous appetites.

A very tall woman, with piercing black eyes, drove a flock of hens from their evening meal on the doorstep and hospitably invited us to enter. We were soon comfortably seated on a long bench behind a coverless table, partaking of fare, which, if not quite equal to a state dinner, we were too hungry to criticize. It was not until later, when the grandmother, who wore a perpetual sunbonnet (at least, it had not been removed during our stay, not even at the table), had cleared away the supper dishes, and in company with our hostess of the eyes, and an insignificant looking host, with white hair and indecisive manner, was smoking on the doorsteps, that our party looked about and realized that we were in one of the most delightful spots we had ever discovered in our journeying.

We were at one side of a narrow canyon, so deep that peering downward we only saw the tops of tall tamarack trees and heard the gurgling of the hidden waters. The road which passed the cabin wound round the head of the canyon and came back on the other side, where we could see it plainly a stone's throw away, though in would take a drive of three miles to reach the spot. Just where we could see the road, the hillside was almost perpendicular. Half way up was a jagged shelf of rock, covered with clinging syringa bushes, and, from a spring above it, a shining thread of water fell into the depths to join the stream. The full moon, rising behind the dark pine forest, sent shafts of light into the gathering gloom, and the wind in the tree tops sounded now far away, now seeming over our heads, while where we sat the air seemed scarcely to stir.

"There's a strange story connected with that there

ledge," said the hitherto silent old man, slowly knocking the ashes from his pipe.

"Indeed," said Josephus, slyly abstracting his note book from his pocket, "what is it?"

"It's about our Clary," resumed the old man. "Mary, show the strangers Clary's pictur; mebbey they'd like to see it."

Our tall hostess, after a short search, aided by the light of a burning stick of pitch pine, reappeared with a tintype of a fair, bright-eyed girl of about fifteen, with a refined, delicate face.

"That's Clary," said our host. "That was took the year afore she was married. And to think that now she's dead and buried, and Jim, too, such a stout, healthy feller—who'd 'a' thought I'd be livin' here, goin' on seventy year old, and both o' them gone?" He paused a moment, in a sorrowful reverie, while we waited with respectful silence. "You see, Jim was a wild boy. He never was much good. When he was ten year old he would swear like a trooper, and many's the time him an' his father has come ridin' up this road at night, both so drunk they could hardly set on their horses. They used to get whisky and take to their cabin, too, and all the worst men among the wood choppers would go there nights and drink and gamble. That's all the boy was used to, fer mother was dead, and his father had lived a kind of ramblin' life in the mines till he came here. They do say as how he had to leave where he was on account o' some o' his doin's, but as to that I can't say. Well, he got to going over the mountains once in a while on a grand spree, and Jim goin' with him, and there was a powerful sight o' shootin' and gamblin' goin' on; but the old gent he went there one time too many, and got killed in a drunken row, and Jim come ridin' back alone that time. It was jest about that time that Clary's mother died, and we bein' her only kin, she come to us to live. She'd been well raised, too, Clary had, her father bein' an edicated man, and he'd took lots o' pains with Clary till he died, and her mother warn't long a fullerin', so that left her to us. She allers needed somebody to look after her, Clary did; she was so good she never thought of herself, and was always doin' fer somebody else. It don't seem longer ago than yesterday that she was flyin' around the cabin, keepin' everything so clean and purty, an' singin' the Sunday school songs her mother had learnt her. Jim was gone away when she come, an' I well remember the mornin' when he come ridin' by here, an' Clary was washin' up the dishes an' singin' like a lark, never thinkin' a stranger was around. I don't believe the boy ever heerd a Sunday school song afore, but he jest stopped an' took off his hat an' set there on his horse a-listenin' as if he'd never heerd anything like it, and then he jest gal-

loped off home like all possessed. Jim was generally over to our house pretty frequent, but he didn't come around for more than a week. 'Peared strange, too, for we'd never suspected him of bein' bashful afore. But when he did get started comin' agin he come about every day. I never seed sech a change. We never heerd an oath from his lips, an' he quit goin' to the valley entirely. He jes' worshiped the ground that Clary walked on—an' no wonder. To that poor boy, raised as he was, she must 'a' seemed like an angel. For all he was different, like, I hated to see 'em married, fer I knew the bad blood was there jest the same. But Clary, she had that confidence in him that nothin' could shake. She said as how Jim wasn't to blame fer his father bein' so mean, an' he never knew any different way o' livin' than what his father taught him. So Jim he went to work an' built the neatest cabin you ever see. He was a master hand with the axe, Jim was—an' the justice come up from the valley an' married 'em, an' they went to house-keepin'. It was a fine piece o' land they had, an' Jim he 'lowed to go over to La Grande an' file on it as soon as the snow was out of the mountains so he could cross. You never seed a happier couple. Clary kept the log cabin as neat as wax, an' she had some boughten chairs an' a table, an' a white curtain to the winder, an' Jim he 'lowed nothin' warn't too good fer her, an' he worked steady all the time clearin' off the timber. He traded fer a g-ntle cayuse an' taught her to ride, an' Sunday mornin', in nice weather, they'd go ridin' past here down to the new school house to meetin'. The first sermon he ever heerd was after he was married. Everything went all right till the weather got warmer, an' a freighter came through one day an' said the road was open, an' Jim he got ready to go over an' file on his land an' git some money that was due him over there. He started one mornin' bright an' early, an' though he warn't goin' to be gone more'n three or four days, Clary she took on like he warn't never goin' to come back, an' finally when he did get off she stood right there in the openin' an' watched to see him pass on the road across the canyon there, an' he looked so brave an' han'some when he waved his hat to us as he rode off out of sight in the timber—an' Clary jest seemed to think her life had gone across the mountains with him. She staid here with us while he was gone, an' was that restless we might have knowed something was goin' to happen. How she did watch that strip o' road when it was time for him to be back, an' sech a pitiful look as came in her eyes, like a hunted creatur, when it was three days past the time an' still he didn't come! One afternoon a feller come by and stopped here, an' sech a cry as Clary give when she see him!—fer he was ridin' Jim's horse—but he told

us sech a straight story about tradin' off a horse he had fer this one, that we couldn't help but believe him. He said as his horse was fearful wild an' he was afraid to ride him, an' so he traded with Jim, though he said as how his horse was worth twice what Jim's was. 'He can't be far behind me,' he said, 'he'll be along afore nightfall ef that horse don't break his neck fer him.' Sech a happy girl as went singin' around the house that day, the first she'd sung fer nigh a week. She warn't much skeered about the horse hurtin' him, him bein' sech a powerful good rider, an' toward nightfall she took her sewin' an' set there under the tree, so she'd be sure to see him when he come. But it come sunset an' he didn't come, an' bye an' bye the moon ris, jest sech a moon as to-night, full an' bright, lightin' up everything most as light as day. But she jest set there, an' we couldn't get her to come in, so I took my pipe an' set out here as I'm settin' now, to keep her company, fer I 'lowed he might come, an' it wouldn't do no harm a-waitin' a little. It must 'a' been about ten o'clock when Clary cried out, 'Grandfather, look!' an' she run an' caught hold o' my arm, tremblin' an' pointin' across the canyon. There we could see on that ledge, as plain as I can see you settin' there, a tall, white figure in the moonlight, at the edge of the rock. It seemed lookin' toward us, an' we looked at it steady fer a minute or two, neither one of us scarcely breathin', then it seemed to move with a kind of sideways motion, then they was a little rustle beside me an' Clary was layin' at my feet in a dead faint. You're lookin' as if you didn't believe me, stranger, but jest wait till I get done. We worked with that poor child all night, an' when she did kinder come to herself in the mornin', seems like nothin' would do her but somebody had to go over to the ledge so as to satisfy her. Mary's man, what's in the valley now, an' me went around the canyon, an' we tied a lass' rope to a tree an' Mary's man he clum down to the ledge, an' there was Jim, layin' in the bushes, an' a great gash in his head where the rocks had cut him. We got him up an' took him home to his poor little wife a-waitin' fer him. She never made no outcry, she jest went up an' knelt down by the bed where we laid him, an' put her face down by his an' her arm around him, an' when we spoke to her she never answered—she was dead. We buried 'em both not far from their cabin—there warn't no buryin' ground nigh here then—you pass the place in the mornin' when you go."

"What became of his horse?" asked Josephus, whose note book lay forgotten.

"Hoss thieves," said the old man, refilling his pipe. "We 'lowed it was that, fer a band was run off about that time, an' Jim's pockets was empty. He should have had, at least calculation, a hundred dol-



lars, fer we found out afterwards that he had collected his money. That feller, no doubt, was one of 'em, an' they robbed an' murdered him an' threw him over the bank, thinkin' he'd never be found. An' he never would if he hadn' 'peared to Clary that night," and the old man lapsed into silence as he relighted his pipe.

None of us had much belief in the supernatural, but the beautiful scene seemed to have an uncanny spell over it when we looked again across the moonlit canyon, and the sigh of the pines seemed more mournful than ever. But the next day, in the full glow of the morning sun, as we started once more upon our journey, we laughed at ourselves for the depressing chill the story of the mountaineer had cast over us, though there was a pause in the merry talk as we passed by the two lonely graves by the roadside, with the low rail fence surrounding them, half hidden by tangled honeysuckle; and when, in our roundabout way, we came to the dangerous pass, we all climbed out to peer over the precipice down to the fatal rock.

"I wonder what it looks like down in the bottom of that canyon," said Josephus, meditatively gazing into the depths. "There must be a trail or something."

A trail there was, if it might be called one, so overgrown with bushes, that while the feet found comparatively free passage, the hands must battle with aggressive, leafy arms, that reached across to dispute the right of way.

But down we went, bravely following Josephus' lead, going diagonally across the face of the hill, now turning a sharp corner to double on the trail but a few feet below where we had just passed. We could not reach the haunted ledge, but passed down below it into the shadow of stately firs and tamarac, lower and lower down, until the trail disappeared altogether and we swung ourselves down steep places with reckless disregard of how we were ever to get back again, clinging to the overhanging bushes. And then, as Josephus' shout announced that he had reached the bottom, we scrambled through the last thicket and stood by his side.

At our feet, the cold, clear water went rushing over and under the mossy boulders, piled in rugged disorder and obstructing our path, while over it, like silken festoons of delicate lace, hung great yellow and white ferns as high as our heads, whose fairy fronds had never felt the warming touch of the sun as they grew above the foaming waters in perpetual twilight. The place seemed eerie and haunted, and the gurgling stream full of voices chanting in musical monotone,

as if each rough stone beneath which it passed hid the abode of some lonesome water kelpie.

Involuntarily we glanced up to the rock, directly above us, but no white figure stood upon its crumbling edge, and, high up above, the sprite-dispelling sun was gilding the tops of the tallest trees. At last, half regretfully, we turned to retrace our steps, but Josephus came to a sudden halt, and stooping to reconnoitre, found a long, narrow, discolored strap tangled about his feet, seemingly attached to something hidden in the dense growth of fern. Tearing away the covering, he disclosed to our startled eyes the sequel to the story of poor Clary. There lay a saddle and the skeleton of a horse, with a fracture in the skull and one leg broken. The greedy coyotes had left but little else.

While our puzzled brains were trying to comprehend this new problem, Josephus, who had been searching the saddle bags, held up before us the solution, enclosed, as God only knows how many solutions of dark tragedies have been, in a bottle with a few drops of brandy left in it. It did not require a great stretch of imagination to fill out the missing links. The bottle told, only too plainly, the rest of the sad story, and we knew that, once back among his boon companions, poor Jim had forgotten Clary, his home, and all the manly instincts which for a time had risen superior to the curse of his birth, and his money had gone in a drunken revelry in his old haunts.

We knew then it was not the thieving band which had murdered him. It was too evident that, in some way, the vicious steed, when the hand that might have controlled him was unnerved by drink, had fallen or thrown itself over the bank in coming around the dangerous pass, and the misguided boy had died alone in the night, in the lonely canyon.

Josephus was the first to speak. Holding up a bit of white hair, he said—

"We have laid the ghost. See here; the horse and rider must have struck on the ledge and both been injured. It was the white horse, which must have struggled up and thrown off its lifeless burden, that the watchers at the cabin saw, and then, unable to keep its footing, it fell again, and died here where we have found it."

Our usually mild tempered friend aroused suddenly and sent the bottle flying off into the bushes with vindictive energy, and, following once more in his footsteps, we climbed up again, out of the elfish shadow, into the sunshine.

MAUDE SUTTON.

## OPENING THE COLUMBIA.

OF all the local questions affecting the prosperity of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, that of opening the Columbia river to continuous navigation from its mouth to the head of navigation on both that stream and Snake river, is the most vital. Nothing that will be done, or can be done, will so much affect our material interests as this, and the persistent manner in which our senators and representatives have urged it upon both houses of congress and the executive departments is but a reflection of the sentiment and absorbing interest felt by their constituents throughout the entire northwest.

The value of any water route depends on the amount of traffic it can affect. It may not be able to handle all the transportation business of a region, nor even the larger part of it, but the rates it regulates, not its actual carrying capacity, determine its commercial worth. A waterway can always underbid railroads in the carriage of iron ore, coal, lumber, salt, etc., and usually on wheat and other grains, hay, flour, railroad and bar iron, hides, tan bark, coarse manufactures, pork and provisions, when the disadvantages of navigation are not too great. One of the chief objects to be attained by the improvement of waterways is to have in them a constant regulator of traffic charges on the produce shipped by the section fortunate enough to be affected by them, and the merchandise sent in for consumption by the people. It is not expected that these transportation routes will handle all the traffic of the territory they penetrate, but they certainly modify and control charges for the benefit of the people.

The great waterway of the Columbia and Snake rivers has been one of the most important factors in the development of the vast area of rich agricultural country known as the "Inland Empire," comprising a considerable portion of Eastern Oregon, Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho. It was the highway by which for years the products of this region were sent to market, and without it there would have been no incentive to settlers to develop its resources and make possible the wealth which it now yields. As is not uncommon, especially in countries having a variety of surface characteristics, there were natural obstructions in the channel of the Columbia, that interfered with the free navigation of the stream, and these, while not so great as to entirely prevent its use as a transportation route, were sufficient to limit, in a large degree, the advantages it conferred, and to subject the people dependent upon it to the domination of a monopoly. These impediments to navigation are known as the cascades and the dalles. From the ocean to the Cascade range the broad river is at all

times navigable. Where the stream breaks through the mountains occur obstructions that were the excuse for levying tribute on the industries that depended on this gateway to market for their existence. One hundred and sixty miles from the mouth of the river are the cascades, extending a distance of five miles, and sixty miles farther up the stream are the dalles, extending a distance of about thirteen miles. Between these two interruptions the river is unobstructed, and but for them it would be continuously navigable, with slight obstructions, for a distance of one thousand and thirty-five miles from the sea.

The agitation of the matter of improving the Columbia river so as to permit its free navigation from the grain fields of the Inland Empire to market, was begun at an early day. Various attempts were made by corporations and by individuals to remove, or at least to modify, in a degree, these barriers to commerce, and finally railway portages were constructed at each of the obstructions, and these were used in transferring freight around them. The river thus divided into three navigable sections made necessary four transfers of freight in transporting between points below the cascades and those above the dalles—at the cascades from the boat to the five-mile portage and back to the boat above the rapids, and at the dalles to the thirteen-mile portage and back to boat again above. This was costly in money and time. The monopoly feature which was so objectionable, lay in the control of the portages, which were owned by a corporation, and were, of course, beyond the reach of competing transportation lines. Without the power of getting freight past the rapids it was an impossibility to successfully establish competition in the carrying trade of the Columbia, and the people desired relief from the exactions of the corporation which controlled their traffic. With the river open to continuous navigation, any one owning a steamboat could engage in the carrying trade, but so long as the portages had to be made, the ownership of the portage roads carried with it a monopoly of the traffic. The working of this principle is clearly shown in the navigation of the Willamette and the Columbia below the cascades, where competing lines have reduced the rates to a minimum. This was the condition of affairs when the river was the only highway of travel, but now that a railroad has been constructed along its south bank, with feeders extending throughout the Inland Empire, the situation is no better. The company owning this railroad is the same which owns the portages on the river, and has thus secured a double grasp upon the business of many thousands of people and the products of many millions of acres of the most productive soil on the Pacific coast. Nearly everything is now carried by



rail, but although the road and river lie side by side, the latter is unable to exert its legitimate influence upon the former in the regulation of charges, and not until it is opened to free, unobstructed, continuous, competitive navigation, can the death grasp of the monopoly on the commerce of this region be loosened.

