Free with this Number, Large Supplement of Shoshone Falls, I. T.

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# ·THE· WEST SHORE

·FEBRUARY·1888·



## ·AN·ILLUSTRATED·WESTERN·MAGAZINE·

## ·CONTENTS·



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## PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

With this number the publisher issues the second free supplement, a large and beautiful engraving of the celebrated Shoshone Falls, of Snake river. The first supplement, issued with the January number, was a magnificent oleograph of the "Entrance to the Columbia River," executed in nine colors. It is a masterpiece of color printing. These supplements, will be issued monthly during 1888, and will constitute a splendid collection of large engravings of the most noted scenery of the Pacific coast.

The March number will contain a description of Tacoma, the terminus of the Northern Pacific railroad, on Puget sound, accompanied by numerous illustrations, and by a large supplemental engraving of Mount Tacoma, the great snow peak of Washington Territory.

In the March number will be given the opening chapters of a thrilling and romantic story of the civil war, written by James P. Shaw, whose four years of service in the army during that trying period, qualify him to write truthfully and entertainingly of the stirring scenes he witnessed.

**CONTENTS OF THE JANUARY NUMBER.**



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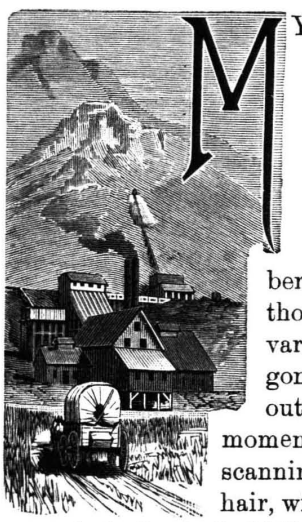
# THE WEST SHORE.

14TH YEAR. FEBRUARY, 1888. NO. 2.

## A LAW UNTO HERSELF.



MY first meeting with Roy Mason took place near a small mining town in Eastern Oregon, in 1861. My last meeting with him, up to date, occurred more than a quarter of a century later, on the 8th day of November, 1887, when, among the thousands who flocked to the various polling places of Oregon, my eyes chanced to single out his unforgotten form. In a moment I was grasping his hand, scanning his worn face and silvery hair, with a queer pain at my heart, as a whole flood of old-time recollections came surging up through the dim vistas of the half-forgotten past. But of this latter meeting, more anon.

I am a plain, old-fashioned story teller, and possess not the modern trick of beginning my story at its ending, only to skip back, presently, over half a lifetime, and fill in the interim with the patchwork of events. I must needs do my skipping ere I begin, and thus find myself borne back, in fancy, to the long, snowy winter of '61, and a certain little mining town that nestled at the foot of one of the loftiest spurs of the Blue mountains.

From this town—which I will call Yum Yum, principally because that doesn't sound anything like its real name—a well-worn pack trail wound up and around the mountain to the northward, and it was near this trail, about two miles from town, on a lofty perch in the rugged canyon wall, that I halted one sunny October afternoon in '61, and proceeded to build a cabin for my winter quarters.

I had been prospecting in the vicinity throughout August and September, and believed I had seen enough to justify me in sticking to that locality and resuming my operations the following season.

"But," I think I hear the reader exclaim, "I thought miners always flocked to the nearest towns to take up their winter quarters!"

As a rule, yes, they do; but all rules are subject to exceptions, and occasionally there is a miner who declines to "flock," who doesn't see anything manly or sensible in pouring each summer's earnings into the whisky tills and faro banks of the "nearest town." I was one of those exceptions, principally because of a certain true and trusting little woman, away down in California, waiting patiently for me to "strike something" and return to her. Then, too, I have an innate love of Nature in her mountain solitudes.

The spot I selected for my building site was picturesquely beautiful in its ruggedness. True, the "lay of the land" was pretty steep for building purposes, and I being, perforce, contractor, carpenter and builder combined, with no recollection of ever having served an apprenticeship in either branch, found my task a rather arduous one.

From the very first, the foundation of my edifice evinced a perverse determination to follow the somewhat precipitous slope of the mountain side, and although I extemporized quite a satisfactory carpenter's level by filling my frying pan with water, and perseveringly blocked up my sills until the water ceased to overflow on the lower side of the pan; yet, strange to say, when my mansion was completed, the floor was not level; in fact, the down grade toward the front door was so marked that I found it necessary to "down brakes" every time I started for that point of egress, as, without that precaution, I would have been liable to continue my way down the mountain side indefinitely. Aside from this slight source of annoyance, I was rather proud of the result of my handiwork, with its one slatted and frameless window, its thatched roof, and towering chimney of sticks and mud. The fireplace was broad and deep, and I noticed with a thrill of pride that when I filled

it with dry wood and pine knots, it had the true old New England roar, that vibrated like sweetest music along the corded network of boyhood's memories. If my sensitive ear felt the need of additional sweet sounds, I had the never-ending, murmurous tinkle of a tiny, spring-fed, mountain streamlet, running close by the end of my cabin, with occasional orchestral accompaniment in the deep, rolling diapason of Damocles, my long-tried and faithful pack mule.

I built, or rather, excavated, a comfortable, cave-like stable for Damocles, close against the upper end of my cabin, and the grateful animal, feeling that he was close enough to command my ear at all hours, let slip no opportunity for expressing his sense of obligation. In fact, as time wore on, and he found himself well fed and housed, so demonstrative did he become, that I fell into the habit of addressing him informally, many times a day, by the first syllable of his name, which seemed to me to form a pretty and appropriate diminutive.

By the time I had completed my building operations, and hauled and chopped my winter's wood—which I piled in a formidable semi-circular barricade about my door—November was well advanced, and I began to think of laying in my store of provisions for the winter. I knew the season was close at hand when I might expect to be "snowed in," entombed alive in from six to ten feet of snow, and held a prisoner until such time in the spring as old Sol should succeed in melting away my snowy shackles.

So, one morning when the sky was heavy and the atmosphere laden with indications of coming snow, I brought out Damocles and his pack saddle, and together we wended our way townward.

The distance was not great—scarcely two miles—but the trail was steep and rugged, and it was past noon when we reached home with the first installment of my winter's store. Already snow was falling, though in a lazy, leisurely way—the big, slow-moving flakes forming an indescribably beautiful scene against the dark mountain background. Treating Damocles and myself to a hasty lunch, I started for town once more, determined to accomplish a second trip before night should close in.

By the time I reached town, the temperature had fallen considerably, a chilling northeast wind was blowing down the canyon, and the snow was coming down more steadily and rapidly; had, in short, abandoned the picturesque, and settled down to business. Evidently the winter was at hand, and a wintry little chill ran up and down my spinal column, as, an hour later, I buttoned my coat close to my chin and started on my toilsome, homeward march.

In pleasant weather Damocles and I would have thought nothing of climbing the trail to our mountain nest, but now we were more than two hours in plunging and struggling over the snow-draped bowlders and pitfalls that beset our way.

When within about two hundred yards of our destination, we came to a point where the trail was uncomfortably narrow, and made a sharp curve around a high, overhanging crag. A false step just here was likely to plunge the traveler down a perpendicular declivity of thirty or forty feet—not an appalling height, it is true, but still high enough to imperil limb and vertebræ. Damocles had a special, and entirely justifiable, dislike for the spot, for the reason that his pack invariably collided with the overhanging rock, and necessitated a nervous plunge on his part to avoid losing his foothold. So, now, as we neared this pass amid the added perils of snow and fast-falling darkness, the sagacious animal, seeming to realize that he must gather and concentrate his forces for the ordeal, voluntarily paused for a breathing spell.

At the same instant, the profound, snowy stillness of the mountain side was broken by a clear, ringing voice, which seemed to rise from the depths at my feet—

"Hello! Who goes there?"

Startled though I was, by the suddenness of the sound, I bent forward and shouted back—

"A friend, if such be needed."

"Thanks," responded the voice, heartily. "A man has fallen down here from the trail, and seems to be pretty badly hurt. I can't get him up alone. Can you help me?"

Answering in the affirmative, I gave Damocles a gentle hint to resume his homeward march. Then going back a few steps to a spot less precipitous, I clambered down to the place whence the voice had come. I found a man lying prostrate and insensible on the snow, and another standing beside him, who said, in explanation—

"This man and myself have tramped over the mountains, from the Conroy mining district, on our way to town; but the storm caught us, you see, and in coming round that crag up there, he stumbled and fell, and I fear he is seriously hurt."

Something in his quiet, collected way of speaking convinced me that the injured man was no more to him than an ordinary acquaintance.

"Pretty full, isn't he?" I asked, as I bent to examine the man as well as I could by the dim light, and was met half way by the unmistakable odor of a certain distilled beverage.

"Yes, d—n it, if it were not for that, he would not be in this fix," was the straightforward reply. "However," he added, "that doesn't alter the face of the predicament. We must get him out of this if we

can, though I haven't the slightest idea how I'm to get him to town at this time of night, in such a storm. But he's in a tight place, and I'll stand by him, if I freeze to death."

I liked that kind of talk, and liked the thoroughbred voice of the man whose features I could not discern in the gathering darkness. I turned and shook hands with him on the spot, and thus began my somewhat eventful acquaintance with Roy Mason.

I informed him that my cabin was not far away, and that he and his friend were welcome to its shelter.

It is, perhaps, needless to say, that my offer was accepted with alacrity, and half an hour later the injured man was lying on my bed, rendered as comfortable as the circumstances would admit, though still unconscious, and baffling the united surgical skill of his comrade and myself in our efforts to ascertain the extent of his injuries. No limbs were broken, and all indications seemed to point to the head as the seat of the injury. In lifting the long, unkempt hair, I discovered a contusion above the left temple, which led me to fear concussion of the brain, or fracture of the skull.

"I'll go for a doctor in the morning," said Mason. "I suppose there is some sort of a doctor in Yum Yum?" he added, interrogatively.

"Unfortunately, no," I replied, "there is no doctor nearer than Marionville, twenty miles away."

"Then I will go to Marionville," he said, immediately.

All night long we kept up a roaring fire in the fireplace, and held ourselves in readiness to bestow any attention the injured man might require. But he lay silent all night, breathing irregularly, and seeming to be in an almost death-like stupor, from which it was impossible to arouse him.

Apparently, he was about forty years of age, brawny and uncouth as to exterior, and evidently belonging to the commonest type of rough mountaineer. But if I found nothing striking nor interesting in his appearance, I could not say the same of his companion. Roy Mason's face was one to stamp itself indellibly upon the memory at first sight. Try as I might, I could not resist the fascination of gazing upon and striving to study those pale, clear-cut features, those great, dark eyes, with a sorrowful shadow in their depths that softened and purified the whole face when in repose.

Even in those first hours of our acquaintance, while we sat there conversing in subdued tones, or gazing silently at the blazing pine knots in the fireplace, I was conscious of something vaguely puzzling in the face before me—an anomalous commingling of strength and weakness, as it were.

The broad, nobly-rounded forehead and soulful eyes were suggestive of rare mental strength, and gave to the countenance an intellectual cast; but this was contradicted by a mouth almost effeminate in its curving beauty, softened rather than concealed, by a silky, brown mustache, and a chin too delicate in its mould to convey any idea of strength or firmness.

I think I was born something of a physiognomist, by which I mean that I can no more help striving to read a man's character through the index of his face, than I can help judging of his education and refinement by his language and manners. Hence, when Roy Mason's face baffled me, and I found I could not read nor classify it with my accustomed readiness, my interest in him was multiplied ten fold, and I found myself dwelling upon his every word, his lightest gesture, and watching his face for the smile that came at rare intervals, like a glow of June sunlight.

Physically, he was a handsome, strong, well made man, with a free, unstudied grace of movement, and that intangible something that we all recognize as the sign manual of cultured breeding and familiarity with life in varied phases. Amid the rough surroundings of my cabin home he seemed as much out of place as a glowing jewel dropped by accident into the mire of the gutter. He talked freely, but confined himself to generalities with a tact I could not but admire.

Several times during the long hours of that night, we peeped out to take note of the weather, and each time found the snow coming down thicker and faster, and piling itself in feathery whiteness deeper and deeper about the doorway. Some time after midnight the wind began to rise, and was soon roaring down the canyon, and shrieking in wild blasts about the cabin in a way that destroyed whatever hope I may have entertained of getting a physician for the injured man. I knew that by morning the drifts would be so nearly impassable that even should Mason succeed in reaching the valley, with the aid of snow shoes, he would find no disciple of Esculapius willing to undergo the same hardships. I said nothing to Mason, however—time enough in the morning, I thought, little anticipating the sad verification my thoughts would receive with the dawn of the coming day.

It was, indeed, time enough in the morning, for as the stormy night faded into the equally stormy dawn, the soul of the injured man silently took its flight from earth—so silently that had we not been attentive watchers, the solemn moment might have passed unnoticed.

As we stood looking down upon the set features, locked forever in the gray pallor of death, I turned

to the living man at my side and gave expression, in a few words, to the thought that was uppermost in my mind.

"Do you know, Mr. Mason, as I stand here looking upon this poor tribute to Bacchus, I have an uncomfortable sense of responsibility—a consciousness that I, and you, and all men of our stamp, who know ourselves to be, in many ways, superior to such as he, are, in a great measure, responsible for tragedies of this kind, inasmuch as we not only fail to set a firm heel upon the curse, but contribute our mite to its sustenance every time we clink glasses over a bar. Does the thought strike you as far-fetched? I suppose it does; but, God! it rests heavily on my soul at this moment. Would—"

He suddenly lifted his bent head, and interrupted me with a wild, imperative gesture.

"Stop! in mercy's name!" he cried. "Every word you utter gives a wrench to the iron that entered my soul long before I ever saw this poor wretch. Responsibility! Great God! If this were all!"

He turned abruptly away, and going to the door, opened it, as if to plunge into the storm and darkness without. I followed him, striving to explain that I had spoken without dreaming that my words might bear any special significance for him, and laid my hand on his arm, restrainingly. But the storm itself presented a barrier he could not pass. The busy wind had piled the snow in a huge bank against the door, as high as the eaves of the cabin, and there it stood, a solid wall, barring egress. I drew him gently away and closed the door.

"My friend," I said, "if my words wounded you, I beg your forgiveness. Had I dreamed they would do so they would never have been spoken. Come, sit down by my hearth, and help me to bear the loneliness of this rather trying situation. We are prisoners, you see, until such time as we choose to tunnel our way out through the snow drift."

He turned, without a word, and sat down, sitting immovable and speechless until an hour had dragged by, and the broad light of day struggled in, here and there, through a crevice in the cabin wall.

Then, when I began to make preparations for performing the last offices for the dead, he suddenly rose to his feet, as if all at once recalled to a sense of his surroundings, and glanced toward the bed, where the body lay.

"He must be buried," he said, as if suddenly alive to the necessities of the situation, then paused and looked at me, blankly.

"Why, what will we do about a coffin?" he asked, helplessly. "Will it be possible to bring one from town?"

"No," I said, "the drifts are impassable. We must try to make a coffin. I think I have boards enough, if I can find them in the snow. When we have prepared the body for burial, I will dig a passage out through the snow, and we will see what can be done."

"We will take turns at the shoveling," said he, and during the hours of hard work that followed, he did his share manfully, though his way of handling shovel and spade betrayed the fact that his acquaintance with these useful and time-honored implements had been hitherto of the formal and distant sort.

When the short, storm-darkened day drew to its close, a grave had been made in the stony hillside, close by the little streamlet, whose tinkling voice was now hushed to silence by the frost king's icy manacles. Here the lifeless form was laid to rest, and soon the night winds came and heaped his grave with a mound of spotless white.

"When the snow goes off, we will put a low wall of stone about the grave, and put up a board bearing his name and date of death," I said. "Henry Morris, I believe you said, was his name?"

"Yes, at least that is the name he gave me when I first met him, two months ago."

"It seems a pity that we do not know whence he comes, or whether he has any living relatives," I continued. "If there should be an old mother, or a wife, somewhere in the world, waiting for him, it would be some comfort to her to know his fate; lifelong uncertainty, in such a case, must be a terrible thing to bear."

Roy Mason's beautiful lips curved in a bitter smile at my words.

"Yes," he answered, slowly, "it might be a relief to her to know that he is out of the world."

There was a tinge of bitterness and an undertone of misery in the words, to which I had not then the key, but which, later, I understood.

The storm continued, at intervals, for nearly three weeks, and the depth of the snow on the mountains became so great, that, looking up to the heights above, we trembled at the thought of possible snow slides later on.

"Think of being wiped away like a picture off a blackboard, and buried down yonder in the bed of the canyon," I suggested, ruefully.

"Should I remain here much longer, it will take a good, healthy avalanche to induce me to leave you," said Mason, with one of his rare smiles.

"Then I shall pray the spirits of storm and sunshine to stay the avalanche," I answered, with feeling, for I am not ashamed to own that in three short weeks of close companionship I had lost my heart to Roy Mason.

A perfectly congenial companion, of my own exs,

I had never before known, nor have I since known his equal in those innumerable graces of mind and person that go to make up a thoroughly pleasing, companionable man. His conversational gifts, when he was in a mood to give them play, were brilliant; but over and above all else, I felt myself drawn to him, irresistably, by the power of a subtle, intangible personal magnetism, that seemed to glance from his eyes, from his lips, from his very finger tips, and weave its silken meshes about my heart.

More than once, during those memorable snow-bound weeks, the thought came to me, that, were I a woman, I could deem myself more blest in breaking my heart and dying for Roy Mason, than in living in the full glory of another man's love.

"Extravagantly sentimental," you say, reader? Yes, I know; but when there chances to be a strong undercurrent of sentiment in a fellow's composition, what is he going to do about it?

I expressed something of the same thought to Mason himself, once, and I shall never forget the quick, magnetic smile that flashed over his face—a smile destined to be too quickly dispelled, however, by my next blundering words—

"I wonder, my dark-eyed señor, how many sealed pages of the tender sort lie in your past! Those lips of yours have brushed the dew from more than one sweet mouth."

I spoke banteringly, but instantly saw that I had made another mistake. Like a flash the smile vanished from his face, and the look that succeeded it pierced me to the heart. A spasm of mental anguish seemed to convulse him for a moment, and he sprang to his feet with a quick movement that I afterward knew was habitual with him in moments of strong excitement. He walked swiftly back and forth across the floor, two or three times, while I sat stock still, wondering, in a helpless way, whether I had given actual offense, or only pain, and cudgeling my brain for something to say that would not be liable to make things worse.

All at once he paused, and, laying his hand on my arm, said, in a voice that trembled—

"You are right, Blake, there are pages in my past that not even my heart's blood can wipe out. If I, instead of poor Morris, were lying out there under the snow, it would be better for me, and better for—for—for—"

He paused, as if unable to proceed, and laying my hand over his, with actual tears in my eyes, I said—

"Mason, God forgive me, I would not have hurt you thus for a kingdom."

"I know it, old fellow," he replied with equal feeling, "I know it was a chance shot. Never mind, it may be all for the best—it may help me to open my heart to you, one of these days, before we part. A conviction has come upon me often, of late, that when I met you here, by seeming chance, in these mountain wilds, I met the one man it the world whom I might trust—who might, if he would, lift some portion of a lifelong burden from my soul."

"I would be glad, Mason, glad to do anything—" I began, impetuously, but he checked me with a light touch of his fingers on my lips—

"Wait, my friend, wait; make no promise until you know what it is I shall ask of you. But no more at present; the time has not yet come. You are not going to get rid of me just yet, and until the hour of parting comes, we will not begloom our intercourse with subjects such as this."

After that, whatever were my thoughts, I guarded well my tongue, and no careless word of mine ever again called a cloud to Roy Mason's brow.

The wintry weeks that followed were spent by us in genial, fireside intercourse. He was the fortunate possessor of a pocket edition of Tennyson's poems, which he read in a way to have gladdened the heart of the poet laureate could he have listened. I produced from among my heterogeneous collection of traps, a well-worn volume of Shakespeare, and thus equipped with food for thought and discussion, we did not stand in much danger of mental retrogression during those weeks of snowy isolation.

When, at length, March came in on the warm, moist breath of a "Chinook," and a rapid thaw set in, I heaved more than one sigh of real regret. I knew, by that time, enough of Roy Mason's plans to feel assured that with the breaking up of winter I should lose him, with but small probability of ever seeing him again. For four years past, he told me, he had been a wanderer, and had visited every state and territory west of the Mississippi.

"And now," said he, "with the first breath of spring, I am going to Portland, and take passage for a long cruise down the coast of Mexico and South America."

"And nothing short of a miracle will ever bring you back to Oregon," said I, sadly.

"Well, I don't know," he answered, meditatively. "If I am not finally engulfed in a Chilian earthquake, or stewed for a Fuegian dinner, I think I shall come back, sometime, though as to my ever again seeing the dear little cabin in the Blue mountains, I dare not venture to predict."

The snow yielded so rapidly to the persuasive powers of the "Chinook," that in a very few days I was enabled to visit the post office at Yum Yum, by simply using a pair of improvised snow shoes over the deeper drifts in the chasms that crossed the trail.

Mason did not accompany me, but affirmed his in-

tention of taking advantage of the spring-like warmth of the weather to fix up Morris' grave.

Already the brown of the mountain side was showing through the snow in many places, and the little stream was tinkling a swelling protest against the icy barriers that so reluctantly let go their hold upon it.

It was almost evening when I returned from town; a light drizzle pervaded the atmosphere, and the mist of clouds hung low above my mountain nest, so that the lesser features of the scene did not stand out with distinctness; but as I passed around the cabin, before entering, to take a peep at my lonely Damocles, I glanced up at the bank of the stream to where, only a few yards away, was Morris' grave.

"Ah," I thought, "Mason has indeed worked well in my absence."

A loosely-built wall of stone, about two feet high, surrounded the grave, and the freshly-hewn surface of a rustic cross gleamed white in the twilight. I went a little closer, and bent down to decipher the inscription, painted in lampblack, on the cross.

At a first glance I started violently, then shaded my eyes with the belief that those hitherto faithful orbs had deceived me. But no—there it was, in plain black and white—

ROY MASON,

Died November 27, 1859.

Great heavens! Was I dreaming, or had Roy Mason descended to the sacrilegious coarseness of perpetrating a jest above the last resting place of a comrade!

In a whirl of disgust and bewilderment I turned and strode into the house. Mason was sitting by the table, quietly writing. He lifted his head and smiled as I entered.

"Ah! you are a little earlier than I expected, or I would have had a fire started, and the kettle boiling," he said.

Without noticing his remark, I walked straight to him and demanded—

"Mason, what does it mean—that inscription out there above poor Morris?"

"Oh, you've been to the grave already?" he answered, as if surprised, but without lifting his eyes from his manuscript; and I noticed a peculiar set expression about his lips that I had seen on two former memorable occasions. But my finer sensibilities had been shocked, and I could not pause without some explanation of the strange inscription.

"I have been to the grave, and I repeat—what does it mean? Surely, Mason, you can not have been capable of—" I paused, because he had suddenly lifted his eyes to my face, and there was something in their depths that checked my very thoughts.

"Of what, Blake? What is it of which you think I can not be capable?"

There was a tremor in his voice, and a look in his eyes which went to my heart; but I answered—

"Forgive me, Mason, but if it be a ghastly jest, it is unworthy of you."

He arose from his seat, and laying a hand gently upon my arm, said, slowly—

"It is no jest—it is a bit of necessary scene-shifting in one of life's tragedies."

I was silent, feeling that the time had come when Roy Mason was going to reveal to me something of his past life. That the story would be one worth listening to, I did not doubt; the inner history of such a man, I thought, could not be otherwise. In a moment he spoke again.

"Sit down, Blake, and rest, while I make a cup of tea. After that, with your permission, I will have something to say to you."

Half an hour later, when the lengthening spring twilight had settled into night, and the pine knots were blazing on the hearth, I sat within the circle of their varying light and listened to what Roy Mason had to tell me.

"Blake, I know you like me," he began, abruptly. "In the first moment of our acquaintance, when you turned impulsively and grasped my hand, my trust went out to you, and I felt that in you I should have a life-long friend. I know that, week by week, ever since that first meeting, your liking for me has grown and strengthened, until now your heart aches, as does my own, at the prospect of parting. Knowing your feelings thus, and judging of their strength by my own, is it strange that I venture, in this last hour, to ask at your hands a favor of very peculiar nature, and one I could ask of no one else in all the world?"

In silence, I held my hand to him, and in silence he clasped it. No words were needed. When he spoke again, the words came slowly, as if each was being well weighed before finding utterance.

"Blake, I am going to ask you to leave that cross standing out there, with its inscription, and never reveal to living mortal that the name does not belong to the poor body lying beneath it."

At these strange words I turned, with a nervous start, and scanned the speaker's face. He smiled, the saddest smile imaginable, and said—

"No, Blake, I am not demented, though I do not blame you for the thought. I know that, from your standpoint, my request must seem an outrageous one; but you will not refuse me, will you?"

I arose, turned my back to the fire, and stood facing him, the better to read the meaning in his eyes. It almost seemed to me I could not have heard aright.

"Is Roy Mason your lawful name?" I asked.

"It is."

"And Henry Morris is, so far as you know, the name of the man buried out there?"

"It is."

"Then, Mason, if I understand your request, you wish to exchange identities with the dead man—you wish to make it appear to the world that Roy Mason lies buried out there. Is that it?"

"Yes, Blake," he answered, unhesitatingly, "that is what I wish. It is simply a harmless exchange of names; but if it need justification, I have reasons to justify it."

"And those reasons, Mason? Pardon me for wishing to know them before becoming even a passive participant in such a deception."

He bowed his head in silence for an instant, then said, slowly—

"I am a married man, Blake. Have you ever suspected it?"

I think I gave a start of surprise at the words. I never had thought of him as a benedict, and told him so now, in answer to his question.

"No," he answered, bitterly, "I am not of the stuff of which husbands are made, and no wonder you never thought of me in that light. Nevertheless, there is a little woman in the far East who bears my name, and whose heart is broken in consequence. Don't look at me like that, Blake, or I can't go on."

His voice broke, and I turned away to avoid seeing the mental anguish in his eyes.

"I knew when I set about winning her," he continued, "that I was not fit for her. I knew that if she could see into my past, she would shrink from me with loathing; for, as you once so aptly put it, Blake, I had kissed the dew from a hundred lips before I ever touched hers. I had, in short, lived a fast life, in the fullest sense of the words, and had imbibed views and ideas of life not calculated to make me the fit custodian of any pure woman's happiness. Yet I loved her, and would not give her up; but I had hard work to win her. One great obstacle stood in my way, and that was her knowledge of my previous drinking habits. That is something, you know, Blake, that we can not hide. All the other crookedness we can cover up with the darkness that lies between two days, but whisky proclaims itself every time. For more than a year she stood firm against all my pleading, and checked me midway in all my vows. But she loved me, and at last, one evening—can I ever forget it?—she put her tender arms about my neck—the first caress she ever gave me—and said: 'Roy, you have made me promises enough, I think, to pave your way to heaven or hell. If you hold them sacred, heaven's doors will open wide for you and me here on earth. If you break them—Oh, Roy! hell is the only word to describe what I shall suffer. I am weak enough to love you, dear; but never, for one moment, imagine that I will be weak enough to forgive you if you ever break this solemn pledge, by which you have won me. If ever, after this hour, you lift that fatal stuff to your lips, never come into my presence again. Go away, thousands of miles away from me, for you will be as dead to me as though a mound of earth were heaped above you.' Well, Blake, in the face of all this, I married her; even while, in the depths of my inner consciousness, I felt that, sooner or later, I should break the promise to which she had anchored her all. Not that I admitted as much, even to myself, but I had a sort of vague idea that her notions were far-fetched, and entirely too exalted to outlive the wear and tear of every-day life. I even smiled a little to myself at what I mentally termed her heroics, and fondly pictured her a subdued little matron, a year or so hence, with a miniature edition of myself in her arms, too busy and content to let a broken promise, more or less, disturb her equanimity. God! how little I knew her! We had been married almost a year, when she came to me one morning, as I was getting ready to go up town to my business, and laid her head on my shoulder in a caressing way: 'Roy,' she said, 'we think our happiness perfect now, but there is still another joy in store for us, dear,' and lifting her lips to my ear, she whispered a little secret, with shining eyes. I went away smiling at the thought of the wee being who would, doubtless, soon rival me in the little woman's heart—smiling rather complacently, as one who feels the rivets of his fetters loosening a little, and finds his thoughts straying, in a vague, fragmentary way, toward some of the forbidden haunts of his bachelor days. 'It is a fortunate thing,' I thought, 'the coming of this inoffensive little rival, of whom I can not possibly be jealous, yet who will do me a good turn in distracting some of the little wife's attention from me; in loosening some of the clinging tendrils of her heart and fastening them to himself. She's the sweetest, truest little wife imaginable, and I would not exchange her for all the habitable globe; but pshaw! man is a free-born animal, and even love's restraints grow irksome if too long drawn out.' Thus my thoughts shaped themselves throughout that day, as I sat at my desk, and something that seemed to me the light of a dawning freedom was shining into my eyes, the odor of forbidden fruit floating in the atmosphere about me.

"How many men are there in the world, I wonder, who hai the advent of their first-born with similar sensations? More than would be willing to make penitential confession, I imagine, and far more than trusting womankind ever suspects.

" Well, to be brief, a sort of buoyancy of spirits clung to me throughout the day, and lightened my steps as I finally took my hat and started for home. As my feet touched the sidewalk, however, a hand was slipped familiarly through my arm, and a voice that seemed an echo from the past, sounded in my ear: 'Roy Mason, by all that's jolly,' it said, and I turned to clasp the hand of an old-time chum—as wild a blade as ever led the van of Satan. He had been absent from the city for months, and this was my first meeting with him since my marriage. I was glad to see him. He had much to tell me, and almost before I knew what I was doing I was standing beside a bar with him, making a perjured, lying scoundrel of myself by swallowing, in a glass of brandy, all my vows to the woman who had trusted me. And why did I do it? Not because I needed, or even desired, the brandy, that is certain; and not because my refusal to drink would have caused Harry Bray one tear or heart pang. Blake, I am something of an agnostic, and do not believe in much of anything that lies beyond the tangible of this world, but when I try to think what it is that leads a man on at such a moment, I'm almost tempted to pin my faith to the old-fashioned, orthodox devil.

