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APRIL 1889

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AN ILLUSTRATED WESTERN MAGAZINE
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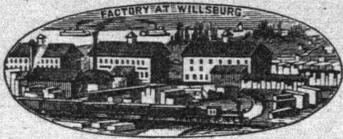
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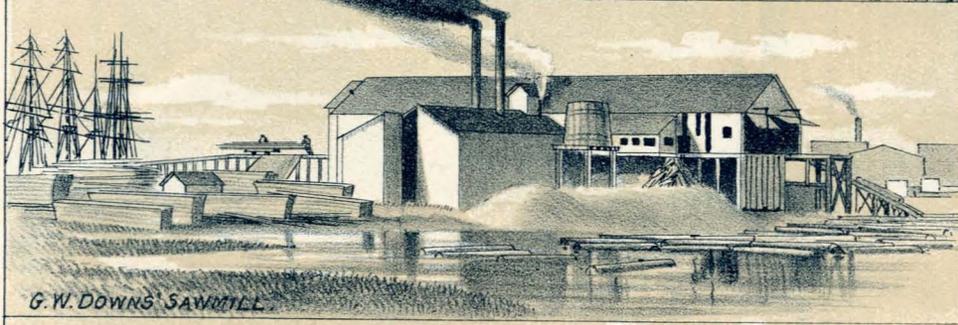
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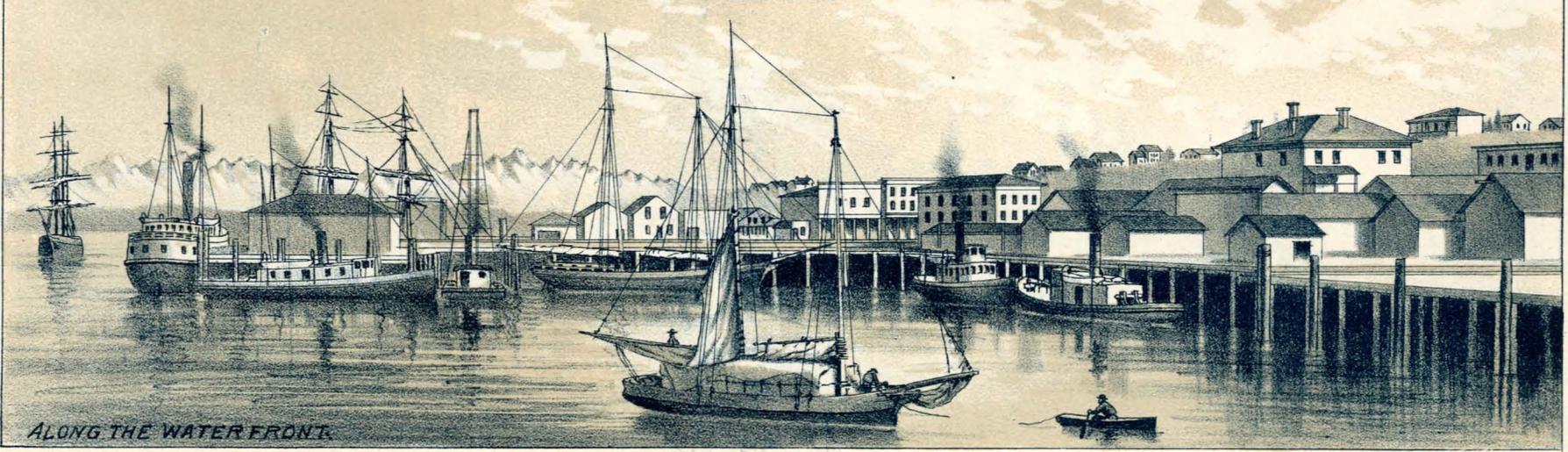
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A GLIMPSE OF THE CITY AND HARBOR FROM THE WEST.



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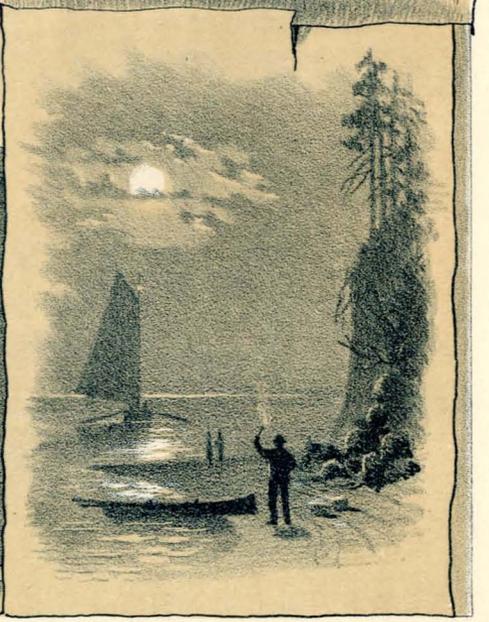
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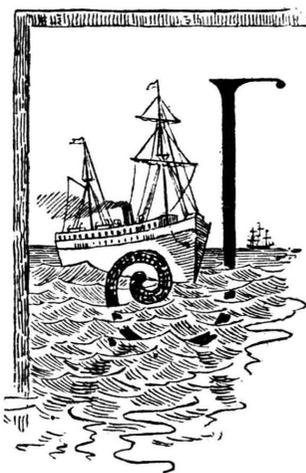
THE WEST SHORE.

FIFTEENTH YEAR.

APRIL, 1889.

NUMBER 4.

THE KEY CITY OF THE SOUND.



JOINING the strait of Juan de Fuca from the south, about ninety miles from the ocean, is Admiralty inlet, the principal arm of Puget sound. In the angle at the junction of the two bodies of water is a peninsula formed by Port Discovery bay, which indents the southern shore of the strait, and Port Townsend bay, which is a northwestern arm of the inlet and joins it some two miles southward of the union of the sound and strait. This inlet is the passage through which all marine commerce of the vast Puget sound region must pass. The division of land thus enclosed is known as Quimper peninsula, and is from two to five miles wide, extending in a general northern direction, though the northern end bends around to the east so as to partially enclose Port Townsend bay, while the mouth of Port Discovery bay, on the opposite side, is left open. The extreme northeast of the peninsula is known as Point Wilson, and about two miles to the southward, with Port Townsend bay on the south and the sound on the east, is Point Hudson.

At Point Hudson, in 1850, Alfred A. Plummer located a claim, including the flat where the principal business portion of the city of Port Townsend is now situated, and extending back a short distance on the bluff. Mr. Plummer was followed the next year by Loren B. Hastings, and Francis W. Pettygrove, who were among the first settlers of Portland, and they took up claims next back of Mr. Plummer's, each, however, having a portion of the present water front of the town. They tilled small portions of their claims, fished a little, and traded with the Indians, the chief business being trading. Gradually settlers

were attracted to that locality, and in 1853 the town of Port Townsend was platted. As the settlement increased in size, the Indians, from some cause, became unfriendly, and on account of the Indian troubles in the northwest in 1855 the government established Fort Townsend, on the coast some four miles to the westward of the town, in 1858, which, except for a short interval during the civil war, has since been kept garrisoned.

From the beginning to the present time Port Townsend has enjoyed a steady and prosperous growth. The wisdom of its founders in choosing a site at the gateway to the rich empire bordering on Puget sound is readily apparent. It occupies a commanding position with reference to trade, and the steadiness of its growth may, in a great degree, be attributed to the favorable geographical position which it occupies. It is one of the finest harbors in the world. Port Townsend bay has an anchorage area of about fifty square miles, in which the water is from three to eleven fathoms in depth. Vessels from the ocean bound to any one of the sound ports sail in as far as Port Townsend, and a navigator unacquainted with the grounds may sail with perfect freedom in any part of the bay, so long as he keeps two vessels' length out from the shore. The harbor is a complete refuge from all storms. Vessels are towed from that point to all ports on the sound to which they may be bound.

The city of Port Townsend, principally built to the westward of Point Hudson, faces the southeast. At the point the low land extends back half a dozen blocks or more, but the flat grows rapidly narrower to westward, until the bluff comes out flush to the water's edge, and even the street nearest the bay cuts through the high clay bank. In the business part of the town the streets extending back from the bay are interrupted by the bluff about three blocks from the water, but those running parallel with the shore ascend to the heights by easy grades. On the hill the land is not a dead level by any means. It is rolling enough

to afford perfect drainage and to permit, from the various elevations, an unobstructed view of the magnificent scenery that stretches out in every direction. Less than a mile back the surface sinks to a beautiful little valley, beyond which the ground is irregularly, but gently, undulating. The country about the town site naturally bears a thick growth of timber, principally fir and cedar, and there are numerous small streams of pure water trickling down from the springs in the hills.

Port Townsend is the seat of justice of Jefferson county, and the port of entry for the Puget sound district. It has a population of four thousand, and its social and business interests are fully established on a firm and enduring basis. The hitherto conservative growth of the town has permitted society to become settled, and it is not subject to those feverish and fitful convulsions that so often disturb cities that have sprung up on the crest of a boom. Moral and intellectual culture are given due attention. The city has a well equipped public school system, with ample facilities for accommodating eight hundred pupils. A parochial school, under the auspices of the Episcopal church, is successfully maintained. Port Townsend Normal College, just being established, is an independent educational institution, calculated to supplement the work of the public schools and prepare students for business, or supply the rudiments of professions. This college grew from a bonus of \$50,000.00 raised to induce the Methodist conference to locate at Port Townsend a university which it proposed establishing in Western Washington. The conference accepted a larger bonus from another place, and then the patrons of the fund at Port Townsend resolved to found an independent institution of higher education, and acting upon that resolution they have erected a fine college building and secured the services of experienced educators from the east to conduct the work. There are five churches in the city—two Methodist, a Presbyterian, Episcopal and Roman Catholic. There is a Woman's Christian Temperance Union, a Young Men's Christian Association, and several benevolent and fraternal organizations. The government maintains a marine hospital, which is in a sightly location on the brink of the bluff, overlooking the sound and its picturesque scenery. There are a score of brick and stone buildings, besides half a dozen now being erected, together with a large number of fine wooden structures. Residences are notably elegant and home-like. The inspiring scenery that may be viewed from the residence portion of the city is a strong incentive to keep the homes bright and hospitable and all the surroundings pleasant.

The view from the heights of Port Townsend is one of the most magnificent imaginable. The tran-

quil waters of the inlet, confined by banks of clay and rock, which rise abruptly from the water's edge several hundred feet in places, and specked with sail and steam craft, the Indian canoe and sea birds, occupy the foreground, and in the east the long, cragged crest of the Cascade range sweeps across the landscape to the northward, where Mt. Baker thrusts his hoary summit boldly into the sky. To the south and west the Olympic mountains are the feature of relief, in the midst of which the grim sentinel Olympus stands. The irregular shore line, the evergreen forests, the remarkable transparency of the water, the clear atmosphere, and many other particulars, combine to make the scene one of rare beauty. From a slight elevation the broad Strait of Juan de Fuca comes into view to the northward, and the British city of Victoria, on Vancouver island, thirty miles away, may be seen. The view from the top of the new tourists' hotel is probably one of the grandest in the world.

The volume of business transacted in the city is large. One national bank and a private banking house have a working capital of \$250,000.00. Another national and a private bank have been organized and are about to commence business, which will raise the aggregate of banking capital employed in the city to nearly \$400,000.00. Within the city limits there are a saw mill, a planing mill, a sash and door factory, a foundry and two machine shops, a furniture factory, a brewery, soda works, an ice factory, boiler works, a ship yard, and three cigar factories, while in the territory immediately tributary to the city are three brick kilns, three saw mills and a large iron smelting plant, the only one in Washington. An extensive steel works and rolling mills plant is to be established in connection with the smelter, the preparations for construction having already been begun. The Gloucester fishing company has its headquarters at Port Townsend, and preparations are now in progress to make that headquarters for a fleet of six hundred schooners from Gloucester, Mass., to be engaged in the deep sea fishing on the banks that have recently been discovered in the North Pacific. These fisheries are one of the most promising industries of the northwest, and their development will surely prove important to Port Townsend. The shifting of capital from the North Atlantic to develop the halibut and cod fishing of the Pacific has already commenced.

Port Townsend commands the resources of a large section of country, in addition to being the key to sound commerce. The little hamlets that have sprung up about the bay of Port Townsend indicate a wealth of natural resource that will put the city on as secure a foundation as any town in the country. The large quantities of fir, cedar and spruce timber form a

practically inexhaustible field for the operation of saw mills and various manufactories of wood. No better shipping facilities for such products could be asked than exist on the bay. A superior quality of iron ore is found in great abundance about Irondale, and, indeed, entirely across the isthmus from Port Townsend bay to Port Discovery bay. There are also coal formations to be found in several places, which promise rich results in working. A fine quality of sandstone for building purposes is quarried near the city. Marble is found on Orcas island, directly across Admiralty inlet, and in the Olympic mountains are vast quantities of granite, and croppings of gold quartz have been observed. There is a partially developed copper mine on Quimper peninsula; also valuable salt springs. The soil of the peninsula and of the whole county is very fertile. Most of it is naturally timbered, and clearing the soil furnishes profitable employment, because the timber is valuable. It is almost useless to state the yield of products of that locality, for many people will regard it as entirely incredible. Several instances are reported where over one hundred bushels of wheat were harvested from a single acre, and one case where seven hundred bushels were produced on six acres. No one pretends that this is an average, or even a common yield. It is the result of exceptionally favorable conditions and unusual care in cultivation. These instances only give an idea of the possibilities of that section, and show that it is far from being devoid of agricultural merit. For general farming, fruit raising and dairying, there is certainly an attractive field about Port Townsend, both on the main land and on the islands and peninsulas that are numerous in that vicinity. There are choice grazing lands, and raising cattle for market would be a profitable business. Gardening, especially now that the market is rapidly growing, holds many inducements. The attention of seedsmen from the east is being attracted to the Puget sound country as the best place in the world for the production of many kinds of choice vegetable seeds. Port Townsend has a rapidly expanding local demand, and is becoming a primary shipping point of much consequence.