The corporation having control of the entire transportation business along the Columbia river is the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company. This is a comparatively recent organization, but it succeeded the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, which, in turn, was successor to the Oregon Transportation Company, and the same policy of maintaining a monopoly, at all hazards, in Columbia river traffic has been the central idea of the successive concerns. It was abundantly able, financially, to carry out its policy in this regard, and when rid of competitive influences, it fattened on the business that could not but be placed at its mercy. Not until 1882 was there rail communication with Portland, the great market toward which the products of the interior gravitated. At this time the O. R. & N. Co. completed its road from Portland to Walla Walla and Dayton. This gave the people of the Inland Empire rail transportation for their products, which they had long desired, but it did not in the least degree relieve them from the oppression of the monopoly which had held undisputed sway over them from the earliest period of civilization in the northwest. An instance of the unreasonable transportation charges made by this company may be cited in the wheat tariff. From Walla Walla and vicinity to Portland, a distance of two hundred and fourteen miles, the rate formerly was \$6.00 per ton, which was eighteen cents per bushel, for this short distance, or about three cents per ton per mile. When the inter-state commerce commission was established, under law of congress passed in 1887, the O. R. & N. Co. was obliged to reduce its rates, and now wheat is carried from Walla Walla to Portland for \$4.70 per ton. Of course, the reduction compelled by the commission only restored the relation of the tariff from different points, but did not determine whether this rate was just under the circumstances or not.

Railroads in general are not beneficent institutions, and the O. R. & N. is no exception to this rule. No one expects this company to do business for the fun of it, but people do, or did, expect it to do business on equitable principles, when these were so favorable to its successful operation. The O. R. & N. Co. has expended a great deal of money in improvements along its lines, and it has been the means of adding much to the wealth of the Columbia basin; but it has strangled all efforts to create a healthy competition in business, in one way or another, and has

enriched itself by a system of freight charges amounting to little less than pillage, because the producers of that region were compelled by circumstances to submit to the extortions of the monopoly. The cut-throat policy of "all the traffic will bear" has here been enforced to its fullest limit with a blighting effect.

The railroad passes along the river bank, and has a water level grade the entire distance. There are no features of this route to make transportation over it much more expensive than through a prairie country, but the rates now charged are fully twice as great as they should be, and more than that much higher than the average freight tariff on similar commodities throughout the United States. This hardship to the producer would be removed by the opening of the Columbia waterway to free navigation. Owning the portages around the obstructions in the river, and the only through line of boats on the stream, this one corporation controls absolutely all the transportation down the Columbia, either by rail or by boat, and the people make no unreasonable request when they ask to be relieved from the oppression of the monopoly by the improvement of the river so it will be open to any one who may choose to do business upon that highway. The Columbia river is now virtually owned by the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, and is practically sealed up and laid away to keep.

As in most parts of the west, when the Columbia basin was very sparsely settled and there were no well defined lines of trade on which to build up a systematic carrying business, the people of the interior could scarcely expect to escape the payment of exorbitant freight tariffs. This is one of the inevitable disadvantages of a new country. When mule teams dragged the grain for miles through the dust to the wharves for shipment, and imperfect facilities for transferring added greatly to the expense of the route; when wages were high and the amount of business comparatively small, this had to be endured because it was necessary. But that rates relatively as high should be continued to the present day, with complete modern facilities for handling shipments, and the competition characteristic of the times reducing the profits on the very commodities this transportation affects, is an outrage upon the rights of man, and a dead weight upon the prosperity of one of the most productive and valuable portions of our common country. That it is the duty of the government, in pursuance of that wise policy of development of the country by the improvement of its navigable highways and the construction of works for the improvement of the commerce and productive capacity of the country, to put an end to this state of affairs as speedily as possible, no statesman and no citizen having

the general welfare of the nation at heart will for a moment dispute.

The first efforts to secure governmental action in the removal of obstructions to the navigation of the Columbia were directed at the cascades, for the purpose of opening free communication between The Dalles and the cities of Portland and Astoria. The subject was much discussed for years, and in 1872 Senator Mitchell brought it to the attention of congress. In 1876 the first appropriation was made, congress voting the munificent sum of \$90,000.00 to begin the work. Since then \$1,142,500.00 have been expended to bring the work to the present stage, and a further appropriation of \$300,000.00 was made by the present congress to continue the improvement. The engineer's estimate of the total expenditure necessary to complete the locks at the Cascades was \$3,000,000.00, and the time that must elapse before the work is finished will depend on the action of congress in providing means for carrying on the construction. It would have been completed long since, had the necessary funds been available.

The improvement in progress for obviating the impediment at the cascades is a canal three thousand feet in length at the upper cascades, and to render navigable the channel below by removing the rocks. The channel has been cleared and the stream is now navigable to the lower end of the canal, but the artificial waterway is not completed, and will not be for some years, so the practical benefits thus far secured are not of much importance. An appropriation of less than \$1,000,000.00, which could be profitably expended in a year, would enable the engineers to carry the work to a stage that would admit of the canal being used.

While this work is being prosecuted at the cascades, no active measures are being taken to provide means for circumventing the obstructions at the dalles, without which very little benefit can be realized from the work now in progress. At the dalles the obstruction of the channel is greater than at the cascades, and requires improvements of much greater magnitude. From Celilo falls, for a distance of about thirteen miles down the river, the channel has numerous rocks and currents too rapid for navigation, owing to the vast volume of water being forced between rocky walls of an average distance apart of only two hundred and fifty feet. For short distances between these obstructions the stream is navigable, but the impediments are so near together as to render desirable a general scheme for avoiding them all in the same calculation. Major W. A. Jones, corps of U. S. engineers, formerly in charge, in a report accompanying plans and estimates for overcoming the obstacles at the dalles, submitted in 1885, says—

The obvious mode of improvement in navigation here is to dodge these mighty obstacles by means of canals and locks; but when one considers the extensive excavations in solid basalt rock, and walls and gates of unprecedented heights that will be required to accommodate the extraordinary variations in the level of the water, the element of uncertainty combines with that of extraordinary cost and length of time required for construction, and demands a pause. Estimates have been made and submitted for building a canal to flank Celilo falls, with blasting operations for making the river good at Ten Mile rapids, the dalles, and at Three Mile rapids. This project is estimated to cost, in round numbers, \$14,000,000.00.

If we apply to this enormous sum the rate at which funds have been provided for the Cascade canal, it will appear that over one hundred years would be required before navigation could be opened through these obstructions. Now, there is but little doubt in my mind, that ultimately the solution of this problem will be by means of these operations, but I am very strongly impressed with the conviction that the day of their construction ought to be postponed until a system of making appropriations has been adopted which will permit of their construction within a reasonable length of time, and when the resources of the country will justify the expenditure. In the meantime, if the plan I shall now propose should prove to be a sufficient solution, there will result a great saving to the public treasury.

I propose to flank the dalles and Celilo falls with railway inclines, over which laden boats and river craft may be hauled by means of stationary engines at the summits, and to blast open the contracted waterways at Ten Mile and Three Mile rapids to a width of three hundred feet, which will be sufficient to reduce the velocities to a navigable status.

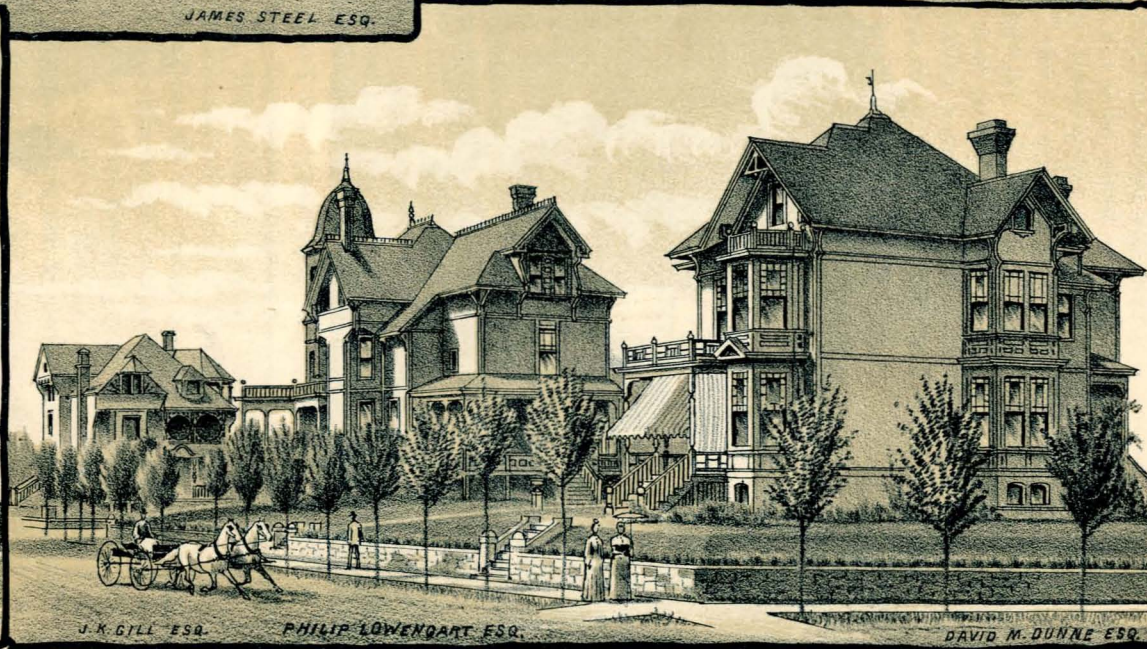
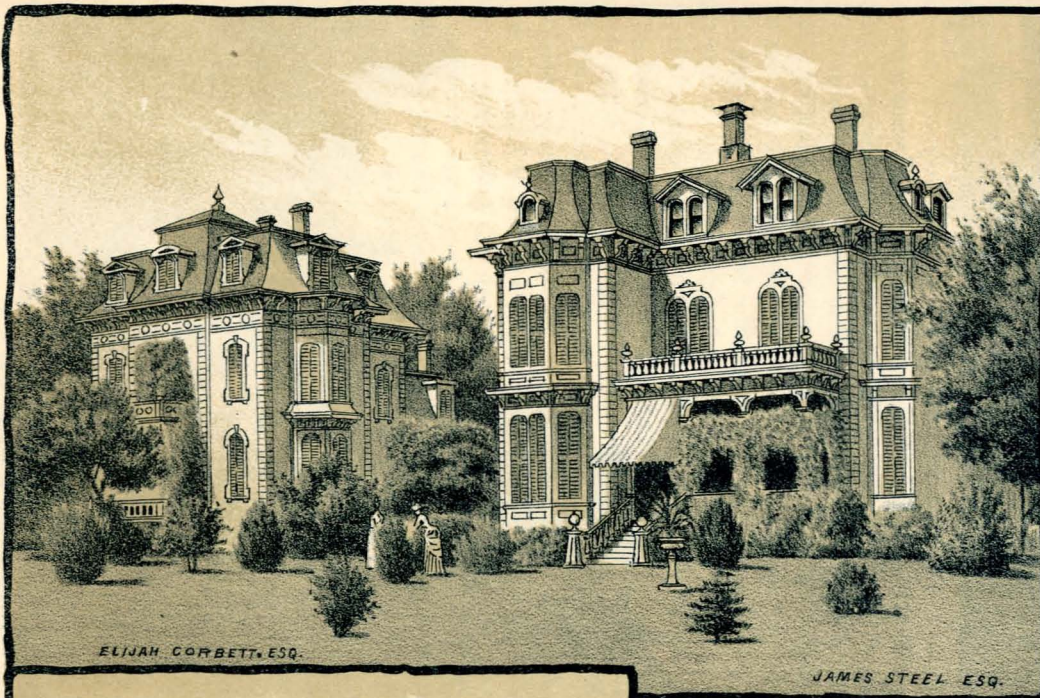
The proposition is not novel. It is a common thing to haul boats out of the water upon inclined railways, and the fact of their being laden does not materially affect the operation. The development of steamboat construction for the swift waters of the Upper Columbia and Snake rivers has resulted in a boat with no keel and a perfectly flat bottom, but with good lines at stem and stern. This very much simplifies the question of a car for carrying the boats.

The maximum grade of the track is two hundred and thirteen feet per mile. The summit is passed by a gentle curve, quite within the limits of longitudinal flexure that will result from passing over the summit curve. The car is made up of cross girders, supported by longitudinally built beams, which in turn are carried by the wheel axles, the whole suitably braced, and having sufficient iron introduced to prevent floating when completely submerged. It will be handled by cables from the stationary engine at the summit. It will have twenty-one wheels on each side, with independent axles, forty two in all, running on a two-rail track twenty-five feet and six inches wide. The maximum load on a single wheel will be about seventeen tons. Length and width over all, one hundred and ninety and forty-eight feet respectively. For the present, only a single line of track is proposed; should the traffic develop a necessity for it, another can be laid alongside.

The estimate of the total cost of this improvement is \$1,373,000.00, and boats carrying cargoes of five hundred tons could then pass between the Upper and Lower Columbia without the necessity of transferring any of their freight.

A special board of U. S. engineers, appointed by the secretary of the treasury under direction of con-





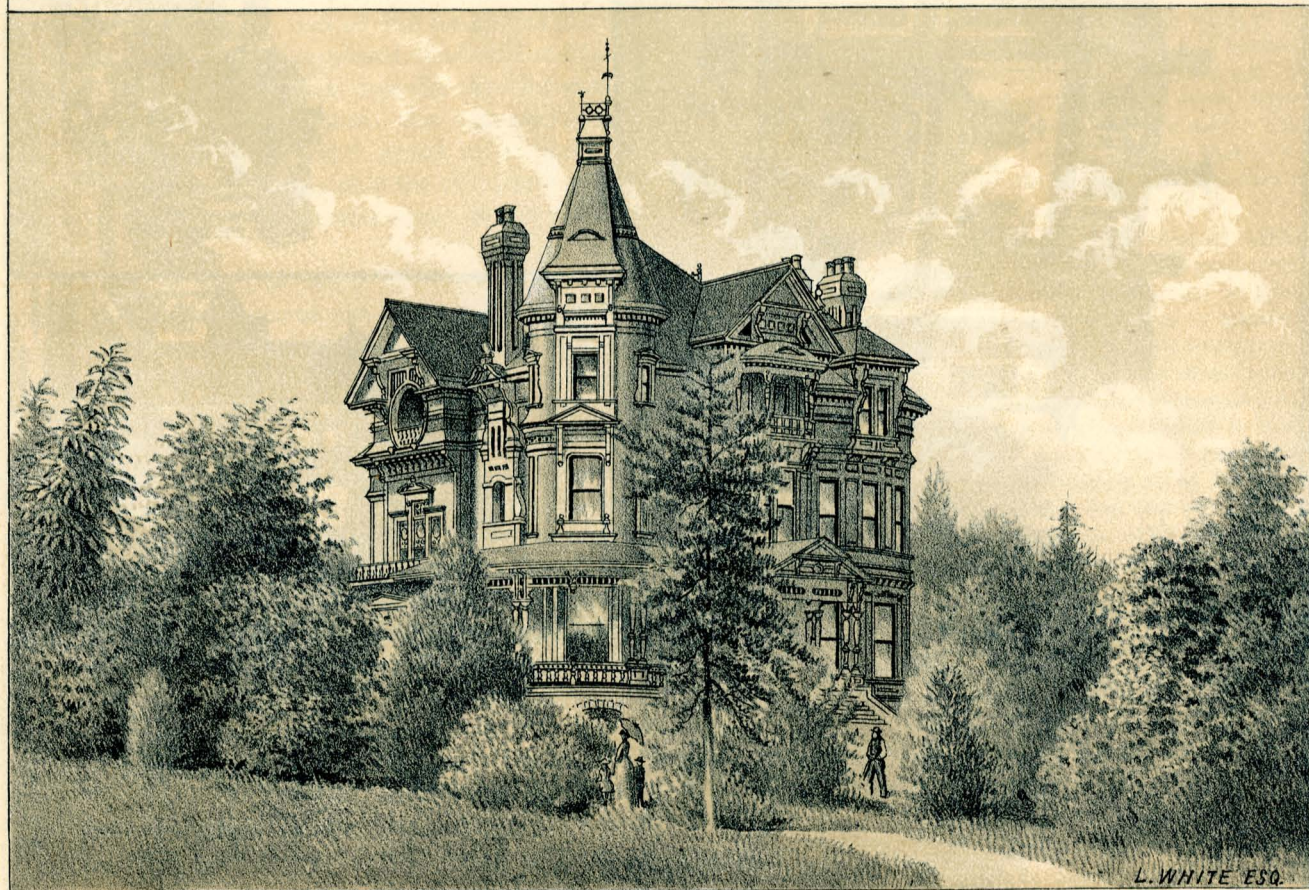
OREGON-BEAUTIFUL HOMES OF PORTLAND.





CHARLES P. BACON ESQ.

GEO. W. WEIDLER ESQ.