" Well, to shorten my story and avoid easily imagined details, I will only say that I did not go home that evening. Where I did go matters now but little. Suffice it to say I followed Harry's lead with reckless abandon. The only event of that night that I distinctly remember, is one that was branded upon my heart in letters of fire. Some time in the small hours of morning I staggered out of a well known disreputable place, and found myself standing face to face with my wife.

" How she came to be there, in that locality, all alone, at dead of night, will remain one of the inscrutable mysteries to me forever. I never had a chance to ask her, for from that hour to this I have never looked upon her face. Oh, God! how I have striven to forget her poor little ashen face, as it looked in that awful moment! But I see it now, as plainly as though only moments, instead of years, had passed. Only for a moment she stood there, with that dreadful look in her eyes, that cut my very soul in twain; then she turned, and without a word or gesture, fled away like a hunted creature and vanished in the darkness. All my soul went after her, in the pity and tenderness of an awful remorse, but I dared not follow her. The look in her eyes had not only sobered me, but had showed me that my doom was sealed. I thought she would go home to our house, and I sent a nurse to her, and telegraphed her mother, twenty miles away, to come to her; but when daylight came, I learned that she had not gone home. She had wandered about the cold streets until she had fallen, exhausted, in the darkness, where she lay until found by an officer in the gray dawn, who sent her to a hospital. I went to the door of the hospital to inquire about her, but did not dare ask to see her. They told me she was in the raving delirium of brain fever, and that, on account of exposure, trouble, and her delicate state of health, there was scarcely a shadow of hope for her.

" For five long weeks I was in a state of mind closely bordering on insanity, and haunted the hospital day and night. If I ate or slept during all that time, I have no recollection of it; and so weakened and worn was I with my vigil of remorse, that when, at last, they told me one morning that the crisis was passed and she might recover, I fell in a swoon, which lasted for hours. When consciousness had fully returned, I crept away to my deserted home, where I waited, day by day, for her final recovery. My one hope was that she would send for me, or, at least, send me some message that might hold out a hope for the future. But that hope died a sudden death, when, by chance, I one day met one of the hospital attendants, and learned that her mother had taken her home to C——, her native village, twenty miles distant. I wrote her a letter then, or rather a prayer, wrung from the depths of my miserable heart, and took it to C—— myself, where I hired a messenger to carry it to her, instructing him to wait for a reply. He brought me this:

Mason paused here, and handed me an open letter, which I read. It was brief, terribly brief, and, it seemed to me, manlike in its merciless firmness. It ran thus:

Roy:—There is but one thing in the world that I ask at your hands now, and that I command rather than ask. It is that you go away at once, and put as many thousand miles between yourself and me as the breadth of the continent will allow. You have destroyed your own child, you have murdered the truest heart that ever throbbed with love, and you ask, now, the privilege of gazing upon your work. If you ever realize your wish, it will be when I lie cold and defenseless in death. Edith Mason.

I handed back the letter in silence, and neither of us spoke for some moments. His head was bowed, and he seemed lost in sad and bitter thought. At length he said—

" Well, Blake, all this took place more than four years ago, and since then I have been a wanderer on the face of the earth. What pangs of remorse I have endured, no human being can ever know. From the first, I have known that there is but one service that I can ever render her now, and that is to die and set her free. Nothing but my death can free her in her own eyes. She would scorn such freedom as the law could give. A hundred times I have been on the

point of taking my own worthless life, but lacked the moral courage to strike the final blow. Now, however, fate has intervened, and laid before me a better path than that of absolute self murder. Dear friend, do not deny what I have asked of you. Leave that cross above yonder grave, write a letter which I shall dictate, sign your name and send it to her, and you will have lifted from my soul at least a portion of the load that weighs it down. Nobody knows me here; nobody knows aught of me in the countries to which I shall go upon leaving here. Keep my secret, and Roy Mason will be dead to all the world but you."

Reader, I did not yield at once to his pleading, for, God knows, my heart misgave me in the contemplation of so ghastly a deception; but his magnetic power and eloquence conquered me at last, and I consented to do as he wished. The following is a copy of the letter I wrote at his dictation, and sent to a certain small town in a far Eastern state:

YUM YUM, OREGON, March 25, 1862.

*To Mrs. Edith Mason,*
*C——, M——,*

DEAR MADAM:—It becomes my painful duty to communicate to you the tidings of the death of your husband, Roy Mason, which sad event occurred here three months ago. Deep snows and interrupted mails have delayed this communication until the present date. His last request was that I make known to you, as early as practicable, the fact of his death. I also forward by this mail a letter of instruction to his lawyers, Messrs. Blank & Lotan, in the city of B——, which letter was written at his dictation, two days previous to his death.

By express, I forward a small box, containing a book, a photograph, and some little mementoes that you may value for his sake. In case there is anything I can do for you, I stand ready, as your husband's friend, to serve you.

Sincerely yours,
CHAS. M. BLAKE.

"How is she situated pecuniarily?" I asked, as that somewhat practical question presented itself to my mind.

"She is well provided for," he replied. "I sold out my business before I came away, and deposited one-half the net result, $9,000.00, to her credit. I learn, however, that she has never drawn a dollar of the money. She is a gifted little creature, intellectually, and capable of making an independent income for herself with her pen. Besides that, she is the only child of a wealthy, widowed mother."

Mason and I went together to the postoffice to mail the letter, after which he wrung my hand, with tears in his eyes, and left me, saying only—

"Roy Mason is dead, but if you ever need a favor or a friend, remember Henry Morris lives."

And so I parted with the man who had won from me a kind and degree of affection bordering on the romantic. Oh! how lonely and lost I felt, as I went back up the trail to the cabin on the mountain. The day was drawing to a close when I reached it, and the pale disc of the moon was just visible above a crag. With bated breath, and a queer, superstitious thrill at my heart, I walked around the end of the cabin and looked at the grave, and at the cross which bore that painted lie.

"There's something uncanny about all this," I thought. "It isn't a nice place to be alone in, and I think I'll get out of it before many days."

Then suddenly in upon the weird stillness broke a sound, that, for once, was welcome to my ear. It was a long-drawn "Y-a-h h-e, Y-a-h h-e" of Damocles. I went into the stable, and, leaning my head against the poor brute's shoulder, let fall a few lonely tears, unseen of man. C. BLAKE MORGAN.

(To be continued).

## WAY OUT IN IDAHO.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot has ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's charms, and view
Her stores unrolled.

SUCH sentimental consolation we surely need in the mountains of Idaho. Since the famous Florence placers were discovered, there is hardly a gulch or stream bed in the territory, which has not echoed to the tread of the self-denying miner. From beyond the Mississippi, men who had known no greater hardships or severer labor than guiding the plow or loom, came by hundreds, all buoyed up with the hope of immediate fortunes. In camp at night, during their journey, they dreamed of golden harvests and a speedy return to the scenes of their childhood. Matron and maiden shared in the privations and hardships incident to the trip, not only without a murmur, but actually courting the god of poesy and song. The anticipated golden bounties of Idaho were chanted, as the heavily loaded wagons creaked an accompaniment. One happy, joyous voice, in an original rhyme, might have been singing—

We need no pick or shovel, no pan, no spade or hoe,
For the largest chunks are top of ground, way out in Idaho.

One party "struck color" on Loon creek, a tributary of the Salmon, in the region now known as Custer county, and at one time there were a thousand miners at work at that spot. From these placers, tens of thousands of dollars were extracted. The ground, or the richest portion of it, was worked out,

and left to the Celestial to glean the remainder. This was a paradise for the Chinamen for a while. The climate was milder than in other localities near by, while the soil produced vegetables in abundance, as well as gold. This paradise was, however, rudely invaded. The devil, in the form of the Salmon Eater Indians, entered and seduced the "first parents," not with pippin apples, but with rifles and scalping knives.

It was an unusually hard winter, this winter of '68-9, and the Indians down on the Salmon were starving. Both fish and game were scarce. A portion of the tribe paid a visit to Oro Grande, the name given the town, and asked for provisions (*muck-a-muck*), which the Heathen Chinee indignantly refused. The day was bitterly cold, and great flakes of snow fell thick, and the Indians, to shelter themselves, built their camp fires in the streets, close under the lea of the houses. John resented this, and extinguished the fires by pouring on water. This was, in turn, too much for the native and original owners of the soil. They opened fire upon the Chinamen, killed some dozen or more, confiscated all the provisions, and burned the town. Whether the Indian essayed to make use of chop-sticks, is not known, but that they had a royal feast, history affirms; and thus passed away the glory of Oro Grande. It is still worked by a few adventuresome Chinese, but the most of them prefer the haunts of white men.

At this time the excitement in quartz began to be felt in this vicinity. Mining had all been rocker and sluice; now it was pick and drill, powder and blast. As in the history of Washoe, placer mining was the advance guard. A party of prospectors, among whom were W. A. Norton and Hon. John S. Rohrer, discovered and located the Charles Dickens quartz ledge. The location overlooks Yankee Fork and Jordan creek. The ledge was, and still is, of fabulous richness, and by becoming the property of a London syndicate, has obtained a world-wide reputation. The highest grade of ore sampled $3,700.00 per ton, and $1,000.00 a day was, at the time of its discovery, crushed in a hand mortar. Two men crushed $12,000.00 the first month with that very simple mill. The new company has improved the buildings, built dwellings, an ore house, and steam hoisting works are planted and a vigorous prosecution of mining will be at once commenced.

The mine is now under the general management of N. Tremeek, of Salt Lake City, and local superintendency of William McQueen.

About four miles to the west of the Dickens, and going up, seemingly at an angle of forty-five degrees, we find the Montana. The Dickens on the east, the Montana on the west, while "Jordan rolls between." Estes mountain, on which the Montana is located, is nine thousand five hundred feet above sea level. Here let it be stated that the district is covered by a dense growth of large and valuable timber, and water power is abundant. The Montana has produced over $500,000.00 in gold and silver bullion. The last dividend yielded its owners $60,000.00. Within a radius of eight miles, there have been discovered and worked thirteen paying mines. There is no knowledge of what the placer mines of Jordan gulch have yielded, but it is simply enormous, and they are still being worked.

These placers have been worked for years, by Mr. J. G. Morrison. Last summer he associated with himself Mr. H. A. Peerson, a gentleman of large fortune, who mines, as Santa Ana said the Yankees fought, for the fun of it. They have constructed a mill on Jordan creek, with a capacity for fifteen stamps. They have thus far operated only five stamps, but in forty days run have paid for the mill, a Frue vanner and saw mill. The mill is run by water, and the cold snap of last week compelled them to suspend, with a hundred tons of first-class ore in the ore house and an unlimited quantity in sight, on which a force of men will work all winter.

The next year after the Dickens, two miles northeast, the Custer group of mines was located. This group was sold, or leased, to a California company, in which Haggin and Tevis were the leading owners. A thirty-stamp mill was built, which has never ceased the dropping of its eight hundred pound stamps, and has added to the gold and silver bullion of the world over $5,000,000.00.

Two mills of thirty stamps each will be erected next season—one for Estes mountain and the other for the Dickens—which will make one hundred and five stamps within a circle three miles in diameter. Notwithstanding the great impetus which is given to business, there are found here no Elysian fields. One comes here neither for his health nor for pleasure. There will be in these mountains hundreds of hardy miners, reaping the reward of their labor, but depending, for food, raiment, and the luxuries of life, upon the valleys below and the fertile lands of adjoining states and territories. Already the denizens of the hills call upon Oregon for the wheat from its fields, cloth from its factories, and fruit from its orchards. Oregon's productions are in every store; the City of Portland is represented on every shelf. The mineral regions of Idaho are the natural markets for web-foot products. We can not raise those products here. Where gold and silver lie beneath the soil, a scanty growth of fruit and flowers is found on the surface. The capabilities of a mining district are limited to the production of means to purchase the

necessaries and luxuries of life. Such we claim to possess. Still, nature has given to this country some attractions. In midsummer, no spot has a brighter sun, clearer sky or purer air.

Custer is one of the eastern tier of counties, lying midway in the territory north and south. This district, since the Indian clean-up at Oro Grande, has but two towns, Bonanza and Custer, both situated on Yankee Fork, and but two miles apart. The river runs in a southerly direction, a distance of twenty miles, discharging its waters into Salmon river, ten miles south of Bonanza, and from source to mouth is one continuous succession of falls and rapids. It pitches and tumbles madly along, as though it were fleeing from the storm god of Indian fancy. The speckled trout seems hardly to find a resting place. Now it runs between narrow walls, and anon the canyon widens to a hundred yards; now one wall slopes gradually to the mountain summit, and then with shelving bank, droops its head as though offering one eternal obeisance to the passer by. The formation is porphyry and broken, irregular masses of slate; hence, along the canyon of Yankee Fork, no mineral deposits are found. Back from the river, on both sides, the formation is more regular and defined, and veins of quartz appear. The ore is all milling.

Westward to Silver City and Boise is one sea of crags and peaks and bluffs. Here the red deer and bear find a safe retreat, and the hunter for large game his paradise. Moving your footsteps in the direction of Ketchum, ninety miles distant, the terminus of the Wood river branch of the Oregon Short Line, the country undergoes a slight change. Twenty miles northwest, broad, grassy valleys and placid lakes meet your anxious eyes; but still you are on the Salmon river. It heads in the Sawtooth range, and runs in every direction, until finally it reaches the Snake river near Lewiston

Twenty miles in a southerly direction, we reach Stanly basin and placer diggings and the beautiful Stanly lake.

Of the towns, there is but little to distinguish them from the ordinary mining town. They are laid out on the north side of Yankee Fork. At one time, during the days when the Charles Dickens mine was being "coyoted" by Bill Norton, Bonanza was a place of the greatest expectations. He used to invest $1,000 00 a night in a faro bank, and in the meantime $1,000.00 more were being taken out on the hill. Corner lots were worth from $1,000.00 to $2,000 00. Away up the mountain can to this day be seen stakes marking streets, where a mountain sheep would dread to climb. Fights about eligible lots were frequent, and houses were barricaded, from which, for hours at a time, a deadly fire from rifles and pistols would pour.

One improvement, showing the confidence of the Bonanzans in their location, still remains. Its water works are complete and extensive. The purest and coldest of water reaches every house, by iron mains and pipes, and fire plugs are distributed at convenient distances along the main street. Dodge's hotel, built at an early day, has been enlarged, and its proprietor has the same faith in the future that he had ten years ago.

During the interregnum in business, which has prevailed for the past two or three years, the people did not lose their faith in the future of Bonanza. Cal. C. Clawson, at one time publisher of the *Yankee Fork Herald*, is still here. His wife has never left the place for eight years, and has amused herself by taking pencil sketches of every prominent point which nature and human creation has thrown in her way.

The building in which Col. George L. Shoup and generous, big-hearted Jo. Boggs used to sell everything, from bibles to bourbon whisky, stands as a memento of Col. Shoup's foresight and energy. The town of Custer, being adjacent to the General Custer mill, presents, at the present time, more life than the former place, but has not the number of good and costly buildings.

The winter sports are more like the Russian and Canadian. Tobogganing and snow-shoeing are favorite pastimes, in which youth, old age and blushing maiden join with equal zest. To a stranger, the speed with which the snow shoer descends from summit to base of the mountain is startling in the extreme, while the novice oftener rolls than rides. Indoors, balls and dances help to while away the lengthening hours of night, all anxiously waiting for the opening of spring. The mail now runs daily from Challis. In the winter the snow reaches the depth of three feet, the first fall commencing about the first of December, and beginning to disappear about the middle of March. The postoffice is sometimes strapped to the back of a snow-shoer, as the only means of getting the mail over the mountains.

JAMES C. DOW.

## AT BURT'S BRIDGE.

THE sound of wheels at last! The express and mail agent sprang up with an expression of relief, and catching up his lantern, quickly turned up a bright blaze, and, buttoning up his coat and turning down his cap, stepped out into the cold and darkness of a December midnight.

Yes, there was the rattling old stage, and above the sound of wheels and hoofs, was heard the cheery

whistle of the driver, as he cracked his long whip for the last time before the change of horses at Burt's bridge.

Mr. Burt, who owned the toll bridge, was also postmaster and express agent, and kept the teams that were changed there on the stage route.

As the stage drew up with a flourish, he raised his lantern and called out briskly—

"Well, Dick, how goes it?"

"Sort o' chilly tonight," responded Dick, jumping to the ground and clapping his hands vigorously.

"Any passengers," asked Mr. Burt.

"One—a lady—and I've rather persuaded her to stop here tonight, it is so cold, and she ain't in any great hurry."

He opened the door as he spoke, and addressing the single occupant, said—

"Here we be, at Burt's bridge; you'll stop, won't you?"

"I—I think so," was the hesitating response, in a soft voice.

"All right, then," said Dick, energetically. "Off with your trunk, ma'am; an' you'd better get her in to a fire, Burt," he added, as he assisted her to alight, and handed her a small valise and basket.

Mr. Burt took the baggage from the lady's hands, and led the way into the house, remarking on the severity of the weather as he went. Taking her into a neat, comfortable sitting room, where a bright fire sputtered and glowed, he offered her an easy chair, then called his wife, and, excusing himself, went out. Before the hostess made her appearance the confused traveler heard the rattle of the departing stage, as the fresh horses went off at a good pace. Then Mr. Burt brought in the mail bag and two or three express packages. Then she heard her trunk set down with a bang in the hall. At the same time Mrs. Burt entered from an adjoining bed room, and advancing toward the fire, said, with true Western cordiality, as she extended her hand—

"It is cold weather to be traveling. Are you quite comfortable now?"

"Quite," answered the guest, gratefully. "I was very cold, indeed," she added, and then she explained that she was going on to Butte City, but the driver had told her that if she were not obliged to go on in a hurry, she had better stop over a day here, and perhaps it would moderate some.

"The driver was very kind, and you were wise to take his advice," remarked Mrs. Burt, as she replenished the fire. "We do not often have very severe weather before Christmas; but this is a storm, and, as he said, it may moderate in a day or two. This isn't hotel," she added with a smile, "but we are always prepared for any stranger who may stop, so there is a bed for you, and you will want to retire at once, if you are thoroughly warm."

"Thank you; yes, I am very tired," replied the lady.

Mrs. Burt lighted a candle and led the way into an adjoining room, where the stranger found a comfortable bed, a strip of bright carpet before it, and a simple, but pretty, toilette table.

She was soon in bed, conscious of plenty of warm blankets and comforters, and dropped asleep, wondering how so intelligent and refined a lady as Mrs. Burt happened to be in such an out-of-the-way place, and wondering whether her keen, but kindly, eyes were blue or gray.

Mrs. Burt, meanwhile, was saying in a low tone to her husband: "I wonder who she is! She is evidently a lady; but so young and pretty to be traveling alone!"

Mr. Burt laughed. "You'll find out all about her tomorrow, my dear, so don't waste any sleeping hours in guessing."

Then silence reigned until 6:00 o'clock. But it was several hours later before the guest made her appearance, for Mrs. Burt would not have her disturbed, and it was finally the down stage passing that awoke her.

She dressed quickly and stepped into the sitting room, where a glance at the clock showed her the lateness of the hour. Mrs. Burt just then came in, exclaiming—

"And so you are up! Good morning!"

"Good morning," responded the lady. "Yes, I am up at last. I am ashamed of myself."

"Why? Because you rested well after your tiresome journey?" said Mrs. Burt. "I am sure, you ought to be thankful—I am."

The visitor decided Mrs. Burt's eyes were blue. She told her hostess that her name was Agnes Murray, that her brother had been West about two years, and sent for her to join him at Butte; so she resigned the school she had engaged to teach, and prepared to come out in September. But she had never received the letter of instructions he had promised to send her. She wrote him, but received no answer, and had never heard from him since. She had waited in painful anxiety, and finally determined to come on anyway, as she was all broken up, and try and learn his fate. She had got so far on her quest. Mrs. Burt was full of sympathetic inquiries.

"What was his business?"

Miss Murray hesitated, and then said: "I really do not know. He studied law, and intended to use his profession; but I think he had not done so yet. He wrote me that he was working hard and making money, but after I came out he would open an office and

pursue a more gentlemanly calling, for my sake. I am sure of one thing, though," she added, with rising color, "whatever it was, it was honest and honorable; for he would not do anything dishonorable."

This conversation took place while Miss Murray was eating the dainty meal which Mrs. Burt had prepared for her.

The wind was still blowing strongly from the north, and there were occasional gusts that brought snow and a sort of frozen rain, that rattled fiercely on the windows. Miss Murray decided to stay over another day. She found the Burts pleasant, companionable people, and spent the evening reading aloud and playing social games.

Next morning the sun rose brightly, and it was as calm and peaceful as though the wind had never raged like a devouring fiend. Miss Murray decided to continue her journey that night. She walked about the ranch in company with Mrs. Burt in the afternoon, and went across the toll bridge to get a view of a towering cliff at the head of the bridge. She greatly admired the picturesque views on every hand, and in conversation with Mr. Burt, on her return, exclaimed—

"That cliff at the head of the bridge is charming! It is so picturesque! But I should think it would require careful driving to make that turn safely; one might easily drive straight on off the high bank, into the river."

"Yes, indeed; and only last summer a dreadful accident did happen there."

"Ah!" exclaimed Miss Murray in a tone of interest. "Tell me about it, please."

"Well," began Mr. Burt, clearing his throat, "it was one very dark, cloudy night last July—latter part, I think—and the stage came up at midnight, just as it did the night you came. The driver changed horses, and the fresh ones were very wild. They started before the driver got hold of the lines, and I suppose he never got them. The horses set off on a dead run, and, as you said could be easily done, they plunged off the bank into the river, instead of turning onto the bridge. The horses got loose some way, and were saved. The stage was turned up on its tongue end, and—"

"The passengers?" asked Miss Murray, breathlessly.

"There were none, for a wonder. There had been a coach full every night for a long time, until that night, and—"

"The driver?" intermitted the eager listener.

"I was coming to that. He was never seen alive, but his body was discovered two months later, down the river, and he was buried there."

"How sad!" exclaimed the girl, sympathetically.

"Where did his friends live? Were they informed of his death?"

"No, I think not," replied Mr. Burt. "No one knew where his home and friends were. He was a bright cheery fellow, and very smart, and although he was a favorite, he was very reserved about himself. He never seemed like the rest; he was always a gentleman; never drank, gambled, or used tobacco. He was handsome, too; he had the most beautiful hazel eyes I ever saw in a man's head. He—"

"What was his name?" demanded Miss Murray.

"Well now, I declare! Let me see—we always called the drivers by their first names. His was—oh, yes! he was always called 'Gentleman Ben.'"

"But his last name?" breathlessly asked the girl.

"His last name—" repeated Mr. Burt, "I have heard it—it was—why, bless my soul!" he added suddenly, with an apprehensive glance at the agitated girl, "it was—" he stopped as if choked, and loosened his necktie.

"Was it Murray?" demanded the girl, standing up and clutching his sleeve.

Mr. Burt could not speak. He bowed his head in affirmation, and sprang up to catch the fainting form that fell at his side.

"Nell! Nell!" he called, in desperation, and Mrs. Burt came hurrying in with both hands full of dishes. She hastily set them on the table and ran to her husband's side.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Oh, like a great idiot, I told her about the stage accident and Ben's death, and—"

"He was her brother," supplemented Mrs. Burt, as she helped lay the unconscious girl on the lounge.

"Just so," muttered Mr. Burt, with a groan.

"Get some water, quick!" commanded his wife.

Presently Miss Murray revived, and at first seemed unable to recollect where she was; but a glance at Mr. Burt recalled his story, and, covering her face with her hands, she sobbed out—

"My Bennie!"

Mr. and Mrs. Burt could not restrain their own tears, and for a time they obeyed the bible injunction most literally, and wept with her. But Miss Murray, by a great effort, calmed herself sufficiently to ask questions, and draw from Mr. Burt all he knew of her brother.

It was not much. He had never had but one conversation with him. He knew the young man was not intending to drive the stage long, that he was saving money for some purpose, and that he was an educated man. Mr. Burt had shrewdly guessed that he would enter some profession in Helena or Butte.

"It is strange," he remarked, "that I never thought of Ben's last name when you spoke of your

brother; but, you see, he was never called Murray, and you didn't give your brother's first name."

"No, I never thought to inquire if you knew him, for I supposed he lived at Butte; his letters were always mailed there."

"His route ended there, and I presume his home was there, and probably he intended to settle there," said Mr. Burt.

Miss Murray did not eat any supper, but lay on the lounge, occupied with her own thoughts. Neither she nor her new friends thought of her taking the stage that night, and Mrs. Burt kindly helped her to bed.

She did not get up next morning, and it was two weeks before she was able to leave her room, weak and pale and thin. Then she had a long talk with Mrs. Burt. She had no "own home," as she expressed it, and she dreaded to make the long journey back in cold weather. She had now no reason to go to Butte, and "would Mrs. Burt—"

But Mrs. Burt delicately anticipated the request, and said, gently—

"Stay with me until spring, my dear. Your board shall cost you nothing, and you shall be as welcome as roses in December."

"Oh, thank you!" cried Agnes, gratefully. "If I can help you enough to earn my board, I will gladly accept your offer."

"I can keep you busy," smiled Mrs. Burt. "Is it settled?'.

"Yes, indeed," assented Agnes, extending a thin little hand, which Mrs. Burt grasped warmly.

And so, Agnes stayed, growing stronger each day, and becoming quite like a daughter of the house, as she relieved Mrs. Burt of many little duties, and brightened up the house with her taste and skill.

Little by little, as they became more intimate, Agnes gave her history, and at last she told her friend that she had been engaged two years to a gentleman who came West with her brother. He had written her, just before her brother's last letter came, telling her he was going to some new mines—that was the latter part of June—and might not be able to write to her often, but he would get word to Ben as often as possible.

"And he said," continued Agnes, "he said that I must come out and stay with Ben, this winter, as he wanted me to, and in the spring we would be married. He hoped to 'strike it,' he said."

"And where is he, now?" asked Mrs. Burt.

"I don't know," replied Agnes. "I have never heard from him since. But I do not expect ever to see him again," she added, with a sigh. "He has probably met some terrible fate like poor Ben."

Mrs. Burt did not attempt to console her, for she felt it was only too probable her surmise was true. She told her husband of Agnes' confidence.

"Did she tell you his name?" asked Mr. Burt.

"Yes. It was Harry Ashton."

"The very fellow!" exclaimed Mr. Burt. "He passed here on his way to the mines. Came with a saddle horse and pack animal. He stopped for a bit of a chat when he paid his toll. He asked me if I knew Ben—and, by the way, that is the only time I ever heard the name Murray in connection with him. He told me he came out West with Ben, and that he was on his way to the new mines. I remember it all distinctly."

"But it won't do to tell Agnes, it would only distract her more than ever," said wise Mrs. Burt.

The days passed, and Christmas came and went, with some little gifts and pleasing diversions, and New Year approached.

"We'll keep open house," said Mrs. Burt, "and treat the stage drivers and any chance callers."

So they arranged a little round table charmingly in the sitting room, with various kinds of cake, nuts and candies, and had plenty of delicious, amber coffee, hot and strong.

Mrs. Burt and Agnes were temperance women, and "would not offer the stuff that might endanger people's lives."

New Year's was a clear, cold day, and it chanced that quite a number of gentlemen did call at Burt's bridge, and were treated handsomely. All were struck with the beauty of the lady-like Agnes, and privately made inquiries of the host concerning her. He simply told them she was a friend of theirs, who would be with them until spring.

Toward evening, while Mrs. Burt was busy with some household duties, and Mr. Burt was glancing over a paper, in front of the fire, Agnes took a book and lounged on the comfortable old sofa in the corner, back of the stove. She found it too dark to read, so her book dropped, unheeded, to the carpet, and her thoughts wandered off to other, and happier, New Year's days.

Suddenly a knock resounded on the front door. Mr. Burt went into the entry to open it.

"Ah! How do you do?" she heard Mr. Burt say.

Then a voice that sent the blood flying to her head, responded—

"Quite well. I called—"

"Walk in, walk in," said Mr. Burt, hospitably.

Agnes felt as if she would fly. She felt faint and sick, and feared she could not walk across the floor. Perhaps she would not be noticed in this dark corner, and she would like to know the reason of his long silence.

The two men came into the room and sat down by the fire. Mr. Burt had forgotten Agnes was in the room, and carried on the conversation in a cool, unembarrassed way.

"And so you are back, Mr. Ashton! You went to some mines, didn't you, last summer?"

"Yes, sir. I remember passing here. I got back a few weeks ago, just in the beginning of cold weather, and have been sick since—am just able to be out."

"You do look rather thin," observed Mr. Burt. "But how did you pan out at the mines?"

"Did first rate. Struck a good lead and developed it so as to make a sale to an eastern company just before I left. Got $50,000.00."

"Pretty good!" exclaimed Mr. Burt, enthusiastically.

"Yes, better than I had hoped. Well, I came back expecting to find my friend, Ben Murray—you remember him—but I can't find that he is on the stage route now. The agent at Butte is a new man, and don't know him, and he don't seem to be in Butte, anywhere. I looked and inquired, and have written East, and finally, I thought if anybody would know about him, it would be you, so I came—"

He stopped, hesitated, and then went on—

"I happened to hear of a dreadful accident that occurred at your bridge last summer, and I—I wonder if it could have been poor Ben?"

As he spoke he looked straight at Mr. Burt, who had been growing restless ever since Ben's name had been mentioned. He grew pale, and his hand trembled as he tried to carelessly rest it on his knee.

"Well!" demanded the visitor, impatiently, with a ring of fear in his voice.

"It was Ben," came slowly from Mr. Burt's trembling lips.

An exclamation of horror burst from the young man, as he clasped his hands an instant, then arose and paced the floor with rapid steps and bowed head.

"My poor Agnes!" broke from his lips.

