·ESTABLISHED·1875·

·THE· WEST SHORE

·JANUARY·1888·

·AN·ILLUSTRATED·WESTERN·MAGAZINE·

·CONTENTS·

·PRICE·25·CENTS·$2.50·A YEAR·

L·SAMUEL·PUBLISHER·PORTLAND·OREGON·

Nos. 171, 173, 175 SECOND STREET, CORNER YAMHILL.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

With the January number THE WEST SHORE enters its fourteenth year, which event is signalized by a marked improvement in every department, as well as a large increase in size. It is now the finest illustrated magazine in the world published at $2.50 per year.

An entirely new feature for 1888 is the publication of twelve large supplements, one of which will be sent out with each number. These will be handsome engravings in colors or tints of the most celebrated scenes in Oregon, Washington, California, Idaho, Montana, Utah, British Columbia and Alaska. The first is a magnificent oleograph of the Entrance to the Columbia River, printed in nine colors, and accompanies the January number. This is a masterpiece of color printing, and has been produced at great expense. With the February number the "Great Shoshone Falls" will be furnished as a large supplement. Other engravings in the February number will be views among "The Friends," at Newberg, Oregon, Albina Machine Shops and Coal Docks, and scenes in East Portland. During the year large supplements (one each month) will be furnished of "Mount Rainier," "In the Heart of the Rocky Mountains," "Yellowstone Park," "Great Falls of the Missouri," etc.

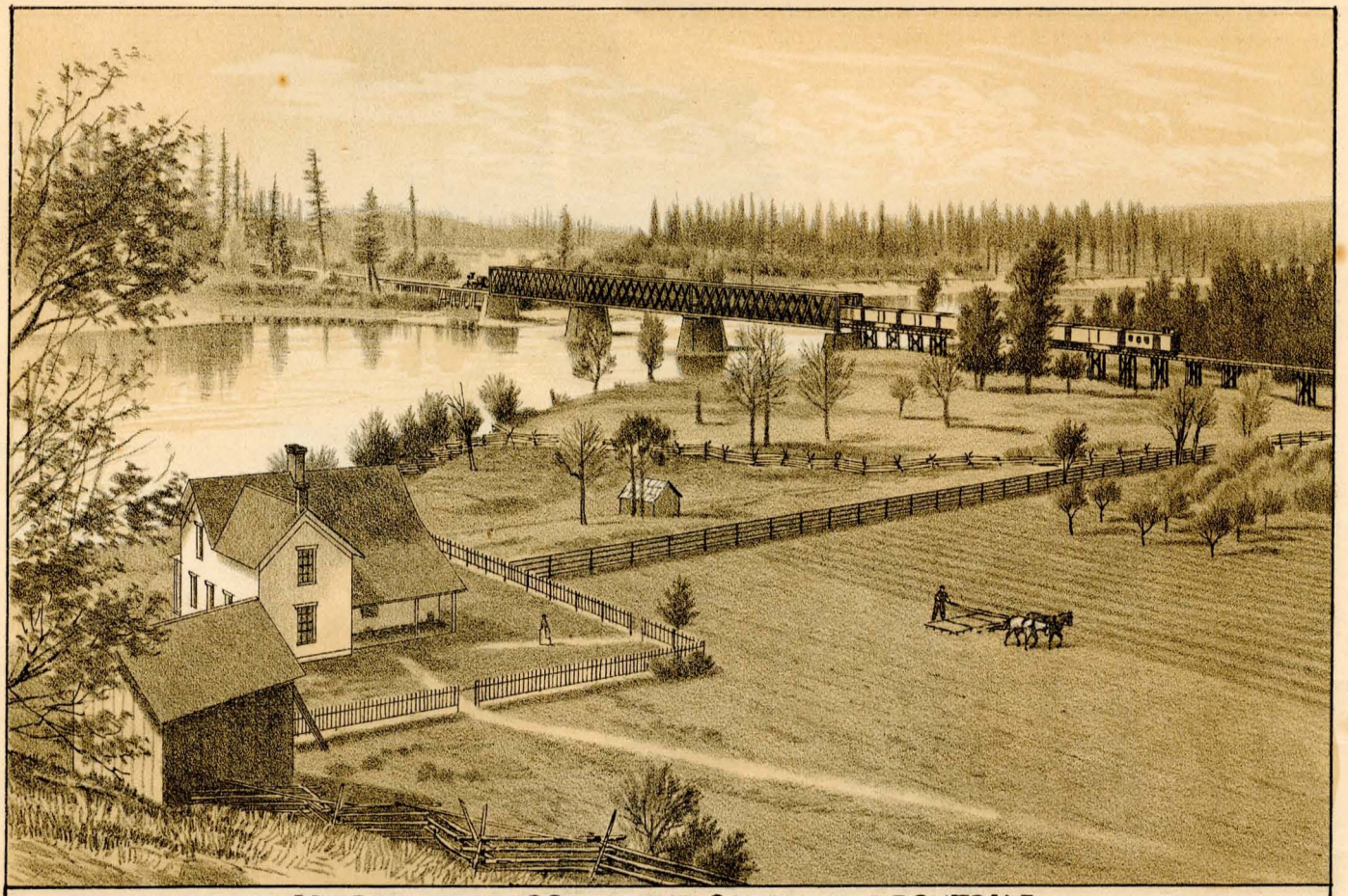
You will find THE WEST SHORE for 1888 a great artistic treat, and full of interest in all its departments. Special attention is called to our department of "Thoughts and Facts for Women," which is not filled with mere gossip and chit-chat, but is full of practical suggestions and thoughts helpful to the mothers and daughters of the land. This department alone should carry THE WEST SHORE into every family circle. If you are at all interested in the Great Northwest, its grand scenery, its industries, its cities, towns or people, you will be more than pleased with THE WEST SHORE. Try it for 1888.

L. SAMUEL, Publisher,

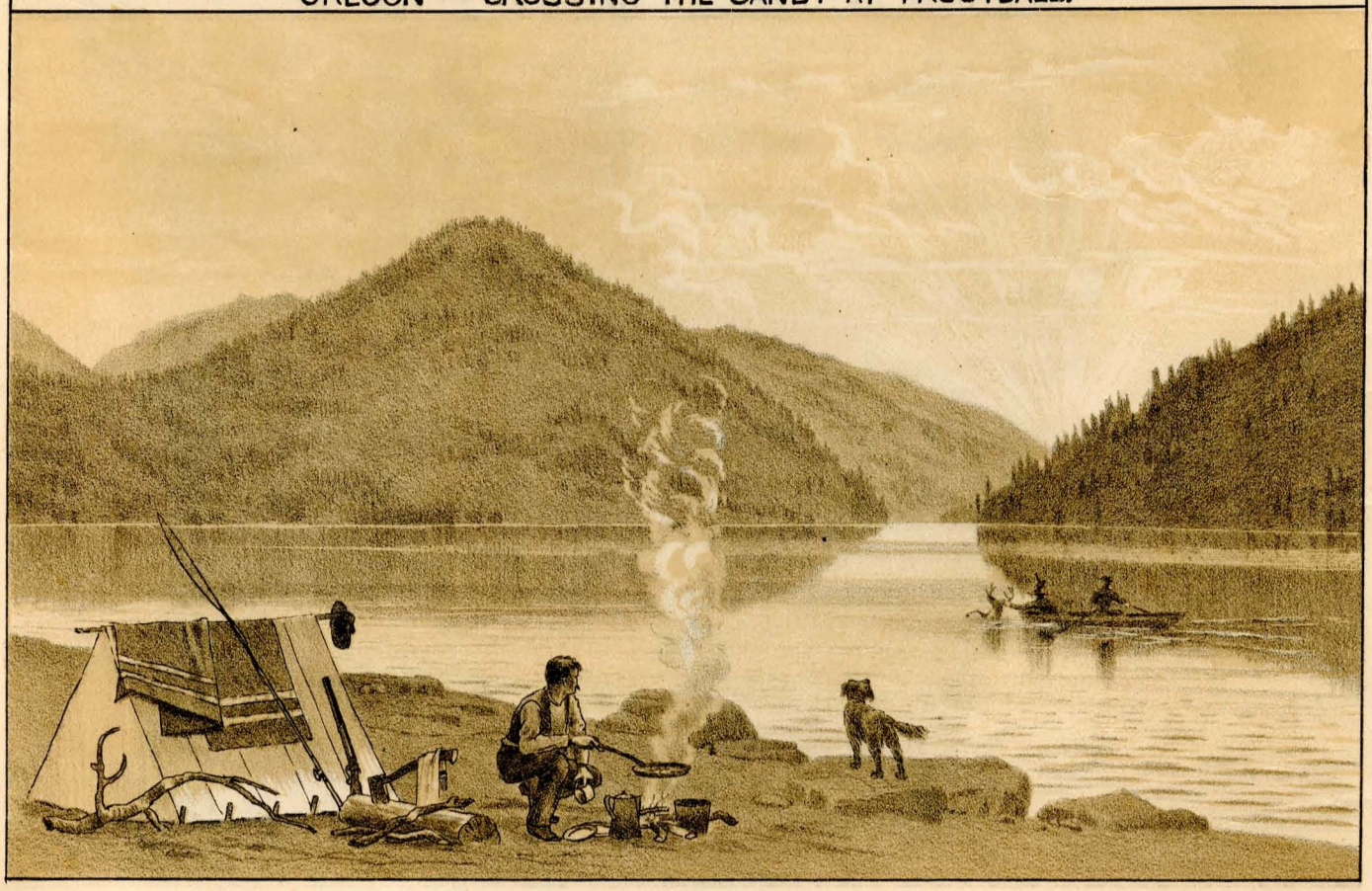
171-3-5 Second St., PORTLAND, OR.

Entered at the Post Office in Portland, Oregon, as Second Class Matter.

OREGON — FIRST STREET NORTH FROM TAYLOR, PORTLAND.



OREGON — CROSSING THE SANDY AT TROUTDALE.



WASHINGTON — ON LAKE CHELAN.

THE WEST SHORE

14TH YEAR. JANUARY, 1888. No. 1.

ZEKE.

PAUL RENFREW, the artist, had gone into the heart of the the Sierras to make sketches for the fall exhibition.

He hoped to put his soul, figuratively speaking, on canvas, and win both fame and fortune at one stroke.

It was mid-summer far down in the valleys, but up here in the eternal solitude of these hoary mountains was yet a touch of winter—just enough, however, to make the air delightfully exhilarating, and the nights full of delicious repose.

He was poor, "damnably poor," he often muttered, when rent day came and left him but a scanty allowance with which to eke out the succeeding month.

The world had been slow to recognize in him the birthmark of genius. Older heads, if not more divinely gifted, who wielded the brush with a steadier hand, had hitherto overshadowed him. But he was gradually coming into favor with a discerning public, and he looked forward with reasonable expectations to a bright and prosperous future.

He pitched his camp in a little cove close beside a mountain rivulet, in whose crystal depths multitudes of silvery trout shot to and fro like a weaver's shuttle. He looked about upon the grand panorama with an almost overwhelming sense of his own littleness. Gradually this was succeeded by a feeling of exultation—a quicker leaping of arterial blood—a dumb, intense longing to penetrate even the "holy of holies" of nature's temples, and with a daring, though reverential, hand, to make her secrets his very own, attain heights hitherto undreamed of. In the presence of these immutable monuments of the handiwork of the Almighty, all his soul's best and purest aspirations leaped to the surface; the selfish and base crept under cover. The sky looked so blue—heaven seemed so near, and the sordid, grasping world so far away.

That first night he slept the sleep of the just. He woke with the dawn, new life tingling in his veins and oozing at his finger tips.

After a hasty breakfast he started out on a voyage of discovery. He had no fear, either of molestation or of losing his way. He was accustomed to following mountain trails, and roaming for weeks at a time in solitary, isolated places.

He had grown to love this wild, Bohemian sort of life, and he was never so much at home as when, with knapsack and camping outfit, he was off for his annual summer jaunt.

After a time, however, he became aware that he had lost his bearings. He had been so lost in wonder and admiration, so filled with the keenest enjoyment, that he had utterly forgotten to note any landmarks. He must have traveled a long distance, for he was a fast walker and it was already high noon.

The thought suggested itself, that, perhaps, after all, he might have been traveling in a circle, and was nearer camp than he suspected, if he only knew the precise location of that much-desired haven. He had heard of such instances before. It would never do to sit down and quietly fold his hands. The afternoon would soon pass, and night drops swiftly and early in mountain fastnesses. Besides, there was another urgent cause for action. A man's first sense of discomfort proclaims itself in the pit of his stomach. Paul

Renfrew was desperately hungry. He had breakfasted along with the birds, and frugally, at that. All his dreams of future glory collapsed like a leaky balloon. His ambition was humbly merged into a couple of good sized sandwiches and a cup of cold, mountain water. Then he could lie down anywhere and sleep like a baby.

He pushed back the jaunty Turkish cap which he wore, disclosing a broad, white brow, and ran his shapely, artist hand through the closely-cropped curls of dark chestnut in perplexing indecision. His eyes matched the curls, and usually held in their brown depths only laughing defiance at fate's caprices. The short upper lip could take a scornful curve, a derisive twist, or smile sweetly as a cherub, as dextrously as his ready brush by a line here, a touch there, could change the face of his canvas.

He wore a short jacket and trowsers of brown corduroy, and was, altogether, as handsome a specimen of a Bohemian as one would see in many a day. But lost in a labyrinthian tangle, with the gnawings of hunger added, the situation had become a critical one. The like had never happened to him before. Both eyes and face were grave enough now for the strictest Presbyterian deacon.

"'Where there's a will there's a way,'" he muttered, and dashed off at a tangent, whistling snatches of an old rollicking ballad.

After traversing, it seemed to him, miles, in every direction, he was forced, at last, to admit the cruel fact that he was only the more completely bewildered —the more hopelessly lost.

The light was fast fading out of the sky. Grotesque, shadowy shapes were prowling about the mountain sides. On a projecting spur the slim, gray figure of a coyote paused for a second, outlined as in granite against the darkening heavens, gave its peculiar, half-barking, half-wailing cry, then leisurely trotted out of sight.

He noted all this in an indifferent sort of way. The artist had utterly succumbed to the man. He was so weak from exhaustion and want of food as to be scarcely able to stand. He had spells of a distressing nausea, and a strange, whirling sensation in his head.

"If I must die, I'll die hard," he cried, staggering on. That was the last he remembered.

When he recovered consciousness he was lying in the upper bunk of a log cabin. The structure was rude and of a most primitive pattern; all its belongings betokened the utmost simplicity of living. His eyes noted the order and neatness of the place with real pleasure, and there was an air of comfort and warmth pervading it that was restful in the extreme. Some savory mess was brewing in the wide fireplace. Its delicious odor tantalized his olfactories and resuscitated his appetite. Through the open doorway he saw the sun climbing the blue stairway, and the snowy summits hung with purple and blue and gold draperies, woven at invisible looms.

Soft, cool breezes stole in and stirred the moist hair on his temples.

"What a royal day for the artist!" he thought, his eyes kindling with eager interest.

He lifted himself on his elbow as if to make the effort to rise, when suddenly an apparition confronted him. Whence it came, or how, he could not divine, but there it stood, as if evolved by some device of magic—the most powerful in size and muscular development, the shaggiest, the ugliest and most ferocious-visaged specimen of the canine species he had ever beheld. The huge creature seemed to belong to no particular type, but to combine the most prominent characteristics of several remarkable breeds.

His long, silky coat was mottled gray and black, and his lopping ears and massive chest of a dark tan color. The short, square, heavy jaws had a frightful scar on the left side, where the muscles were drawn away, which gave to them a singularly savage look. But the majestic carriage of the body, the broad paws and muscular legs, the dignity of the upper head, and the fine, large, lustrous eyes, in which, from under shaggy, overhanging brows, gleamed an almost more than human intelligence, amply redeemed the grotesque deformity of the lower face. There he stood glowering up at Paul, and at every attempt on his part to rise, uttered a low, significant growl.

It was plain that he was a prisoner and could not hope to elude the watchful eyes of that shaggy sentinel. It was just as plain, too, that he was completely at the animal's mercy, for he recognized the small derringer, which he carried, lying on a table across the room. Even it would probably have availed him little, for the unerring brute instinct would have rightly interpreted the deadly menace, and one grip of those mighty jaws on his throat would have ended his career before he could have pulled the trigger or made an outcry. He felt as helpless as though, taken utterly unawares in a lonely, isolated spot, he had been accosted with "hands up!" and looked into the cocked revolver of some daring highwayman. Like a prudent man, he quietly succumbed to the inevitable, and assumed a recumbent position. The dog straightway stretched himself out at full length, with his nose between his fore paws, and made a pretense of sleep. But Renfrew knew, by the occasional flutter of an eyelash, that a close watch was being kept upon his movements. He in turn kept a close surveillance on the dog, and, in a measure, the clamor of returning vitality was merged into that absorbing occupation.

After a time he noticed that the animal was intently listening to something without, and beyond his vision, although, to the artist's ear, no sound broke the profound stillness. The muscles seemed to be strained to the utmost; every nerve was quivering, the nostrils dilated, and the whole body had a waiting, expectant air, though its former posture remained unchanged.

Presently the long, shaggy tail began a slow, sidewise wag of satisfaction, that grew swifter as the seconds flew by. The eyelids opened and shut in a rapid, incessant motion, and if a dog can ever be said to laugh, the monstrous beast shook with convulsions and his leering jaws widened into a horrible grin. Did these demonstrations of joy spring from faithful affection toward an absent object about returning? He had known similar manifestations to be the outcome of savage gloating over an expected victim.

A shadow fell across the doorway, and a powerful figure, shaggy and massive and brawny as the beast there, strode in with a rifle across its shoulders and an ugly looking knife in its belt. The dog gave a tremendous leap toward it. Renfrew held his breath and instinctively closed his eyes. Would the dog miss the man's throat?

A hearty, ringing voice brought the man to a sitting posture. "Hi, Zeke, my boy! I take no stock in kissin'. Them be ways o' giddy wimmen-folk, wat's allus sloppin' over like a even-full bucket, wen th' surface 's riled a bit. Glad t' see yer pard? Down then, sir, an' gin me yer hand on 't, like th' honest gentleman ye air; an' faithful, too, I trow, as th' ole clock in my mother's kitchen, that 'll gin th' hour as long as time lasts. A gentleman 'dyed in the wool, bred in the bone,'" affectionately patting the dog's head, while Zeke showed intelligent appreciation by vigorously wagging his tail, lolling his tongue, and by short, quick barks of assent.

"An' why not?" glancing for the first time at Renfrew, as if expecting dissent from the statement. "Thar be dogs thet be brutes, an' thar be men thet be brutes. It be a poor rule thet won't work both ways, I reckon. Well, now stranger," with the mountaineer's ready variableness of thought and speech, that serves him well in any emergency, "I 'lowed you-uns 'ud be peart 's a cricket 'fore long. You-uns hed a mighty close call, le' me tell ye. W'en I stumbled acrost ye last evenin', ye jest raved 'bout summat t' eat, an' nothin' else. I made a big kittle o' strong broth, an' th' way you-uns went fer 't made my eyes water; an' arter thet ye went t' sleep like a baby. Hankerin' still arter th' loaves an' fishes, be ye?" as Renfrew's eyes wandered wistfully toward the fireplace. "Wall, now, thet be nateral, an' a good omen generally, though not allus, I'm bound to admit. Thar be times w'en a man's stomach 's the very wust jedge he kin tie to. Th' more bad whisky he pours into it, th' louder it cries fer more, till th' filthy leech sucks th' vitals dry. Thet air a fac' wuth knowin, an' some men thar be thet learn it to ther cost. Now, Zeke 'ere knows w'at reason fails to teach man. He won't tech it in any shape. Howsomever, you-uns has struck th' right lead, an' no bad konsekences 'll foller, depend on 't. Thar, stranger, eat an' be filled with th' fat o' th' land—a dish fit fer a king."

He set before him a shining tin platter, filled with the savory mess that had been so tantalizing, and which proved to be some wild game, deliciously cooked and seasoned; a royal feast, to which the artist did ample justice, and soon really felt like himself again. Zeke, too, came in for a bountiful share of the feast, which disappeared with astonishing celerity.

"Thet dog 'as a most amazen' capacity fer stowin' away victuals," remarked the mountaineer, gazing fondly at the huge creature, that seemed oblivious of all else save the business in hand—the filling of his inner vacuum to his entire satisfaction. "But he be a philosopher wi' it all. He eats anything an' everything that's set afore 'im without grumblin', an' thet's a long shot more 'an some folks kin do, le' me tell ye. Intelligent? You-uns 'll believe it w'en ye git better acquainted wi' 'im. Not 'nother dog ekel to 'im to my notion. Kep' purty close watch on ye, didn' he, stranger? I was afeard you-uns might git up an' wander off, ye know, an' I sez to Zeke, sez I, 'Zeke, don' ye let thet air man git up till I come back.' I reckon ef I'd 'a' staid till th' crack o' doom, you-uns 'ud 'a' both been thar yit, wi' stomachs holler 's an ole stump, fer Zeke never disobeyed a order. He'd 'a' gin ye fair warnin', an' ef ye'd 'a' flung it back in his teeth, you-uns 'ud mos' likely been a heap sight th' wustest off."

Renfrew thought it the most likely thing in the world, and was not in the least anxious to try the experiment. He at once suggested returning to camp if the mountaineer would be so kind as to direct his course. But his host pronounced him unfit to make the journey before the next day, and promised to accompany him, on condition that he would bring his outfit down to his domain and share his cabin, and what comforts it afforded, as long as he remained in the mountains. The idea struck the artist very favorably. The location was picturesque and grandly beautiful. He could not have chosen a better spot for awakening dormant powers. Surely, if anywhere, the priestess of his art had her temple here. Besides, the mountaineer's offer had been given in such a spirit of simple, whole-hearted generosity, that he felt he could not do otherwise than accept in the same spirit of simple frankness.

" There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may."

Thus the artist's future was being shaped by invisible agencies, in a manner that neither of the men dreamed of. Upon what little things, oftentimes trivial circumstances, hinge the crises of human life!

By a step aside, Renfrew lost his way; this led to acquaintanceship, and consequent change of habitation, thought, purpose and plan, which, in turn, became the stepping stone to great achievement and ultimate fame and fortune.

" But the very hairs of your head are all numbered," said the Divine Teacher; and who, that has felt the blessed assurance of the dear Father's constant care, would ever willingly be without such evidence? Meanwhile

" Night dropped her sable curtain,
And pinned it with a star."

The pure, cool mountain air crept in at the open window, but a cheerful fire blazed in the wide fireplace. On one side, Zeke stretched out with his nose between his fore paws; on the other sat the mountaineer, and the artist occupied the center.

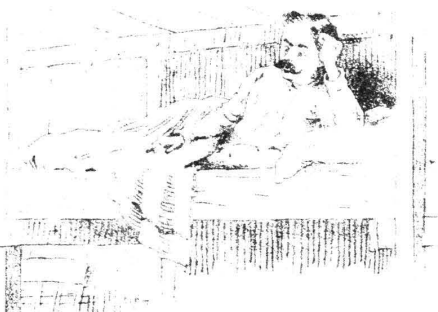
" What a demoniacal look that scar gives his face," said the latter, nodding toward the dog, " as though the identical legion of devils, cast out of the fierce Gadarene, had intrenched themselves within his shaggy coat."

Zeke arose with inconceivable majesty, lifted his brows, and flashed upon the speaker, from his fine, lustrous eyes, a look that said as plainly as if put in words: "A gentleman quadruped demands satisfactaction from a gentleman biped. Take that back, or score accounts!"

Renfrew laughed good-naturedly, and with a low bow of mock deference, said, " I beg a thousand pardons. On the word of a gentleman, I meant no offense whatever."

The dog gave a leer of satisfaction, and resumed his former position. The mountaineer's face was grave, and he seemed lost in deep thought. Presently he spoke, with kindling eyes—

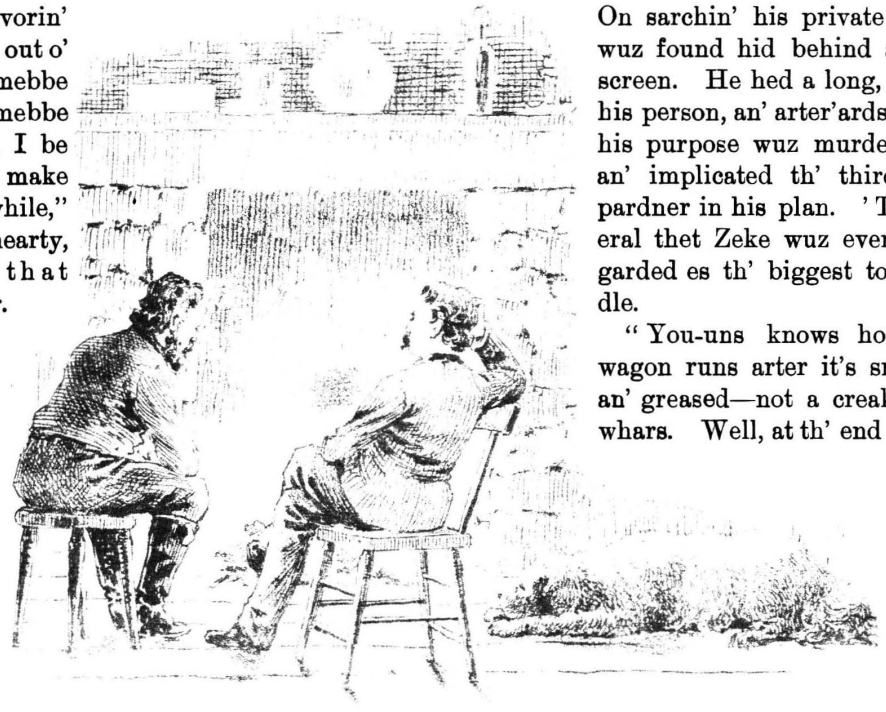
" Stranger, I ha' summat to say to ye. Thar be scars thet air badges o' shame an' disgrace, an' thar be scars thet shine like jewels in a king's diadem, an' kin be worn es proudly. Ye kin't allus jedge o' th' kunnel by th' outer shell. I kin p'int out on these 'ere mountins a score o' ole lan' marks, whose trunks be twisted an' seamed an' scarred wi' warrin' agin th' elements; but ef ye'd look at 'em close, ye'd see a vigorous, healthy top to 'em; an' ef ye'd cut through th' bark, you-uns 'ud find a generous flow o' rich, sweet sap. Stranger, don' pin yer faith to th' outside o' th' platter. Th' Pharisees did thet an' ther own in-'ards wuz rotten es las' year's dung 'eap, an' no sweeter, le' me tell ye. Th' Nazarene hed to sot down on 'em. He sot down on 'em a heap o' times, but they wuz like a rubber ball, an' bounced up agin w'en th' pressure wuz took off. They wuz a plaguey set; an' th' airth ain't rid on 'em yit, by a long shot. Now a dog's instinct 's wiser 'an a man's reason. He'll scent th' cloven foot an' forked tail quicker 'an a wink, an' never miss 'em wunst. You-uns don' pear to set much store by thet air Zeke o' mine. But I kin gin ye a piece o' his history thet 'll stagger yer faith 'bout a dividin' line twixt instinct an' reason. Ye'll fergit all 'bout thet scar, like we do th' humliness, o' folks thet we come to know an' love; an' ye'll say, 'long wi' me, thet not anuther dog be ekel to 'im."



He hitched his chair closer to the artist's, and his voice, in its earnestness, took a higher key, with a slightly nasal twang. Even the fire seemed to brighten with expectancy, while Zeke gently wagged his tail, and, lifting his head, looked full into the face of his master. The mountaineer gave the dog an answering look, that said—

" Ye kin trus' me, ole feller," and launched forth in his canine narrative. " Es well es I kin rikollect, et's nigh onter ten year sence I wuz superintendin' a cattle ranch down in Western Texas. The owner wuz a English gentleman, named Brockton. He hed a mighty fine place over thar in Yorkshire, thet wuz called Brockton Hall. He hed bought th' ranch th' year before, an' left it in charge uv a overseer; but it wuz badly managed, an' w'en he come back th' nex' summer, he shipped 'im an' put me in his place. Et wuz quite th' fashion them days fer th' English gentry

to buy up Texas lands an' come over thar an' rough it part o' th' year. Now they air a-buyin' purty much over all th' kentry. This guv'ment's a lettin' too many furriners gin'rally a comin, an' they air a goin' to prove a nest o' yaller-jackets, thet 'll stick like leeches, an' sting an' keep on a stingin' th' wusser, th' more this guv'ment tries to lick th' devil outer 'em. Got away frum my text? Thet's a fac', stranger. Well, in th' days o' th' Nazarene thar wuz prufets an' false prufets. So in our times thar be sev'ral types o' preachers. One builds his sarmon fust, then tacks on a tex' to suit. Tother takes his tex' anywhars in th' bible an' sticks to it like grim death, an' makes all on 'em bristle wi' damnation an' hell. Anuther likewise takes his tex', but sails straightway off wi' favorin' winds till he be clar out o' sight o' land, an' mebbe he kin git back an' mebbe not. But, stranger, I be a good cruiser; I'll make th' harbor arter a while," and he laughed a hearty, wholesome laugh, that was pleasant to hear.



"Well," he continued, "th' boss brought over a heap o' sarvants, an' his sister (he wuz a widower), an' his unly chil', a darter o' ten, wi' her maid an' guv'ness, an' Zeke thar. Vi'let wuz th' apple o' her father's eye, an' es purty es a pictur. Her eyes made me think o' nothin' but th' blue o' summer skies, an' her fluffy yallei hair hed th' gleamin brightness o' th' horizon w'en th' settin' sun gil's it. She wuz like an angel o' light, flittin' hither an' yon, wi' a pleasant word or a bright look fer all, an' wuz th' idol o' th' sarvants. She an' Zeke wuz fas' frien's, an' allus together. Many's th' time I ha' found her asleep wi' th' dog for a pillar. Her father, too, sot great store by 'im, an fer th' best o' reasons. Th' dog hed a pedigree thet couldn't be beat nowhars. His mother wuz a Bernard, wi' a streak o' New Foun'lan' blood som'ars back in th' line; an' his father, a full-blooded English bulldog.