L. WHITE ESQ.

OREGON-BEAUTIFUL HOMES OF PORTLAND.



gress, is now investigating the matter of improving the Columbia river at the dalles. This examination has especial reference to the building of a boat railway, such as has been recommended by Major Jones in the report quoted above. This board held a session in Portland, and from the testimony adduced and careful examination of the premises, the conclusion was reached that the cheapest mode of transportation from the Columbia basin to tide water and market was by way of the Snake and Columbia rivers, and that probably the most practicable scheme for obviating the difficulty at the dalles, which is now the formidable barrier to a free waterway, or its equivalent, was a boat railway around Celilo falls and the removal of obstructions in the channel below. This subject is still receiving careful investigation at their hands. In this way, steamboats and barges could be loaded on the Upper Columbia and Snake rivers and brought down to Portland or Astoria without breaking bulk. The use of the boat railway at the dalles portage, and the canal at the cascades, would render transportation along the Columbia free from the control of any monopoly. The vast quantities of grain raised in the regions contiguous to the rivers could then be shipped down the stream, and with but one transfer—that from river boat to ocean craft—be landed in Liverpool. An estimate by competent authorities places the saving that would be affected in freights alone to the farmers of the great Inland Empire at from two to three million dollars annually; and this without calculating on a reduction in rates to nearly the average price in central and eastern United States. The board will submit to congress a report embodying the results of its investigations.

In the inquiries relative to the advisability of improving the Columbia river, the matter of the variety and volume of the products this transportation route would affect has always been of prime importance. Immediately along the banks of the river the products are not sufficient to warrant the heavy expense of opening and preserving the stream to navigation. Possibly a strip of country about forty miles wide is all that may be termed directly tributary to the river—twenty miles on each side of the stream, about a day's haul for the farmers' teams. The possibility of the construction of narrow gauge roads ramifying the entire basin, to carry produce to the wharves, is already being considered, and there is no doubt that these freight roads would penetrate every section as soon as the improvement of the river became an assured thing. The millions of bushels of grain, however, do not constitute the only commodities that would find relief by the removal of the monopoly embargo in transportation which now exists. Other agricultural products, such as fruits, potatoes, live stock, etc., coal

in large quantities, iron, gold and silver ore, and timber, would be added to the available resources, and their development would be rapid. The growth of the Inland Empire, in the face of these manifest disadvantages, has been so steady and prosperous that the most skeptical are convinced it is entitled to consideration from the nation to the extent of removing its handicap in the markets of the world.

#### A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

FOR the second time in two years, the people of the northwest interested in the opening of the Columbia river, and in other improvements to the navigable rivers and harbors of this region, have lost an opportunity to materially strengthen their position with congress, the executive departments and the public generally. Two years ago the states and territories bordering on the Missouri river, or interested in its traffic, held a convention to secure the benefits of united action in urging upon congress adequate appropriations for the improvement of navigation on that important stream. At that time it was the plain policy of our people to pool issues with them, and by united action secure for both sections what neither could so easily obtain alone. Nothing was done about this, and the opportunity was allowed to go by default. The second mistake of this kind has just been made. What is known as the "Deep Water Convention" was recently held in Denver, consisting of delegates from all the states and territories lying between the Mississippi river and the Rocky mountains. The object of this assembly was to agree upon some point on the Gulf of Mexico for a deep water harbor and shipping point, and to devise means for concerted action for securing the necessary appropriations to render the harbor secure and commodious. After much discussion, the port of Arkansas Pass, on the Texas coast, was decided upon. This movement is an effort to redeem the immense agricultural and pastoral regions engaged in it from dependence upon the Atlantic seaports, and to give them an adequate port for shipment of surplus products much nearer and more accessible than those on the eastern coast. In the direct object of this convention, possibly, the people of the Columbia basin may not be interested; yet it can not be denied that any movement to render the west more independent and to bring the public to a realization of its wonderful progress and growing importance is of direct interest and benefit to us. This, however, is not the chief point. The idea of coöperation is the main one, and we should have sent delegates to Denver, who would have offered the convention the hearty aid of the people of the Columbia basin in their movement, in return for their assistance to

us, both objects being worthy ones, and to a degree mutually beneficial. It is to be hoped that all future opportunities of this kind will be recognized in time to take advantage of them.

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#### A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

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IF the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company does not make some radical change in its management and institute some sweeping reforms in its operating department, it will soon acquire a name for carelessness and insecurity that will rob it of all the passenger traffic not absolutely compelled to use its lines. Tourists who have a choice of routes will naturally avoid one with a reputation for "smashing things," such as the O. R. & N. Co. is fast gaining. No one traveling for pleasure finds his enjoyment enhanced by perpetual fear of the train being thrown from a high trestle, or being piled up in a heap because some other train happened to desire the track all to itself. The accidents on that line during the past month were more than on all the other roads on the Pacific coast combined; and they seem to have been due partly to faulty construction of the road itself and partly to gross carelessness. Some of the extremely sharp curves in the Blue mountains are dangerous in the extreme, and have been the scene of several accidents. On the 5th of August, John Carson, an engineer on a passenger train, was thrown from his locomotive while on a rough piece of the road, and was instantly killed. On the same train, the day before, one of the Pullman porters was murdered by an emigrant. About 4:00 o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, August 25, a cattle train was wrecked while rounding the curve at Blue Mountain station, seven cars leaving the track with their living freight. The cars were knocked into splinters, and with the bodies of dead and maimed cattle, were strewn along the track for a quarter of a mile. Two brakemen, Berry and Short, were on the cars and were hurled to the ground with them. They were picked up in a terribly mangled condition and conveyed to Walla Walla, one of them dying on the train. The cause of this accident seems to have been carelessness, the train having been allowed to attain too great speed on a down grade. Only the day before, the passenger train from Walla Walla to Pendleton was wrecked, fortunately without any fatalities, only three miles from the scene of this next and more serious "smash-up."

Two days later the passengers on the overland train had an experience that will cause them to remember the O. R. & N. Co's. line through the Blue mountains for many a day. In this case no lives

were lost, but the passengers owed their safety solely to the fact that the cars held together, and not to the management of the train. When the train was going down the mountains at a high rate of speed, about two miles east of Hilgard, one of the front wheels of the smoking car broke. It was discovered immediately by frightened passengers, and efforts were made to stop the train, but the other wheel and the journal flopped back under the car and destroyed the brake rigging. Behind the smoking car was a first-class coach, and following it was the last car, the sleeper. All control of these three cars was lost, and application of the brakes on the three cars in front had no effect whatever. The grade was one hundred and sixteen feet to the mile, and the train went whirling along with the forward trucks and wheels of the smoking car flopping about promiscuously, and every passenger's heart jumped into his mouth as he realized the hopeless danger of the situation. Four high bridges were crossed at great speed, and still the three cars, with their human freight, staid with the track. On reaching the Five Point bridge, they left the rails and ran across the ties, every one of which was torn out completely by the sleeper in some unexplainable manner. This impediment stopped the train at the other end of the bridge, and the frightened passengers got safely out of the cars, not one of which was turned over. Had the train become disconnected, these cars would have been thrown from the track, and hardly a passenger could have escaped with his life. Such a miraculous escape is hardly paralleled in the history of railroads, and to Providence only does the O. R. & N. Co. owe its exemption from one of the most heart-rending catastrophes on record. This incident was not permitted, however, to be wholly exempt from fatality. Harry Dunphy, a brakeman on the train sent out to clear the wreck, was thrown beneath the train, and both legs and his right arm were so badly crushed by the wheels that he died in a few moments. Like Engineer Carson, he was a victim of the roughness of the road on which he was earning his livelihood.

In the number of its accidents, the O. R. & N. Co. is certainly "peculiarly unfortunate," as compared with other roads in the west, and so is the unsuccessful business man in contrast to his more prosperous neighbor; yet people have learned by experience to know that when one man makes a failure in business where another succeeds, and one railroad is continually endangering the lives and property of its patrons while others carry them in safety, there is something radically wrong. In the case of railroads especially is this so, and sensible people who desire to remain a little longer on the footstool are in the habit of entrusting their lives to the hands of the railroad which takes the best care of them.



## Thoughts and Facts for Women.

BY ADDIE DICKMAN MILLER.

### WOMANLY AGGRESSIVENESS.

Any one who has ever been a passenger on a belated train knows full well how difficult it is to make up for lost time, or even to "make as good time as usual." If there is any waiting to be done, if any train must be "side-tracked" for convenience, of course such as are making regular time must not be delayed and the one already behind time must give it the right of way. Such a train must often wait at stations for orders to proceed, and as though this were not enough, it must be on the constant lookout that it does not collide with local engines that come puffing along with their attachment of truck cars. How much like the belated train is the woman who is behind in the world's progress. She is constantly annoyed by being "put out" that she may not be in the way of others who are "on time." Not being in step with humanity, she fears to go forward and must wait for orders. She must endure friction, jar and anxiety, because, not having assumed her rightful place, her movements are unexpected and she may collide. Many women are behind in nearly everything that pertains to womanly affairs. Were they men we would scornfully declare them "fifty years behind the times;" but some way there has not been much notice taken of the distance some women have fallen back of the procession. They do as their mothers did and feel happy to do as well. When shall an awakened womanhood thoroughly realize that to do as well as their mothers did they must do better? Well done at one time is poorly done at another, with better circumstances. Some one has said that if he were given five minutes in which to work a problem to save his life, he would take three of them to consider the best method of solution. It is quite as necessary in everything we undertake that we understand just how to proceed. Well read household journals are not among the equipments of the home where the mistress is of this nonprogressive number, neither are nursery helps, fashion helps or miscellaneous helps generally which prepare properly for action. Oh, no! But it is after this fashion that you are answered when you speak of having received practical assistance from such a source: "We have a Home Department in one of our papers, I believe husband reads it." Watch such a woman, and often her time is consumed in piecing quilts or raising geese for feather beds, thus multiplying her work in a way which the wide awake woman has long since avoided. Yet womanly progress is a marked feature of this age. Nineteen hundred and thirty-five inventions of women having received patents is a good indication of woman's advancing spirit. There are women in the van as well as in the rear of the world's movements. The late international council amazed our people with the breadth and practicability of woman's work, proving her not only wide awake, but greatly in earnest in being wide awake.

### WOMAN'S NATIONAL INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

Born of an interest in home missions, and taking root in the hearts of two earnest women who had been thoroughly

aroused in behalf of the Indians, the movement known as the Woman's National Indian Association has grown during the eight years of its existence, until it now numbers eighty-three branches in twenty-three states and territories. At the last annual meeting it reported four hundred public meetings which had been addressed by persons possessing special knowledge of the Indian situation. It had presented sixty-five petitions to congress, had issued forty-nine thousand pamphlets and leaflets, and its press work reached all parts of the country through the use of eight hundred periodicals. It disseminates facts and creates sentiment, establishes missions among Indian tribes wherever practicable, and is a general pioneer in the affairs of the red man. But it goes farther and instructs the Indian women in the household industries and the care of the sick. It builds cottages and furnishes simple appliances for civilized living by loans to such young couples as have been fitted by education to form model homes for their more unfortunate brothers to imitate. The avowed objects of this organization, which is now accomplishing so much, are: First, to influence the people, by circulating, as widely as possible, knowledge concerning the political, financial, industrial, educational and religious status of Indians. Second, to influence governments (a) to fulfill all laws, treaties and compacts which will speed Indian civilization, industrial training, self support, education and citizenship, and to repeal all statutes and rules which hinder these objects; (b) to grant new and better legislation for securing the above ends. Third, to aid Indians in civilization, industrial training, self support, education, citizenship and Christianization.

### EDUCATION FOR GIRLS.

Here is what Ruskin says about the education of girls, which is worthy of consideration: "If there is to be any difference between a girl's education and a boy's, I should say that of the two the girl should be earlier led, as her intellect ripens faster, into deep and serious subjects; and that her range of literature should not be more, but less frivolous, calculated to add the qualities of patience and seriousness to her natural poignancy of thought and quickness of wit; and also, to keep her in a lofty and pure element of thought."

### ESTHER JEZREEL.

After twelve days of illness, Mrs. Esther Jezreel, known to her followers as "Queen Esther," died at her seat, The Woodland, Chatham, on the fourth day of August. Mrs. Jezreel was leader of the sect known as The New and Latter House of Israel. Its origin is as late as 1875, and it holds the peculiar belief that its members are a select people who are to be preserved from death and corruption, and that their mission is to gather together "the remnant" of the children of Israel, who are to never see death, and they are to dwell with Christ a thousand years on the earth, which is to be converted into heaven. Mrs. Jezreel was a woman of force, energy and great

devotion to the cause which she had espoused. At the time of her death she was but twenty-eight years of age. Since the decease of her husband she had been his successor, and had pushed the work of building the temple at Chatham which he had planned, but never begun. At eighteen years of age she undertook a preaching tour through the United States. Mrs. Jezreel was a woman of fine address and elegant appearance. Calling herself the "Servant of the House of Israel;" she commanded her servants and coaches and would scarce be recognized as such.

#### MISS WILLARD ON DOLLS.

The following, concerning Miss Willard's opinion of the doll, will help to modify the extreme judgment which some held of the quotation which was given from her pen several months since: To the old-fashioned, simply-attired doll we find her making no objection; indeed, she says that with such she used to delightfully play. Her view is, that living pets educate children on a higher plane than French dolls; that the fatherly instinct needs development more than the motherly, and hence, the doll should be for boys as well as girls, and that the too exclusive devotion of the latter to the care of their dolls often deprives them of needed out-door exercise, dulls their curiosity concerning the mechanism of the world, and may help to explain why women are not yet inventors. She claims that the care of dolls does not impart the instinct of motherliness, but that in every woman's heart that instinct is the central motive power whose broadest manifestation is found in those women who, through the kindly channel of the Christian church, and the philanthropies that it develops, have shown themselves to be mother-hearted toward that most winsome, yet most wayward, of all children whom we call "Humanity."

#### THE MODEL HOSTESS.

To be a true entertainer of one person for a number of days or weeks, one must be rich in resources, not of gold and silver merely, although these are not to be despised, but of mind and heart, good judgment, good common sense, good disposition and good tact. The hostess must suit herself to the visitor. Should the company be a decided homebody, delighting in the varied arrangements of home, a basket of artistic needle work should be hard by, and all the versatility of the home keeper should be brought into use. If the company be a lover of books, here the model hostess is as much at home as with the needle and crochet hook, and is as able to express beautiful thoughts about persons and principles as she is to work the blooming rose upon canvas or trace the lily cup upon plush. Sparkling wit from the lips of a beautiful woman is as the dew drop from the petals of the flowers. Should the visitor be a man of business or of wide scope of vision, our hostess should not fail here nor ask her friend to depart too much from his usual thought and conversation. A general comprehension of such matters is essential to every woman, and that neglect is inexcusable which allows her to narrow herself aside from anything but a patronizing glance from her friends. Sound judgment and breadth of intellect in a hostess are her surest weapons of influence for good, and none are more entertaining. If the company, or a part of it, be children, then is the hostess tried the most, and perhaps in this does hospitality oftener fail than in anything else. It is not an easy matter for the orderly housewife to see her floor littered with playthings, or to endure with the sweetest of countenances the noise and confusion which are sure to occur at times. Yet the model hostess

does; and more, she enjoys it. She directs, without seeming to have done so, the children's play, amusing and inspiring them to an easy, home feeling. That fastidiousness which stiffens the tidies on chairs and throws an air of reserve about each article of furniture in the room, robs a home of its ease-atmosphere, and degenerates the mistress into a servant rather than a hostess. The secret of being a true hostess is to allow guests to feel perfectly at home without inconvenience, stiffness or tediousness, to inspire ease by being easy, to entertain by being entertained, and to allow the sunshine of your own presence to develop the best of every one about you.

#### FAULTING THE MEN.

If you want an indication of a soured disposition, you have it in one who is an invariable fault finder with the opposite sex. In men it is most despicable, in women it is most deplorable; yet it is no uncommon habit with either. Perhaps there is no other more common fault that kills domestic affection so surely or so often. Writing of this habit in women, Mrs. Ella Martin says: "It is true men do not stand upon ceremony with their wives, as they invariably did before they gave their wives the right to demand their attention. Neither do women practice the same retiring modesty. If a woman wishes to take the air, she may ask her husband to drive her out; he will not be shocked. There is no necessity for her to wait for the invitation. Perhaps she is not nearly so particular about her attire now as she was before her marriage. Her hair is often in disorder, she is untidy and irritable, and then she wonders at his indifference. Perhaps while she is reproaching him for his coldness, she is unconsciously killing what affection there may be left, which very likely is only smouldering, and would leap up into a flame easily enough were she to die, but which might be replenished while she is yet alive by a cheerful countenance and thoughtful attention. Men like to be courted by their wives; it pleases their vanity. Men appreciate the loving looks and tender words as much as women. Husbands who give their wives thoughtful and considerate attention are not so scarce as may be imagined. Would it not be well for women to remember that their fathers were men, their husbands are men, and they are the mothers of men? It is not becoming for one sex to express contempt for the other."