He stopped, and addressing Mr. Burt, said: "You see, I am engaged to Ben's sister. She was to have joined him in September, and I expected to find her with him, so you can imagine my terrible disappointment. And I find, by writing East, that she really did come West later, but I can't find her in Butte or Helena. I am distracted! I can't think what to do next! The money I made is of no value to me without Agnes and Ben."

Mr. Burt felt distracted, too. He did not know how he was to bring the young people together without a scene—and he hated scenes. But he was not to be responsible. There was a sudden movement in the dark corner of the room, a graceful figure darted across the floor, and a sweet voice cried—

"Harry! Look! It is I—Agnes!"

Mr. Burt considerately left the room, blowing his nose vigorously as he went. He told his wife of the happy New Year that had dawned in the next room, and they rejoiced together, but did not make their appearance in the sitting room until Agnes opened the door and said—

"Please, dear Mrs. Burt, will you come in and see Mr.—my Harry?"

And so, after tragedy and disappointment, there was real happiness at Burt's bridge.

F. A. Reynolds.

## BURIED TREASURE OF TILLAMOOK.

THE settlers down around Tillamook bay tell a story, which smacks strongly of Old Cape May and its ancient traditions of Captain Kid, the bold buccaneer, and his buried treasures. Any "old-timer" will tell, willingly, all he knows, and more, too, to the stranger to those parts, who has time and inclination to listen. The story, on the essential points of which all seem to agree, runs about as follows:

Many years ago, two hundred or more, a Spanish vessel, laden with fabulous treasure, consisting of gold and silver bullion, casks of the beautiful old doubloons, and trunks and chests of precious stones, taken from the rich mines along the Gulf of California, and destined for Spain, was driven, by stress of weather, far out of her course, and was finally wrecked on the sharp rocks, in Nehalem bay. Those of the crew of the ill-fated bark, who survived, took the treasure from the wreck and buried it somewhere in the vicinity. The exact location of the treasure has ever since been a matter of speculation, and much money and time have been spent in fruitless search.

So much, any old settler can tell, and in corroboration of the story, he will, most likely, tell you of the advent in Tillamook county, about three years ago, of four men, with a complete mining outfit. They claimed to have come from Philadelphia, and gave it out, as their avowed intention, that they were searching for gold mines. They soon became the laughing stock of the country for miles around, for the crazy manner in which they carried on their prospecting. They dug holes in all conceivable places, regardless of any indications of mineral, and otherwise conducted themselves in a very mysterious manner. After a year spent in this way, they left, as suddenly as they had come. Probably because of the disgust they no doubt felt at their poor success, and perhaps to prove that they were not such fools as everybody seemed to think, before they left they told of having come across some old Spanish papers, which told of a

treasure being hidden on the Pacific coast, and giving what appeared to be explicit directions how to find the buried riches.

This naturally created great excitement in the neighborhood, and ever since the cliffs and rocks around the bay have been thoroughly explored time and again, but all to no purpose; and it was left for two Portland gentlemen, one a prominent surgeon in the city, and the other a well-known insurance man, out on a summer jaunt, to make the first discoveries tending to establish the truth of the story.

These gentlemen had been fishing on that greatest (?) of trout streams, the Trask, and had decided to walk over the mountains to Clatsop beach. After securing a guide they started. On the afternoon of the second day, after following the trail, as it led around the base of Mount Kearney, along the edge of the high cliffs, which at that point put a stop to the encroachments of the rough waters of Nehalem bay, they sat down to rest.

In an effort to be agreeable, the guide proceeded to relate the story of the Spanish treasure, as above told. The insurance man, after hearing the old fellow through, in a mock-serious manner—a manner to which he is much given, by the way—said:

"Now, if I was looking for buried treasure, I would look right under this rock," indicating the large bowlder on which he was sitting.

It was a piece of basalt, such as is found further out on Tillamook head, and not at all like the sandstone formation of Mount Kearney and the cliffs. Suiting his action to his words, he, with the help of his companions, rolled the large rock over. After scraping away the earth from around the under side of the bowlder, some rude characters were found chiseled on its hard surface.

There was first a large letter M, with two bars across it; to the left of this was a large cross; to the right, an anchor, and below, the letters D E, followed by eight large dots, or periods; and again, under these marks, an arrow, the head pointing in the same direction as the periods.

The guide was thunderstruck, and looked on with mouth and eyes wide open; the young men, being none the less surprised, were silent. A little search disclosed the fact that the large rock was the center of a square, a rod each way, the corners being marked by four smaller bowlders of the same geological formation, and marked, two with a cross each, and two with an anchor.

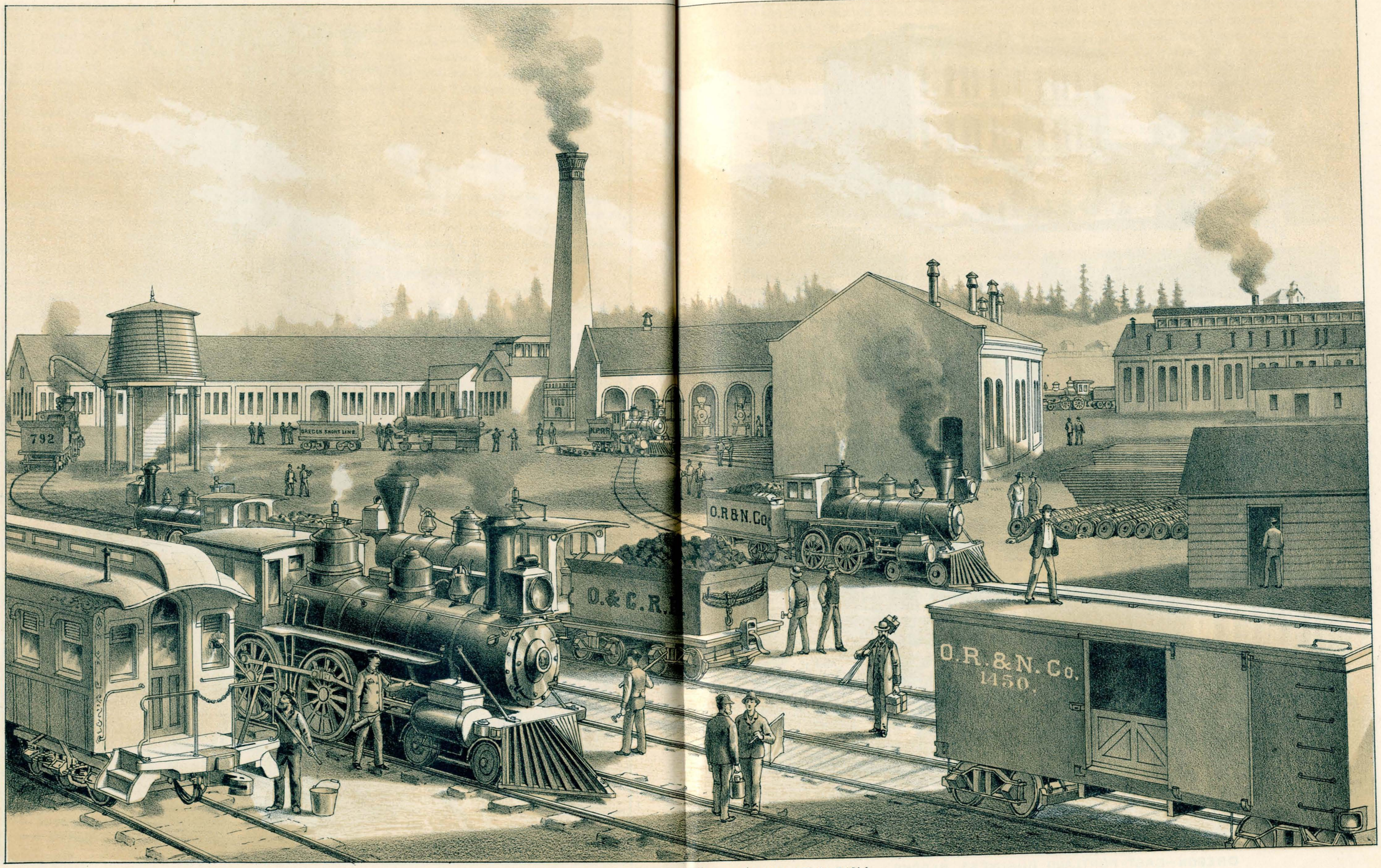
The insurance man studied the characters a few minutes, and suddenly struck by an idea, began pacing off toward the cliff, as if measuring a town lot. He took three good long strides, stopped, stooped down, and kicking away the loose earth, found a stone with an anchor cut into it; he went a few feet further and found another rock, marked with a cross. The next three yards brought him to the brow of the cliff, and, also, to another, and much larger, rock. Turning this one over, not without some difficulty, it was so large, he found it marked with an anchor, and a good sized orifice, leading into a small cavity within the stone, was disclosed. Thrusting his hand into the aperture, he drew forth a roll of parchment, the silken bands which bound it being as firm and strong as when new, the salt air having been unable to penetrate the rock.

The roll of parchment proved to be a manuscript, written in the Spanish language. This manuscript was handed to the writer, who has made the following translation of what is the confession of Ibarra Arteaga Mariscal, commander of the Spanish ship *Santos dos Todos:*

"September 15, 1688.

"I, Ibarra Arteaga Marsical, captain of the ship *Santos dos Todos*, write. For many, many days, I have not seen a human face—not since Gonzales fell (?) over the cliff. I dare not go and look over; I fear to see the avenging faces of those whom I have murdered; yes, murdered, and for what? Oh, why did I do it! I can not take the riches, I can go nowhere; every night I see them all. They come to me in my sleep, and sometimes I feel like jumping over that horrible cliff myself; but no, I fear to meet them; I must live and confess to the good bishop. Yes, all I murdered! First, Eduardo, for I cut the rope, as we held him over the cliff, the last time he went to the cave; Pedro and Gonzales thought the sharp rocks cut the rope, but no, I did it. Eduardo was cruel, and I thought his sinister eye boded me ill, and that he wanted to kill me. Then Pedro, as he stood on the cliff, looking out over the sea. I crept up behind him, and he fell and disappeared. Then poor Gonzales, as he rushed up and looked down, he, too, I pushed over, and as he fell he turned his face upon me, white with fear, and with a frightful shriek he struck the cruel rocks, and bounding from one jagged point to another, fell on the hard sand a mangled corpse. Oh! how it rings in my ears! Will I never cease to hear that last despairing cry of poor Gonzales? He was a kindly man, but I could not trust him. Yes, I am the last of the unhappy crew of the beautiful *Santos dos Todos.* I am about to leave here and travel toward the rising sun. I know if any one should find this confession I should be burned at the stake, but I can't help it; I must write; and it was all to save the treasure for the great cathedral. They would have stolen it. I will hide this in the hollow rock, midway between the large bowlder and the cliff.

**OREGON**—GRAIN DOCKS AT ALBINA.




OREGON– THE RAILWAY WORKS AT ALBINA.


OREGON—EAST-PORTLAND BUSINESS BLOCKS.

" We left Nuevo Madrid, laden with bars of gold and silver to steady the ship. There were four hundred long gold bars, and the same number of silver; ten casks of doubloons, and four strong chests, filled until they ran over, with precious stones—diamonds, rubies and emeralds—all the beautiful, glistening gems heaped in together.

" I did not want to kill Eduardo, or Pedro, or Gonzales, but I thought they were going to murder me and steal the treasures, and I had promised Father Gomez to take them safe to Spain, for the dear church, for the beautiful Cathedral of Madrid, and perhaps if I get there and tell the good bishop all, he will absolve me and wash the dreadful blood from my hands.

" We set sail August 2. The first two days out the wind was light and fair, and the blue waters were quiet and smooth. The third day the wind began to blow from the shore, and the waves rolled high, like huge mountains.

" The storm kept up, and even increased in fury, the wind changing to the south, and for many days it raged. Our rudder was torn away, and all the masts washed overboard. We could do nothing but pray to the saints. After many days, we had lost all reckoning, the clouds rolled away and we saw land, beautiful, green hills, with trees all over them.

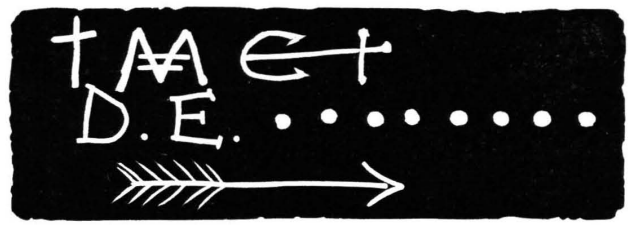
" The ship seemed to be drifting toward the shore, and was making for a high mountain, with tall, steep cliffs at its base, against which the waters dashed angrily. We could do nothing with the ship; many men had been swept overboard by the seas, and only four of us were left—Eduardo, Pedro, Gonzales and myself. About midday, the ship, which was being slowly carried in toward the cliffs, by the swell of the ocean, suddenly struck a rock within a few hundred yards of the cliffs, and giving one dreadful, sickening quiver, stopped in her course. She remained steady, at first, for the tide was in, but as the water flowed swiftly away, she heeled over on her side on the sand.

" After thanking the good Lord and the Virgin Mary, we left the wreck, and looked on what manner of land we were. I had lost my instrument, and knew not where we were, but thought, which I do still think, that we had drifted around to the north of the new country, and that we had found a new passage back to Spain.

" Fearing the storm might come up again and break my beautiful ship into small pieces, I had the men help me carry the treasure back onto the rocks. For four days we worked, and on the fifth I noticed a small hole about half way up the cliff, and far above the reach of the waters. I conceived the idea of storing the riches there. After much trouble, by means of a rope, I was lowered from the top of the cliff down to the cave, which proved to be of sufficient size to hold all the treasure. I at once set about removing the riches, and after several days had it all stowed away, and, as I think, safely hidden.

" I then set about marking the location of the cave, so that when we returned to Spain, an expedition could be sent for the treasure. Going far out on the cape, where I had noticed the rocks were of a different formation, I selected a very large bowlder, which, by dint of rolling and pushing, we finally got up onto the cliff, and placed it on the mountain side, just twenty-four yards from the brow of the cliff.

" I had Eduardo, who had been a silversmith when a boy, chisel the following marks on the rock:




" We placed four smaller rocks at equal distances from this bowlder, and marked two with a cross and two with an anchor. At every third yard between the big bowlder and the brow of the cliff is a small stone, the first marked with an anchor, the second with a cross, the third (the hollow rock) with an anchor, and so on, each rock alternately marked with a cross or anchor, until right at the brow of the cliff, directly above the cave, we placed a stone marked with a cross, and below it an upright anchor. It was while Eduardo was chiseling an M above the mouth of the cave, that I cut the rope which held him."

The manuscript ends abruptly at this point, and the key to the riddle, which is apparently solved, is not given. The following interpretation of the marks is plausible, and is, at any rate, as near the truth as it is possible to get at this day.

Mariscal was, probably, a vain fellow, and he had the large letter M cut in the rock to gratify his love of self and personal ambition. The two bars signify that two M's were used, one on the rock and one at the cave. The frequent use of the cross and anchor shows the dual character of the man—a sailor, and a religious fanatic. The D E, followed by the eight periods is the first sign of method and means: *Daca*, from this; *Escollo*, rock; eight times a certain measure, the rocks representing each period, not only defining the measure, but also the direction, the arrow emphasizing that direction. The arrow, in all ages, has been one of the most common and readily understood sign in a hieroglyphic alphabet.

All that is left is very plain. The hollow rock, in which the above manuscript was found, was at the very edge of the cliff. In the light of Mariscal's confession, this hollow rock was not at the edge of the cliff, but some distance from the large bowlder when it was placed in position. Therefore, the solution of the problem is, that a great mass of the cliff has been washed away since the time of the wreck, and that the cave and its entire contents have disappeared, and the treasure lies at the foot of the cliff, lost in the sands, or buried beneath huge masses of the undermined cliff. And this is the and of the Tillamook treasure.

BAILEY AVERY.

[The facts narrated in this little sketch are true, including the finding of the stone. The translation of the inscription and the addition of the manuscript are the clever work of Mr. Avery.—ED.]

## WHITMAN'S RIDE.

" God save the Queen! this land is hers;
The States must yield their claim, you know."
Their English cheers went round and round,
As Whitman left with silent " No! "

Right quick he sprang into the saddle,
And hard he urged his cayuse on;
Nor rein was drawn, nor spur was spared,
Till in the mission gates he ran.

" The English come two hundred strong,
Their van has crossed the mountain, long—
A horse! to ride to Washington,
And save the States their Oregon."

He rode, four thousand miles before,
While icy winter closed its bands,
And home and wife and life behind
In Walla Walla's Indian hands—
To save the States their Oregon.

Now lost, three thousand miles before,
Ten thousand feet above the sea,
In winter's blinding blizzard blast,
(Unknown before, unknown behind)
By God's unerring hand set free—
To save the States their Oregon.

The plains! Two thousand miles before,
The long, the level, grassy plains;
Ten times he narrowly escaped
The savage Indian's blood-red stains—
To save the States their Oregon.

St. Lou! One thousand miles before,
O'er muddy stages struggling on,
With anxious mind he plans his work—
To save the States their Oregon.

His ride was done—his news was told.
He showed the wealth of that far land
To Webster, greatest of our grand—
And saved the States their Oregon.

He led the wagon train of men
That built three states, both free and brave;
Befriended Indians martyred him—
He sleeps in yon neglected grave.

A. JAY ANDERSON, JR.

## PORTLAND'S TRANS-WILLAMETTE SUBURBS.

EAST PORTLAND and Albina will some day, in the natural course of events, be embraced within the city limits of Portland. They will gain much when that time comes, in the way of street improvements, educational advantages, water, gas, etc. Some few of the residents of both places preach the foolish doctrine, that they will get along better the more they rely upon their own resources; but most thinking men, while having an abiding faith in their own towns, coupled with a laudable ambition to see them prosper, recognize the fact that in the union of the three places lies their hope of permanent prosperity. These views are sound, and based on the history of other cities.

The Morrison street bridge is the first connecting link of a chain which will grow in strength until it accomplishes its purpose. The railroad bridge is the second link, and a free county bridge begins to loom up in the future, as the third, forming the three-linked chain of Good Fellowship.

East Portland and Albina, the two principal suburbs of Portland, taken together, occupy very much the same relative position that the west side of Chicago did to the rest of that city many years ago, and will, perhaps, grow in more ways than one, as that portion of the great city on Lake Michigan has done. The west side of Chicago is low and flat and so far from the lake that it was considered undesirable, and property was correspondingly cheap. The consequence was that the laborer and man of small means made his home on the west side. Of course, in the case of Chicago, all this took place in an incredibly short time, but even as it grew, the same ideas were at work, and it was a long time before the west side was considered desirable for fashionable residences. So will the two cities across the Willamette grow. Any one who has watched the steady stretching out of East Portland and Albina, for the past few years, knows well what class of people are taking advantage of cheap property, sold, oftentimes, on the installment plan. They are young married clerks on small salaries, and the intelligent, sober-minded artisan, who, seeing a chance to make a home, and perhaps form the nucleus of a little property, go across the river. What follows? East Portland and Albina will grow in a business way, as the west side of Chicago has done. They will become, not at all like Oakland, San Francisco's suburb, a city of beautiful residences, but will be active, well-built business portions of Portland, separated, it is true, by the Willamette; but that will, eventually, become a division without any forced meaning.

East Portland and Albina both enjoy many of the natural advantages Portland possesses, the same broad, deep river, and rolling hills, not quite so high as the Portland heights perhaps, yet capable of being made very beautiful with handsome residences and broad, shady streets. The present lordly Willamette will, as the cities grow into one, retire, as it were, within itself, and Portland, instead of being described in the geographies as being situated on the banks of the Willamette river, will be spoken of as the great metropolis of the Northwest, through which the Willamette river flows.

The financial panic which followed the decline in all railroad securities in 1883-4, prostrated both East Portland and Albina. The latter place seemed as if crushed out of very existence. They both seemed to be stunned by the great commercial disaster. The fact that in neither place scarcely a dollar was spent by the officials in the improvement of streets for at least two years, shows how keenly the blow was felt. But the improvements of all kinds which have been made within the past eighteen months, those which are under way, and those which are contemplated, show with what sturdy, brick-and-mortar sort of spirit they are now going ahead. In the past two years there has been a steady improvement in all lines of business in East Portland, until now she may be said to have practically recovered from the collapse of the Northern Pacific boom, above mentioned.

The small, one-story buildings along L street, and other streets of the city, which have for so long a time been vacant, are all occupied now, and a large number of business houses built on Fourth, Fifth, N and L streets have been rented. During the boom of 1883, a number of large business firms flourished, and some fine brick buildings were put up. Following the smashup, some of these houses closed their doors, but their places have been supplied by others, since. At present there is an air of general prosperity pervading the whole city. There has been no boom, only a steady, legitimate growth. Real estate men say they are turning away applicants for houses to rent, daily, and it is estimated that fully two hundred small cottages could be rented at reasonable prices, were they to be had. And yet, in 1887, in round numbers, $200,000.00 were expended in building improvements. Holladay's addition, to the north, has grown wonderfully, until now it is hard to tell where East Portland ends and Albina begins. An excellent school building has been built in the addition, to accommodate the growth in population.

East Portland has five schools, two of the buildings costing, respectively, $12,000.00 and $15,000.00. There are sixteen miles of graded streets, most of them being paved or planked, and twenty miles of sidewalk. The water supply of East Portland is con-

trolled by a private corporation. It is pure and sweet, drawn from natural springs, twelve in number, which come to the surface close by the old asylum buildings. The volume of these springs is very great, and before the water was converted to the use of the city, formed a short, but quite large, trout stream. An electric light plant has been erected by Hogue & Co., who have a franchise from the city for establishing an electric light system, for lighting the streets. Work was commenced some time ago, and poles have been set up and wires attached, and the electric current only awaits the final action of the city fathers, ere shedding its glory over the city. A mile and a quarter of street car track have been laid. It extends from U street, on the south, to Holladay on the north. Branch lines are contemplated out N street to Mount Tabor. At present, however, the line will be carried from Fifth, on N street, across the Morrison street bridge into Portland. The extension will probably be completed early this spring. The fares have already been decided on, four tickets for twenty-five cents will be sold, entitling the passenger to cross the bridge and go as far as he wants to. The municipal officers of East Portland are: Mayor, C. H. Raffety; president of the council, N. K. West; recorder, J. A. Newell; assessor, J. W. Ogilbee; treasurer, F. L. Logan; attorney, C. Taylor; marshal, H. F. McMillan; street commissioner, C. B. Bartel; surveyor, T. M. Hurlburt. For the purpose of municipal representation, the city is divided into four wards, each being represented by two councilmen. The council meets on the first and third Mondays in each month, at the city hall, a neat building at the corner of Third and I streets. The total value of taxable property within the city, according to the assessor's last report, is $2,552,590.00. The indebtedness of the city is wholly included in the $20,000.00 bonded debts. The bonds, from the time of issue, run ten years, and draw six per cent. per annum. They were issued at two different times, $10,000.00 at a time. The police force consists of the city marshal and two constables. The arrests are stated to be comparatively few, and for the most part are tramps and men charged with drunkeness.

The engravings in this issue of THE WEST SHORE are from recent sketches, and embrace many of the principal buildings and enterprises of East Portland and Albina. The two handsome school buildings and the various manufacturing establishments will be recognized at a glance. The street scene, taken at the corner of Fourth and L, gives a good idea of the life and activity which fill East Portland to-day. The deep water channel of the river hugs the western bank along most of the southern portion of the city, and until dredging is commenced, docks and warehouses will not be built along the east side. The river front, however, has been pretty nearly all taken up by manufacturing enterprises, saw mills, ship yards, canneries, etc.

Beginning at the south end of East Portland and going north, between the river and the line of the O. & C. railroad, the first enterprise of any importance is the reduction works, which have closed for the present, owing to an accident happening to some of the machinery. About $50,000.00 have been invested in this plant. Many eyes have looked forward to this new industry with interest, and with a hope that the venture may prove successful. The chief trouble thus far encountered is the inability of the managers to procure sufficient ore to keep them running; owing to the almost prohibitive freight tariff, a matter which the business men of Portland are endeavoring to rectify. Next on the line of the O. & C. railroad, within two or three blocks of the Jefferson street ferry, are the two kilns of the Portland Lime and Cement Company. This industry is almost two years old, the first kiln being fired May 7, 1886. The output of the two kilns, when running, is one hundred and fifty barrels of lime per day. The amount of money invested in the plant is about $15,000.00. All the marble used in the manufacture of this lime comes from the quarries belonging to the company, at Rock Point, Jackson county, in Southern Oregon. The kilns have been put in readiness during the past month, and one, or perhaps both, of them will be fired about the first of March. W. C. Kline has a barrel factory by the side of the kilns, and besides making all the barrels for the lime company, has a large trade and seems to be doing a good business. Just north of the ferry slip is H. A. Hogue's saw mill, established in 1871. The business has increased during the past year to such an extent that new machinery has been added, and an electric plant has been erected, enabling the business to be carried on both night and day. This is the electric plant already spoken of in connection with the lighting of the city. The North Pacific cannery is located immediately south of the Morrison street bridge. It was established in 1872, since which time the business has grown to wonderful dimensions, nearly doubling its output during the past year. New machinery has been bought, and a large, two-story building, thirty by eighty feet, has been erected, besides the addition to the main building of a wing, on the river side, fifty-two by sixty feet, and two stories in height. The growth of this industry proves that Oregon fruit and vegetables find as ready sale as any in the market, while its plums and prunes and its peas command a higher price than California or eastern goods. The Standard Box Factory, situated at

the Stark street ferry slip, does quite as much business as all the other factories in both cities together, and it is constantly increasing. From this point, going down the river, and passing the wharves, warehouses, station and yards of the O. & C. railroad, and the magnificent bridge, we reach Albina.

The engraving on page 73 shows the long lines of the Montgomery docks and warehouses, together with the ferry and other steamers which ply regularly, connecting Albina with Portland, and which do a thriving busines, making round trips up and down the river every forty minutes in the day. Albina, like East Portland, has fully recovered from its setback, and has begun a steady and substantial growth, the result of a natural and healthful development. In all the elements of thrift, industry and enterprise, both in a public sense and as individuals, Albina has kept pace with the growth of her larger sister. Prosperous, without the impulse of a temporary boom, succinctly epitomizes the condition of affairs during the past few years. A number of handsome dwellings have been built within the limits of Albina, and several business houses. There are three churches, and a public school building has lately been erected. These facts speak well for the moral and educational condition and progress of the citizens. Substantial improvements have been made to the several important streets, grading, laying of sidewalks, etc., and the general sanitary condition of the place has been greatly improved. One great impetus has been received from the activity growing out of the construction of the immense terminal works. Few persons, unless they have been on the spot, can fully realize the magnitude of the works of the Northern Pacific Terminal Company. The handsome double-page illustration, spirited and accurate as it is, fails to give one a proper idea of their extent, simply because it is impossible to get it all in on paper. Work was actively commenced about December 1, 1886. More properly speaking, work was resumed, and was carried energetically forward to its present completed state, according to the original plans proposed by Henry Villard, with some slight modifications. The Northern Pacific Terminal Company owns something like three hundred and twenty acres within the limits of Albina. Much of this land was located below high water mark. During the time the railroad boom was at its height, work was begun on the terminal works. Great quantities of earth were taken from the steep hillside east of the river, and used in filling up the low ground, a portion of which has since been used for the yard and temporary station. Foundations were laid for the round house, machine shops, wood working shop, foundry, paint shop, boiler house, blacksmith shop, boiler shop, pattern house, and other smaller buildings. Great quantities of material, principally brick and lumber, to complete these projected works, were purchased at the time. A cargo of slate, for roofing, was also brought out from New York. In addition about $200,000.00 worth of heavy machinery was ordered in the East. Closely following on the heels of these operations and transactions, came the sudden collapse of all the Villard schemes. Before the crash, however, two of the buildings were begun, and carried forward to completion. These were the immense foundry and pattern house. Active operations were, as a natural consequence, suspended, with the retirement of Henry Villard from the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. Nothing was attempted for several years. The buildings already completed, served as warehouses for the machinery which had, in the meantime, arrived from the East, and it was not until December, 1886, that it was thought possible the works could be carried to a successful completion.

At the last session of the legislature, the town of Albina was incorporated, and the first municipal election was held February 15, 1887, a little over a year ago. There were two tickets placed in the field, and the contest was a spirited one, resulting in the election of the following officers: Mayor, J. H. Steffen; councilmen, H. O. Bishop, Geo. Sinfield, W. H. Foster and J. M. Boggs; recorder, J. T. Hughes; treasurer, John Glazik; marshal, J. A. Deeds.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A FORAGER.

I HAVE seldom undertaken to tell what I know about foraging. The fact is, I know very little about it; that is, comparatively little. It is, perhaps, true, that during the five years I was traveling over the Confederacy, sampling the various products of that fertile region, I may have foraged eight or nine hundred times, as a matter of amusement; but I can not say that I made a business of it, or even so familiarized myself with the necessary details as to become a successful forager. No, friends, what I tell you here you can repeat to your neighbors, and swear to it, if need be, to carry conviction.

It has gone forth that I was a member of the "Sazarac Lying Club," but don't believe it. I own up to being proposed for membership, but I was black-balled. The excuse my friends gave for my rejection, was that the club said it was a pity to ruin a man of my well known veracity by making him a member of their club. I thanked my friends for the kind and thoughtful consideration of my character, and sent the club $1,000.00—confederate money; you

needn't smile—confederate notes and their purchasing qualities.

Why, I remember once, down in Tennessee, being in a party of ten, who were asked to take a smile, and then repeat the dose, and when the knight of the jug —there's where he kept it—was asked the damage, he counted up the drinks on his fingers, and said, "Two thousand dollars." The amount was produced from an old leather carpet bag, which lay on the floor between our friend's legs, and paid without a murmur.