"But better 'an th' purity o' his pedigree, wuz th' mem'ry o' his dog's fidelity. Oncet th' master went in bathin'. Fer some onaccountable reason, he become frightened an' lost th' power o' motion. W'en he wuz sinkin' fer th' last time, he felt 'imself caught by th' arm an' dragged to shore—saved by his faithful shadder. Another time he hed reached hum at dusk wi' a large sum o' money. He brought three gentlemen to dine wi' 'im. Th' dog wuz overjoyed to see his master, but to oncet showed strange aversion to one o' th' three visitors, by snappin' an' snarlin' at his least movement. Later on he manifested great oneasiness an' kep' up a constant beat through th' rooms an' halls, sniffin' an utterin' low growls, allus endin' wi' his master's bed chamber. His conduct wuz so sing'lar thet th' master an' two o' th' guests detarmined to sarch th' house an' ferret out th' cause. Th' third visitor suddenly complained o' feelin' ill, an' excusin' 'imself, tuck a hasty leave. On sarchin' his private room, a man wuz found hid behind a large foldin' screen. He hed a long, sharp knife on his person, an' arter'ards confessed thet his purpose wuz murder an' robbery, an' implicated th' third visitor es a pardner in his plan. 'Twuz unly nateral thet Zeke wuz ever arter'ards regarded es th' biggest toad in th' puddle.

"You-uns knows how slick a ole wagon runs arter it's smartly cleaned an' greased—not a creak nur a jar nowhars. Well, at th' end o' three month I hed things in tip-top shape, an' tuck pride in makin' th' best showin' uv any overseer in th' kentry. Th' boss wuz might'ly pleased, es he orter be, fer it wuz all outgo with t'other man at th' helm. He wuz already talkin' o' goin' back an' leavin' me in full charge, he hed thet confidence in me. But now th' most onaccountable sarkimstance happened. I never could understand it no more 'an th' rest uv 'em. Even Zeke, to this day, is at a loss how it ever could, or did, happen."

In affirmation of this statement, the dog suddenly gave vent to a stifled howl, that was like a sobbing cry.

"Jes' hear 'im now! Don' tell me he don' understand every word thet's said. I'd stake all th' gold in Californy on thet p'int. A dog's mem'ry lasts wi' his life. Es a rule, they never fergit a kindness or a injury. They're purty much like human folks arter all, an' run th' same gamut o' natur an' stock. I ha'

knowed some dogs thet I jest despised. Th' more ye'd kick 'em, the more they'd lick yer hands an' fawn at yer feet. Thar be plenty o' men jest like 'em. I sets heap o' store by stock. Gi' me dog or man wi' 'nuff self-respect to never dishonor ther own inside, fer we all be jes' wat's inside 'n us. Now Zeke hed a high sperrit, along wi' a mighty fine dignity. He wuz kin' an' docile, but impulsive, like all strong, deep naturs. He hed one fault—jes' one; thet o' snappin' at his bes' friends ef they meddled wi' 'im w'en he wuz a gnawin' a bone. He'd leave a good dinner any day fer a nice, tender, meaty bone—one, ye know, wi' feathery bits o' meat along it. Thar be a ole sayin', 'Th' nearder th' bone, th' sweeter th' meat.' Mebbe thet's why it wuz sech a sweet morsel to 'im; I dunno. Some facts be queer 'nuff, queer 'nuff—let 'em pass.

"'Twuz th' middle o' Injun summer. Thar wuz a warm, purpleish haze in th' sky; a hot, languorous softness in th' air' thet tuck th' grit outen us. Th' boss an' me wuz settin' on th' piazzy, thet run all round th' house, es they build 'em in th' south. We wuz settin' on th' west side, figurin' on some improvements we wuz a goin' to make. Zeke wuz busy wi' a plate o' bones, thet ole Chloe, th' cook, hed gi'n 'im. Suddenly Vi'let, in a white gown, an' her wavy, golden hair a flyin', stepped outer a low winder close to 'im an' stooped down by 'im, her shinin head close to hisen. Thar wuz a gleam o' angry eyes, a horrible snappin sound an' a low outcry. We sprung for'ard. Th' dog gin one shocked, agonized, despairin' look at th' ugly wound; then, wi'out glancin' agin at th' bones, uttered a long, wailin' cry, an' leaped away to th' woods."

They heard again that stifled howl, and Zeke arose with a look of sorrowful contrition in his eyes, and with his tail between his legs, slunk away to the darkest corner of the room. No amount of coaxing could induce him again to return. The artist was deeply touched, and eagerly motioned the mountaineer to continue his narrative.

"I allus hate to repeat th' story, kase it makes 'im suffer so. He kin't fergit th' part he tuck in it, an' his remorse be sech a real, live thing to 'im, thet ye kin't git round a feelin' o' respect an' sympathy; an' th' pathos under it all jes' teches th' marrer o' yer bones."

He drew his shaggy coat sleeve slowly across his eyes and coughed a suspicious quaver out of his voice, then hurried on as if to get through with an unpleasant task.

"Her father caught her up wi' a muttered curse. Thar wuz a ghastly wound on her head, slantin down a bit on th' forrud, an' splashes o' blood lay on th' bright hair. Th' shock o' th' fright an' the wound together brung on brain fever, an' fer a fortnight her life flickered like a candle w'en th' raw wind strikes it. At th' end o' three weeks th' crisis hed passed, an' she was slowly, but surely, on th' road to health agin. All this time we hed seed nur heard nothin o' Zeke, but th' boss hed swore by th' Almighty, ef he showed 'imself agin he'd shoot 'im dead in his tracks. One mornin' I wuz standin' on th' porch ready to start fer a distant part o' th' ranch. Th' boss come out wi' a gun in his hand an' said he was goin' to shoot some quails fer Vi'let. I noticed a angry flash leap to his eyes, an' follerin' ther direction I seed a sight thet made th' tears drop from my eyes like rain. Thar wuz Zeke, not thirty feet away, a crawlin' to'rd us on his belly. He wuz th' mere ghost o' 'imself—starved to a skeleton, an' within his haggard, holler eyes, wuz th' dumb agony o' remorse, repentence, an' a pitiful prayer fer pardon. Skursly th' fraction o' a second passed; ther wuz a ominous click, a flash, an' Zeke sprung upward in th' air an' fell quiverin' to th' airth. I turned wi' drippin' eyes an' burnin' words on my lips. Th' boss dropped his gun, an' wi' a dazed, scared look, strode in th' house es ef th' sperrit o' th' dog wuz arter 'im.

"Stranger, thar be summat awful in a dog's repentence. Et premises a intelligence skursly below man's soul. W'at comes o' it arter death? I ha' a notion thet heaven 'ud be a mighty lonesome place to me wi'out Zeke to share it. But let thet pass, too.

"I keerfully lifted th' wounded dog an' tuck 'im away wi' me. Th' bullet hed crashed through his left jaw, an' th' scar o' it he'll carry to his dyin' day. I nursed 'im back to life an' health, an' we ha' been sworn pardners ever sence. I vowed, arter sech treatment, I'd never let th' boss know thet Zeke wuz livin'. I kep' thet vow; yit mebbe ef I hed tole 'im, things might ha' went different wi' 'im; I dunno, p'raps not. Some weeks later, w'en I come back, I knowed to oncet thet summat wuz wrong wi' 'im. Es I rode up he wuz runnin' roun' an' roun' th' house at a tight jump, lookin back'ards wi' a wicked laff, an' his coat tails flappin' in th' wind like sails. Sudden he stopped an' peered, cautious like, roun' th' corner o' th' piazzy, a thumbin' his nose, jes' so. W'en he seed me he come tip-toein' close up to me, wi' a look o' cunnin' in his eyes, an' sez he, in a shrill whisper, 'E's hoff th, scent; H'I tricked 'im.'

"Well, he hed them bad spells off an' on, allus declarin' thet Zeke's sperrit wuz pursuin' 'im night an' day, a belchin' fire outen his mouth. W'en Vi'let wuz able to travel, they all went back to England; but he growed wus fast, an' come to be so vi'lent they wuzn't able to manage 'im. His frien's wuz goin' to take 'im to a private mad-house; but th' mornin' they wuz to start, he wuz missin'. Th' next mornin' his

body wuz found in a small lake on his own grounds. They gin out 'twuz accidental drownin', but, 'twixt you-uns an' me, he got wind o' ther plans, an' 'scaped 'em by jumpin' in th' lake. Et be cur'us how smart crazy folks kin be! Arter a while the family lawyer come over an' sole th' ranch, stocked jes' es 'twas, to a party o' New Yorkers. Then Zeke an' me cut loose frum our moorin's, drifted up inter these yer mountins, an' 'ere we be yit. Now Zeke—" and in a rich bass, of great volume and sweetness, he struck off with

" Come on my partner in distress,
My comrade in this wilderness."

The dog slowly rose, came to his master and laid his head across his knees. The mountaineer reached down and drew from out the shaggy hair a small gold locket attached to a slender chain. He touched the spring, and said—

" Thar be Vi'let's pictur. She wuz puttin' it roun' his neck thet mornin'," with a significant look toward the dog.

" Thet be all, stranger."

* * * * * * * * * *

The fall exhibition opened with great splendor. The subjects treated were widely different, and handled with admirable nerve. Strong *motif*, breadth and unity of scope, and a vivid, but delicate, coloring, were the points of excellence possessed, in a more or less degree, by all of them. To sum up the matter in a nut shell, the unanimous judgment of the best critics, and the vast multitudes that daily thronged the spacious gallery, pronounced it to be the finest amateur collection ever exhibited in San Francisco.

The first place was awarded to a picture of the *genre* class. It was rather a series of pictures, which formed a wheel within a wheel, so to speak, since each separate part was so nicely adjusted, the one on the other, that each was essential to the perfect whole.

While possessing the points of excellence already mentioned, it was remarkable for two things not always found, even in the old masters.

The one—an intense realism—that centered upon a golden-haired child and a great, shaggy dog; a subtle, magnetic power, infinitely tender, potentially supreme, divinely enthused, that finds fittest expression in the words of the inspired penman:

And he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.

The other, a nobility of thought, a sublimity of conception, that unfolded, like a grand panorama, the passionate sweep of anguish, remorse, repentence and atonement, with swift and masterful effect. Ruskin, the divine interpreter of art, says:

The picture which has the nobler and more numerous ideas, however awkwardly expressed, is a greater and better picture than that which has the less noble and less numerous ideas, however beautifully expressed.

The picture was labeled " A Dog's Repentence," and in the lower right hand corner were traced, in gilt letters, the artist's initials. Paul Renfrew had found his inspiration, and, painting *con amore*, had achieved success, which is only another name for fame. Halting fortune would soon be limping in his wake. Toward the close of the exhibition, the *Morning News* announced a notable arrival—the Lady Margaret Fanshawe, of Lambeth Place, Yorkshire. She was accompanied by her neice, Miss Violet Brockton, heiress of Brockton Hall, and they had taken apartments at " The Palace " for the winter. So the *News* stated it in a positive, matter-of-fact fashion, although the Lady Margaret herself, when interviewed on the subject, could give no positive assurance that their visit would be prolonged later than a few weeks. Her Ladyship and her neice were traveling for pleasure, and she would be wholly guided by Miss Brockton's wishes in the matter. Lion-seekers were at once on their trail, and they were soon in a mazy whirl of social distraction.

It so happened one morning (else I shudder to think that the only legitimate and satisfactory ending to this story might never have been attained), that, in order to secure a quiet forenoon to themselves, Miss Brockton suggested a drive to the exhibition, of which they had heard unstinted praise.

They arrived early—so early that the gallery was almost deserted. The Lady Margaret, not being, by nature or education, artistically inclined, proceeded at once to deposit her heavy English avordupois upon a central divan, and, adjusting her jeweled lorgnette to a convenient altitude, bestowed a mild and half tolerant sweep of her eyelids upon the bits of brightness within her limited horizon.

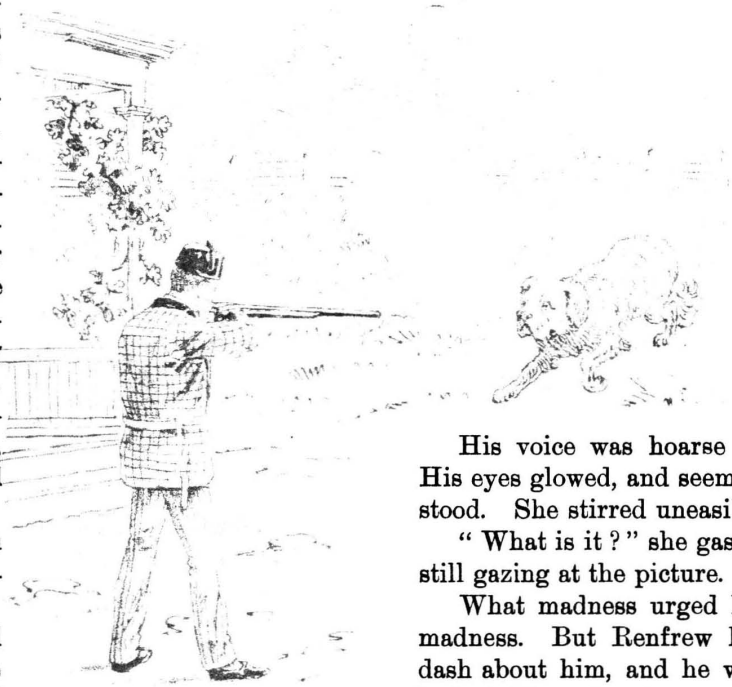
" Violet, my dear; mere *daubs*, I dare say! These Americans, my dear!"

What else Her Ladyship was preparing to pour into the ears of her neice, will probably never be known, for that young lady was far beyond the reach of her voice, and utterly absorbed in the contemplation of those self-same " mere daubs." The girl was an enthusiast in art, which alien trait was by no means approved by the Lady Margaret, since she was aware of no such visionary proclivities anywhere in a long line of respectable ancestors. But Miss Brockton went on the even tenor of her way, catching the subtle beauty of opening flowers, shimmering cloud or sapphire sky.

And now, on this particular morning, her fine spirit went out to meet and embrace all that was tru-

est and noblest in the works about her. The free, undulating movement of the lithe limbs betokened active, out-door exercise, and consequent vigorous health; while the fine, suple grace of the slender figure, clad from sunny head to shapely foot, in soft, gray plush, drew the attention of more than one pair of eyes, for the gallery was beginning to rapidly fill up. As she seemed to glide rather than walk, she looked, in the tender, mellow light, like some lovely "maid of the mist."

So thought Paul Renfrew, as he leisurely strolled behind her. Suddenly she stopped in front of his own production, and —could he believe his own ears? He certainly heard a smothered cry! Did his eyes deceive him? The slight form seemed to totter and reel. The hands were outstretched and convulsively clasped together. He sprang to her side. Her eyes were riveted on the picture as if held by some basilisk spell. Possessing the chivalry of a true knight, he at once accosted her—



"Madam, are you ill? Can I be of service?"

She slowly turned toward him a white face and a pair of sapphire eyes, with a look in them that bordered on terror. The face had the same pure, oval outlines, the same sweet, angelic expression, and soft radiance of the eyes, that looked out at him from the locket. He staggered back a pace, then gasped in utter astonishment—

"You—are—Violet Brockton!"

English reserve took alarm at American freedom, however chivalrously presented. She recovered herself with an effort, and drew herself up with flashing eyes.

"And you, Sir?" with pointed intonation, "I have not the honor—"

"Beg pardon, Madam; I am Paul Renfrew, the artist. While in the Sierra mountains this summer, I had the good fortune to hear the story of a noble dog and his little mistress, which was the inspiration of the picture before you."

The eyes were swimming now, and the voice was a half sob, as she murmured, looking straight into the eyes of the dog—

"Dear old Zeke! What would I not give to see thee again alive—alive as of old!"

Renfrew reserved the right of keeping that knowledge for a future happy surprise. She turned impulsively toward him and held out one small, jeweled hand.

"I thank you, sir, more than you may ever know."

Fingers touched for one brief second, and an electric thrill swept over each. Blue eyes looked into ardent brown ones, and trembled at the swift internal upheaval. A moment later she said, looking away from him and at the picture—

"Would you part with the painting, Mr. Renfrew? I would take it on your own terms."

A red flame swept to his cheek. "Money can not purchase it, and there is but one thing in the whole world that I would accept in exchange for it."

His voice was hoarse with suppressed passion. His eyes glowed, and seemed to reach her where she stood. She stirred uneasily.

"What is it?" she gasped, under her breath, and still gazing at the picture.

What madness urged him on? It certainly was madness. But Renfrew had a reckless, Bohemian dash about him, and he would dare it, even though he lost. He took a step nearer, and whispered through his teeth, while the surging crowd jostled by—

"Miss Brockton—"

She trembled visibly and put up one hand as if to to ward off the expected words.

"Oh, hush! You *must* not—"

"By Heaven, I *will*, and you *shall* hear me. It is —it is—*yourself!*"

Without even a glance toward him, she turned like a frightened doe and fled to the safe shelter of the Lady Margaret. In the hours of cool reflection that followed, Renfrew had the satisfaction of calling himself an ass many times that day, and many days thereafter. Did he play a losing game? The writer of this story takes great pleasure in chronicling, and I trust my readers will in perusing, that, about the holidays, the Lady Margaret Fanshawe returned to Lambeth Place alone. She declared herself most shamefully

scandalized, that a young lady of Miss Violet Brockton's prospects, and a neice of Her Ladyship at that, would condescend to marry not only a barbarous American, but a dauber in paint, as well.

The writer has also to chronicle that, on the site of the mountaineer's cabin, in the heart of the Sierras, now stands a handsome Swiss châlet.

Thither come every summer the once struggling, but now rich and famous, artist, and his charming wife, like two pilgrims journeying to some revered shrine. As the years come and go, Time touches them very gently. Their cup of joy runneth over, for sturdy lads and bonnie lasses play about their door, and the sound of their children's voices is like sweetest music to their ears. The mountaineer plays "mine host" with ready hospitality, while Zeke is monarch of the domain, and is accorded all the prerogatives of one born to the purple.

MEM LINTON.

A FANCY.

If, some day, you should chance to pass my grave,
With folded hands and meditative air,
And, glancing down upon a marble shaft,
Should read my name, in simple letters, there—

Ah! then, I think, from out the silent past,
My voice would call across the vanished years;
And you would know—alas! too late—that I
Once loved you well, in secret and in tears.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

KLAMATH COUNTY, OREGON.

NOW that through rail connection between Portland and San Francisco is established, that portion of Oregon and California lying along the boundary line, and to the east of the railroad, will receive much more attention than it has enjoyed in the past. Owing to its isolated position, it has been much neglected; but now it may be reached with reasonable ease from either the north or the south. With this line passing near them, and the prospect of another being constructed through them, running from the California & Oregon, in Shasta valley, to the wheat fields of Walla Walla, the counties in the central portion of Southern Oregon may reasonably look for a large and rapid increase in population and property. What they have to offer the immigrant is very clearly stated in the following description of Klamath county, taken from the columns of the *Linkville Star:*

Klamath county is located immediately north of the boundary line separating Oregon and California, parallel forty-two north latitude, and is distant about one hundred and thirty miles from the Pacific ocean. Its altitude is four thousand feet and over, the atmosphere dry and bracing, and as healthful as any climate known.

Linkville, the county seat, located on both banks of Link river, the stream connecting the Upper and Lower Klamath lakes, is a flourishing town of some six hundred inhabitants. It is, in fact, the only town in the county of any size, although Bonanza, Dairy, Keno, Bly, Haynesville and others are pleasantly located and have a promising future. The great volume of Link river, which is really the Klamath, flowing over the basaltic ledges from the Upper to the Lower lake, affords not only an interesting physical feature, but furnishes a water power at Linkville always safe and reliable, on account of the unvarying character of the stream, which is also of great prospective importance. Linkville is distant from Ager, on the California & Oregon railroad, forty-five miles, and is connected with it by a good, practicable wagon road through that natural gateway of the mountains, the Klamath canyon.

Klamath county is limited on the south by the south boundary of the state; on the east, by Lake county; on the north, by Crook; and on the west, by Jackson county; and comprises an area of over six thousand two hundred square miles. Its attractive features are its lofty and rugged mountains, beautiful lakes, rivers and valleys, its numerous springs, both hot and cold, and abundance of fish and game. The principal lakes are Upper and Lower Klamath, Tule, Lake of the Woods and Crater lake. The last named beautiful body of water is already regarded as one of the wonders of the world. It is situated on the summit of the Cascade mountains, at an altitude of six thousand three hundred feet, and is surrounded on all sides by abrupt basaltic walls, rising to a height of from one thousand to two thousand feet above the water's edge. The lake itself is about six by eight miles in extent, and has been sounded to a depth of over two thousand feet, and is, consequently, if we mistake not, the deepest known body of pure water on the continent. Not the lake only, but other wonders in this vicinity, as the canyons of Annie creek and Rogue river, the Needles, or Chimneys, on the head of the first named stream, and Diamond lake, at the foot of Mt. Thielson, a few miles northwest of Crater lake, constitute a veritable wonderland, which, at no distant time, is bound to be the resort of tourists from all parts of the land. Already the president has withdrawn from private entry the lands about and including Crater lake, with a view of making this land of green forests, leaping cataracts and scenes of sublimity and grandeur, a national park. Lake of the Woods, some five miles in length, surrounded by dense forests and green meadows, is situated about ten miles west of Pelican bay, on Upper Klamath lake. It has a beautiful, pebbly shore, and is among the handsomest of lakes of clear, sparkling water, nestled among the forests of the Cascades. South of this, five small lakes, in the midst of a vast field of lava, lie at a great altitude, surrounded by a dozen lofty peaks, which constitute what was known in early times as the Snowy Cluster. In the forest land immediately west of Upper Klamath lake, lie Aspen, Long and Round lakes, small, but unique and picturesque.

Lost river, famed in Indian story, flows into Tule lake, some thirty miles in a southeasterly direction from Linkville. Its angular course from Clear lake, in California, first north, then west, and finally south to the lake, bewildered early explorers; hence its name. For over seventy miles it drains a land rich in agricultural capabilities, and slowly developing. With its lake, some twenty miles in length, it constitutes a system of its own, having no connection with other water systems, except in early spring, when it receives tribute from Link river, through Lost river slough. The south shore of Tule lake washes the margin of the famous lava beds in California, where the dreaded Modocs defied the army of the United States in the winter of 1872–3.

One remarkable feature of our country is the numerous boiling springs, some of them known to possess valuable medical properties, as the Brooks springs, near Linkville, where a commodious and well ordered bath house awaits equally the grimy traveler, city exquisite and suffering invalid. Near this place,

also, is the famous hot earth, or *solfatara*, a spot an acre or so in extent, situated on a hillside, at least one hundred and fifty feet above the big hot spring. By boring down seven feet into this hot earth, the temperature was ascertained to be two hundred and ten degrees. It is claimed that this hot earth, when applied to the parts affected in lumbago, acts like magic. To relieve pain in cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica and paralysis, this treatment is said to be equally efficient. We mention these facts in connection with the attractive features of our country, for the reason that this article may fall into the hands of some one who may be greatly benefited by this information.

The agricultural districts are the valleys of Lost river, Tule lake, Sprague river, Langell, Swan lake, and Poe, the fine lands bordering on Link river and Lower Klamath lake, and Wood river valley. These constitute what is known as the Klamath basin, a region once regarded as too frosty for successful field culture, but now proving, not only its productiveness, but reasonable freedom from summer frosts. Among other noticeable features of our country worthy of mention, are the large bodies of swamp and overflowed lands bordering the lakes already mentioned. Many of these would be the best land in the county if drained; otherwise nearly worthless, while other bodies, depending on overflows, or shallow lakes, formed by rains or melting snows, are, in their natural state, of great value for meadow purposes.

To the pioneers this land of swamps and sage plains presented a scene at once picturesque and unpromising, except for the sole industry of raising stock. The natural meadows afforded sustenance for winter, and the bunch grass plains and hills were the almost limitless pastures where their cattle flourished and fattened. Experience has proven, however, that much of the sage country, so dry and desert-like in appearance, is really very fertile, and even moist enough in its natural state, when stripped of its unsightly and exhaustive shrubbery, to produce the finest crops of grain; and it is a cause for rejoicing that to Klamath county was awarded the honor, at the international exhibition, at New Orleans, of raising the finest wheat. Already considerable has been achieved in thus opening up our county for successful field culture, both by irrigation and otherwise; but its possibilities, almost infinite, are yet to be developed.

Much of our grain is of the finest quality, rye being a universally successful crop; barley succeeding well; oats, of heavy weight and fine quality, running from thirty and forty bushels to double those numbers per acre, and wheat from twenty and twenty-five and thirty to even as high as sixty bushels per acre. What country can boast perfection? Anon Jack Frost may steal abroad "like a thief in the night," and do some damage, but happily, his coming is now "like angel visits—few and far between;" and Klamath is becoming a splendid agricultural region, despite his long lingering in our beautiful land.

But what will become of the cattle man, with his herds on a thousand hills, and his picturesque cowboys riding like Comanches everywhere? These men bore the brunt of early conflict, fought the determined fight with material things; suffered want, privation and fatigue, and contended with wild beasts and wilder men to reclaim the land and hew out the way for future population and development. Shall he yield up his place at last, and retire from the field? No, the progressive cattle man can reduce his bands and live more safely than before within his means, and for a thousand years more help to feed mankind with his juicy beef.

Among the industries of Klamath county, lumbering is destined to be a very important one in the future. The Cascades afford the finest yellow and sugar pine, and there are detached forests between the valleys east where excellent yellow pine abounds. Already mills at Linkville, Keno, Bonanza, and east of Alkali, are kept busy a considerable portion of the year. The vast development of the future must create an immense demand for lumber, and, doubtless, other and more extensive mills will be required ere long to supply the need. Of building stone there is an abundance, and of excellent quality, as some of the buildings in our county seat will attest. Lime is also plentiful and good, and no scarcity of clay for brick is found in the county. In fact, Klamath county abounds in so many advantages, that one fails in a brief article to enumerate them; and we propose from time to time, to give our readers more particular information relative to the several sections mentioned in this article, and the advantages of each locality. As to the climate, a condensation from the signal service observations at Linkville will be presented at some time in the near future.

We have endeavored, in the foregoing, to present a truthful array of facts, believing, as we do, that no section of the coast now presents a finer field for both the home seeker and capitalist. Lost river was once the home of Captain Jack and his band of Modocs, who created such a disturbance in 1872; but that valiant savage and his chief supporters were hanged at Fort Klamath, and the others were deported to Indian Territory, relieving this region of all danger from Indian disturbances. Now the settler can live in peace and safety, undisturbed by war's rude alarms, and relieved of the anxiety he once felt for the safety of dear ones, because of the proximity of the Indians.

THE CREATION OF OREGON TERRITORY

WITH the immigration of 1847, so large and so encouraging to the struggling settlers of Oregon, came the disheartening intelligence that congress had failed to provide a territorial government for this neglected region or to extend to it, in any way, the benefit of the national laws. Four years had the people of Oregon governed themselves, loyal, in heart and deed, to their native land; and a full year had passed since England, by solemn treaty, had relinquished all her asserted rights, and yet the national legislature denied it the aid and protection of the law. Congress had, during the session of 1846–7, made an appropriation for a mail service via Panama to Oregon, and two postmasters were appointed—one for Astoria and one for Oregon City—also an Indian agent. By one of the new officials, Mr. Shively, James Buchanan, secretary of state, transmitted a letter to the people, expressing the deep regret of President Polk, that congress had been so unmindful of their needs and rights. The communication also contained the assurance that the executive would extend to this far-off region all the protection within his power, including occasional visits of vessels of war and the presence of a regiment of dragoons to guard the immigration. Mr. Shively also bore a letter from Thos. H. Benton, that sturdy senator from Missouri, whose voice and pen had unswervingly championed the cause of Oregon for thirty years. In this letter, dated Washington City, March, 1847, Mr. Benton says:

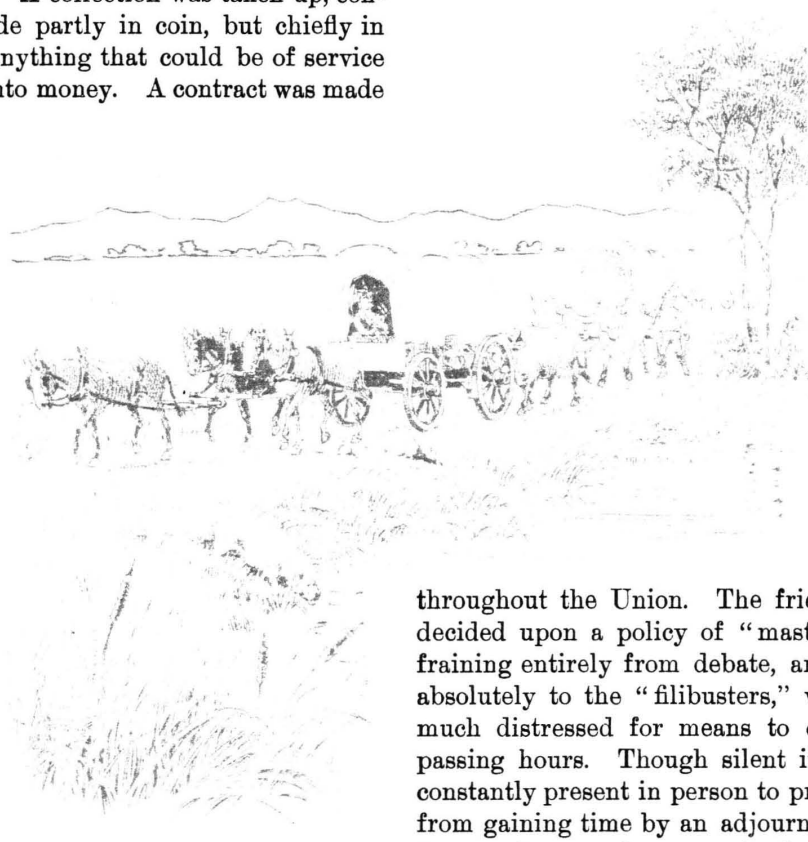
The house of representatives, as early as the middle of January, had passed the bill to give you a territorial government; and in that bill sanctioned and legalized your provisional organic act, one of the clauses of which forever prohibited the existence of slavery in Oregon. An amendment from the senate's committee, to which this bill was referred, proposed to abrogate that prohibition; and in the delays and vexations to which that amendment gave rise, the whole bill was laid on the table, and lost for the session. * * * But do not be alarmed or desperate. You will not be outlawed for not admitting slavery. * * * A home agitation, for election and disunion purposes, is all that is intended by thrusting this fire-brand question into your bill; and, at the next session, when it is thrust in again, we will scourge it out! and pass your bill as it should be. * * * In conclusion, I have to assure you that the same spirit which has made me the friend of Oregon for thirty years, which led me to denounce the joint occupation treaty the day it was made, and to oppose its renewal in 1828, and to labor for its abrogation until it was terminated; the same spirit which led me to reveal the grand destiny of Oregon in articles written in 1828, and to support every measure for her benefit since—this spirit still animates me, and will continue to do so while I live—which, I hope, will be long enough to see an emporium of Asiatic commerce at the mouth of your river, and a stream of Asiatic trade pouring into the valley of the Mississippi through the channel of Oregon.