#### THE EVENING SONG.

In all our childhood reminiscences perhaps there is nothing remembered with greater vividness than the lullaby song of a patient mother or father. It was to us the very sweetest music, a balm for every existing ill. A holy quiet came with it and settled down for the night. It was not imaginary. Were feet ever so tired from childish frolic, were hands too weary to unloose the frock and prepare for the night, we forgot it all as music wrought its charm upon us. There is something peculiar about this effect of the song of a parent upon a child. It may be rendered never so poorly, the voice may be all untrained, even discordant, unable to carry one tune through, and yet it sinks into the very tenderest part of a child's nature and soothes and "happifies" it. The sentiment, too, affects the child. Would mothers influence their children to any special course of action, let them sing it into them. Courage, love, faith, piety, can not be better taught than in this way. The song of a Christian mother, made familiar by her oft repeating it, has been the one influence which has led many a wayward son back to ways of truth. Do not neglect singing, mothers. Sing in the morning, sing during the day, but sing at night especial-



ly, when the day's task is done for yourself and family. Sing more, and there will be less need of chiding.

#### BITS OF GOSSIP.

A good deal of interest has been awakened lately by the marriage of Miss Cora Belle Fellows, of Washington, and Chaska, a Sioux, known as Mr. Campbell, at the camp of Swift Bird, Dakota. This is by no means a new freak in American society. Some of the bluest blood in Washington has been crossed and recrossed with aboriginal strains. There is at present an engagement reported between Miss Ada Belle Richards, another Washington belle, and Dr. Wright, a Choctaw brave. Mrs. Eliza Carey, one of the wealthy residents of Washington, was once a London belle; but that did not save her from the arrows of the red man. One Kah-he-wa-quon-ably, an educated chief of the Ojibway tribe, visited England in the interests of an Indian training school. They met, became acquainted, fell in love, and after two years she followed him to America, and they were married in New York City. They lived and worked together for twenty years, when Kah-he-wa-quon-ably died, leaving her with all the comforts of life. She says of him; "I wish, with all my heart, that every white woman had in her white husband as good, as intelligent and as useful a partner as I had in my noble Indian."

The pink tea has now a dangerous rival in the "yellow breakfast." At a recent yellow breakfast—served, by the way, at 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon—the table linen was of yellow and white damask; beautiful scarfs of yellow China silk were draped effectively over the backs of the dining chairs. The floral decorations consisted of daffodils and narcissus, and the hostess herself wore a gown of buttercup yellow plush, which almost lost its identity in billows of filmy lace. The pale yellow lights of the lamps blended in perfect harmony with the golden sunlight of the afternoon, and illumined an effect as striking as it was novel and picturesque.

It is not thought exceptional at present if a lady be able to write a legal business receipt. The reverse is rather the remarkable circumstance. But the rapid strides womankind is making in such things is shown by the fact that when Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she could not give a legal receipt for the checks paid her by her publisher.

#### BRIEF NOTES.

Pundita Ramabi, at the time of her late visit to San Francisco, was welcomed before she reached that city by a committee that met her en route. A reception was given her on her arrival. She addressed the National Teachers' Association, and spoke before that delightful Golden Gate institution, Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper's bible class.

Marion McBride, secretary of the Woman's International Press Association, says there are two hundred women journalists in the various associations outside of the one with which she is connected, and that the International Press Association has four hundred members, scattered over the United States, Mexico and Europe.

The Chicago Woman's Club has undertaken to publish statistics and information about women's organizations of every kind, which have for their object the advancement of the sex.

This information will include the name of club or society, where located, when organized, methods of work, objects, etc., put in tabulated form.

There is not an organization of women known for a selfish or immoral purpose. All of the many societies of women have high and noble aims, such only as inspire to self sacrifice and devotion to a principle that looks toward the bettering of humanity.

The Concord house of the late Miss Louisa M. Alcott is about to be sold, and it is suggested that it be bought for a home for poor children, as a memorial of her.

Mrs. Ellen M. Mitchell, a sister-in-law of Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, has been appointed a member of the Chicago school board.

Governor Hill, of New York, has signed a bill making it lawful to appoint women on the board of trustees of the State Industrial School.

More than half the scholarships given at Cornell College, New York, this year, were won by the young women students.

Dr. Annie Pomberger, of Philadelphia, is the first woman in America to be granted the degree of D. D. S.

Elizabeth Mallet established in London, in 1702, the first daily newspaper printed in the world.

#### ARTISTIC HANDIWORK.

SCREENS.—Screens are both ornamental and useful; and the most commonplace materials appear to great advantage when used in this way. A clothes horse and some cretonne, although not usually suggestive of anything rich and rare, are wonderful in combination. Let the cretonne have a cream, or pale green, ground, with a figure like pomegranate blossoms, and border it with anything that will bring out the prevailing color—deep red, for instance—painting the clothes horse in ivory white, with lines of dull gold, and the effect will be really handsome.

IVY VASE.—Take a common glass, put it in a little satin bag, made full and tied around the top with a bow of satin ribbon. Fasten by means of a wire passed around to a satin background, any desired shape, and fasten to the wall. In this plant ivy, or some pretty climbing vine, which falls down gracefully over the satin bag. Hyacinth glasses can be used in this way, and look very pretty.

NAPKINS.—Among the latest in napkins we find small ones with a drawn-work border, and the centers thickly sprinkled with daisies, overlapping each other somewhat. The daisies are outlined in slim stitch, with gold colored silk, and the center loosely filled with French knots.

DINNER DECORATION.—A very simple, yet very pretty, way of decorating the dinner table is to place a pot of ferns in the center of the table, and let vines run out half way to either corner, being met by a small glass of cut flowers, a dish of fruit or candies.

**EGG SACHETS.**—Cut two pieces of cardboard the shape of an egg. Cover one side of each with satin and place several pieces of scented cotton between. Sew together very neatly. Paint or embroider some pretty design on one side.

#### EXCELLENT PICKLE RECIPES.

**CUCUMBER PICKLES WITH CURRY.**—Pour boiling water over two hundred cucumbers, and let them stand until quite cold; dry them then with a cloth and pack in jars. Put on the fire one gallon of vinegar; while that is heating take two tablespoonfuls of black pepper, two of curry powder, two of corn starch, eight of mustard, eight of salt, mix with a little cold vinegar and pour into the kettle of vinegar. Let it boil once, then pour it over the pickles and seal tight. These are excellent for persons fond of curry. Small jars are better for pickles, as they are always more crisp when just opened.

**SPICED GRAPES.**—Put ten pounds of fruit in your preserving kettle, after having removed the skins; let it cook until the skins can be easily removed; strain through a coarse sieve; put back in the kettle with the skins, add seven pounds of sugar, one and one half pints of vinegar, one ounce of cloves, one and a half of cinnamon, and an ounce of allspice, tied in very thin pieces of cloth and put in the boiling mixture. Let it boil one hour.

**CUCUMBER PICKLES.**—Wash the cucumbers thoroughly, put them into a jar and cover with boiling water. Let them stand twenty-four hours. Pour off the water and make a brine strong

enough to bear an egg. Let stand in this over night. Pack them in jars, with a green pepper at the top of each jar, and pour scalding hot vinegar over them and seal or stop tightly. They will keep well and are always brittle and good.

**TOMATO CATSUP.**—Select half a bushel of firm, ripe tomatoes; peel them and boil an hour; strain through a colander and set on the fire again. Have ready one pint of vinegar, one pound of brown sugar, half a cup of salt, one teaspoonful of red pepper, one ounce of cloves and one of allspice. Pour all together and boil two hours. When cool, bottle and seal.

**RHUBARB CUSTARD PIE.**—Fifteen stalks rhubarb, three cups sugar, two eggs, large pinch of salt, lump of butter size of a walnut. Stew the rhubarb to a pulp, beat in sugar, salt and butter. Let it stand till slightly cool and stir in the beaten eggs. Bake in open shells of pie crust. This makes enough for two good-sized pies.

**DRESSED TONGUE.**—Take a corned tongue and boil tender; split it; stick in a few cloves; cut one onion, a little thyme, and add some browned flour. Have the tongue covered with water, in which mix the ingredients; add three hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, and serve garnished with sliced boiled eggs.

**CORN OYSTERS.**—Six ears green corn, grated, one egg, one tablespoon flour, one tablespoon sweet milk, pepper and salt to taste. Drop small spoonfuls into the frying pan containing a little hot butter and lard, and cook delicately.

### Northwestern News and Information.

**LOWLAND DISTRICT, MONTANA.**—A correspondent of the *Butte Miner* gives the following description of a district now attracting much attention: A recent careful examination of this relatively new mining district, which will, most likely, soon be the scene of wild rush and excitement, shows some facts of general interest. In round numbers, the scene of the recent discoveries and present activity lies within an area of five miles square—perhaps a few miles more—on the western and southern side of Jefferson county, and adjoining Silver Bow and Deer Lodge counties. The district is traversed by well worn and well conditioned wagon roads from Butte, Woodville and Deer Lodge, and the Montana Central and Boulder Valley railroads pass within ten miles of the camp's center—the stations being Bernice on the Montana Central and Calvin on the latter road. From these points teams and riding horses can be secured. There are innumerable locations of promise in the camp, the majority of late finding and in the first stage of development, but all giving promise of richness. The camp is practically new; that is to say, only during the past month or two has work on an extensive scale been carried on within its limits. There are several mines that yield great quantities of very rich and mostly free ores. Personal examination enables me to state this positively. The chief mines at this writing, and those that have started the rush to Lowland district, in ad-

dition to Kit Carson, are a cluster discovered last season by Graff & Co., Coonan & Monroe and O'Brien Bros. Of these, so far, the most extensively developed are the Columbia and Ruby, which, with the Amazon, have been bonded in sums aggregating \$460,000.00, by the Anaconda Company, of Butte, and on them three shifts of men are employed sinking shafts, opening tunnels and erecting hoisting works on an extensive scale. The Ruby has a marvel of wealth already visible. The shaft is down some fifty feet, machinery on the ground, houses erected, and the grounds present a scene of busy life and activity, reminding one of the many similar places about Butte City. The cluster of mines bonded by the aforementioned Butte company is on a gradually sloping hill, over which runs a new and first-class wagon road. It is a beautiful eminence, crowned with magnificent timber, carpeted with luxuriant grass and flower beds, with springs conveniently breaking forth all about, and beside the Lowland creek and its tributaries that run throughout the pretty valley which stretches away in the blue distance. Up Sunrise creek, and near by the main road to Deer Lodge, are other like mines. The Kit Carson, owned by Helena parties, and the oldest and most extensively worked mine in the section, has been idle for lack of transportation recently, although in other seasons many thousands of dollars have been realized from its ores taken out by wagon. It is patented and



well supplied with out-houses and all needed equipments, and will, as soon as the owners see fit to resume work, yield rich returns, as of yore. The owners are rich, and doubtless are awaiting the completion of the railroad, whose line, already finished as to survey, will pass within fifteen minutes walk of their dump. Near by the Kit Carson, are the Silver Arrow and its mill site, together with another much developed mine whose name has escaped me. These are also patented and belong to Helena parties. All along this section are locations with more or less work done or being done. In fact, the camp is alive with people, the majority of whom are developing, while a large number are equally busy digging the requisite discovery shafts on new finds. Beyond and west from Kit Carson and Silver Arrow, are the group of mines owned by Walter and Thomas O'Brien and Joe Brien. Their most developed mine is the Wolf Tone, beside the Deer Lodge road, some one and a half miles west of Kit Carson, on the Sunrise, a branch of Lowland creek. The Wolf Tone has two hundred and forty feet of tunnel work, and its first assays showed \$240.00 gold and silver. Assays have been made semi-weekly since, and show a considerable increase in the yield of silver and gold. Inside the Wolf Tone tunnel, under the glare of candle light, the picture presented is literally dazzling. In corner, crack and crevice are clusters of ore, throughout which the precious metals shine and glitter. Great seams of silver-spangled rocks run like ribs across the sides and top of the tunnel, and, best of all, the ore is free and easy to work. The tunnel of the Wolf Tone is being run so as to cross the main lead, which is about fifty feet ahead and plainly traceable along the surface. The seams already crossed are parallel seams or veins, and they make the splendid showing above mentioned. The extensions of this mine are owned by the same parties, and show externally, and after less work than on the Wolf Tone, equally as fine ores. It must not be understood that this letter enumerates more than a fractional part of the mines in Lowland district. All along the several creeks and canyons for many miles—indeed, from Boulder canyon—the country is patented as placer ground. Long ditches, some in repair and others going to ruin, and miles of flume, tell of the old days of placer mining. Already groceries are there, and carpenters putting up houses; but a majority live in tents. Upon each hillside are villages of white tents, and one can locate the trout streams by the lines of smoke that tell of the little kitchens on their banks. Besides all this, Lowland has other recommendations. It is easy of approach, the hills are not rugged, the valleys level, water plenty and pure, grass luxuriant, wood plenty, and the surface of the earth beautifully carpeted with myriads of flowers of innumerable varieties. Upon the whole, Lowland district will soon be the scene of a rush and excitement equal to the many districts made famous in other days, and the visitor will, without doubt, unite with your correspondent, on his arrival, in declaring that it seems the Almighty created the country with a smile, and the smile has crystallized into a landscape.

**WALLOWA COUNTY.**—The advancement of the Wallowa country has been simply marvelous. All the valley lands and many of the choicest locations on the hill lands have been taken and now the country looks like an old settled community. Fine buildings and comfortable surroundings are a rule instead of an exception. It may be said that the conquest of reclaiming the country has been accomplished and the victory is well nigh complete. Even beyond, in the valleys tributary to Snake river, the settler's cabin has proclaimed the presence of the invading host; and there, too, has the home builder been triumphant, and he revels in trophies of victory in the shape of fine

fruits and perfect vegetables and a certain dividend on every turrell made in the soil and every seed planted therein. The next step will be in the improvement and cultivation of the low hill lands adjoining the valleys, and it has been demonstrated that these lands may be rapidly transferred into productive farms and comfortable homes. There can be no doubt of this. Ten years ago it was thought that what is known as the Sard ridge, in this county, was valueless for farming purposes. But experiments have fully proved that the best farms are on this ridge, and it is very likely that the same will prove true of the hill lands of Wallowa. Already a large number of claims have been taken on the uplands, and the opportunity for others to follow the example is almost without limit. The hill lands of Wallowa cover an area of not less than forty miles square, and will some day be as eagerly sought after as the choicest valley lands now are. The towns of Wallowa have improved wonderfully in the last few years. Lostine, the first town of any importance, has several new buildings, and others in progress; a fine church, public school building and hall are among the public improvements, and a number of business houses have also been recently built. Enterprise is the new town of the Wallowa, and at the recent election was designated as the county seat. It is centrally located and has a very favorable site. The town was started about a year ago, and has steadily improved ever since. It received a big boom in being selected as the location for a branch of the M. & M. Co. This company has a large brick store building of one hundred feet depth and warehouse of the same length adjoining. It is the intention to build an additional story to this building next year. On the opposite corner of the same block is the new bank building, a two-story brick structure. The building is a large structure, and the lower floor will be occupied by the bank, county clerk's office and two store rooms. The upper story is to be divided into a court room and various county offices. This building will be essentially the court house of Wallowa county for the next ten years, being furnished the county at a nominal rent during that period. Adjoining this building is a two-story brick, which will be occupied as a hardware store, and adjoining this the foundation is laid for a brick drug store, which will be built this fall. In the intervening space between this row of bricks and the M. & M. store will be built a brick enclosure which will be occupied as a machinery depot by the Frank Bros. Implement Company. The new flouring mill is finished and is now being fitted up with the latest improved new process machinery, and will be ready to run in a few weeks. The town has a fine two-story school building and a new church. There are three general stores, a furniture store, drug store, blacksmith shop, meat market, hotel, two livery stables, two saloons, planing mill, printing office—the *Wallowa Signal*—paint shop and other business houses, besides thirty or forty residences, nearly all of which have been built within the past year. There are probably fifty mechanics, representing various trades, now employed there. A plan is on foot by which a water ditch is to be constructed along the hill above town, which will supply water for irrigating purposes and drainage. As a town of rapid growth and permanency, Enterprise is undoubtedly a success. About eight miles south of Enterprise is Joseph, which has also experienced a building boom during the past year. The finishing touches are now being put on an imposing two-story brick structure, the lower floor of which will be occupied by the Joseph bank. A large number of new residences are also under construction. A new assay office has just been completed, and the *Chieftain* has just moved into a new office. Joseph is the largest town in the Wallowa country, and has all the usual lines of business represented. Great interest is centered in the

development of the Wallowa mines, the chief of which are in Tunnel mountain, just back of Joseph. A great deal of development work is being done, and it is proposed to make a thorough test of the mineral resources of that section. The results, so far, have been highly encouraging, and Joseph expects soon to be the center of a large mining district. Taking it all together, the Wallowa country is destined to become a rich and prosperous section, and no one who visits it can fail to recognize its many advantages. It is pre-eminently the place for the home seeker, whether with ample or moderate means.—*La Grande Gazette*.