Mr. Webster defines a forager as "one who forages." Now that is plain, and easily understood; and yet, were you to ask any old veteran what a forager was, as he understood it, he would tell you that he was a soldier, who had been on quarter rations for a month and had determined to draw upon the country for the supplies the commissary had failed to provide. He sees him, as he starts out in the morning, picking his way through the mud, now and then thrusting his hand into his greasy haversack for the remaining crumbs left from the ration of hardtack, which he had drawn some days before, picking out the bits of cracker from among the scorpions and other festive insects which have found their way into the bread basket, and eating them; his face wearing an expression like that of Pilgrim, when he struck the Slough of Despond; his clothes flapping around his body, indicating very conclusively that there is very little inside of them. As he passes, he is heard to mutter something about the "blankety blank commissary," and the nearest to him know that he is, in his peculiar way, praying for that individual. It was a habit we all had, to ask the Great Father to look sharply after the fellow, who often fell short in his cracker account.

This is about how a forager looked in the morning; but how different is his appearance at evening. We see him coming into camp about dark, mounted upon a fine horse, a smile as broad as the Columbia river spread over his face, and hanging across the withers of his horse are hams, sides of bacon, chickens, and not infrequently young pigs. Strapped to his saddle behind, are bags of yams, sweet potatoes, sacks of corn meal, pots, pans and kettles, and wooden ware of various kinds and conditions. In fact, everything portable was sure to be seen suspended from some part of the horse, covering him from his ears to his tail, while our forager would sit serenely on top, inquiring his way to Co. Q, 200th Washington Territory. This is, I believe, a correct picture of a forager as I have seen him,

It may seem a little fishy, but the impartial historian, when he comes to write the exploits of a forager, will record it as a fact, that during the early part of the war, known as the "three months service," I did not engage in any foraging expeditions worth mentioning—that is, beyond a chicken or two and a few bushels of sweet potatoes—but that don't count. The fact that the West Virginia mountains were not the best region in the world to forage in, may account for this.

Although twenty-seven years of stirring events in our country's history have passed away, I have a vivid recollection of my first real experience in the art of foraging. It was down in the good old corn-cracker state, when the forager laid himself out and reveled, as it were, in all kinds of "truck," from a spring chicken in January to a copper still full of apple jack—you all know what apple jack is.

It was while marching through the commonwealth of Kentucky, that my first depredation was committed against the good people living south of what was once known as Mason and Dixon's line. I wish I could stop right here, and say to you that this was my first and last grub expedition; but, like the Father of our Country, I can not prevaricate or lie about a little thing like that. It was not the last, but only the beginning of a long and vigorously conducted campaign, both offensive and defensive, against everything eatable and drinkable in the Confederacy.

As I previously remarked, it was while hoofing it through Kentucky, that I was first led from a life of innocence and soldierly rectitude, into what I afterward became; and all through the machinations of another, and that other, a mule whacker. It was he who first called my attention to a flock of fine Thanksgiving turkeys, strutting majestically through a corn field close by the road.

I was not very well that morning, when the column resumed march, and was allowed to ride in our company wagon. For a man to be under the influence of an army teamster for a whole day, and not commit murder or steal something, entitled him to a thirty-day furlough, and no questions asked. I will say I never knew of anyone getting a furlough under those conditions. With all this to contend with, is it any wonder that I date my downfall to that unfortunate circumstance, which placed me under the seductive influence of the muleteer? At the command of the aforesaid teamster, I jumped from the wagon, gun in hand, and started acoss the field in pursuit of the turkeys. Coming up with the flock, I singled out one of the largest, and went for him. Seeing my preference was for him, the gobbler—I forgot to say that the one I had determined on catching was of the male gender—left his companions and started out for himself, with all sails set, and I in his wake with visions of turkey for supper within me. I pressed closely, hoping soon to foul his rudder, when he would fall an easy prey to my voracious appetite. But just as I

was about to strike down his colors, he put his helm hard to port and eluded my grasp. Realizing that I was losing my vantage ground, and falling far to windward, I unfurled the spanker to the wind and raised my top-gallant sail, spread out the jib boom to the breeze, and lit out after him. With all sails set and running before the wind, I was fast gaining on my prey, when my attention was attracted by a noise in my wake, and casting one eye to the rear, I beheld a piratical looking craft, with full sails flying, bearing heavily down upon me. In plain English, the owner of the turkeys, an old gentleman, with a club in his hand and murder in his eye, was close upon me. I'll not repeat what he said, as it was very unpretty, or words to that effect; and had the reader been there, he would have seen the boys in the wagon train waving their caps and shouting: "Run young fellow! Go it old man!" etc., etc. There was a good deal of the "so forth" mixed up with the rest. I now became desperate, lest I should not only lose my turkey, but fall at the hands of the old man; and springing forward, I hit the turkey over the head with my gun, and before it had time to determine whether it was I, the old man, or Billy Patterson, who struck him, I had him by the legs and was making tracks for the wagon. I weighed him that evening on the commissary's scales, and he tipped the beam at ninety-nine and one-half pounds. You smile! Well, I smiled myself a little, at the time; but then, I knew whose scales the turkey was weighed on.

One day while in camp down in Tennessee, George Wells came to me—Wells was the boss forager of the company—and said, "Grim,"—Grim was an appellation bestowed upon me by my comrades, in recognition of my quiet and dignified bearing—"I know where there is a tree full of ripe persimmons." "Where?" I asked. "Just over the picket line," said he. After watching the game—we were sitting on a gum blanket in the shade of a friendly tree, close by camp, playing ten cent ante—a few minutes, long enough to see me straddle the blind and lose the pot, he said, "Throw up your hand and come along, and we'll get some persimmons."

We were soon on our way after the luscious fruit, which was much sought after by the soldiers. I do not remember now how we ran the picket, but as that was, to an old veteran, easy to accomplish, we will pass that by. We soon reached the tree, and, being the better climber, I was soon among the branches, eating persimmons, and occasionally dropping one down to George, who stood under the tree holding his cap to receive them. The fruit was dead ripe, and you can guess the condition of George's cap, as well as though I had told you. As I sat perched upon a limb, I could hear George's jaws snapping as he munched the persimmons, occasionally yelling for more. I thought, as I sat up there, what a good joke it would be on George, if I could land a handful of the biggest and ripest persimmons on the top of his head. I actually smiled at the thought of how he would look with the soft persimmons mashed all over his head.

Selecting a dozen or two of the biggest and softest, I was just in the act of letting drive at George's shiny pate, when, on looking, I discovered him running toward the picket line as fast as his legs would carry him. I was going to halloa after him, when my attention was drawn to the ground immediately under where a half dozen Johnny Rebs were grinning at me. One of them picked up George's cap, which, in his haste, he had dropped, and coolly commenced eating persimmons, while the others ordered me to throw down some to them, which I did.

Was I scared? do you ask? Well, had you seen me perched upon the limb of that persimmon tree, my hair pointing straight toward heaven, my eyes twice their normal size, with all the color gone from my face, leaving a sickly, very sickly, smile, you would not ask whether I was frightened. Yes, I was scared; and badly scared, at that.

George, the rascal, had seen the rebs coming, and had run for the picket line, leaving me to get away as best I could. Those rascally Johnnies kept me up the tree until I had filled them with persimmons, and then ordered me to come down and go with them. I argued the case, told them I was an orphan, with only one father, the pet of the household, far away from home, and that I was not there of my own free will and accord, but the victim of the cruel draft, and a lot of other stuff—enough to melt the hardest heart to tears—but it was no go. Like Davy Crocket's coon, I concluded to come down. I made up my mind that my days of usefulness to the Union cause were over, and commenced to crawfish down the tree, when bang, bang, went half a dozen muskets, and down tumbled two of Mr. Johnny Rebs, while the others broke for the woods, making good their escape. Wells had gone to the nearest picket post for help, and returned in time to rescue me from my perilous position.

My regiment was an honored member of Turchin's brigade, or, as they were more familiarly known throughout Sherman's army, "Turchin's Thieves." I never knew why the name was given us; certainly not because we were lacking in the qualifications that make good foragers, as we never were known to leave anything that was portable. The only instance, that I now remember, where any of them were caught for stealing was when a party had successfully gotten away with a saw mill, and foolishly went back after the boiler, and were taken in. It was no uncommon

thing for us to draw five days' rations, and at the expiration of that time have ten left; but I always noticed, that on occasions of this kind we were encamped close by a regiment that had not been in the service very long, and generally from Indiana. I leave you to draw your own conclusions. It is most likely, however, that the rations were of the kind mentioned in the record of that little feast long ago, where five thousand tramps were fed on twelve miserable little fishes and a few crackers, and when the multitude had eaten their fill, there were gathered up several wagon loads of the crackers, and hid away for future speculation. Some of the same crackers were issued to my regiment. I recognized them by the figures "346" and the letters "B. C." stamped on each cracker. They came to us from Louisville, and were made three hundred and forty-six years before Christ. I was not aware until then that Louisville was such an old city. Some of you will remember those big, square crackers; they were not bad to take after two or three days' soaking in water.

It occurred to Wells and me one day, while down in Georgia, that we would like some honey. We had been having nothing but butter and maple molasses to eat on our hot biscuits for so long a time that our appetites revolted at what, to ordinary mortals, would have been a toothsome diet. And we, not unlike our mugwump brethren, longed for a change. Well, we got it, just like the mugwumps did—over the left. As usual, George knew just where to go. He said that at a plantation, not far from the camp, there were a lot of bee gums in the rear of the house, and, of course, filled with honey, carefully stowed in beautiful white cells, on purpose for us. "The bees," he declared, "were Union bees, and and anxious to be despoiled of their delicious sweets by Yankee soldiers." Of course I believed it, as I did everything else that George told me.

Providing ourselves with a half of a dog tent, we were soon on our way to the plantation aforesaid. As we went along—it was late in the evening—I ventured to inquire how George intended to proceed. He said, "When we get to the house, you go around to the front entrance and engage the ladies in conversation, while I go to the smoke house, where the gums stand, set one on the tent, tie the four corners over the top, lift it on my shoulder, and presto—the gum, honey, bees and all are ours. Don't you see? Easy, ain't it?" Well, it was easy as far as it went. Being a bashful man, I rather demurred at the part I was to take in the play—that of entertaining the ladies. However, I consented, and went to the front part of the house, as directed, while my companion dodged among the out-buildings in the rear. I unexpectedly found an old man sitting on the porch, sucking a cob pipe, and three or four long-eared, yellow-legged hounds lying near him. My opening of the gate aroused the beasts, when they came for me; but the old man lit in among them, with yells and kicks, which drove the dogs off.

I was asked to come up on the porch, which I did, feeling anything but comfortable, fearing that the hounds would scent George, and go for him. My fears were not groundless, for I had been seated but a few minutes, when I heard a loud crash from the rear of the house, which I knew came from Wells. Instantly every one of those infernal beasts darted around the house, baying as only a long-eared hound can. The old man and I jumped to our feet at the same time, and followed the dogs; and as we turned the corner of the house, an awful yell came from the vicinity of the smoke house. On reaching the locality, we beheld George, hanging by the seat of his pants, which had caught in the paling, the bee gum laying on the ground, and a million bees swarming about him. It seemed to me at the time, that there were a hundred hounds, all baying at once, each trying to get a nip at Wells as he hung suspended from the fence. The old man yelled at the dogs, while I ran up and broke off the paling, which was holding Wells fast, and let him drop to the ground.

Wells jumped to his feet and shot one of the dogs, which sent the others howling around the house, and George and I took to our heels for the woods, not slacking our speed until we were pretty well on toward camp. What did we do with the honey? Left it behind. It was sour grapes to us.

It was down in the tar-heel state, that the emptiness of our commissary became alarmingly apparent. I refer to the commissary department now, and not to the fellow who ran it, as he was always full. But, as I was going to say, owing to the depleted condition of the commissary of everything but soap and molasses, these were issued to us in double quantities—especially the soap. The molasses we could use, but what to do with the soap was a vexed question. We tried to make soup out of it, but as few of the boys had tin-lined stomachs, we gave that up, and as a last resort, fell back on foraging. This, we knew from past experience, would not fail us, if the commissary did.

There were nine of us—nine, you know, is a lucky number—who started out one morning ahead of the marching column, to pay the compliments of the day to whomsoever we might find at home to receive us. We left camp in the morning as infantry, but had not gone far on the road until each was mounted on as good a horse as he could pick up. Somehow, I became the happy possessor of a very old and very blind horse; and without saddle, and with a rope tied to the

horse's under jaw for a bridle, I rode gaily beside my more fortunate comrades, who were somewhat better mounted. A drenching rain had been falling for some days previously, and that morning, before starting out, I discharged my gun for the purpose of putting in a fresh load; but when I pulled the trigger there was the usual explosion of the cap, a slight fizzle inside the piece, and all was over. I found the ball within a couple of inches of the muzzle, where it had lodged. The powder, being wet, had not the force to drive it out. I had not the time to unbreech the piece and remove the ball, so let it remain, knowing that I still had the other end of the gun, which I knew would shoot about as hard as the muzzle. In that condition I sallied forth, with the thought that the others could do the fighting and I would attend to the foraging. We crossed the French Broad river on the pontoon bridge early in the morning, before the troops were put in motion, and had gone about five miles, when we met an old plantation darkey, at a point where the roads forked. In answer to our question, the darkey informed us that, half a mile up on the road leading to the right, there was a large plantation with horses, mules and forage of all kinds; "but," said our colored friend, "dah's heaps ob dem 'sesh cablermen a-guardin dat ar plantation, an' dey'd shoot you'uns, sho'." We informed him that we would take the chances of getting shot, and asked him to tell us how the land lay and how to get there. "Well, massa, if you's gwine nohow, arter I done tole yo' 'bout de 'seshers, jes' go up dis road til yo' gets to de top ob de hill, or dar abouts, den lay down de fence an' go into de co'n fiel', wid de co'n dun shucked, an' right ober de hill dar's de house. But min' what I's done tole yo' all 'bout de 'seshers, for dey's gwine to shoot de fust Yank' dey sees, kase dey tole ole missus so not mo'n two hours ago."

The chance to get plenty of forage, and a remount, was too tempting to be resisted, so we were not long in making up our minds to go. Following the directions given us by the colored man, we were soon at the crest of the ridge in the corn field, which overlooked a large plantation and a number of houses grouped together, as was the custom in slavery days in the South. We saw more than this. As the old man had told us, there was a squad of some twelve or fifteen rebel cavalrymen hanging about the houses, their horses tied to the fences and to an old Virginia wagon, which stood in the yard. We were unobserved up to this time, and arranging ourselves in line, we raised a yell and charged down upon our unsuspecting foes. The Johnnies, when they discovered us, discharged their carbines at us and broke for their horses, which they mounted in great haste, and were soon flying in every direction. Our party did not fire a shot. I could not, and the rest did not have time, as it required all their efforts to manage their untamed steeds, which were unused to the noise and din of battle.

I often think of that charge, and the spectacle I must have presented, riding that old, blind horse, bare-back, and with a piece of rope tied to his under jaw to guide him, going at break-neck speed, the horse stumbling over the corn rows and almost falling at every jump. But I got there with my companions, and soon had my old horse loaded with hams, bacon, corn meal, etc., etc., and without waiting for the others, started for the marching column, reaching my company at 11:00 o'clock that night. When I rode into the bivouac, midst the glare of the blazing pine knot, I was given a rousing welcome by the hungry boys.

One evening as our regiment filed into camp, after a hard day's march through Tennessee mud, Wells edged up to me and whispered in my ear, "Grim, would you like to have some milk?"

"You bet!" said I.

"I know where there are some cows just suffering to be milked."

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"Oh, I can tell by the way they wear their tails. When you see a cow's tail hanging straight down, the sign is right, and you can go right up to her and commence milking. She will put back her foot and square herself for business."

This was news to me, and I resolved that I would thereafter notice this peculiarity about the cow's tail. I want to say right here, that as a forager, Wells had no superior, and his judgment in matters of this kind was not to be sneezed at. Up to this time, I believed in him implicitly, but as all things have an ending, so had our friendship. The estrangement came about on this trip.

A chance to get our fill of pure, fresh milk, right from the fountain head, did not often occur, so, as the arms were stacked, George and I took our canteens, quietly slipped of camp, and started up the road we had just marched over. As we rapidly trudged along, George informed me that about half a mile back, and a short distance to the right of the road, he saw some cattle in a field close by a house. I asked him how he knew they were the kind that gave milk.

"Now, look here, Grim," said he, "did I ever take you on a wild goose chase?"

"No," I replied, "candor compels me to say you never did. I will go farther; I will admit that you never went off half-cocked or missed fire, and if you say there are a hundred cows in the field, with their

tails pointing to all the signs of the zodiac, I will believe you; so fire ahead."

This confidence on my part reassured him, and he told me he had seen a couple of calves in a lot back of the barn, and was quite certain the mothers of them were close by. We were soon at the barn-yard, and found the cows, as George had said we would, with their tails hanging straight down behind. George took off his canteen, drew the stopper, and boldly marched up to a brindle cow, which was standing with downcast eyes and chewing her cud, the very picture of content.

"So bossie," said George, as he patted the cow affectionately. "Hist there," and down he squatted and commenced to draw the warm lacteal fluid into his canteen. My admiration for George at that moment was intense.

Did you ever try to milk into a canteen? If you have not, don't try it, unless your hands are very steady and the cow is a gentle one; and don't trust to the appearance of the cow, for they are deceitful animals. Make sure she is gentle before you commence operations. I know of no better way than to take a fence rail and knock the cow down, and milk her before she can get up. Had we done this, it would have been better for us.

I was congratulating George on his knowledge of the dairy business, when he said to me, "Why in thunder don't you milk that other —" Poor George! he never finished that sentence. The next he knew, he found himself doubled up in a fence corner, gasping for breath. The cow had kicked him in the stomach, knocking the wind clear out of him.

"Dod rot the infernal brute!" he said, in an unnatural, wheezy voice, as soon as he could speak.

"Are you hurt?" I asked.

"Am I hurt! You dod gasted fool, do you suppose a fellow can be kicked all over this old Confederacy by an infernal brindle cow, and not be hurt?"

Picking himself up, he ordered me to try my luck at milking the other cow. After the experience of my comrade, I was naturally timid, and mildly suggested that, perhaps, after all, these were not the kind of cows that gave milk; but George would not listen to me. We came for milk, he said, and milk we would have. Urged by George, I uncorked my canteen and sidled up to old "Sookie." As I approached her, she faced about and stared me squarely in the face. I hesitated, and George said—

"What's the matter? are you afraid?"

"No, I am not afraid of all the cows in Christendom; but that pleading look from those big, brown eyes is more than I can stand. I'll tell you what we'll do, George; I'll hold the cow by the tail and you do the milking."

"Can you hold her?"

"I can if the tail don't pull out," I said.

We shoved the cow into an angle of the fence, and at a favorable opportunity I grabbed her by the tail, set my heels in the mud, and bracing myself, told George to go ahead. He edged up to her, and, in a soothing and reassuring manner, patted her on the back. She turned her head so as to see him, and suddenly made a frantic plunge forward, against the fence, upsetting George and yanking me seven feet in the air. I held on to the tail like grim death, as the beast started around the lot, bellowing at every jump. About half of the time my feet were off the ground and my body bumping against the cow. When I would strike her, she would give a loud snort and increase her speed. Finding that I was not to be shaken loose, she made straight for the fence, over which she jumped with as much ease as a hurdle racer. As she sailed over the fence, my body and legs came in contact with the rails, which broke my hold upon the tail and left me a wreck among the splinters. George fished me out from among the broken rails, and asked if I was much damaged. Straightening myself up in a proud and haughty manner, I gave him a look which told plainly that our friendship was at an end. I thought then, and still think, that Wells was, in some way, the cause of the circus, wherein myself and the cow took such an active part; but I have tried hard these many years to forgive him, and think that if nothing happens to change my mind, I shall be able do so in a few years more.

It is not generally known that I am a hero of no small pretentions. Being an extremely modest man, I seldom refer to the fact, and trust that you will pardon me in mentioning, that one morning, while in camp near Gallatin, Tennessee, single handed, I held at bay for nearly two hours, a regiment of John Morgan's cavalry. If you will have a little patience, I will tell you how I did it, and let you be the judges whether I am not entitled to rank among the great heroes of the age. In the summer of '63, my regiment was encamped near Gallatin, on the Cumberland river, at the time John Morgan captured the brigade of Union troops at Martinsburg, some forty miles farther up the stream. It was very much feared, and expected, that Morgan would pay his respects to Gallatin, as he had done to Martinsburg, and, therefore, extra vigilance was maintained. My regiment was sent a mile out on the road leading to Martinsburg, the one Morgan was expected to come in on. Our orders were to picket the pike, and in details for that duty I drew a prize. My trick was from 4:00 to 6:00 in the morning, and I was stationed on the pike in front of a large, white plantation house, close by the road. I had been on post about half an hour,

when I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs on the hard pike. I pricked up my ears, so to speak, and intently listened for a few seconds, when my hearing told me the sounds were approaching my position. Louder and louder came the clatter of horses' feet, and nearer the cavalry came. I could now hear the jingle of the spurs and sabers of the men. I could also feel a current of air passing over my head, and when I felt for my cap, which I thought had fallen off, I discovered it perched on the tips of my hair.

On came the enemy, until they arrived within a hundred yards of where I stood beside the paling fence. Owing to the heavy fog, I could see nothing, and was about to cry "Halt! Who goes there?" when the cavalcade stopped, then filed to their right into a barn-yard. I heard them dismount and walk around the yard, but could neither see the men nor hear anyone talk. I placed my gun on the fence, with the muzzle toward the enemy, and awaited developments, the sweat standing out on my face in drops as large as hulled walnuts, and my eyes bulging out so that they could have been snared with a two-inch rope. I stood in this position until the rising sun dispelled the fog and lifted the curtain from the earth's surface, when I beheld, in the barn-yard, not over two hundred feet from me, not the rebel cavalry, but a flock of sheep. They were feeding upon some corn stalks scattered over the ground, and their moving about among the dry stalks created a noise, which, in my imagination, I had easily mistaken for the enemy.

The moral of this incident is obvious. A soldier should never shoot until he sees something to fire at, as appearances are often deceitful. Besides, there often occurs a wanton destruction of life. I have in my mind a regiment, which, at Triune, Tennessee, killed all the jacks, seven in number, in one night, on a plantation where they were standing picket. They had never seen the enemy, and shot at everything they saw or heard. JAMES P. SHAW.

## PACIFIC COAST NAVAL STATION.

THE necessity for a naval station on the North Pacific coast, and the superior advantages offered by Puget sound, were recently clearly brought to the attention of the senate of the United States by Senators Mitchell and Dolph. Those gentlemen addressed the senate in support of a joint resolution directing the secretary of the navy to examine the North Pacific coast and select a suitable site for a navy yard and naval station. From Mr. Mitchell's speech, which was long, able and convincing, the following has been epitomized:

"More than thirteen years ago I endeavored to attract the attention of the senate to the importance of naval establishments, including ship building, dock yards and supply stations, on the waters of the Pacific ocean. In the forty-ninth congress, I again sought to enlist interest in that direction. The effort is now renewed, encouraged by strong words of recommendation from the chief of the bureau of yards and docks, and approved by the present secretary of the navy.

"While from the beginning of our government to the present time, or, to be entirely accurate, until June 30, 1887, there has been expended by the United States, in improvements, expenses, and the preservation of the navy yards, naval stations and property bought for such purposes, including sites and dry docks, the sum of $53,994,002.88, not including the sum of $2,954,175.43 expended on the old Philadelphia navy yard, and which was sold December 22, 1875, for $1,000,000.00, making a sum total expended of $56,948,178.31, only about five per cent. of this sum has been expended west of the Allegheny mountains. Of fourteen establishments, but one, that of Mare island, California, is located on the waters of the Pacific. Upon the granite dock at the latter, inaugurated about thirty-five years ago, there has been expended about $3,000,000.00, and this yard is not yet in all its establishments entirely completed. If, then, navy yards, dry docks and naval stations are to be deemed essential, or even important only to a nation in a state of peace or war, then all must agree without hesitation that one such establishment only, however well planned and equipped in all its appointments, is wholly inadequate to meet the wants of the country on the waters of the Pacific.

"The secretary of the navy, in his late annual report, in referring to the fact that less than one year ago this country was destitute of three manufactories necessary to the construction and armament of a modern war vessel, namely, that of steel forging for the heavier guns, that of armor for ironclad vessels, and that of the secondary batteries—machine guns and rapid-firing guns—an essential portion of the armament, and in congratulating the country that 'now all three manufactories are in process of construction under contracts of the department,' very properly remarks: 'It was a fatal mistake for this country to be dependent upon any other nation for its implements of war.'

"It might, with equal propriety and truth, be said that it is a fatal mistake to permit this country, or any great section or portion of it, to remain longer in an absolutely defenseless condition, not only in re-

spect of ships, guns and fortifications, but also of properly established and thoroughly equipped naval stations and navy yards, with suitable docks, foundries, machine shops and provision stores, all so advantageous in times of peace, and so absolutely essential in time of war, as bases of naval operations in the country's defense.

" While the European nations are in this respect pursuing a policy, based not upon mere expediency, not prompted by the imperative and pressing necessities of actual war, but one dictated by wise statesmanship, the result of mature design, enlightened policy, and a deliberate and far-seeing plan in time of profound peace, marked by a prevision characteristic of true diplomacy and exalted statesmanship, how has it been, and how is it to-day with this government? The establishment of all our naval stations and dock yards, with perhaps one or two exceptions, has been the result of a pressing necessity at the time. Their selection, construction and equipment have not been the outgrowth of that statesmanship that sees the end from the beginning, and comprehends from the present the necessities of the future, but the expediency of the hour alone has been the rule that has obtained almost universally in this country.

" For over sixteen years after the adoption of the constitution, although Washington, as chief executive, had used every argument in his power to induce congress to appropriate money to establish navy yards, not a dollar had been appropriated for that purpose. The construction of our first ships, authorized by reason of the piratical attacks on our commerce by the Algerian corsairs, was in private ship yards. These were commenced in 1794. In 1801, congress having given a deaf ear to the recommendations of the president, to appropriate money for the purpose, he purchased, on his own responsibility, the sites of the navy yards at Portsmouth, Boston, New York, Philadalphia, Washington and Norfolk. And this action on the part of the president was finally approved by congress, which, on March 3, 1801, made an appropriation of half a million dollars for the purpose of improving them.

" But while nearly sixty millions of dollars have been expended in the last eighty-seven years, even yet we have no settled policy on this subject. The great necessities brought on by actual war, first, by that of 1812, second, by the piratical depredations on our commerce by the West India freebooters, in 1821, third, the Mexican war, and fourth, our late civil war, have demonstrated beyond all question, and in the most emphatic terms, not only the great importance of yards and docks for the building, repairing and provisioning of ships of our navy, but also the absolute imbecility of a policy in such great national matters that is regulated, dictated and controlled by expediency alone.

" The war of 1812, during which our navy, weak, unsupported and insignificant as it was, won glory upon our northern lakes, as imperishable as the stars, and clothed the name of Commodore Perry and others with a fame as abiding as the light of the sun, led, before the close of the war, in addition to the six original navy yards, to the establishment of seven other stations. But it was not until the convulsions of the late civil war had seized the corpus of our political, military and naval fabric, and every nerve center of these great organizations felt the disturbing pressure of actual and terrible war, that the great necessities of our nation in regard to naval stations, navy yards, docks and efficient naval supply sources generally became so absolutely apparent. Not until then was the public mind in this nation thoroughly awakened to the criminal neglect of our government in the past in dealing with this subject, and to the lamentable fact of the then wholly insufficient condition of our navy yards for the practical and stern purposes of actual war.

" The following extract from the report made by the secretary of the navy, in 1864, will best illustrate our condition in this regard at that critical period of our nation's history. He says—

" ' When hostilities commenced, our government had provided no suitable navy yards to manufacture the necessary machinery for our rapidly-expanding navy, but the department was compelled to rely upon the few private establishments which it could divert from other engagements for the immense work that was calling out the resources of the nation. Great embarrassment was experienced in consequence of this neglect of the government at the very commencement of the war, and although the naval service and the country are suffering constantly from this neglect, measures for the establishment of a suitable navy yard for the construction and repair of iron vessels, their armature and machinery, are still delayed. * * * As early as March, 1862, and on several occasions since, I have had the honor to present my views to congress on this subject. The earnestness and frequency with which it has been brought forward must find an apology in its great importance. The inability of our present establishments for the work imposed by this war, has been the source of inexpressible anxiety, and often of great disappointment and public injury. To relieve the navy yards from work which they have but limited means to execute, and to secure necessary repairs, the department has been compelled to establish stations for machinery and means of refitment at Mound City, Memphis,

New Orleans, Ship Island, Pensacola, Key West, Port Royal, Beaufort, Norfolk and Baltimore. But these, and all the private establishments of the country, besides other calls upon them, have been insufficient to keep the present navy in necessary order, so that if to the duty of blockading there were added ocean conflicts with a naval power, by which our ships would be often disabled, the sad spectacle would be presented of our ships laid up in time of war for want of a proper establishment with the shops and means to repair them. * * The government has not, even at this time, an establishment where a plate can be made for our ironclads. The frontage or wharfage at all our navy yards, so important for repairs, is less than is required by each of them. One yard, at least, where iron vessels, iron armor and iron shafting can be manufactured, is now imperatively necessary.'

" This situation emphasized in emphatic terms the futility and folly and lack of statesmanship theretofore displayed, and since then practically followed by the government, in continually discussing the question as to the propriety of abandoning those navy yards we have, or ceding them to certain cities or states, as in the case of the cession to the city of Memphis, in Tennessee, in 1854, of the only navy yard then west of the Alleghenies, thus losing its value in the great conflicts on the Mississippi river seven years later.