Would that the grand old statesman could have lived to see his prophesy fulfilled in the new era upon which far-off Oregon, now far-off no longer, has so propitiously entered.

These letters were both disheartening and cheering. The people felt despondent at being so neglected by the authorities of their loved country, but were cheered by the thought that warm friends were laboring for their welfare far beyond the reach of their grateful voices. Hon. J. Quinn Thornton, supreme judge of the provisional government, had been, during the past year, frequently urged by influential men, to proceed to Washington and labor with congress in behalf of Oregon. In particular had the lamented Dr. Whitman requested him so to do, asserting that only the establishment of a strong territorial government, one that the Indians would recognize as powerful, would "save him and his mission from falling under the murderous hands of the savages." Mr. Thornton recognized the importance of such a delegate, and solicited Hon. Peter H. Burnett, subsequently the first governor of California, to undertake the mission, but without success. The news of the state of affairs at Washington, brought by Mr. Shively, decided Mr. Thornton, and on the 18th of October, 1847, having resigned his judicial office, he departed on his arduous mission, armed with a letter from Governor Abernethy to President Polk. Mr. Thornton was by no means a regularly constituted delegate, since Oregon was not authorized to accredit such an official to congress, but simply went as a pri-

vate individual, representing, in an unofficial manner, the governor and many of the prominent citizens of Oregon. In fact, the legislature, deeming its functions infringed by this action of the governor, passed resolutions embodying their idea of the harm done the colony by the officiousness of "secret factions."

There was not ready money in the treasury to have paid the passage of Mr. Thorton, even had it been at his disposal. A collection was taken up, contributions being made partly in coin, but chiefly in flour, clothing, and anything that could be of service or was convertable into money. A contract was made with Captain Roland Gelston, of the bark *Whitton*, to convey Mr. Thornton to Panama, and the vessel sailed at once for San Francisco, and thence to San Juan, on the coast of Lower California. Here the captain informed his passenger that he must decline to fulfill his contract, as he desired to engage in the coasting trade. From the perplexing dilemma he was extricated by Captain Montgomery, commanding the United States sloop of war, *Portsmouth*, then lying at anchor in the harbor. This gentleman deemed the mission of Mr. Thornton of enough importance to the government to justify him in leaving his station and returning with his vessel to the Atlantic coast. He accordingly tendered the delegate the hospitalities of his cabin, and set sail as soon as preparations could be made for the voyage. The *Portsmouth* arrived in Boston harbor on the second of May, 1848, and Mr. Thornton at once hastened to Washington to consult with President Polk and senators Benton and Douglas, those warm champions of Oregon, as to the proper course to pursue. By them he was advised to prepare a memorial, to be presented to congress, setting forth the condition and needs of the people whom he represented. This he did, and the document was presented to the senate by Mr. Benton, and was printed for the use of both branches of congress. Mr. Thornton also drafted a bill for organizing a territorial government, which was introduced and placed upon its passage. This bill contained a clause prohibiting human slavery, and for this reason was as objectionable to the slave-holding force in congress as had been the previous one. Under the lead of senators Jefferson Davis and John C. Calhoun, this wing of the national legislature made a vigorous onslaught upon the bill, and fought its progress, step by step, with unabated determination, resorting to all the legislative tactics known to so delay its consideration that it could not be finally passed by the hour of noon on the fourteenth of August, the time fixed by joint resolution for the close of that session of congress.



The contest during the last two days of the session was exciting in the extreme, and the feeling intense throughout the Union. The friends of the bill had decided upon a policy of "masterly inactivity," refraining entirely from debate, and yielding the floor absolutely to the "filibusters," who were, therefore, much distressed for means to consume the slowly passing hours. Though silent in speech, they were constantly present in person to prevent the opposition from gaining time by an adjournment. The bill was then on its second passage in the senate for the purpose of concurrence with amendments, which had been added to it by the house. On Saturday morning, August 12, the managers of the bill decided to prevent an adjournment until it had been disposed of, having a sufficient majority to pass it. The story of that memorable contest is thus told by Mr. Thornton, who sat throughout the scene, a deeply interested spectator:

"I re-entered the senate chamber with the deepest feelings of solicitude, and yet hopeful because of the assurances which had been given to me by the gentlemen I have named [Douglas, Benton and Hale]. I soon saw, however, that Calhoun and Butler, of South Carolina; Davis and Foote, of Mississippi; and Hunter and Mason, of Virginia, as leaders of the opposition, had girded up their loins and had buckled on their armor for the battle. The friends of the bill, led by Mr. Benton, having taken their position, waited calmly for the onset of their adversaries, who spent

Saturday until the usual hour of adjournment in skirmishing in force, as if feeling the strength of their opponents. When the motion was made at the usual time in the afternoon for adjournment, the friends of the bill came pouring out of the retiring rooms, and on coming inside the bar, they voted "*No*" with marked emphasis. * * * This state of affairs continued until after midnight. [Here ensued a series of filibustering tactics, during which a personal altercation between Judge Butler and Senator Benton came near resulting in blows]. General Foote, the colleague of Jeff Davis, then rose, and in a drawling tone assumed for the occasion, said his powers of endurance, he believed, would enable him to continue his address to the senate until Monday, 12:00 o'clock m., and although he could not promise to say much on the subject of the Oregon bill, he could not doubt that he would be able to interest and greatly edify senators. The friends of the bill, seeing what was before them, posted a page in the doorway opening into one of the retiring rooms, and then, after detailing a few of their number to keep watch and ward on the floor of the senate, withdrew into the room of which I have spoken, to chat and tell anecdotes, and to drink wine, or perhaps something even much stronger, and thus to wear away the slowly and heavily passing hours of that memorable Saturday night. Soon great clouds of smoke filled the room, and from it issued the sound of the chink of glasses, and of loud conversation, almost drowning the eloquence of the Mississippi senator, as he repeated the bible story of the cosmogany of the world, the creation of man, the taking from his side of the rib from which Eve was made, her talking with the 'snake,' as he called the evil one, the fall of man, etc., etc. The galleries were soon deserted. Many of the aged senators prostrated themselves upon the sofas in one of the retiring rooms and slumbered soundly, while 'thoughts that breathed and words that burned' fell in glowing eloquence from the lips of the Mississippi senator, as he continued thus to instruct and edify the few watching friends of the bill, who, notwithstanding the weight of seventy years pressed heavily upon some of them, were as wide awake as the youngest; and they sat firm and erect in their seats, watching with lynx eyes every movement of the adversaries of the bill.

"At intervals of about an hour the speaker would yield the floor to a motion for adjournment, coming from the opposition. Then the sentinel page would give the notice to the waking senators in the retiring room, and these would immediately arouse the slumbering senators, and all would then rush pell mell through the doorway, and when the inside of the bar was reached, would vote '*No*' with a great emphasis.

"It happened, however, on more occasions than one, that a sleeping senator, not yet quite awake, even after getting inside the bar, voted 'aye,' then, nay,' and then 'aye,' and finally 'nay' again, to the great amusement of those who were sufficiently wide awake to see where the laugh came in.

"Occasionally Southern senators, toward Sunday morning, relieved General Foote by short, dull speeches, to which the friends of the bill vouchsafed no answers; so that Mr. Calhoun and his pro-slavery subordinates had things, for the most part, all their own way until Sabbath morning, August 13, 1848, at about 8:00 o'clock, when the leading opponents of the bill collected together in a knot, and after conversing together a short time in an undertone, the Mississippi senator, who had been so very edifying and entertaining during the night, said that no further opposition would be made to taking a vote on the bill. The ayes and nays were then called and the bill passed."

Not alone to Mr. Thornton is due the honor of representing Oregon and Washington during that long struggle for justice. Another delegate, one with even better credentials than the first, was there to aid in the work. This was Joseph L. Meek, the mountaineer, whose name is indelibly inscribed upon the early annals of the Pacific coast. When the massacre of the martyred Whitman and his associates, at Waiilatpu, plunged the settlers into a state of mingled grief and alarm, it was thought necessary to dispatch a messenger at once to Washington, to impart the intelligence, impress the authorities with the precarious situation of the colony, and appeal for protection.

Winter had set in with all its rigors in the mountains. The terrible journey made at that season six years before by Dr. Whitman, on his patriotic mission, the same person whose martyrdom now rendered a second journey necessary, was fresh in the minds of all, and appalled the stoutest heart. Mr. Thornton had taken the longer, but safer, route by sea; but time was too precious, too much was at stake, to admit of the delay such a journey would impose, even if the vessel were at hand to afford the means. Nothing but a trip across the thousands of miles of snow-bound mountains, plains and deserts, would be of any avail. In the emergency, all turned to Joseph L. Meek as the one man in their midst, whose intrepid courage, great powers of physical endurance, long experience in mountain life, and familiarity with the routes of travel and Indian tribes to be encountered, rendered him capable of undertaking the task with a good prospect of success. Unhesitatingly, he accepted the mission, resigned his seat in the legislature, received his credentials as a delegate from that body, and set out, on the fourth of January, for Washington, accompanied by John Owen and George Ebbert

who decided to accompany him and avail themselves of his services as guide and director. At The Dalles they were forced to wait several weeks until the arrival of the Oregon volunteers, on their way to punish the Cayuses for the murder of Whitman, rendered it safe for them to proceed, since the whole upper country was overrun by hostile Indians.

They accompanied the troops to Waiilatpu, the scene of the massacre, where Meek had the mournful satisfaction of assisting in the burial of the victims of Cayuse treachery, among whom was his own daughter, and then were escorted by a company of troops to the base of the Blue mountains, where they finally entered upon their long and solitary journey. By avoiding the Indians as much as possible, and whenever encountered by them, representing themselves as Hudson's Bay Company men, they reached Fort Boise. Here two of four new volunteers became discouraged and decided to remain. The other five travelers pushed on to Fort Hall, saving themselves from the clutch of the Bannacks only by Meek's experience in dealing with the savages. It is needless to recount the many hardships they endured, the sleepless nights and dinnerless days, the accidents, dangers, fatigues, narrow escapes from hostile Indians, and the thousand discomforts and misadventures to which they were subjected. It is sufficient to say, that through all these they passed in safety, never forgetting for an instant the imperative necessity for haste, and never flinching from the trials that lay in their pathway. A hearty invitation to spend a few weeks here or there, in the few places where they encountered friends and comfortable quarters, were resolutely declined, and with only such delay as was absolutely required, they plunged again into the snowy mountain passes, with their faces firmly set toward the rising sun. They reached St. Joseph in but little more than two months after leaving the Willamette valley, having made the quickest trip across the continent that had yet been accomplished at any season of the year.

Meek was now reduced to the most embarrassing straits. Dressed in buckskin and blanket clothes and wolf-skin cap, ragged and dirty in the extreme, beard and hair long and unkept, without money or friends, how to get to Washington or how to conduct himself when there, were perplexing questions. His solution of this difficulty was a characteristic one. By making a clown of himself at one place, by assuming an air of importance and dignity at another, he succeeded in reaching the city of his destination only a week or two later than Mr. Thornton, though his news from Oregon was four months fresher than that brought by his predecessor. The united labors of these two men brought about the result which has been detailed—the passage of the act of August 14, 1848, creating the territory of Oregon.

In the published life of this mountaineer, written by Mrs. F. F. Victor, from the entertaining, though not strictly reliable, narratives of the subject himself, are given quite minute details of the conduct and social adventures of this delegate from the "wild and wooly West" at the nation's capital. Meek was a relative of President Polk and his private secretary, and was supplied with funds by them, which he squandered with the prodigality he had acquired in former years during the convivialities of the annual meetings of the fur traders. Among his purchases was a full dress suit, his ample chest displaying a breadth of starched linen suggestive of the mainsail of a yacht. Wherever he went he attracted attention, not only to himself, but to the far country from which he came. Especially were the ladies interested in this great type of physical manhood, whose "yarns," jokes, and broad good nature, furnished amusement for them at many a gathering and reception. It would be unjust to the memory of that stalwart trapper, not to concede that he created an interest in Oregon, that had much to do with the final triumph of the bill then before the senate.

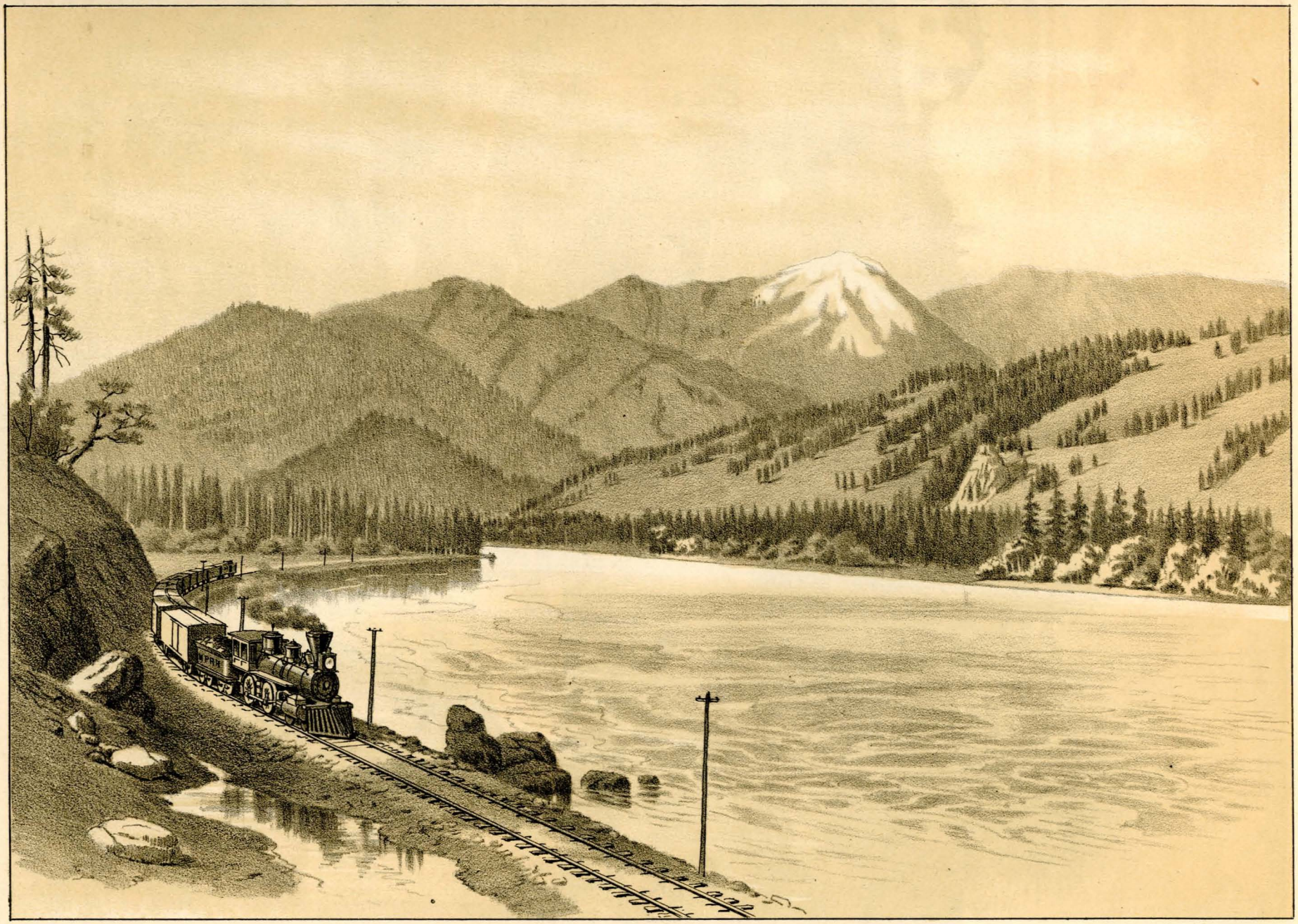
President Polk, the staunch friend of Oregon, the man who had been elevated to the chief office in the nation amid the universal shout of "Fifty-four-forty-or-fight!" was eager to have the work consummated before the expiration of his term, on the fourth of the ensuing March. To this end, he appointed Meek marshal of the new territory and delegated him to convey a governor's commission to General Joseph Lane, who had served with distinction in the Mexican war, and who was then residing in Indiana, unaware of the honor to be conferred, or the sacrifice to be required, in which ever light it may be viewed. With that promptness of decision and action which was General Lane's distinguishing characteristic, he accepted the commission on the spot, and in three days disposed of his property, wound up his business affairs, and began his journey to the far-off wilds of Oregon. The new governor and marshal were escorted by a detachment of troops, and after a journey of six months, by way of New Mexico and Arizona, seven, only, of the party reached San Francisco, two having died on the route and the others having deserted to try their fortunes in the new gold fields of the Sierra. These seven were General Lane, Marshal Meek, Lieutenant Hawkins, Surgeon Hayden, and three enlisted men. Taking passage on the schooner *Jeanette*, they reached the Columbia river after a tedious voyage of eighteen days, ascended that stream to Oregon City, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, in small boats, reaching that place, then the seat of govern-

ment, on the second of March, 1849. The following day Governor Lane issued his proclamation and assumed the reins of government, being but one day before the expiration of President Polk's term of office.

Other officers of the new territory did not arrive until a few months later. These were Kintzing Pritchett, secretary; William C. Bryant, chief justice; and O. C. Pratt and P. H. Burnett, associate justices. Some of these gentlemen became quite prominent in the subsequent history of the coast. Peter H. Burnett, who had come to Oregon several years before, soon went to California, and, in 1850, was elected the first governor of the Golden state. He still resides in San Francisco, honored and respected in his old age. O. C. Pratt was a central figure in Oregon politics for many years, being the acknowledged leader of the democratic party in the state. General Lane's history is well known to all, his personal participation in the Indian wars, his services at Washington, both as delegate and senator, his candidacy for the vice-presidency on the pro-slavery ticket with General Breckenridge, in 1860, and his subsequent retirement to private life. He died at his home in Douglas county in 1880. Joe Meek discharged the duties of marshal with the vigor and fearlessness that marked his conduct throughout his entire career, and, after retiring from office, lived in the state until his death, in 1875.

Oregon remained in a territorial state for ten years, suffering all the evils of a partisan government and intense political strife. The people early aspired to the rights and dignity of statehood, and the question of framing a constitution was ever present in politics. The adjoining state of California was admitted into the Union the very next year, under phenomenal conditions, without passing through the territorial stage, and this did much to render the people of Oregon discontented with a territorial form of government. The most prolific cause of discontent was the length of time required to communicate with the seat of government at Washington. All laws passed by the legislature were subject to the disapproval of congress, and it took several months to learn whether or not an act had been thus rendered void. There was the same delay in filling the frequent vacancies in the appointive offices, in imparting instructions for the guidance of officials, and, in fact, in the transaction of all business requiring communication with the departments. It was a most unwieldy and cumbersome form of government, and was very irksome and repulsive to the people. Added to this, was the great and almost constant struggle with the Indians, which aided to keep them continually discontented with governmental tutelage. In 1853 Washington Territory was cut off from Oregon, and in June, 1854, the remainder of Oregon voted adversely on the question of a constitutional convention. Twice again, in 1855 and 1856, the people voted not to frame a constitution; but in 1857, by an overwhelming majority, they voted to frame a constitution to be submitted to congress. The convention met at Salem, on the seventeenth of August, 1857, and was presided over by Hon. M. P. Deady, our present United States district judge. The question of slavery was especially avoided in the convention, and was made a special article, upon which the people could vote separately. The constitution was opposed by some because it did not especially prohibit slavery, and by others because it did not establish it; but a large majority were in favor of its adoption, as appeared in the election in November, when seven thousand one hundred and ninety-five votes were cast for it, and only three thousand two hundred and fifteen against. The special slavery clause was rejected by an even greater majority, seven thousand seven hundred and twenty-seven voting against it, and only two thousand six hundred and forty-five in its favor. A full set of officers was elected, and General Lane and Delazon Smith were sent to Washington as senators; but congress adjourned without passing an enabling act, and Oregon was blessed with a double set of officers. The state officials remained quiet until news was received, early in 1859, that after a long and bitter struggle in the house of representatives, the enabling act had been passed on the twelfth of February, had been signed by President Buchanan, and that Oregon Territory was a thing of the past.

H. L. Wells.



MONTANA — ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC NEAR HERON.

OREGON — LIFE SAVING STATION

LIGHT HOUSE AT CAPE ARAGO.

WASHINGTON—GENERAL VIEW OF LA CENTRE.

BRITISH COLUMBIA—CROSSING THE OTTER TAIL, C. P. RAILWAY.

UNITED STATES LIFE SAVING SERVICE.

IN many humane and benevolent undertakings, the United States leads all the christian nations of the world, but in nothing is its prominence so marked as in its system for saving the lives of shipwrecked mariners. Important as this service is, but few people not directly connected with nautical enterprises, or residents of the beaches where these life saving stations are located, have any idea of its extent, and the glorious achievements of its noble members. Let me give a few startling figures, to open the eyes of those unacquainted with the wonderful work of the service, before I describe the methods by which these great results are accomplished. The report for the last fiscal year shows that there are two hundred and eighteen stations on our coasts; that aid was rendered to three hundred and thirty-two distressed vessels; that six thousand three hundred and twenty-seven persons were in jeopardy of their lives, of whom but fifty-five perished; that two hundred and ten vessels were in danger of being wrecked, and were warned by the crews of the life saving stations; and that of a total of $7,075,700.00 of cargeos of wrecked vessels, $5,788,800.00 were saved, chiefly through the instrumentality of this service. Where can be found another humane institution, either public or private, whose work can be compared to this? While other governments are taxing the people for the support of huge armies, and spending millions of dollars of borrowed money in the purchase of means for the destruction of human life, our own government is taking from its overflowing treasury the funds necessary to support this glorious system for the saving of life and property. That "Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war," is nowhere so often proved as under a republican government, one "of the people, by the people and for the people," and one of the grandest victories of peace is this triumph over the perils of the sea by the life saving service of the United States.

This system has grown up gradually during the past forty years; but its existence as a distinct system, managed by a government bureau, began only seventeen years ago. We of the Pacific coast, deriving the least benefit from the service, enjoy the honor of having among us, as an honored and respected citizen, the man who can properly be called the father of the life saving service. This gentleman is Hon. William A. Newell, ex-governor of Washington Territory, and still a citizen of the future state of Washington. As far back as 1848, when Governor Newell was a representative in congress of one of the districts of New Jersey, he called the attention of that body to the great loss of life and property in the frequent marine disasters on the coast of New Jersey. So forcibly and eloquently did he appeal to the humanity of the nation's representatives, that he secured an appropriation for the erection of stations on the New Jersey coast for the succor of the crews and passengers of wrecked vessels. This was the beginning, and the service of today has grown from that little beginning, and will continue to grow until it has reached the limit of human perfection in the work of saving the lives of shipwrecked people, supplying them with clothing, shelter and medical attendance, and caring for those disabled in the service, or for the wives and children of the noble men who lose their lives while engaged in this perilous work of humanity. This last feature has been too long neglected, and congress will now be strongly urged to establish a system of pensions for deserving members of the life saving crews. Surely, if the man who is disabled while attempting to take life, in the service of his country, is entitled to a pension, so, also, is he who braves the ocean's fury in the effort to save life, and a grateful country should see that he and those dependent upon him are kept from want.

At first, no effort was made to maintain boat crews at the stations, and, in fact, no regular stations, such as now exist, were established. The first appropriation was but $10,000.00, and was expended in the purchase of surf boats and appliances for rescuing shipwrecked people. The next year a larger appropriation was made, and twenty-two houses were erected on the Long Island and New Jersey coasts. No crews, and, in fact, no regular keepers, were provided, but the boats and appliances were several times used by daring volunteers, with the most happy results.

Congress continued to make appropriations, and the number of stations yearly increased, the length of coast thus partially protected being gradually extended. The government property, thus left unprotected, was frequently stolen, and was seldom in condition for immediate use. Precious time was often lost in this way, and in 1854 three hundred people perished in a shocking disaster on the New Jersey coast, many, or all, of whom might have been saved had the stations and appliances established by the government been properly cared for. Thereafter a keeper was placed in charge of the property at each station, whose duty it was to protect the property and maintain it in good condition for immediate use. Still the service was far from satisfactory. The keepers often lived at a distance from their stations and engaged in other occupations. They were appointed for political purposes, and not because of any practical knowledge of boating in the surf; no general supervision was maintained over them; no training was

required, and no specific instructions given for their conduct in times of disaster. Volunteer crews, however brave and willing, were not efficient, and could not always find a competent captain. The houses were permitted to fall into dilapidation, and the appliances were frequently stolen, or became rusty and useless.

Into this sad condition had the service fallen in 1871, when it was regenerated and made actual, tangible and efficient, by Sumner I. Kimball, to whom belongs the honor of being the creator of the life saving service as we see it today. At that time, Mr. Kimball, who had been elevated to the head of the bureau of revenue marine, to which the service was, and still is, attached, sent Captain John Faunce upon a tour of inspection of the stations. The inspector's report revealed the lamentable condition of the service, and Mr. Kimball at once began the work of reformation. He then conceived the system in its entirety, and patiently, laboriously, persistently, he worked at his self-imposed task. For several years he encountered almost insurmountable obstacles, such as scant appropriations, political opposition and interference, local prejudice and official apathy; but before his retirement from office, he had the satisfaction of seeing well founded his grand conception, which contemplated the establishment of a chain of connected posts along our entire coast, garrisoned by disciplined and efficient crews, and supplied with every requisite appliance for the rescue of human beings from the sea, and their proper care thereafter.

Mr. Kimball prepared a code of regulations for the government of the service; provided for the maintenance of regular crews at the more important stations; defeated the politicians in their efforts to secure appointments for political purposes; weeded out all the lazy and incompetent men and supplied their places with others who were selected solely because of their fitness for the positions; repaired the dilapidated houses, and supplied them with new and improved appliances. This new system was first put into effect on the New Jersey coast, and the first year the life of every person put in jeopardy by the sea was saved. Congress then authorized a commission, consisting of Mr. Kimball, Captain John Founce and Captain J. H. Merryman, to make a thorough investigation of the subject. They inspected the ocean and lake coasts thoroughly, examining minutely all dangerous localities, and interviewed people in all sections interested in marine affairs. Their report to congress was a long one, embracing a detailed account of all marine disasters for the previous ten years, and was accompanied by a bill, which Mr. Kimball had prepared, providing for the extension and better regulation of the service.

Year by year the work of improvement and extension has progressed, until now there are two hundred and eighteen stations. The Atlantic coast, from Maine to Florida, is guarded by a cordon of posts, located at an average interval of only five miles, and the entire beach is patroled by night, the patrolmen of adjacent stations connecting with each other as the sentinels of a military post. On the great lakes, stations are established at all of the most dangerous points, but they are not continuous, as on the Atlantic coast. The coasts of California, Oregon and Washington, though rocky and dangerous, and having few harbors in which vessels may find shelter from great storms, are sadly neglected. This is in accordance with the usual policy of the government in neglecting the material interests of the Pacific coast, which policy will, no doubt, continue until we acquire greater political importance, and thus wield a larger influence in the national councils. On the entire Pacific coast there are but seven stations, and of these only two are completely equipped with crews, the others being in charge of keepers, who are, however, thoroughly competent men, capable of properly managing a volunteer crew. Station No. 1 is at Neah bay, just inside the entrance to the Straits of Juan de Fuca. The rocks of Cape Flattery are very dangerous, and numerous wrecks have occurred, but at such a distance from the station as to render it impossible for aid to be rendered in many instances. At that point there is a keeper only. No. 2 is at North Cove, on Shoalwater bay. No. 3, on Baker's bay, at the mouth of the Columbia and on the south side of Cape Hancock, or Disappointment, is the most important station on the coast, and is manned by a well disciplined crew, who have shown their bravery and efficiency on numerous occasions. Their services are especially valuable in the summer time, in rescuing fishermen, whose boats are often caught in the breakers of the bar and capsized. Very few wrecks have occurred there, but it was only recently that the men took off the crew from a stranded schooner on the beach north of the cape. From the Columbia south, there is no station until Cape Arago is reached, near the entrance to Coos bay, a distance of nearly two hundred miles of rock-bound coast. Station No. 4, at Cape Arago, is one of the most picturesque in the service, and forms the subject of a large illustration on page 20. As yet, no regular crew is maintained there, but the keeper is a competent and brave man. A few months ago, a small steam scow drifted over the Columbia bar, with disabled machinery, and was supposed to be lost. She was picked up by a vessel and taken in tow. When they came opposite the station at Arago, the keeper, seeing that something was wrong, bravely went out alone in a small boat, but the crew refused to come off with him. Upon making a

landing on his return, the boat was capsized in the surf, and the keeper quite severely injured. The other stations are at Humboldt bay, Bolinas bay, and on the beach in Golden Gate park, San Francisco, where a full crew is maintained.