IN FLATHEAD VALLEY.—From the time one boards the stage at Ravalli and sets out for the Flathead the route is one of great interest and attraction. Seldom such a fine grazing country as the reservation affords, from the railroad to the lake, is seen in Montana. At the summit of the hill, about two miles from the lake, the first glimpse of this fine body of water is seen. The view from this point compares favorably with that of Yellowstone lake in the National park, when seen to advantage. On arriving at the terminus of the stage line, the cosy steamers *Dora* and *U. S. Grant* are found steamed up ready for the trip to the valley country, which it will take them until nightfall to make. With a feeling of great satisfaction and comfort, the dusty, rumbling stage is now exchanged for a pleasure trip across the cool, rippling waters of the lake. If the lake is not too rough, the trip from the foot to the mouth of the noble Flathead river occupies about two or three hours, the boats moving ten miles an hour. On arrival at the several landings, Selish, Egan and Demersville, a few hours' ride in any direction will convince one that Flathead is unrivaled in its cereal productions. There are any number of oat fields that have not had any irrigation, which will yield seventy-five bushels per acre. Wheat and barley look equally well. Even this fall Flathead will be found quite a factor in supplying Butte, Anaconda and other grain consuming centers. If you are of a speculative turn a trip to the coal mines of the North Fork might be worth your while. Though the trail is rather rough at present, the magnificent scenery along the route, together with the fine body of coal that may be seen on arriving at the mines, will amply repay for the difficulties attending the trip. It requires no great stretch of the imagination to predict that in the next few years the busy train of traffic will disturb the echoes of this mountain fastness. The lumber interests of this place are bound, in the near future, to be of great importance. With the question of the lumber supply of the future already perplexing the public mind, it is safe to say that a country possessing hundreds of millions of feet of timber, accessible to our streams, can not long remain unnoticed. Outside of the coal and lumber interests awaiting development, there are many others that would prove a good investment to live, energetic men. The writer has been well around in Montana and Wyoming and can truthfully say that neither the Yellowstone park nor the Judith country can compare with this section in both game and fish. Arriving at Egan, on the east side, the sportsman has the choice of two good fields. If you are satisfied with angling alone, a trip to the Big Fork, near its mouth, will introduce to you one of the finest trout streams in America. Among the Kootenai Indians this stream is justly celebrated for its abundance of fish. Years ago, when from some unknown cause the deer and elk all emigrated, and their dried buffalo meat became exhausted in the middle of winter, the entire tribe made their camp along its banks, and lived upon trout until the succeeding spring. About thirty miles from Flathead lake, at an elevation several hundred feet higher, in

a rugged, heavily-timbered country, is a large body of water which Big Fork drains. This is the home of the elk, moose, cariboo and black tail deer. Secure in this mountain fastness from the attacks of their white and Indian foes, they roam undisturbed in large numbers. Occasionally some Indian hunter penetrates the solitude of this region and invariably returns with many trophies of the chase. The second, and perhaps inferior, route for sportsmen, is by way of Bad Rock canyon, and thence into the Rockies. Although the fishing can hardly compare with Big Fork, it is very good, while the hunting is fully equal to the first mentioned place. The scenery from Bad Rock to the headwaters of the North, Middle and South Fork rivers is grand and impressive. The only glacier known in this section of the country is on one of the tributaries of the South Fork, where, amid rugged peaks, it holds its icy watch, and slowly yields its chilling springs to swell the turbulent Flathead.

W. R. R.

BOULDER AND COOKE CITY MINES.—The Boulder mining country, in Polk county, Montana, long known to prospectors as being a rich field for miners, is yet a comparatively recent discovery in all its greatness. The Boulder river rises in a basin in the hills about sixty miles from Livingston, and the country for thirty miles from the head of the stream is one vast mine. What seems, however, to be the richest locality is the small basin, about three miles long and two miles wide, in which a small branch of the Boulder proper heads. It is called Basin creek, and is not over five miles long. The natural drainage of this whole basin is into this creek, and at the entrance to the basin, where Basin creek finds its way out on its road to the Boulder river, is situated a large placer claim. This claim has been worked off and on for the past eight or nine years, but has recently passed into the hands of J. H. Conrad, Mr. Price, of Helena, and other parties who intend to work it on a larger scale than ever before. Up above this placer ground, on the hill slopes and farther up the gulch, lie the enormous deposits of rich, free milling quartz, that have attracted so much attention during the past few months. There are about fifty men now at work in the camp developing their prospects, and there is not a week passes but what some party of capitalists is in the locality looking over the ground with a view of purchase or further development of claims which they have owned for some time but did not realize the value of. The discoveries made in the Hidden Treasure, one of these Basin mines, a short time ago, have excited every owner or co-owner in a claim in that locality, and it seems as though that discovery was to be the means of many more equally as good discoveries by the impetus which it has given to further development of the camp. One of the best mines in the camp is the Grub Stake, in which both Billings and Livingston parties are interested. They have a four-foot fissure vein of free milling ore, the assays of which have run from \$7.00 to \$22.00 per ton, and which, without doubt, will average \$10.00 per ton clear through. The owners of this mine are making preparations to drive a three hundred foot tunnel and to put in a stamp mill. This they hope to do this year, but, owing to the lack of transportation, it is difficult to make much headway in the camp. There are many other valuable mines in this camp, that only need transportation and further development to make them heavily paying enterprises. Many of the firm believers in this camp claim that there is as much prospect of this camp becoming a second Butte as any camp in the territory. Experts say that the free milling quartz of this camp can be worked for about \$1.10 per ton. There is a fine location for a mill, and a never failing stream of water flows from the springs which rise in the



basin at the head of Basin creek. It is about two miles from the outlet of this basin, where the placer ground is situated, to where Basin creek runs into the Boulder, and for twenty-five miles down the Boulder, mining claims line the course of the stream and extend far up the hills toward the divides on either side. One notable discovery, lately made, has been that of a fine body of tin ore, which will eventually prove of immense value to the owners. Twenty-five miles beyond the head of Basin creek, is the well known camp of Cooke City, where lies more ore, especially silver ore, than can be used for years. One assay of ore in this camp shows \$400.00 in silver to the ton, and this is said not to be uncommon. The lack of transportation is keeping this camp in a state of non-development and the building of either the Cinnabar extension or the Billings, Clarke's Fork & Cooke City road is anxiously waited for by the many miners and capitalists who are interested in these wonderful mines. The only good road into the Boulder country is via Livingston. Some of the travel is now via Big Timber, but few like to travel that way, owing to the difficulty in crossing the Boulder river. From Livingston this is avoided, and a good road, free from all obstructions, can easily be obtained.

THE MINES OF BUTTE.—Now is the time for the investment of eastern money in the copper and silver mines of Butte. We have not sounded the praises of the mines as loudly nor as continuously as their pre-eminent value and productiveness warranted, but now that deep explorations upon many leading properties have satisfactorily demonstrated their permanence, we propose to give the world all the facts about them. Nor shall we rest until every mine in this great district susceptible of profitable development shall be in operation. There is no reason to doubt that there are in the east many millions of money, only waiting for opportunities for investment. All that is needed is proof that the mines can be legitimately operated to a profit, and money will come pouring in this direction. There is no camp in the world like Butte, never was and never will be. From Meaderville to Rocker, a distance of five miles, the ground is traversed by the most remarkable series of ore channels ever discovered. They vary in width from ten to one hundred feet. Wherever they have been opened, the most astonishing results have followed. In no case has the bottom of one of them been found. They are owned mainly by a number of corporations, which have grown rich by the treasures they have been made to yield, and the result is that already five thousand men are employed here in mining, the annual product has reached \$20,000,000.00, and a city of twenty-five thousand people has grown up here. But the end is not yet. In fact, the beginning is scarcely noticeable. Men who have watched the course of events here for the past ten years, during which time this camp has produced \$75,000,000.00, are firmly of the belief that the amount will be more than doubled in the next decade. The district, though compact, is seamed with so many great ledges, which are owned by so many different individuals and companies, that there ought to be, even now, twice as many mills and smelters in operation as there are, and it is for this sole reason that the attention of intelligent eastern and western capital is invited to the splendid openings here for paying investments. Most of the big concerns here are close corporations, whose profits are carefully concealed from the public. Who knows what the Parrot, Colorado, Silver Bow and Anaconda companies are making? Nobody but the insiders. Yet any newspaper familiar with the affairs of this camp could soon ascertain how enormous are their profits, and this we propose to do. The larger those profits are, the better we shall like it, because the men who are be-

hind those companies and those who manage them are deserving of every cent they make. They are capable, brainy men. But Butte needs more of the same kind, and for this reason we propose to publish the facts about the great properties of the camp. The Clear Grit, Banker, Pacific, Nipper, Little Mina, Ramsdell's Parrot, Late Acquisition, Mountain Chief, Gambetta, Alexander, and fifty other mines which could be named, are just as large and could be made just as productive as any of the properties which have thus far contributed to the conspicuous glory of Butte as a mining camp. All they need is development. They can all be bought at reasonable figures. Almost every one of them could, of itself, supply a concentrator and smelter. Instead of having five thousand men at work here, we should have ten thousand. The output of the camp might be readily doubled, and this should be done while copper is high. Already there are millions of tons of low grade silver ore in sight in this camp, for the working of which ample facilities should be provided, and might be provided with immediate profit.—*Butte Inter-Mountain*.

NEW LANDS IN NORTHERN MONTANA.—During the past two or three months several inquiries have been addressed to this office in regard to stock and agricultural land locations on the great northern reservation. Many are of the impression that all the choice lands have been taken, and that those who go to the reservation in quest of homes must content themselves with inferior locations. This is an erroneous impression which a brief consideration of facts will dispel. There are now somewhere in the neighborhood of eighteen million acres of land thrown open to settlement by the extinguishment of the Indian title to the reservation. If all the lands were agricultural that great reservation would afford homes of one hundred and sixty acres each to one hundred and twelve thousand five hundred families. But they are not. Probably not more than one-third of the vast area may be placed under profitable cultivation. Estimating its home giving capacity upon this not very liberal basis, we find that thirty-seven thousand five hundred farms of one hundred and sixty acres each may be found within its limits, leaving twelve million acres for grazing purposes. These figures are approximately correct, and as comparatively few locations have as yet been made, it will be seen at a glance that there is a vast domain lying open to the enterprising settler. Mr. Will Collins, foreman of J. S. Spencer's cattle outfit, arrived in the city last evening from a thorough and protracted cow hunt in that section. A reporter of the *River Press* was informed by that gentleman that upon Peoples, Clear, Warm Springs and Snake creeks, streams which have their rise in the Bear Paw mountains, there are large quantities of most excellent farming lands, upon which but few locations have been made, and that on Pochette creek, south of the Little Rockies, but one or two locations have been made. Mr. Collins also says that settlers coming from the east locate on the eastern portion of the reservation, while those from the west are finding homes upon the western half. The great Milk river valley, between Fort Belknap and Sweet Grass hills, Mr. Collins says, yet affords many locations for farmers. He adds that grass all over the ranges is the finest he ever saw. It is a great country, which will not be fully occupied for some time to come. There seems to be a misunderstanding upon the part of many concerning the entry of the northwestern reservation lands lately thrown open to settlement. Many have labored under the impression that these lands can be entered only under the homestead act, while others contend they are subject to entry under other land acts. Through the courtesy of Judge Tattan, of this city, the *River Press* is enabled to pre-

sent to its readers a transcript of the official copy of the section relating to the entries of the lands, in possession of Major Edwin C. Fields, agent of the Fort Belknap reservation. The section referred to reads as follows—

SEC. 3. That lands to which the right of the Indians is extinguished under foregoing agreement are a part of the public domain of the United States, and are open to the operations of the law regulating homestead entry (except section 2301 of the revised statutes) and to entry under the townsite laws and the laws governing the disposal of coal lands, desert lands and mineral lands; but are not open to entry under any other laws regulating the sale or disposal of the public domain.

The above section excludes the purchase of the lands by scrip, the commutation of homesteads, and pre-emption and timber culture entries. From this it appears the lands can be entered only under the homestead act, the desert act, townsite laws and the laws governing the disposal of coal and mineral lands.—*Benton River Press*.

ALBERTA & ATHABASCA ROAD.—Mr. J. S. McEwen, who has been the principal mover in the construction of a railroad to run from Calgary to the north country, related to a *Tribune* representative last night some of the difficulties under which he had labored. As early as 1883, Mr. McEwen, who visited and traveled over the north country, conceived the scheme, and meeting the late Col. Williams, M.P., laid the project before him. Together the two men visited Minneapolis and sought the assistance of capitalists, who took the matter in hand. A company was formed, and at the session of parliament of 1885, application was made for a charter, which was granted; but the rebellion coming on, and the subsequent death of Col. Williams, gave a bad set-back to the undertaking. After the rebellion the Minneapolis capitalists looked with suspicion upon the northwest, and the scheme, to a great extent, fell through; but another company was organized and parliament was again petitioned for a charter, which was granted, with a land grant attached. Mr. Colbey, M.P., was one of the directors and worked it through parliament, but the capital to build the road was not forthcoming, although application was made to most of the leading financial institutions on the continent. Last year, when a charter was asked for by the Chinook Belt people, parliament gave the Alberta company till the first of August to begin the work of construction and to have fifty miles completed by November 1st or lose their charter. This they have been unable to do, and it is likely the matter will come up again next year in the form of a squabble between the two companies. The Alberta people claim they had the project just about completed in June to commence operations, the point on which the matter hinged being the transport of material over the Canadian Pacific railroad. The freight on this material would amount to about \$75,000.00, and the Alberta people wanted the Canadian Pacific to take their note for this until they were able to sell their bonds—which had been arranged for as soon as fifty miles were completed—but the Canadian Pacific refused this, demanding the cash, and the capitalists again grew suspicious and backed out. The company claim they have offered their charter, with all its privileges, to the Canadian Pacific, the Northern Pacific, and Jim Hill, if any of them would undertake the work, but not one of them would touch it. They say they are willing to hand it over to the Chinook Belt, if they can show that they have the means to go on and do the work, but unless the latter company can do this they think a charter should not be granted them. This is how the matter stands, and unless the government adopts the suggestion of Sir Hector Langevin, made last session, to the effect that before any charter was granted to any company the applicants should be required to put up a cash deposit as a forfeit in

case the work was not carried out, we are likely to have more charters than railroads.—*Calgary Tribune*.

THE POORMAN CONCENTRATOR.—This magnificent mill, said to be the largest of the kind in the United States, and probably in the world, was started yesterday, and it is drawing it very mild to say that a trip through the huge building, with its massive machinery, is a matter of more than ordinary interest. The structure is immediately opposite the Tiger concentrator. It is one hundred and ninety-three feet long and seventy-two feet wide, with a corresponding height. The building is divided into four compartments—the boiler house, the ore and rock breaking room, the jigger and table room, and the sacking room. The engine is of one hundred and twenty horse power, but steam power will only be used during the dry season. In the spring months water power will be employed, and a flume and wheel are already constructed. The jiggers are different from those in use in the other mills in the camp, and it is claimed that less power is required to run them. The concentrating tables are large round tables, six in number. A singular feature, however, is what is termed a "grinder," which receives the refuse after it leaves the jiggers, grinds it into powder and then pumps it back into the jiggers to take its course through the first process. It is claimed that much valuable ore sticks to the small particles in the rock and is thus saved to the company. In the sacking room there are a number of reservoirs for catching the very fine or float concentrates, which are lost to other mills in the camp. These reservoirs are in the shape of baths, and it is difficult to see how much of the valuable stuff can escape them. They are supplied with a constant flow of water. The mill is very substantially constructed, and evidently no expense has been spared to make it the most complete institution of the kind ever constructed. Its capacity is one hundred and fifty tons of crude ore per day. While this requires an enormous daily production, there is every indication that the Poorman mine will be equal to the occasion and feed the monster with the requisite amount of rations. The developments in the mine show a continuous ore body of from five to seven feet in width for eight hundred feet, and a double compartment shaft is now being sunk which will open up the mine one hundred feet below the water level. A seventy-foot shaft has already demonstrated the existence of a fine body of ore on the west end of the claim, and it is natural to suppose it continues all along the fissure. Everything indicates that mining will be done on a broad gauge plan, and quite naturally more than ordinary interest centers in the movements of the Poorman company. The mill is a monument of enterprise, and shows the confidence that is felt in our mines by active mining men.—*Murray Sun*.