" It is not safe, as history teaches in unmistakable lessons, to act upon the assumption or theory of perpetual peace, either at home or abroad, or to depend upon providing temporarily and suddenly to meet great emergencies when they arise. The unwisdom of such a course is well illustrated by the following clauses from the report of the naval commission, December 1, 1883—

" ' War is the heritage of man; and for the people of the United States history will have been written in vain should they delude themselves with the idle hope of perpetual peace; and when war does come in these modern days it is swift and terrible. In six months after hostilities commenced against Russia, in 1854, the allied armies had landed and beaten the Russians on their own soil. In 1854, after a campaign of but eight months, Denmark was forced to cede the duchies of Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenberg in favor of Prussia and Austria. The Prusso-Austrian campaign of 1866 lasted but six weeks. In eight months after the French-German war burst upon Europe, the German army occupied Paris. A dynasty was overturned and the provinces of Alsace and Loraine were wrested from the dominion of France. Exposed and unprepared as we are, the damage that could be inflicted upon us ere the note of warning had well sounded, would be beyond calculation. It is a popular belief that our traditional policy of peace is easily maintained by reason of our isolation and our freedom from the entanglements which so frequently disturb the relations of European powers. But this is a delusion. We have, in common with all maritime countries, interests which we are in duty bound to support. The present disturbed condition of affairs on the Asiatic station, the construction of the Panama canal, the interpolation of the Monroe doctrine into our political creed, our growing commerce in the Pacific, and the naval strength developed by the rising powers of South America, are, each and every one, subjects prolific of questions of serious import to the people of the United States. Their government may, at any time, be called upon to take its stand and carry into practical effect the broad and enlightened principles which have characterized its foreign policy. To do this, and to exercise that moral influence which belongs to us of right, as one of the wealthiest and most liberal of the great family of nations, a certain reserve of force is absolutely essential. Now, the number, but more particularly the condition, of our navy yards, may be regarded as a part of that reserve, and as an exponent of our naval power. The logical deduction, therefore, is that the power must be developed or our foreign policy be abandoned, if we would avoid national humiliation.'

" The gradual, and, it may be said, remarkably rapid, environment of the Pacific coast and the Northwestern frontier, by important and formidable military and naval establishments, representing in the strongest possible terms British influence, British aggression and British power, and the military occupation, furthermore, by Great Britain, of the islands of the Pacific, and the Pacific ocean itself, are circumstances which ought to arrest the attention of the people of this country, and prompt the government to such speedy and effective action as may be a fitting response to these formidable menaces of British power.

" The truth is, our entire country on every side is completely surrounded on sea and land with a cordon of naval and military establishments, mainly British. As an offset to all this what have we to offer, to what can we as a nation point with pride, as a means of defense or supply in the matter of either military or naval establishments on the Pacific coast? Absolutely nothing in so far as the North Pacific coast is concerned. The whole region from the southern boundary of Oregon to the northwestern extremity of Alaska or Behring sea, including the mouth of the Columbia river, the great valleys of the Columbia, the Willamette, the Umpqua and the Rogue rivers, with

their great outlets, Yaquina bay, the Umpqua river and Coos bay, the waters of Puget sound, with an area of five thousand square miles and sixteen hundred miles of shore line, and the empire of Alaska, are all absolutely defenseless, and in case of war, as at present supplied, would fall an easy and ready prey to the naval forces of Great Britain or those of any of her allies.

" The whole Pacific coast, from the Gulf to Behring sea, a distance of six thousand miles of our country's frontier, with all its limitless resources, developed and undeveloped, its rapidly increasing population, its growing cities, towns and villages, its immense commerce, its expanding trade, its rapidly-developing industries, is all absolutely defenseless and at the mercy of Great Britain whenever an excuse for hostile action may arise. In all this distance of coast line, facing the widest and grandest of all oceans, already occupied by the forts and naval stations and fleets of the greatest military and naval power on earth, with the government representing that power continually insisting on misconstruing treaties, in making unreasonable and unjust demands, and insisting on illegal and iniquitous exactions in the matter of the fisheries in Canadian and Alaskan waters, we have the one comparatively insignificant and illy-equipped naval station of Mare island, in the state of California.

" To this alone must our naval power look as a base of supplies in case of an attack in any part of our western or northwestern frontiers by any foreign power. This, as a means of protection to the whole coast of Oregon, Washington and Alaska, is absolutely unavailable and inefficient, as all must agree. With this alone as a base of naval operations and supplies, the mailed hand of the military and naval power of Great Britain, in case of a conflict, would fall with unimpeded, relentless and destructive power upon the people, the industries, the commerce of the Pacific Northwest. In such a case, Oregon, Washington and Alaska, with all their limitless resources, unprotected, imperiled as they are, would become the sport and toy of British aggression.

" If following out the suggestions of the chief of the bureau of docks and yards, and those of the secretary of the navy, and Lieutenant-Commander Stocton, Puget sound, rather than the waters of the Columbia river, Yaquina, Umpqua, Coos bay or Gray's harbor, should be selected for the establishment of a grand naval station, yards, docks, foundries, machine shops, supply stores, etc., it would be found that but few, if any, of the great fundamental conditions and requirements deemed important in the establishment of such structures are wanting.

" First —With the proper military fortifications that must, at an early period, be erected along the shores and at the mouth of the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, a navy yard on the waters of Puget sound at any one of the very many practicable sites on that great inland sea would meet the first two of the necessary conditions, namely, first, that of being located within the lines of defense, and secondly, that of being secure from attack by either sea or land. Moreover, in the third place, the interior lines of communication to the principal sources of supplies could be fully secured by a navy yard located on the waters of Puget sound in time of war. Fourth—In such a case, the establishment would be located not only near a safe and commodious harbor, but on one of the safest and most commodious of all the known harbors of the world. Fifth—It would be easy of access, and would admit, at all stages of water, without dredging, vessels of the largest draught. Sixth—No difficulty would be experienced in procuring, at reasonable rates, skilled labor in the several departments of wood and iron ship building, and marine engineering. Seventh—The facilities of the surrounding country for furnishing the necessary materials of timber, coal, iron ore, and potable water, are unexcelled in any country in the world. Eighth—The character of the ground at innumerable points on Puget sound is such that dry docks and wet basins, in numbers sufficient to meet all probable demands, can be constructed at a reasonable cost, with ample area for all the necessary structures of a combined ship building and repairing yard and naval arsenal. Ninth—The supply from innumerable fresh water lakes and streams, whose waters are inexhaustible, of good, potable water, would meet every requirement. Tenth—A navy yard so located would be difficult to blockade. Eleventh—It would be surrounded by a climate than which none more salubrious or enjoyable can be found in any state or territory of the Union.

" The foregoing are the eleven conditions specified by the naval commission in their report on the navy yards of this country, of December 1, 1883, as desirable, and the existence of which are deemed important in the selection of a site for a navy yard. Every one of these conditions are met on the waters of Puget sound.

" The ocean transits and commercial currents of the world, on sea and land, are rapidly changing as material development moves forward with ever-increasing rapidity, and especially are these changes significant and marked in connection with the advancement of civilization upon and over and around that great empire west of the Rocky mountains. These changes in population, trade, commerce, and in commercial, social and political influence and pow-

er, are rapidly disturbing the equilibrium of the past, and will disturb it still more, and very rightfully, too, in the near future.

" The scepter which for all the years of our nation's life has been emblematical of, and which represented the political, social and moral power of New England, and of the Eastern and Middle states, in the councils of the nation, and of that policy which has given shape, direction and momentum to most of the legislation of this country in the past, and which has not, at all times, it is to be regretted, been founded in exact justice to the great West, and particularly to the great Pacific Northwest, must, at no distant day, recognize as significantly potential, if not indeed controlling, a political influence and power based upon, and emanating from, an intelligent and powerful constituency of this nation, who have, amid perils unparalleled and dangers and toils unprecedented, planted firmly in the great Northwest, the foundations of powerful states, and of an empire of civilization and political and moral power, whose voice will, in time, and at no distant day, be heard and respected, if not through modest appeal, by the potentiality and influence of its own inherent force."

From the remarks of Mr. Dolph, the following significant paragraphs are presented :

" The importance of the establishment of a first-class navy yard and naval station on the North Pacific coast is so great, not alone to the people of that coast, but to the whole country, that I feel constrained to ask the indulgence of the senate for a few moments, while I supplement, with some remarks of my own, the carefully prepared and exhaustive presentation of the subject by my colleague. I should not venture to do so at this time, but for the fact that we have scarcely seriously entered upon the business of legislation, and there is no important measure pressing for consideration upon the attention of the senate. There are some things connected with the commerce of the Pacific to which I desire to call the attention of the senate, and which are more appropriate at his time, in connection with the subject under discussion, than they will probably be in the near future.

" My colleague has called attention to the vast sums which have been expended by the United States in providing navy yards and naval stations. Yet, with all this expenditure, it must be confessed that the results are not satisfactory. This is due, in part, as he has said, from the fact that our navy yards have been provided in haste when the emergency required them, and, therefore, the locations were not always selected with care; and in part, also, from the fact that appropriations for them have been uncertain and insufficient, and could not be economically expended. The truth is, that we have not to-day, among the existing navy yards, a single establishment commensurate with the requirements of our present navy.

" We need, on both coasts, one or more establishments commensurate with the necessities of a great naval power, perfect in detail as a whole, and of the most substantial character.

" There are but few of our naval stations which are properly located. With the advent of guns that throw projectiles of a ton in weight, ten miles or more, inland, and thoroughly protected, locations for naval stations become an imperative necessity. In view of the improvements which have been made in everything pertaining to a navy in the last few years, we should, with future expenditures, lay the foundation for a naval establishment of modern type.

" Puget sound, as we have just heard, presents all the advantages that can be desired for a first-class naval station. The Straits of Juan de Fuca afford a safe, and at all times accessible entrance to Puget sound from the ocean. The sound itself is one of the most magnificent inland seas on the face of the globe. It has numerous harbors, and everywhere broad, deep and unobstructed channels, navigable by the largest vessels that plow the ocean, day or night, at all seasons of the year. With proper fortifications at Deception pass, at Admiralty head, and Point Wilson, which are a necessity, with or without a naval station, the whole of the sound on the American side, with its hundreds of miles of navigable channels, and its numerous harbors of almost unlimited capacity, would be one vast harbor of refuge for our navy and merchant marine in war or peace.

" There is no other place on the continent where timber suitable for ship building is so abundant and so accessible. Around the sound and along the streams that flow into it are vast forests of valuable timber; yellow and red fir, white and red cedar, hemlock, spruce and pine abound, sufficient to supply the lumber market of the world for years to come. The yellow fir, the Oregon pine, as it is called upon the coast, is very valuable for ship timber, masts, and for side and deck planking. It possesses great strength and durability, and it may be obtained of any required dimensions. The trees are straight and clear from knots, and in some instances from ten to twelve feet in diameter, and from two hundred to three hundred feet in height. The masts of many of the vessels built on the Atlantic coast are of the yellow fir, shipped from the Columbia river and Puget sound.

" Then on the sound, as we have heard (and in close proximity to constructed and projected lines of railroads, and easily accessible from tide water), are abundant deposits of iron ore, suitable for making steel; and convenient to the iron deposits, ample supplies of limestone and coking coal are found. I am

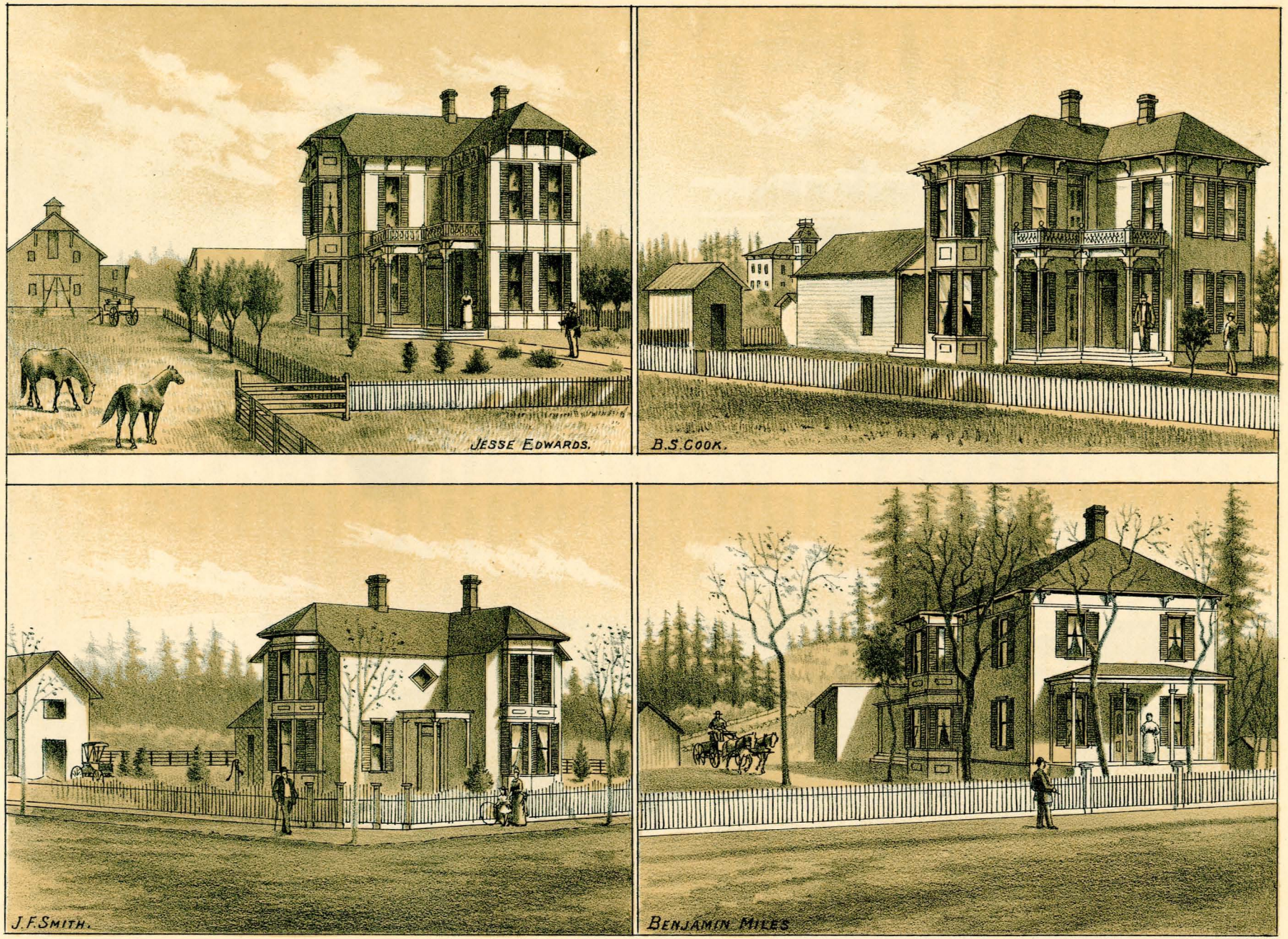
told that foreign capitalists are already erecting, at Seattle, a large establishment for the manufacture of steel rails and steel for all purposes of commerce.

" The benefit of a fresh water harbor for iron and steel vessels to lie in, is well known. In fresh water, they are free from barnacles and mussels, which rapidly foul the bottom while lying still in salt water. Such a fresh water harbor may be readily provided on Puget sound. Near Seattle, on the sound, are two fresh water lakes, Lake Union and Lake Washington. Lake Union is but five thousand feet from Puget sound, has ample depth of water, and is a mile and a half in length, and the surface of the lake is eleven feet higher than the surface of the sound. Lake Washington is separated from Lake Union by a narrow neck of land, only two thousand and forty-four feet in width, through which a canal has already been constructed by private parties, which admits the passage of vessels navigating these lakes. Lake Washington is eighteen and one-half miles in length, is from two to five miles in width, and of ample depth to permit of navigation of the largest vessels, and the level of the lake is eighteen and one-half feet above the level of the sound. A canal with locks may be constructed from Lake Washington to the sound with a reasonable outlay, sufficient for the passage of the largest naval vessels, thus providing a naval station with a fresh water harbor, in which vessels may lie safe from storm and beyond the reach of guns from an attacking fleet, and of sufficient capacity to hold the navies of the world. A survey of the several routes for a canal from Lake Washington to Puget sound was made in October, 1874, under the direction of the war department, by Brevet Brig. Gen. B. S. Alexander. His report of the survey is now on file in the war department. In his report, he says:

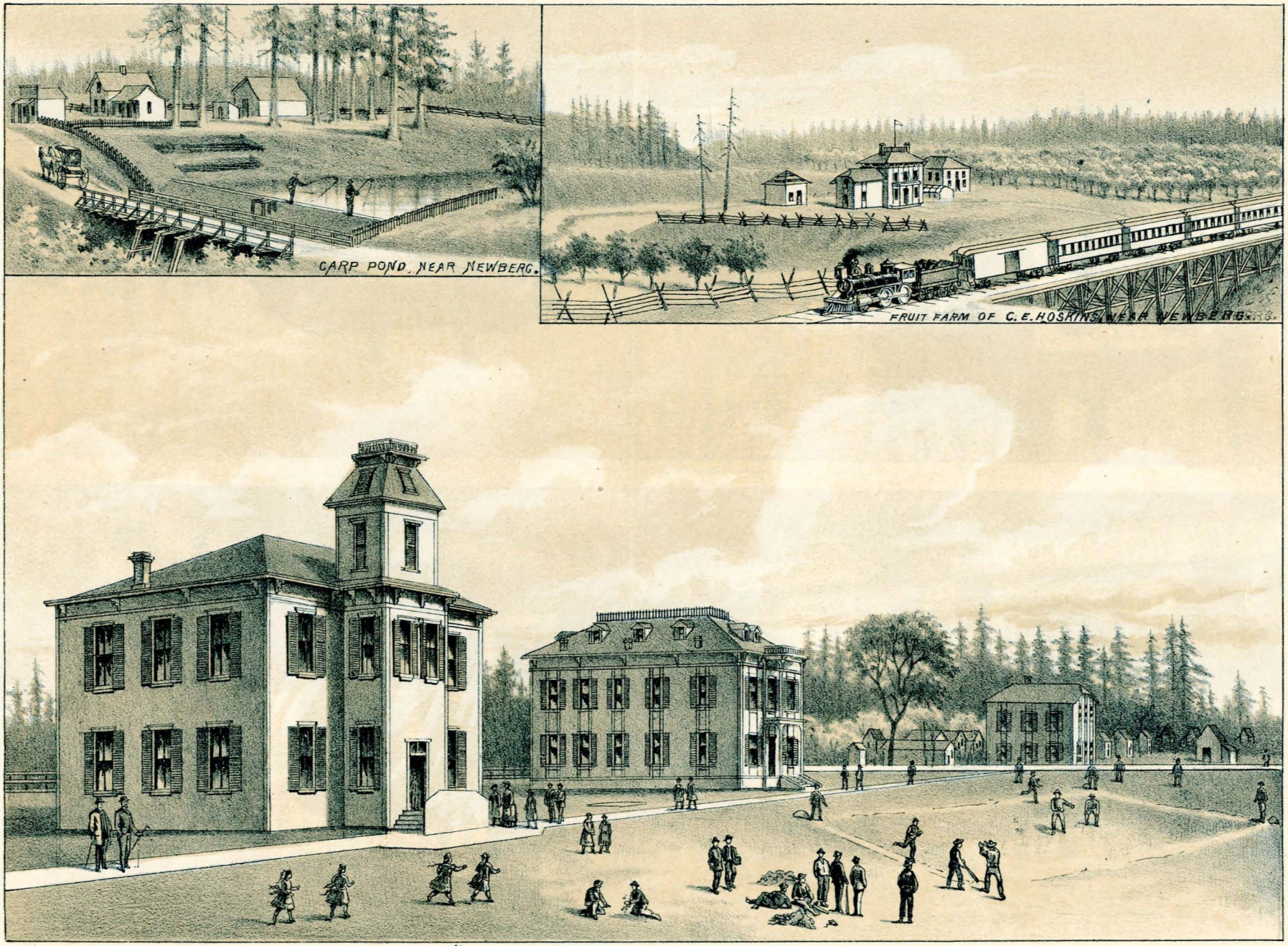
" ' If there were such a chance to make a great naval depot, so entirely secure, with so many advantages of climate, of coal, timber, and fresh water, free from ice, at any suitable point along the middle of the Atlantic front, or even the gulf coast of the United States, I do not imagine there would be much hesitation on the subject. The work would probably be started at once. But situated as this harbor is, on one flank of the Pacific front of the United States, in a country yet in its infancy, as regards population and resources, the case is different. Nevertheless, it should at all times be remembered, when this subject comes up for consideration, that there are only three places on the Pacific coast of the United States where navy yards or naval establishments of any kind can be established, where they can be made secure. One of these is at San Francisco, one at San Diego, and one in the waters of Puget sound.'

" Fifteen years have wrought wonderful changes in the North Pacific coast, and whatever arguments may have been urged, on account of our undeveloped resources and sparse population, at the time this report was made, against the commencement of so important a work, would now be met and sufficiently answered with the statement that Puget sound has become the western terminus of two great continental lines of railroad, and the commerce of the Pacific is a prize for which the nations of the earth are contending. Great Britain, with less important interests than ours on the sound, as we have just heard, has a naval station and dry dock at Esquimalt, the latter larger than any we have on the Atlantic coast. She keeps on Puget sound from one to three modern war vessels, prepared for any emergency. She is now fortifying her possessions on the sound, and with her fortified naval station and her naval vessels, will command the North Pacific coast as she now commands the North Atlantic, by her fortified stations at Bermuda and Halifax.

" There is, today, no part of the Union which is receiving more attention than the Pacific coast. With a climate many degrees milder than the climate of the states in the same latitude on the Atlantic, varying with the distance from the ocean and with the altitude, so as to give almost every variety of climate found in the torrid and temperate zones; with mines of the precious metals of almost fabulous richness; with vast areas of territory suitable for agriculture, to cattle growing, and to sheep raising; where the grape, orange and olive, and all the semi-tropical fruits grow to perfection, and the cereals and fruits of the temperate zone are unexcelled; with a wine industry already threatening to rival that of France; growing wools which compare favorably with the finest wools of commerce; raising wheat not excelled by that raised in the most favored wheat growing regions of the earth; with numerous trans-continental railroad lines terminating upon the Pacific, and over which trains of cars come and go, freighted with the products of the continent and of Europe and Asia; the flags of all nations seen floating from the mastheads of merchant fleets in her harbors and upon the high seas, bearing her varied productions to every port in the world; her educational institutions and intellectual culture keeping pace with her physical development, there is no part of the Union today which presents more attractions to the settler, or offers more advantages to the investor, than the Pacific coast. Fancy can hardly picture the future of this favored region. Events which, a quarter of a century ago, seemed to lie in the distant and uncertain future, have occurred in rapid succession, and events are now occurring which foreshadow a grander development of this region than was then dreamed of.




OREGON – RESIDENCES AT NEWBERG – HEADQUARTERS OF "THE FRIENDS."




OREGON—"THE FRIENDS" PACIFIC ACADEMY AT NEWBERG

" We have an important and growing coastwise commerce upon the Pacific coast, extending from the Mexican line to Behring's straits, employing a large fleet of steamships and sailing vessels, many of the former as elegant and substantial and well adapted to the trade as are found in the coasting trade anywhere. The future development of this trade, to meet the requirements of our long line of sea coast, and furnish the means necessary for the interchange of the varied products of our soil, our mines, our forests and our fisheries, must be enormous. The trans-Pacific trade is in its infancy, and yet there are regular lines of steamships plying between San Francisco and the ports of China and Japan, and steamships and sailing vessels run between the ports of Puget sound and the ports of Asia. Valuable cargoes of tea, rice and silks are shipped from China and Japan to the Pacific coast, and thence across the continent by rail, and our lumber and flour are finding markets in China, Japan and the Sandwich islands, and other islands of the Pacific.

" New lines of transportation across the continent and new steamsnip lines on the Pacific will develop and stimulate this trade, which must continue to grow as the countries which lie upon the Pacific, and which contain two-thirds of the populatlon of the earth, are developed by means of improved machinery and improved methods of production.

" It is time that congress gave consideration to the subject of the future control of the trade of the Pacific. We shall neither extend our commerce on the Pacific, nor retain what we have, by standing idly by while the leading nations of Europe are contending for it. We are already engaged in a contest with Great Britain for the trade of the Pacific, and in spite of our natural advantages, it is liable to be wrested from us by her aggressive and liberal policy.

" My colleague has referred to the fact, that Great Britain is establishing naval and commercial stations, not only on the Pacific coast, but is surrounding us with a cordon of them. He has alluded to the possible attempts of Great Britain to secure the Sandwich islands. The question of the future control of the Sandwich islands is intimately connected with the commerce of the Pacific coast. No man can examine that question and not be satisfied that the United States can not permit the Sandwich islands to pass under the control of any European power. That is not only on account of our commercial and treaty stations, but for a stronger reason, and that is, we can not afford it. If you will examine the map of the Pacific ocean, you will see that the Hawaiian group lies on nearly all the lines of commerce from Australia and Asia to the American continent. As the spokes extend from the hub of the wheel, so the lines of commerce extend from these islands to Valparaiso, Lima, Panama, San Francisco, Victoria, Sitka, Behring's straits, Japan, Yokohama, Hong Kong, Singapore, New Guinea, the Caroline islands, Australia and New Zealand, giving to them a wonderfully strategic position for naval and commercial purposes.

" It will be perceived, also, that they lie nearer to our possessions than to those of any other nation—so near, indeed, that their possession by any modern naval power would give that power control, not only of our commerce on the Pacific, but over our coastwise commerce as well. South and west of this group, are a number of large islands and numerous groups of smaller ones, nearly, if not all of them, the possessions of European powers.

" We are not likely to disregard the advice of Washington, in his farewell address, and become involved in the controversies which, from time to time, arise between the great powers of Europe, or to enter into entangling alliances with other nations. In Europe, governments may be destroyed and their territory partitioned between noighboring powers, and, remote from the scene of conflict, and unaffected by the changes of the map of the Old World, we will pursue our undisturbed career.

" The cause of the oppressed across the sea may enlist our sympathies and their treatment arouse our indignation, but, true to our policy of a century, we will content ourselves with peaceful remonstrances. There may arise controversies between the United States and foreign powers, in which, in the interest of peace, we can afford to wait, negotiate and arbitrate, but if we are to preserve the autonomy of the Sandwich islands, it behooves us, on the first occasion which affords an excuse for it, to announce to the world that we will not permit any foreign interference with them, and to be prepared, if the emergency arises to render it necessary, to make our declaration good. Every acquisition of a commanding position near our territories by any foreign power, maintainining a large military and naval establishment, weakens the security which our hitherto isolated position has afforded us, and tends to make similar military and naval establishments necessary for us.

" Great Britain maintains a constant warfare for commercial supremacy. She pursues, with unrelenting tenacity of purpose, her policy of extending her colonial possessions, building up her carrying trade upon the high seas, and extending her commerce. She maintains a great and constantly increasing naval establishment. As has been stated, in substance, by my colleague to-day, her naval and commercial establishments dot the maps of the world, while her colonial possessions are found upon every continent and in every sea.

" The manner in which she extends her territorial and commercial possessions does not concern us, unless, in doing so, she encroaches upon our commercial or territorial rights, jeopardizes our peace or safety, or infringes upon our well known policy of non-interference, by the European powers, with the political affairs of this continent.

" Along the line of commerce to India, she fortifies the strategic points and controls them. She maintains the mastery of the Mediterranean by her fortifications at Gibraltar, Cyprus and Malta. By her fortifications, she excludes other nations from the Red sea. But she denies to us the exercise of the same rights which she claims and exercises for the protection of her colonial commerce, by insisting upon a construction of the Clayton-Bulwar treaty, which, if permitted by us, would prevent us forever from constructing the Nicaragua canal under cessions from the Nicaraguan government.

" As a factor in the development of the great resources of the Pacific coast, building up our coastwise commerce, and enabling the United States to maintain control of the commerce of the Pacific, the Nicaraguan canal, built and controlled by the United States, would be potent and far reaching. It would pay every year, after it was constructed, more than the cost of its construction, directly and indirectly, to the people of the United States.

" It is time that we brush away the cobwebs of diplomacy and grapple with the question of isthmian transit, and solve it in favor of the people of the United States, and it should be commenced as soon as the necessary cessions can be obtained from the Nicaraguan government.

" It is time that we had a well defined foreign policy known to the world; a policy looking to closer relations with the Central and South American republics, to the restoration of our merchant marine and the extension of our commerce, and to the prompt protection of the property and personal rights of our citizens upon every land and in every sea.

" We can no longer afford, on account of our isolated position, our compact territory, or our peaceful disposition, to have no policy which extends beyond our own borders. We can not afford to allow a foreign policy of acquisition and conquest to be carried to our very doors. If we do, we shall abdicate the position which our power, our influence, our wealth, and our territorial location, entitle us to maintain among the nations of the earth."

## VANCOUVER, KLICKITAT & YAKIMA R. R.

THE City of Vancouver not only occupies one of the most beautiful and salubrious sites for a city in the entire Northwest, but possesses a water front on the Columbia river, capable of being extended up and down the stream a distance of ten miles. It was the site selected by the Hudson's Bay Company for its great headquarters for the Columbia river traffic, and has only been kept in the background by a combination of causes, most of which have now disappeared. It has now fairly started on its upward journey, the beginning of the new era being marked by the commencement of the work of constructing the railroad, which is to run from deep water on the Columbia, at that city, through the rich agricultural, coal, timber, gold and grazing region to the northwest, connecting with the Northern Pacific, at Yakima. The Vancouver, Klickitat & Yakima Railroad Company was organized in 1886, after many years of effort to secure a railroad, and ample capital has been secured for building the road. Ground was broken a few weeks ago, and the work of construction is being pushed vigorously. The contract for the first section of twenty miles has been taken by the Northwestern Improvement Company, of Portland. This will be speedily completed, and will carry the road to the magnificent timber and fertile fields of Lewis river, where a new town has been laid out, which will be the terminus until the road is carried farther into the mountains, and will always be an extensive shipping and supply point. A splendid water power, with a fall of eighty feet, giving ten thousand horse power, ensures manufacturing of considerable extent.