The system of connecting beach patrols, in vogue on the Atlantic coast, where stations are only five miles apart, is not practical on the rocky shores of the Pacific, with but seven stations covering a coast line of a thousand miles; but careful watch is maintained in stormy weather, the lookouts being stationed in the towers of neighboring lighthouses, where conveniently located, as at Arago and Cape Hancock. At the latter place, in addition to his telescope, the watchman has a small cannon, which he discharges upon discovering a case of distress, so that the crew will be ready to embark by the time he reaches the station with his intelligence.

The superintendent of the service on the Pacific coast is Major T. J. Blakeney, with headquarters at San Francisco, from which point frequent tours of inspection are made, usually on board a revenue vessel. Major Blakeney is making strenuous efforts to have the service increased on the coast. He desires the establishment of several new stations, especially at Yaquina bay and Gray's harbor, two most important points; also the employment of crews in stations now having only a keeper. On the thirteenth of December, Senator Mitchell introduced Senate Bill No. 705, which reads as follows: "Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, authorized to establish additional life-saving stations upon the seacoast of the United States, as follows: One at or near the mouth of Umpqua River, Oregon; one between McKenzie's Head and Peterson's Point, near Loomis Place on the Head, Oregon; one at Gray's Harbor, Washington Territory, as the General Superintendent of the Life-Saving Service may recommend." That same regard for the sanctity of human life which is the fundamental principle of the service, and which has led to such a thorough protection of our Atlantic coast, calls loudly for a better and more complete service on the Pacific, where coasting commerce is large and continually increasing.

The chief appliances of a life saving station are a mortar for firing a line over a vessel, a car for conveying it and a reel for a hawser, a surf boat, a self-righting life boat, a breeches buoy, life car, casting lines, life-saving suits, cork belts for the surfmen, lanterns, red fire and numerous smaller articles. The life saving dress is the rubber one so well known to the public through the feats of Capt. Paul Boynton, and is used with great success in rescuing people from the surf. An instance of the use of this dress occurred a few years ago, when the stupid captain of a wrecked schooner on Lake Ontario, not being able to comprehend the instructions printed on the tally board attached to the whip block, made the line fast in such a way that it could not be operated from the shore. One of the surfmen donned the life saving dress, and worked his way through the water to the vessel along the life line. He then took charge of the line at that end, and succeeded in saving the entire crew, all of whom would have perished but for his heroic conduct. The life saving dress causes the wearer to present a most ludicrous appearance, and it was with great difficulty that the men were persuaded to wear it. Life belts of cork are worn by every member of the crew when engaged in a rescue. They have a buoyancy sufficient for the support of two men, and are so adjusted as to leave the wearer the free use of his limbs in any position. The men also objected to these, preferring to trust to their strength and skill as swimmers; but after the loss of an entire crew, who had gone to a wreck without them, and were capsized in the breakers, the life belts were received with greater favor. There have been frequent cases of the overturning of life boats since then, but no man wearing one of these cork belts has been drowned where it was possible to reach the shore.

The self-righting and self-bailing life boat is the development of a century of experiment. It has a deep, iron keel, weighing about one thousand pounds, and at either end two large air chambers. If the boat should capsize, which seldom happens, it will instantly right itself. If it fills with water, it will empty itself in less than twenty seconds. This latter result is produced by the floor of the boat being several inches above the load line, there being a number of tubes extending from the floor down through the bottom of the boat. The tubes are closed by valves, opening downward, which let out all the water pressing upon them from the top, and then close. These boats require deep water for launching them, and their use is not practical in many localities. On the lakes and the Pacific coast, they are to be found at nearly every station. There is at each station a lighter life boat, which can be launched through the surf, and which is the one most commonly used, especially if the wreck be at some distance from the station. The breeches buoy is a round life buoy, with leg attachment below for securing the limbs. This will accommodate two men on a pinch, each man putting one leg through the buoy and one outside. The breeches buoy is drawn backward and forward between the vessel and the shore, being supported by a traveling block on the connecting hawser. When

many persons are to be rescued, or when there is imminent danger of the vessel going to pieces, the life car is used. This is a water-tight boat, large enough to accommodate six adults, which is hauled along the hawser, or, if necessary, through the water, and lands its passengers dry and comfortable. There are instances when several hundred persons were safely landed by the life car, most of whom would otherwise have perished. Much valuable property has also been saved in this manner. When a patrolman or watchman descries a vessel running close to shore, he burns his red light as a signal to warn her off, or, if too late for that, to let the imperiled people know that the life crew will come to the rescue as speedily as possible. He then hastens to the station and describes the nature and situation of the wreck to the keeper, who must determine the important question of the manner of rescue to be attempted. He can launch his life boat and proceed to the wreck by water, or haul his surf boat along the beach until opposite the vessel and attempt to reach her in that way, or he may deem it advisable not to use the boats and trust to the life line. In that case, he must decide whether the life car will be necessary, as its great weight, in addition to the mortar car, renders it cumbersome and delays the crew, who must slowly drag them through the sand of the beach, often four or five miles. Sometimes three or four hours pass between the burning of the red signal light and the final arrival of the life crew—hours of anxiety, hope, doubt, and often great physical suffering to those waiting for rescue.

When the rescue is attempted by boats, the greatest skill is necessary in approaching the wreck, as it tosses about in the waves, and the transfer of persons from the vessel to the boat is accomplished with great difficulty, especially if the endangered people are not held under control by the captain of the vessel.

When the captain of the crew desires to trust to the life line, the men drag the heavy cart along the beach, when, as is usually the case, horses can not be procured, and with great labor finally haul it to a position opposite the wreck. The mortar is then unlimbered and sighted, a line being attached to the end of the shot bolt and coiled beside the mortar in such a way that it will pay out instantly, without becoming fouled. Long practice, in constant drills, has made the men expert marksmen with the mortar, and it is seldom that the first shot fails to pass over the stranded ship, the attached line falling upon her rigging. The men on board the vessel seize the line and haul in upon it until they get the end of the life, or whip, line, which is riven through a pulley. This is an endless line, and when the pulley is fastened to the mast, or other portion of the ship, can be used for hauling objects backward and forward. Attached to the whip block is a tally board, with directions in both English and French, instructing the crew of the vessel how to secure the line. As soon as the accomplishment of this is signaled to the shore, the end of a three-inch hawser is secured to the endless line running through the whip block, and the surfmen, by pulling on the return line, draw the hawser on board. This is also accompanied by a board containing instructions to secure the hawser about two feet above the whip block. When this is done, the breeches buoy or the life car is secured to the life line and suspended from the hawser, the former by a traveling block and the latter by two rings. The hawser is made tight by drawing the end over a temporary tripod of high poles planted in the beach, and burying the heavy anchor at its end in a deep trench dug in the wet sand. Everything is then in readiness to start the buoy, or car, on its trips between the vessel and the shore, which are kept up until every person aboard has been rescued.

This all sounds simple enough, but the labor involved is enormous, often calling for the greatest physical exertion in the most inclement weather, continuously for many hours. The rolling of the vessel causes the hawser to rise and fall, often giving the passenger on the breeches buoy a plunge bath in the surf, or submerging the life car, which has frequently to be drawn through the water. The wreck may shift its position, rendering the hawser temporarily useless, or a strong "set," a current running parallel with the beach, may sadly interfere with the operation of the line. The fastenings of the hawser may give way at one end or the other. Often the men have to plunge into the breakers to rescue the occupants of a capsized boat, the passenger on a buoy, or the life car itself. They are trained to meet all emergencies, by constant drill and instruction in the management of the boats, in the use of the life dress, in saving drowning persons by swimming to their relief, in signaling, and in resuscitating partially drowned persons. The rescued people are conveyed to the station houses and given food and shelter as long as the exigencies of the case require.

The feats of heroism performed by these brave surfmen are unexcelled in the annals of history, and they should receive a greater recognition from a grateful people. To be sure, there is a medal awarded to those who risk their lives for the rescue of others, which has been earned by many persons both in and out of the service; but this will not supply the place of a missing limb, will not allay the excruciating pangs of rheumatism, or put bread in the mouths of widows and orphans. A liberal pension is the least the government can give, both as an act of jus-

tice and gratitude, and for the welfare of the service itself. To bring out more clearly the realities of the stiring tragedies in which these men are called upon to participate, the following incidents, which are but a few of the many occuring every year, are related from the columns of *Harper's:*

"On the 16th of October, 1880, the *Hartzel*, a Buffalo schooner laden with iron ore, crossing Lake Michigan, arrived off Frankfort a little before daylight in the morning, and finding it too dark to attempt to enter the harbor, cast anchor and waited for the sun to rise. The crew consisted of seven men and one woman—the cook. A storm came on, which increased in violence to a hurricane, accompanied with hail and sleet. The vessel would neither wear nor stay, and being close inshore the anchors were let go, but without avail. She drifted upon a bar about a mile and a half south of the pier, and opposite the 'Big and Little Bald hills.' Her condition was discovered by the citizens, and the news carried quickly to the nearest life-saving station. Keeper Matthews started at once with his crew for the scene; but the fury of the gale cut off all approach by the beach, and they were obliged to take a circuitous route of nearly ten miles. They were aided by a pair of good horses and a score of brawny lumbermen, in dragging the apparatus up high, sandy steeps, and through long, winding ravines, where falling trees were lying in every conceivable position, and about 11:00 o'clock reached the brow of the heights opposite the wreck. But it was a long distance from the distressed vessel, hence they descended the sharp steep, two hundred or more feet, to a shelving point, from which the Lyle gun might be used with effect. To accomplish this feat a portion of the whipline was unwound from the reel, one end fastened to the cart, the other passed backward to some fifty men, citizen volunteers, who acted as a drag in lowering the cart (which weighed not less than fifteen hundred pounds) down the shifting sand bluff, where all hands slid to the bottom, almost ingulfing those stationed lower down. The desired point gained, the gun was fired, but the line fell in the weather fore-rigging, and although caught by the master, the whip and pulley block could not be drawn on board on account of the action of the wind and current, and he dropped it again. The schooner's crew was perched aloft on the only remaining mast—the mainmast having fallen—and nothing was visible below but the stern timbers occasionally between seas. The shot line was promptly hauled in by the life savers, the gun re-loaded and fired the second time, with success. It fell well up in the fore rigging, just under the cross trees, and was almost instantly caught by the sailors.

"When the whip line was sent out, few present believed the slender cord would stand the strain. In order to avoid the retarding effect of the surging current, as well as to clear the wreckage that lined the beach, the shore ends of the whip line were taken well up the hill side, and a certain strain kept on them. Upward of fifty were hauling in, then by a signal from the keeper would suddenly pay out, and the sailors on the lone mast in their turn would haul in, securing a few feet of line at a time. In this manner, after a sharp struggle of at least two hours, the tail block was obtained by the despairing crew, and secured to the lower mast head. Scarcely a vestige of the printed directions remained on the tally board, owing to the scouring of the surf. Having accomplished what seemed highly improbable to the looker on, the life savers were confronted by another formidable obstacle. The whip, despite all efforts to prevent it, was full of turns between the block and the shore. The volunteers expressed themselves utterly baffled and discouraged. Not so with Keeper Matthews and his gallant crew. Without a moment's indecision they proceeded to clear the whip, which occupied another hour. Meanwhile it was apparent that the fore mast would soon fall with its living freight; and without waiting to send the hawser, the breeches buoy was sent on the whip alone, rigged in the usual manner. It returned with the first mate He was quickly catechised as to why the woman was not sent ashore first, as customary among sailors of every degree, and replied: 'She does not want to come in this buoy,' and then she was wrapped in the gaff top sail, and secured to the mast. In the same breath, as it were, came a message from the surfmen, stationed on the height, in charge of the extreme circuit of the hauling line, that the fallen tree used as a loggerhead for the whip was giving way, together with a portion of the bank. No time was to be lost, and the life car was quickly substituted for the buoy. It capsized on the way, and when it reached the wreck it was sent spinning in the air through coming into collision with the wreckage which was churning in the boiling caldron. When it returned, two of the sailors jumped out, and were sharply interrogated as to why the woman did not come. They said: 'She don't want to get into that thing, it looks too much like a coffin,' and 'She'll come next time,' with other contradictory remarks. On the next trip the life car brought the captain and second mate. A murmur of angry disappointment ran through the crowd. The horrible suspicion that the helpless woman was to be left lashed to the mast head by a heartless crew took possession of every mind. Questions were asked with severe earnestness, to which the captain replied evasively: 'She's gone up,' and 'She's unconscious and we could do nothing with her,' and 'They'll

bring her next time.' On its third trip the car remained some time at the wreck. Darkness had set in; thus it was impossible to discover what was going on. Finally, the car was drawn in, but grounded, bottom upward, in the edge of the surf. At the call of the keeper for assistance, a dozen heroes plunged into the water, righted the car, and snatched off the cover. Two sailors jumped out, the last of the wrecked crew. 'They haven't brought the woman,' shouted one of the surfmen, who had been knocked down several times by the drift wood, and nearly lost his life in attempting to land the car safely. It was a moment of intense excitement. The citizens declared they would not have pulled a line to save the schooner's crew had they foreseen the dreadful climax. The sailors said the woman was dead. It was the merest folly to sacrifice life by sending out men to learn the truth of the story, with the mast likely to fall at any moment, and the saddened party clambered in the darkness, one by one, up the steep in the face of a blinding storm, burdened with the conviction that they had been defrauded in their labors of love, and faint for want of food, having eaten nothing since breakfast, and wearied beyond expression by the exertions of the day, they tramped with their apparatus over the rough ten miles to the station, reaching it early the next morning. The mast fell soon after their departure, and seventeen days later the body of the woman was found on the beach at Frankfort."

Other instances show the heroic sacrifice of life in the discharge of duty. In the summer of 1880 the steamer *Bertchey* was wrecked in Lake Huron, near Grindstone City, seven miles from the Point aux Barques life station. The life crew hastened "to the rescue as fast as a pair of spirited horses could draw the boat wagon, and found five hundred people on shore watching the wreck as it was breaking up, powerless to help the hapless passengers and crew, who for ten hours had been lashed to the bulwarks and drenched by the flooding breakers. Some volunteers attempted to go to their relief in a fish boat, but the sea was so terrible that they turned back. The life savers coming up upon a run were greeted with prolonged huzzas. Quickly their life boat was launched and they were on their daring voyage, disappearing in the troughs of the sea, then rising on the summit of the breakers, the crew working with might and main at the oars, and the bow of the boat ever pointed to the stranded steamer. They reached it gloriously, threw a line by its heaving stick aboard, which, being seized and fastened, held the boat in tow, which advanced and receded by her oars as the sea allowed, and at the proper moment sheering up and snatching away, as it were, the persons to be rescued. No sooner was the boat secured than two of the surfmen threw themselves into the water, and by the aid of ropes, worked themselves, with great exertion, upon the steamer's deck, to aid and direct the difficult and dangerous labor of transferring those on board to the surf boat. Eleven ladies were first lowered over the bulwarks, then a little boy, and the boat shoved off and safely gained the pier. Four trips were made, and forty-four persons saved, being every soul on board; and such was the appalling need of haste that the men bent to their oars with a will, and accomplished the extraordinary rescue within one hour."

In October of the same year these brave men perished. They "went out in the surf boat in prompt response to a signal of distress displayed upon a vessel three miles away. The boat was capsized and righted several times, but finally remained capsized, the men clinging to it; but the cold was such that one after another perished until six were gone. The keeper drifted upon the beach, insensible, and was found steadying himself by the trunk of a tree, and swaying his body to and fro as if in the act of walking, without moving his feet. When he had recovered consciousness, he said he thought he had walked a long distance since reaching the shore, and remembered to have shouted several times, not so much with the idea of attracting attention as to help the circulation of his blood. He was so much injured that he resigned his position; thus the station was in one day bereft of its entire crew." Though these men had, during the same year, saved nearly one hundred lives, the government has utterly failed to provide for the support of their orphaned families.

A more recent instance of heroism was that displayed by surfmen on the southeastern coast of Virginia, on the 8th day of January, 1887. At 2:00 o'clock in the morning, while a "heavy snow storm was falling, and a very strong northeast wind was blowing, a patrol from the Little island life saving strtion, near Cape Henry, sighted a ship stranded on the bar, about eight hundred yards from shore. The patrol of the Dam neck station, which is adjacent to the other, was informed, and both fired rockets to notify the stranded crew that they had been seen. As quickly as possible the crews from both stations were assembled on the beach, opposite the ship, with their life saving apparatus. The sea was very heavy—so heavy that the crew of the ship regarded an effort to reach the shore in their boats as more perilous than waiting on the sinking ship. The life savers made repeated efforts with their mortars to shoot a line to the sailors, but it was beyond their range, and the boat was fast sinking in sight of land and of the life saving crew. To reach them in a boat seemed impossible, but Captain Abel Belanga determined to risk

his life in the effort. He selected his crew from the best men of each station, and pushed out. Their companions on the shore expected that the next wave would engulf them, but they reached the ship safely. Five of the crew were taken in the life saving boat and ten more in the ship's own boat, and they pulled toward the shore. They had proceeded far enough to give those who were looking on hope of success, when a wave stronger than the two boats could weather, struck them, and capsized both. A strong wind drove them out to sea and then lashed them shoreward again, until the stoutest of them were drowned. Nine bodies were washed ashore during the morning, and successful efforts were made to resuscitate two of them, one of whom, however, was fatally injured. The names of the life savers who so heroically endeavored to save the crew were Captain Abel Belanga, J. A. Belanga, J. W. Land, George W. Stone, Joseph Spratley, John Etheridge and Frank Peckwood. Frank Peckwood and John Etheridge were resuscitated. All the rest and the whole crew of the ship were drowned."

These instances are enough to shed a halo of glory over the service, and to justify the government in maintaining it and increasing its efficiency and the scope of its service, even were they the only ones instead of being selected from hundreds. No matter how much a careless and ungrateful people may neglect and overlook their heroic conduct, in that great book of life, where the angel of light records our deeds, the brightest pages will be lustrous with the deeds of these noble surfmen.

THE POOR SETTLER'S STORY.

I WAS a poor settler, a very poor one, when I brought Mirandy and the children—four of them, mind you—on our prairie homestead in Southern Kansas, just as the sun was going down, one February evening, a year ago. The wind was blowing a stiff northwester all day long, and a great mass of blue clouds held ominously against a northern sky during the last twenty miles of our journey. I told Mirandy several times that I thought a blizzard was coming on, and that we had better unhitch our team while yet we were in the settlements, as I did not think we could make it any more that afternoon in safety; but Mirandy concluded we had better go on, since we were so near our end, and get done with it, as she was very tired and wanted rest. Poor Mirandy! She little knew how prophetic were her longings.

Well, I was saying that we just drew up as the sun was setting. There was the little dug-out, there was the well, and there the land, all before us, and yet all so new and strange to Mirandy and her children that they could not get out of the wagon for some time, until their eyes had feasted on the novel scene before them. The little dug-out, with its roof of sod, which now we called our home, had no neighbor nearer than three miles or thereabouts, but even this seemed wonderfully close and home-like in a country so new as this. The summer before, when I had been out to file, and build the little hut of sod which now held all of earth yet bound to us, no human habitation of any kind the eye could see. Although the buffalo had long before decamped, the wild horse and antelope were yet numerous enough to excite but little interest or surprise.

While I was revolving these thoughts in my mind, and unhitching my team in a mechanical and absent minded sort of way, small particles of snow began to fall, and it had become suddenly colder and more windy, and almost too dark to see. So, feeding my horses the best way I could on the ground, and picketing them near the wagon for the night—for I had no stable built as yet—I carried into the house the few hundred pounds of coal we had brought with us, and our provisions and bed clothing, and prepared for the night.

It was a long time before we got supper that night, for everything was so scattered around, you see, and so hard to find; and a longer time before we got to bed. Moreover, one of the little ones had been very peevish and fretful on account of a missing doll—her own "sweet little dolly out in the cold," as she persisted in sobbing herself to sleep by—which had been neglected in the hurry of unpacking, and yet remained in the bottom of the chest in the wagon. Still, before retiring, the wind had subsided some, but the snow continued to fall, in the slow, steady manner as at dark, but it had grown perceptibly colder, and as dark as Erebus.

I had been asleep only a short time, it appeared to me, when I was aroused by a tremendously heavy fall against the roof, although it was some moments before I could fully realize that anything more than an unusual noise had occurred. The family woke up with great fright, also. I determined to investigate, and for this purpose I dressed hastily and forced my way out. It was now blowing fiercely. It was a perfect hurricane. It might have been on sea for aught any obstacle the wind encountered in its massive sweep. It was fearfully cold. The snow seemed to be coming from everywhere at one and the same time, infinitesimally fine, and as hard and sharp as small particles of flint, whirling and whirling around, engulfing both heaven and earth, and striking one so fiercely in the face as to cause it to smart and burn and obstruct both respiration and sight. The air

swept literally past me, and left nothing on which the lungs could act, and breathing became difficult. The roar of the wind was well nigh deafening, like a great torrent, rendering it impossible to hear from the rear, and but little, save the enormous volume of wind, in advance.

Thus breasting the storm, which almost swept me off my feet, I crept slowly and cautiously along the eaves of the house, holding on firmly with both hands, and vainly endeavored to penetrate both sight and hearing into the eternity beyond. It was all blank to me. Each moment increased the violence of the storm, occasionally wavering, hesitating, apparently, only to gather its forces for a new onslaught, both furious and terrific. In an unguarded moment, my hold slipped and I was hurled with great violence against an obstacle in the way, which subsequently proved to be parts of my covered wagon, in various stages of annihilation. It was some moments before I could recover myself sufficiently to breath and stand upright, a position which I could maintain only for short intervals at a time, by placing my back to the wind and bracing myself firmly. But these short intervals gave me time to think. I had sustained no injury, to be sure, but worse than all, the horrible reality began to dawn upon me that I was lost—as much lost as though I were in a trackless forest, miles and miles from any habitation, although my own home was probably not more than a dozen yards away. I tried to ascertain my bearings by the manner of my falling, but after pushing forward in every conceivable direction at such distances as I thought should certainly bring me to my own door, or to any tangible part of the premises, I still stood with outstretched hands before a blank and apparently boundless prairie. I shouted; I shouted until I grew hoarse and exhausted, but no answer came from the profound depths around me, for the wind came down on me like a great avalanche and drowned my feeble voice into a mere whisper of despair. The great drops of sweat now stood on my brow and face, but they were not from heat, for my teeth chattered and my frame shook from cold and fright. My clothing was no longer a protection; it stood stiff and frozen about me, and the wind blew through me as though I were a phantom of the air. Yes, I was freezing, freezing where I stood, and I had no more power of moving a step farther than I had to stay the elements of death. A thousand thoughts took possession of my mind in an instant; my whole life stood before me as a vast picture; and then followed a most delicious warmth and fragrance of an air scented with innumerable flowers, and the delightful stupor of approaching death.

Somehow—it seems incredible to me, even now—I gradually regained a vague consciousness, after what appeared ages of unrest, and a supernatural light arose above me, which, in an equally vague manner, I knew must be the dawn of day. It was a long time, however, before the idea assumed just this form, for it floated about in my brain in various fantastical shapes and eluded me in a most exasperating manner. More gradually still, I began to comprehend that there was a dark object before me, so close that it greatly worried me with its ghost-like appearance; for I could not do away it and it persisted in standing before me in such a menacing manner every time I opened my eyes. And then I found I was dragging myself toward it, for I could not regain an upright position, however much I tried, and in a moment more I fell headlong into my own doorway and before my own hearth.

When I regained consciousness again, I was in bed, surrounded by many forms unfamiliar to me, who were treading about the room in a very quiet and mysterious manner, speaking in very low and subdued tones, and scanning my face every now and then with anxious looks—so anxious that it distressed even me. It was night, I judged, for a lamp stood burning on a little table near my bed, and the room, otherwise, was dark. I could hear the sobbing and crying of my children, breaking out abruptly as something appeared to excite them from time to time, but I could not respond, for although my thoughts were plain enough to myself and what I desired to express, yet my lips refused to move and I could not utter a word. What appeared most singular to me, was the absence of Mirandy, my wife. What could she be doing? Where was she? for I had not seen her, and her absence worried me unceasingly. I meant to see, and with a mighty effort I sat upright in bed, but I was held firmly from throwing myself out, as my feet were lifeless and could not move. Then it flashed upon me that something had happened to her—perhaps she was dead.

Can I express to you the anguish of my soul when, on regaining my proper mind, I learned what had occurred? I shudder yet as I think of the horrors of that night, and of the dreadful unfolding of the plot the fates had decreed against me and mine on that memorable February morning.

Yes, she was dead. She died in the search for me, for my absence alarmed her and she went in search, little knowing the character of our Western blizzards—frozen stiff but a few yards from her door, kneeling, with one hand clasping the ends of her shawl under her chin, which she had evidently hastily thrown over her head before departing, and the other holding her apron, containing a doll.

It has always been a mystery to me how this doll

was obtained, since the chest was found the next morning by a neighbor, half a mile away, who was brought to a recognition of our calamity by my horses, who had drifted into his stable some time during the night, with their picket ropes yet attached to their halters, and whom he recognized and returned. And, as you see, I am on crutches, legless, both having to be amputated close to the thighs. But I am going back tomorrow, back to old Missouri to my children, a clean two thousand in hard cash, and the old homestead is mine no more. May the All Charitable and Eternal God, who guides the destinies of man, as He unquestionably does the laws of the universe about us, bless you and yours and protect you from a sorrow such as once befell me.

THE CAVES OF SOUTHERN OREGON.

THESE wonderful limestone caves are situated in Josephine county, due south of Grant's Pass, about twenty-eight miles distant, by the most direct route, from the railroad. The road runs across Applegate river, and up Williams creek valley, through picturesque and beautiful country. The approach to the caves is extremely picturesque; the numerous detached boulders on the mountain side, under which there are caverns, are enveloped in moss, and here and there firs are dotted.

Near the base of the mountain is one entrance, and another about half way to the summit. The mountain is one of a group called the "Graybacks," as they are snow-capped nearly the whole year. Near the lower entrance flows a stream of ice-cold water, possessing medicinal qualities. This stream, called Logan creek, has its source in the caves, rushing out of the lower entrance. A visitor to the cave has well described his explorations of them:

"Trimming our lamps, we started at the lower entrance, a passage three to four feet wide and some sixty feet long, at the end of which we ascended two ladders, about thirty feet high, leading to a chamber, which Mr. Burch has appropriately named the Chamber of Mystery. This is about twenty by thirty feet. Thence we ascended forty feet to the Devil's Backbone, an extraordinary ridge of hard limestone, extending along the middle of a passageway eight feet. Going along this passage, we came to Little Mammoth, a chamber about eighty feet long by seventy-eight feet wide. Here we were one hundred feet above the creek level. A rush of cold air met us, leaving the chamber, following up which we found the end of the long passage blocked by a huge mass of rock. The ceiling here is all cracked and irregular. Thence to what is called Steamboat Chamber, eighty by seventeen feet, and twenty-five feet high; and, after that, through the Devil's Gap, a tortuous passage, to the Devil's Pit, an embrasure forty feet deep, situated in the center of a large chamber. Following narrow and irregular passages from this point, we came to the Last Chance Chamber, seventy-eight by thirty-four feet, in the neighborhood of which are several small chambers, which can be entered with some little effort of crawling through narrow passages. In the Last Chance Chamber is a wonderful formation of limestone, resembling a large and perfect hornet's nest. Now ascending to the right, we entered still another chamber of vast dimensions, at the end of which is a shaft, or gap, through which one can look into the Little Mammoth, eighty feet below. Leaving this, we found ourselves at the upper entrance to the caves, half way up the mountain side, where we rested and lunched.

"It is impossible to convey, accurately and in detail, an idea of the beauty and variety of the natural furniture of the chambers through which we have already passed. Suffice it to say that, at every turn, new formations greet the eye. Thousands of stalactites, pendant and glistening, adorn the ceilings, numbers of them nearly meeting the pinnacled stalagmites in course of their upward growth from the cavern floors. Around the walls hang clusters and festoons of stalactites, endless in form and variety, some resembling exquisite and graceful folds of drapery, others like huge elephants' ears, palm and cactus leaves, fruit and foliage. All of these formations are bespangled with feldspar, and the water drops at the ends of the stalactites sparkle most brilliantly in the candle light.

"After lunch, we re-entered the caves at the upper entrance, and scenes more beautiful than we had yet witnessed awaited us on the upper levels. First came the Queen's Palace, Maid's Parlor, Queen's Cellar, and Specimen Chamber, all of which are resplendent with similar beauty and variety to that we have endeavored to describe. Thence through a tortuous passage, appropriately named Hell Gate, we crawled, lying perfectly flat. It led to a small chamber, in which there is a magnificent limestone formation, resembling a conch shell; also a splendid cluster of eagle wings, pendant from a dome roof twenty-five feet high. Thence we descended ladders and passages, badly broken, to another chamber, in which is a fine white column, nine feet high and twenty inches in diameter. From this room we entered Dulcimer Hall, whose ceiling is a perfect mass of transparent stalactites, glistening as before. These are of different shapes and sizes, and of course all are more or less hollow and fragile. Another remarkable fact is that on this account each one possesses a distinct mu-

sical ring, when lightly struck. In this way we were able to produce distinct notes and tunes by tapping them with a penknife. So clear is the ring, that by simple conversation the tone of one's voice is musically reverberated through the dulcimer-like stalactites. Here, also, are several columns in course of formation. Reluctantly leaving this pleasing room, we came to the Diamond Hall, which, in brilliancy, surpasses anything possible to imagine, much less to describe. The effect is simply dazzling. The whole interior of the hall is sparkling with millions of tiny, star-like crystals of feldspar and micaceous incrustations. Here, also, is a small pool of water, set in an embroidered basin, the sides and bottom of which are all sparkling. So clear is the water, that it looks as if there were no water at all, but that one could touch the crystal bottom of the pool, which seems to be on the surface; yet the pool is eight feet deep.