THE COULEE COUNTRY, W. T.—As the government land in this county lying in the vicinity of Badger mountain, as far out as what is known as the "Big Draw," is nearly all taken, the rapid incoming immigration has been at a standstill for locations. Parties who have long resided in the country and are interested in its prosperity have given the matter their careful attention, and have spent many days traveling about the country. They find that what is known as the country between the coulees is the only place that any amount of land fitted for agricultural purposes can be found. In fact it is the only place in the territory that timber culture can be found of any value. Very little agricultural land can be seen from the road. After traveling about the territory three years, and having lived near Badger mountain for over a year, I have lately visited the coulee country and find it the richest I have yet seen in the terri-



tory. The soil is a rich, black loam, alternately level plateaus, rolling prairies, covered with bunch and rye grass flats, upon which all kinds of grain can be raised in abundance. Mr. Thomas, a fruit grower from the Wenatchee, has lately visited this country, and has taken up land for the purpose of raising fruits and grasses. He is confident that apples, pears, plums, grapes, cherries, and all kinds of small fruits can be raised in abundance. The soil can not be excelled for the production of grains and vegetables. The first settlers have been there but little over a year. There are a few small pieces of grain growing on breaking, and I can say without fear of contradiction that they equal, if not excel, any in the country. Rain began about June 3, and there has been sufficient rainfall to wet the ground about eight inches, making splendid breaking. There has been about three times as much rainfall there as in the vicinity of Badger. Water can be obtained by digging from four to twenty feet. So far as I have heard every settler has obtained water who has dug for it. The country is settling up very rapidly, portions of three townships having been taken; still there is room for thousands more, as it is a very extensive country, and is large enough for a county by itself. Parties desiring locations for raising stock will find better accommodations here than elsewhere. Along the breaks of Grand coulee for a distance of forty miles, springs and spring brooks can be found at distances of from one-half to one and one-half miles apart, and bunch grass growing in the immediate vicinity. In many places small tracts of farming land can be found adjacent. In places the coulee walls tower upward for hundreds of feet, preventing the stock from ranging over the upper lands, consequently the grass has not been eaten off. Plenty of pine and fir timber can be obtained in Grand coulee below Steamboat rock fifteen or twenty miles.—*Big Bend Empire*.

WATER ON THE IDAHO DESERTS.—Mr. Kinney, of Owinza, about nineteen miles east of Shoshone, was in town Monday and gave the *Shoshone Journal* an account of a recent discovery made by himself and others just south of that station. Some four years ago he found holes in the ground while hunting and supposed they were coyote holes. They then dug down about six feet and found more or less water in the sand, but paid little attention to it. During the past two weeks Mr. Kinney had one or two men sinking a shaft to prospect this singular freak in the great Snake river lava plains. About seven feet from the surface considerable water was found, and at a depth of some twelve feet there was found a layer of sage brush covered with loose lava rock, embedded in the sand and lying on top of a bed of blue clay. The rocks were smooth and rounded by the action of water, and apparently were from a stream, although it is about thirty miles to Snake river. While excavating the first few feet Indian relics were found, consisting of arrow heads, charcoal, etc. The sage brush evidently had been lying there for half a century or more, was soaked and heavy with water and of a very black appearance. Captain Rice, who worked in this ground for Mr. Kinney, is an old prospector, and thinks that the indications are favorable for coal, and that if a shaft was sunk to any considerable depth, a flowing well or stream of water would be opened in the midst of this desert plain. If such should be the case such a stream would be of untold value, as the Snake river plains are from fifty to seventy-five miles wide, and between American falls and Glenn's ferry a hundred thousand head of horses and cattle would thrive if there was only a general supply of water. The theory has been here that underground rivers and large reservoirs of water exist, and some talk has been of organizing a stock company at Shoshone to sink artesian wells across the

desert, or to get congress to appropriate a sum for reclaiming these fertile and valuable plains. This discovery of water on an elevated plateau, or ridge, may become of great commercial value to this section of Idaho, and should be fully explored and a shaft sunk to sufficient depth to determine all the facts. The location was apparently an ancient Indian camp, but has been filled up and covered over by the drifting sand.—*Shoshone Journal*.

McMURDO DISTRICT, B. C.—Miners who have just returned from the McMurdo district, thirty miles southeast of Donald, report it to be the richest and biggest thing in British Columbia. The ledges are well defined between walls of granite and slate, the ore going high, both in gold and silver, and is free milling. The district is above the timber line, being six thousand feet above the sea level, and is in the glacier belt. Snow falls to a considerable depth, and in fact, a little falls every month in the year. Archie McMurdo made the first locations in the district, three of which, Joe Hepburn, the mining man, has obtained an interest in. He has already sent men and tools in to commence development work, and will send in more men immediately on his return from Victoria. He compares two of the claims, in appearance, to the great Spanish mine at Calaveras, California. The main ledge of them is over ninety feet wide, and is crossed by seven or eight narrow ones. In fact, there were so many veins that one location was not wide enough to take in the ground, and two had to be made. The ore carries gray copper, sulphates of iron and free gold, the latter visible to the naked eye. From \$3.00 to \$5.00 a day to the man can be made by crushing the rock in a hand mortar, McMurdo cleaning up more than \$100.00 in that way. Assays give \$50.00 to \$60.00 to the ton in gold, and \$70.00 to \$90.00 in silver. Higher assays have been had, but the above is a fair average. A Calgary company has already secured a foothold in the district and commenced work on a claim owned by Dainard & Lowe, of Golden. At present the district is reached by a trail from Hayes' landing, twenty-five miles up the Columbia from Golden. The distance from the landing is about twenty-five miles, it taking Mr. Hepburn eleven hours to make the trip out with a pack animal. Men who know the country believe the McMurdo claims are not more than six miles from the new placer diggings on Porcupine creek, and if so it is not more than thirty miles from Donald. The trail from Donald to Porcupine creek will be completed next week, and immediate steps will be taken to continue it into the McMurdo district.—*Donald Truth*.

KOWAK, OR PUTNAM, RIVER.—In the summer of 1883, Lieut. Geo. M. Stony, U. S. N., was sent by the general government to the Arctic ocean for the purpose of rewarding the Tchukches of Alaska, for their kindness in feeding and sheltering the crew of the steamer *Rogers*, which was burned in those waters in 1881. While distributing the \$5,000 worth of presents that had been voted by congress for the purpose, he heard of a large river in the vicinity that was unknown to geographers. Securing a guide and an interpreter, he boldly launched into the wilderness and soon reached the banks of a very large river, which he ascended for fifty miles. He named the river Putnam, after the gallant Putnam who sacrificed his life in the search for the Jeanette. In the summer of 1884, and again in 1885, he returned to the new river to complete his explorations. This river, probably over a thousand miles long, lies within the Arctic circle. Taking its rise near the valley of the Mackenzie, on the British line, it flows in a general west and southwest direction until it empties into Hotham inlet, Kotzebue sound.

The delta is composed of hundreds of channels, one being a mile wide. The channel over the Hotham inlet bar is thirty feet deep, and for three hundred miles the river is navigable for boats drawing from five to six feet of water. Above this point is a long distance of navigation interrupted by rapids. Five hundred miles above its mouth the river passes through Lake Charloogahlooktah. This lake is about eight miles long and three wide. Three hundred miles above this lake another was reported, with the river extending hundreds of miles farther on. From the north the river receives many tributaries; from the south but one large stream, the Pah. The country around the upper portions of the river is described as mountainous in the extreme, the higher peaks reaching an elevation of three thousand feet. The banks are heavily wooded with spruce, larch, cottonwood, birch and willow. Roses were seen in large numbers and wild flowers abounded. Raspberries, blue and salmon berries were abundant. Coal, gold, silver and jade were found. In 1884, and again in 1885, Lieut. J. C. Cantwell, of the U. S. revenue cutter Corwin, also made explorations, ascending the river over five hundred miles.

**LAND OFFICE STATISTICS.**—The forthcoming annual report of the commissioner general of the land office will show that during the year ending June 30, 1888, there were made fifty-nine thousand and ninety-five cash land entries of all classes, aggregating five million nine hundred and seven thousand two hundred and fifty-four acres, for which the government received \$11,203,071.00. Of these cash entries, eight thousand three hundred and eighteen were for the sales of land subject to private entry, three hundred and fourteen were for the sales of mineral lands, fourteen thousand two hundred and nine were commuted homestead entries, two thousand three hundred and eighty-five were original and final entries under the desert land act, and one hundred and fifty-two were sales of coal lands. The sales of timber and stone lands aggregate two thousand four hundred and twenty entries, nearly all of which were made in California. The report will show that the whole number of entries of all classes, including the Indian lands, made during the year was two hundred and fifty-five thousand one hundred and twelve, embracing twenty-four million four hundred and eighty-five thousand eight hundred and thirty-three acres. The total receipts from the foregoing were \$2,522,185.00. Of the whole number of entries forty-six thousand two hundred and thirty-six were original homesteads, embracing three million one hundred and seventy-five thousand four hundred acres, and twenty-four thousand four hundred and seventy-two were timber culture entries, having in all an area of three million seven hundred and thirty-three thousand three hundred and five acres. During the year the land grants to railroads made were forty thousand seven hundred and eighty-six selections, embracing six million five hundred and twenty-five thousand three hundred acres. Under the school swamp land and other grants by the government to the several states and territories, eight thousand and twenty-nine selections were made, covering one million two hundred and sixty-five thousand four hundred and fifty-two acres, in addition to that entered under the various land laws during the year. The area of commuted homestead, final desert entries, final homestead and final timber culture entries aggregated five million eight hundred and forty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-three acres.

**LAND IN THE COLVILLE REGION.**—That portion of Stevens county, W. T., especially fitted for a real Garden of Eden, is undoubtedly that section lying directly along the east side of

the Columbia river below the mouth of the Colville river. The dimensions of this section will cover an area of more than two hundred square miles of rich agricultural hill land, which, in its primitive state, provides an abundance of bunch grass for grazing. There is also plenty of pine and fir timber, which can be converted to use for fuel or building. Small streams flow down in pretty rivulets from the mountain, and circle through luxuriant aspen groves that smile with gorgeous splendor from the numerous aggregate of natural resources. The land lies in benches, that successively reach back to the summit of a range of timbered mountains six miles east of the river. On these benches the frugal farmer has plied his industry with good effect in developing fortune in the fair land of the setting sun. The soil is deep and of a slightly gravel nature, which especially adapts it to all classes of agriculture. Wheat, oats, barley and buckwheat yield the best crops of grain, while fruits of almost any variety will respond with an abundance of the horticultural products. The best of people from the western states have chosen to inhabit this favored spot, consequently good schools and society rule the eventful hour. There is no mill either for the grinding of flour or the sawing of lumber, but the water power and sufficient patronage awaits with eager impatience the coming of the enterprise and capital that will supply the deficiency. The land, though it has been occupied by settlers in limited numbers for years, has only recently been surveyed, and will not enter the market much before the beginning of the approaching year, but the corner stakes are there and settlement can be made without uncertainty as to the right of title.—*Colville Miner*.

**A SMELTER FOR DILLON.**—Not long since a gentleman visited this section to examine the mines surrounding Dillon, and this city as a site for the location of a large smelter. We believe the time has arrived when a mining enterprise of this character should be seriously considered for Southern Montana. There is no place better suited for large smelting works in the northern mountains than Dillon. In a circle all around the city, mining districts are opened and operated. In these, hundreds of mines have been prospected and developed to show their value and permanency. It is a plain business assertion to state that, in order to work these mines successfully and profitably, a smelter within a reasonable distance of the mines becomes almost a necessity, as the matter of railroad freights on ore cuts a big figure in the problem of how to make a mine a paying property. No more central point for a smelter for the mines of Sheridan district, Silver Star, Rochester, Birch Creek, Argenta, Blue Wing, Bannack, Bald Mountain, Elk Horn and other promising districts to the southeast, than Dillon, can be named. The different classes of ore found in abundance in the districts mentioned is just what is wanted to work a smelter successfully. The smelter enterprise ought to be agitated. It would be an easy matter to interest outside capital in such an enterprise, and our mining men would subscribe for stock according to their means.—*Dillon Tribune*.

**AN OPPORTUNITY TO INVEST.**—There are many opportunities for newcomers in the northwest to invest their means, but some are so much better than others that he who gives them good advice on the subject is truly a benefactor. Real estate in any of our growing cities is a safe investment, but in some the ultimate value of property will be so much greater than in others, that the same amount of money invested there will yield vastly larger returns than elsewhere. For this reason, property in Seattle is deemed by those well acquainted with the resources and history of this region to be the best offered. Eligible bus-



ness and residence property lying along the harbor but beyond the present business portion of the city, can now be bought comparatively cheap, but in a few years will be held at figures beyond the reach of men of small means. Such a tract is Ladd's addition, a tract of two hundred acres lying on Seattle bay, just west of Smith's cove, near the terminus of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern railroad. This land embraces both water front and interior property, and is being sold at most reasonable rates and on easy terms of payment. The investment of \$50.00 to \$200.00 in property of this kind is the surest and safest one can make. The most valuable property in Seattle was nearly all sold a few years ago for such nominal figures, and the history of the city shows that the \$25.00 lot of to-day is the \$50.00 lot of next year and the \$500.00 a few years hence. G. C. Phinney & Co., who have in the past eight years sold for small sums like this property which is worth now millions of dollars, are handling this addition, and will give all desired information if called upon in their office in Seattle or addressed by mail. Non-residents may safely transact business of this nature with them by mail, and rely upon honorable treatment. Ladd's addition is much improved and is generally recognized as being the most desirable property in the newer portion of the city.

**HELENA'S WONDERFUL ADVANCEMENT.**—Even those who are most conversant with Helena's progress have but a faint realization of what wonderful strides in the line of advancement the city is making. Though apparently quiet and conservative, it is whirling on with a velocity which is rendered imperceptible only by the magnitude of the moving body. It would astonish one who was told that there is now in progress, and will be in progress within the next three months, over \$4,000,000.00 worth of improvements in and about the city. Perhaps we speak rashly, but let us see. There are now going up, within the limits of Helena, over \$1,000,000.00 worth of residence and business buildings. This enumeration was made by actual count and publication not three weeks ago. In addition to this, there is about to be erected a Catholic college, which is to cost \$500,000.00. A bank building is going up, which will cost between \$60,000.00 and \$75,000.00. A new hotel will be started within three months, will cost \$100,000.00. There is within five miles of Helena, and now in course of erection, a smelter plant, which is to cost upwards of \$1,000,000.00. Among the factories which are now, or will shortly be, in course of erection, are a soap factory, fire brick factory, pottery and vitrified pipe factory, and sampling works. Within three miles of the city, at the natural hot springs, there is going up a hotel, which will cost \$45,000.00, with other improvements which will aggregate \$100,000.00. Of city improvements, there is a sewerage system to be built, which will cost from \$100,000.00 to \$150,000.00. The old electric light company is erecting new works and putting in a new plant, and a new company has also a plant in course of construction. There is a new line of street cars being built, and a steam motor railway laying track. The improvements which are being made in the way of new streets, cutting and grading, we make no attempt to calculate.—*Helena Live Stock Journal*.

**UNION PACIFIC EXTENSION TO BITTER ROOT VALLEY.**—We hear it on very good authority, that next year will see Butte City connected with the Bitter Root country and its vast product of things which we need, by a direct line of railroad, starting from Anaconda. The fact that a Union Pacific party had been in the field for a couple of months past locating a line up Warm Springs creek and through by Silver lake, has been

mentioned in these columns heretofore. Work on this survey was stopped last week for the season, but not until a line had been run far enough to indicate pretty surely what the intention is. The point reached was twenty miles beyond Anaconda. This carried them over the most difficult part of the route, viz., up to Silver lake, down into Georgetown flat and across to Rock creek. The fact of going on to Rock creek is regarded as sufficient evidence that the destination in view is the Bitter Root. So far as they went, they found a very practicable route, and one over which it will not be difficult to build. It had been thought that the line would be built yet this fall as far as Silver lake, where there is a large quantity of ore awaiting shipment, but it is understood that no work of construction will be done until next spring. The probability is, also, that an effort will be made to construct the line as far as possible next season on its way to the Bitter Root.—*Butte Inter-Mountain*.

**GOLD IN LAVA ROCK.**—An item has gone the rounds of the press at intervals in the past few years in substance that the immense bed of lava rock covering the Snake river valley for hundreds of miles will all assay high in gold. We are informed by an old-time Snake river miner, who claims to have thoroughly tested the matter, that this is a mistake. True, he has had lava rock assayed which gave a return of \$80.00 to the ton, but in nine cases out of ten not a trace was found. He accounts for it in this way: Flour gold is found wherever sand exists on the Snake river plains. Whenever this porous lava rock is imbedded in the sand, the pores act as receptacles for the flour gold and fine sand, hence the assay in gold. Only a few years ago quite an excitement was raised in Salt Lake City over the assaying of several chunks of lava, some of which ran very high, and it was this that caused our informant to investigate. He found that the chunks of lava were taken from a placer claim near Eagle Rock, and that lava blasted from an exposed reef did not contain a trace of gold. He has since taken lava rock, yellow with gold, from rich deposits of sand in his placer claim on Snake river, but has never seen such rock blasted from a solid reef.—*Shoshone Journal*.

**NEW PLACER MINES IN B. C.**—Placer diggings have been discovered near Donald, a town on the Canadian Pacific in the Selkirk mountain. They are on Porcupine creek, and gold has been washed out at the rate of \$1.00 per pan. From twenty to thirty claims had been taken up the last week in August, and owners were confident that they could make \$20.00 per day to the man. The diggings are from four to six feet in depth. Porcupine creek runs from the glacier, is seven miles in length, and empties into Quartz creek, which in turn empties into the Beaver at a point twelve miles from Donald. The new diggings are eighteen miles from Donald by trail, and about eight miles as the crow flies. Lumber has been whipsawed for sluicing, some ground sluicing now being done. The creek has been diverted for washing, and active work will soon begin. The water runs rapidly and is sufficient in quantity for all purposes. There are about twenty men on the creek, nearly all of them unaccustomed to mining. They have constructed cabins. A few claims have been staked out on Quartz creek, but here the diggings are deeper, and it is not yet known whether they will pay. The trail to the creek is in fair order, and supplies are going in for the camp.