The port, in the number of marine craft reported and cleared, ranks second only to New York in the United States. Indeed, it is probable that the report for the current fiscal year will place Port Townsend at the head of the list. The entrances and departures average about nine a day, and twenty men connected with the custom house are kept busy. It should be understood that Port Townsend is the port of entry for the entire Puget sound district, and that its reports and clearances include all vessels that do business at any port on the sound. The number of docu-

ments issued by the custom house for the first two months of this year, compared with the same period of 1888, were one hundred and four to fifty-three—an increase of nearly one hundred per cent. An incident showing the growth of the customs business at Port Townsend is furnished by the government building now in course of construction. A few years ago \$70,000.00 were appropriated by congress for that purpose, and a site was secured and the work begun. The foundation was laid last year, but the increase of business became so marked that it was evident the original plans would not answer the purpose at all. The last congress increased the appropriation to \$240,000.00, and new plans are now being perfected which will make of the building previously designed a wing to the main structure. The site is just to the west of the business portion of the city, and when completed this building will occupy a prominent position and be an ornament to the city.

In order that Port Townsend may secure all the advantages which its position with reference to other cities and the rich country surrounding it would suggest, it is essential that it have railway communication in addition to its admirable shipping facilities by water. The capitalists of the city came to a realization of this fact a short time ago, and organized the Port Townsend Southern Railway Company, for the purpose of building a road southward around the head of the sound to Portland, or to transcontinental connections. A survey of the proposed route showed that it is entirely feasible, though it had previously, on a superficial examination, been declared impracticable. Work has already been begun on the road, and the bids for clearing and grading as far as Quilicene bay are now being submitted. The road will pass southward along the west side of Hood's canal, curving easterly to the town of Union, thence continuing to Olympia and to the connections not yet definitely arranged for. It is designed first to build the line from Port Townsend to the head of Quilicene bay, on Hood's canal, and from Union to the southern terminus, supplying connection between Quilicene bay and Union by boats. Thus through communication will be established before it would be possible to build the railway between Union and Quilicene, that being by far the most difficult portion of the route to build. This temporary arrangement will be in operation during the construction of the road along Hood's canal to connect with the two ends, which will be pushed as rapidly as possible. Steam motor lines, to establish convenient communication with the smaller places on both shores of the peninsula, are projected from Port Townsend, the principal one being seven and one-half miles long, designed to traverse the residence portion of the town, with a

branch extending to Point Wilson. Another motor line will be constructed to Hadlock, at the head of Port Townsend bay. These lines will greatly enhance the value of suburban property.

The restricted legal limits of Port Townsend make a large portion of the area thickly built up and properly belonging to the city outside its boundaries. An act of congress expressly prohibits the amending of city charters, but now that Washington is to be a state, preparations are being made to extend the city limits so as to include the area that is properly and practically a part of the corporation in all its interests. This will enable the city to extend its improvements and to increase the efficiency of service in various lines. The present water works plant, which supplies the business portion of the town from a reservoir on the hill, which, in turn, is filled by a pump in the valley, is to be replaced with an improved plant, to take its supply from springs in the interior of the peninsula, and to furnish water service to the residence portion as well as the business houses of the city. A complete system of sewerage will be adopted and constructed. More streets will be graded and sidewalks built. The filling and grading of one of the principal streets at a cost of \$11,000.00 has lately been done, and another street contract of \$19,000.00 is scarcely yet completed. Between \$10,000.00 and \$20,000.00 are now being expended in building sidewalks. These municipal improvements show that the city government possesses a spirit of enterprise that is bringing the town rapidly into prominence and establishing for it a place among the live cities of the northwest. The corporation is not handicapped by any burdensome debt. Its only indebtedness is \$4,500.00, incurred by the purchase of a lot for a city hall, which has increased in value since the purchase more than the amount now owed on it. The most expensive improvements are now being made, as the cost of grading the streets in the residence portion will be nominal. Streets are lighted by electricity, which is also furnished for private consumption.

Among the public functionaries of foreign powers resident at Port Townsend, are consuls and agents of Great Britain, France, Norway, Sweden and Chili. Besides the U. S. custom house and marine hospital officials, there is a deputy U. S. marshal, and the military post is but a short distance from the town. A lighthouse is maintained on Point Wilson, and others where they may be of assistance to navigation.

In the matter of climate Port Townsend presents features worthy of special consideration. Though located above the forty-eighth parallel of latitude, it is not, of course, expected that its temperature is anything akin to that of localities of similar latitude in-

land, owing to the modifying influence of the warm current of the ocean. Very little snow falls in the winter, and it remains but a short time. The temperature is remarkably equable. The average temperature for the month of July is about fifty-six degrees, and for December about forty degrees above zero, Fahrenheit. The freedom from excessive moisture at Port Townsend is a matter of surprise to many, it being generally supposed that a point so nearly surrounded by large bodies of water, and in a mild temperature, is subject to very heavy rainfall. Port Townsend is the driest city on the sound, and there are many inland towns which annually receive more moisture than this. The average annual rainfall, as ascertained by measurements of the precipitation during the past ten years, is a fraction over seventeen inches. The greatest fall during one year of this period was nearly twenty-two inches, in 1882, and the least nearly thirteen inches, in 1887. The topography of the country about the city shows why the amount of moisture deposited there is so comparatively small. It is situated on the northeast extremity of the large body of land between the waters of the sound and the ocean. All southwestern winds which leave the ocean laden with moisture pass over the Olympic mountains and there precipitate their load before reaching Port Townsend. The other winds which reach this point are comparatively dry. The southwest winds gather a good deal of moisture merely in crossing the waters of the sound, and precipitate it on coming in contact with the cool timber and mountains on the east side, so it may readily be seen why there is such a difference in the amounts of rainfall between the west and the east sides of Puget sound. The surrounding waters, with the free circulation of warm currents, equalizes the temperature, and the mountains extract from the saturated winds the excess of moisture that otherwise would be likely to be deposited over the entire area between ocean and sound. The atmosphere is clear and tonic, and the whole character of Port Townsend's climate is remarkably healthful and delightful. This feature alone induces many persons to settle there.

Port Townsend is ninety miles from the ocean and about one hundred miles from the head of Puget sound. It is forty miles northwest of Seattle, and sixty-six miles from Tacoma, thirty miles southeast of Victoria, B. C., and eighty miles from Vancouver, which is the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific railway. In addition to the trade which the city now enjoys, and which is developing at a rapid rate, there is a project on foot to cut a canal through Whidby island, directly to the eastward of the city, at a point where the island is nearly divided naturally, so as to reach the growing settlements on the east side

of the island and on the other islands and the main land coast. The construction of this canal, which would be only about a mile a half long, presents no specially difficult engineering features, and it would place a very rich section immediately tributary to Port Townsend. The enterprising and aggressive policy of the business men of the city is resulting in drawing a large volume of trade to that point, and the natural growth of the country will support a large city in the advantageous position which Port Townsend occupies.

Because people pushed out on this extreme point, so far removed from the older centers of civilization and trade, at so early a period, it must not be inferred that a community has grown up deficient in ethical culture or business sagacity. The pioneers were from staid old New England, and the subsequent settlers came from eastern states, bringing with them a sense of refinement and habits of industry that bear abundant fruit in their new home. It was not a mining craze, nor a widely advertised, but illusive, paradise that lured them hither. They have established their homes and surrounded themselves with the comforts and luxuries of civilization. The local government and other adjuncts of society are firmly established and can not be overthrown by anything likely to occur. The attention given to education is alone a sufficient evidence of the broad intelligence of the people. The fact that two daily newspapers are maintained in a city of four thousand people counts for much in this direction, and shows that efforts to disseminate information are appreciated. The *Argus* is a morning publication, and the *Call* appears each evening, both publishing weekly editions that have a wide circulation. They effectively cover the local news field, and are prosperous and enterprising.

Real estate values in Port Townsend, probably more than any other one feature, show the influence of the rapid advancement the town is making. It is not too much to say that real estate in general in the city has increased in value one hundred per cent. during the past three or four years; and the increasing activity promises still greater advancement for the future. There are many instances where property has advanced in price much more than this. Capitalists from California and the east are making numerous investments in the lower sound country, especially in the vicinity of Port Townsend, and the establishment of the various projected mining and manufacturing industries on Quimper peninsula and about the navigable waters of Port Discovery and Port Townsend bays will certainly prove important factors in the growth of the metropolis of that region. Considerable capital that is now technically employed outside the city in carrying on manufacturing and

shipping operations practically contributes to the commercial growth of the town and makes that its headquarters. The growing hamlets along the shore all look to this city as their trading point. It is a home market for produce, and in every way it encourages the full development of the varied resources around it. Toward the sea, on the shore of Clallam county, are growing villages, whose trade Port Townsend largely controls. Chief among these is Port Angeles, which has attracted considerable notice as a co-operative colony, and New Dungeness, which is the county seat. Port Townsend is interested in the growth of all those coast towns.

There is a small peninsula south of the city which deserves more than a passing notice. It is bounded by the waters of Port Townsend bay and Admiralty inlet, and, occupying a large portion of its head, is a bay, so nearly enclosed by land as to seem almost like a salt lake. This peninsula bears coal and iron and valuable timber, and one of the finest sites that could be obtained for manufactories is about this small bay. Indeed, the location is considered so advantageous that plats for towns have already been made, and it is very probable that a large iron manufacturing establishment will soon be located there. It certainly possesses merits worthy the consideration of any manufacturer contemplating locating on the sound.

As a tourists' resort, Port Townsend is one of the most attractive points on the Pacific coast. Its delightful climate and grand and picturesque scenery are captivating to all who visit it. The far-famed beauty of the sound has already induced many tourists to take a trip on its tranquil waters, and the wealth of praise bestowed upon it has multiplied its popularity. A tourists' hotel has been erected at Port Townsend for the accommodation of these visitors, and it is the verdict of all that the points of interest about the city within easy access make it a resort scarcely equaled anywhere. There is game in abundance in the woods and fish in the streams. There is unlimited scope for driving and riding and boating. And then that scenery that no pen can describe or pencil portray.

The more one studies the advantages and prospects that Port Townsend offers to industry and to capital, the more evident it becomes that it is destined to become a city of commanding prominence, for industrious people are constantly locating there and capital finds it a safe and profitable field for investment. The agricultural interests will not be the first developed, but they will keep pace with the demands of progress in other lines and lend stability to the general industrial growth of the section. The water will always form one of its chief advantages,

and in the natural, unobstructed, navigable refuge for shipping, it has a strong claim for the establishment of the proposed U. S. naval station for the North Pacific coast. The supplies of iron, wood, limestone, etc., needful near such an establishment, exist in abundance there, and the mouth of the bay may be easily fortified against invasions by foreign war vessels. Realizing that public attention is now turning in that

direction more generally than ever before, the city is "putting its best foot forward," and invites inspection from every quarter. It is brightening up and forging ahead at a rapid rate. The new era of growth that now is rolling in upon it promises a realization of the most sanguine hopes of its people for an influential commercial metropolis as the key city of the sound.

THE LANDSCAPE OF THE SOUL.

There are prairies vast in the soul-land fair,
 Where the low lands stretch, like a mighty sea,
 And the rushing hosts of the windy air
 Make waves of grass sway wild and free.

There are mountains grand in the soul-land fair,
 Vast heights that are good for the soul to climb;
 For a freer breath hath the mountain air,
 And a deeper hint of a grander time.

For the nearer the soul climbs up to Heaven,
 The nearer home doth it seem to be;
 And thus doth the force of the primal leaven
 Make the serf a king and the bondman free.

And as from a mount of earth one looks
 At the mounts beyond in the purple haze,
 At the sky afar, and anear the brooks,
 'Mid the beauty of new or of dying days;
 So the soul peers out to a world unknown,
 And sees through the blue of the soul-land sky
 The stately form of a great, white throne,
 And the image of things that shall never die.

There are quiet vales in the soul land fair,
 Where peaceful streams to the ocean glide,
 Where mountains stand with a sentinel's care
 To see that naught of ill betide.

There are forests vast, where a step or a word
 Seem alike profane in the sacred hush;
 Where the sigh of wind and the plaint of bird
 Seem to blend with the music of wood-brook's gush;

Where the soul finds rest in the forest peace,
 Where high thoughts come, like a bird to its nest,
 Where sorrows, like a mist, decrease,
 And the soul seems nearer to all that is best.

FREDERIC ALLISON TUPPER.

A STORY OF THE KLAMATH.

PART III.

NEARLY two years elapsed, and to all outward appearances Dess Watson entirely passed from the minds of the settlers in and around Oak Dale. Her name was seldom mentioned among them, not because they ceased to remember her, but because of the sad memories which her miserable fate recalled. Hostilities had long since ceased between the Indians and settlers, and all was calm and quiet in the little valley. It had been a fierce and bloody war, and the savages had not yielded without a struggle, which resulted in great loss of life on both sides. In one of these battles George Watson had received a poisoned arrow in the left arm, from the effects of which he would be disabled for life, and, in consequence, he was obliged to resign his weapons into more competent hands. Many of the old settlers were killed in the war; many departed for richer scenes, and many new ones had arrived in the interim of two years. In fact, the appearance of the place was much improved. Many of the log huts were replaced by neat frame buildings, and on the whole, the little valley presented quite a business-like aspect.

None prospered better financially than George Watson and Mortimer Gray. The Bona Fide proved a rich prospect, and to all appearances, the owners were on the road to vast wealth. Mabel Randall still resided at the little store with her father and brother. The store had been greatly enlarged, and to it had been added new accommodations in the shape of a boarding house and restaurant. Among the regular boarders were George and Mortimer.