" Another crawl upon hands and knees brought us to the Ghost Chamber, one hundred and seventy-four by sixty feet, and forty feet high. Here are several wonderful columns, a facsimile of a frozen cataract, and an exact representation of white sea waves. Next we came to Mt. Hood Chamber, in which is a splendid column, fourteen feet at the base, resembling Mt. Hood in form and outline. This brings us to the Mammoth Chamber, which is perhaps the most wonderful of all. It is a dark gray limestone room, three hundred and sixty-five feet long, one hundred and forty feet in the widest part, and in many places it was impossible to see the roof with the lights we had. The room is very irregularly formed, and contains numerous huge bowlders. At either end, and along the sides, are gigantic shafts, through which, no doubt, these bowlders have descended, and in which several, from five to forty tons in weight, still remain suspended by their corners just as they have been projected from above. In this chamber are the openings to several other smaller chambers, containing splendid specimens of stalactites, different from anything we had yet seen—huge tulip-like formations as large as pumpkins, and thick clusters of gigantic leaves. Here, also, is a real waterfall, forming the head of Logan creek. Along the route taken by this creek are several other chambers, each possessing its own attractions. But it is impossible, even in a volume, to describe everything, and to do justice to the impressiveness, beauty and interest, lying within the aisles and walls of this natural subterranean palace. The visitor realizes, more forcibly than almost anything else could teach him, that the great, mysterious processes of nature produce works in comparison with which the human architect's most beauteous designs are stunted and insignificant."

Messrs. H. D. Harkness and W. C. Burch, of Leland, have located and claimed these caves. They have constructed a cabin and camping accommodations, for the comfort and convenience of tourists. Any one visiting them will be well paid for his journey. The mountains abound in all the kinds of game found in the country, including deer, brown and black bear, and all the smaller game. The streams abound in the beautiful mountain trout, so dear to the heart of the angler. The tourist, whether in search of pleasure or health, can find few more attractive countries than this.

THE LAKES OF OREGON.

WITHIN the boundaries of the State of Oregon are a number of lakes of fair size, and some of rare beauty. In this article each of the larger lakes will be described, and the remarkable features of each —for some of them are indeed remarkable—will be related in turn. Nearly all the facts about to be given are from the writer's personal observations, supplemented, when necessary, by the statements of reliable authorities.

Everywhere in nature the relations of cause and effect may be noticed. Even the most commonplace features of the country we live in, and the landscape we see from our window, are the results of certain causes, which may be many in number and complicated in their action. Thus the stream running down hill is the effect of the rainfall and the slope of the ground; but when we inquire why it takes a certain course, breaking through a chain of hills instead of passing around them, we come upon a question that may tax the greatest mind to solve. So there would not be any lakes in Oregon if there were not causes for their existence. These causes are not by any means simple, and to explain them fully would of itself make a long article; but I will try and give the reader an outline of the subject, and if I succeed in making it clear, he will have a better understanding of the peculiarities of each lake than would otherwise be possible.

In looking at the map of Oregon, we notice that the lakes of any size are all grouped in one part of the state. They all lie in the southern half of the state and east of the Cascade range; or, to put it in another way, all are in Klamath, Lake and Grant counties. The region embraced in these counties lies far from the routes of travel, and, it may be said, is never visited by the tourist; hence little is written about it, and to the majority of Oregonians it is doubtless unknown. In general, this country may be described as a succession of valleys, elevated four to five thousand feet above the sea, and separated by north

and south mountain ranges, rising two to five thousand feet above them. But this description will apply best to the southern part of the region, where the mountain ranges are highest. As we go north, many of the ridges disappear, and the country becomes a very rugged plateau.

In very remote times, but in what the geologist calls one of the later periods, this region lay below the level of the sea, and probably while it was still under water, was covered with vast sheets of melted rock and beds of broken volcanic material. These beds covered not only this region, but extended into California, Nevada and Idaho, and accumulated to a thickness of many thousand feet. Later, when a great upheaval of the region took place, the crust of the earth was broken into huge blocks. These blocks were tilted, some eastward, some westward; some had their edges thrust far above the others, or sunk down, leaving great depressions. The raised, or tilted, blocks form the mountain ranges of today; the sunken ones, the valleys. In time, the winds, the rains and running streams carved ravines and canyons in the mountain flanks, shaping the peaks and gorges in all their manifold and wondrous forms, while the depressions were partly filled with the washed-down mountain mass, and became broad, level plains. But in many places the sheer and stupendous cliffs still show where the crust of the earth was rent and the mountain range upheaved. These are the "fault scarps" of the geologist. The lake basins of the region are thus of two kinds: either a block has sunk, leaving a cliff on each side; or a depression has been formed on the lower edge of a tilted block, and the edge of its neighbor rises as a cliff on one side, while the surface of the tilted block forms a gradual slope on the other. Some of the larger valleys combine both of these types.

Hoping to have made clear to the reader how the lake basins were formed, I will now consider another of the prime causes of their existence, namely the climate.

Every one knows that there is an immense region in the interior of North America in which the rainfall is very slight. In a great portion of this region, so little rain falls that it is all dried up by the summer's heat, and the streams never reach the ocean. Thus we have a region of interior drainage, or, as it is generally called, the Great Basin. The lake country of Oregon lies in this dry region, and nearly all the lakes are without any outlet. Strange as it may seem, most of the lakes owe their existence to the fact that the rainfall is so limited. If they received a greater supply of water, the basins would fill up until the water overflowed at some point. Then the streams forming the outlets of the lakes would cut their channels deeper and deeper in the course of time, and the lake basins would finally be completely drained off. This has been the history of great lakes, which once existed in Northeastern California; and is also probably the reason why no large lakes are to be found in the northern half of Oregon. Thus the lake country of Oregon is the dryest part of the state; and outside of this dry region, not a single large lake exists within her borders.

In what the geologists call the Glacial period, when the lofty peaks of the Cascade range had huge tongues of ice stretching down from their summits, the climate was probably moister than today; or, what amounts to much the same thing, the climate being colder, the rainfall was more slowly evaporated. Hence the lake basins of Oregon received larger supplies of water than now, and lakes of great size and depth existed in the valleys where we find the much smaller lakes of the present. The waves of these ancient lakes cut away the hill slopes, and, in places, built up great bars of gravel. Among the most interesting features of this region, are the old beach lines, which may be plainly seen, stretching for miles along the mountain sides, showing us how deep the water once stood over what are now fertile plains, where horses and cattle graze.

Having now spoken of the lakes in general, I will proceed to describe each one in turn, and point out what its most striking peculiarities are.

Malheur and Harney lakes were separate bodies of water until a few years ago. They were only divided by a narrow bar of gravel, which, in 1877, was broken through by the waves, and the lakes became united. The valley in which they lie is near the middle of Grant county, and is generally spoken of as the Harney valley. In a former period, of which I have spoken, it was entirely covered with water. The ancient lake was over one thousand square miles in extent, and had an outlet into the Snake river. The modern lake only covers about one hundred and fifty square miles, and its waters do not overflow. It is shallow and brackish. As this lake lies in a comparatively level region, it has not the picturesque surroundings of the other lakes of Oregon, so it is not necessary to dwell longer upon it.

Warner valley lies in the southeastern corner of Lake county—it was until recently in Grant—and is a singularly wild and picturesque region. It was named after Captain Warner, of the United States army, who was killed there by Indians, while he was exploring the route of a military road to California, in 1849. The long, narrow valley stretches nearly north and south, and has been formed by the dropping down of a great block of the earth's crust. On either side, steep precipices of black volcanic rock

rise to an immense height, bare, rugged and imposing. Only a few stunted cedars cling to their summits, and at their base the sage brush grows among the huge, fallen bowlders. But the level floor of the valley is covered with broad meadows and marshes, with here and there a lake, and the freshness of its verdure contrasts with the dark, barren mountain sides. Warner lake is shown on the maps as a long, narrow sheet of water, of considerable size. In reality, there is a chain of small lakes, separated by marshy tracts. During the wet season, the water drains through sloughs into the northernmost lake. This latter has no outlet, and its water is brackish, while the others are about fresh. This valley was also entirely filled by an ancient lake, which left the mark of its water line on the mountain sides, but never rose high enough to find an outlet. As all streams have some salt in their waters, they are continually supplying salt to the lakes or ocean into which they empty. The water evaporates, but the salt stays behind; hence a lake without an outlet will, in time, become salt like the ocean. This ancient lake, no doubt, existed long enough to accumulate a great deal of salt, and when it finally dried up, it left its salt in the mud upon the floor of the valley. So it is no wonder that there are pools or marshes, in parts of this valley, filled with a strong brine. When they dry up in summer they leave crusts of salt, and this is collected and sold to the ranches round about for salting sheep and cattle. Borax, Glauber salt and other minerals have also been found in this valley, but the report that nitre exists there is, I believe, entirely without foundation.

Goose lake is the largest in this region, but only a portion of it belongs to Oregon. It lies on the southern edge of Lake county, extending across the border into Modoc county, California. Its greatest length, in a nearly north and south direction, is some thirty miles; and its greatest width, east and west, about ten miles. It covers about one hundred and ninety square miles, a third of its area being within the boundaries of Oregon. The country about this lake is mountainous, but not so rugged as the region last described. The mountains are clothed, about their summits, with fir and pine, while lower down is a sparse growth of cedar, and the lowest slopes are overgrown with sage brush. The floor of the valley, particularly the north end, is a level sage plain, which, nearer the lake, gives place to broad meadows of natural grass, extending to the marshy border at the water's edge. The water of the lake is, for the most part, shallow at the edges, and only attains a depth of about twenty feet near the center. At its north end stands the growing town of Lakeview, the business center of a new country, which is being rapidly settled.

Any one approaching Lakeview from the west can see a sharply defined line, drawn horizontally on the mountain side behind the town, and several hundred feet above it. It is the water line of the ancient lake, which filled this valley in a past time. It had an outlet at its southern end, and its waters found their way through the Pit river into the Sacramento. The outflowing water cut a deep channel, nearly, but not quite, deep enough to completely drain the valley. Goose lake usually does not overflow, but during an exceptionally wet season it rises high enough to discharge some of its water through this ancient outlet. This took place in 1869, and again in 1881; but not very long ago its surface was very much lower, and one of the pioneer trails crossed it at a point now deeply covered by water. The water of Goose lake is very slightly brackish, and usually filled with the mud stirred up from its bottom. The lake well deserves its name, for in the autumn it is the resort of vast numbers of wild geese, together with ducks and all manner of other water fowl.

Abert lake lies nearly north of the one last described, and is also in Lake county. It is not very large, covering only some sixty square miles, but is one of the most interesting of all the lakes of Oregon. The basin in which it lies has been formed by a single great crack, or fault, running nearly north and south. The block on the west side of this crack has been tilted so that its edge next to the break is depressed, while the block on the east side has its edge thrust high in the air. The basin thus formed has a gradual slope on the west side, and stupendous precipices on the east. The strange, wild beauty of the landscape here can hardly be described in words. Viewed from the south, the deep blue-green water is seen stretching away in the distance; on the left, a rugged slope of rock, scantily overgrown with sage brush, rises from the shore; on the right, huge bowlders, fallen from the cliffs above, lie in confused masses on the water's edge; above these tower the mighty cliffs, rising fully one thousand feet above the lake, black, silent and majestic. Far into the distance stretch these awful heights, their colors mellowing and contours softening, until they are lost in an indistinct mountain mass on the far horizon. We look in vain for a sign of life, a single sail upon the broad expanse of water, the smoke of a settler's cabin on the shore; all is silent and desolate; nature is alone in her grandeur. When the sun has sunk below the horizon, and the valley lies in shade, the afterglow still illumines these cliffs, bringing every jagged point into sharp relief and lending wonderful effects of color. The light green lichens cling to the perpendicular face of the precipice, and contrast strangely with the background of dark volcanic rock.

The lake is without any outlet, and its waters are as salt as those of the ocean. They contain not only common salt, but carbonate of soda and Glauber salt as well, and impart a strange, greasy feeling to the skin. No fish can live in this water, nor any living thing, except the little brine shrimp. These tiny creatures, so small as hardly to be seen with the naked eye, swarm in myriads in the clear brine, and seem to be in their proper element. They have no enemies to disturb them, unless, perhaps, some kinds of ducks make them their food. The shores of the lake are steep and rocky, except at the north end, where there are flats of mud, whitened in summer by a crust of salt. The treeless, stony region round about is practically uninhabited, and is likely to remain so, unless, at some future time, people resort to its waters for their real or imaginary medical virtues. The Chewaucan country, however, which begins at the southern point of Abert lake, contains much land suitable for agriculture, and is being rapidly settled.

Passing northwest from Abert lake, through the region of the Chewaucan marsh, we cross a low divide and enter the valley of Summer lake. This lake is a little larger than Abert and covers, perhaps, somewhat over sixty square miles. On the west and south sides is a border of high mountains, their summits clothed with timber. On the east side is a broad stretch of level, barren country, covered with drifting sand and bare flats of mud, whitened by alkali—almost a desert. Beyond this, on the east, rises a ridge of rugged, treeless and rocky hills. Almost the only arable land in the valley is the narrow strip between the west shore of the lake and the mountain side. The waters of this lake, like those of Abert, are very salt, but only have about half the strength of the latter. It is also without any outlet. The shores are low and muddy, and in summer they are white with a crust of salt. The greatest depth is about ten feet, and the water is usually turbid. At the north end, a beautiful stream of clear, fresh water enters the lake. It has its source in large springs a few miles distant.

Summer lake, Abert lake, and the low region of the Chewaucan marsh lying between them, were once occupied by a single sheet of water, hundreds of feet deep, which also, probably, communicated with Goose lake to the southward. The ancient lake has left its mark in beach lines, which can be plainly traced for miles along the bare and barren hillsides.

Silver lake lies but a few miles northwest of the one last described, and completes the list of those in Lake county. It is of small size, being only fifteen to twenty square miles in area, and so shallow that one can almost wade across it. It lies in the corner of a basin, which once contained a much larger lake, covering some hundreds of square miles, and stretching northward over what is known as the "desert." Although not a desert in the strict sense of the term, this is a vast, dry plain, covered with tall sage brush. This "desert," or at least that part of it which forms the bed of the ancient lake, needs only irrigation to become a fertile and productive country. But unless water can be found by artesian wells, it will probably never be cultivated, and will remain as now, a stock range. Northwest of the lake is a small region of marsh and meadows, which is being occupied by settlers.

A remarkable feature of this lake is that although it has no outlet, its water is almost perfectly fresh. As before stated, lakes which do not overflow usually become salt in time. It is possible that this exception to the rule can be explained as follows: Silver lake lies somewhat higher than Summer lake, and is separated from it by a rocky ridge a few miles wide. Now it is possible that the water finds its way underground beneath this ridge, and reappears in the large springs mentioned at the north end of Summer lake. Thus the water in the lake, being continually renewed, would remain fresh. But it must be understood that this is merely a theory, and there is nothing to absolutely prove it.

Upper Klamath lake may be said to be the most picturesque of all the larger lakes of Oregon. It lies at the base of the Cascade range. Its elevation is over four thousand feet, and area about one hundred and thirty square miles. I do not know that its depth has ever been ascertained, but it is probably deeper than either of the other lakes mentioned. This lake is hemmed in by magnificent mountains. On the west rise the densely wooded slopes of the Cascades, towering up to a great height, with some of the lofty volcanic cones covered with eternal snow. On the east are bare, rocky acclivities of no mean elevation. From the hills about the south end of the lake the view is especially fine. To the northward lies the lake, with its background of splendid mountain peaks, while to the southward the summit of Shasta, rising high above all the intervening ridges, forms the most prominent feature in the landscape.

The shores of Klamath lake are of irregular outline, for the most part steep and rocky, and some small islands dot its surface. Several large streams empty into the northern part, and at the southern end it discharges through Link river. This is really the upper course of the Klamath river, and is a stream of considerable volume. Upon leaving the lake, the river plunges over a succession of rapids, descending about a hundred feet in a course of two miles, and furnishing a fine water power, as yet but little utilized. Reaching the town of Linkville, it broadens

out, forming a lakelet, and then flows placidly through the broad, level plain, until, joined by the stream from the Lower Klamath lake, it commences its turbulent descent through the grand and picturesque gorge of the Klamath. The Upper Klamath is the only large lake in Oregon which overflows.

South of Linkville, broad sage brush plains, now fast being converted to fields of grain, stretch to the shores of Rhett lake and the Lower Klamath. The former is a good sized body of water, but belongs properly to California, only about four square miles of its area lying within the boundaries of Oregon. Rhett lake is the body of water known to fame as Tule, or Wright, lake, on whose southern shore lie the celebrated Modoc lava beds. Lower, or Little, Klamath lake is of small size, and as but a portion of it (some nine square miles) lies in Oregon, it can be omitted from this description.

Upper Klamath lake, with the Klamath marsh, the plains about Linkville, and the basins of Lower Klamath and Rhett lakes, were all formerly covered by a single sheet of water of great size. The ancient lake was probably drained off when the gorge of the Klamath river had been cut down below its level. The present lakes are only, comparatively speaking, pools of water left in the deepest parts of its bed.

All the lakes of Oregon have now been mentioned, with the exception of some shallow pools scattered through the "lake country," most of which dry up during the summer, and some small, but beautiful, lakes along the Cascade range. One of the latter, Crater lake, has become justly famous, but so much has been written concerning it, that it is needless to describe it here.

I have had occasion to speak of the extent of the ancient lakes which once existed in southern Oregon. It may not be amiss to call attention to the fact that the beds of these extinct lakes form the most fertile lands, and in fact about the only ones capable of cultivation, in that entire region. Where once the waters stood, fine particles of earth accumulated, and this now forms a deep soil of remarkable productiveness. If the borders of the ancient lakes be traced upon a map of Southeastern Oregon, the area covered by them, less that part now covered by water, will show about the extent of arable land in that portion of the state.

HENRY J. BIDDLE.

SAN JUAN ISLAND.

THE largest of the group of islands forming the San Juan archipelago, constituting the very extremity of the United States, in Puget sound, is the one bearing the same name as the group. It is about twenty miles long and twelve wide, with many beautiful bays and harbors, and is, in the main, as fine a tract of farming country as is to be found on Puget sound. The central portion is known as San Juan valley, and contains many fine farms, with good buildings and fences. They are nearly all cleared, and upwards of one hundred acres are under cultivation on each. On the borders of the valley are many good farms in various stages of improvement, as well as good locations for settlement. The staple products are oats, wheat, barley, hay, potatoes and fruit. San Juan oats command one dollar per ton more than any other kind in the San Francisco market. Potatoes grow to great size, are sound, dry and mealy, yielding from two hundred to four hundred bushels per acre. They are in great demand for shipment. Both barley and wheat produce well and of fine quality. It has been demonstrated that fruit equal to the best on the Pacific coast can be produced by the orchards of San Juan. Great numbers of trees are being set out, and in a few years the island will have many large and paying orchards.

With such agricultural advantages, and with its mild and equable climate, San Juan island is certainly one of the choice corners of Uncle Sam's great farm, and we may rejoice that Emperor William decided to give it to us, instead of to our neighbors across the Straits of Fuca.

THE IMMIGRANTS' CHIRSTMAS.

THERE was great rejoicing in the now reunited family of Braun, upon this particular day, three days before Christmas, when Papa Braun, his wife, their nine children and Grandmamma Braun arrived at Portland, where they were met with warmest greeting by the good papa's brother, and by him conducted to their new home. But first let me explain how this came about. The dear old grandmother once had an only brother—an eccentric old man, without a family—who had emigrated to this country from Switzerland, where he amassed a fortune of about $14,000.00, which, to his simple-minded kindred, seemed a very large sum indeed, now that it was to be all their own; for such was the news received by the Braun family a few months before, and it was then decided that they would all join the papa's younger brother John, who, with his family, had joined the old uncle four years before, and who was joint heir with papa Joseph Braun. In the natural elation which follows good fortune, and the busy preparations for the departure and journey, they were in better spirits than people leaving a beloved home and going to a new and altogether different country, where all is strange, usually are.

"No snow! No snow!" was the first exclamation

of the little old grandmother, as she was being helped ashore.

"But there has been snow, kleine mutter," cried sturdy John, whom, in his city clothes, grandmother hardly knew for her youngest son. "See if I don't take you out schlitten fahren within two weeks."

"It would seem like the heimath then," said his mother, faintly.

"Look, Joseph!" said Mamma Braun, "is not this a strange sight for Christmas time? See, there are roses and so many other flowers blooming in the gardens. It is wunderschoen!"

"You will soon get used to seeing all sorts of weather in Oregon. We never know what the next day may be like," said John.

Then they were at their new home, where affectionate greeting was followed by a bountiful supper, after which so much was to be talked of before bed time, that the coming Christmas was not even mentioned, by the elders at least. But the next morning the two papas, with the two mammas, consulted with the two grandmothers—you must know that grandmamma Schmidt was the mother of John Braun's wife, Katrina—and it seemed to them all, that as the two families had been too busy preparing for this change to make the usual presents, which, when at their Swiss home, had almost always been something made by the hands of the giver, why, then, it was decided that Papa John and Mamma Katrina should go shopping that day and buy presents for the various members of the two families to put in each other's stockings. They took with them their oldest son, who had come with the brother's family. He was now a hearty looking boy of sixteen years. Two years before, he had been sent back home to the mountains of Switzerland, on account of failing health. He had then been in America two years, and as he was a clever lad, he had readily acquired the language and had persistently tried to impart this knowledge to his relatives; for the journey to this country had been talked of long before the old uncle's will gave them the means to come in plenty.

"Now, John," said his mother, "you must try and think what your cousins will like best. You have been with them so long that you can please them better than we."

So John went about with his parents among the great stores filled with holiday goods, and they conferred and bought, so that it was late when they wended their way homeward, fairly laden down with Christmas presents. They had not time to dress a tree, so the thirteen children were going to hang up their stockings, and so—for the children would have it—were the parents, and the dear old grandmammas.

"There is no kamine to hang up my stocking by," cried little Gretchen, running to Grandmamma Braun and holding up a pudgy blue stocking.

"Ah, the dear alt kamine!" sighed the old lady. "No place can be like home that has it not." But to the child she said: "The mamma will tell thee, child, where to hang it, and you will be very happy in the morning. I am sure you will find something nice, for you have been a good child."

So Mamma Gretchen and Mamma Katrina hung all the stockings to the foot-boards of the beds, and almost persuaded the children that it was quite as well as if they had been hanged to the great stone fireplace at the old home in the valley of St. Gothard. Morning came, and the whole family—there were nineteen in all—gathered around the big stove in the best room, to witness the unpacking of the well filled stockings. There were so many things I have not time to mention them all; but there were games and books for John and Joseph, bits of bric-a-brac for Selma and Anna, the oldest girls, while many toys, soldiers and dolls, with candies and nuts, had found their way into the stockings owned by Samuel, Luke, Freddie and August, and the little girls, Theresa, Sanchen, Matilda, Katrina and Gretchen. Also the papas and mammas each had a present, while Grandmammas Braun and Schmidt each received a nice warm muff and tippet. Certainly they should all have been very thankful; and so, indeed, they all seemed at first.

These good people were very devout, so they all went to church in the forenoon. How new everything seemed to these simple mountain folks! What vast throngs of ever-hurrying people, and what a palmy Christmas fragrance the whole city seemed to exhale! Little Gretchen persisted in giving the Weihnachten greeting of Switzerland to every one as they passed along the street, despite Uncle John's laughing remonstrance.

I am sure they all enjoyed the good dinner, which was all ready for them upon their return from church. Now, to the delight of the children, the sky was hidden in a feathery cloud, as the welcome snow began to fall in soft, thick flakes. No more going out now, so they gathered around the big stove again and fell to examining their presents anew; but, after a while, conversation lulled and an odd silence fell upon this seemingly happy group. All were thinking of the same things, but no one spoke, when, all at once, little Gretchen ran across the room to Mamma Gretchen, and burying her face in her mamma's lap, began to cry pitifully.

"What is the matter, mein kind?" said the good mother. "Tell mutter all the trouble, and you will feel better."

"Oh, it is that I want to go home for Weihnachten.

I thought it would be the same here; but oh! it is not. We can't ever have any Weihnachten here," sobbed poor little Gretchen.

" Why, how can my kleine tochter say so? She never had so fine presents for Christmas before," remarked Papa Joseph to his weeping little girl.

" No, no; I don't want them, Papa. You didn't any of you make them, and think a long time about whether I would like them. You bought them quick to have Christmas too quick, and I didn't get to make anything for any body, and nobody made me anything, and we won't any of us think any more about them. I somehow don't feel like taking such good care of them, because no one I love made them for me. See, Papa! Freddie has broken an arm off from his soldier man. He didn't break the goat that brother Joseph whittled out of wood and covered with wolf skin for him; he put it away in his box and he has got it yet; and oh! Grossmutter said she loved every little crooked stitch of the hem on the big linen kerchief I made for her—I was so afraid it would not be good enough, but she has it yet. I know she would rather have the things we all worked so long to make than those fine things she doesn't care for."

Here poor little Gretchen sobbed anew. Papas John and Joseph glanced apprehensively toward their old mother, who had gone to the window and was looking out at the falling snow. Alas! the weak old eyes were filled with tears. Mamma Gretchen vainly essayed to utter some word of comfort to her little girl, but no words came, and after a moment Uncle John spoke cheerily—

" Come, come, little neice; you must not forget that we are thinking as lovingly of you as if we had not been too busy for handcraft; but you shall begin tomorrow, if you wish, to make presents for the next Christmas, and I promise you that it shall be just like home."

" Ah, but there is no kamine to hang up our stockings by; and oh, Uncle John, you don't remember, of course, four years is such a very long time, but it filled the whole end of the big room, and at Christmas we all helped to bring in the yule log, and we all threw cedar branches on—oh! they smelled so spicy! —then when we looked at our presents the big log would blaze up, and seemed to warm even our hearts, and make us feel so happy, and so kindly too. Oh, there could never be any Christmas without it."

" Poor child! But I fear you are *all* homesick," said Aunt Katrina. " Ah! *we* felt it sorely four years ago; but you see it was all for the best, and how well God, in his goodness, has provided for us all."

" Come with me, Katrina," now spoke Papa John, and the two left the room together; but presently Aunt Katrina returned alone.

" Come children," she said, " get all your wool sacks, caps and mittens. Uncle John will soon be back with a big schlitten to take you all out a while. See, the snow is slacking now. It has snowed very hard since noon, and it is now about 4:00 o'clock. I should judge there are six inches of snow upon the ground."

Such a muffling up as followed this announcement! They were all ready and out in the door-yard quite a bit before Papa John came. While they were waiting, a black-eyed urchin across the street called out:

" Say, Dutchers, did you ever see a bat? Here's one; I just knocked him down off the garret roof, close to the chimney, inside. I never see one so late in the winter afore. Say, shall I show him to you? We will want to get acquainted anyhow. Shall I bring him over? "

" Oh yes, if you want," said John and Joseph.

The others hung shyly back, all but little Gretchen. She rushed up to the outstretched broom, upon which the new neighbor exhibited the treasure, and caught the limp little creature up in her hands without fear.

" A bat! " she cried. " Ah! perhaps the dear little thing followed us here from the dear St. Gothard. You did not mean to kill it, did you? "

" No, mom," said the boy, meaning to speak kindly, if not altogether truthfully. " Have you got some bats in Switzerland? "

" Yes, yes, there's thousands of them; they get between the double stone walls," said Joseph, " and there gets to be so many of them, that they disturb the people when they want to sleep. Every two or three years we get poles and things and make brushes, and try to drive them out, and either kill them or drive them away."

"What sort of a noise do they make? " asked the new-comer.

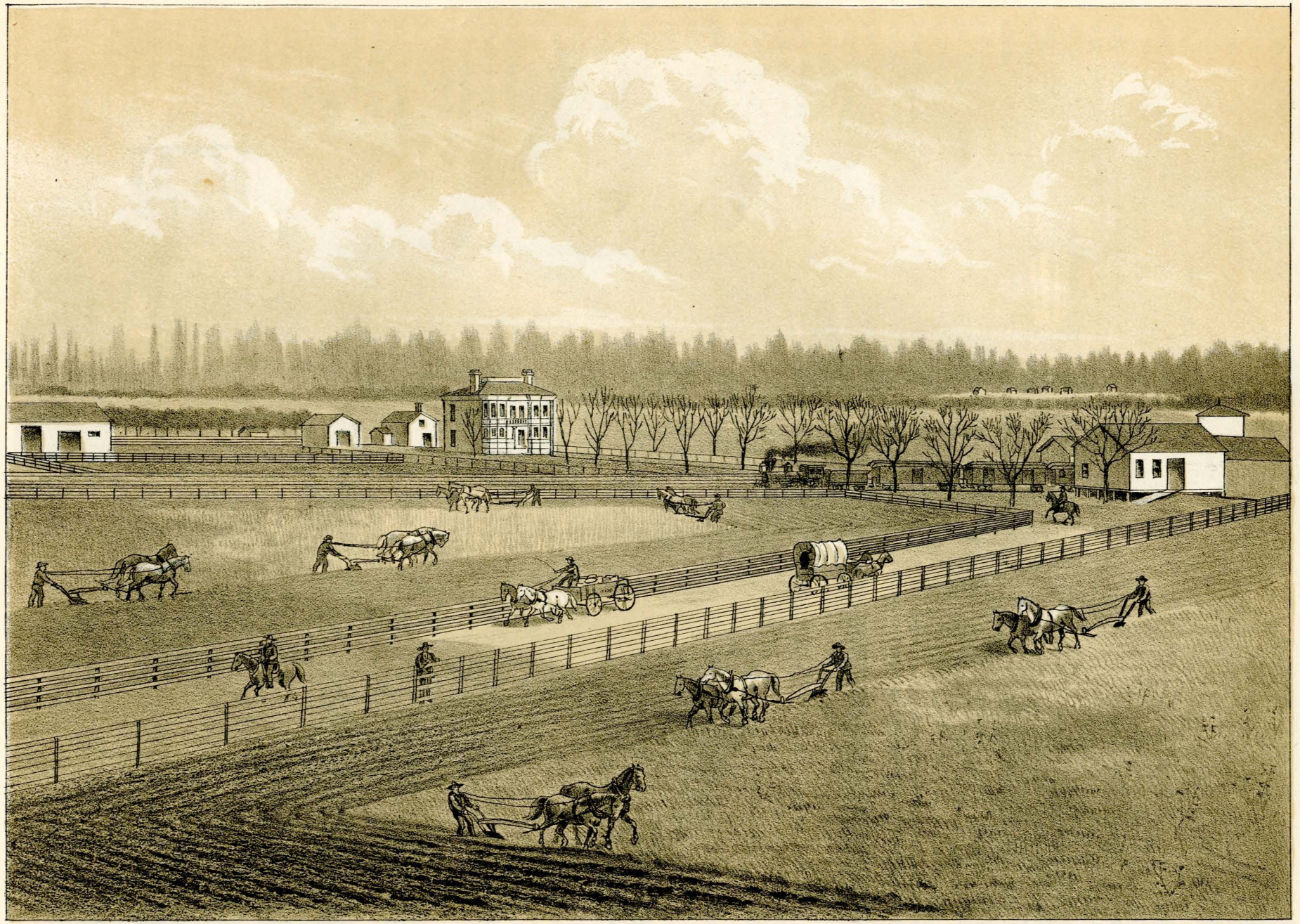
" Oh, a sort of clipping sound, like snapping sharp little teeth together; it is a sound they make somehow, and they keep up such a stirring and fluttering of wings. I was always used to it, so it never disturbed me, as older people say it does them. Gretchen loves them, and she actully could tell some of them from the others, and she gave them names. There was one she always called the grossmutter of them all. It looked grayish, like ashes had been dusted over it."