The region through which the road will pass, as described by the president of the road, Mr. Canby, and by Engineer Habersham, is one of rich and varied resources. Inexhaustible quantities of the finest timber will be rendered accessible, as well as vast fields of coal and iron, and deposits of the more precious metals. Beyond the mountains lie the valleys and hills of Klickitat and Yakima, with their thousands of cattle, and their products of field, garden and orchard. The completion of this road will render Vancouver a shipping and manufacturing point of great importance. Large saw and flouring mills will be erected, and again, as in former days, the tall masts of deep sea vessels, and the huge smokestacks of ocean steamers will be seen at the docks of that enterprising port.

## NEWBERG AND CHEHALEM VALLEY.

IN a surpassingly beautiful and fertile little valley, twenty miles from Portland, on the Portland & Willamette Valley Railroad, and near the Willamette river, is to be found one of the prettiest, most enterprising, energetic and aspiring towns in the State of Oregon—Newberg, Yamhill county. With good shipping facilities, by rail and river, rich surrounding country, good schools, good churches, and especially

on account of its favorable location as a fruit growing district, it is destined to be what San Jose and Santa Clara valley are to California.

Already the numerous small farms set out to fruit, especially prunes, pears, plums, peaches and apples, attest the faith of the people in the fruit business. Some of these farms have already realized handsome profits to their owners. It has long been known that some of the valleys of Western Oregon are especially adapted to the production of fruit; but, on account of the lack of transportation facilities necessary to provide a certain and sufficient market, it is only recently that Oregon fruit has been in active demand. Now, however, that several transcontinental lines connect Oregon with large districts of country where fruit can never be produced, the demand for fruit has steadily increased, until now it far exceeds the supply. New-comers to Oregon seem more ready to realize the importance of the fruit business than the old residents, especially persons who have known something about fruit raising in other places.

One of the citizens of Newberg, Mr. C. E. Hoskins, only a few years ago, came to this state with a practical knowledge of fruit growing, and comprehending, at a glance, the extremely favorable location, went to work, and to-day has as fine a fruit farm as can be found in the state. It is an investment that is paying annual dividends sufficient to satisfy anyone, and from comparatively nothing at the start, can show acres of fruit trees and vines, laden with their luscious products of apples, pears, plums, prunes, peaches, cherries, grapes and berries of all kinds, that find ready sale at high prices. He also has a well-cultivated and handsomely-arranged farm, with an elegant home, conservatory, drying houses, etc. This is only one example of what can be done by rightfully-directed effort. A fruit cannery will be established at Newberg in the near future, as negotiations are now being pushed to completion.

Newberg is a new place, the oldest house having been built but five years, and every person residing here having come to Oregon from Eastern states. The town never had a saloon, never had an arrest made in it, or a case before a justice. For a new town, Newberg makes an unusually good showing of private residences. It has, also, two large grain warehouses, one located at the depot, having a storage capacity of thirty-five thousand bushels, and the other at the steamer landing, on the Willamette river, and having a capacity of fifty thousand bushels. There are, also, three general merchandise stores, one hardware and one drug store, blacksmith, harness and tin shops, livery and feed stable, etc.

The Friends' Pacific Academy is located here. This institution was opened for the admission of students September 28, 1885. The attendance, at first, was small, but has steadily increased, until the enrollment for the third year has already reached one hundred. Buildings have been added as they were needed, until there are now, including the cottages for girls, nine buildings for the accommodation of the school. The buildings are all new, well constructed, well adapted to the purpose for which they are intended, and would be a credit to a town of ten thousand inhabitants. The furniture of the school rooms is of the most improved pattern, and nothing is lacking that would promote efficiency. The course of study adopted requires five years for its completion, two years being spent on the common branches, and three years on higher mathematics, English and American literature, civil government, ancient and modern history and the modern sciences. The school is intended to meet the wants of those who wish a liberal English education, and do not have the time, or inclination, to take a college course of four years in Greek and Latin. A diploma is given on the completion of each part of the course. The total expense per year, including board and tuition, is $125.00. Rooms are furnished to those students who wish to board themselves at low rates, and the expense in this way is reduced one-half.

The churches are the Friends' church, with a membership of three hundred, this place being the headquarters for that denomination in Oregon and Washington Territory, and the Evangelical and Methodist churches, the first two, only, having church property here. The public school is one of the best in the state. There are seven district schools in Chehalem valley, in which Newberg is located, equal in every respect to those of Eastern states.

The climate of Chehalem valley is similar to other parts of the Willamette valley, being very uniform, with the rainfall about an average of that of the Mississippi valley, but occurring principally in the winter, and falling more gradually and through a longer period of time. A mountain range—the Chehalem mountains—on the north, modifies the climate in winter, and an open valley, stretching away toward the coast, admits the sea breeze in the summer. Chehalem valley, at the time of its early settlement, forty years ago, was nearly all open prairie land; but on account of its being owned in large donation claims, and principally uncultivated, it became covered with a heavy growth of fir and oak, so that at the present time, while timber is abundant, yet, where it is desirable to clear the land, it is not a very expensive operation; but land in all stages of improvement can be obtained, and the price is regulated, somewhat, by the amount of improvement. The soil is all good, and this is, like most parts of Oregon, a natural wheat

growing country, thirty to forty successive crops being raised on the same land without falling below twenty-three bushels per acre, and without fertilizing the land in any way. Other crops do equally as well.

The climate of Oregon, and especially that of the Chehalem valley, is proverbially healthful. In fact, nine-tenths of the people in and about Newberg came to recover lost health, or to find a milder climate, and have been successful in both. Sudden and extreme changes are unknown. Crops of wheat have been raised from seed sown in every month of the year. Small fruits and vegetables do exceedingly well, and the near proximity of so large and rapidly growing a city as Portland, insures a good market. The country between Newberg and Portland is mostly mountainous and heavily timbered; in fact, Newberg is the first station on the Portland & Willamette Valley railroad where the company keeps an agent, so that, in some respects, it bears the relation of a suburb to Portland, and, without doubt, will soon be a favorite place of residence for men doing business there.

After showing the advantages of the country thus hastily, we desire to refer again to the most prominent feature of its present and future prosperity, for we firmly believe that, as a fruit country, Chehalem valley excels any other location on the Pacific coast. Being protected on the north by a mountain range, and open on the west to the mild winds from the ocean, tempered by the warmth of the Japan current, a climate is produced that is exactly what is desired for successful fruit culture. It is here that the leading varieties grow to unusual size, bear prolifically, and are of the finest flavor. Ten acres of land, set in fruit, in the Chehalem valley, is a surer source of income than a farm of eighty acres in the Mississippi valley, and requires less labor and capital to manage it. For instance, one acre of prunes (one hundred and sixty trees), at six years of age, will produce, on an average, four bushels to the tree. Four bushels of green prunes will make, on a low estimate, seventy-two pounds of dried prunes. For three years past, dried prunes have averaged seven cents per pound. Allowing two cents for drying—the usual price—one acre will realize $576.00, with no more expense incurred in production than would be expended on a crop of grain. This estimate is not only low, but is being verified each year at advanced figures on these. We have persons here now in the fruit business, who have visited the most noted points in California, and after an intelligent comparison of the merits of both countries, have settled here and are satisfied that their judgment is sound. Other points that might be mentioned, are that no irrigation is ever needed, that fruit trees have no natural enemies in the form of various kinds of insects, and it should not be forgotten that land is cheap now, but will certainly be enhanced in value in a very short time.

Owing to the many inquiries from all over the union, the citizens of Newberg have organized an association, known as the Chehalem Valley Board of Immigration, whose duty and pleasure it is to answer any and all applications for information. Every person desiring to know more about this most favored location, should address communications to the "Secretary of Board of Immigration, Newberg, Oregon," and a prompt response will be returned.

## A GLIMPSE OF BLUE.

The woods are bare,
But dull skies wear,
    Bent o'er the banks of snow,
And fields all white,
Some spots as bright
    And blue as June could show.

Oh, silent long
The haunts of song,
    But gray, chill day, I heard
A note I knew,
And lo, there flew
    Close by, the first blue bird!

The days are lone,
Heart loves o'erthrown,
    Yet hope, like glimpse of blue,
Or song of bird
'Mid March winds heard,
    The saddened life runs through.

ELLA C. DRABBLE.

# Thoughts and Facts for Women.

BY ADDIE DICKMAN MILLER.

## WORKING GIRLS' CLUBS.

One of the signs promising easier and better times for the future working women—indeed, for all women—is the existence of clubs for the advantage of working girls. The last fifteen years have been especially productive of advanced thought and effort for women. Various organizations, for as many different purposes, have sprung up among us, which have proven great practical schools for their members, as well as working many results which were the direct objects of the societies. Thirteen years ago, in the City of New York, was started the Willing Workers' Association. As it is the product of working girls themselves, it proves them efficient in such work. The following is the preamble which they adopted: "We, the undersigned, do hereby organize ourselves into an association for the preservation and promotion of kindly feeling; for mental improvemement; for the helping of each other in all reasonable ways; for extending to other girls a helping hand when needed." What a pledge of protection was this to the members of the club! Much of fallen womanhood is the result of real need of help in times of necessity and discouragement; and let women but once throw securely about each other the mantle of sympathy and assistance, and the ounce of prevention will be proven much more effective than the pound of cure. But this prevention is not the greatest result of these societies, of which, at the last annual meeting, there were seventeen branches reported, all subscribing to the same rules, which are very binding. These, of course, form simply one class of working girls' clubs. Many others, of which we have no account, exist, differing only in form of government. Practical business women are intersted in these societies, many assisting for the purpose of doing charitable work, not that their personal funds are needed, so much as their counsel and example. Classes for mental drill, and classes for industrial drill are among the features of these societies, supplying any training in which its members may be deficient. Miss Muzzy, in writing upon this subject, says:

"The difference in the moral and physical condition of a young woman left to herself, and one enjoying the privileges of a working girls' society, is exceedingly great. Employers are noticing it, and if they have extra fine work to be done, members of these associations are inquired after. All more favored christian women should be anxious to see such a grand work as this increasing in usefulness and extent. But they must remember what will hinder its progress. Unlike most philanthropic designs, this will not languish because of lack of money. The one and only thing that will prevent these societies from being powers for good, will be the lack of women, who, like Christ, can give themselves."

## HOME LIBRARY.

There is no one other thing about a home that exerts so much influence upon the family as a well selected library. The sight of food excites hunger. The presence of books is a like excitement to the intellect. How many are almost, if not quite, mentally starved, yet know it not! It is supposed to be the acme of cruelty for the parent to disregard the child's natural craving food to sustain its bodily wants; but the cravings of the mind, that part of its nature allied to the divine, may go unsatiated through the greater part of childhood, for the simple reason that the necessary nourishment is imagined to be beyond the elasticity of the purse. Yet, perhaps, you can find, in many such households, needless, and even harmful, reading matter, that by some "hook or crook" has been purchased by the contents of the same treasury. It is true, that most people are poorer dealers in buying what they consider luxuries, than in buying necessities. When they consider reading matter simply as a luxury, their selections in that line usually savor more of the exciting than of the instructive, and, as a result, we find story papers abounding, which are more baneful than beneficial, where books are unthought of. A library is a pressing necessity in every household, and should be so considered. Expenses must be met for it as for clothing. Indeed, more of the latter might be classed in the category of luxuries than the former. It is not the most extensive library, always, which proves the most useful. A few thoughtful, suggestive books, books brim full of information, are better than many of the lighter, trashy sort. In selecting family libraries, next to the bible, place the dictionary. The mind possesses only what it really grasps, and it never grasps a sentence with an unknown word in it. How foolish it seems for a student to attempt to master a college course without this indispensible help. It is quite as foolish to be without it in securing our home information. Next, add an encyclopedia, general history, and such special histories as may be added from time to time. These give the mind a grasp of the past, without which there can be no true grasp of the present. Let what other works may be purchased be from the standard authors, and selected to inspire the special inclinations of the various members of the family. If such a library, though it be small, be well mastered, there will be mental stimulus in it sufficient to carry its readers far past the shallows of ignorance, into the depths of thought.

## WOMAN'S WORK.

Not long since I spent a very pleasant hour with a lady who is a successful practising physician. Her genial, smiling countenance struck me as bespeaking satisfaction and contentment in her chosen life work. She remarked, that it had been sixteen years that day since her husband's death, and that she did not commence the study of medicine until after he was taken from her. I asked if she enjoyed her profession. "Oh, yes, very much, indeed. I spend my entire time with my medical books and the care of the sick, and am restless when not thus employed." "Then you haven't any more sympathy with the notion that every woman was meant to be a housekeeper, than you have with the obsolete one that every man was meant to be a farmer?" I queried. "It is a beautiful thing to be a happy mother, and take charge of your own home," she said, "providing you have an aptitude for it, and

can do it successfully. But the aptitude for husbandry does not always exist in man, neither does the aptitude for housekeeping always exist in woman. I have devoted my life to my profession. To dare and to do constitute the greater part of success." Our conversation drifted away upon other topics, which proved her to be by no means a person of one idea. As I took my departure, after a pleasant adieu, there came to me these lines of Pope—

> Honor and shame from no condition rise,
> Act well your part—there all the honor lies.

This lady's life was no uncertain evidence that we are moving onward, away from some of the old landmarks of ignorance and prejudice, and that all the world is asking for is proof of ability. This given, it smilingly bestows its reward of popular favor and approval.

### HINDOO WIDOWS.

According to the census of 1887, there were over twenty million widows in India. Of that number, seventy-eight thousand are under nine years of age, more than two hundred and seven thousand under fourteen years, and nearly four hundred thousand under nineteen years. A most appalling fact. At such ages, we expect our girls to be simply preparing themthemselves for their life work, while they enjoy all rightful unrestraint in thought and action. But these poor creatures—for they rank too low in age and condition to be called women, and we shrink from applying the same appellative to them that we do to our bright, joyous maidens—have already done their life work, and there remains nothing more for them to do than to suffer the ill will of their husbands' relatives, whose servants they are. Shorn monthly of "woman's glory"—especially so to them, for great pride is taken in their beautiful hair—they shrink from recess to corner, in the hope of escaping thrusts of hatred and upbraiding. Should the face of one of these child widows be observed by a man or woman, before any other object, in the morning, it is thought to be an omen of ill luck for the day, such is the depth of their supposed degradation. The cause of all this misery, lies in the teachings of the Hindoo religion. Its sacred law says: "There is no place for a man in heaven who is destitute of male offspring." There is but one reason why a daughter may be tolerated. One exception exists —"even the son of a daughter saves him who has no sons, in the next world." That is the reason fathers anxiously engage husbands for their daughters while they are mere infants. The age of the husband sometimes places the child wife upon the brink of widowhood while she is yet a bride. As caste makes a difference in the selection of a suitable husband, one Brahmin may have fifty or a hundred of these children for wives, and his death, of course, leaves them all widows. In this way have been aggregated the twenty million widows of India, in whose behalf the Pundita Ramabi, of whom the religious press speaks often and approvingly, is putting forth such a noble effort, through her book, "The High Caste Hindoo Woman," her lectures, and the Ramabi circles.

### MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

The late Mrs. John Jacob Astor was one of the most active philanthropists of our day. Not to her did "gold sow the world with every ill," but through its wise use it was made to relieve many of the ills of mankind. It is said that many a prosperous business man, now of the West, owes what he is and may be, to her beneficence in picking him up, when a forlorn waif in New York, and helping him to help himself—for that was her favorite way of bestowing charity, one to which all philanthropy is fast coming, and wisely, for while it does not rob the giver of the "luxury of doing good," neither does it rob the one receiving it of personal dignity and independence. Mrs. Astor was a friend of the Indians of the Northwest, and did much toward their civilization and education. The entire income of her own wealth, which she inherited from her father, and a part of its principal, she used in charitable work; but so unostentatious was her manner of giving, that many of her benevolent deeds will never be known.

> Abundance is a blessing to the wise;
> The use of riches in discretion lies.

Mrs. Astor possessed breadth of mind as well as heart, and herself highly accomplished, she delighted in the society of the eminent in literature, science and art. Her's was the true wealth of the individual as well as of the purse.

### THE DANGER OF ILLITERACY.

There is much talk about the surplus money in the national treasury. I would not be averse to appropriations proposed by the Blair educational bill. It is somewhat startling to know that one voter out of every five in the United States can not write his own name, and that one out of every six can not read the ballot which he is permitted to drop into that receptacle of the people's will. Could iniquity and unbridled ambition wish better tools than such voters afford? And then, to think of the supply to these ranks that is growing up in five-twelfths of the school children that are being trained in illiteracy! We, as a people, are not likely to develop into one immense head, for a while yet, but if something is not done to remove such a mass of ignorance, we will develop some Huns and Vandals, who may demolish our beloved Rome.

### BRIEF NOTES.

The notorious Maud Cassidy has been secured at last. Had she been entrapping sheep, cattle, or even swine, we would long since have known a terminus to her career; but since innocent maidenhood was her game—but why exclaim against authority? Better sing "There's a better time a-coming," and work for it. When the world comes to realize that injury done to any one is injury done to every one, society will smilingly congratulate itself that such dens as were sustained by Maud Cassidy have no longer existence.

Professor Maria Mitchell has resigned the chair of astronomy in Vassar college. For twenty-five years she held the position, and she needed rest. Her resignation was laid upon the table, and she was granted, instead, an unlimited vacation. with salary continued.

It is evident that Miss Alice Freeman, the ex-president of Wellesley college, considers home above honor and distinction, as she was married in Boston, December 23d, to Professor Palmer, of Harvard University.

The funeral of Mrs. Jeremiah Porter occurred January 17th, in Chicago. Mrs. Porter taught the first school in that city, while it was yet Fort Dearborn. Her husband, who still lives, preached the first sermon.

Miss Story, the daughter of a North of Ireland clergyman, has won the literature scholarship of £100 a year, for five years, awarded by the Royal University of Ireland.

Miss Phoebe Couzins has announced herself as an independent prohibition candidate for governor of Missouri.

### FASHION FREAKS.

Combination suits for house wear continue very popular. The camille jacket is one feature of these suits for misses from twelve to sixteen years. It is of short, round form, not quite reaching the waist. It may or may not have sleeves, as desired. There is also a blouse attached to it, which is pleated at the collar and gathered at the waist onto a very narrow belt. It may be made of black velvet, without sleeves and blouse, and worn with various suits.

The whims of fashion continue much the same this month as during the other winter months. As the season advances, we see more fur worn for trimming, not only as garniture, but as a part of the body of the garment. It is also much used as trimming upon bonnets of light material, as well as upon caps, as hitherto.

Pinking is a favorite way of finishing cloth and heavy woolen goods for street wear. Salloons, heavily embroidered in tinsel, gilt and silver, are much used in trimming evening dresses in light goods. These are arranged in a variety of ways, either in rows around the skirt or worn for side breadth adornment as vertical stripes.

### ARTISTIC HANDIWORK.

A very pretty paper holder, in the form of a wall pocket, may be made from a common wire broiler. Select one of the size desired and file the handle from one side of it for the front of pocket. Gild the wires deeply with liquid gilding. For the front, use peacock-blue plush, the piece being enough larger than the frame to allow for neat seams. Diagonally across the center of the plush embroider or paint a spray of wild roses, in a bright rose-pink tint. Line plush with silk of same tint as flowers. Turn in edges of top and bottom, and overcast neatly. Pass the decoration through the wires of front part of holder, hiding all but third wire from each end, which should appear on right side. In overcasting ends of plush and lining, enclose end wires of frame. Tie back and front of holder together with ribbon of the color of lining; also attach a large bow to the top of the handle, which handsomely finishes the holder.

That toy drum which has been thrown aside by the children as useless, because one end has been beaten in, is capable of being made into a very pretty work box. Gild the upper and lower frames of the drum, and cover the space between with cardinal velvet, having a wreath of forget-me-nots embroidered upon it. Tack in a neat lining of cardinal silk, with small brass tacks. A tin pail handle, gilded and fastened on with staples, finishes the article.

Among the present freaks of doers of fancy work, is to be found Russian embroidery, worked in blue and red cottons. This is done on stamped patterns, and may be worked in stripes and sewed together. Furniture of all kinds is upholstered with this decoration, which affords a change from the long-used cretonnes.

Strips of linen, worked in the Turkish stitch, which is but another name for the English herring-bone stitch, are much used for bordering curtains. Bright-colored cottons are selected for this purpose. Pinking is preferred to fringing for edging table covers.

A new kind of Smyrna work is made with wool chenille on coarse woolen canvas. The chenille is drawn through the canvas with crewel needles, and knotted and cut off, forming a fringe. This is very pretty for hangings, such as lambrequins.

Rough-surfaced felt is trimmed with figures cut from cretonne, and worked on with tinsel gilt borderings and veinings, and silk outlinings. This supplies the place of plush in many decorations.

Artificial flowers are much in vogue for trimming cushions, bags, satchets, and like confections.

### RECIPES FOR THE KITCHEN.

Prince of Wales Cake.—*Light part.*—Whites of three eggs, one large cup of white sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two and one-half cups of flour. *Dark part.*—Yolks of three eggs, one cup of dark brown sugar, one tablespoonful of molasses, one cup of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda. Add flour enough to make a moderately stiff batter; then add one cup of raisins (seeded and chopped), one-half cup of dried currants, one teaspoonful ground cloves, one tablespoonful each of ground cinnamon and allspice. Bake four layers of each, and put together alternately, with frosting between. This will make a good-sized cake and one that will not dry out easily.

Baked Eggs.—Arrange the bake saucers on the sheet of tin and make them hot in the oven; put a small piece of butter and a spoonful of cream, milk or water in each; break in your eggs carefully, so as not to disturb the yolk or daub the edge of the plate, and sprinkle pepper, salt and a spoonful of grated cheese over the top. Let them bake in a gentle heat, so they thicken but do not harden. By the time they have a pearly film over the top they should be done.

Hash.—Chop your cold meat (you can put in as many kinds as you have—pieces of beef, pork, mutton, and corned beef, if you wish), potatoes and onions fine, season with salt and pepper; put some drippings in your frying pan, and when hot turn in the hash; moisten occasionally with boiling water, and do not turn until you are sure it is crisp and brown. Should you like your hash less rich, use only fat enough to grease the pan before turning in the meat.

Steamed Pudding.—Two cupfuls flour, two large teaspoonfuls baking powder, pinch of salt, water for stiff batter. Sift flour and powder together, add salt and carefully stir in water. In a buttered dish put a layer of the batter, then a layer of fruit and so on till all is used. Steam an hour and a quarter.

*Sauce.*—Add water to the juice of the fruit, thicken slightly with flour, sweeten to taste, and add a little salt and a small lump of butter.

Cracker Toast.—Spread a little butter over each cracker before toasting, and watch them carefully while they brown, as they scorch more quickly than bread. If you prefer softened toast, have a dish of hot milk, well seasoned with butter, salt and pepper, standing near. Dip each cracker in as soon as toasted, and when all are laid on the plate, pour the remainder of the hot milk over them just before serving.

Queen's Toast.—Fry even slices of stale bread, cut round with a cake cutter, to a nice brown in hot butter or good, sweet drippings. Dip each slice in hot water to remove the grease; sprinkle with a mixture of powdered sugar and cinnamon, and pile one upon another. Serve with sauce made of powdered

sugar dissolved in the strained juice of a lemon, thinned with a glass of unfermented wine.

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Two-Minute Cake.—Take three eggs beaten two minutes, one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of flour, one-half cup of water, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one cup more flour; beat each two minutes. It takes only ten minutes to make this very nice, light cake.

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Breakfast Rolls.—Take one cup of sweet milk, one heaping cup of flour, two eggs; beat the eggs carefully, then add milk and flour; put in a hot roll pan and bake in a quick oven. If the oven is right they will be light and delicious.

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Codfish Balls.—Codfish balls are nice for breakfast, and are fried in this way. Take the cold codfish you have left from a previous meal, mix thoroughly with cold, mashed potato, add an egg, make into balls, roll in flour and fry.

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Glazed Potatoes.—Put clean drippings or sweet butter into the skillet; let it get very hot, but not brown; add chopped cold boiled potatoes, pepper and salt, and stir lightly, but briskly, till thoroughly heated; serve at once.

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Muffins.—Two cups of cold boiled rice, two cups sour milk, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, one tablespoonful white sugar, one tablespoonful salt, three eggs, one teaspoonful soda, one teacupful flour; bake quickly.

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Meat Balls.—Chop one teacupful ham, mix with a pint of mashed potatoes and two well-beaten eggs, a little salt and pepper, a wee bit of mustard, sage or sweet marjoram; roll in balls and fry in hot fat.

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## Northwestern News and Information.

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Middle and Upper Wallowa Valley.—The Middle Wallowa valley is situated between the Upper and Lower valleys. Wallowa county is in the extreme northeastern corner of Oregon. In extent of territory, it embraces a tract of land about nine miles in length by seven in width. It is not regular in form, however, and the foregoing is calculated to give its area approximately. The valley extends from northwest to southeast, widening toward the upper or eastern end. It is bounded on the southwest by the Eagle creek mountains, and on the north by a rough and broken country, more or less covered with timber. The mountains on the southwest are covered with a heavy growth of pine, fir and tamarack timber. The range rises quite abruptly, and is considered one of the most picturesque of the mountain chains in the West. The best portion of the country, or, in other words, the level portion, lies parallel with the mountains, and is from two to five miles in width, the balance of the valley being somewhat rough and broken, and is designated by residents as "the hills." Although this portion of the valley is quite uneven, it has many good and redeeming qualities. It is a splendid grazing country and contains much valuable agricultural land. Indeed, it is often claimed that the richest land found in Wallowa county is found in this locality. The Middle valley is watered by two rivers, the Wallowa and the South fork of the Wallowa, and a small stream called Whisky creek. The first named river flows the entire length of the valley, and near the center of it. The South fork enters the valley near its upper portion, and flows between the other river and the mountains, the two streams running parallel with each other and about one mile apart. Whisky creek drains the rougher portion of the valley on the north, and all three streams unite in the Wallowa river near the divide between the Lower and Middle valleys. In a word, the Middle valley is well watered by streams long since famous for being the clearest and coldest in the Pacific Northwest. They are also noted for their frequent runs of salmon and red fish, and as being well stocked with mountain or speckled trout. The soil of the Middle valley is exceedingly rich, and with good cultivation produces enormous crops of wheat, oats, rye, barley and timothy, besides the usual garden products, which are grown to perfection. No great amount of land has been cultivated heretofore, as stock raising has been the chief industry; but wheat has frequently been known to yield fifty bushels per acre, barley seventy-five, oats as high as one hundred, timothy two and three tons per acre, and other things in proportion. The experience of the past five years is ample proof that the Middle valley is one of the finest localities for grain raising, and as soon as the railroad is built, our thousands of acres of fertile land will be immediately put into cultivation. All that level portion before mentioned is so even that it can be irrigated in dry seasons. Already a number of ditches have been dug, and are an insurance against the failure of crops, but are not often needed. The rivers will afford an abundance of water for such purposes. With pleasant climate, fertile soil, the best of water, and plenty of timber; with a good record in the past, and bright prospects in the future; with some government land, and with claims and deeded lands to be had at reasonable rates, the Middle valley offers superior inducements to those contemplating a change of locality; and to all who are enterprising and earnest, we offer a hearty welcome. A range of hills separates the Middle and Upper Wallowa valleys. Looking down from these hills upon the Upper valley, there appears to the eye a magnificent, level tract of land, fully fifteen miles long and six miles wide, with timber in abundance, and at least three streams of water winding their way here and there, until lost in common with the Wallowa river. Let us glance at the different sections of the Upper valley, as seen from the elevation of these hills. Nestled at the foot is the village of Alder, surrounded by its beautiful foothill farms, its timbered water

courses, and picturesque scenery. Farther on is the beautiful stretch of land between the mountains and the Wallowa river, and the level lands on the north of the river, reaching to the hills. Situated in a cove, appears the village of Joseph, while beyond, at the upper extremity of the valley, are seen the regions of Prairie and Sheep creeks, one of the most beautiful sections of the entire county. Such, in brief, is the Upper Wallowa, the largest of the chain of three valleys, that formerly were considered all that was worth having in the county. But time works wonders, and the reader will note, as this description progresses, that settlements are reaching out among the hills to the north for ten, twenty, and even forty, miles from the valleys proper. It may also be understood, that the hill lands will, ere long, be considered as good as any for agricultural purposes. As before stated, Wallowa county embraces mountains, valleys and hill lands, with the smaller valleys, or canyons, common to every hilly country. The hill lands constitute the larger portion of the county, and an immigrant from some of the level lands east of the Rocky mountains might not be favorably impressed with the country on first acquaintance. But time will remove all prejudices against this hilly portion of our county, and result in every acre of it being used for grazing or agricultural purposes. Of the estimated fifty thousand acres in the Upper valley, there is little except what is susceptible of cultivation. Along the mountain slope, on the south of the valley, the soil is exceedingly rich. On prairie creek we find the richest of bottom land, while the soil in the center of the valley contains more or less gravel, but good crops can be raised there, notwithstanding. The soil of the hill lands is very similar to that of the hills in Eastern Oregon and Southeastern Washington, west of the Blue mountains, except that it is darker, while the bottom lands between the hills is very rich. So far as tested, little irrigation is needed to produce good crops; but if the future should demonstrate the necessity of water upon the farming lands of this section, nothing would be easier than to run ditches all over the valley. Farming here, except in a few instances, is not rduced to a science yet, but an average of twenty-five or thirty bushels of wheat to the acre is considered low. Any of the good lands, farmed in the right manner, will produce the above stated average of wheat, at least forty bushels of oats or barley, and other things in proportion, and there seems to be no danger of a failure of crops. The fact that this is a good country for cereals has been demonstrated, and with the development of the country, and the consequent market furnished, the export of grains would surpass the expectations of the most sanguine. If the Wallowa country has been misrepresented and misunderstood in other things, it has been particularly unfortunate in regard to its fruit growing possibilities. But all new countries have the same experience, and experiments have to be made to demonstrate what may be done. As a result of these experiments, we find that orchards are now being planted all over the county, and in a few years we shall not have to depend upon the outside world for our fruit. In the Upper valley there are already apple, pear and plum trees bearing, and the fruit produced is equal to any we have ever seen. For peaches, melons, the tender vegetables, etc., we may have to depend upon the Imnaha valley, in the eastern portion of the county; but there is no doubt that any of the hardy fruits can be produced in quantity in all portions of the county. The smaller fruits and berries grow in profusion, of excellent flavor and quality; and in the production of garden strawberries, we can successfully challenge the country.—*Wallowa Chieftain.*