During the long period of George Watson's convalescence, after having the poisoned arrow point extracted from his arm, which had lodged in the bone, Mabel Randall waited upon him with all the tenderness of a devoted sister. She carried his meals to him and talked and read to him just as she had done to Mortimer Gray. But though she entertained for Mortimer a very friendly regard, she soon learned that her heart's first love had gone out to George Watson, unsought and unasked.

As the young man gradually grew stronger, she saw her mistake. She realized how thoughtless she had been, and after a time managed to treat him with a reserve which he was at a loss to account for. Had he said or done anything to offend her? He could think of nothing, and he finally concluded that for some reason she had taken a dislike to him. As the natural result of this conclusion it came about that he avoided the girl as much as possible, thinking his

society distasteful to her, and not wishing to intrude upon her.

Poor Mabel! She gradually grew thin and pale, until her father and brother finally became anxious about her. They insisted that she take more out-of-door exercise, which she did, invariably accompanied by Mortimer Gray.

Though Mortimer had never ceased to love pretty Dess, whose memory was all in all to him, he began to love this gentle, sweet-faced girl, but not with the passionate ardor with which he had loved her whose place in his heart could never be usurped by another. The roses gradually returned to Mabel's calm, gentle face, and it seemed to her that while trying to make her friend forget his sorrow, she was slowly learning to subdue her own.

One day, when she had prepared herself for the customary canter up the valley road, she was much disappointed on being told that Mortimer was suffering all the pangs of a severe headache. She next approached her brother, but, as usual, found him too busily engaged to leave the store for even a short time. Mortimer, on going to her side, perceived the disappointed expression on her gentle face, and he keenly regretted that he was unable to accompany her. Approaching George, he said—

"Won't you oblige me by escorting Mabel this evening, George? My head aches fearfully, and besides, I'm inclined to think the ride will somewhat benefit you. You appear gloomy and listless, old fellow. Come, say you'll go this once."

For a moment George hesitated. He could not well refuse so simple a request without appearing rude, but he disliked to force his society upon one who always seemed so anxious to avoid him.

"With Miss Randall's consent, I will accompany her," he said, at length, and Mortimer was surprised to see that his handsome face betrayed no signs of anticipated pleasure. And then, when Mortimer had hurried away to apprise Mabel of the arrangement he had made, the young man left the room and went out to where the horses stood already equipped for the occasion.

"George will accompany you this evening, Mabel," he said, as he approached the girl, who had by this time reluctantly removed her hat and gloves.

"Did you ask him to, Mortimer?" she questioned, eagerly, as if all her happiness depended on the answer.

"Certainly I did—didn't I do right?"

"No, you did not. I am sorry, very sorry—" she hesitated, and Mortimer asked—

"Sorry for what, Mabel? Surely you can have no objection to George Watson. A better fellow never lived, and I regret that you dislike him so much."

"I do not dislike him," the girl faltered, and after putting on her hat and gloves, she walked out to meet her escort, to whom she bowed rather formally. He assisted her to the saddle and they cantered away appearing more like strangers than the lovers they really were.

Mortimer turned and left the window from which he had stood gazing after them, and wondered what had occurred between these two whom he esteemed so highly, to make them talk and act so strangely. But now, when he came to reflect awhile, he remembered that they had avoided each other's society for a long time past. Could it be possible that George loved fair Mabel, that he had proposed and she had refused him? No, he could not believe that; and yet something must have occurred to provoke this coolness which had so suddenly sprung up between them. While he was thus meditating the case, George and Mabel were galloping up the valley road, side by side but silent. He was thinking how much happier the girl would be if, instead of himself, Mortimer Gray was acting as her escort. He could not remember a time when he had seen her ride away with Mortimer, looking as she now did. Yet he did not blame her. Mortimer was by far the handsomer man, his manner was more free and ardent; and at last the poor fellow came to realize that no one had ever understood and appreciated his own nature as had his dearly beloved sister.

Such were the thoughts that occupied the young man's mind, as he rode beside the girl he loved, yet whom he dared not approach with the tender avowal which seemed ever ready to escape from his lips.

As they neared the head of the valley, and looked down upon the ruins of the old log hut in which happy Dess had been wont to sing the gay old ballads that had made the very woods ring with their mirth, a deep sigh, that was not lost to Mabel, escaped her companion's lips. Here and there lay skillet, frying pan and many other articles that her dear hands had touched; and here, right in their path, lay a calico scrap, the remnant of an old dress in which she had looked so pretty, so mischievously happy.

"How much he must have loved her," Mabel thought, as she gazed on the sad scene and then at the face of the unhappy man who rode silently by her side. Finally, her emotion almost conquered her pride and her young, tender heart went out to him in sympathy, in love.

"Allow me to condole with you, Mr. Watson," she said, as the tears rushed freely to her pretty blue eyes. "I think I can understand how you loved her, and I respect you for it."

George raised his eyes to look at her, and was surprised to see one solitary tear-drop glisten on the

long, black lashes that fringed the blue eyes. He longed to take her to his breast and confess his love, but he dare not. He would have liked to tell her of his affection for one who could fill Dess's place in his heart, but what would it avail him? Nothing, absolutely nothing. She loved another, and could never be more to him than a friend. A friend! How cold, how formal the name seemed to him.

"Thank you, Miss Randall," he murmured, at length, turning abruptly away from the bewildering influence of her sweet, pale face. "It was wrong in me to allow my emotion to disturb your peace of mind; but as I gazed on the ruins of the old hut in which we were so happy together, the sadness that filled my heart seemed so like the requiem of a dear, departed friend. Do not deem me weak, Miss Randall, but it is probable that I shall never again behold this sad scene, which invariably awakens me to the hopeless void in my heart."

"Why, you are not going away, Mr. Watson?" Mabel asked, a half-frightened look in her blank, pale face.

"Very soon," the young man replied, without looking up. "I have already engaged to dispose of my interest in the mine, and that is all I have to detain me here."

By this time they had turned their horses' heads toward home, and Mabel only wished the distance was lessened by considerable that she might the sooner hide away and weep out the grief of her aching heart.

"Believe me, Miss Randall, her companion continued, as he raised his brown eyes to look in to her face, which was now as white and immovable as a statue. "I shall esteem you as a dear, sympathizing friend. I shall never forget the care and attention you bestowed upon me, when I lay disabled and heart sick in your house. Within three days I shall bid adieu to Oak Dale, perhaps never to see the place again. All I ask is that you keep one little corner in your heart sacred for—for the sake of the friendship I entertain for you, and for which friendship I sincerely hope you will accord me your own."

His voice was low and tender, and it was only by a strong effort that Mabel managed to keep back the tears which were ready to well up from her heart. Her voice was calm, however, and somewhat haughty, George thought, as she replied—

"My friendship is freely given, Mr. Watson, if it is really worth the giving."

Nothing more was said, and they were soon at home. George assisted his companion from the saddle, and thanking him, she hurried away and was soon in her own room lying on the bed with her fair, white face buried in her hands. What power was it

that this cold, haughty man possessed to make her love him so? That was the question she asked herself more than once as she lay there with the tears streaming down her cheeks.

"I will not! I will crush his memory from my heart forever," she cried, bitterly, "rather than nurse a hopeless love under the guise of friendship. I will not be a fool any longer. I will show George Watson that I can be happy without his love. O, George, George! Why was it ever ordained that you should cross my path?" she added, giving vent to a fresh shower of tears, while her poor heart seemed ready to break from grief. And thus the hours passed by, and Mabel did not show herself in the dining room till breakfast time next morning.

As George Watson and Mortimer Gray were sitting on the porch after supper that evening, totally unconscious of the grief poor Mabel was suffering, the former said, while a hard, cold look settled itself on his handsome brow—

"I am going away, soon, Mortimer. I have engaged to sell my interest in the mine to Harry Randall, and I intend to take my departure next Wednesday morning. To-day is Monday, so there remains but a short time for preparation."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, Mortimer Gray could not have been more astounded. Rising to his feet, he exclaimed, while his face became almost livid in his excitement—

"George Watson, I demand that you tell me the truth. Has Mabel Randall trifled with your heart—has she dared to spurn your true, generous love?"

"There has never been a syllable of love spoken between us, Mortimer," George replied. "Don't be too hasty, my friend; I assure you that I esteem Miss Randall as a dear, true friend, and that I consider her incapable of wronging anyone. I am glad for your sake, as well as her own, that she loves you, Mortimer."

"Loves me!" Mortimer exclaimed, as he resumed his seat beside his friend, evidently more surprised than pleased. "What can you be thinking about, George? The idea of Mabel loving me, except in a friendly way, has never entered my head."

"Nevertheless, I believe that she loves you, Mortimer, and I am sure you can do no better than to marry her," George said, effectually concealing from his friend the true state of his own feelings for the girl whom they were discussing.

I have never thought of marriage since—since our little Dess died. I can never love again as I loved her, George, never."

"I do not doubt you, my noble friend, but it would be folly for you to make yourself miserable for a lifetime, simply on account of your exalted love

for her who has passed forever from this earthly abode. Mabel will make you happy, Mortimer, and I feel assured that she will never know perfect happiness, save as your wife."

It was from the innermost depths of his heart that he uttered these words, and he felt that in saying so much he had only discharged a duty toward bringing peace and happiness to two persons whom he loved more than all else in the world. Mortimer was silent and thoughtful. He could not see how George had come to know so much about a matter which had so effectually escaped himself, but he said nothing. It was George who at length broke the silence, which had become somewhat oppressive to both.

"I intend going to San Francisco, where it may be my good fortune to engage in some light, lucrative employment," he said. "My arm will never admit of any great physical labor, and it is not in my nature to remain idle week after week, especially here, where everything tends to remind me of a happiness which has passed from me forever. I hope you will write to me often, Mortimer, as I shall always be glad to learn of the welfare of all my friends at the Dale."

"I will do so, George, with pleasure; but I must say I shall miss you sadly," said Mortimer, evincing considerable emotion. "We have been together almost constantly for more than two years; we have shared each other's sorrows when life held few inducements for us to live; we have marched side by side, seeking to avenge the wrongs of the woman we both loved. You have been like a brother to me, George, and I shall never cease to esteem you as such. From the depths of my heart, George, I wish you health, wealth and happiness wherever you may go,"

With this the two men clasped hands and parted for the night, both being deeply moved. Their devotion to each other was more than ordinary. There was no living person in the world, save one, whom George loved more than he did Mortimer, and when the hour drew near in which they were to utter the sad word "good-bye," perhaps never to meet again this side of the gates of Heaven, their grief was, indeed, a sad spectacle to witness.

Numerous friends had assembled to bid adieu to the man, whom, if they had not really loved, they had respected and esteemed very highly. Among the number present were Trapper Dan and his family, old man Randall, Harry, Mabel, and many others.

"Wal, my boy, I'm sorry ter see ye leave," the old trapper said, regretfully, as he clasped the young man's hand in his great, rough palm, "but the best o' friends mus' part, they say, though I'm durned ef I kin see the necessity of 'em stayin' parted."

The next to come forward was Mortimer Gray,

pale, silent, but composed. The two friends clasped hands, without a word, and Mortimer turned away with bowed head, and was gone from the crowd. The next were Harry and Mabel.

"Au revoir," the former said, with all his usual good cheer. "Be a good boy, and take care of yourself."

"Farewell," Mabel murmured, as she extended her cold, white hand; but her face was composed and no tear dimmed her clear, blue eyes.

"Adieu, adieu," George cried, as he waved his hand in sad good-bye to all.

The next instant he was riding away from the friends who never, till the parting hour had arrived, realized how good, how noble he was, and how much they really had loved him.

Two months later Oak Dale was as monotonously quiet as usual. To the weary wayfarer, who, having sickened of the din and confusion of the many boisterous mining camps in the surrounding country, it had always appeared like an oasis in a vast desert. This contrast was partly due to the quiet, peaceful disposition of those who had chanced to be thrown together in this little valley, and partly because the gold yield had never been so large as to cause a rush to the vicinity.

Mortimer Gray and Mabel Randall still enjoyed their long rambles over the green, grassy plain, and occasionally, for a change, they would avail themselves of a horseback ride up the valley road past the ruins of the old log hut in which Dessie Watson had met her sad fate. Mortimer never passed the place without a sigh for the girl whom he had learned to love in so short a time; while Mabel's blue eyes would fill with tears as her thoughts went back to that summer's evening, when she rode beside George Watson for the first and last time, and had witnessed the silent grief which stirred his manly breast.

People began to associate their names so freely that their position became somewhat embarrassing. At length the gossip reached the ears of Mr. Randall and his son, which angered them not a little. They began to discuss the subject earnestly. They had never given the matter a second's thought prior to this, and it suddenly occurred to Harry that the proper thing for Mortimer to do was to declare his intentions. If he loved Mabel and wished to make her his wife, it would certainly be right for him to say so; if not, perhaps it would be better to leave the field open for another, who would, in all probability, visit his sister with more serious intentions.

So, one night, when a favorable opportunity presented itself, he approached Mortimer on the subject,

alluding, with some signs of asperity, to the manner in which his name had been associated with Mabel, and dwelling at considerable length on the unfavorable position in which she was placed, all through this innocent flirtation which they evidently so much enjoyed. We will not venture to assert whether Harry did right or wrong, but we will say that he was prompted by no other motive than that of his sister's welfare.

Mortimer was struck with astonishment. All the attention he had ever bestowed upon Mabel had been solely for her own amusement, and in consideration of the debt of gratitude he justly owed her. What must he say—what must he do? He remembered, then, what George Watson had told him only a short time before his departure—that Mabel loved him. Perhaps George was right, after all; if so, he could see no reason why he should not marry her, especially since people had made themselves busy with the matter. He sat silent and with bowed head while these thoughts were revolving themselves in his mind. Suddenly rising from his chair, while a bewildered expression was visible on his handsome face, he said—

"It shall be as your sister prefers, Harry. If she thinks she can love me well enough to become my wife, it shall be so," and with that he took his hat and left the room.