" Oh see! There comes Uncle John! " cried Sanchen, and, sure enough, their uncle drove up with a large sleigh, drawn by a pair of stout, bay horses.

" Jump in, jump in," he called, " and what is the matter now, Gretchen? Don't you want to go? "

" Yes, yes," said the poor little stranger, " but I am afraid it isn't like the dear old ochsen, Brindle and Lineback; they never kicked nor ran away."

WASHINGTON—THE YAKIMA MINERAL SPRINGS.



OREGON — A DECEMBER DAY ON BARLOW'S PRAIRIE.

"Hear the child," laughed Uncle John. "These won't kick, and they won't run away; help her in Joseph."

As, almost against her will, she was lifted to a seat at her uncle's side, the house door opened, and out came Grandmamma Braun, closely followed by the other elders of the family. She was warmly bundled up, and Papa Joseph said:

"You must take the kleine mutter with you, brother; she is as homesick as Gretchen." So the old mother was carefully lifted up to a seat by the side of of her son and granddaughter, and they were off; not very fast, however, for the soft, newly-fallen snow balled the horses' feet.

"Where are we going, mein sohn?" asked the mother, at length.

"Only a very little way," he said. "But for the snow, we could walk it in a few minutes; just back of that high hill; we call it Robinson's hill here."

"And what are this axe and those baskets for?" again asked his mother.

"Oh, you must have patience, and you will soon see," he said, with a shake of his head at Luke, who was leaning over trying to get a handful of snow.

"What river is that down there?" asked Selma of her cousin Anna.

"That is the Willamette; do you think it looks anything like the Rhine?"

"No; oh, no; the people are all out skating there now. Do they ever skate on the river, here?"

"Oh, yes, they skate here every winter, but the river only freezes over once in awhile—never in the four years we have been here."

"It must have seemed very cold to the people of this very mild climate then, for they say the river was frozen so hard that heavily loaded wagons could be driven across on the ice, and this for quite awhile, too."

They had now reached the summit of the first of the beautiful hills lying back of Portland, and Uncle John drove only a little farther, and halted his team in the road leading to a dense thicket of fir and cedar.

"Now," said he, "get out, boys and girls, and I'll blanket these horses and tie them up here, while we have our Weihnachstabend over again. Eh, Gretchen! look at the Weinachstbaume all round. Sit still, mother, and Gretchen. We will come for you in a minute."

"I thought I knew the place," he continued, looking around. "Some men were cutting down and sawing some cedars hereabout yesterday; ah! here is the place, and we will just roll this short log farther away, and we won't need our axe much, the ground is covered with the lopped-off branches, though they have carried the best down to the city for decorations."

The boys fell to work with a will, and soon had a mass of dry fir limbs and chips, from which they had knocked the snow. Uncle John now piled them on both sides of the yule log, and the boys and girls carried large quantities of cedar branches and heaped on. Their uncle now poured the contents of a quart bottle filled with kerosene into this and applied a match. As the ruddy flames mounted upward, the children set up a shout of joy; and now Uncle John carried his old mother to the bonfire, and set her down on a seat arranged from rugs spread over a small log, behind which Joseph had driven stakes, thus making a rude but comfortable chair. At the same time Cousin John placed little Gretchen by her side.

"Now, children," said Uncle John, "we have lighted the yule log of Christmas. May its light warm your hearts into love for the new home if you can not forget the old."

Here the owner of the bat, who had been invited to join the party by reason of Gretchen's entreaties, hitched nearer the fire and muttered to himself—

"Queer folks, these Dutchers is, comin' up here to warm up ther hearts. I can't see th' fun o' warmin' a feller's heart, an' lettin' th' rest of 'im freeze to death. I wonder 'f they've got anything to eat, anyhow," he thought as Uncle John called to Freddie and Sam., who had charge of the baskets.

Such fun as followed! The bat owner at once changed his seat by the side of shy Mathilda and quiet August, and crowded himself in between Joseph and Gretchen.

"You'll give me lots of yours, won't you, sissy, 'cause I got so cold comin' with you, and I like you first rate anyway?" he whispered, glibly, into little Gretchen's ear, and the kind-hearted child gave her promise, which was well kept.

The children roasted apples and eggs, chestnuts and peanuts, ate candies and bonbons, read and exchanged mottoes, and, at Grandmother's request, sang songs of the wonderful Weihnachts-kindchen, as had always been their wont at yuletide in the old home. All this time, with an odd blinking in her kind old eyes, she sat by the side of her son, holding one of his big hands between her withered palms.

Reader, do you wonder, and think this family weak? Ah, you do not know how strong was the love of home in these poor people, and how strange and new everything here seemed to them. You could not even laugh at poor little Gretchen's hatred of the big black stove in the best room, if you could once stand, in winter, before one of the great stone fireplaces found in the houses of those people in their

valley homes. They, like most of their country people of the St. Gothard's, lived the simple lives of shepherds. When the rigors of the Swiss winter is over, they, with their families, cows, goats and sheep, ascend the mountains, where the kine quickly grow fat and sleek from cropping the rich herbage found there; and well are they tended, for they form almost the sole wealth of their owners. There, through the long summer, the butter and cheese making keep all hands busy, but they are generally care-free and contented people.

The clock was striking ten when the party of yule burners arrived at home that Christmas night. The others were still sitting about the stove awaiting their coming. Aunt Katrina was talking very earnestly to Papa Joseph Braun, while Grandmother Schmidt held Mamma Gretchen's hand. Uncle John carried his mother in, followed by twelve children, Gretchen having lingered a moment longer to bid goodbye to their new neighbor, who rewarded this friendliness by presenting her the bat, which was only stunned after all, and had been safely kept in a mitten, pushed down between her frock and her fat little neck.

Uncle John looked around and smiled. "Ah, you are all feeling better, I hope," he said. "And children, you must all get up early, to have a game of snowball with me, so you had better be in bed, as soon as you get warm."

Mamma Gretchen commenced taking off Grandmamma's wraps. Such a lot of knit woolen things—wraps and comforters—really, she was not half so large when they were off. Presently the children retired, with loving good-nights, and were shortly followed by Papa and Mamma Joseph Braun. The two grandmammas, with Uncle John and Katrina sat yet a little longer.

" What meant the little Gretchen?" asked Grandmother Schmidt of Grandmother Braun. " Tell me about your last Christmas."

" It was just like it used to be when yon were there, too," said Grandmother Braun, with a little quaver in her voice. "You know we bought nothing, but the presents were the result of long and patient work and thought, and so were never to be forgotten by us; the stool covered with tanned wolf skin, the purse made from the skin of a cony, the warm, wool skirt, knitted by Daughter Gretchen in spare moments, the little things made by the children, oh, they are all priceless to me; and John, mein sohn, the muff and tippet are nice, but not the work of your dear hands; and better I love the willow work basket with the folding lids, that you made for me and gave the last Christmas you were at the heimath."

" Why, mother, have you got that yet?" said John.

" Yes, yes, a mother can not forget so soon as the children, who find new ties and new homes, and so find old things a little tiresome to remember."

A curious look came into her son's eyes at these words. He did not reply at once, but, opening the inner recess of his large pocket-book, he took from it a tiny parcel and laid it on his mother's lap. As she opened it, there fell out the identical purse she had netted for him, of steel beads, for that same regretted Christmas, four years ago.

" You see, mother, it is all here after all," tapping his breast, " even if we have been long away, and have seemed to forget. It is love, only, that gives a gift its value. Yes, and we will try to make the next Christmas a reminder of the old. We will have a big kamine built in the large spare room, where we can all be together in the evenings. And now go to your rest, dear mutter, gewiss du bist eine von jenen, deren kindern aufstehen und dich gesegnet heissen.

Thus ended the first Christmas passed in the new home by the Swiss immigrants; and as I think of little Gretchen, now lying fast asleep, with one chubby arm clasped around flaxen-haired Sanchen's neck, while the other still guarded the mitten which holds her precious bat, I can but wonder how many will agree with me that she was right.

MINERVA THESSING.

Thoughts and Facts for Women.

ADDIE DICKMAN MILLER.

THE NEW YEAR.

Think we or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless, unremitting stream;
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow
And carries off his prize.

The old year has flown, wing-laden with what it brought to us, yet must carry away with it—its golden opportunities, heavy with responsibility, its hopes, its joys, and sorrows—these were, but are not. Some of the opportunities, in vanishing, look brighter and more promising than when in our presence, so unappreciative and faltering are we. With most of us, time has not yet lingered so long that we are crushed by fallen hopes. The year just flown brought to us many more joys than sorrows, and we smilingly wave it adieu as we turn to meet its successor. Yet there are some among us, who have numbered more years, who have watched them come and go until they cease to charm, who grasp the future but lightly, while they lovingly think of the past. Theirs is life's duties almost done, abiding the time only that they may bless it and us with their presence ere they grasp eternal youth.

Whatever the year just flown may have been, the new one is before us and we must meet it, whether well or ill. An unknown quantity, a problem to be solved, is the coming year, and we must proceed in it with something like mathematical forethought and accuracy, if we would know its real value or attain its proper solution, for

The greatest schemes that human wit can forge,
Or bold ambition dares to put in practice,
Depend upon our husbanding a moment.

To do as well this year as we did last, we must do better. A year's experience should enrich our ability and better our judgment. If we have acted wisely, we certainly understand ourselves better—we know where we may step bravely and firmly, and where cautiously. We know in what manner we have grown more like our ideal, we realize where we have failed. Such knowledge should help us to graduate our lives upward each year, for life is not a musical swell, diminished at each end, but a grand prelude for an eternal symphony.

The falling of our idols teaches us to take naught human for our ideal. Humanity is too low; we must build above it if we would make the best of self. Striving upward, we grow upward, and much of this year's success will depend upon the ideal toward which we set our most earnest endeavor. Let us pause, then, and take a more careful view of our individual ideal. Is it in keeping with truth and right? Will my character and yours be perfected aright by building like it? If so, then we may joyously exclaim: "Ring out the old, ring in the new!" as our pulses beat in unison with the onward prompting of our natures.

ALASKAN INDIAN WOMEN.

Of all savage people, it is said that those of Alaska treat their women the best. It is known that the savage nations east of the Mississippi once were governed by queens; but it was during a period when, judging from their remaining works, we could scarcely apply that adjective to them. The rigorous climate of Alaska is unlike the semi-tropic clime of the southern part of the United States, in which the provider has but little to do, while the work comes in preparing that which is provided for use; but it forces all, both men and women, to hard work. As a result of this, at least in part, the women are treated with respect such as is hardly equaled among civilized people. Some of their customs strike us as exceedingly queer. For instance, the Tlinkit Indians keep their family histories through their women, in a very strange manner indeed, and one which announces the class of ancestors unmistakably to every passer by. A part of one of their tall trees is used for the purpose. Out of it they make a "totem" pole, and set it in front of their family dwelling. Some families have two of them, one representing the woman's, the other the man's, ancestors. These histories are kept, not by means of names, but by means of the representatives of the clans, for they are all divided into clans, and these clans are represented by animals, birds or fish. On the top of the pole, on one side, is carved the representative of the clan to which the woman of the house belongs; below it, that of her mother; next below is that of her grandmother, and so on to the bottom of the pole. The pole for the man's side of the house begins with his clan, then changes over to his mother's and follows it back; thus their family records are kept.

Another way in which these Indians show respect to their women is in the way in which royalty descends. When a chief dies, his successor is not his wife, nor any of his children, but the wife's nearest male relative. Thus royalty is ever changing from one family to another. The men carry on the business, but the women can nullify any bargain, even after money has been paid, which we suppose closes a bargain. Upon a man's death, the property goes to his wife's nearest male relatives. Polygamy is practiced by both sides of the house, which certainly is fair, if it be fair at all; but to woman's credit be it said that she seldom selects a second husband.

TWO MODEL FAMILIES.

There are two families, with which I have had the pleasure of becoming quite intimately acquainted, that are models of different teachings concerning woman's duties. The older of these families is the larger, consisting of nine children—five boys and four girls—all of whom are devotedly attached to their mother. As the father is not domestically inclined, the government of the family rests largely with his gentler companion, who takes it as a matter of course that she should do double duty, and conscientiously assumes the responsibility, as she has from the birth of her first child. The children are earnest, honest and intelligent; a number of them, grown beyond the need of mother, are away from home leading useful lives. Their mother is an active christian, yet ever within prescribed limits. Her Sabbaths (with the exception of church hours), evenings, and holidays, are given faithfully to her family, and she is always at home to prepare the meals, although she has two

grown daughters. Mother is the head of all, the director and counsellor of the entire household. But her sacrifice of personal enjoyment and ease is repaid by loving obedience.

The other family is younger, yet the two older boys are grown and earning their own livelihood. There are four children, the care of whom, also, has been largely with the mother, as the father spends most of his time from home. The difference in the discipline of the two families is remarkable, especially since so high a degree of success has crowned the efforts of both mothers. In the case of the latter, the mother has ever felt that she owed duties to others besides her own children, but in doing these she takes her children with her. Much of public work devolves upon her, yet in it all, every possible assistance that can be rendered is given by her children. It is their pleasure, because it is their mother's. Her discipline has been that of winning into the good, rather than deterring from the wrong; and her life with her children is truly one of pleasure, rather than duty, inspiring a like return from them to herself. Her household cares are assumed by competent help, while she earns the money that provides the help by her "specialty," which is music. All mothers are free to make a choice between these two methods of training children—the one more negative than positive, the other more positive than negative; one of watchful vigilance and care, the other of winning guidance and inspiration.

THE LATE JENNY LIND.

Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," was not only a queen of song, but a great-hearted philanthropist. That voice that "could float on the air like the voice of an angel" could also speak works of sympathy to the poverty stricken and distressed. "She possessed one of the kindliest hearts that ever beat in a human breast," is the testimony of one who knew her well. As a singer, she began her career at the age of seventeen; but, dissatisfied with the training she had received, she took a course of instruction in Paris. It is said that at the age of three years her voice gave promise of that rare, sympathetic quality, which was afterward so remarkable. When she visited America, in 1850, she won every heart in her vast audience. Her share of the proceeds of her first concert here, amounting to $10,000.00, was given to local charities. Her personal proceeds from the trip were $1,000,000.00. With this sum she established a free school system in Sweden. Just before leaving America, she was married to Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, the pianist of her troupe, to whom she had long been engaged. In their union they were exceptionally happy, and of the two children who survive her, the daughter, now a young lady, is said to possess a voice in many respects like her mother's. The world knew Jenny Lind only when in full possession of her cultured powers. It is forty years since she left the stage, and thirty since she appeared in public. Giving no opportunity for unfavorable comparisons, none can be made of her. We know her only as a lovely singer, whose voice was unsurpassed in its beauty and perfection.

At her request, two gifts were buried with her; one a patchwork quilt, presented her by children of the United States; the other an Indian shawl, given her by Queen Victoria. Upon her coffin her husband placed a wreath, made from a myrtle tree, which had grown from a sprig of myrtle taken from her wedding wreath. She planted it on her wedding day, and tended it personally for thirty years.

REDUCING FLESH.

Ever and anon we see articles in our magazines upon the reduction of individual avoirdupois. So often does this occur, that I have known of maids in their 'teens dreading the calamity of obesity to a degree that rendered vinegar most pleasing to their palates, and made hunger and thirst of slight moment. To be excessively corpulent is exceedingly inconvenient, and to be made the subject of ridicule is more so. But to be plump and round and healthful, is to be beautiful and a joy to others. Physicians are coming to look upon an excess of flesh as a disease, and prescribe simply hygienic living as the remedy. With people inclined to be stout, it is a question of either epicureanism, and consequent increased weight, or plainness of diet with lighter weight. But to some persons, the scales already express more than is desired for health and exercise. Such will find cold water a great assistance—a cold water bath upon rising, with a cold drink after each meal. Abstain from drinking, either just before or during the time of eating. As much depends upon what is drunk and the time of drinking, as upon what is eaten and the manner of eating. Of course, at the table, fats, sweets and starches should be indulged in very moderately, while the whole grains of cereals should be used, along with vegetables and fruits. Out-door exercise and plenty of honest, earnest work, finish the prescription. If it be well followed, obesity will soon become a thing of the past, while a plump, robust form and an active intellect will be the result.

W. C. T. U. CONVENTION.

The fourteenth annual convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, held at Nashville, Tenn., in November, was one of the most successful national conventions yet held by that organization, which is renowned for its enthusiastic and well conducted sessions. The banner from New Mexico showed the increase of membership in that territory to have been one hundred and twenty-five per cent. since the last annual convention. Wisconsin had increased one hundred and fifty per cent. Rhode Island and Tennessee, eighty-nine per cent. There were three hundred and forty-two delegates present. All the general officers were re-elected. Miss Willard, as usual, did great credit to womankind by her loving generalship and wise management. The next annual convention is to be held in Denver, Colorado.

WHAT SOME WOMEN ARE DOING.

The Chicago Woman's Club now numbers two hundred and twenty-six members. The organization has three subdivisions —the Woman's Physiological Society, the Protective Agency for Women and Children, the Industrial Art Association. Instruction in each department is given without expense.

Miss Marion Osgood, who is herself a gifted violinist, is the founder and conductor of the first and only regularly organized ladies' orchestra in the country. It is now in its fourth session, and has won many well deserved testimonials from all over New England.

Miss Helen A. Shafer, who is the new president of Wellesley college, is a graduate of Oberlin. She held the chair of mathematics for eleven years, and is much loved and respected by the students for her rare social qualities and remarkable executive ability.

Mrs. Hetty Green, who is said to be worth $32,000,000.00, is now residing in Chicago. She lives in a cheap lodging house, and rides to her business, at 7:00 o'clock in the morning, in the street cars.

There are about one thousand women stenographers and type-writers in New York city, earning salaries ranging from $15.00 to $30.00 a week. Women, as a rule, make better type-writers than men, and quite as good stenographers.

Miss Susan Travers has for three years supported a kitchen garden in connection with a public school in New York, where the children, principally Italians, are taught to perform various household duties to the accompaniment of the piano-forte.

Mrs. Margaret Parker, the organizer of the Women's Emigration to California, gave recently, in Liverpool, an interesting address on California, and detailed information as to the working and aims of the association, and the success with which it had met.

The temperance women of England have been getting up a jubilee memorial to the queen, in the shape of a petition that the bar rooms be closed on Sunday. It now weighs several hundred pounds, and contains three-quarters of a million signatures.

WHY I WRITE.

I have been reading "Thoughts and Facts for Women" carefully during the past year. I am interested in all truly advanced thought and enlarged opportunities for woman, and I was especially interested in the article written by Mrs. W. W. Parker, of Astoria, in the department for December. Among other good things, she said that women should read the editorial columns of the newspapers if they would be able to converse interestingly with their husbands. I agree with her perfectly. Women should read editorials. To converse well with their husbands may be a part of a mixed motive for so doing, for every woman should endeavor to make herself pleasing to her family—apropos, so should every man—but it should not constitute her entire motive; nor does it, in many cases. But these editorials in our newspapers are largely on political subjects, and women who are wide-awake enough to read and digest such matters, must, of necessity, be interested in that all-dreaded subject of woman and politics. Now there are some phases of the subject of woman and politics that I don't mean to express myself upon very emphatically, for it takes some people a long time to make up their minds about some things, and perhaps I am not just ready to give an opinion that I might not want to modify after a while, which, though easily done in one's own parlor, is not so easily made clear in print. I don't mean to assume the role of an instructor, for my best education is cultivated common sense; but I write to get other women, who might be instructors if they would, to read and talk and write, or use any womanly means, to interest women generally in politics. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" it seems to me is all imagined, if women take no interest in the ruling of the world. As well talk of men controling the fashions, when they care not enough for them to look over the fashion plates. But I insist that woman should be interested in politics. Her sons, after a while, will take part in them, and, it may be, will be controled by them to a degree that will startle her moral sense after she becomes powerless to prevent or direct. The great reason given by women for ignorance of political matters, is the corruption of politics, and yet they can live with the authors of this vile system. Surely there is something inconsistent between our reasoning and our living. Politics constitutes one branch of ethics, and if corrupted, some one is to blame. Did it ever occur to you, that perhaps women have not instructed their sons as they ought? "To be forewarned is to be forearmed." We live abroad what we practice at home, and it certainly can not be denied that it is a part of woman's mission to make this home training and instruction complete. I have written so much to tell you why I write. My future articles will be upon political subjects, for the purpose of fireside conversation and the stirring up of woman's wit and wisdom.

POLLY TYX.

FASHION FREAKS.

The newest handles for umbrellas are made of oxydized silver, in odd and artistic shapes. It has the effect of being silver partially worn. Some of the handles are of sterling silver, elaborately chased. Solid gold is also used for this purpose, and, in combination with ivory, is very dainty and beautiful.

For evening toilet and opera wear, small ornamental additions to the coiffure are made of puffs of fancy tulle, small bows of ribbons, light sprays of flowers, ostrich feather tips, and any other light bits of beauty that may be devised in accord with the costume.

Muffs of the same material as the wrap are trimmed with fur. Also, muffs made of sealskin plush and trimmed with fur may be worn with any wrap. Boas made of curled ostrich tips are very pretty and fashionable.

Shot plush is an elegant fabric for millinery, and when embroidered with gold spangles, is very rich in effect.

A substitute for silk velvet is found in the handsome fabric known as velutina, which can hardly be distinguished from the silk velvet, but is much less expensive. It does not show wear as readily as velvet, and is soft in texture.

Coiffures are still much worn, made of velvet, ribbons, lace and tips. The hair is worn, by young ladies, in a Grecian coil of twisted or braided hair at the back of the head, just below the crown, while the front hair is done in the "pompadour bang" in front, with the added coiffure. But the most general mode of doing the hair, is to pile it on the top of the head in rolls and puffs, as high as may be becomingly worn. Curls and waves may be added to suit the various types of face and feature.

ARTISTIC HANDIWORK.

RIBBON SACHET.—A beautiful sachet is made of picot-edged ribbon of contrasting colors. Not quite one-half the depth of the sachet composes the lower part. The ribbons are sewed together so that the colors will alternate. In the lower part, the picot edges of one color overlap, in the upper part, the picot edges of the other color. The upper portion is finished at the bottom with points, from which are hung pendants. These points overlap the contrasting color of the lower portion of the sachet. The top part of the upper portion is finished with loops. Where the loops are sewed, a casing is formed, in which is run plain-edged ribbon of the darker color. This gathers the bag and forms a means of suspending the sachet from a chair or table.

ANOTHER RIBBON SACHET.—Take a piece of blue or pink ribbon six inches wide and fourteen long, fringe both ends two inches deep, fold the edges together and sew them neatly. Over each end of the ribbon slip a pretty steel ring about an inch in diameter, leaving a space of four inches between the

rings; into each end of the ribbon put a sachet bag made of a sufficient quantity of wadding to fit the space, adding as much perfume powder as necessary. Close the ends of the ribbon where the fringe begins and it is complete.

A Soda Cracker Sachet.—A soda cracker sachet is also very pretty. Cut two pieces of white satin the size of a soda cracker, allowing for making. Make a cushion the same size of two thicknesses of white wadding, put the perfume powder between, cover the cushion with the satin, sewing a nice overseam around the edge. On each side put a few stitches to imitate the print on the cracker; then with a hot iron (not too hot) press the sachet, giving it a delicate brown, as if "just taken from the oven." The resemblance to a cracker is striking.

Trio Pin Cushion.—Since the fashion for oblong pin cushions has come in, a style called the "Trio" is very pretty. Make three cushions four inches long and two inches wide of three colors—blue, red and yellow. When finished, join them at the corners, forming a hollow equilateral triangle in the middle, the sides being four inches in length. At each corner where they join place bows made of ribbon an inch in width, to correspond in color with the cushions.

Glove Pockets in Hat Crowns.—A small, painted pocket, which fastens with a small, flat, silk button and loop, are now attached to both ladies' and gentlemen's hat crowns. Satin is the material used. In the center of this a moss rosebud and leaves are stamped, such a pattern costing five cents. If the satin is red, a bud whose tip or apex is light yellow will be very pretty. Paint first in white, then retouch in lemon yellow. The outside of buds paint in two shades of green, afterwards taking a fine brush and dotting over with burnt sienna. The leaves and stems should be painted in two shades of green, retouched with sienna. Vein the leaves with sienna. This pocket when attached is suited to the carrying of an extra tie, handkerchief and gloves.

A Horseshoe Picture Frame.—The size must depend upon the picture to be framed. A neatly-shaped horseshoe is sawed out of a board and covered with bronze-colored plush. A piece of pasteboard is cut one inch larger than the opening in the shoe and covered with dark brown plush. This piece is tacked on the back of the frame. The nail holes in the shoe are imitated with bits of dark velvet glued on. The back is covered with muslin, and screw eyes are placed in it through which to run the cord to suspend it. A bright picture is glued in the center, leaving a background of velvet, with some natural grasses and a butterfly fastened behind this. A little glue on each stem will keep them in place, thus making the arrangement complete.

RECIPES FOR THE KITCHEN.

Buttermilk Yeast.—Into one cupful of water, quite warm, dissolve one yeast cake. Add to this a pint of fresh buttermilk, a tablespoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of sugar. Stir in sifted corn meal sufficient to make a thick batter. Set in a warm place, and when light stir in corn meal again until thick enough to make out into cakes, and set in the sun to dry. For the bread use in the same manner as other forms of dry yeast. If you would keep the bread moist for several days, when setting the sponge add two Irish potatoes passed through a seive. This is a most excellent bread, free from any yeasty taste.

Mock Duck.—Prepare a good dressing as for turkey or duck. Take a round steak, spread the dressing over it, sprinkle with salt, pepper and a few bits of butter, lap over the ends, roll the stake up tightly, tie closely, brush over with a well-beaten egg; put a little water in a baking pan, lay the meat on two sticks across the pan, baste often, bake in a brisk oven for half an hour. Make a brown gravy and serve hot.

Dressing for Fowls.—Take three biscuits and three corn muffins and crumble them fine; put into a bowl and moisten thoroughly with hot water. When the mass is soft, beat into it two eggs, a tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste, and bits of chopped onion and parsley. Stuff the fowl about half or three-quarters of an hour before it is done.

Cocoanut Cream Cake.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, one-half cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in layers and spread with cream filling while warm, and sprinkle with cocoanut.

Cream Filling.—One-half cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of butter, one dessertspoonful of corn starch wet with part of the milk. Cook over hot water.

Cinnamon Bread.—On a baking day, when the dough has risen quite light and is cracked over the surface, take out as much as will weigh two pounds. Cut up a quarter of a pound of butter and melt it in half a pint of milk. Beat up three eggs and add the warm milk and eggs to the dough. Dissolve a saltspoonful of soda (no more) in a little warm water and add that. The cinnamon mixture must be already prepared in a bowl, made with a pint of *brown* sugar, moistened with enough butter to make a stiff paste, and flavored with two heaped tablespoonfuls of powdered cinnamon. Form the cake into a round loaf, making deep cuts all over it. Fill these up with the cinnamon paste, and close the dough together again with your thumb and finger, to prevent the paste from running out when hot. Bake as bread. It moy be glazed with white of egg, with some fine sugar powdered over it. Eat fresh.

Potato Puffs.—Boil and mash the potatoes, and while hot make into balls the size of a large egg. Butter a tin sheet, brush over the balls with yolk of an egg and brown them quickly in a hot oven, which will take from five to ten minutes. Slip them from the tin with a knife to a hot platter and serve at once.

Corn Bread.—One quart sweet milk, four eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, three cupfuls yellow corn meal—if convenient soaked in the milk over night, half a cupful white sugar, one teaspoonful salt, one teacupful flour, and three or four teaspoonfuls baking powder. Pour into a well-greased baking pan, and bake in a hot oven. A bright tin pan must never be used for baking this bread.

Chicken Pie.—A good family chicken pie requires a five-quart tin pan. Cut up and boil three chickens, seasoning well with salt and pepper. Add a half pound of thinly-sliced salt pork to flavor. When cooked, set away to cool, and make a crust as follows: Into two quarts of flour rub four large spoonfuls of butter, or clear beef drippings, four full teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one teaspoonful of salt. Wet with sweet milk to the consistency for biscuit. Roll out two-thirds of it and line the bottom and sides of the well-buttered pan, put in the cold chicken, with a liberal allowance of bits of butter, fill

up with the broth, well thickened and seasoned. Roll out the other third of crust and cover the top. Secure the sides well and make an opening in the top, through which, from time to time while baking, fill up with broth if the pie cooks too dry. Two hours and a half, in a moderate oven, will bake it. This is the way chicken pie was made a hundred years ago, yet once eaten, it is always prouounced "fit to set before the king." Cooked chicken baked into a pie with a common puff paste, is the modern style.