**VICTORIA TO THE MAIN LAND.**—A company has been organized by the citizens of Victoria to construct a railroad from that city to Shoal harbor, at the end of the Saanich peninsula, there

to connect by ferry with a point on the mainland near the mouth of Fraser river, from which another road will run to a connection with the American system of railroads, whose advanced lines are now being pushed north from Seattle. A branch line will also be extended to New Westminster. By this route it is expected to pass from Victoria to New Westminster in less than two hours. The distance by rail from Victoria to Shoal harbor is eighteen miles, by ferry to Fraser river twenty-five miles, and by rail to New Westminster thirteen miles. Both the dominion parliament and provincial legislature will be applied to for necessary authority. It is expected to have the line in running order in two years from the time authority is granted. At Fraser river it is expected to extend a mole to deep water, where trains can connect with the ferry.

**SALMON PACK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.**—The total output of canned salmon in British Columbia for the season of 1888 is one hundred and thirty-five thousand six hundred cases, divided as follows: Twelve canneries on Fraser river, forty-one thousand six hundred; five on Skeena river, seventy-two thousand; two on Rivers inlet, nineteen thousand; and one on Alert bay, three thousand. These localities packed last year eighty-two thousand, fifty-eight thousand, thirteen thousand and three thousand cases respectively. Fraser river has fallen off one-half since last year, but the Skeena river and Rivers inlet pack has increased twenty per cent. The total pack in 1887 was one hundred and fifty-six thousand cases, being twenty thousand more than this season. About four thousand barrels of salt salmon have been put up.

**WALLA WALLA & WALLULA RAILROAD.**—The railroad under construction from Wallula to Walla Walla, via Eureka flat, will be completed to the latter place by the first of October. It runs easterly from Wallula, describing an arc, to Shaw Junction, where it divides, one branch going to Walla Walla and the other to Shaw Junction. From Wallula it is twenty-eight miles to Shaw Junction, forty-eight to Estes, and fifty to Walla Walla. The road strikes the flat about seven miles from Wallula, and then passes through the heart of one of the largest and finest wheat regions in Washington. Passenger and freight trains will be put on immediately, and the golden grain of that region will be taken to Wallula and thence to Portland or Puget sound.

**THE FORUM.**—The only journal which discusses politics, science, religion and economics from an unpartisan standpoint is the *Forum*. Its pages are filled with articles upon the live topics of the day, from the pens of the leading men of the nation, representing all shades of opinion. During the presidential campaign it will be of special interest and value, but at all times is invaluable to one who prefers to read both sides of all questions. The *Forum* is a monthly magazine, and the regular price is \$5.00 per year. From now until December 1st it can be had in connection with *THE WEST SHORE* for \$5.50, which is equivalent to getting *THE WEST SHORE* for 50 cents. This offer will not be good after November.

**PORTLAND TO SEATTLE.**—William E. Brown, George W. Prescott and Charles Ewing, of San Francisco, John P. Hoyt, L. S. J. Hunt, H. G. Struve and A. B. Stewart, of Seattle, and Cyrus Walker, of Port Ludlow, have incorporated the Seattle & Southern Railroad Company, for the purpose of building a direct line from Seattle to Portland. The capital stock is fixed at \$7,000,000.00, and Seattle is named as the principal place of

business. Mr. Ewing states that it is proposed to go ahead with the work of construction just as soon as the route can be surveyed and located, and that the work done will be better evidence of the company's plans than the usual amount of talk indulged in by founders of railroad schemes.

**YAKIMA IRRIGATION.**—Another irrigation scheme has been added to the many now in progress for the development of the Yakima country. The Selah Ditch Company, incorporated by citizens of Puyallup, with a capital stock of \$1,000,000.00, will construct two ditches, one each from Natches river and Wenas creek, to irrigate a tract of twenty-five thousand acres of fertile land lying between those streams. Work has been commenced and will be pushed to completion with great vigor. The number of acres of land now being brought under ditch in the vicinity of Yakima approximates two hundred thousand, and the influence upon North Yakima of such a body of cultivable land will be marked in a few years.

**MOUNT HOOD RAILWAY.**—Articles of incorporation of the Mount Hood & Eastern Railway Company were filed on August 8th by R. P. Earhart, D. C. Mc Kercher and W. A. Bantz, well known citizens and business men of Portland. The expressed object is to construct a railroad from Portland across the Cascade mountains, through Salmon river pass, near the base of Mount Hood, to Snake river, at the mouth of the Owyhee. The ultimate object is, no doubt, to secure a route by which a transcontinental road may reach Portland from Snake river, but a line from this city to the base of the mountains will probably be first constructed for the valuable local traffic it would secure.

**HEAVY MINING TRANSACTIONS.**—A large mining sale was consummated in Butte recently, in the sale of the Silver Bow property to eastern capitalists for \$1,250,000.00. The property consists of the Silver Bow mill and the Grey Rock, Josephine, Sister, Flag, La Plata, Belle of Butte and other mines. The Ruby, in Jefferson county, has been bonded for \$300,000.00, \$3,000.00 being paid down, with the provision that all the ore taken out in the seven months during which the bond runs shall remain on the ground and become the property of the original owners in case Walter McKay, the purchaser, fails to complete the transaction by paying the sum agreed upon.

**TEXAS CATTLE IN MONTANA.**—Up to the first of September one hundred and seventeen thousand Texas cattle had been driven upon the ranges of Montana this season, ranging from five hundred to fifteen thousand by different owners. The business of buying young cattle in Texas and fattening them for market on the bunch grass ranges of Montana seems to be increasing rather than diminishing. It would appear to an outsider that this is bad policy, and that the introduction of pure blood and high grade cattle upon the ranges for the gradual improvement of the scrub Texas breed would be a better paying business in the long run.

**IRON ON LOPEZ ISLAND.**—A gentleman living on Lopez island, one of the San Juan group, at the foot of Puget sound, recently carried some samples of ore to Port Townsend to learn their nature. They proved to be iron, and upon examination of the locality from which they had been taken, a ledge of iron ore eighty-feet wide and six hundred feet long was found within three hundred feet of navigable water. A test of the ore proved it to be of remarkable purity and free from sulphur. A



strong company has been formed to develop it, and work is already progressing. Two hundred tons have been ordered for the Irondale furnace.

OREGON PACIFIC R. R.—When contractors Hunt and Bennett abandoned work on the Oregon Pacific last spring, twenty-two miles of road had been completed east of Albany, and grading had been done in patches for some distance farther. In August a contract was let to Brink & West to complete the unfinished work, and active operations are now in progress. About seventy miles will be completed this season, and early next spring work will be resumed and pushed vigorously, with the intention of getting as near Boise City as possible before the season closes.

VANCOUVER, KLUCKITAT & YAKIMA R. R.—A change has been made in the management of the Vancouver, Klickitat & Yakima railroad. The bonus given by the citizens has been converted into a stock subscription, and enough additional has been subscribed to make a sum of \$60,000.00 for the completion of the five miles already graded, and five miles additional this season. The road will then be able to supply logs for the mills at Vancouver and for another large mill to be built there, as well as to carry miscellaneous produce to market.

TELEGRAPH LINE TO GRAY'S HARBOR.—Gray's harbor is such an important business region that it is surprising it has not yet received both railroad and telegraph facilities. The former it will have before long, either from the O. & C. V. or the Port Blakely Mill Company, and the latter it is to have at once. A line is now being constructed from Olympia to Montesano, and from that point to Cosmopolis, Aberdeen and Hoquiam a telephone line will be built. The total distance is about sixty-five miles, and the cost is estimated at \$7,500.00.

ALASKA STEAMERS.—It seems that the Northern Pacific is going into the Alaska traffic. Freight and passenger business to the north are both becoming so heavy that the Northern Pacific finds it advisable to put on boats to connect with the line on Puget sound. Contract has been let for the construction of two steamers somewhat similar in style to the O. R. & N. Co's steamers *Olympian* and *Alaskan*. It is expected that they will run on the Alaska route in summer, and to the Sandwich islands the rest of the year.

SMELTER IN BRITISH COLUMBIA—A thirty-ton smelter will be erected at some point along the line of the Canadian Pacific railroad in British Columbia. The prime mover is General Ely, of Norwich, Conn., who has organized a company to which \$50,000.00 have been subscribed. The location preferred

is Kamloops, but a bonus of \$5,000.00 is required from the citizens, and if this is not granted either Golden or Revelstoke will be chosen. No work will be done, probably, until spring.

ARTESIAN WELL IN BOZEMAN.—An effort is being made to bore an artesian well in Bozeman, Montana, the first attempt to find water in this way in the Gallatin valley. A machine capable of boring one thousand feet has been procured, one that is guaranteed to go through bowlders without difficulty. Much interest is felt, both in the question of the possibility of securing a flowing well and in the geological revelations the machine will make.

COLFAX MEAT PACKING HOUSE.—An establishment for the packing of meat is now being erected in Colfax. The packing house proper will consist of a building twenty by forty-four feet with stone foundation, one story of brick and one of corrugated iron. A brick smoke house and other necessary buildings will be erected near by. Everything will be ready for active operations to begin before the close of the year.

GREAT FALLS AND BELT MOUNTAIN MINES.—Officers of the Manitoba system have announced their intention of constructing a branch railroad from Great Falls to the mines of the Belt mountains, to carry ore from the Neihart, Barker, Yogo and Tiger districts to the smelter being erected at the former place. When news of this determination reached Great Falls, the citizens celebrated with great enthusiasm.

THE HOP CROP.—Hop picking is now in progress and the yield is fully up to the estimate given in the long article on hop culture on another page. The estimate and statistics contained in the article were given by Mr. I. Pincus, a hop dealer of Tacoma, who is better posted on that subject than any other man and who annually handles thousands of bales of hops.

CANNERY FOR THE DALLES.—The Dalles Packing Company has been incorporated, with a capital stock of \$30,000.00, for the purpose of preserving meat, fruit and vegetables. No better location could be selected for this business, and that the enterprise will be a successful one, as well as a benefit to that prosperous city, can not be doubted.

COAL OIL IN KITTITAS COUNTY.—The discovery of coal oil in Wenatchee valley is reported by parties prospecting for coal. The surface of a small body of water is covered with the oil, which readily ignites when a lighted match is applied to it. A thorough investigation of this discovery will be made, and if practicable the oil will be utilized.

## A REMINISCENCE.

The machine, my dear boy, is much rusted,  
 So long has it been out of use;  
 For a fact, I much fear it is busted,  
 But I'll see what the thing will produce.

You well know I'm not much of a grinder,  
 Yet the Muse oftentimes I have wooed,  
 I never propitious could find her,  
 Tho' I've hatched out poor odes by the brood.

My genius burns dim as a candle,  
 Yet I'll give the machine a few whirls,  
 With my dexter hand grasping the handle,  
 And my sinister stuffing in pearls.

Those happy days I'll ne'er forget,  
 Tho' numbered with the past,  
 When round the social board we met  
 And laughed until our cheeks were wet,  
 As jokes flew thick and fast.

How mem'ries crowd upon me now,  
 And roll Time's mist away!  
 They picture many a youthful vow;  
 They speak of things neglected now,  
 And many a happy day.

I'll ne'er forget "Who, Which and What—" \*  
 Who'll e'er see such another—  
 Which through one feeble chapter got,  
 And died ere it was well begot  
 By "This and That and Tother."

Now, "This" would of adventure write,  
 While "That" thought of the stage,  
 And "Tother" vowed he would indite  
 A story of some luckless wight  
 In society's gilded cage.

So "This" sat down and quickly told  
 How Luna's rays revealed  
 Three youthful pirates digging gold,  
 Treasure buried 'neath the mold,  
 Within an old corn field.

"Where's Edwin Booth! Where's Alice Oates!"  
 Shrieked "That," in vain despair,  
 "How can I put them in boys' coats?"  
 And cursing fate in piercing notes,  
 He tore his scanty hair.

And "Tother," in a fit fell down—  
 'Twas sadder than the first—  
 The genius 'neath his hair so brown  
 Had filled his caput to the crown  
 And swelled it till it burst.

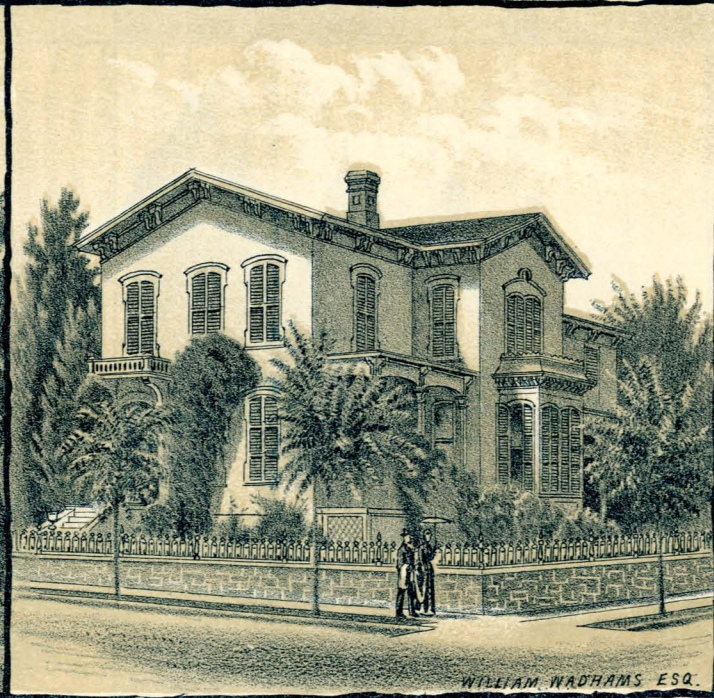
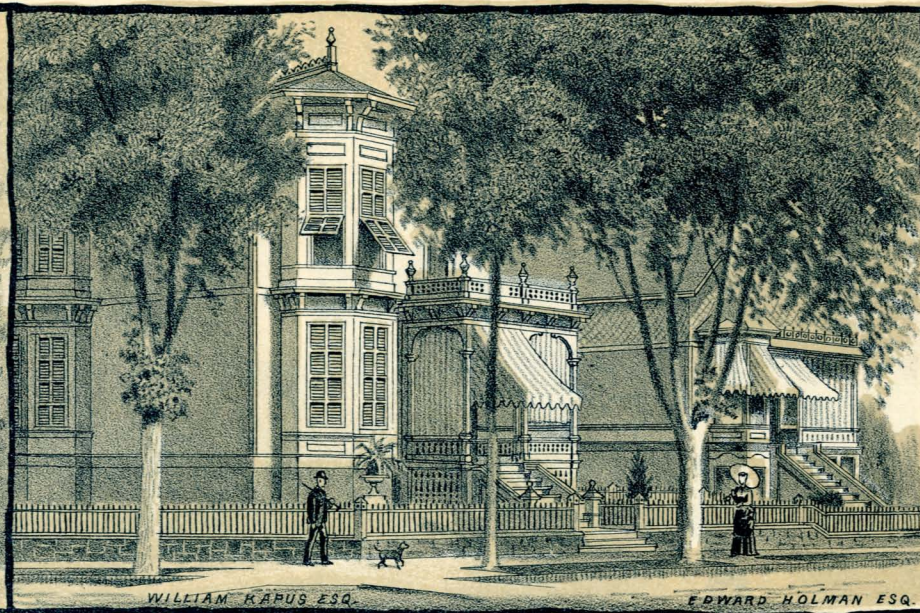
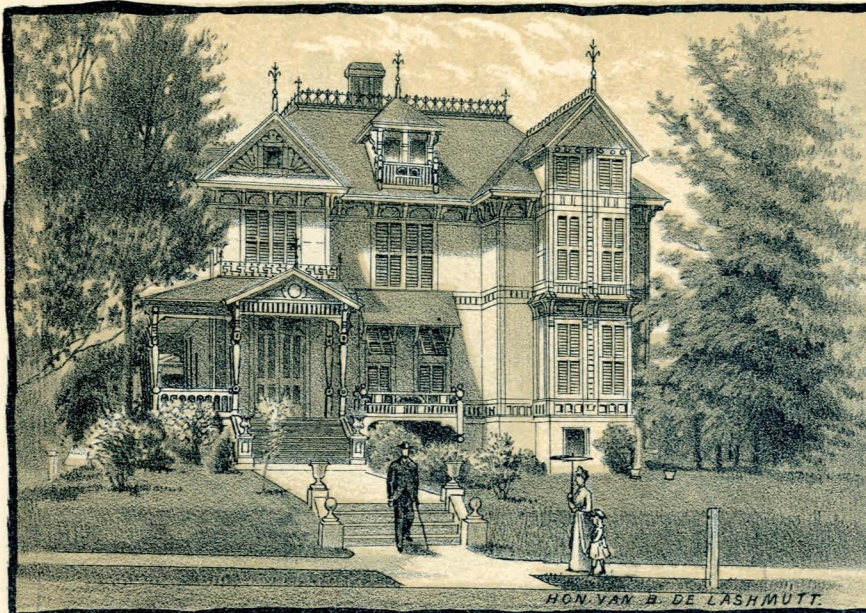
Right here the machine began groaning  
 Like an animal suffering pain,  
 And the Muse, in deep agony moaning,  
 Begged me never to grind it again.