Harry lost no time in hastening to his father with this piece of intelligence, after which Mabel was soon summoned to their presence. It may be as well to add here that the old man Randall had an eye ever open to pecuniary advantages, in which he fancied he saw Mortimer Gray a desirable *parti*, while at the same time he did not fail to take into consideration the youth, education and genial disposition of the young man whom he had already selected for his son-in-law. Motioning his daughter to a seat beside him, he said—

"Mabel, are you aware that your name is being freely used in connection with that of Mortimer Gray? If you are not, I can assure you that such is the fact. Well, to be as brief as possible, Mortimer loves you, and wishes to make you his wife."

"Oh, father! You are surely not in earnest! He cares little or nothing for me. His love died with Dessie Watson—every one knows that," Mabel said, evidently much surprised.

"That's all bosh, child! A good-looking fellow like Mortimer is not going to spend his life in sentimental grieving for a girl who has passed to another sphere of existence, however much he may have loved her. It rests with you, Mabel, to say whether you will be his wife or not."

"Much as I esteem Mortimer Gray, it would be wrong for me to marry him," the girl said, thinking

of her great love for George Watson, a love which had crept into her heart so slyly, yet so effectually.

"Is there anyone else you love better?" the old man ventured to ask.

However much it might reflect to her discredit, Mabel was not the girl to shrink from the truth when the time come for a candid avowal. She freely confessed to her father the little story of her first and only love, and then looked up into his face, expecting to hear his disapproval.

"You are very foolish, Mabel. It is evident that George cares nothing for you—a fact which you admit, yourself. Banish him from your mind forever, child, and seek for happiness in the devoted love of Mortimer Gray. He is worthy of you, and you will please me by accepting him as your future husband."

"If Mortimer really loves me and wishes to make me his wife," the girl said, as she rose to leave the room, "you will have nothing to complain of in me, father. It matters little to me whom I marry now, or whether I marry at all, only for the sake of your happiness," and she turned away and was gone.

Harry, it must be said to his credit, was deeply attached to his sister, and the little story of her devoted love for George Watson affected him not a little. However, in his short-sightedness, he could not see that his father was now only hurrying her into a greater misery, and that as betrothed lovers, Mabel and Mortimer would each be doing the other a great injustice.

Next afternoon, Mabel was not surprised when Mortimer asked her to walk with him, saying there was something he wished to say to her. She went to get her hat, and if Mortimer perceived how pale her sweet face was, he certainly did not give it any consideration, being too intent with his own thoughts to think of anything else. They walked leisurely up the valley road, talking of trivial occurrences, for Mortimer found it no easy task to broach the subject for which he had specially sought the interview.

"Mabel," he said, at length, as they came in sight of all that remained of the old log hut in which Dess had so happily reigned as mistress, "you know of my exalted love for Dessie Watson—that is no secret to you, is it?"

"No, it is not," Mabel said, in a low voice.

"Next to her, I love you, Mabel. Now, can you learn to love me just a little in return?"

"I have never thought of loving you at all, save as a friend, which you have always been to me," the girl replied, frankly. "However, I esteem you very highly, Mortimer, and, perhaps—"

"Perhaps what, Mabel?" he asked, as he took her cold, little hand in his.

"Perhaps if I, too, had never really and truly loved, I might have liked you much better."

"I admire your candor, Mabel; but your love—your heart's first love—may not be as hopeless as mine."

"It is," was the reply, "utterly hopeless."

Mortimer was silent. Here he was, face to face with this girl who, he had been told, loved him. He was now inclined to believe she was only testing the depth of his affection, for he could think of no one at Oak Dale to whom she could possibly have given her heart, and he felt assured that she had arrived there perfectly heart-whole.

"Mabel," he said, abruptly, looking searchingly into the depth of her deep blue eyes, "will you be my wife?"

"I will, Mortimer, if you wish it, and will do all in my power to make you happier than you have been during the past two years. If I fail, it shall be no fault of mine," and she turned away to hide her tearful eyes from the searching gaze of her companion.

"God bless you, Mabel. My ambition henceforth shall be to make your life a happy one," and stooping down he sealed their betrothal with a kiss.

A few minutes later this strangely-affianced pair retraced their steps homeward. Mortimer was somewhat surprised that the roses never once bloomed on the velvety cheek of the girl who had promised to be his wife, while on the other hand, Mabel was completely bewildered by the cool, undemonstrative manner of the man who professed to love her. Mortimer soon availed himself of the privilege of writing to his friend George, informing him of his betrothal to Mabel, and stating, by way of postscript, that the time for the marriage had not yet been fixed.

The inhabitants of Oak Dale were soon made familiar with the engagement existing between Mortimer Gray and Miss Randall. The gossip lovers were completely vanquished by this piece of intelligence, but they all agreed, without a single dissenting voice, that they had never seen a couple who were better suited to each other.

We must not forget our heroine. Now, after a lapse of two years, we will once more venture to penetrate the lodges of the badly-defeated savages. There now remained but a small remnant of the the tribe, many having been slain during the war, while many others had been taken to the reservation set apart for them. The chief, Watumni, however, had thus far escaped the eager clutches of the whites, who were only too anxious to have him safely removed to the reservation.

Hotiti, chief of the Rogue river braves, had been among the first to yield up his arms, but as there was no proof to implicate him in the Oak Dale massacre, he escaped hanging. When interrogated as to the fate of Dess Watson, he feigned great innocence. He positively knew nothing concerning her. It might be, he said, that some of his braves had murdered her without his knowledge. He could not vouch for all they might have done, especially since he had not been with them at the time of the attack on Oak Dale. On hearing the story that Watumni had told George Watson, when the former lay wounded on the battle ground, the old chief laughed derisively, denouncing the statement as a fabrication which was probably invented for the purpose of elevating himself in the estimation of the white people. Watumni was now dead, he said, had died from the effects of wounds received in that night's affray. This was the substance of Hotiti's story, which was accepted as a fact, simply because there was no testimony to disprove it.

Around a low, smouldering campfire, in an out-of-the-way section in Southern Oregon, were assembled the old chief and about thirty of his braves, with their wives and children. With them was Dess, much the same as when first made a captive, except that her rosy complexion had become somewhat browned by exposure to the elements. Her eyes were as bright, and her form just as round and plump as then, and despite the rude make of the deer-skin garment she wore, she was decidedly pretty.

"Do you know what day this is, Watumni?" she asked, speaking the Indian language, of which she had obtained a very fair knowledge.

"No," said the old chief, gazing into the glowing embers of the camp fire, "my memory is bad; Naoma wise, let her speak."

Naoma was the name they had given Dess, to which appellation she had become so accustomed that her own name sounded strangely to her ears.

"Two times has the snow come on the mountains, two times has the grass been green in the valley since the day you took me from my home."

"Naoma's memory good. Better she forget. She never see valley again," said the old chief, impressively.

"Till Naoma die she will never forget," said the girl, with great emotion. "She will never forget her brother nor the young brave whose wigwam was to be her own."

"Naoma weak," he grunted. "Watumni very old. Much has he seen and much lost. Once his people were many, like the trees of the forest, now they are gone," and he looked about him upon his slender band of followers and bowed his head. "No good to

remember, better forget," he muttered, and then, as if a sudden passion had seized him, he sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "Watumni not forget. Pale face rob him of his people, and he never forget," and his eye flashed with anger and a scowl of bitter hatred settled on his face.

If one particle of fear had remained in the girl's heart, she would not have ventured to address him when thus angered. Even his own braves shrank from approaching him when his mind was perplexed with memories of his fancied grievances, and his own wife cowered with fear beneath his fearful frown.

"You are wrong, very wrong," she said, looking up, unflinchingly into the chief's dark face. "My people are not to blame for the war. They came here to live in peace, but when the red man made war on them to drive them away, they fought for their wives and children, and the Indian was not strong enough to drive them away, and lost many braves. If the Indian's heart is good, the white man will be his friend."

The old chief was silent for a time, and his followers were astonished that the bold speech of the white girl did not increase his anger. At length he said—

"Watumni no speak to say why. His braves are killed and his people scattered like the leaves. The white man did it, and he will never forget nor forgive."

She said no more, knowing how useless it was to argue with him. An hour later a party mounted their ponies and started on a hunt, taking Nitia and Naoma with them.

As they moved slowly along beside a clear, rippling stream, which Dess was told was Applegate creek, it suddenly recurred to her mind that this was the route by which the savages had carried her to their lodges. The more she thought of it, the more confident she became, and once or twice she looked down at old Bruno, as if seeking from him further proof as to her conjecture. Suppose she should attempt to escape! It was not impossible, yet highly improbable, that she would succeed. If she should fail, what then? They could do no more than take her life, and death was far preferable to the miserable existence she was ekeing out among the loathe-
some savages.

Arousing herself from the reverie into which she had fallen, she was surprised, on looking around, to see that the chief and his braves were nowhere to be seen. Nitia was near by, however, gazing intently at something among the chaparral on the opposite side of the creek.

"What is it, Nitia?" Dess asked.

"A bear. See, there he goes. Watumni soon kill him."

Here, then, was an opportunity, and she would at least try to escape. The girl waited to hear no more. Throwing her rifle to her shoulder, a weapon which the savages invariably allowed her to carry, knowing her good marksmanship, she whistled to Bruno, and struck her pony a sharp blow. The animal bounded away, and she urged him on recklessly heedless of rocks, logs and underbrush which confronted her at every turn. She never paused to look back, but she heard a piercing scream from Nitia, which was followed by a hideous war-whoop from some of the braves, and she knew how utterly futile would be her attempt to escape. What could she do or say? She had no plausible excuse to offer for her sudden flight, and she knew the braves would surely kill her or inflict a punishment, compared with which death would be a happy relief.

Suddenly her pony jumped to one side, so swiftly as to almost throw her from his back. At the same instant a huge grizzly emerged from the chaparral, coming directly toward her. Bruno was at his head almost immediately, holding the fierce-looking beast at bay, thus affording Dess an excellent opportunity for a shot. She smiled as the idea struck her that here was the loop hole for escape from the vengeance of the savages. Aiming quickly, she fired, just as the Indians, wild with excitement, rushed upon her. The bear fell to the ground, with the report of her gun, with a bullet in his brain.

Turning around, the girl confronted her pursuers with an assumed smile of exultation on her face.

"Look, chief, can the braves do better?" and she leaned forward and patted her horse's neck, caressingly, while Bruno sniffed about the dead body of his shaggy antagonist.

The Indians looked at each other in mute astonishment. The proof of her innocence of the supposed attempt at flight was too strong for doubt. At length the apparent absurdity of their conduct dawned upon them, and one and all gave vent to mingled exclamations of approval of her conduct and amusement at their own foolish idea. Dess pretended to be greatly surprised, and demanded an explanation. This increased their mirth. Finally, the chief rode up close beside the girl, and while his braves commenced the work of divesting the huge grizzly of his outer covering, told her how he and his followers, thinking she was trying to escape them, had pursued her, determined to recapture her at any cost. At the conclusion of this brief recital, though her heart lay like molten lead in her breast, she laughed right merrily. She was surprised the next moment to think how lightly she had managed to treat the matter, and she thought how cunning and artful the two years which she had served in Indian captivity had ren-

dered her. For this she was sorry, but nevertheless, knew it to be her only resource.

"And Nitia; did she, too, think Naoma a fool?" Dess asked, as that individual slowly approached them.

At sight of the huge grizzly, Nitia gave utterance to glad and prolonged exclamations of delight, while the chief soon related to her how Dess had pursued the great beast and killed it. As he spoke, his eyes rested on the girl with an expression of coarse admiration that made her shudder. Nitia was quick to note the light that shone in the old chief's eyes, and her dusky brow grew black and sullen. Dess turned away and prepared to reload her rifle. Soon Watumni declared it time to return to the camp, and, leaving his braves engaged in cutting up and packing the grizzly on ponies, he, Nitia and Dess turned their horses' heads toward the lodges.

Dess was greatly displeased with the marked attention which the old chief persisted in bestowing upon her, and she would have gladly avoided him had it been in her power to do so. As they neared the wigwams, he rode up close beside the girl, leaving his wife behind, a dark, forbidding look on her face, and a dangerous glitter in her piercing black eyes.

"Watumni likes the white girl much," the old chief said. "He make her his wife very soon."

"Are you mad?" she asked, fiercely, looking him firmly in the eye as she spoke. "You have a wife and can not marry another."

Just then Nitia rode past them, giving Dess a warning look which the girl could not wholly understand. She knew only that it meant for her to be silent, what more she knew not.

"The chief's wife shall be Naoma's slave," the old chief said, utterly ignoring the girl's look of displeasure. "Naoma make brave squaw. No weak blood in white girl. All brave, wise. No Indian squaw like her, and Watumni loves her for that. One moon more and Naoma will marry with him."

At this he allowed his piercing black eyes to wander at large over the surrounding country, apparently considering the matter duly arranged.

Heartsick and despondent as she was, Dess could think of nothing to say or do that might possibly tend to soothe the ruffled feelings of Nitia, who she knew was exasperated almost beyond control. She was surprised, however, on reaching the lodges, to see that every sign of displeasure had disappeared from the Indian woman's face, who hastily dismounted from her own horse and advanced to lend her aid with the air of one who feels her inferiority.

Watumni looked upon Nitia's actions as indicating her approval of his approaching marriage, and a smile of exultation lighted up his dusky face as he watched his discarded wife lead Dess to their private wigwam, carefully bestowing upon her all the attention that would befit a slave to a superior.

GENE LECREG.

To be continued.

IRRIGATION IN IDAHO.