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Agriculture in Alaska.—Very little has been accomplished, or, indeed, attempted, in the way of agricultural development. With the exception of a number of gardens, here and there, and a few "ranches," where root crops are grown, there is nothing worth mentioning in the way of agricultural development. This, too, notwithstanding there is a very considerable acreage of tillable lands in Southeastern Alaska, possessed of a soil which produces a most luxuriant vegetation—the fact being that no one comes to Alaska with the belief that either its soil or climate is in the least degree adapted to agricultural or horticultural pursuits, but invariably of engaging in other pursuits. Consequently, we have no experienced farmers or gardeners, hence, it can not be said that anything like a fair test of the adaptability of the soil and climate to the growth of farm and garden products has ever been made. Nevertheless, the comparatively few experiments which have come under my observation, though made by persons whose knowledge of such matters was not such as to give assurance of success in any region, however fertile the soil or favorable the climate, leave no room to doubt that all the cereals, except corn, can be grown to perfection in many parts of Alaska, with, perhaps, no more frequent failures on account of low temperature and excessive rainfall than are apt to be occasioned by excessive heat and protracted drought in the eastern, middle and western states. The past summer has been an exceptionally untoward one, the rainfall exceeding by twenty inches that of any previous season, during a period of fifty-three years, and there having been a corresponding loss of temperature. As a consequence, most of the gardens were failures, except as to turnips and potatoes, though it is fair to say that not a few tables were well supplied during the early summer with lettuce, onions, radishes, etc., of home growth. Intelligent and observant miners, who have returned from the Upper Yukon country, speak in glowing terms of the summer climate, and aver that there are, in that section, large bodies of arable lands, with a soil in which farm and garden products of nearly every kind can be grown and matured, there being more continuous sunshine, and much less rainfall than prevails below the coast range of mountains. One of the most intelligent of these miners informs me that there were eighty-five days of growing weather in that region the past summer, which would be equal to at least one hundred and twenty days in the latitude of Ohio and Indiana, having reference to the amount of daylight, that being, practically, the "land of the midnight sun." He tells me of extensive river valleys, in which the wild grasses grow luxuriantly, ripen and cast their seeds, and in which various small fruits are indigenous to the soil and climate. The excessive winter's cold is counterbalanced by the summer's correspondingly high temperature, the frost, which remains in the ground, below the surface, together with occasional warm showers, supplying the moisture necessary to a rapid and healthy vegetation. It is not to be expected, however, that the Yukon region will ever acquire any importance by reason of its agricultural advantages; nevertheless, enough is now known of its soil and climate to justify the assertion that the people who go there for the purpose of developing its other resources can grow their own vegetables, and be under no necessity of importing beef, butter, etc., if but a small proportion of their whole number will give their attention to the grazing of cattle and the tilling of the soil. From all I can learn—and I have conversed with many persons who have visited and spent considerable time in those sections—I am inclined to believe that the climatic conditions of the Aleutian islands, and that part of the mainland below the coast range of mountains, extending north and west from Sitka to the Aliaska peninsula, including the large island of Kadiak, are better for agriculture and horticulture than in any other portion of the territory. There can be no question

as to the fertility of the soil, which is principally a vegetable mold, with clay substratum. Nearly all the products of the garden are grown to perfection at the settlements throughout this last-mentioned section, though it is safe to aver that there is not an experienced or competent farmer or gardener in the whole territory. Altogether, I can see no good reason for changing or modifying the opinion heretofore advanced in my official reports, that while Alaska can not properly be considered, either presently or prospectively, an agricultural country, in the popular acceptation or the term, she is, nevertheless, possessed of capabilities in that direction sufficient to support a large population.—*Extract from Gov. Swineford's Report.*

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Madison Mines, Montana.—With the advent of railroads in Madison county, the day is not far distant when the latent mineral wealth of its mountain ranges will astonish those who have not examined closely into this branch of its resources. The construction of the line between Butte and Gallatin, via Pipestone pass, will open up and make tributary to Butte this wealthy mining section. The numerous gold bearing lodes situated on the western and southern sides of Alder gulch, the source of its placer mines, estimated to have produced at least two hundred tons of the precious metal, will, ere long, be made to yield up their gold from the refractory ores which now contain it. No one, who has not studied the methods of mining and concentrating gold ores in Colorado, and the system of reducing those of a base character in Denver, can realize the golden harvest that awaits reaping here. It has long been known to prospectors that the gold found in the placers of Alder gulch, Washington bar and Norwegian creek, does not show signs of having been carried any great distance. This knowledge encouraged them to search in the immediate vicinity for the leads whence it originated, and in many instances their quest has been successful. But the finders have not profited much, for as yet there is no market for their ores. The process of treatment carried on here is identical with that used in California for ores carrying free gold, and yields returns of but from ten to twenty-five per cent. of their value, while in Denver, on ore of the same nature, from ninety to ninety-five per cent. of the assay value is guaranteed, at a cost for reduction of $8.00 to $10.00 per ton. The mill of the Albany & Alameda Company, at Virginia City, can treat this ore with success, but the rate for milling custom ores charged there is $25 per ton. Such results are very disheartening to the miners, who, however, look hopefully forward to the time when the projected railroads of this district shall become realities. Their faith in the future of their mines is boundless, and well may it be so. It is by no means uncommon to find veins here varying from three to forty feet in width, and averaging $25.00 per ton in gold. There is one claim in the Red Bluff country that shows eight feet of ore, running $50.00 per ton; and one of the leads discovered on Norwegian gulch last summer, samples $65.00 per ton; this, too, almost on the surface, as but little development work has been done. The facilities for tunneling are excellent on almost any of the groups of mines in this section; and with slight outlay the Norwegian and pony districts could produce fifteen hundred tons of good, concentrating ore per day; the Virginia and Summit districts, one thousand tons; the Washington district, including Richmond Flat and Baldy, as much more; Red Bluff, twelve hundred tons; Sheridan, one thousand tons, making a total of five thousand seven hundred tons of ore daily, which, at a low estimate, would run $20.00 per ton in gold. Compare this with the production of Gilpin and Clear Creek counties, in Colorado, where ore averaging $8.00 to $12.00 per ton, is worked at a profit, though more refractory than any found in Madison county. Witness the Freeland and Hukill, of Idaho Springs, and the Prussian, of Boulder county, all of which pay good dividends. What is now being done in Colorado will certainly be accomplished in Madison in the near future. All the natural advantages are here. Wood and water in abundance are found in each of these districts, and in the adjacent county of Gallatin is found a plentiful supply of coal. Yet not alone to gold-bearing veins are the mineral resources of Madison county limited. In the center of the Tobacco Root range lies the wonderfully rich silver district of Potosi. The general character of the ore of this district is antimonial silver, though chloride and wire silver are frequently found in the Bullion company's mines. The ore shipped by this company last fall, for treatment at Wickes, averaged one hundred and nineteen ovnces of silver to the ton; and it is nothing unusual to find ore here assaying from four hundred to five thousand ounces. Some of the Volunteer company mines have twenty to forty feet of mineral, running from twenty to forty ounces of silver per ton. The formation in which these veins are found is porphyry, and this great mineral belt may be traced a distance of five miles. The ore, being of a chloridizing nature, its treatment could be brought to the most economical standard. The mines are comparatively easy of access, the approach along Willow creek furnishing a natural railroad grade. At present the nearest point on a railroad is sixty miles away. On the whole, it would be difficult to find a locality equal to this mountain range in wealth, and we will not be surprised to learn of some enterprising capitalists bringing into prominence in mining circles this eminently favored region.—*D. F. H., in Butte Miner.*

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Metaline Mines.—From Wm. Buzzard, an old Montana miner, and one of the pioneers of the Cœur d'Alene, we obtain the following information concerning the Metaline mining district, which is attracting much attention, and will be the objective point for many prospectors the coming spring. The camp of Metaline, which is the headquarters of the district, is situated on the Pend d'Oreille river, about thirty miles above where it empties into the Columbia. There are three routes by which the locality can be reached from Spokane. First, by rail to Sand Point, a distance of about sixty-five miles, thence by the Pend d'Oreille river one hundred miles. One portage is twenty-five miles from Sand Point station, but this could be easily remedied by putting in a small lock. Another route is via Kidd post office, and through the Calispel valley. This is entirely an overland route, by which the mines can be reached by one hundred miles travel, and is preferred by those who desire to take animals into the country. The third route is via Rathdrum, but the two former are considered the best. Prospecting for quartz to any extent was first commenced last year, although considerable gold was taken out of the Pend d'Oreille river and Sullivan creek thirty years ago. At that time the pay streak was lost, and has never since been found beyond a point four miles up Sullivan creek. The formation of the country within the main mineral belt is lime. Outside of the belt, slate, porphyry, granite and quartzite are encountered. In places, the country is covered with a wash very similar to the gravel wash, so well known on the North Fork side of the Cœur d'Alene; but as far as Mr. Buzzard knows, it has never been prospected for gold. The character of the ore of the district is galena, carrying silver, some of the ore producing as much as eighty per cent. lead; but as a general thing the silver value is rather low. The leads have a northeast by southwest trend. At one point, where they cross the river, is a riffle. Here big bowlders of galena are found, showing metalic lead, or, to use

Mr. Buzzard's language, "they look like lead had been spilled all over them." After leaving the left bank of the river, galena can be traced, cropping out on the surface for three locations in length, a distance of four thousand five hundred feet. Thence, for two miles, the wash gravel covers the surface as described above. The Diamond R well, owned by McLain Bros., is on the old wash, but was discovered in a peculiar manner. A little spot of galena was exposed on a knoll, which projected above the wash. The discoverers stripped a pit thirty feet in width by fifty feet in length, proving the vein to be thirty feet wide. In places, there are ten feet of solid galena, while the entire width of the vein, outside of the first class, is concentrating ore. The owners have been working two shifts all winter, are now down forty-five feet, and the vein looks as well as it did at the surface. On the east side of the river is the Fairview mine, where the ore can be seen to a depth of four hundred feet, caused by the river cutting a deep canyon across its strike. It is at this point that the metalic lead is found as alluded to above. Adjoining the Fairview, is the Friday, owned by Louis Champaigne, who refused to bond his location to Mr. A. M. Esler, of Helena, last year for $15,000.00. Next comes the Saturday, owned by Robert Rainey and others. Then the Homestake, of which Alex McLeod is the owner. All the locations made in the district, so far, are within an area of two by five miles; outside of this, no prospecting has been done. McCartney and Lauton have a claim in the quartzite, which has produced ore assaying as high as two hundred and fifty ounces silver to the ton. They are now running a cross-cut tunnel to tap the ledge at a depth of nearly one hundred feet. There are other leads in the quartzite, but they have not been developed to much extent. All told, there are from fifty to sixty locations made. Fifteen men are wintering there, prosecuting development work. The district is well supplied with cedar, tamarack, fir and pine timber, with water in abuudance. Game of all kinds can be had for the shooting. To those desiring fine ranches near what will doubtless be a productive mining camp in the near future, Mr. Buzzard states that the valley of Calispel is hard to equal. The valley is twelve miles long by eight miles in width. Thirty residents have already taken advantage of this excellent location, and are making themselves homes. There is, also, considerable ranch land on the Pend d'Oreille river, but covered with timber; not in sufficient quantity, however, but what it can be easily cleared. In conclusion, Mr. Buzzard states that, had Metalline the same facilities for concentrating and shipping as has the South Fork, in six months the output would equal that famous region.—*Spokane Chronicle.*

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Stock Raising in Alaska.—Nothing has yet been done in the way of stock raising, for which, in my opinion, some parts of the territory are specially well adapted. There are no cattle in Southeastern Alaska, save a few horses, mules and pack animals, with here and there a few milch cows, all of which, however, seem to thrive well on the abundant pasturage, which continues green and succulent during at least nine months of the year. Indeed, the winters of Southeastern Alaska, of Kadiak and the Aleutian islands, being very much milder and more equable than those of Montana, Wyoming and Dakota, it is safe to say that cattle can be permitted to run at large and subsist themselves during the whole year, with less loss than in the territories named. In most parts of the territory, even as far north as Kotzebue sound, there is an abundant and luxuriant growth of grasses, principal among which are the Kentucky blue grass, blue joint, and wood-meadow grass, which not only furnish the best pasturage, but from which an abundance of fodder can be cured with which to feed an unlimited number of cattle during the short winter seasons, which are the rule on the southern coast and on the islands. Indeed, there is no reason why cattle may not be kept in numbers sufficient to the wants of any probable population in most parts of the interior, and particularly on the Upper Yukon, where there is promise of large mineral developments in the near future, if properly sheltered during the winter. All accounts agree as to the abundance of pasturage and fodder for winter feeding. The comparatively few cattle in Southeastern Alaska, on Kadiak and the Aleutian islands, thrive well and fatten quickly, the beef being remarkably tender and well flavored, while the rare and excellent quality of the milk and cream elicit the praise of all who visit Kadiak and the islands to the westward. With all its advantages in the way of abundant and luxuriant grasses, of innumerable islands, upon which thousands of cattle could be kept without expense for herding or fencing, of a much more favorable climate than that of some of the territories, where millions of dollars have been invested in the business, I do not, however, anticipate any development of this one great source of wealth until, by the establishment of mail routes, the different sections of the territory are brought into closer relations with each other and with the business centers of the Pacific coast. The existing monopoly in the carrying trade, for which the government is wholly responsible, in that it has farmed out one of the chief industries of the territory to a giant corporation, which thus far has succeeded in defeating nearly every proposed act of legislation calculated to insure the settlement and development of Alaska, thus placing all that part of the territory not held within its own relentless grasp at the mercy of another greedy and insatiate corporation, precludes the hope of any very rapid and substantial development of Alaska's many natural resources, other than mineral; and even in that, the hardy pioneer is obliged to meet and contend with obstacles, for the removal of which we can only look to congress, through such legislation as will place Alaska on an equal footing with the other territories. It is idle to expect the investment of any considerable amount of capital in the development of the resources of a territory having a semblance of local government only, and in which would-be settlers and investors are denied the privilege of buying and paying for the lands they wish to occupy and improve. On the other hand, as soon as congress shall conclude that there are, indeed, here in Alaska, all the natural elements essential to the growth of a rich and prosperous state, and acting upon that theory, shall conclude to enact such legislation as will encourage and promote their development, then, and not till then, may we look for the dawn of that era of prosperity which should have followed close after the transfer of the territory from the Russian to the American government, which will populate Alaska with a hardy, industrious, enterprising people, dot her main and island coasts with thriving villages, towns and cities, the outcome of which will be the development of natural resources, that will make of her in substantial and enduring wealth what she is in the extent of her broad domain—a mighty empire within herself.—*Extract from Governor Swineford's Report.*

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Cyclopedia of American Contemporary Biography.—Including notices of men and women of the United States prominent in the life of to-day. To be issued in ideal volumes of about five hundred and fifty pages each, brevier type, including numerous portraits. To be revised and re-issued as often as annually. Subscribers to early editions to have the privilege of exchanging for last editions by paying half price in cash. Volumes bound in fine cloth; price, $1.00; postage, 12

cents. Specimen pages free. The editorial supervision of the cyclopedia will be in charge of authors and journalists of such experience and skill as will insure proper fullness of detail, within judicious limits, also such accurate and interesting presentation of facts as will make the work not only valuable for reference, but of great popular interest. The editors and publisher unite in soliciting the co-operation of all who are interested in the publication of a great and comprehensive American biographical cyclopedia. Suggestions as to names proper to be included, biographical sketches concerning them, or reference to the best sources of information; also photographs or other portraits of prominent characters will be thankfully received. "There is, properly, no history—only biography," says Emerson; and Carlyle: "Biography is the most universally pleasant and profitable of all reading;" to which may be added another quotation (Eccl. ix., 4), not less appropriate: "A living dog is better than a dead lion." Biographical cyclopedias are generally devoted, in great part, to dead men; this will be limited strictly to the living. Nothing so much occupies the attention of living people as the sayings and doings of living people; within proper limits, acquaintance with the lives of our contemporaries is most valuable knowledge. The test of fitness for inclusion within the pages of the cyclopedia is that of *prominence of the life* of to-day—*prominence* rather than *worthiness*. The cyclopedia will undertake to give information which the great majority of intelligent readers seek, full as they desire, and yet limited to what is proper to be known. Thus, the prominence of John L. Sullivan before the American public, necessitates that his name shall have some place, such facts being given as will enable you to distinguish him from Sullivan, of "Pinafore" fame, and the numerous other respectable Sullivans, whose names you are likely to see in the papers. President Cleveland will have such extended notice as prominence and interest justify, facts being given in all cases, rather than encomiums or criticism, scrupulous care being taken to avoid partisanship or prejudice. The Rev. Mr. Berry, the pastor-elect of Plymouth church, will be accorded proper place, because he is now prominently before the American public. (An excellent illustration of the importance of frequent editorial revision: Mr. Berry, since the foregoing was written, declines, and his name will therefore appear in the foreign instead of the American department). These names illustrate the character and comprehensiveness of the work, and also emphasize the peculiar features which distinguish it, and will make its continual revision necessary. Ten years ago the name of Grover Cleveland would not have found place in its pages; ten days ago (when this is written) Mr. Berry could have been accorded no place; Herr Most must have a few lines in our first edition, but if a few months hence he should be hung, his name would be dropped for the next edition. Concerning the magnitude of the work, definite announcement will not at present be made. It is possible to compress it within a few hundred pages, or to expand it even to a few thousand pages. What is intended is to give in amount and character of contents that which will meet the wishes of the greatest number of intelligent readers. Especially because its character is such that but a small portion of its contents is likely to stand unrevised for more than a brief period, much being added to the names now included, besides the new names likely to appear, and much being dropped, either because of the unhappy inroads of death, or the happy (to the public) overshadowing clouds of oblivion, immediate decision as to comprehensiveness is unnecessary. Uniform with the above, and conducted in all respects on similar plans, will be published corresponding volumes, including the name of living men and women prominent in the life of the world outside of the United States. These two biographical cyclopedias of living people, together with Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia, which includes biographies of men and women prominent in the history of the world in all past time, will, it is believed, constitute a more satisfactory general biographical cyclopedia than has ever before been placed within the reach of ordinary homes. John B. Alden, publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York.

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NEIHART MINES, MONTANA.—Our camp is very quiet now, while at the same time a large amount of development work is being done on a number of prospects, with flattering results. Those who are interested here, and who are able, feel as though they want to get their property developed as much as possible, as the ensuing year is, indeed, or will be, the new era for this camp. It is an undoubted fact, that we have great confidence in our mines, as being such that guarantee the outlay of all we can get. Neihart has labored under a great many difficulties and obstacles, which have kept men of capital from investing here, and also been a grave injustice at the same time. The small amount of development which has been done by prospectors here—and it is generally known that prospectors have not the means to develop property very much in a few years—has proved satisfactorily that the veins are regular, going down for hundreds of feet, and the work done clearly indicates that the ore produced is beyond the average for silver, while at the same time the impression has gone abroad that this is a low grade camp. That outside capital has been induced to come in here, and has not met with success, is a fact; and what has been the cause? After unsuccessful attempts to make properties pay, word has gone out that the ores of our camp are too base and can not be handled. There are those who are awaiting, with the intention of acquiring property in our midst, to see if the attempts that are being made result successfully, and if so, then it will be their turn to act. They remain at home, and do not come to see for themselves, when it is said that the ores can not be worked. Such is the rumor gone abroad. But is such the case? We will see. A number of samples have been sent to Omaha for practical tests, from our camp, which have contradicted all such things that may be said to the detriment of the mines. I dare say there is not a canp in the territory that shows such croppings, which is, no doubt, a sure indication that there is rich ore in our leads if we only go down for it. It is a hard, solid fact, that this camp has yielded some as rich ore as any camp in Montana; and why should the ore be called low grade? These statements can be corroborated by every man in the camp. It is the intention of your correspondent to place this camp right before your readers. The facts stated are fair and honest. We have one of the best camps in Montana, and it can be easily proven by visiting the ore dumps and seeing what ore has been taken out for the work done. Our case has been a fac simile of camps that are proving to be the best in the mountains. Time and experience have proved that mining, as well as any other business, requires thorough, competent business men. It is the intention, also, of your correspondent to give some reasons why persons desiring investment in mining property should turn their attention to Neihart, in preference to some other camp. Our mines are true fissures. Our country is generally unbroken and regular, and it has been acceded, by mining men who have visited us, that the veins go down forever. Upon almost every claim in camp there are two or more well defined veins, which, in some cases, can be traced, and have been located for seven thousand five hundred feet. The camp is well located and is within easy access of railroads, not supposed to be more than sixty miles from Great Falls,

forty miles from White Sulphur Springs, and sixty-five miles from Castle mountain, the great carbonate camp. A few days ago, a company with $150,000.00 was incorporated for the purpose of building reduction works at Great Falls, that will compare favorably with any in the world. Some of these men are extensively interested in mines in our camp: J. J. Hill, president of the Manitoba, and Col. C. A. Broadwater, president of the Montana Central. It is of vital importance to have such men interested here. It means a great deal for our town. It means a railroad in the near future; it means that this will be the principal producer for the works at the Falls. To have mines within fifty or sixty miles of as extensive works as these, seems a great advantage.—*Correspondence of Rocky Mountain Husbandman.*

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THE COLVILLE COUNTRY.—We, the settlers of this part of Colville valley have been made happy, and even jealous, while reading some of the interesting descriptions of other sections of the territory, as published in your valuable paper, and furnished you by able writers. We often wonder if some one who is competent to truthfully represent our locality, will not, some day, pay us a flying visit and do justice to our farms, mines, beautiful scenery, and everything worthy of note. We have come to the conclusion that "all good things come with time," and as the old man is a little behind this year, we patiently await the coming of next. Our farmers have had very good crops this year, considering the heavy frosts we had every month this year. Grain was much better than we dared hope for before threshing began; in some fields there would be patches of good and patches of worthless grain. The frosts of June and July seemed to kill on the hop-skip-and-jump plan. Potatoes and many other vegetables were badly hurt, but the late rains seemed to give all new life again, so that a very fair yield was harvested. The wild strawberries began to ripen about May 15th, and they were in bloom all summer and fall. Occasionally we could get some in August and September, and on the nineteenth of October, a lady here picked over a pint of nice, ripe ones near Wait's lake. I think nearly all kinds of fruit of a hardy nature will grow and do well on the hill lands on both sides of the valley; but the valley proper is too frosty, and is better suited to hay and grain, of which splendid crops can be raised if the land is farmed in the proper manner. The land is all taken now—that is, the best of it—and little, new cabins are scattered all over the hills and valleys, and soon prosperous settlements can be found everywhere. There is a large amount of surplus grain in the valley, and farmers are holding it for better prices. There are also a great many fine cattle awaiting the arrival of some stock man who wants fat cattle for the markets. Besides all this wealth of land, grain and cattle, our neighborhood can truthfully boast of the richest mine in the territory, so far as known. I mean the Eagle mine, of Chewelah. I can not describe its wealth nor its extent. Please allow me to say it's immense—the boss. Its owners have great cause to be joyful, for it truly is a bonanza. They have now only five men at work, but will put on a large force as soon as room can be made for them. The ore is very fine, going way up in the hundreds. The Mutual Smelter Co., of Colville, charges them $25.00 per ton for reducing their ore. I can not understand why the charges should be so great, when, with this ore, the Dominion and other ores can be worked; but without the Eagle ore, fluxing material must be shipped back from Spokane Falls. I am also informed that they have about decided to build a large house and keep the ore until spring, for by that time it will be fully proven that the Eagle is the greatest body of immensely rich ore in this country, or else it will be worked out (which is an impossibility), and then the Eagle Company will put up a ten-ton smelter of their own. Should this be done, little, forlorn, almost-forgotten Chewelah will step to the front—and stay there. Even if the ore is shipped to Colville, from the Eagle and other claims near Chewelah, it will force this to be a very busy camp next year. There are several good claims in the vicinity of the Eagle, owned by Messrs. Embry, Kelly, Travis, O'Neil, Hopkins, and others whose names I have forgotten; but it must be a good vein of ore to pay mining, freight, and then $30.00 per ton for reduction, and for this reason these claims have not been worked, as they might have been, if owned by wealthy men. The miners of this region, like nearly all other places, are poor men, as far as cash is concerned. Men who put every dollar they have into prospecting, and if they are lucky enough to strike an Eagle or Old Dominion, the money and supplies are showered upon them by parties who would not credit them with a sack of flour before the "strike." The unlucky ones who did not "strike it" must meander on, like Mark Twain's coyote, "a long, lean, lanken-jawed of want." We are glad to know the Eagle is in such good hands. Mr. Emby is a practical miner, and fully understands his business. Mr. Kelly is also a miner of experience, and they both have the "stay-by-it" with them, as their rustling around the hills here for three or four years has shown, and we feel confident that they will rush the work, which will make them millionaires, and also greatly benefit the whole community. Chewelah has a very large trade, as can be seen by the canstant flow of ranchers, miners, etc., to the stores.—*L. E. B., in Spokane Chronicle.*

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CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD IN MONTANA.—To those who have been watching the operations of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad Company in the West, it is clearly evident that it will not be long before there will be one more competing line in Montana, and that Bozeman will be one of the first points to reap the benefits of this competition, and give us the long wished for short line to Butte. The company has looked with intense interest upon the vast amount of traffic afforded the Northern Pacific and Union Pacific railroads by the great mining camp of Butte, as well as by the mineral districts of lesser importance. They have had men in this territory for some time, looking for a practical route that would bring them nearest to the great coal fields and mineral belts of Montana. For a considerable time they contemplated building their line south of the park, but upon investigating the proposed route, and finding that they would have to build, for several hundred miles, through a most difficult country, and one that could never afford them any revenue whatever, they looked for a more feasible route, and their operations during the past season leave no doubt where that line will be built. During the past summer they have built northwest from Fort Fetterman, through the fertile Powder river country, to Buffalo, from which point they will, undoubtedly, continue in the same course, passing by the extensive coal fields in the Crow reservation (which must, sooner or later, be thrown open to the public), to Pryor gap, which is a natural road through those mountains; thence across the Stinking Water and on west to Clark's Fork, striking that stream above the canyon; then up the Clark's Fork to the now dormant camp of Cooke City, but which only wants the magic touch of cheap transportation to spring into a second Butte. By the time the road reaches Cooke City, it is hoped that our national legislators will have sufficient "horse sense" to make the Yellowstone the northern boundary of the park to the mouth of East Fork, and that river the boundary to the mouth of Slough creek, or Soda Butte creek, and permit the

Chicago & Northwestern to use this natural route; but if they should still continue their present policy on this particular point, there is a possible route down Mill creek, across the Yellowstone and up Trail creek, to its almost inexhaustible coal fields, and across the divide to Bozeman. It will then go to the vast mineral districts of Red Bluff and Pony, across to the Boulder and through to Butte. The great advantages this road will have over all its competitors, is the comparative ease with which it can be built, and the fact that it will be the shortest possible line between this territory and Chicago, and that it will tap districts that will furnish more traffic than all the remainder of Montana combined. The advantages to be gained by the building of this line can not be over estimated, and the benefits that will directly accrue to Bozeman are scarcely half appreciated.—*Bozeman Courier.*

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Snake River Canal.—Among the many schemes for constructing canals on the Pacific slope, we know of none more gigantic, and which would be more beneficial in its results, than the proposed Snake river canal, which is designed to irrigate millions of acres of land, principally in the southern tier of counties in this territory. A preliminary survey has already been made by the engineer in charge. It is not at present understood where the canal will lead, nor in exact detail what grounds it will cover. The leading facts ascertained by the survey thus far made are, that if heading be made at Gibson's ferry, the length to the West Cottonwood will be about two hundred miles; to cover Salmon river valley, about two hundred and fifty miles; that by diverting the waters of Snake river at a point high enough up the stream to attain an elevation of two hundred and thirty feet above the American falls, at a point opposite that place, no great obstructions will be encountered on the route from the point of diversion to all places of intended use. The canal would run over a comparatively level country, through deep soil, admitting the use of the most improved excavating machinery on the largest scale. It is claimed that, by making the heading about thirty miles above the American falls, an elevation of from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet can be attained. The plan proposes to make reservoirs at various places and extend the work through Owyhee and Eastern Oregon. It is a great enterprise, and one we would like to see successful. It would have the effect of bringing thousands of settlers into the territory. The time to move for its accomplishment is now, while the land belongs to the government, and before such company would become hampered with thousands of claims for damages, as it would be, no matter how much real benefit their work would confer upon the claim owners. Thousands of men in the East are looking for investment in just such enterprises, provided they can be made to feel that it would pay, which we do not think difficult of demonstration in the present case. Irrigating ditch stock has proved to be the most valuable of any in the State of Colorado, and the same will be the case in Idaho. As to the quality of land to be covered, there can be no question. To say that it is very productive when subjected to the process of irrigation, is but to repeat what we all know. We hope to see this work in course of construction during the coming summer.—*Boise Statesman.*

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Agriculture in Montana.—In a recent number of the *Western World*, S. W. Langhorne, register of the Helena land office, writes of the agricultural area of Montana, as follows:

In proportion to the total area of Montana, the really valuable agricultural lands, by which I mean those adapted to successful cultivation, is, perhaps, not over one-fifth of the total area. Outside of this are large tracts which are well adapted to stock growing, as the mountains, where not timbered, are clothed in verdure up to their summits. In order to successfully cultivate arable lands, water is essential, as our lands require irrigation, and when successfully irrigated yield abundantly. Let us take, for example, the valley of the Gallatin, in Gallatin county, which is, perhaps, the largest agricultural district in the territory, and we find the yields this year average forty bushels of wheat per acre, and sixty of oats. A very large portion of Montana is mountainous, and rich in ores of various kinds. As a consequence, therefore, mining is the principal resource. Next in importance, so far as the investment of capital is concerned, is stock raising; and third, agriculture, which, so far, has produced barely enough for home consumption. It is, perhaps, safe to say that but little over one-fourth of Montana has as yet been surveyed, and there are still large tracts, which are valuable for agricultural purposes, unsurveyed. The character of the farming land is, for the most part, rich, alluvial loam, with a subsoil of gravel, and in places which have been tilled for twenty years, shows no signs of decrease in yield, although no artificial means of restoration have been resorted to. Up to this time the principal products have been wheat, oats, barley, and vegetables. Fruits, except the small kinds, such as strawberries, currants, raspberries and gooseberries, have not been grown to any extent. In the western portion of the territory, and in Missoula county, apples and plums have been successfully grown. The lands fit for agriculture are located in the valleys and along streams, here and there, as such are found scattered through the mountains. The Gallatin valley, comprising an area of two hundred and fifty square miles, is the largest and most thickly populated. Next in importance is the Bitter Root valley, in Missoula county. Besides these are numerous smaller valleys, scattered throughout the territory. A large and promising district north of Flathead lake offers an inviting field, much of which is unsurveyed. Again, Indian reservations, which will, in time, be restored to the public domain, cover a very large amount of good land. An examination of the map of Montana will show that its entire northern portion is covered by Indian reservations. This land, now penetrated by the Manitoba railroad, will, in time, be opened, and offer a large area of good land for homes.