So, then, I'm compelled thus to drop it,  
 Tho' I think it confoundedly mean,  
 For the gal to grow sick and thus stop it,  
 If it is but a rusty machine.

H. L. W.

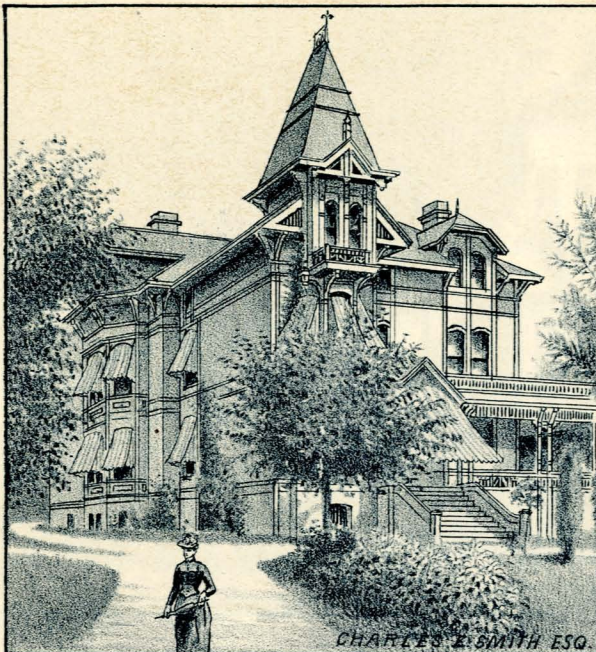
\* Refers to the time when the writer conspired with two other literary aspirants to astonish the world with a novel, which was to be the model for English fiction for all future generations. The volume was to be entitled "Who, Which and What, by This, That and Tother." "This" (the writer) was to prepare the first chapter, "That" the second and "Tother" the third. The novel came to an untimely end with the first chapter. In his effort to produce something highly sensational, "This" started out a party of boys to hunt for buried treasure, and left them stranded at midnight, in the full of the moon, by an old rail fence, in an Indiana corn field. "That" was severely stage-struck and having conceived the idea of a dramatic novel, could find nothing in the corn field party to spice his ideas upon. He turned it over to "Tother" in disgust, and that budding genius, who had been reading Mrs. Southworth until after midnight for many weeks, priming himself for a society novel of the deepest dye, handed the manuscript back to "This" with a broken heart, and refused longer to recognize him as a friend. The one poor little chapter was laid away on a shelf, and there it reposes to this day, with the diggers trembling in momentary fear of hearing the demoniacal shriek of the evil spirits guarding the buried treasure.



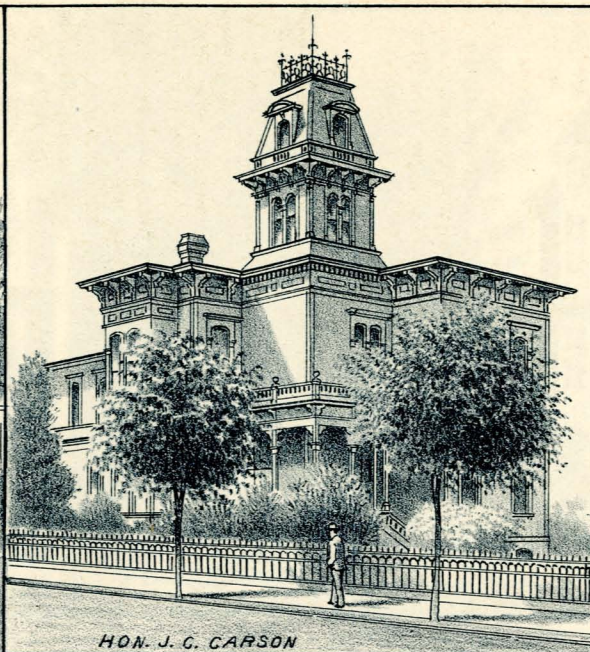


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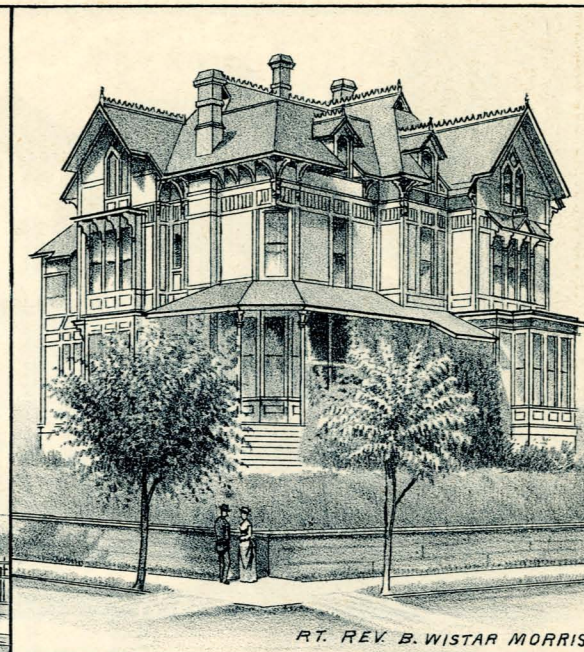




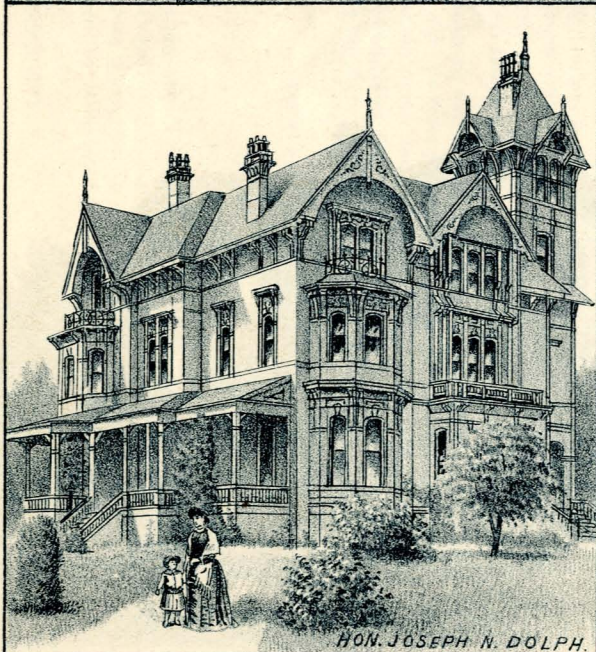
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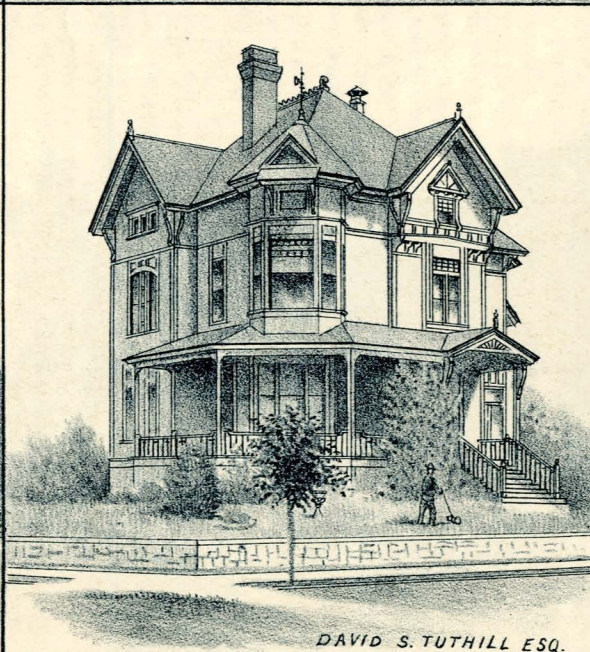
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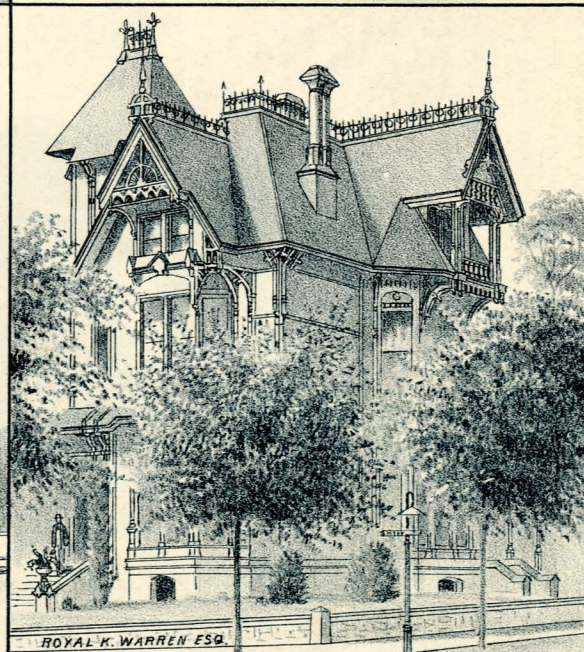
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OREGON-BEAUTIFUL HOMES OF PORTLAND.



## THE WEST SHORE.

### LINN COUNTY, OREGON.

LINN COUNTY, Oregon, is situated in the center of the Willamette valley, on the east side of the river. It is about forty miles across the county from north to south boundaries, and the distance from the Willamette river, which forms its western line, to the eastern boundary is about seventy miles. The area is about twenty-four hundred square miles. As the eastern boundary line is the crest of the Cascade mountains, a considerable portion of the eastern part of the county is occupied by the foothills of those mountains and the range itself. The western part of the county, for a distance of twelve to twenty miles east of the river, is level prairie land, having but little timber, except along the streams which rise in the mountains and flow to the Willamette. In the central part of the county there is an abundance of the finest timber, white, yellow and red fir, cedar, pine, alder, oak, etc. The South Santiam river flows through the west-central part of Linn county, and along its banks, as well as on many of the smaller streams traversing the section, are farming lands of remarkable fertility, and the proximity of the timber, with the convenience of grazing lands, makes these tracts particularly desirable for farms to be used for general purposes of agriculture, rather than the prosecution of a single branch on an extensive scale. Thomas creek and Crabtree creek, the Calipooia and other streams are lined with land of this sort, admirable for small farms. The country is already quite well settled, good roads have been opened to travel, and reliable markets for all the products of the farm are within easy reach. Schools and churches are distributed over the county. The temperature is mild, rainfall moderate, and the climate is healthful and pleasant,

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

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

eleven inches, and strawberries from six to eight and three-fourths inches, in circumference, while the flavor is unexcelled and keeping qualities as good as the average. The farmers have associations for their advancement and to secure their interests.

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

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

It has steadily kept pace with the times and development of the territory surrounding it, leading in improvements that aid advancement, and contributing its influence as a county seat and the most important city of that region, to build up the surrounding country. The most notable improvement, and really the one on which the manufacturing interests of the city depend, is the Albany water power. This power is created by diverting a portion of the Santiam river, at Lebanon, and conducting it, in a canal nearly fourteen miles long, to Albany, where it is divided, one branch leading to the Calipooia, with a head of twenty-six feet, and the other to the Willamette, where a head of thirty-two feet is obtained. The canal is twenty feet wide at the bottom, the fall is four feet to the mile, and water to the depth of three feet flows through it. This furnishes an immense power which is under perfect control, and may be utilized all along the fronts on the Willamette and Calipooia rivers. It is available the entire year as it does not freeze in winter nor run low in summer. There are now located at Albany four flouring mills, two foundries and machine shops, a saw mill, a planing mill, wire weaving works, three furniture factories, two grain warehouses, a fruit cannery, brick yards, cement and sewer pipe factory and two breweries. Several other industries would find Albany a superior location, not only because of its fine water power, but its nearness to the raw materials and its excellent transportation facilities. The city has an excellent system of public schools. The Albany Collegiate Institute is an educational institution managed under the auspices of the Presbyterian church, and an academy under Roman Catholic control is maintained. The city has a system of water works, and is lighted by electricity.

## THE WEST SHORE.

**PATENTS** THOMAS P. SIMPSON,  
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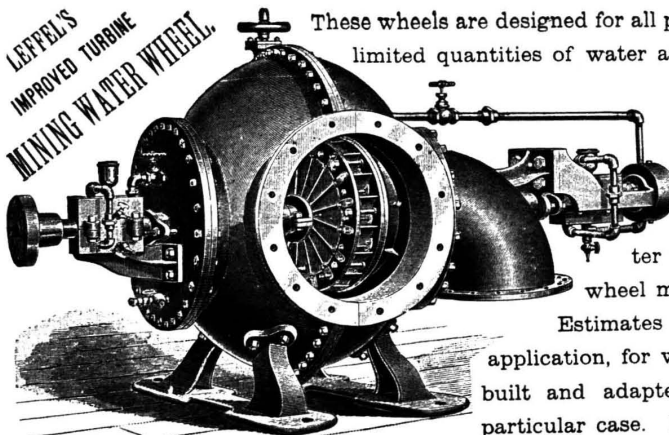
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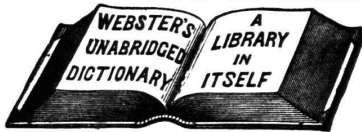
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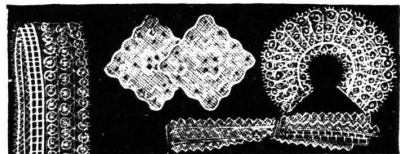
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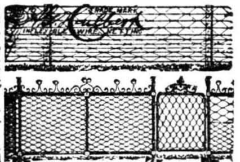
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Eugene..... 9:00 a. m.	Portland..... 3:45 p. m.

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Corvallis..... 1:30 p. m.	Portland..... 6:15 p. m.

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McMinnville.. 5:45 a. m.	Portland..... 9:00 a. m.

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Ar. Yaquina.. 5:30 p. m.	Ar. Albany.. 11:10 a. m.

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**THE BRITISH COLUMBIAN**, New Westminster, B. C. Daily, \$8.00 per annum, Weekly, \$2.00. Sent postpaid to any part of Canada or the United States. British Columbia Printing Co., publishers.

**THE CORVALLIS GAZETTE**, Corvallis, Or. Published every Friday. Leading paper of Benton county. Subscription price, per year, \$2.00, in advance. Single copy, 5 cents. Craig & Conover, publishers.

**ALBANY HERALD**, Albany, Oregon. Published daily, and Herald-Disseminator, published weekly. Subscription price, per year, \$5.00, weekly, \$2.00, in advance. Sample copies mailed for 10 cents.

**BEDROCK DEMOCRAT**, Baker City, Oregon. Daily and Weekly. Mining News a specialty. Subscription price, per year, daily, \$6. Weekly, \$2.50, in advance. Single copy 10 cts. Bowen, Small & Co., publishers.

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## TERMS, TITLE, ETC.

FULTON PARK is owned by the Southwest Portland Real Estate Company, a corporation whose directors for the ensuing year are: James Steel, C. J. McDougall, S. Julius Mayer, Joseph Simon, C. A. Malarkey and G. A. Steel; and the stockholders include many other well known citizens of Portland, who are amply able to carry out the enterprise just as advertised. It is the intention of the company to commence work on the houses at once and push them through to completion just as fast as possible. All those securing lots entitled to houses, as shown by the colored map, can (if work has not been commenced on that particular house at the date of award) have choice of four cottage designs shown on the map. Two of the houses will be of the Queen Anne design, costing in the neighborhood of \$5,000.00 apiece; and the balance, ninety-eight in number, will be modern design, five-room, hard-finished cottages, with bath, closets, etc., and complete in every appointment, and could not be duplicated in smaller numbers for less than \$1,200.00. The company intends to place at least one cottage on

each block in the tract, thereby creating homes for one hundred families, and enhancing the value of all the remaining lots. The title to Fulton Park property is guaranteed to be absolutely perfect, and everything is to be carried out precisely as advertised or money will be refunded. Remittances can be sent by mail or express, as no selection of lots is made before the award.

TERMS.—\$50 down, and the balance (\$350) in fourteen monthly payments of \$25 each, commencing September 1, 1888, and ending October 1, 1889. At least \$125 must be paid in by each purchaser on or before November 1, in order to take part in the award of houses. A discount of five per cent. will be allowed on full cash payments (\$400.00) if made on or before October 1, 1888. Tickets entitling holders to free transportation to and from Fulton Park by rail or carriage can be had upon application.

For lithographic maps, showing design of houses, as well as lots upon which they are to be erected, and all other information or particulars, call on or address

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