IN the February number of THE WEST SHORE brief mention was made of a great irrigation scheme proposed for redeeming some two million acres of land on the Snake river plains. Surveyor-General Joseph C. Straughan, of Idaho, recently forwarded an elaborate report on the subject to the secretary of the interior, which is so comprehensive, so full of detail, and contains so much valuable information on the subject of irrigation in that territory and the opportunities offered to settlers, that it is here printed in full. Mr. Straughan's report says:

"The subject of irrigating three or four millions of acres of the Snake river valley, by means of a canal along the foothills on either side—from near Eagle rock to the Weiser river, Idaho—is of too great importance to be allowed to rest until it shall command the attention it deserves. Senate bill No. 2,130, in 1882, caused the department of the interior to furnish a report upon this subject, which was prepared by the surveyor-general for Idaho, and submitted October 21, 1882, in compliance with official letter "E," dated August 1, 1882. Here the matter was rested, so far as congress is concerned, but in my annual report for 1887 (land office report 1887, page 564) I directed attention to this subject, with the recommendation that 'when this region, blessed with a fine climate and exceptionally fertile soil, is required for homes for the actual settler, this great area of over three thousand square miles should be irrigated by a canal constructed and controlled by the federal government, and not allowed to pass into the hands of a ditching or other corporation.' In his annual report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1888, pages 11-14, the honorable secretary of the interior sets forth, in clear and comprehensive argument covering the subject, the need and possibility of irrigating all the desert plains of our whole arid regions in the Western states and territories. But the interests of Idaho can not be subserved by laws or regulations adapted to the general areas of desert lands, for the reason that her physical conditions are dissimilar. To this point I wish to call particular attention, and therefore make this special effort.

"Idaho, as yet, needs no reservoir storage of water. Her immense uplands are stored with snow, from which source of supply water is let on by the warm sunshine just when the farmer needs it. The volume of Snake river at the initial points of the canals, near Eagle rock, Bingham county, has never been gauged at flood time, but it is much greater than that of the great Ganges canal of India, and more than can ever be needed for irrigation alone. Boise river has been gauged with tolerable accuracy by Mr.

A. D. Foote, an engineer of education and experience, through a period of four years, who reports an average of nearly sixteen thousand cubic feet per second during the months of April, May and June; and the catchment basin of this river Mr. Foote estimates at one million six hundred thousand acres. The catchment basin of Snake river above Eagle rock, which extends from the Salmon river divide on the west to the Teton range in Wyoming—Grand Teton peak being twelve miles and eight chains east from the Idaho line—I estimate to be about three million acres, or double that of the Boise river.

"The duty of water for irrigation varies from eighty to two hundred acres to one cubic foot of water per second, as estimated in this country. From this data it would seem possible to supply three million acres of farming land from the waters of Snake river, taken out near Eagle rock, and from such point, say from Market lake, which has a natural inlet from the river, I have projected a line of canal along the foothills on the north side of the valley to its intersection with Boise river, two hundred and eighty miles in length, and covering two million seven hundred and fifty thousand acres, as is shown on the map submitted in connection with this report. The difference in the elevation between Market lake and Caldwell (about twenty-five miles west of Boise City, on the O. S. L. R. R. and near Snake river) is two thousand four hundred and nine feet; allowing for the necessary descent in the canal, it would have a total of one thousand one hundred and twenty feet; but as the canal would be along the foothills, some thirty miles distant from the river from that point, and, at an elevation of four hundred or five hundred feet higher, it would leave six hundred or seven hundred feet of fall in excess of the necessary amount of fall in the canal. Civil engineers can appreciate this desirable feature. I think it unquestionable that we have on said side of Snake river two million seven hundred and fifty thousand acres of good, irrigable valley land; that we have abundant water to irrigate it; that a canal for this purpose is quite feasible, and at a cost immensely below the enhancement to the value of the lands lying under it, or below its horizon.

"For the canal on the southeast side I have projected a line on the map, corresponding with the line as run by Mr. Riblett, mining and civil engineer, at the instance of settlers of Cassia and Owyhee counties. This line taps the south branch of Snake river at its issue from the mountain gorge, about eighteen miles east from Eagle rock where the water may easily be diverted; thence along the foothills on that side of the valley to the intersection of the Owyhee river valley and the state line of Oregon. This line, with its detours at the tributary valleys of Blackfoot, Port

Neuf, Raft and other rivers, I estimate at three hundred miles, and is reported by Mr. Riblett to be without expensive obstacles or serious engineering problems of any kind. The arable land along this canal and below its horizon I estimate to be one million seven hundred and thirty thousand acres. Its catchment basin lies chiefly in Wyoming, and is therefore not estimated; nor is it necessary, for all, or nearly all, of the confluent rivers may be taken in as feeders and thus furnish a superabundance of water for this side. Mere wingdams of brush and stone, raising the water at the inlet four or five feet, would probably be all that is necessary, and along the greater part of the lines only one bank would be required—the hill answering for the “berm” on the other side—yet there will be chutes, waste weirs, flood gates, culverts, two or three aqueducts, and numerous lateral ditches, with their mechanical structures, altogether too considerable to be ventured upon without an elaborate survey and an itemized estimate.

“It is to the propriety of constructing these great canals and the necessity for these surveys, that I have endeavored to direct your attention; but I also wish to suggest to you the necessity of an early commencement of such survey, because of the large item for surveys of the arid regions of the great west included in the pending sundry civil bill and likely to be appropriated for the coming fiscal year; and because desert and other entries are constantly being made under the several land laws and water rights, real and speculative, are being filed upon, which diminish the area of the government lands and complicate the questions of title to water. Without a careful survey and detailed estimate, neither congress nor the territorial authorities could or would act understandingly.

The survey and the expense thereof would be made and paid for out of the aforesaid congressional appropriation, and for the reasons above mentioned it should receive the earliest attention possible.

“Meanwhile, I have taken the necessary steps to have the quantity of water flowing in the two rivers gauged at the points mentioned as the heads of the two canals referred to in this report, commencing this investigation with the beginning of the coming season, and without expense to the government. That the quantity of water is greater than can be needed for irrigation only is unquestionable; but for hydraulic mining for gold an immense demand will at once be made, and at price many fold higher than for irrigation.

“Water with immense pressure for hydraulic mining, with the use of modern appliances, is a branch of this subject I will not venture upon. To the outside world it would be classed with the “Arabian Nights” tales, yet it is the fact that the washing may be done at an expense of three or four cents per cubic yard of earth, and that every cubic yard in this valley contains more than that amount of gold.

“In conclusion, I respectfully suggest that Idaho has never received any portion of the appropriations heretofore made for similar purposes, and its claims are now paramount to any one of the states or territories within the arid region. I have therefore felt it my duty to present this subject in as forcible a manner as I can to the department. I respectfully recommend that a large apportionment be assigned to this district from the appropriation for the next fiscal year “for the purpose of investigating the extent to which the arid region of the United States can be redeemed by irrigation.”

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not! condemn not! for how can you know
 One atom, at most, of a part
 Of the sorrow and grief that stifled, at last,
 The hope that once thrilled in his heart.
 The life that God gave him, to make or to mar,
 Has perished in anguish and shame;
 Was he born with a defect, or under some star,
 In fate, or fatality's name?

Judge not! least the judgment return unto you.
 Our lives are a riddle unguessed.
 We toil on our journey to death's doubtful goal,
 With sorrow and anguish oppressed.
 Who knows that his love had turned unto lust,
 And mocked him, and laughed at his pain?
 I wot that his idols were low in the dust,
 Insanity shrouding his brain.

ETOILE.

EASTERN OREGON.

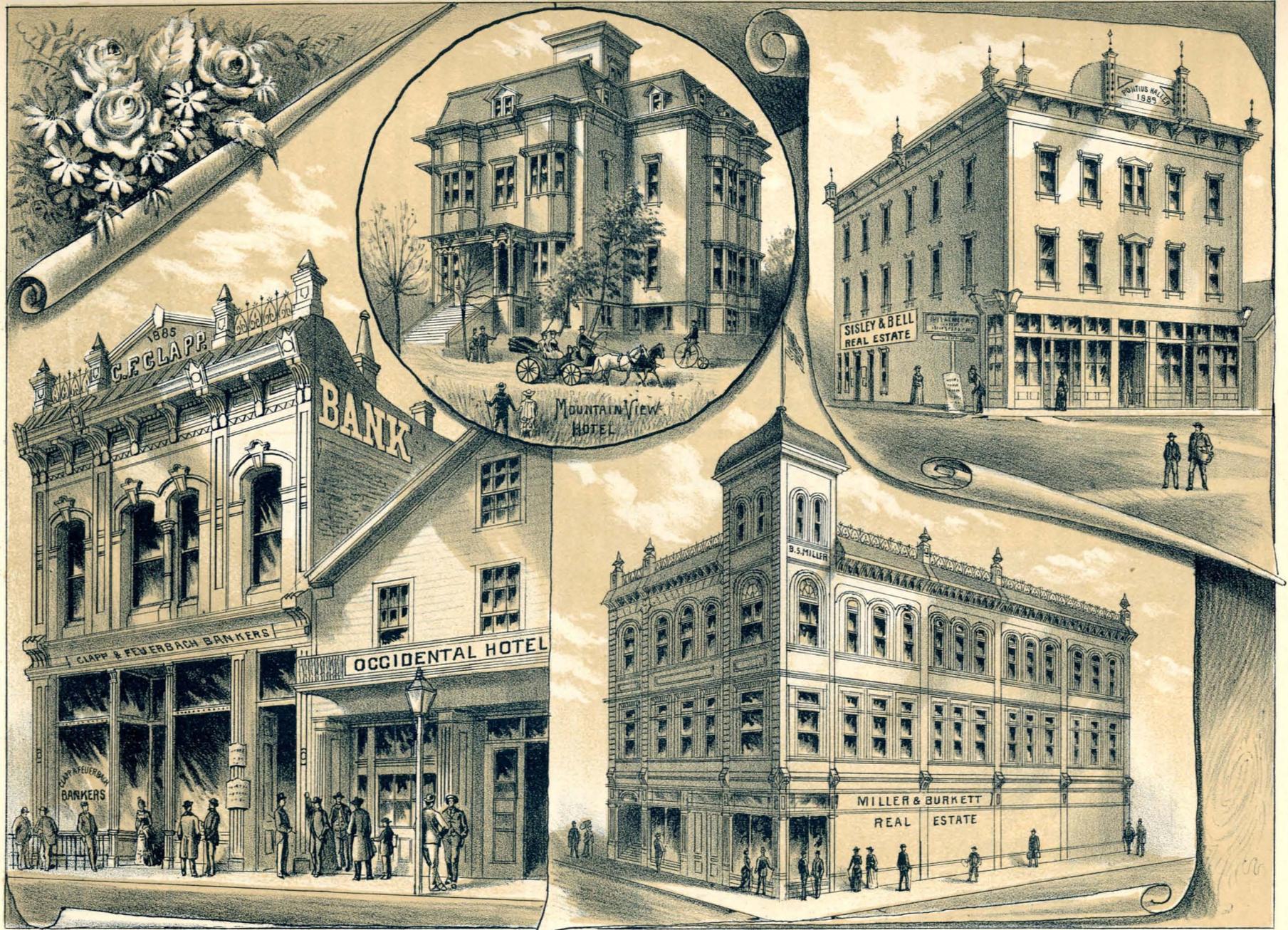
THE Cascade mountains, extending north and south across Oregon, divide the state into two unequal portions known as Eastern Oregon and Western Oregon. Western Oregon comprises about one-third the total area of the state, and consists of the inter-mountain valleys of the Willamette, Umpqua and Rogue rivers, bounded by the Cascade and Coast ranges and their spurs, and the strip of territory west of the Coast mountains bordering on the Pacific. The accessibility of Western Oregon from the ocean and from the navigable waterways that drain the country, rendered it most inviting and suitable for early settlement, and because the Willamette valley occupied a large part of this area, it early became widely heralded as the smiling land of that far-away and somewhat indistinct region known by the poetic appellation "Oregon," and the vast country east of the Cascade mountains secured equal notoriety as a desert waste, unfit for the habitation of civilized man. How woefully mistaken this estimate of Eastern Oregon was, is proved by the progress that has been made during the few years it has been considered a proper field for the employment of capital or for the homes of industrious people.

Eastern Oregon has a great variety of surface characteristics and of natural resources. That mighty and irregular upheaval of the earth's crust, the Blue mountains, occupies a large portion of the northern half of that part of the state and gives to it a rugged general character. The southern half is not so rough but it lacks a great deal of being an uninterrupted plain. Most of the country is elevated—from one thousand to five or six thousand feet above the sea. A considerable portion is timbered, and watered by mountain streams. There are large tracts, however, that are not timbered, and require irrigation to make them fertile. The geological formations are principally eozoic, cretaceous and volcanic. The soil varies in different sections, from the lightest volcanic ash to the richest of clay loam and alluvium. In the southern part of that region are a number of fine lakes, the principal ones being Malheur, Christmas and Warner, in Harney county, Summer, Abert and Goose in Lake county, and Klamath in the county of the same name, three or four of which are mildly salt. Most of them have no visible outlets. All the large lakes of the state are in this southern half of Eastern Oregon.

The industrial operations of the lake region are confined chiefly to mining and raising cattle, horses and sheep. A large number of the stock men have ranches where they raise crops sufficient for their own consumption, but in the usual sense of the term gen-

eral agriculture is not engaged in to any considerable extent south of the country tributary to the railroad, which passes through the northern and northeastern parts of the state. The range of Eastern Oregon is practically unlimited in extent, and hundreds of thousands of animals get their living on the brown hills of the rolling plain, on the sides of the mountains and in the canyons. There are rich mines of gold and silver, and copper and nickel ores, cinnabar, building stone, limestone, marble and coal are found in paying quantities in various sections. Mining is the chief industry of the towns not on the railroads, the nucleus about which they grew having been mining camps. There are saw mills at or near the towns to supply the home demand for lumber. The lack of modern transportation is all that is now retarding the progress of the southeastern quarter of the state. It is growing in spite of the disadvantage of its remoteness, however, and it is only a question of a little time when the railroads will penetrate that region and render it accessible to the world. Two transcontinental lines are already projecting routes through that quarter, and must find it to their advantage to build there at the earliest opportunity.