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The New National Park.—The director of the U. S. geological survey, Prof. J. W. Powell, is an enthusiastic advocate of the plan proposed by Dolph and Herrman to create a public park at Crater and Diamond lakes. He says: "Crater lake and Diamond lake, and their surroundings, constitute a group of natural objects, which will, in my belief, acquire increasing celebrity with the lapse of time, in respect to beauty and impressiveness. The scenery is of the same order as that of the Yellowstone valley, or the finest part of Yellowstone park. The lake itself is a unique object, as much so as Niagara falls, and the effect which it produces upon the mind of the beholder is at once powerful and enduring. There are, probably not many natural objects in the world which impress the average spectator with so deep a sense of the beauty and majesty of nature. This will be better understood when the origin of the lake is considered. The lake lies in a basin of a huge volcanic mountain. The basin itself owes its origin to a vast system of eruptions, by which the heart of the mountain has been thrown in the air as cinders. It is the deepest body of fresh water on the continent, and its clear, cold waters reflect crags and peaks of volcanic ruin, by which it is surrounded. Although Crater lake is the dominant object of interest in the proposed reservation, the whole tract is eminently fit to be set by forever as a public

park and pleasure ground and forest reserve for the people of the United States, and, I might venture to add, for the benefit of the people of the world. There is not a square mile within the proposed tract, which does not contain something that would add to the attractiveness of such park, either in the way of varied beauty, or of instruction and entertainment to visitors." Professor Powell urges that the boundaries of the proposed park be made somewhat larger than proposed by Senator Dolph's bill. He urges that the region in the limits designated in the bill does not include any of the real grand forest of the Cascades, and a grander and nobler forest can not be found in the world. Beautiful open parks in this timber are breeding grounds and summer pasturage for deer, and the streams still preserve numerous beaver dams. He says that it seems desirable, on many accounts, that the western boundary should include large sections of this forest.

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TACOMA'S GROWTH.—Spear's city directory of Tacoma, which has just been issued, shows the increase of population in Tacoma for the past year to have been forty per cent., while the increase of business houses has been fully as large. It now has, according to the directory, one wholesale and twenty-eight retail grocery stores, four general stores, five dry goods, seven clothing, nine boot and shoe, two wholesale and nine retail hardware stores, five banks, two loan associations, five brick yards, seven wagon manufactories, three foundries, five commission merchants, twenty-four hotels, six jewelers, fifty-three attorneys, twenty physicians, six livery stables, ten saw mills, forty-three real estate firms and dealers, five newspapers, one wholesale paper dealer, nine drug stores, six gun stores, seven cornice works, one soap factory, one marble works, one fish cannery, one smelter and reduction works, one spice mill, two soda works, two sash and blind factories, four telegraph companies, three transfer companies, one tent and awning factory, one steam flouring mill. There are twenty-six incorporated companies doing business in the city, mostly engaged in manufacturing and commerce, with an aggregate capital of $7,658,000.00. Six of these have a capital of $1,000,000.00 each. There are twenty-one churches in the city — one Catholic, three Protestant Episcopal, five Methodist Episcopal, two Presbyterian, two Congregationalist, three Lutheran, two Baptist, one Christian, one Unitarian and one Advent. In the educational line, there are one university (recently located), to which the people of this city contributed $100,000.00; Annie Wright Seminary, endowed by C. B. Wright, $50,000.00; Tacoma Business College, a flourishing institution; Washington College, endowed by Charles B. Wright, $50,000.00; and six public schools, with twenty-six teachers. There are twenty secret societies and one military company — the Tacoma Guard — one Young Men's Christian Association, one ministerial union, one typographical union, one Catholic benefit association, and one choral society; and last, but not least, one Grand Army post.—*Tacoma World.*

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PUBLIC LANDS.—The sub-committee of the house committee on public lands, which has been considering various propositions to change the land law, has completed its labors. Resulting from their deliberations, is a bill in lieu of all others on the subject, "A bill to secure for actual settlers, public lands adapted to agriculture, to protect forests on the public domain, and for other purposes." The chief provisions are as follows: All public lands are to be classified as agricultural, timber, mineral, desert or reserved. No timber land is to be sold, but timber growing on it may be disposed of to the highest bidder, after advertisement, in forty-acre tracts, the timber to be removed within six years from date of sale. Mineral entries may be made of the same lands, even after the sale of timber, but can not impair the right of the purchaser of the timber. Timber land shall be appraised at not less than $10.00 per acre. The president may set apart any lands as public reservations. The desert land law is continued in effect, with amendment requiring entrymen to file maps exhibiting the mode of contemplated irrigation and source of water supply. All the laws allowing pre-emption of public lands, and the act entitled "An act to amend the act to encourage the growth of timber on the Western prairies," and all other laws in conflict with the provisions of the present bill, are repealed. But all *bona fide* claims initiated before its passage may be perfected. All laws relating to bounty land warrants, college and other land scrip, remain in force. The homestead law is amended so as to allow heads of families and citizens of legal age, or persons who have filed declarations of intention to become such, to enter a quarter section of public land, but no person who is the proprietor of one hundred and sixty acres of land, or who quits and abandons his residence on his own land to reside upon public land in the same state or territory, shall acquire any right under the homestead law.

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HELENA'S SMELTER.—The new smelting works soon to be built in Helena, by a syndicate of Northern Pacific railroad officials and local capitalists, will be the largest in the United States, and will cost, when completed, over $1,500,000.00. The smelter will have the product of some twenty-five or more developed mines, owned by the smelter company, from which a guaranty of sufficient ore can be obtained, and will also purchase all the ore offered by private parties. The Wickes smelting works, which will form a branch concern of the same company, have had to stop purchasing ore because of their inability to handle it in the quantity offered, notwithstanding they are kept running to their full capacity. New mines are constantly being discovered and opened up, but unless the ores should prove exceedingly rich, they do not pay to ship to the present markets at Chicago, Omaha and Salt Lake. Helena is the natural center of the most prolific precious metal bearing country on the face of the earth, and a great smelter located here will not only furnish a market for all grades of gold and silver ores, but will prove very profitable to the owners, and thousands of tons of ore now shipped out of Montana will be reduced into bullion at home. A contract has already been closed for several hundred tons of ore per day from the Cœur d'Alenes, and ores will come for reduction from all parts of Northern Idaho and the British possessions as fast as transportation facilities are completed. The Castle Mountain district, only sixty miles away, and where the smelting company has large mining interests, will furnish an abundance of silver lead ores of an admirable character for fluxing. A branch railway will be built into the Castle district early in the spring.

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SMELTER IN ALASKA.—There is some probability that a smelter will be erected near Juneau, next summer, by parties recently arrived, to treat the Basin ore. Undoubtedly this enterprise would be a paying one, as there is an abundance of ore in these mines to keep such a plant of large capacity in constant operation, and, we think, plenty of fluxes near at hand. The ores, both of the Basin and Sheep creek, are of a character that require smelting to reduce them. Some run high in silver, carrying a heavy per cent. of galena and iron, with sometimes zinc and black jack. A curious feature of these ores is that the black jack carries free gold, visible to the eye, but not in any great quantities. But a very small per cent. of the gold of the Basin ores is free, therefore free gold mills are valueless in this

connection; and carrying a large amount of galena and iron, concentrators are almost as much so. The silver is carried mainly in the galena, and the gold in the iron, or sulphurets, as it is termed here, with a little free gold in the quartz. The free gold mills, that have been erected in the Basin have one and all proved worthless, not on account of the ore not being rich enough, but that the gold and silver were not saved by such process. The only lot of ore taken out of the Basin last summer, that paid expenses of mining, was from the Jumbo, and that was shipped to San Francisco and paid a handsome profit. To obtain a home market for the Basin ores, we must have smelters; and to secure these, the mine owners should extend to smelting men every inducement possible, and ample inducements could be offered such men to ensure the erection of such a plant without delay.—*Alaska Free Press.*

Mineral Products of 1887.—Mr. J. J. Valentine, general manager of Wells, Fargo & Co's Express Company, has prepared his annual report, showing the following values of base and precious metals mined during the year 1887, in the Northwestern states and territories:

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| California | $13,662,923 |
| Nevada | 10,232,455 |
| Oregon | 950,000 |
| Washington | 160,000 |
| Alaska | 609,000 |
| Idaho | 8,240,000 |
| Montana | 25,483,275 |
| Utah | 7,637,730 |
| Colorado | 23,293,000 |
| New Mexico | 4,229,234 |
| Arizona | 5,771,550 |
| Dakota | 3,058,605 |
| Mexico (west coast states) | 762,035 |
| British Columbia | 556,155 |

The above products are divided as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Gold | $33,074,022 |
| Silver | 51,578,118 |
| Copper | 10,362,746 |
| Lead | 9,631,073 |

This puts Montana in the lead as a producer, having to her credit an excess of $2,000,000 more than Colorado, which has stood at the head for several years.

Paper Mill at Pendleton, Or.—For some time preparations have been going on toward the erection of a paper mill in Pendleton. The company having the project in charge was incorporated in October, 1887, and has a capital stock of $30,000. Its officers are William Martin, president; Henry Steinberg, vice president; Benjamin Selling, treasurer; J. J. Worcester, secretary. Mr. Steinberg will soon leave for the East to purchase the necessary machinery for the mill. He has had wide experience in the operation and management of paper mills, and is a practical hand at the business in every sense of the word. The greater portion of the capital stock has been subscribed, and the work of developing the power will be begun at once on the company's right of way, from one to two miles below town. The water for power will be taken from the Umatilla river, and carried by flume about one mile to the site of the mill, where it will have a fall of about twenty-five feet, and will give in the neighborhood of two hundred horse power. This is ample to run the paper mill, and it is thought there will be enough to operate a woolen mill, also, which is a probable enterprise of the near future. The company will manufacture all kinds of straw boards and wrapping papers, to begin with, and from time to time add to the facilities as occasion may demand. Farmers will find here a sale for their straw, a large quantity of which is wasted and burned annually, in order to get rid of it. The company estimates that expenses will be about $1,000.00 a week, and that about six tons of straw will be consumed daily. The machinery will be of the latest improved, and the mill first class in every particular.

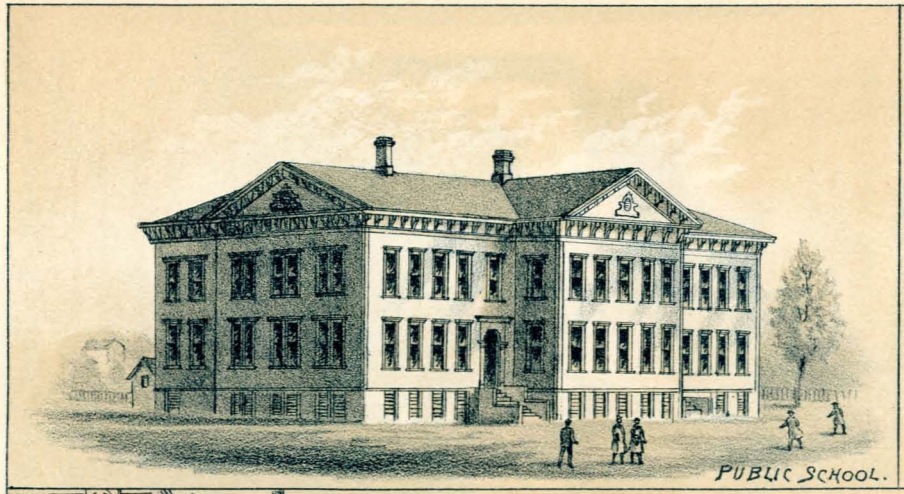
Mount Shasta National Park.—The scheme for the reservation by the government of a tract of land near Mount Shasta, for a national park, has been elaborated upon by its projectors, until, from a strip of territory a mile on each side of the Sacramento river, from Delta to Edgewood, the land which it is proposed to have reserved, has spread its boundaries to include ten townships, or about two hundred thousand acres, all in Siskiyou county. The attention of Senators Stewart and Stanford has been attracted to the movement, and it is said they are highly favorable to it. Charles Crocker is quoted as having said he would willingly relinquish all right acquired, or to be acquired, by the railroad company, within the proposed park. No objection is raised by the settlers, as it is not proposed to disturb their titles in any way, or to infringe upon their rights. A bill is about to be prepared for presentation to congress during this session, asking that all rugged mountain and forest land, watered by the streams that form the headwaters of the Sacramento river, except that belonging to private parties, be set aside forever for park purposes, that its timber and game may be preserved, and that its natural picturesqueness may not be destroyed. The region embraces the whole of Mt. Shasta and outlying peaks, and portions of Squaw mountain, and the Sacramento ranges, as well as Castle Rock, Giant's Dome, and other attractive features of this wonderful region. The California & Oregon railroad runs through the proposed reservation near its western boundary.

Cœur d'Alene Indian Reservation.—Senator Mitchell recently offered a resolution in the senate, relative to the Cœur d'Alene Indian Reservation, in Idaho. The preamble states that the reservation contains about four hundred and eighty thousand acres of land, and that only four hundred and seventy-six Indians are upon the reservation, including men, women and children, thus giving more than one thousand acres to each man, woman and child. It also sets forth that Lake Cœur d'Alene is navigable water of the Cœur d'Alene river. Twenty miles of the navigable portion of St. Joseph and St. Mary rivers are embraced within the limits of the reservation, and are, therefore, closed to commerce, and that these streams are valuable water highways for the transportation of the products of the country. The resolution directs the secretary of the interior to report to the senate what can be done to provide properly for the Indians, and, at the same time, secure the use of these water highways, and a vast area of territory containing valuable mineral deposits and rich agricultural tracts, for the use of settlers.

Port Blakely Mills.—Work has been commenced on the foundation of a new structure to replece the one destroyed by fire on the morning of February 3rd. The new mill will be about the same size as the old one, and will be ready for operations as soon as men and money can build it. In the mean time the Puget Mill Company will fill the Blakely company's contracts, and in order to do so have started three of their mills working night and day.

To Bible Readers.—The advertisement of the Yale Art Works, in another column, offers valuable presents to readers of the bible.


OREGON—FACTORIES AT EAST PORTLAND.






EAST-PORTLAND, OREGON.

# Directory of Leading Newspapers of the Northwest.

THE TIMES, Victoria, B. C. Daily, $10.00, and Weekly, $2.00. The leading paper of British Columbia, and the best advertising medium north of Portland. The Times Printing and Publishing Company.

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 yr., daily, $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.

THE OREGON SENTINEL, published every Thursday, at Jacksonville, Or., by Will Jackson and J. W. Merritt. Terms, one copy, one year, in advance, $2.00.

THE OREGON STATE JOURNAL, Republican, published on Saturday, at Eugene City, Or. Established 1864, by H. R. Kincaid, present editor and proprietor. Oldest paper, best advertising medium. $2.50 a year.

THE PLAINDEALER, Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon. Leading republican paper in Southern Oregon. Subscription price, $2.00 per year, in advance. Single copies 5 cts. Benjamin & Buick, publishers.

OREGON STATESMAN, Salem, Or. Now in its 38th year. Daily and Weekly. Subscription price, daily, $6.00; Weekly, $2.00, in advance. Second best newspaper and advertising medium in Oregon.

THE TIMES-MOUNTAINEER, The Dalles, Oregon. Oldest paper in Eastern Oregon. Leading paper in Wasco County. Largest circulation, best advertising medium. Independent in everything. Price, $2.00 per year.

EUGENE CITY, OR., GUARD. Largest circulation of any paper in Lane County. Published Saturdays. Eight pages. Subscription price, $2.50 per year, in advance. Address "The Guard," Eugene City, Or.

THE PENDLETON TRIBUNE, Pendleton, Oregon. Published every Thursday by the Tribune Publishing Co. Subscription price, $1.50 per year. Leading republican paper in Eastern Oregon J. B. Eddy & J. A. Fee, ed'rs.

**East Oregonian**

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEELY, every Tuesday and Friday. Leading paper of Eastern Oregon. Subscription price, single copy, $2.50; two copies, one year, $4.50. Premium paper free to each subscriber. Send for circulars. Address East Oregonian Publishing Co., Pendleton, Oregon.

THE OREGON SCOUT, Union, Oregon. An independent journal, issued every Friday morning. Jones & Chancey, propr's. Subscription price, $1.50 per year. The leading paper. Amos K. Jones, editor.

THE ASTORIAN, Astoria, Oregon. Daily and Weekly. J. F. Halloran & Co., proprietors. Daily, $7.00 per year; Weekly, $2.00. Largest circulation of any newspaper published on the Columbia river.

THE LAKE COUNTY EXAMINER, Lakeview, Oregon. Largest circulation of any paper in Southeastern Oregon. Subscription, $3.00. Latest land news and best advertising medium. Beach & Beach, publishers.

THE INDEPENDENT, only Republican paper in Vancouver, Washington Territory. Published every Wednesday, at $2.00 per year in advance. Good advertising medium. Address J. J. Beeson, publisher.

THE COMMONER, Colfax, Whitman County, W. T. Leading paper and best advertising medium in the great and fertile Palouse country. $2.00 a year, in advance. Sample copy sent free. E. C. Warner, manager.

THE ELLENSBURGH CAPITAL is the leading paper in Central Washington. Published in Ellensburgh, the great mining center of the Northwest. $2.00 per year, $1.25 for six months. "The Capital," Ellensburgh, W. T.

THE YAKIMA SIGNAL, North Yakima, W. T. Published Saturdays. Largest circulation. Oldest paper. Eight pages. $2.00 per year, in advance. J. R. Cox, editor. C. W. Leggett, manager.

THE SPOKANE FALLS CHRONICLE, Daily and Weekly. The only first class paper in Eastern Washington Terr'y. Full telegraphic reports daily. Subscription, Daily, $10; Weekly, $2.00. Sample copies, 5 cents.

YAKIMA REPUBLIC, North Yakima, W. T. Published every Friday. Subscription price, $2.00 per year, in advance. The pioneer journal of Central Washington.

WASHINGTON STANDARD, Olympia, W. T. Oldest paper in the territory. Established in 1860. Weekly. Democratic. Subscription, $2.50 per annum. John Miller Murphy, editor and proprietor.

DAILY AND WEEKLY STATESMAN, Walla Walla, W. T. Established 1861. Oldest paper in the territory. Subscription price, Daily, $10; Weekly, $3.00, in advance. Largest circulation. Frank J. Parker, proprietor.

THE WAITSBURG TIMES, Waitsburg, W. T. Published every Friday evening. The best advertising medium in Walla Walla county. Subscription price, $2.00 per annum. C. W. Wheeler, proprietor.

THE PARTISAN, successor to *Puget Sound Courier* and *Olympia Transcript*. Published every Saturday. Leading republican weekly of the Northwest. Subscription $2.50 a year. Thos. H. Cavanaugh, Olympia, W. T.

THE DAILY AND WEEKLY WOOD RIVER News-Miner, Hailey, Idaho. Oldest paper published in the Wood River country. Subscription price, per year, Daily, $10.00; Weekly, $3.00. Richards & Richards, publishers.

THE WEEKLY RECORD, Murray, Idaho. Published every Saturday. $3.00 per year, $1.50 for six months, in advance. Mining news a specialty. Largest and finest paper in Cœur d'Alene. Address "The Record,"

IDAHO WORLD, Idaho City, Idaho Territory. Subscription price, to Semi-Weekly, $6.00; Weekly, $3.50, in the territory, and $3.00 out of the territory; strictly in advance. H. & C. E. Jones, publishers.

THE KETCHUM KEYSTONE, Ketchum, I. T. The sole representative of the Upper Wood River Mining region. Published every Saturday. Subscription price, per year, $4.00. I. H. Bowman, publisher.

THE WOOD RIVER TIMES, Hailey, Idaho. Published daily and weekly. The Times is the leading newspaper of Idaho. It is a live paper read by live people. T. E. Picotte, editor and proprietor.

THE CHRONICLE, Bozeman, M. T. Wednesdays. Crisp and correct. Eight pages. Published in the "Egypt of America." Profitable to advertisers. A. K. Yerkes, prop.

THE YELLOWSTONE JOURNAL, Miles City, Montana. Daily and Weekly. Subscription rates, Daily, $10.00; Weekly, $3.00. Specimen copies free. Established 1878. The oldest paper in the Yellowstone valley.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN HUSBANDMAN, White Sulphur Springs, Mont. Weekly. $4.00 a year. The leading agricultural and stock journal of Montana. Sutherlin Brothers, publishers.

YREKA JOURNAL, Yreka, Cal. Published every Wednesday. Official paper of Siskiyou county. Subscription, $2.50 per annum. Robert Nixon, editor and proprietor.

# Directory of Leading Newspapers of the Northwest.

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

MONTANA—THE RIVER PRESS, Daily and Weekly. Most popular newspaper of the leading section of the Great Northwest. Subscription, three dollars per year. River Press Publishing Co., Fort Benton, M. T.

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE will contain a column article, descriptive of Oregon, each week during 1888. Subscription price, two dollars a year in advance. Address "Enterprise," Oregon City, Oregon.

ALASKA FREE PRESS, Juneau, Alaska Ty. Published every Saturday. Seven-column weekly. Subscription price, three dollars per year: one dollar and seventy-five cents for six months. Howard & Sons, publishers.

ASTORIA PIONEER, Daily and Weekly, D. C. Ireland, pub'r, Astoria, Or. Daily, by mail, 60 cents per month. Weekly, two dollars per year, in advance.

THE ALASKAN, Sitka, Alaska Ter. Published weekly by Maurice E. Kenealey. Subscription price, three dollars per year. The leading paper in the territory. Full information about Alaska's wonderful resources.

THE OCHOCO REVIEW, Prineville, Ogn. Published every Saturday. The leading paper of Crook county. Subscription price, two dollars and a half per year. J. A. Douthit, editor and proprietor.

THE REGISTER, Vancouver, W. T., leading paper of the Columbia river section of Wash. Ter. U. S. and County official paper. Large circulation. Issued on Thursday. $2 00 a year. Thurston Daniels, editor and propr.

DIE SEATTLE TRIBUENE, Seattle, Wash. Ter. Published every Thursday. The oldest German paper in the territory. Subscription price, per year, two dollars, in advance. R. Damus, publisher.

THE COLONIST, established 1858, Ellis & Co. proprietors, Victoria, B. C. The leading journal of British Columbia. Daily, $10.00 per year. Weekly, $2.00, including postage. Sample copies free.

# Hotel Directory of the Northwest.

GILMAN HOUSE, PORTLAND, OR.
*SCOTT & POST, Proprietors.*
European plan. Strictly first class.

ASHLAND HOUSE, ASHLAND, OR.
*J. J. STRAITT, Proprietor.*
Special attention paid to transient trade. Sample rooms for travelers. Free coach meets all trains.

DRIARD HOUSE, VICTORIA, B. C.
*REDON & HARTNAGLE, Proprs.*
Only first class hotel in the city

FREIMAN'S POPULAR RESTAURANT.
*B. FREIMAN, Sole Proprietor.*
The leading establishment of its kind in Portland. Tourists provided with fine lunches, in nice baskets, at low rates. No. 11 Oak St.

MONROE HOUSE, SALEM, OR.
*C. H. MONROE, Proprietor.*
The only house in the city conducted in first class style. Free coach meets all trains. Sample rooms for travelers.

CENTRAL HOTEL, TACOMA, W. T.
*JAMES DORSEY, Proprietor.*
In the center of the city. Newly repainted: First class accommodations. Free coach to boats and trains.

# Prominent and Reliable Real Estate Dealers.

HENDRICKS & SAUBERT, Salem, Oregon.
*REAL ESTATE AGENTS.*
Fine list of city and country property. Parties wanting to buy shown any property free of charge. Correspondence solicited.

ESHELMAN, LLEWELLYN & CO.,
*Real Estate and Money Brokers,*
Seattle, Wash. Ter.

GUY CARLETON PHINNEY,
*Banker and Real Estate Broker,*
James Street, Seattle, Washington Territory.

H. V. MATTHEWS,
*Real Estate and Loan Agent,*
Office over the Capital National Bank, Salem, Oregon. Correspondence solicited.

SOUTHERN OREGON.
*Fruit, Farming, Grazing and Mining Land Bought and Sold.*
Information furnished upon application. R. T. Lawton & Son, Medford, Or.

STEARNS & HITCHCOCK, Vancouver, W. T.
*Real Estate & Loan Agency.*
Abstracting and Conveyancing. Large list of Clarke County lands. City and suburban property in Vancouver and LaCamas.

CURRAN & MONTEITH, Albany, Oregon.
*REAL ESTATE DEALERS.*
Fine line of City and Country Property always on hand. Correspondnce solicited.

ARTHUR CONKLIN. E. SANDERSON SMITH.
SMITH & CONKLIN, Grant's Pass, Or.
*REAL ESTATE.*
Information regarding Southern Oregon cheerfully furnished. Loans on bond and mortgage.

A. E. BORTHWICK,
*Real Estate, Loans and Insurance,*
Rooms 10-11, 133½ First St., Portland, Or.

TITUS & STRAIGHT, Eugene City, Or.
*REAL ESTATE.*
*Insurance, Stock and General Brokers,*
Correspondence with colonies and fruit raisers especially solicited.

W. N. LUCKEY. J. T. ROGERS.
LUCKEY & CO., Ashland, Oregon.
*REAL ESTATE DEALERS.*
Correspondence solicited, and information regarding Southern Oregon cheerfully furnished.

EUGENE D. WHITE,
*Real Estate and Money Broker.*
Commissioner of Deeds for all the States and Territories. Notary Public.
Rooms B, C, D, 133½ First St., Portland, Or.

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## TO-DAY,

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Until March 15th, 1888, a few lots can be bought for

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Located within two blocks of the water front, and the extension of the Northern Pacific Railroad down the best water frontage of the city.

## ✠ NO ONE ✠

Who has invested in Tacoma Real Estate

## HAS LOST MONEY.

For particulars concerning desirable investments, address, (with stamp)

**ALLEN C. MASON, Real Estate and Loan Broker,**

**MASON BLOCK, TACOMA, W. T.**


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**After Four Hundred Years of wandering Westward, the STAR OF EMPIRE has become a fixture in**

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**ON THE BEST HARBOR ON THE PACIFIC COAST—ELLIOTT BAY,**

With fresh water harbor, Lake Washington, two miles back. Between these two harbors, an area 3x6 miles, lies the future great city of the Pacific coast—Seattle. Every foot of this area will soon command so much by the front foot. Lots, blocks and acre tracts on this chosen spot can now be secured by first applicants; and all who plant their money in Seattle real estate will become the Astors of the New York of the Pacific. Remember there is only one Seattle—

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**WITH STRONGER BACKING OF**

Iron, Coal, Silver, Gold, Marble, Limestone, Timber, Agriculture, Manufactures, Fisheries, Ship Building, Commerce and Natural Advantages than any other city in America.


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**COMING TO SEATTLE,**

Which added 4,000 to her population in 1887, will double that in 1888, and number 40,000 by 1890. Secure a ticket in the one chance of a lifetime to draw a prize of wealth and contentment from

## Eshelman, Llewellyn & Co.,

IN A WARRANTY DEED TO LOTS IN

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At the terminus of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern, the Canadian Pacific, Seattle & West Coast and Manitoba Railroads—all entering Seattle through Ross Addition. Only 10 minutes to Business Center. Ross Addition also lies along the canal connecting Lake Washington with Seattle Harbor. This canal will undoubtedly become the property of the United States Government to give access to Lake Washington, where the great naval station and ship yards on the North Pacific will be located. The canal and railroads furnish the power and shipping facilities for Ross Addition to become

## The Great Manufacturing Center

**OF SEATTLE.**

Lots level; perfect title, and only **$125** each, half cash, balance three and six months. The grand Seattle Boulevard, one hundred and fifty feet wide, passes along this property, and with the ocean canal, makes Ross Addition the most promising for investment for Business, Residence and Manufacturing Purposes.

## $125 NOW PLANTED IN A LOT IN THIS ADDITION

Will be the first round in your ladder to fortune. Don't delay. Secure a Warranty Seat in the Future Great City—Seattle—while there is a chance.

☞Seattle is now the railroad and steamboat center, the manufacturing and commercial center, and daily adds rounds to her ladder leading to the future great city of the Pacific. Her future is assured beyond all doubt. Plant your crop before it is too late. For information apply to

**ESHELMAN, LLEWELLYN & CO.,**

Seattle, Washington.

JOIN THE PROCESSION!