OYSTER BISQUE.—One quart of oysters, one quart of cream or milk, one pint of stock, one pint of stale bread crumbs without crust. Chop the oysters and put them in a stew pan in their own liquor, with half the stock, a sprig of parsley, a stalk of celery, a slice of onion, a little mace, a pinch each of white and cayenne pepper, and salt to taste. Cook for twenty minutes. In the meantime, heat the remainder of the stock with the bread crumbs; then strain all the liquid from the first stew pan into this, and cook ten minutes more. Put the cream on to heat in a double boiler, reserving half a cupful, into which stir the well-beaten yolks of four eggs (these may be omitted, but the soup is improved by them). Rub two tablespoonfuls of butter with one of flour to a cream. When the second stewing is accomplished, strain the soup through a seive, and return to the stew pan. Add the butter and flour, and stir until the mixture boils; then add the hot cream or milk, and lastly the cold cream and eggs, and stir while it boils a minute longer.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Four pounds of good-flavored apples, one pint of water, one pound of granulated sugar, eight eggs. Stew the apples till tender in the water, adding the sugar and some cinnamon. When the apples are pulped, press them through a seive, and stir in the eggs, well beaten, mixing all thoroughly together. Now put the mixture into a porcelain-lined sauce pan, place it on the fire and allow it to remain ten minutes, or until it thickens, stirring constantly. Pour into cups or glasses and serve with sifted sugar sprinkled on top. A little cinnamon may be added, if that spice is a favorite, but it is even better to many without that flavor.

PUMPKIN PIE.—The pumpkin should be stewed and strained through a seive or colander, and for every pint of this allow a pint of rich milk, or better still, of cream, five beaten eggs, cinnamon and ginger for spice, and brown sugar for sweetening. Bake in deep dishes lined with paste.

CHOCOLATE CUSTARD.—A nice chocolate custard is prepared by making two quarts of rich, sweet chocolate. Add to it eight whipped yolks and snowy whites of eggs; beat smooth and bake, grating almonds over the cups when nearly done.

PLUM PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, one of sweet milk, one of suet chopped fine, one of raisins, half cup of currants, two and one-half cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, spice well, salt and steam two hours. Serve hot, with butter and sugar sauce, vanilla or other flavoring.

SURPRISE DOUGHNUTS.—One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of powdered sugar, three eggs, cinnamon to taste, flour to make a stiff dough, half a jar of some firm jam or marmalade. Rub the butter and sugar together, add the beaten eggs, seasoning and flour. Roll out quite thin and cut into small round or oblong cakes. In the center of each put half a teaspoonful of the jam, roll the dough tightly around this and drop it into boiling lard.

Northwestern News and Information.

BUILDING IMPROVEMENTS IN B. C.—During the year 1887, the leading cities of British Columbia expended nearly $2,000,000 in the erection of business blocks and dwellings, one-half of which was expended in the new city of Vancouver. Of the remainder, Victoria is credited with $315,000; New Westminster, $217,000; Kamloops, $100,000, and Nanaimo, $75,000.

BRITISH COLUMBIA SEALERS.—Notwithstanding the efforts of the United States government to suppress sealing in Behring's sea, the sealers of British Columbia seem to have had a fairly successful season. Twenty-two vessels were engaged in sealing on the coast of British Columbia and Alaska, and captured thirty-three thousand eight hundred skins, valued at $236,600. Only five vessels were seized, having on board three thousand five hundred and ninety-eight skins, valued at $25,186, only ten per cent. of the catch.

BAKER COUNTY IRRIGATION.—A large irrigating canal has been surveyed in the Upper Burnt river valley, by parties owning land there. The tract covers between twenty-five hundred and three thousand acres of land and a large amount of the work of construction is progressing. Burnt river country is rapidly settling up with an industrious class of farmers and stock men, and a great change has taken place there within a few years. Not until recently have the lands been fenced, and now it is one complete chain of enclosures from Bridgeport to Camp creek, and even beyond.

CATTLE SHIPMENTS IN SISKIYOU.—Cattle from all parts of Southeastern Oregon are shipped at the stations in Shasta valley, Siskiyou county, which, in addition to the stock raised in the county, makes an immense business for the railroad company. Not less than fifteen thousand head of cattle were shipped last fall, with more coming, the cattle trains being loaded principally at Montague, Gazelle and Edgewood, where large stock yards are provided. The stock men of Eastern Oregon will continue bringing their stock to these points every year, as they are the nearest points, the route lying through a good country for making easy drives and securing feed.

AN OREGON MUSEUM.—The board of regents of the University of Oregon, at its last annual meeting, designated a room in

which to establish a museum. All the express companies doing business in the state have generously proposed to transport articles free of charge, the weight of any one article not to exceed twenty-five pounds. All donations should be addressed to "University of Oregon, Eugene City, Oregon, for museum." People in all parts of the state are respectfully requested to aid in building up the museum, by sending specimens that are interesting and instructive. The articles received will be classified, labeled with the names of the contributors, and carefully preserved.

Livingston & Castle Mountain Railroad.—Articles of incorporation for the proposed railroad from Livingston to Castle Mountain have been filed with the secretary of Montana Territory. The company is called the Livingston & Castle Mountain Railroad Company. The incorporators are Samuel T. Hauser, A. L. Love, J. A. Savage, Fellows D. Pease and E. Goughnour. The capital stock is $1,000,000.00. The expressed object is the construction of a railroad, whose termini shall be in Park and Meagher counties, running from Livingston, in a northerly direction, to Shields river valley, thence northerly to the most practicable route up Shields river to a point near the head waters of the Musselshell, thence north to Castle Mountain.

Big Bend Railroad.—Surveying parties of the Northern Pacific have been in the field several weeks, locating a route through the Big Bend country. From all that can be learned, it seems to be the intention of the company to construct a line from Cheney, through Davenport and the Big Bend country, crossing the Columbia and reaching the main line again at Ellensburgh. When this is done it will become the main line, as it will shorten the distance from Spokane Falls to Puget sound fully one hundred and fifty miles. This route, besides tapping the rapidly developing agricultural region through which it will pass, will bring the road within easy freighting distance of the new mines on Salmon river, to which a branch can be built as soon as it may be deemed desirable.

Lake Chelan Mines.—On page 2 is given a view of Lake Chelan, in Washington Territory. It lies on the western slope of the Cascade mountains, about ninety miles north of Ellensburgh. Miners have prospected the mountains along the shores of the lake all summer and fall, and have met with success—so much so, in fact, as to induce them to put in the winter developing their prospects. The ore is similar in character to the Salmon river ores, and the veins are quite extensive, carrying gold, silver and lead. The lake is more than sixty miles in length, and in width from one to four miles, surrounded by rugged mountains, while the depth is from one hundred to one thousand feet. It abounds with fine, large, silver trout, from one to two feet in length. There is plenty of game, consisting of bear, deer, elk, moose and wild goats. The elevation of the lake above sea level is eight hundred feet, and the climate is mild, with but slight snow fall. Ranchers have taken up land at the lower end of the lake, and are making a comfortable living. The country is simply grand, and, in time, Lake Chelan will become a favorite summer resort.

Mineral Product of the United States.—The United States Geological Survey, Maj. J. W. Powell director, has issued statistics of the productions of minerals during 1886. The report gives, primarily, the production and value of every prominent mineral substance mined in the United States, with a compact statement of prices, sources of supply, and technical matters, which proved important during the year. The total value of mineral products, taken as nearly as possible at points of production, was more than $465,000,000.00, which is the largest mineral production yet recorded in any country. In 1885 the value was about $429,000,000.00. Many substances share in this increase, but particularly iron and steel, which alone showed an increase of $30,000,000.00. In 1885 bituminous coal was the most valuable mineral product, but in 1886 it was passed by pig iron, which had a higher total value than silver and gold combined. Wonderful progress is shown in the use of natural gas, the consumption being more than double that of 1885, and twenty times that of 1883. It is estimated that the value of coal displaced by natural gas in 1886 was more than $9,800,000.00. This is slightly less than half the value of the production.

Montana Horses.—That the superior qualities of Montana bred horses are being, in a measure, appreciated outside of the territory, says the *Montana Live Stock Journal*, is shown in the recent sales effected in the East by Mr. Raymond and other horse breeders of the territory. It appears, however, that no better market for really good animals is found in the larger cities the other side of the Mississippi than in this territory. In proof of this we cite the fact that not long since Gold Elsie, a trotting mare of some note in the territory, was taken to Chicago and sold for $800.00. Hearing of the sale a Montana party hastened to the lake city, purchased her for $1,500.00 and brought her back to the territory. Her present owner thinks she is too good an animal to go out of the country. Mr. Raymond's sales were of a most encouraging character, and the prices he received far exceeded those obtained for the same class of animals here. The gentleman is reported as saying that his last trip East would, in the long run, bring him in over $100,000.00. He disposed of some fine roadsters and carriage horses in Chicago that fully established his reputation as a breeder of superior animals, and will create a demand for Montana bred roadsters.

Fisheries of British Columbia.—In the fisheries of British Columbia, during the year 1887, eleven vessels and six hundred and fifteen fishing boats were used, valued at $68,555., giving employment to twenty-nine sailors, two thousand four hundred and sixty-one fishermen and two thousand five hundred and twenty-seven shoremen. Eleven hundred and eighty-two nets were used, valued at $98,975. The total product is classified as follows:

Canned Salmon	204,038 cases,	valued at	$1,071,199.50
Fresh Salmon	1,806,600 pounds,	"	190,660.00
Smoked Salmon	29,050 pounds,	"	4,357.50
Cured Salmon	4,426 barrels,	"	39,852.00
Sturgeon	198,600 pounds,	"	9,930.00
Halibut	149,090 pounds,	"	14,900.00
Assorted Fish	198,500 pounds,	"	9,825.00
Trout	18,500 pounds,	"	1,850.00
Fresh Herrings	55,600 pounds,	"	1,668.00
Smoked Herrings	9,500 pounds,	"	1,900.00
Fresh Oolachans	20,500 pounds,	"	1,230.00
Salted Oolachans	90 barrels,	"	900.00
Smoked Oolachans	410 boxes,	"	820.00
Dog Fish Oil	68,500 gallons,	"	34,250.00
Oolachan Oil	40 gallons,	"	40.00
Grand Total			$1,373,282.00

Castle Mountain Mining Camp.—One of the greatest points in favor of Castle Mountain proving one of the best camps in Montana, is the number of ore deposits found. None of these have been developed to a very great extent, the Cumberland having had, we believe, the most work done, but the fact

that there are a dozen leads which rival the Cumberland, leads us to think that the region is a marvel of wonderful deposits. Of the early discoveries, there are the Great American, Great Eastern, Morning Star, Hidden Treasure, Homestake, Iron Chief, and Alice, that are proving to contain great bodies of ore, and the half dozen rich discoveries just made, disclosing veins of ore from seven to twenty feet in width, and one in particular, giving one hundred and seventy ounces in silver and sixty per cent. lead from a nine-foot vein, leads us to impose implicit confidence in the camp. These new and wonderful discoveries give renewed confidence in the original mines of the camp, and assure us that they are vast deposits, the value of which has never yet begun to be told. The whole Castle range seems to be a network of leads. At first, the discoveries were confined to the south and east sides, but now the leads being developed on the north and west bid fair to rival the best of the other slope. This is additional evidence of the permanency of the camp, and we have no doubt but that the entire mountain will, ere long, prove to be one vast mineral deposit.—*Husbandman.*

Vancouver, Klickitat & Yakima R. R.—It is with the highest degree of satisfaction that we are enabled this week to announce that the Vancouver, Klickitat & Yakima railroad is to be built, and built at once. This will be good news to every resident of Vancouver and Clarke county. It is the most important item in the history of the city and county. The railroad is a success! The projectors of the enterprise in this city have made arrangements with a capitalist and banker to float the bonds of the company in the early spring, and in the meantime enough money has been advanced to immediately begin the work of construction of the first ten miles. The road will start on the city levee and go out north through the western part of town. A wharf will soon be built on the city levee, the grading will soon be commenced, the iron and rolling stock will arrive, and work of construction will be in active operation by spring. The road will run to the coal fields near Mount Adams, about fifty miles northeast of this city, tapping, in its route, the finest body of yellow fir, cedar and larch on the Pacific coast, and opening up to settlement thousands of acres of rich agricultural and grazing lands. From the coal mines the road will be continued through the mountains to some point in Eastern Washington, bringing to Vancouver for shipment the products of Klickitat, Yakima and other sections of the Inland Empire. Vancouver will be the terminus and shipping point of this road, and here will grow up large manufactories and such other industries as go to make a city.—*Vancouver Register.*

Hidden Treasure Mine, Montana.—The Hidden Treasure Gold Mining Company was organized in St. Paul, not long since, and consists of Hersey Bros. and C. N .Nelson, of Stillwater, and Judge Wilkins, Dr. D. C. Price, L. D. Hause, J. C. Cahanne and H. B. Farwell, of St. Paul. Early last August Mr. E. S. Case, representing the company, bonded the Hidden Treasure mine, in Elliston district, Deer Lodge county, and after spending $7,500.00 in development they closed the purchase, and Mr. Case paid for the mine in December. The examination and report on the mine was made by Professor George Whitebrecht, an eminent geologist of St. Paul. He reported an eighteen-foot body of free milling gold ore, averaging $30.00 per ton. It is all free milling gold ore, carrying traces of silver. With such a magnificent showing it is not surprising that there was a strong company ready to handle the property. The Hidden Treasure Company was incorporated with a capital stock of $5,000,000.00, all of which is subscribed, and there is none on the market. Mr. Case is now arranging to put in a twenty-stamp mill, with an engine capacity of sixty stamps, and he expects to have the plant in operation, with a force of seventy-five men, next May or June. He has bonds on two other gold properties and one silver mine, with galena base, in the same district. One of them is the Telegraph. Mr. Case was the originator of the Minneapolis Mining & Smelting Co., that has a number of mines on Stillwater creek, Park county. He says the indi ations are that a great deal of eastern capital will be invested in Montana mines in the near future.

Alton District, Idaho.—The Alton mining district is in the eastern part of Idaho county, and the mines are about twenty-five miles southeast of Warren, between the South and Middle forks of Salmon river. The immediate vicinity of these prospects is watered by Big creek, itself a considerable stream, and a branch of the Middle fork. There are also two forks of Big creek, which run in a southeasterly direction and unite about twelve miles from the source. The mountain ridge between them has great bulk and elevation, and in and upon such ridge lie nearly all the locations that have been made. This ridge may be truly called a part of the backbone of the continent, on account of its height, the north side being covered with perpetual snow. From the crest, other mountains covered with snow may be seen to the north and south, but the country slopes into basins on the east and west.

The "Cleveland" was the first ledge discovered and located. Its course is about northeast and southwest. It is situated upon the east face of a steep mountain. The ore carries silver, with a little gold and a great deal of iron and other base metals, and, though not exactly rebellious, is complex and expensive to treat. It will pass for high grade ore anywhere. Much of it has assayed from $60.00 to $150.00 per ton, and it looks as if it would go that much. A hole has been sunk twenty-five feet or so, disclosing a fine body of ore. A tunnel was started for cross-cutting, and had not reached the vein when winter set in and put a stop to the work. On the same mountain are the "Beck," "Mountain View," and perhaps two dozen other locations, of which not much is visible but location stakes and monuments. The development work has been of the kind made by miners in haste to sell.—*Boise Statesman.*

Artesian Wells in Montana.—One of the most important bills to Montana introduced at the last session of congress, was that of Delegate Toole, to have an appropriation made for boring artesian wells on the bench lands, which are incapable of being supplied with irrigation by ditches or canals, conducted from watercourses. Such an appropriation, if made, would result in the reclamation of large areas of land which will, otherwise, always remain practically valueless. The bill failed in the last congress, but it is understood that it will be brought forward again at an early date at this session. The prospects of its success are greatly hampered, however, by the senseless and dishonest course of certain journals in the territory, which insist that irrigation is not needed in Montana, opposing desert land entries with the statement that satisfactory crops can be grown without such assistance. The facts are everywhere against this. Even in the Bitter Root valley, which is regarded as the best agricultural section of the territory, a quarter of a century's experience has demonstrated the necessity for irrigation there, and certainly if it is needed there it is upon the bench lands. The same experience has shown that the Gallatin valley is unable to get along without irrigation, where a large portion of the lower valley lay idle until recently because of the difficulty of conducting water upon it, leaving it

undesirable to the settler. No one will contend that the open prairie regions enjoy anything like the rainfall that these two valleys are favored with, and it would be far better to concede the point at once, and help the passage of Delegate Toole's bill with all the strength of argument in its favor that is possible. Should such an appropriation be made, large sections of the open prairie land of Montana now vacant, and likely to remain so for years to come, would be brought into the market and settled up, thereby adding to the wealth of the territory.—*Butte Miner.*

Cassia County, Idaho.—Passing the great Shoshone falls we gazed wonderingly and admiringly upon its vast volume as it makes its terrific leap. Much as we may admire we can not describe its grandeur. That we leave for a writer possessed of abilities of another order. "Above, below, where're we gaze" at Rock creek, there was beautiful snow to the depth of about four inches. From thence across the country to Dry creek is a distance of twelve miles, level, and some of it under high cultivation. Here are tens of thousands of acres of the best land in Idaho. Some of it is government land, but will not long remain so. The survey for a large canal, which will irrigate all this land, has already been made. It commences at or near the great American falls, on Snake river, and thence along the base of Goose creek mountain, then up the creek to the vicinity of Cottonwood across Rock creek and from there to Salmon river. It is to be a monstrous canal, involving a great deal of labor, but it will make a great many homes and prove a good investment for the proprietors. Oakley is the center of a rich farming community, celebrated far and wide for the amount of grain and stock produced. The country hereabouts has been settled by Mormons, among whose faults indolence forms no part. They are thrifty, and have made this desert-like part of Cassia, before improvement, bloom as the rose. Cassia is one of the very best stock growing regions in the territory. The condition of the ranges this year is about as they will average. They have grass enough to carry the stock through in good shape. Abundance of hay was put up for emergencies. When the canal shall have been constructed, it will make a great deal of difference in the population here. It will enable thousands of persons to avail themselves of fertile lands. Oakley is a town of two hundred families, and its population will not vary much from twelve hundred. They have a number of good school houses, a large dance hall, and two stores and a marble quarry.—Cor. *Boise Statesman.*

Chicago & Northwestern Railroad.—A Chicago man, interviewed by the *Butte Miner,* says that the Chicago & Northwestern railroad is surely heading for Montana, and will enter the territory before long. He says it is the intention of that company to extend the Fort Pierre branch into and through Montana. On what he bases his information is unknown, but he sketches the route likely to be adopted by that road as follows: It will enter Montana near Stoneville, in the southeast corner, thence northward to Fort Custer, where it will cross the Big Horn, and it will connect there with its Fort Fetterman and Buffalo branch. It will probably cross the Yellowstone about the mouth of Razor creek, and follow up that creek in crossing to the Musselshell, which it will traverse to its head, either by the North Fork and through White Sulphur Springs to Townsend, or by the South Fork and down Sixteen Mile creek to Toston, with a loop taking in White Sulphur Springs and Castle Mountain district. They will get across to Butte from Townsend or Toston, and they claim they will shorten the distance from Butte to Chicago by about one hundred and fifty miles. This line will not stop at Butte, but will push up the Big Hole and Pioneer creek to Big Hole pass, connecting with the Oregon Pacific in Idaho. There is no doubt about the feasibility of this line, and you will see that, when it is built, the Chicago & Northwestern will really have two transcontinental lines, the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley, which is cutting across through Wyoming, and the northern extension across Montana, converging somewhere about Boise City. The lines, with their connecting branches running north and south, will gridiron the whole country from the Black Hills to Boise, taking in every important mining region between these points, and several oil basins in Wyoming. They will also corral a large share of the range stock shipments, and will compete with the Manitoba for the North Montana traffic, with a shorter line to Chicago, by running a branch from the Musselshell to Benton or thereabouts.

Soil of Eastern Montana.—The past season has demonstrated the capabilities of the soil of Eastern Montana to be A No. 1—in fact, unsurpassed. We know of some crops produced that considering all the surroundings, are astonishing. For instance, five hundred bushels of good corn were harvested from six acres of ground, that was not plowed since the year before, and when we add that the corn is readily disposed of on the farm at $1.00 per hundred, it requires no argument to prove that it is profitable farming. Again, it is not generally known that our soil produces a superior quality of tobacco, and that it is almost a certain crop. As to potatoes and all the smaller vegetable crops, the Yellowstone valley can challenge the world as to quality and quantity. Wheat, oats and barley flourish best on the higher table lands, for instance, such locations as Belle prairie. Here, in any average season, the farmer can rely on large returns and superior quality of grain. The one great question is a sufficient amount of moisture. Well, the same question is uppermost in the minds of farmers all over the West, and every season they are on the anxious seat, eagerly scanning the sky and praying for rain. There is but one way to be secure in this matter, and that is by a system of irrigation; and the farmer who can artificially water his growing crops by that method has every advantage, not only here, but in every other country that has a soil capable of producing crops. The farmer is just as sure of a crop here as in any other country of the Northwest that has been opened for settlement, as has been amply proven by the struggles of the early pioneers of Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota and Dakota, against drouth and grasshoppers, poverty and lack of a market, together with a thousand other difficulties that the pioneer of the Yellowstone valley is not called on to endure. Through every difficulty they have come forth victorious, and to-day comfortable farm houses shelter happy families, and immense barns are bursting with the products of fields which thirty years ago were designated on the school boy's map as part of the great American desert. The same victory awaits our people, and all they have to do is to "learn to labor and to wait."—*Glendive Independent.*

Reduction Works at Great Falls and Helena.—The *Tribune,* of Great Falls, Montana, is authority for the statement that all arrangements are now completed for the immediate establishment, at that place, of the most important reduction works in the United States. The company has been organized, and all arrangements, down to the smallest details, made. The stockholders in this great enterprise number some of the most eminent and wealthy men in the country, including, as well, a number of practical mining and smelting men in

the West. The works are to be on a gigantic scale. The work of preparation and construction will begin in a short time, and this, taken in connection with the improvement of the water power at Black Eagle falls, will at once give employment to hundreds, if not thousands, of men. No undertaking of such magnitude, taken in connection with its ramifications, has ever been inaugurated in the mountain region of Montana. Somewhat in conflict with this, is the following statement, made a few days ago in Spokane Falls, by A. M. Esler, a well known mining capitalist of Helena: "It is a fact that Helena is to have the largest reduction works of the entire Northwest. It will compare favorably with the Omaha works, and I consider it not only a great boom to that city, but to your place and mines as well. It will give your mines a market for all the ores they can produce. We have all the dry ores we want, and in order to make the enterprise a success, must depend on this section (Cœur d'Alene) for lead ores. We can afford to pay more for the ore that is now being shipped to Omaha and San Francisco, than the producers are receiving. I am here looking after the interests of the new enterprise, and want to contract for at least two hundred tons of ore per day from this section. The capacity of the new works will be five hundred tons per day to start with. In case we can get two hundred tons of the wet, or lead, ore, we can mix the ores peculiar to our section with them in such a manner as to make the total capacity of five hundred tons. The plant will cost about $500,000.00. Mr. Villard and Governor Hauser are the instigators of the enterprise, and will make it second to none in the West, and increase the capacity of the works as the mines are developed, or capable of greater output. Our section, you know, is particularly blessed with dry ores, and we can use an immense amount of lead ores from your section. The works at Wickes, Boulder and Toston will all be removed to Helena and merged into the new works. Work will be commenced just as soon as the weather will permit, and it is expected to be in complete running order by the first of June at the farthest."

An Old Jehu as an Art Critic.—Last week we received the December number of The West Shore, which, beside containing the usual number of well-written descriptive and statistical articles about portions of the Northwest, three good stories and twenty pages of engravings of towns and scenes in Northern California, Oregon, Montana and Alaska, is accompanied with a well-executed supplemental picture, representing the "then and now" of overland travel between the Sacramento and Willamette valleys, as suggested to the artist by the driving of the last spike on the California & Oregon railroad. This we spread out on a case rack, and an old timer, who was once a stage driver, dropping into our office, espied it; after a careful inspection, he delivered himself as follows:

"Now, then, the fellow that got that thing up, has at least talked to some one who had sniffed the Chinook wind! I've seen a thousand so-called illustrations of our old-time stages, when we got there on time if it took the hair off; but that's the first one I ever saw that conveyed any more idea of how they looked than a mud dauber's nest does of Solomon's temple. Some literary cuss used to come out here every year or two and ride over the roads, take a few notes from eyesight, and a few more from some of the boys' lies, go back East and write a book or an article for a magazine, and hand it to some eastern dauber, who wouldn't know a stage coach from a freight wagon, to illustrate; then here the thing would come! One cut would surely be 'A Stage Ride in the Northwest,' and when we boys saw it we'd want to drop the lines and die. There would be six thoroughbred trotters, with heads and tails up, coming over a macademized road at a three-minute gait, everyone wearing a bugby harness, and pulling seventy-five pounds on the bit. A crane-necked dude sitting in the box of a Concord double decker, which was filled inside and covered outside with plug hatted men and stylishly dressed women, and a pigtailed Chinaman holding the six lines in one hand, like you'd grab a cow's tail, while with the other hand—generally the left—he was reaching out with a cross between a buggy whip and a blacksnake to hit 'em on the backs. Now, the fact is, we never run the Concord coaches in this country, and the boys didn't wear cutaway coats and standup collars, and they'd upset on purpose to spoil a plug hat. The horses looked more like they wanted to lean up against something and sleep than to trot even four miles an hour. This fellow has got our old, honest, eleven passenger mud wagons down about right, except that the tires are too broad, and he's forgot the water bucket. The driver is drunk, you can see from the way he shucks his lines. He's got his lash wrapped around the air, and has started in to lift the off leader, and I'll bet he comes down on the near swing's ears. He's got the off wheeler mad, and he'll balk on him the first thing he knows. Those horses must keep their feet closer to the ground or he'll never get up that hill. If that scene is laid in the Calipooias, Umpquas or Siskiyous, those passengers that are bucking at the hind end of the wagon ought to be carrying poles or rails to pry the thing out of the mud with; and that woman ought to have a gum cloak and an umbrella over her and the gal, for there isn't a man living that ever pulled up those hills without getting rained on. Maybe he's got the railroad business o. k., but that artist never took lessons in staging, although it's the best attempt in that line I've seen yet. He must have had a bottle along and rode outside that time."—*Dayton Inlander.*

Pacific Coast Coal Trade.—Receipts of coal at California ports were much greater in 1887 than in 1886, the excess at San Francisco alone being nearly three hundred thousand tons. This disproves beyond question the assertion that the shortage in supply is due to non-arrivals from Australia and England. To be sure, about sixty-seven thousand tons more cool were received at San Francisco from those countries in 1886 than in 1887, but the deficiency at San Francisco was more than made up by increased receipts at San Diego and San Pedro, while the increased receipts of coast coals at San Francisco last year exceeded those of the year before by nearly three hundred and forty thousand tons. In other words, had there been no increased demand at San Francisco last year the coast collieries would have supplied the entire want, and more, without the aid of a single ton from Great Britain or Australia. The receipts of coals at San Francisco from all sources in 1886 and 1887 are given in tons by I. Steuart, in his annual review, as follows:

	1886.	1887.
Australia	209,028	156,729
Great Britain	121,106	106,136
Pennsylvania	15,929	21,709
British Columbia	175,618	252,810
Seattle	106,325	292,189
Carbon Hill	184,551	181,267
South Prairie	32,682	48,173
Coos Bay and Mt. Diablo	41,000	96,000
Totals	877,239	1,154,993
Increased receipts of 1887		277,754

All the coast collieries, it will be observed, enjoyed increased outputs in 1887. This was particularly true of those shipping through the port of Seattle, which not only increased in greater proportion, but also furnished more coal than the mines of

any other one locality. It is also not out of place here, to remark that from Seattle went the only coal from coast collieries to supply the already immense and ever-growing demand of Astoria, Portland and other Columbia valley points. Not far from forty thousand tons went to these places from this city in 1887, or nearly twice as much as in 1886. Then, again, the Puget sound demand for Seattle coal has grown greatly, it being sold in Olympia, Tacoma, Port Townsend and other places, as well as Seattle, and to every sound steamer using coal as a fuel. The local demand last year was in the neighborhood of sixty thousand tons. San Diego received in 1887, fifty thousand and ninety-nine tons foreign coal, and San Pedro, one hundred and thirty-eight thousand tons. Coals advanced greatly in price last year all over the coast, house coals retailing as high as $20.00 a ton in Southern California, and $15.00 a ton in San Francisco. The price reached $5.00 a ton in Seattle yards, or $1.00 more than at any time within the past ten years. Cargo rates were advanced along the coast from $2.00 to $4.00 a ton. What the demand will be in 1888 remains to be seen. The prospects, however, are that it will be greater than in 1887. California will want fifteen hundred thousand tons, and the northern coast will want probably twenty per cent. more than last year. Prices will undoubtedly fall, but not so low as in 1886. Altogether the outlook is good. New mines will be in operation back of Seattle, and if the trade justifies, as there is every reason to believe it will, the exports of 1888 will approximate five hundred thousand tons, home consumption requiring seventy-five thousand tons additional.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

Alberni District, B. C.—The settlers in the Alberni district, on the west coast of Vancouver island, have petitioned the legislature of British Columbia for an extension of the Island railway. That portion of the petition referring to the resources and settlement of that region, gives the following information about Alberni and vicinity: With a view to the extension of the Esquimalt & Nanaimo railway, we, settlers of the district of Alberni, are led to understand from incidental references, that an exploration survey party has been at work, during the past season, along the east coast to Comox, and from Comox northward. We would respectfully suggest, and petition, that a similar exploration survey be made next season, with the same object in view, of the country from some point between Wellington and Englishman's river, to Comox, via Alberni. And in doing this, we beg to state in brief, and in general terms, what is within our own knowledge and observation upon this matter, and as serving to explain and justify our present action. Along the new Nanaimo-Alberni road, no physical impediments to railway construction appear to the ordinary traveler. On either hand, at numerous points, there appear to be great stretches of land running north and south, as also an immense quantity of valuable timber, timber of striking excellence, even in this country, where timber of superior quality abounds. Particularly is this the case from the west end of Cameron lake onward to Alberni.