That portion of Eastern Oregon which may be considered tributary to the Columbia river and to the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company's lines after they leave the bank of the river and extend into the interior, is the most developed and is growing most rapidly. This is the northeastern quarter of the state. Along the river there was always some means of transporting products to market, and thus an incentive to production. When the railway was constructed a surer and quicker transportation route was established, and the country through which it passed was enlivened by it. At Umatilla the railroad leaves the river and extends in a southeasterly direction through the Blue mountains, leaving the state at Huntington, where it crosses the Snake river boundary between Oregon and Idaho, and connects with the Union Pacific, or Oregon Short Line, as that particular division is called, forming a through line to the east from Portland. This line was completed in 1886, and since that time the country through which it passed has had all the advantage which railway communication with good markets would confer. Of course, it entirely revolutionized commercial operations in the towns touched. While the cost of marketing produce was formerly even more than the market price in many instances, the railway virtually annihilated distance and brought a foreign demand to the door of the producer and encouraged the full development of the resources of the country. The enormous prices that had ruled on the necessary importations of manufactured goods and staples of foreign



• PORT TOWNSEND • WASHINGTON •

production were cut down in the interior towns by railroad transportation. The towns near navigable water ways experienced a less marked change, but the advent of the iron horse was beneficial to the whole region penetrated. The country was opened up and made attractive to settlers. It brought to hand not only markets, but means for developing natural stores and for utilizing the various products of industry. Immigration was facilitated and society was benefited by being brought into closer communication with the world at large.

The counties which most particularly are influenced by the river and rail routes, are Wasco, Sherman, Gilliam, Morrow, Umatilla, Union, Wallowa, Baker, Malheur, and, to a less degree, Crook and Grant. Wasco county is the nearest of any of them to Portland. The county seat is the city of The Dalles, which is as large a city as any in the state east of the mountains. It is located near the dalles of the Columbia river, which is the second obstruction to navigation in the channel of that stream. It is a town of about four thousand inhabitants, and has a large volume of business in the trade that goes there from the surrounding country, the manufacturing industries, and its admirable shipping facilities, both by rail and by boat. It is one of the largest wool shipping points in the state, and a depot for grain, pelts and hides. The banner sheep county of Oregon, Crook, lies just south of Wasco, and its nearest shipping point is The Dalles. The railroad shops of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company are located there, and other foundries and machine shops do a large amount of business. Saw mills back in the rough country of the interior manufacture lumber and float it in flumes to The Dalles, where it finds a ready market or facilities for shipment to the great marts. The salmon fisheries of the Columbia river near The Dalles are important, and the exports of fresh and cured salmon from that station are greater than from any other primary inland market of the Pacific slope. A large portion of these shipments are to the east by rail. Other styles of curing are employed than simply canning the fish, as is the almost exclusive method on the Lower Columbia. The river at that point is a little more than a quarter of a mile wide, and the usual rise during the high water of June is about fifty-five feet.

The Dalles, being the first town of importance east of the mountains, is made a base for tourists and the objective point of excursions up the Columbia river from Portland, because the scenery that has made the river famous is mostly between the mouth of the Willamette and The Dalles. So much has been written of this scenic route that it is unnecessary to attempt any description here. Those who have made

the trip can never forget it, and no one can obtain an idea of the magnificence, the awful grandeur, of the Columbia river scenery from written accounts. Many tourists go from The Dalles to Mount Hood, taking the route up White river and ascending the east side of that hoary giant. Others make Hood river, a few miles this side of The Dalles, a base for that trip, and that seems to be a route that is growing in popularity, as Elliot glacier can be most easily reached and explored from that direction. One of the principal features of a tour through the far west, to one who wishes to make the trip complete, is an excursion to Mount Hood, which is coming to rank with the Yellowstone park as an object of interest to travelers. THE WEST SHORE has already published a large picture of Mount Hood, and has in view for the not distant future, the publishing of a large engraving of Grand canyon, which is one of the features that delight all visitors.

At The Dalles long stage routes from the interior center. These routes have connections that traverse the whole state, from the Columbia river to the California boundary, and to the eastward, continuing in Southern Idaho. The Warm Springs Indian reservation occupies a large tract in both Wasco and Crook counties, and the remnants of the tribes that had their homes in Central Oregon are quartered on that reserve. The DesChutes river, with its numerous tributaries, drains all that tract lying between the crest of the Cascades and the John Day river, comprising nearly all of Wasco and Crook and a considerable portion of Grant. The descent of this stream is too rapid for navigation, but it furnishes unlimited water power. Sherman is a county erected at the last session of the legislature, from the northeast quarter of Wasco. Grant's is the county seat. Its stock interests are chief, though a larger areas are yearly being sowed in wheat, and the grain output has already become an important addition to the product of the state.

Crook county, lying immediately south of Wasco, is the second largest county of the state. It has valuable mines, considerable timber and a vast amount of live stock. Its grazing interests are the most valuable in the state, its large area serving to make its aggregate valuation much greater than any other county. The sheep exceed both cattle and horses in value. Gold placer mining is quite extensively carried on about Prineville, and considerable in the way of new developments is being done. Mount Jefferson, one of the prominent snow-clad peaks of the Cascades, is in the northwestern part of the county.

Next east of Sherman and Wasco, lies Gilliam county, of which the town of Arlington, formerly known as Alkali, is the seat of justice. This county

has a river frontage of about twenty-five miles, and extends south over seventy miles. The southern part of the county is in a spur of the Blue mountains, and no portion of it is level plain. The northern portion is heavily-rolling sage brush and bunch grass land, and is not safe pasturage during the dry season. In spring and fall stock find good grazing in most places, but during the dry months of summer animals push back to the snow line in the mountains, where grass is fresh and green and water plenty. Arlington is situated on the Columbia, in the mouth of a dry ravine descending to the river. It is sheltered by high hills on three sides. It has some seven hundred inhabitants, a large portion of whom are interested, in one way or another, in stock raising, which is the chief business of that region. There are large warehouses for wool and grain storage. Great numbers of sheep, cattle and horses are annually shipped from that station to markets east and west. The town has two banks doing a prosperous business, schools, churches, court house, etc., a local newspaper, the *Times*, and the main street is lined with very creditable business structures. Stage lines lead to points in the interior southward. The volume of business transacted at Arlington is unusually large for a town of its size, even in its favorable location, and it is having a healthy growth. Gradually people are settling in the interior and find that the dreary desert so much talked of is capable of making good farms when intelligently handled. The range is being reduced, however, in proportion as the land is being put under cultivation.

To the east of Gilliam is Morrow county, a little larger than Gilliam, and probably more generally developed. It possesses the same physical characteristics. Its capital and chief town, Heppner, is located south of the center, and there is a good deal of farming done throughout the county. Its stock interests, however, are heavy. The principal station on the river and main line of the railroad is Castle Rock. Last fall a branch of the O. R. & N. was built up Willow creek some forty miles, through Lexington, to Heppner, and those towns have brightened up and started on a new growth. Heppner is a town of between seven and eight hundred inhabitants, located on the north fork of Willow creek, and controlling the trade of a wide expanse of territory to the southward. The largest stock owners of that region have headquarters in Heppner and conduct their business from that base. The town has the court house, a bank, a newspaper, the *Gazette*, a saw mill, a flour mill, two hotels, an express office, telegraph office, and many mercantile houses doing a flourishing business. A good deal of manufacturing is done by blacksmiths, wagon makers, carpenters, harness makers, tinsmiths,

etc., for the demands of the trade that centers there. Now that the railroad makes Heppner a terminus, it is made a depot for the storage and shipment of the products of the range hardly second to any in the state.

Lexington is a town of about five hundred inhabitants, nine miles northwest of Heppner. For a year or two past Lexington has been unfortunate in several particulars, but it is now rising from discouragement and taking a firm stand for permanent advancement. It is considered a very desirable location for a city of considerable size, and the activity which the real estate market has of late assumed, in view of the projected improvements, gives color to the hope of its citizens. One of the brightest papers in the bunch grass country, the *Budget*, is published here. A bank is about to be started, and improvements are being made in the grist mill to enable it to handle the business the farmers send it. There are several large dealers in produce and merchandise, whose enterprise is placing the town in a healthy condition for growth. The site of Lexington is one of the pleasantest of the inland towns of the state. A stream of water flows through the town and supplies power for manufacturing. The railroad gives it good communication with outside markets. The strip of timber along the creek relieves the monotony of the view and furnishes wood for fuel and other purposes. The country around the town is being quite rapidly developed, and is found to surprise the settlers themselves in its productive powers.

Only the northwest corner of Umatilla county touches the Columbia river. The railroad extends across the county in a southeastern general direction, with a branch from Pendleton, the county seat, to Walla Walla, W. T. A division of the same line also continues along the river front, leaving the state to connect with the Northern Pacific at Wallula, and the O. & W. runs from Wallula to Pendleton, so Umatilla county is pretty well supplied with railways. Pendleton is the chief city of that part of the state. It has about thirty-five hundred inhabitants, and is a live, growing town. Its location is on the Umatilla river, in a somewhat hilly section, and at the edge of the Umatilla Indian reservation, which is about to be opened up for settlement. It includes a large area of as rich land as there is in Oregon. The act for the allotment of the lands of this reservation has passed congress, but there has been a little delay in arranging some of the details. With its settlement and development the growth of Pendleton is insured.

The Umatilla river furnishes a magnificent water power at Pendleton. A portion of this is now used in the manufacture of flour, lumber and furniture. The city is now an important market for all the pro-

ducts of that locality, and the entrance of the O. & W. railroad, which is now constructed to a point only six miles from the town, will give it additional shipping facilities and the benefit of competing transportation lines. Pendleton has two banks, a daily newspaper, the *East Oregonian*, which also has a weekly edition, and the *Tribune*, a weekly publication, good public and private schools and churches and fraternal and benevolent organizations. Its mercantile houses do an extensive business. The value of agricultural implements sold there during the past year is estimated at \$200,000.00. The people are enterprising and are making substantial and rapid progress. A fine new court house is just being completed, and other improvements are in progress or projected.

One of the most attractive little valleys in the west is the Grande Ronde valley, in Union county. It is about fifteen miles wide, and perhaps thirty miles long, and is drained by the river which gives it its name. The principal towns in it are Union, which is the county seat, and LaGrande. Union has the disadvantage of being a little removed from the railway at present, but it has good prospects of getting the O. & W. road, which is building southeastward from Wallula, and will then have the advantage of competing lines. Being the county seat, it controls an extensive patronage from the surrounding country. It has a bank and two weekly newspapers, *Scout* and *Republican*, and many other business institutions.

LaGrande has a population of over two thousand, and is an important grain and wool depot. The valley is under cultivation, while the rougher lands of the surrounding mountains and the interior are mostly occupied by stock. There is also considerable timber accessible from LaGrande, and probably the largest saw mill plant in Eastern Oregon is now being constructed there by a syndicate of Wisconsin lumbermen. When the railroad was built the town was located some distance back from the track on a shelf, but it immediately began to transfer its business interests nearer the railway, and all the business houses and most of the residences are now in the new town. The old town is not far distant, however; in fact, the two are in the same corporation. It is the end of a division of the O. R. & N., and is the most important railroad and commercial town in the Grande Ronde valley. It has a bank, large brick public school building, three hotels, and the United States land office. The news field is covered by the *Gazette* and the *Journal* two weekly publications. A branch railroad from LaGrande to Wallowa has been surveyed and will soon be constructed. LaGrande is a prosperous young town, and is growing rapidly.

The climate of the Grande Ronde valley is mild. The mountains which surround it effectually protect

the valley from cold blasts in winter and modify the warmth of summer. The soil is very fertile. All kinds of vegetables, grains and fruits, except the very tender varieties requiring a tropical climate, are produced in abundance. Between LaGrande and Union is Hot lake, which is attracting attention as a health resort. Beyond a mountain range to the east is the Wallowa valley, having characteristics similar to those of the Grande Ronde, and still farther to the east a small valley known as the Imnaha, these latter two being in Wallowa county, which is in the extreme northeast corner of the state. Joseph, the county seat, and Enterprise, are the chief towns, situated in Wallowa valley. Those valleys contain some of the choicest agricultural tracts in the west. The climate is mild and all surroundings pleasant. They were the rendezvous for the Indians of Oregon, Washington and Idaho before the pale-faces wrested the land from their grasp and began to till the fertile soil. They are rapidly developing into one of the most productive sections of the state.

Baker county lies south of Union, and chiefly between the Powder and Burnt rivers, which flow eastward to the Snake, though its southern boundary is a little south of the Burnt. It is an elevated and uneven tract, a portion being very rough. The value of its farming interests and its stock interests are now about equal, but the former is constantly gaining on the latter. Baker county has valuable mineral deposits, which are being quite extensively mined. Its minerals include gold in quartz and placers, native copper, silver in lodes, nickel ore, coal, cinnabar, limestone and marble. Large amounts of capital are now being employed in developing and working the mines of the county, and the mineral output is steadily increasing.

Baker City, the county seat, is a flourishing town of about thirty-five hundred inhabitants, having an extensive trade with the adjacent mining camps and with the towns of the interior, such as Prairie City and Canyon City, in Grant county, which are reached by stage from Baker. It is a distributing point for a large section of country. A project for building a railroad about twenty miles west, toward the great interior mining district, is now being agitated, and it is likely to soon be begun. This road would traverse a country that would afford a large patronage, and it would at the same time secure the trade of Grant and a share of Harney county by making that the most feasible route of travel to and from those sections. Baker City has a large number of brick buildings of modern styles of architecture, and its business streets present a quite metropolitan appearance. Its public buildings would be a credit to any city. The *Democrat* and the *Reveille* are daily newspapers, each pub-

lishing weekly editions, and the *Times* is a weekly paper. This city is one of the largest shipping points in Eastern Oregon.

Cattle and horses have the brand of their owner and are allowed to run at large over the vast extent of pasture land. Each proprietor has a round-up of his stock once or twice a year, or oftener if he is so disposed. But the sheep go in flocks, or bands, or bunches, of from fifteen hundred to twenty-five hundred each, and each bunch has a herder to take care of it. The herder, with his one or two dogs, must remain with them, selecting pasture and guiding the flock to it in the day time, and at night putting the animals in the corral to protect them from cougars and coyotes. His own tent must be very near the corral, so that he may respond promptly when there is any commotion among the sheep and beat away depredators. A great deal of tact is often required in handling sheep. In transferring them from one range to another they will sometimes refuse to ford streams, or if caught in a snow storm they are likely to stall and cause trouble. At such times, however, the herder usually has help. The intelligence displayed by the shepherd and collie dogs in handling sheep, is remarkable.

The most notable feature of the development of the counties extending back from the Columbia river is the tendency to cultivate the soil. One riding through that country for the first time would be prone to accept without question the statements of geographies and cyclopædias, and even of explorers, until within the past decade, that it is valueless for agricultural purposes, and altogether a dreary, desolate waste, inhabited only by coyotes, jack rabbits and badgers, and strewn with the bleaching bones of grazing animals that have had the hardihood to try to get a living there. The mind permeated with this idea might make a superficial tour of the country and consider that view of the case confirmed. To the unprejudiced investigator, however, a revelation is in store. The land that at first glance appears so uninviting is found to possess surprising merit. That ashy soil produces large crops of grain of a superior quality, and fruits thrive except in a few of the most unfavorable spots. Of course, it might be expected that the creek bottoms would be fairly productive; but large grain farms, covering some of the bleakest hills, are no unfrequent sight to the stage traveler of that region, and these are increasing in number yearly. Often the headquarters of a stock man will be a prosperous farm, and as the cattle range diminishes by settlement, more attention is given to the cultiva-

tion of the soil. The transition from the nomadic life of a herder to the more stable one of a farmer is fairly in progress in many sections of Eastern Oregon. The cattle king has already disappeared, and while it is not probable that the range will ever be entirely forsaken, the old-time cowboy of this region is fast joining the innumerable caravan of things that were but are not. This change constitutes one of the most promising outlooks which many sections have. The farmers will develop the property, while the herders merely gleaned the profit which its very wildness afforded. To dispel the deep rooted aversion which is grounded in the erroneous reports that have for a generation been current about such regions of the west as Eastern Oregon is the chief task its people have in order to be placed on an equal footing with sections no more meritorious. The climate, while not so equable as on the coast, is by no means so rigorous as in most of the eastern states—the Upper Mississippi valley, for instance. The snowfall varies with the altitude, being heavy in the mountains, and in many of the valleys very light. Stock winters on the range, often without other food than the pasture there affords.

The northeastern part of Oregon is being rapidly settled. It presents many features that are peculiarly attractive to farmers from the east, among which are plenty of wood and water, mild climate and fertile soil. Some of the small valleys rarely have snow, and such sensitive fruits as the peach can be successfully raised. The great variety of climate which the different altitudes afford, makes the range of vegetable production a wide one. There is game in the mountains, the streams teem with fish, and the scenery is of all degrees of grandeur. It is a delightful place to live, and intelligent industry is profitable.

The cities of Eastern Oregon are progressive municipalities. All have water works systems, streets lighted by electricity or gas, and graded, macadamized or planked. Public schools are distributed throughout the country. For the most part, the country roads are good. Government land may be obtained in any of the counties and in eligible locations. The Northern Pacific land grant occupies a considerable portion of the land along the Columbia river, but the conditions upon which the grant was made have long since lapsed, and it remains only for congress to formally declare the grant forfeited to restore it to the public domain. Changes such as opening Indian reservations are frequently placing choice tracts at the disposal of settlers. It will not be many years before the world is forced to admit Eastern Oregon to a place among its valuable areas.

ADMIRALTY INLET AND MOUNT BAKER.

LIFTING thunder-scarred and tempest-tossed and lightning-riven domes and crags and pinnacles into the region of the upper air, Mount Baker, in all respects the most unique of that long line of snow-clad monoliths which accentuate the vast mountain chain which stretches from the Arctic to the Antarctic regions, through North and South America, challenges study and admiration. Peculiar in its conformation, it is none the less peculiar because of the fact that tradition, while busy through aboriginal interpreters, with legends of mysterious dwellers in the deep recesses of its primeval forests, is silent as to any name given to it by the native tribes, which for ages have rounded out their nomadic lives in the shadows of the giant trees that skirt its snow line and cluster along the banks of the rivers which find their perennial sources in its eternal crown of white. Rainier and Hood, St. Helens, Adams, Jefferson, the Three Sisters, Shasta and Whitney, each and all, have some central legend connected with them, around which their barbaric might and majesty seem to have become crystalized in enduring shape in the untutored minds of the red men of the Occident; but for Mount Baker it has been reserved to become the Pantheon of the western groves to these untaught children of the forest. A gentleman, whose name escapes me, a few years ago wrote a series of articles on this subject, which, while not the most coherent in their construction, revealed a mine of study well worth the working of the ethnologist. Taking this writer's statements for facts, not more familiar were the men who played their parts "in the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" than the races which dwelt and still dwell in the mysterious vicinage of Mount Baker, with

Calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire,
And aery tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.

Here, among these superstitious folk and their quaint and curious lore, Whittier might find inspiration for poems as sad and sweet as his touching idyll of "The Vanishers," and here the illuminated genius of Wordsworth, flashing the light of Urania's torch into the darkness of heathen gropings after the secrets of the supernatural, might well resolve their thick-coming fancies into the light of truth. In old Greece,

Withered boughs grotesque,
Stripped of their leaves and twigs by hoary age,
From depths of shaggy covert peeping forth
In the low vale or on steep mountain side;
And sometimes, intermixed with stirring horns
Of the live deer, or goat's depending beard,

These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild brood
Of gamesome Deities; or Pan himself,
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring God.

Such are some of the immaterial surroundings of Mount Baker, full of interest to the curious in such matters, those to whom Longfellow so gracefully dedicates his "Hiawatha," those who charitably believe, in spite of creed or race, or sect, that after all,

Every human heart is human.

those who hold, with the laureate, that

Ever through the ages one increasing purpose runs.

In all human probability, however, these things will prove "cavaire to the general." So let it be.

It is not quite a century since men of our race first looked upon Mount Baker. On page 84, in the second volume of that most interesting work, "A Voyage of Discovery, etc.," by Captain George Vancouver, that distinguished navigator says: "About five in the afternoon, a long, low, sandy point was observed projecting from the craggy shores into the sea, behind which was seen the appearance of a well sheltered bay, and, a little to the southeast of it, an opening in the land, promising a safe and extensive port. About this time a very high, conspicuous, craggy mountain, bearing by compass N. by 50 E., presented itself towering above the clouds. As low down as they allowed it to be visible it was covered with snow, and south of it was a long ridge of very rugged, snowy mountains (the Cascade range of to-day), much less elevated, which seemed to stretch to a considerable distance." The sandy point referred to by Vancouver was named by him, and is now known as New Dungeness, where anchor was cast, the date being April 29, 1792.

On the next day, the 30th of April, the great discoverer, looking around by the north and northeast, again saw the snowy peak, and records the fact as follows: "I noted the high, distant land, formed, as already observed, like detached islands, amongst which the lofty mountain, discovered the afternoon previous by the third lieutenant, and in compliment to him by me called Mount Baker, rose a very conspicuous object, bearing by compass N. by 43 E., and apparently at a very great distance." His view of the mountain was almost identical with that shown in the large supplement accompanying this number of THE WEST SHORE.

Vancouver, in this connection, mentions the fact of the existence of a small Indian village in the vicinity, and describes in brief and general terms the appearance of the country, the correctness of which is easily recognized by those whose good fortune it has been to make the tour, either for business or pleasure, of this most attractive region. He also mentions

the milky appearance of the waters of the glacier-fed streams in the vicinity, and records his encounter in those waters, nearly two months later, June 22, 1792, with His Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain's, brig, the *Sutil*, under the command of Señor Don D. Galiano, and the schooner *Mexicana*, Señor Don C. Valdes, bent on purposes similar to his own.

And now, after the lapse of nearly a century, it is entirely in order to remark that it is a matter of congratulation that Captain Vancouver did not have among his "good ship's company" a modern investigator, a first class staff man of a first class modern newspaper, a man familiar with the character and value of soils, forests, mines, fisheries and other foundations and bulwarks of mighty states. Does anybody at this day suppose that if England had known what mighty "elements of empire" lay, "plastic and warm," in the shadows of Baker and Rainier and Hood and Adams and Jefferson, that the boundary line of her possessions on this coast would have been settled by treaty? Or that the good offices of the wise and just old Kaiser Wilhelm, as peaceful arbitrator, would have been preferred to the dread arbitrament of the sword and cannon? I think not. The loss, incalculable in value, rankles in the bosoms of our trans-Atlantic cousins yet. Less than ten years ago I heard a very intelligent Englishman remark: "Yes, Oregon is a great country; it will be a great state, and so will Washington Territory, but they should have been a British province." Just so; but it is a far cry between "is" and "should have been," or "might have been." My sometime British interlocutor has, since he expressed his regrets, taken the oath of allegiance to the stars and stripes, and, it is to be presumed, is satisfied with things as they are.

Vancouver also named Admiralty inlet, the main arm of the great inland sea known generally as Puget sound, though originally the latter title was applied only to that portion of the sound between Tacoma and Olympia. Two years before, Lieutenant Quimper, after whom the peninsula on which Port Townsend is situated was named, explored the Straits of Fuca in a Spanish vessel and observed the entrance to Admiralty inlet, which he christened Enceñada de Caamaño (Caamaño inlet), in honor of a fellow officer of the Spanish navy, but he did not enter and explore it. Vancouver anchored his vessels in Port Discovery bay, and spent four weeks in exploring the entire sound region in boats. He then learned what we all know to be a fact, that the entrance to Admiralty inlet is the gateway to the entire sound region, that any vessel bound to any port, either on the inlet, sound or Hood's canal, must pass through the straits at Port Townsend, where the government, early recognizing its commanding position, established the port of en-

try for that region as one of its first official acts when the jurisdiction of the United States was extended over it.

Mount Baker is located in the northern part of the western division of what is soon to be the great state of Washington, within a few miles of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, the boundary line between the British possessions and the United States. From its unfailing reservoir are developed the innumerable streams which find their outlet in that vast inland sea generally known as Puget sound, through the Skagit river, flowing southwesterly to its point of debouchment at La Conner, and the Nooksack river flowing about due west into the sound at Lummi bay, one of the broad and beautiful estuaries which diversify and make splendid the glorious northwest. Ice and frost and rain bring their cosmic forces to play upon the granites and basalts and metamorphic rocks of that vast region of arctic solitude and desolation, and these streams and rivers bear the silt, nature's exhaustless fertilizer, the result of the processes of centuries of nature's secret chemistry, to bench land, table land, meadow land and tide land, which become at once the servants and ministers of man's need and luxury. Viewed from this merely physical and materialistic standpoint, Mount Baker must, in the estimation of the intelligent mind, be regarded as a valuable factor in the prosperity of that immense region which comes within the immediate scope of its benign influences. In a less practical age it would take its place as a new Olympus or Mount Ida. Let that pass.

Mount Baker deserves notice as something more than the fountain head of fertilizing and commerce bearing streams. It is the central point of many magnificent panoramas, in which all that is grand and beautiful in earth, sky and water are the foregrounds, the middle distances and the vanishing points, in which the atmosphere, with a skill which no living artist can hope to emulate, lays here a shadow, drops there a dash of purple or a broad space of rose-hued splendor, and flings on crag or flanking buttress a high light which brings the whole majestic picture into full relief. Seen from some lofty eminence, even a hundred miles away, the rugged outlines of its vast rotundity are "tempered all and softened into beauty." Viewed from the bluffs or beach at Port Townsend, at a time when the atmospheric conditions are favorable, the mountain and its surroundings present a scene of desolation, of upheaval and titanic fractures, and seismic convulsions, which, in the nature of things, must have been in but small degree less terrible than those which but a few years ago made Krakatoa the scene of an event at which memory shudders and the full horror of which the imagination fails to grasp.

What Hood is to Portland, or Rainier to the southern cities of the sound, Baker is to Port Townsend, an ever-present and commanding figure in its landscapes. Grand as those other mountains are, they have not the elements of island, water, forest and mountain in their foregrounds so picturesquely combined as Baker possesses when viewed from the port of entry, in all its changing moods and phases, in the crepuscular light of dawn, the imperial splendor of noon, or the silent and shadowy and mystic moments of the closing day.

The great northwest challenges the world, and with good reason, for successful rivalry in scenic attractions; and among the many which this region offers to the tourist, whether he or she come to catch fresh inspiration for the pen of the writer or the brush and palette of the artist, or to study the manifestations of nature as mountain builder, nowhere will a visit be richer in returns than the suggestions Mount Baker will furnish to the careful student of its wonderful structure.

A. T. HAWLEY.

THE TOWN OF SHELTON, W. T.

ONE of the most promising business points on Puget sound is the town of Shelton, county seat of Mason county. Shelton, as a town, is only two years old, and has made a remarkable growth in that brief period, the result of beginning the development of the magnificent resources of the adjacent country. In 1853 David Shelton, in whose honor the town was named, located a donation claim of six hundred and forty acres on one of the westward arms of the sound, twenty-five miles northward from Olympia, where he lived and reared a family. Until 1882 he was the sole occupant of that locality. Others then came in, and two years ago a town was platted, covering an area one mile long and half a mile wide, within which the assessed value of property is now \$50,000.00.