In the Alberni district there are now one hundred and fifteen actual settlers, here and there, surrounding the claims already settled upon, as also a large block between Sproat lake and Great Central lake, there is accommodation for sixty or seventy more settlers. Again, to the south of the Alberni settlement, there is a wide valley suitable for settlement, and between the northern limit of the present Alberni settlement and the southern extremity of the present Comox settlement (here it may be said that the distance between the two points is supposed to be about fifteen or twenty miles), there can be no doubt, judging from the reports of parties, here and elsewhere, who have made incursions northward, that there is a very extensive tract of country, of great beauty and fertility, and highly desirable for settlement. Here it ought to be mentioned that the unoccupied lands lying in these valleys are just as good, if not better, for settlement, as the land is which is already taken up, except that they are farther removed from the present center.

Up to September last, considerable difficulty has been experienced in reaching Alberni by means of the steamer *Hope*, which made trips from Victoria to this place at long and uncertain intervals. The expenses connected with the trip, and the bringing in of supplies have also been considerable, owing, in a great measure, to the uncertain departure of this boat from Victoria. The disheartening prospect to the new settler on his arrival, of having no certain market for produce raised, has also militated against settlement. Still, considering all these things, the fact that one hundred and fifteen men—many with families, have actually settled in Alberni during the last three years, are contented so far, and sanguine respecting the future prosperity of the place, provided the usual methods are adopted here which are being adopted elsewhere. The fact that one hundred and fifteen persons, from different parts of the world, have actually settled here, under the circumstances above enumerated, is the best evidence that can be given of the estimate they have formed of the excellence of the climate, the excellence of the soil, and its suitability for farming and fruit growing purposes. But apart from these opinions of ours, disinterested visitors could be named, who have come in from time to time, who are well qualified to form intelligent opinions and make comparisons, have gone out and invariably expressed themselves in the most complimentary terms of all they had seen in this district.

The Siuslaw Country.—The Siuslaw river heads near Drain station, Douglas county, Oregon, in the Calipooia mountains, and runs in a northwesterly direction, emptying into the ocean about five miles below Florence. The bay extends several miles above Florence, and is navigable for small steamers to the head of tide water, while large steamers have no trouble in reaching Florence, as the water is sufficiently deep to admit most any sea going vessel. The bay is exceedingly well sheltered from storms, as it is inland far enough, and in such a location, as to be one of the most secure bays from storms that we have on the Pacific coast. The average depth of water at Florence is twenty-five to twenty-seven feet. Florence is a small town at present. There are two large salmon canneries, fitted with sufficient machinery for that industry, two general merchandise stores, a saloon and dwellings. The United States mails have been changed from once a week to twice a week. A four-horse stage has been put on the route, which has changed the time to nineteen hours from Eugene to Forence. The stage meets the mail steamer at the head of navigation, by which passengers and mail are transported to Florence. The North fork of the Siuslaw is considerably longer than the main river or any of its tributaries. The mouth of the North fork is several miles above Florence, and is navigable for small steamers some six or seven miles. South slough puts into the bay opposite the mouth of the North fork. This is navigable four miles, the bay here being of greater width than at any other point, and the depth of water at this point will accommodate large steamers. The resources of this country are simply immense, but the salmon canning is the only industry that has developed itself.

The lumbering facilities are enormous, one of the finest

bodies of timber on the Pacific slope being located on the Siuslaw river and its tributaries. As to dairying, the range on the hills is of such a nature as to supply the best quality of feed, producing a sumptuous supply of milk and butter. The climate is mild in winter, there being but little snow and cold weather. In the summer the weather is very cool, from the fact that the timbered mountains render it nice and pleasant. The soil in this section is of a rich color, and produces an immense yield of everything that is planted. The land on this river, on an average, extends to the width of one-fourth of a mile on either side of the stream. What I allude to when I say land, is bottom land, and not hills. The bottoms have a growth of chittim wood, alder, maple and hazel. Some of this is easy to clear. A man who is not afraid of work can clear half an acre a day. This is not calculated to be a farming country for small grains. We noticed timothy hay, which grew on the bottom at one of the farms, that attained the height of six feet, and made four tons to the acre. Fine vegetables grow as late as Christmas. Don't think that this land is all taken, and that there is no chance for any one else, for there are thousands of acres of this land open to settlement, and waiting for the weary home seeker. Most all the accessible land from the head of navigation up twenty miles has been located; but the largest bodies of land and most of the large bottoms lie up the river. The county surveyor has finished surveying a new road from this point to the mouth of Wild Cat, up to the upper settlement on the Siuslaw river. A party of twenty men are busily engaged cutting out the new road, preparatory to removing their families in this winter. This part of Lane county has been very dormant heretofore, but the tide has turned and a boom is the consequence. Not only a boom, but home seekers can get hold of a home in a mild climate, and in a prosperous country, where famine is unknown in the annals of this state. The distance from Eugene City to the head of navigation is about fifty-six miles; to Florence from Eugene, seventy-six miles; fare from Eugene to Florence, $4.00. This seaport is one of the most inviting seaside resorts on the Pacific coast. Fine drives on the sand beach from Florence to Umpqua, fine fishing facilities, bathing, boating, clam digging, etc., are the attractions. The hills and mountains abound in deer, bear, elk and cougar. Lake creek, a stream about as large as the Siuslaw, and emptying into it, is being bridged. The county appropriated the sum of $3,800.00 for that purpose. The structure is to be a Howe truss bridge. Lake creek bears a resemblance to the Siuslaw There are good lands and valuable locations for homes. Men are working the road at every opportunity. The settlers take great interest in keeping it in good condition. Good, substantial bridges are put in wherever needed. Several schools are maintained, the number of pupils being rather limited, though additions are constantly being made. A great many are investing in property in Florence. Scarcity of lumber has interfered with building, as the small saw mill could not supply the demand for lumber. We understand that a large saw mill is to be built next summer on the bay, with a capacity of fifty thousand feet per day.—*Rambler, in The West Side.*

Asphaltum in Utah.—What a wonderful country Utah is! What its possibilities may bring forth is beyond the power of comprehension. The visitor or traveler passing through on our railways looks out upon the grand scenery of towering mountains, deep gorges, pretty streams, lakes, and fertile valleys, and wonders what all this country is made for. They do not realize the height of the mountain ranges, much less what is hidden away in them, neither do they fully comprehend the extent of the valleys and their possibilities. It would take volumes to describe the scenery and tell of the valleys and their wealth in minerals. It is enough to speak of one article, lately discovered , and which promises to become the basis of a great commercial enterprise. America uses large quantities of asphaltum, and in the past has been dependent on foreign countries for the supply, Egypt, South America and Cuba having been drawn upon for all that has been used heretofore. The Egyptian article finds a ready market at about $120.00 per ton, on the seaboard; that from Cuba, $50.00, and the Trinidad, South America, article, from $35.00 to $40.00 per ton. The latter comes the cheapest because it is brought in returning vessels as ballast, and is of such texture and luster as not to be valuable for paints and some other uses. Asphaltum has been proven to make the best pavements for cities of any known material, and as all enterprising cities must have good, solid, clean streets, the discovery of asphaltum in Utah in great quantities is certainly an important event. This discovery has been made, and it will not be long before asphaltum, in various forms, will be shipped in large quantities. The history of the asphaltum deposits near Thistle station, on the Denver & Rio Grande, the manner in which the locations were made, and the experiments requisite to determine its value and prepare suitable machinery and determine processes for working it, is full of interest. The knowledge of the substance dates back several years, but the location of the claims and development of the property are largely creditable to St. V. LeSieur, a former traveling salesman for a St. Louis house. He was shown samples of the black rock, and believing it possessed value, he took samples to St. Louis, and also sent some to a Boston firm which handles large quantities of asphaltum. The latter were so well pleased with the samples that they wanted to send an expert to see the deposit and secure control of it. After some experiments with the substance, Mr. LeSieur and Mr. A. Krieckhaus, of St. Louis, located thirty claims under the mining laws, thus securing all there was, covering a space nearly one mile square. The location is near the summit of a high mountain, or ridge, on the east side of Thistle gulch, and about two miles south of Thistle station, the latter being about seventy miles from Salt Lake City. The asphaltum lies in ledges cutting through the mountain near the top, and almost on a level. These ledges, or deposits, are of various thicknesses, one of them being twelve feet. The rock, or crude asphaltum, is almost black, having much the appearance of coal tar and sand as mixed for paving. It is very hard, but when broken and pounded, becomes soft and plastic. The crude material will, when laid in a warm place, adhere to whatever it lies upon with such tenacity as to be removed with difficulty. A company of prominent St. Louis citizens compose the North American Asphalt Company, which now owns this important property. Messrs. Adolphus Busch, Charles Nagel, Charles O. Baxter, the Taussigs, A. Kreickhaus, the Orthweins, Charles Ehlerman, August Neddishut and St. V. LeSieur form the company, with Mr. Busch as president, and LeSieur as manager in Utah. This asphaltum is so tough as to make mining somewhat difficult, but the greatest difficulty has been to secure machinery which would work it after being taken to the factory. This required so much experimenting that nearly one year has passed since the organization of the company. It is now believed that all obstacles have been overcome. Foreign asphaltum requires the addition of fatty substances to make it fit for use in paving and for other purposes. In the Utah article, nature has supplied an abundance of oils, and left the crude article ready to be made plastic and mixed with other ingredients. This makes it most valuable, but at the same time it requires new modes of treatment, and machinery to do it

with. The problems to be solved were worked out by the combined experiments of a geologist, chemist and other persons by long and patient study. A tramway has been built from the mine down to the factory, located in the gulch. This factory is supplied with special machinery for working and purifying the raw material, and preparing it for shipment. The company proposes to ship in bulk to St. Louis and wherever desired. The refining may be done at the factory near the mine, or in St. Louis. By distillation, fine paints and varnishes will be made, and the substance manufactured into various articles of commerce; but it is for making pavements, floors for cellars, etc., that the demand will come. Asphaltum is susceptible of so many uses, that it seems pretty certain that these Thistle mines will grow into an immense industry, and give employment to hundreds of men, in the no great distant future. Everything is now nearly ready for commencing operations in earnest, and it will not be long before this worthy enterprise, backed by a capital of one million dollars, with the stock in the hands of very wealthy men, will fully demonstrate the value and capabilities of this great property. As it is the only large deposit known in America, it becomes a very interesting subject at this time.—*Salt Lake Enterprise.*

Alaska Quartz Mines.—Douglas island is separated from the mainland by Gastinaux channel, which, at Juneau, is about a mile and a half wide, and contains, perhaps, eight or ten hundred people, scattered along nearly five miles of its northern beach. Nearly all of these are in some way connected with some of the mining enterprises on the island—the Treadwell alone employing in the neighborhood of three hundred. There is, also, a small village of two or three hundred inhabitants, called Douglas City, which will, no doubt, in a very few years, become a vigorous and flourishing place, drawing its support from the score of mines which will then be in operation. The Treadwell mine, so-called, is owned and operated by the Alaska Mill and Mining Company, and is the only producing mine in Alaska at present. Its stockholders are almost altogether very wealthy Californians—men who have made their fortunes in mining, and who may be supposed to know a good thing in that line when they see it. They have an investment in mill and plant of over $500,000.00, and are making preparations to largely increase it. Mr. John Treadwell is manager of its affairs, and is supreme in its control. He is, to all intents and purposes, president, board of directors and manager combined, and it is more than doubtful if his superior could be found in America. To his energy, patience and sagacity, and above all, to his unwavering belief in the mineral resources of that country, Alaska owes whatever of recognition it has obtained, and but for him, it certainly would have been many years in getting its present position.

It has been known, ever since Alaska was purchased, that gold could be found there, but for a dozen years thereafter it was not supposed to be extensive enough to warrant much investigation. A few adventuresome California miners had drifted in there; but they were in search of placer mines, and knew little, and cared less, about quartz, which required capital, skill to operate; and of all these they could safely plead innocence. A few placers were found, some of which were quite rich, but they were scattered and limited, and were soon worked out. Seven years ago Treadwell went to Juneau, or the Harris mining camp, as it was then called, and soon became convinced that a great and valuable quartz deposit existed there, and he entered into a sufficiently thorough investigation to confirm and demonstrate his belief. He had absolutely no capital himself, but there were men in San Francisco who had, and, what was much more to the point, they had knowledge of, and faith in, Treadwell, and he was assured of all the backing necessary, and told to go ahead. Then commenced difficulties, which would have driven away a less resolute man, or one who had less faith in the final outcome. Labor was almost impossible to secure, and such as could be had was nearly worthless. He was hampered and thwarted in all ways, and on more than one occasion his revolvers and his pluck were all that saved him and his property. He persevered, and before two years had a tunnel and shaft far enough into his ledge to warrant putting in a small mill of five stamps, with which work was continued nearly three years, until the permanence and value of the vein was proved beyond a doubt, when the present extensive works were erected. The large mill has been at work for nearly two years, and its monthly output is between $80,000.00 and $100,000.00.

The great value of the Douglas island mines, and the direction in which they surpass all others known, do not lie in their richness, for there are very many richer, but in the great size of the quartz veins, and in their remarkable accessibility. The lodes are from two hundred to six hundred feet in width, and extend for several miles. One of these veins has been located in claims for nearly five miles, and others of equal width and value have been found running parallel with it, and only a few rods distant. For some time it was accepted as a fact, that the Treadwell and its extensions comprised the most of the mineral on the island, but so many discoveries have recently been made, that it is now believed that the greater portion of the island abounds in quartz. It varies in value from $7.00 to $30.00 per ton, but as it is all free milling quartz, containing no copper, silver or galena, it is capable of easy and inexpensive reduction. To give an idea of the profit of such a mine, it may be stated that Treadwell's works reduce more than two hundred and fifty tons of rock daily, at a total cost for mining and milling of less than $1.25 per ton. A very little figuring will show surprising results, even if the rock be taken at the lowest value mentioned. The lodes are none of them over half a mile from a channel which will float the largest vessels, and most of them are but a few hundred feet. The surface of the quartz veins lies from six hundred to twelve hundred feet above the water level, so that, in most cases, it will be many years before pumping or raising rock will be necessary, tunnels and drifts at and above tide level being all that will be necessary.

The Eastern Alaska Mining Company, which is chiefly a Cumberland institution, is the owner of a couple of valuable mines on Douglas island, one of them being little, if any, inferior to any in the district. A combination of fortunate circumstances enabled the representatives of this company, who were out there early last spring, to obtain the property on very reasonable terms, and it is reasonably certain that it could not be duplicated for several times its cost. A full force has been placed at work night and day in developing the property, and another year it is the intention to erect a large mill.

A Boston company of large capital, with whom Ex-senator Ferry, of Michigan, is associated, has several claims about two miles above Treadwell's, on which development work is being pushed to the fullest extent possible. They have driven two tunnels into the ledge sufficiently far to demonstrate its extent and richness, and will have a very large mill in operation this year. About the same distance below Treadwell's, a San Francisco company has been at work, and has contracted for an extensive mill, to be ready for business this year. These instances are mentioned because they are some of those which are being pushed vigorously, and will, probably, bear early fruit; but there are others, equally as promising, which are passing

through preliminary stages of development, and a very few years will see this island a very hive of activity and progress.

Though I have devoted so much space to Douglas island, it must not be supposed that this locality contains any appreciable proportion of the mineral deposits of Alaska. It is only because it has received greater development, and, consequently, can be spoken of more positively and with more exactness, and serve better as an illustration of the mining prospects of the territory. In other localities, notably on Admiralty island, about twenty-five miles from Juneau; at Berner's bay, on the mainland, forty miles north of Juneau; and in Silver Bow basin, high in the mountains, two miles back of Juneau, great finds have been made and valuable discoveries are being announced almost daily. L. Q. O.

Editorial Comment.

THE want of fractional currency is becoming more marked every year. Publishers, seedsmen, merchants, and every firm dealing in articles of less value than five dollars, orders for which are received by mail, are almost swamped with postage stamps, which are used for remittances in letters, because there is no fractional currency. The necessity for such a medium was recognized when the practically useless postal note was issued. The postal note not only does not guarantee the sender against loss, since it is payable to bearer, but puts both sender and payee to the trouble of going to the post office to procure or cash it. It is an awkward and impracticable substitute for currency, and should be abolished. Congress should be urged to reissue a moderate amount of fractional currency, abolish the postal note, and reduce the fee on money orders of five dollars and less to three cents.

OUR friends of Port Townsend, who have for a number of years asserted their faith in the future of that excellent harbor, as the terminus of a railroad running down the west side of Puget sound, and who, in connection with California parties, recently organized the Port Townsend & Southern Railroad Company, have the assurance that others deem a railroad over that route a probility in the near future. Notice has been given in the official gazette of British Columbia, that, at the next session of the provincial legislature, application will be made for a charter to enable the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway Company to build a branch line to Peddar bay and Otter point, on the Straits of Fuca. It is the expectation of the managers of the road to thus connect, by means of a huge ferry boat, with a railroad on the south side of the straits, when the latter is built. This would give Victoria direct rail connection with San Francisco, by the way of Port Townsend and Portland.

ALL through the Northwest, the march of improvement was very rapid during the past year. The number of new buildings erected and the value of street improvements were nearly double those of the previous year, not only in Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane Falls, Butte, Helena and other leading commercial cities, but in nearly every city and town in this entire region. Nearly $3,000,000.00 were expended in Portland and its suburbs, and in other places, notably Spokane Falls, even a larger amount in proportion to the population, though falling far below in the aggregate. Encouraging as this is, it seems but the beginning. From North, South, East and West, come assurances that the number of business blocks, hotels, residences, factories and other real estate improvements projected for 1888, many of which have already been commenced, largeexceeds those of the past year. There can be no doubt that the year upon which we have just entered will be the most generally prosperous one in the history of the Northwest, and that the amount of capital invested in real estate and its permanent improvement, will far exceed that of any previous period.

THE publisher of THE WEST SHORE has always exercised the closest supervision over its columns, for the purpose of excluding all immoral and fraudulent advertisements. Almost daily he is offered advertisements of this class, which, though received freely by a majority of publications, he has always declined. As a safeguard, he long since adopted the rule to receive advertisements only through reliable and responsible agents, who vouch for the respectability of the business sent by them. Through this source was received an advertisement of the "Swiss Importing Company," which appeared in the October WEST SHORE, offering to sell the "New Swiss Stem Winder and Setter" for eighty-five cents. The article is described at length in the same language that would be used to describe a first-class watch, although the word "watch" is not used, and it is the intention of the advertiser to impress the reader with the idea that he can procure a good watch for eighty-five cents. Being somewhat suspicious of it, the publisher sent for one of them, and received a useless compass, with an equally useless sun-dial attachment, made in the form of, and designed to represent, a watch. The publisher regrets that he has thus been used to advertise a useless article in a fraudulent and deceptive manner, and takes this means to caution the readers of THE WEST SHORE against the "Stem Winder and Setter," and any other article offered for sale by the "Swiss Importing Co." In the future, as in the past, the columns of the magazine will be kept as free as possible of all objectionable and fraudulent advertisements.

OREGON has had three weeks of winter. Here in Portland, and throughout the entire region west of the Cascades, the mercury registered below the freezing point for about twenty days, and for five or six days of that period it hovered about the zero mark. East of the mountains, in some localities, it was twenty-five degrees colder, at times, yet there were no reports of fatalities of any kind because of the condition of the weather. The telegraph, during that period, was burdened with the harrowing details of suffering and death east of the Rocky mountains, as far south as Texas. The chief difference between the great plains and the Pacific slope, is the complete exemption of the latter from the terrible "blizzards," which sweep the former with a besom of destruction. We feel that we have much

cause for congratulation, in the fact that the worst prank Jack Frost plays upon us is the bursting of water pipes and the destruction of plants and flowers which have been carelessly neglected. Such ills as these we will try to bear, the more cheerfully because we know that we will not be called upon to endure them very often or very long. On page 40 is represented a very common scene in the Willamette valley during the month of December, a scene which is generally repeated in February and March, when plowing begins for the spring crop. A climate which permits the farmer to cut into the winter months at both ends, and fills the intervening period, generally, with refreshing and healthful rains, or, at the worst, no more disagreeable weather than that through which we have just passed, richly earns all the unstinted praise the older Oregonians heap upon it. The growing winter grain, during the cold spell, was amply protected by snow, which covered the valleys and uplands to a depth of from one to two feet. Cattle on the ranges, being prevented by the snow from obtaining much food, suffered considerably; how much is not known as yet, but probably not to the extent of much mortality. When all our stock men adopt the wise and humane precaution of providing hay in sufficient quantities to tide their cattle over such "spells," the worst feature of winter in this region will have passed away.

During the year 1887, there were exported from Puget sound seven hundred and forty-two cargoes, one-third each from Seattle and Tacoma, and the other third from seven other ports, where large saw mills are located. Four cargoes of wheat were sent from Tacoma, and one hundred and thirteen cargoes of lumber from various ports to foreign countries on both sides of the Pacific, valued at $1,003,186.00. Three hundred and seventy-seven cargoes of lumber were shipped to American ports, valued at $3,349,957.00. Coal cargoes numbered two hundred and fifty-one, and were valued at $2,602,600.00, all going coastwise. Oats and other produce to the value of $1,364,322.00, were shipped to San Francisco, and merchandise to the amount of $1,000,000.00 was sent to Alaska. The total value of Puget sound exports by sea was $12,820,513, an increase of fifty per cent upon the shipments of the previous year. These figures are given, not only to emphasize the absurdity and injustice of keeping in a territorial stage a region which can make such a showing of commerce for the products of less than one-half the territory, but to call attention to the urgent need of a naval station and fortifications for the protection of such an extensive and important commerce. Puget sound has now a commerce of great magnitude, and in a few years will be recognized as one of the most important harbors of the United States. It is one of the outposts of the nation, exposed to attack from any foreign power with which we may become embroiled. It offers unrivaled advantages for a naval station. Coal, wood and iron exist in close proximity to sheltered inland harbors, where shipping may take refuge and be easily defended. Senator Mitchell, supported by Senator Dolph, has introduced into the senate a joint resolution, appointing a commission to examine the coast of Oregon, Washington and Alaska, and to select a site for a navy yard. It is to be hoped the resolution will pass, and that the report, when made, will be acted upon by the appropriation of a sum sufficiently large to establish a first class yard and naval station. There can be little doubt as to the site selected by the commission. No other portion of the coast can offer the advantages possessed by several of the sheltered harbors of Puget sound.

Legitimate mining, as distinguished from stock gambling, made giant strides during the past year. Millions of dollars were invested in mining properties, chiefly quartz, for the sole purpose of working the mines, and not the gullible public. One of the most hopeful signs of the dawning era of common sense in mining matters, is the utter failure, in Portland, of an effort to conduct a stock exchange. Following, as it did, upon the heels of a similar failure in Helena, it emphasizes the fact that the people generally have opened their eyes to the sham and fictitious value of mining stocks, such as are listed in these exchanges, and have learned the broad distinction between investments in *mining stocks* and investments in *mines*. When the last stock board has closed its doors for lack of investors, or had them closed by law, as they should be—whether the stocks dealt in be mining, railroad or telegraph — then the country may congratulate itself upon being relieved of the greatest leech its genuine business has to support. It is extremely gratifying to observe this great stream of capital flowing into our mining districts, to flow out again, in a few years, in still greater volume, in the form of gold, silver and copper bars. Last year the United States was credited with more mineral than has ever been produced, in one year, by any other country in the world, and the indications are that we will continue to lead all the nations of the earth in our mineral output for many years to come. The new districts being opened up, and the many heavy investments being made, are bringing the Northwest rapidly to the front in mining matters, and drawing attention away from the older mining regions on the south. There is no better field in the world for the investment of money in legitimate mining enterprises, and there is no safer business than mining, provided it be conducted with prudence and business sagacity. One great trouble with mining enterprises is, that men who know nothing of the business, practically, undertake to manage them. Many a good property has been wrecked by boards of directors, ignorant superintendents and theoretical "experts." On the contrary, few practical miners have ever failed when backed by sufficient capital, and permitted to use their experience and judgment, unhampered by restrictions. These facts, also, are becoming recognized by the investing public, and the result is that the first care of a new mining company, generally, is to secure a competent and experienced miner for a superintendent. In view of these several changes for the better, in the popular estimation of the nature and needs of mining, we may confidently look for great and successful activity in the mines of the Northwest for many years to come.

Directory of the 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. Old est 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.

HOTEL DIRECTORY OF THE NORTHWEST.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL, PORTLAND, OR.,
C. W. KNOWLES, Propr.
The only fire proof brick hotel in the center of the city. Contains 200 rooms. European plan. Everything first class. Front and Morrison St.

MC CLALLEN HOUSE, ROSEBURG, OR.,
H. T. McCLALLEN, Propr.
First class accommodations. Sample rooms. Headquarters for commercial travelers.

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

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, CORVALLIS, OR.,
M. A. CANAN, Propr.
The Occidental is a new building, newly furnished, and is first class in all its appointments. Large sample rooms for commercial travelers.

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.

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

REVERE HOUSE, ALBANY, OR.,
MUELLER & GARRETT, Proprs.
Only first class house in the city. Free coach to and from the house. Special rates to immigrants. Sample rooms for travelers.

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.

HOFFMAN HOUSE, EUGENE CITY, OR.,
W. H. WATKINS, Propr.
EUGENE-ON-THE-WILLAMETTE.
The new brick hotel has the same location and management as the old St. Charles.

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

PROMINENT, RELIABLE REAL ESTATE FIRMS.

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.

EUGENE D. WHITE,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agent,
Rooms B, C, D, 133½ First St., Portland, Or.

CLAYTON & OLIVER,
Real Estate, Insurance, Collection and Loan Agents,
No. 25 Stark Street, Portland, Oregon.

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

GRADON & ANGEL,
Real Estate Agents, Stock and Money Brokers,
No. 7 Washington Street, Portland, Oregon.

PARRISH, WATKINS & CORNELL,
Real Estate, Loan and Insurance Agts.,
No. 33 Stark Street, Portland, Oregon.

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

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

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

THOMPSON & RIGGEN,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
No. 48 Stark Street, Portland, Oregon.

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

J. P. O. LOWNSDALE,
REAL ESTATE DEALER,
No. 31 Stark Street, Portland, Oregon.

E. OLDENDORFF & CO.,
Real Estate, Insurance, Stock and General Brokers,
No. 50 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.

SAW MILL IN OLYMPIA CITY!

THE CAPITAL OF THE TERRITORY,

A First Class opportunity for a Mill Man who desires to purchase a small mill, admirably situated for the Local Trade.

A Saw Mill Man will be interested in reading the following particulars:

The mill is located upon one acre of ground, about a mile below Olympia, on the edge of the sound. The acre has 320 feet fronting on the water, and is bounded and described in the deed by metes and bounds. From the wharf at the mill to deep water is about 300 feet. The tide rises at the mill wharf, at high tide, to 18 feet.

The mill wharf is 60x60 feet in size, substantially built and in good condition. The wharf alone cost $1,500. The main building of the mill is 40x104 feet in size, two stories high, and the foundation rests on cedar sleepers; the structure is of the most solid and substantial character, and the mill building alone cost over $2,500, and is in as good condition as when erected.

The engine was made by Lister & Co., of Tacoma. It is a 40-horse power engine, in good condition. With only six men the mill capacity is 5,000 feet per day; with eight men it will average 8,000 to 10,000 feet per day. In the mill there is one circular saw, one 24-inch surfacer, a sticker for moulding, rustic, etc., and other miscellaneous machinery, with belting, shafting, etc.

The boiler and engine in this mill cost $2,075; shafting cost $3,000; the saw mill portion of the plant cost $1,000. It was designed for local trade in Olympia.

It is admirably arranged for the manufacture of shingles. Adjoining the mill is a small house suitable for office. Boiler is set in brick and mortar, on stone foundation. Owners of the mill possess the riparian right to deep water. By extending the wharf 200 feet further out, vessels could be loaded at any stage of the tide. A first class road from the city of Olympia extends down directly past this property.

Water can be obtained from a reservoir adjoining the mill. Water for running the mill is guaranteed.

The property is within the corporate limits of the city of Olympia. Last year the taxes were $130, on an assessed valuation of $5,000, the assessment being about one-third the valuation of the property. The title to the mill is perfect. Warranty deed to the property, free and clear of any and all incumbrance, will be given in case of sale. $500 expended upon the mill would put it in good running order.

Satisfactory reasons for selling can be given.

FOR PARTICULARS CALL ON OR ADDRESS

ALLEN C. MASON, Real Estate and Loan Agent,

TACOMA, W. T.

"PORTLAND AND VICINITY!"

THE MOST

HANDSOME ALBUM OF VIEWS

EVER ISSUED.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR.

This Album contains fifty-two engravings of the City of Portland and the most noted scenery of Oregon and Washington. They are executed in tints, in the most artistic manner, on heavy plate paper, and on the page facing each, is a description of it, neatly printed in blue, with red border. The album is bound in stiff board covers, with cloth sides, and the front is embossed in black and gold.

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS:

Portland High School.
Court House Park, Portland.
Kamm's Building, Portland.
Riverview Cemetery.
Front Street, south of Vine, Portland.
Riverside (three scenes).
First Street, north of Morrison, Portland.
Portland Post Office.
Second Street, north of Yamhill, Portland.
Third Street, south from Stark, Portland.
Morrison Street, east of Second, Portland.
Union Block, Portland.
Washington Street, east of Second, Portland.
Starr Block, Portland.
View from the Kamm Tower, Portland.
City Park, Portland (eight scenes).
Mouth of the Willamette.
Crater Lake.
Mount Hood.
Oregon State University.
Falls of the Willamette.
State Street, Salem.
Entrance to the Columbia River.
Cape Hancock (or Disappointment).
Pillars of Hercules.
Multnomah Falls.
Rooster Rock.
Oneonta Gorge.
Cascades of the Columbia.
Locks at the Cascades, Oregon.
Castle Rock.
Railway Ferry at Kalama.
Hood River Crossing.
Upper Cape Horn.
A Salmon Cannery on the Columbia.
Salmon Fishing.
A Fish Wheel.
Interior of a Columbia River Salmon Cannery.
Head of Puget Sound, from Olympia.
Snoqualmie Falls.
Mount Rainier (or Tacoma).
A Hop Field in Puyallup Valley.
Lillewaup Falls.

This elegant album is equivalent to a collection of photographs costing $25.00, and will be mailed to any address upon the receipt of $1.00. Address

L. SAMUEL, Publisher, PORTLAND, OREGON.