Fully six hundred people are now living in Shelton, to accommodate whom not less than ninety houses were built last year. There are three general merchandise stores, one drug store, one furniture store, two confectionery and cigar stores, four hotels, two markets, two barber shops, and a town hall which cost \$5,000.00. A court house costing \$7,000.00 is now being built, and a school house of four rooms is now in course of erection at a cost of \$4,000.00. A large store building, thirty-two by eighty feet, and two stories high, will soon be finished, the lower story to be used by the Mason County Central store, and the upper for offices.

The leading industry is lumbering. A saw mill, cutting twenty thousand feet of fir, cedar and spruce

per day, is in constant operation. Access is had to a large amount of the finest quality of cedar. Another mill, of larger capacity, will soon be built, machinery for which is now en route. Also a sash and door factory will soon be in operation. Great quantities of logs are put in the water at this point for the use of mills located at various places along the sound, and facilities for largely increasing this output are being rapidly provided. The Satsop Railway Company has its initial point at Shelton, and has a logging road extending fourteen miles westward into a magnificent belt of timber. It is a standard gauge, and is equipped with three engines and one hundred and ten logging cars. It is the intention of the company to extend the road to Chehalis valley, a distance of only ten miles from its present terminus. Of this road, which is an important factor in the development of this region, J. R. McDonald is president, A. H. Anderson vice president, and C. F. White secretary.

Big Skookum bay, upon which Shelton is situated, has most flattering prospects as a business point. The Mason County Central Railway Co. is constructing a line from that place to Gray's harbor, a distance of forty miles, which will make a very important cut off for traffic and travel between San Francisco and points on Puget sound. In addition to its importance in that respect, it will be a local line of great value, passing, as it does, through a region of magnificent timber and possessing agricultural resources of the highest quality. This company is in the hands of able and enterprising men, who have the interests of this region at heart. W. H. Kneeland is president of the company, N. H. Owings vice president, and Martin Lewis secretary and treasurer. Residents of Gray's harbor and the entire sound country are looking forward to the completion of this road with anticipations of great benefits to be derived. It will cause the building up of Shelton even more rapidly than at present.

The Port Townsend Southern, now under construction southward from Port Townsend, along the western shore of the sound, to a connection with the transcontinental routes to the south and east, will pass near Shelton, and will be connected with it by the lines previously mentioned. It would seem that so far as connection with the markets of the world is concerned, that Shelton occupies a position of wonderful advantage. This is a fact rapidly becoming appreciated, as the growth of the town indicates. Fully one hundred new buildings will be erected this year, many of them more substantial and costly than their predecessors.

Two steamboat docks are already constructed on the water front, where the depth of water is eight feet at low tide, deepening to forty feet at a distance of

only one hundred feet from the dock. Steamer traffic is increasing yearly in importance, and when the line to Gray's harbor is completed will be very extensive. The southwestern portion of Puget sound has been out of the line of travel, and, consequently, its magnificent resources have remained in an undeveloped state. Capital and enterprise have been diverted to other localities, chiefly on the south and east shores of that great inland sea, where centers of trade have sprung up and millions of dollars of wealth been created. So far from detracting from the advantages of Shelton, this fact is now one of its strongest recommendations. Here is a region possessing all the natural advantages that have been so potent in the growth of other places, as well as some which many of them lack, and to those who come first to avail themselves of the great opportunities here offered, will inure the richest rewards. The era of develop-

ment has been fairly inaugurated by enterprising men, possessing energy, means and great foresight, who have paved the way for others. The work they have undertaken must progress, because it is of great importance, and its completion must add enormously to the value of property, as well as increase immensely the industrial capacity of Shelton.

The *Mason County Journal*, an enterprising weekly, is published by G. C. Angle, and is of much importance in the work of making this region known and appreciated abroad. Eight miles from the town are extensive ledges of iron ore, whose development will some time add to the wealth and business of the town. The developments in this region during the next few years will be as marked as those which have excited the wonder of strangers in other portions of that magnificently endowed region known far and wide as Puget sound.



BAB, OR LIVES THAT TOUCHED.

PART I.

THE golden sunlight was beginning to fade in the land of flowers. A minute before it had shone in all its splendor, making more intense the blue of the gulf waters in the distance, the green and gold of the orange groves on shore, and the white of the little cottage nestling among them. How calm and peaceful the scene, as sea and earth waited the ebb-tide.

Presently a window was thrown open in the cottage, and a daring, restless sunbeam, like a frisking lamb loitering outside the fold, flashed in and rested for a moment on the pale, emaciated face on the pillow. A ghastly smile played over the sick man's features, as he essayed to touch the dancing ray with his nerveless fingers. "A good omen," he faintly whispered to the girl bending over him. "See!" One moment it rested carelessly on the head of the mute watcher, then, with a half-reluctant motion, disappeared, leaving naught but gray shadows behind.

"Evelyn, love,"—how faint and far the voice sounded to the ear bent to catch the words—"you will send the letter to your uncle as soon as I am gone, and remember all I have said?"

"Yes, dearest father, everything shall be as you wish; but are you feeling worse?"

"I am so tired, love, and dread so leaving you alone. If only Harold had—"

"There, don't worry, father, God will be my friend. He is ever the orphan's friend, you have told me."

"When thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up.' Even so; but I sometimes seem to forget. Now I think I will try and sleep, I am so weary."

"Dearest father," and the girl pressed a long, loving kiss on the cold forehead.

A moment later, the door opened softly and a dusky form crept in. The watcher motioned her to a seat. With a silent nod, the colored woman sank into it and covered her face with her apron. Noiselessly the two kept their vigil till the last faint gleam of daylight had fled, then, knowing the superstitious nature of her companion, Evelyn Fletcher rose and lighted a lamp, carefully shading it from the face of the sleeper. Going over to the black woman, she said, in a whisper, "You are tired, Mollie; lie down there on the couch."

"No, missus, you rest."

"Not now; after—" A moan from the invalid interrupted her, and in an instant she was by his side. One glance, and she knew the worst.

"Mollie!" Her tones were full of agony, and the servant knew that the supreme moment of her young mistress' sorrow was at hand.

"Yes, dearie."

There was no outcry, no struggle. Weaker and weaker throbbed the pulse, shorter and shorter came the breath, one sigh like that of a tired child yielding to sleep.

"Dar, honey, ye kin do no more; he's done gone home, bress de Lo'd."

With her own hands the girl closed the eyes that had looked their last so lovingly on her, and folded the thin hands across the pulseless breast.

"Shall I fetch Missie Bailey?" questioned Mollie, in an awed whisper.

"No—or, yes, if you wish."

There was no fear, no shrinking at thus being left alone with her precious dead; rather a satisfaction to kneel by the bedside and pour out her pent-up grief in prayer to Him who could hear, and loving, tender words to him who could not hear. It was not Evelyn Fletcher's first acquaintance with death. Again and again had she striven to hold some dear one back when his icy hand was upon them, but ever in vain.

It was evening of the same day upon which Evelyn found herself an orphan, alone in sunny Florida, that a sunbeam—and who knows but what it was the same one that kissed the face of the dying man there?—flitted boldly through the branches of a tree guarding the window in the second story of a rambling old house on one of Salt Lake City's broad and handsome streets, and rested on the face of another human being, whose feet were already lapped by the waves of the mystic river.

"Mother, mother, don't die. Don't go and leave me here alone. I can not, can not, live without you," cried the girl, scarcely more than a child, who lingered by the bedside.

"Hush, Bab, my precious baby, you know mother would stay if she could for her darling's sake; but God will take care of you, I am sure of it, for I have prayed so earnestly night and day since ever you came to my arms, that He would deliver you from the power of those who have wrecked my life."

"But I shall miss you so. Oh, mother, if you would only take me with you."

"Almost I can say that I wish I might; but you have promised me, Bab, that you will never become a polygamous wife."

"Yes, I have promised, and I will die rather than break it."

"The Lord help you. But hark! Don't I hear your father's voice? Yes, 'tis he; go bring him, quick."

A few minutes more and Hugh Leslie stood in the presence of the woman he had so woefully wronged, in the presence of one who would soon bear testimony against him at the bar of supreme justice. Strangely bright were the sick woman's eyes as she turned them on him and held out her thin hand. All her own wrongs were ignored; she thought of nothing now but her child.

"Hugh, Hugh, I am dying; I may never see the sun rise, and I want you to promise me one thing ere I go. Will you?"

"Nonsense, Elenor! You are not going to die, you are only nervous. Cheer up, and I will bring a doctor. Why did you not tell me before that you were worse?" He turned toward the door.

"Stop, Hugh!" she almost shrieked, and fell fainting on the pillow.

"See, father, she is dying!" cried Bab, wildly.

Soon she rallied a little, but the strain had been severe on the small stock of vital power left, and she could only speak in a hoarse whisper.

"Promise me, Hugh, that you will not sacrifice my dove to these vultures. Promise that she need never marry a polygamist."

"There, there, Elenor, of course I'll promise. The girl shall do as she pleases, and marry whom she pleases."

"Do you swear—as God is your witness—that she shall do as she chooses?"

"Yes, anything you like," he answered, stooping to kiss her. What was it that, for the moment, had touched the callous heart? Could it be the memory of other days? Possibly there came before his mental vision the image of a fair young bride, who, years before, in their eastern home, confidently placed her hand in his and joyously subscribed to "Till death us part," saying, in effect, "and thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." Perchance, too, he remembered a day when, looking down upon the frail young mother and their first-born, as she smiled up into his face and whispered shyly, "Our boy." And there may have followed in the same train, recollections of the time when, against her own will and the advice of friends, she had followed him to this western Sodom, only to see both her boys die within the first year from want and exposure. Afterward came to her empty arms this girl, the Barbara, a creature of marvelous beauty mentally and physically, and for a time she was almost happy. Almost, we say, for there was ever before her that terrible, blighting dread that made her shrink from her husband's tenderest caress, fearing it was but the kiss of Judas. And far more bitter to her was the hour when he brought to their home a new wife, than was this, the hour of their dissolution.

We say it may have been thoughts of all this, that, for the time being, softened the hard heart; or it may have been only the reflex action that fills any human breast when brought face to face with death. She smiled gratefully, the white lids fluttered, once more the fast glazing eyes turned lovingly on the weeping girl crouching by the pillow. A short, hard struggle, and Hugh Leslie gazed in stupefied horror on the ruin wrought by his own hand, while the shrieks of motherless Bab rang through the house. A fierce grip on his arm, and the sharp voice of Julia, his second wife, roused him.

"Get out of here and fetch some one, not stand a-gawpin'. Bab, shet up; what's the use of hollerin'?"

Mechanically he turned toward the door, and on the landing met Clara, wife No. 3. "Take care of Bab," he said, "and I'll bring some one to Elenor."

Elenor—how strangely the name sounded now. A neighbor, the one person that Mrs. Leslie had cared to see, excepting her child, and sometimes Clara, was soon in the chamber of death. In vain Clara sought to have Bab come to her rooms. "I can not leave my mother," was her one reply.

Hugh Leslie was uncommonly tender toward his motherless daughter during the weeks following, much to the irritation of Julia, who said, "Her pap oughter make he stop moppen and do more work. Here I be with five young'uns, and nobody to do a hand's turn but myself, and her a-playin' the fine lady, and Clara a-backin' her up in it"

If ever man received immediate punishment for sin, Hugh Leslie had for marrying this same Julia. Vixenish and slatternly she was to the last degree, and ruled him with an iron hand.

Clara was an indolent, good natured person, who had taken to Bab and her mother from the first, and delighted in annoying Julia. Born and reared in polygamy, she seemed to have no scruples on the subject, and took life easy. Since the birth of her boy her health had been poor, and when Bab became an intimate of her part of the house she willingly gave the reins into her hands. Julia was far from truth when she accused the latter of idleness, but she avoided the vixenish woman as much as possible. If there was any one in the house for whom she really cared, it was Tom, Clara's baby, and many a lonely hour did she while away trundling him about the shady streets. Frequently, too, she and the child, with his mother, spent the day at Clara's old home. It almost seemed that some unseen presence guided the young girl in the formation of habits that were to prove her salvation bye and bye.

Some two years previous to the events related

above, a small party of gentiles spent several weeks resting and sight seeing in and about the Mormon capital. Among them was one whose hands had no work to do, and whose heart, fresh from the baptism of a great sorrow, was melted at the sights she witnessed. Her gentle, white face, and great, sorrowful eyes seemed to disarm suspicion, and she won many friends, especially among the women.

"I might be the means of doing some good here," she said to her friends.

"But it is said to be very dangerous business to interfere with the beliefs and customs of this people," they remonstrated.

At length she hit upon a plan which seemed likely to be feasible for a time at least. Her advertisement read—

Miss Nellie Swinton, instructor in painting and fancy work. Terms reasonable; call and see samples. Patronage of ladies, old and young, solicited. No. 8 L Street.

"Your ad. is nothing if not original," said one of her friends, laughingly.

After seeing her pleasantly domiciled with a gentle merchant and his wife, they left her, but not without many misgivings. At first she succeeded, even beyond her most sanguine expectations, and, besides her regular classes, her rooms at No. 8 were often thronged with transient pupils, chiefly women, who could only afford the time for one kind of fancy work, and must learn that at odd times. But she was ever on the alert, and into her ear was poured many a tale of woe. She won all by her kindly sympathy and wise counsel. Among her pupils, none other found so warm a place in her heart as Bab Leslie. Often she walked home with her in the evening to call upon the delicate mother, and soon they, too, became warm friends, for both had suffered. One was enduring a dead grief, the other a living one.

'Twas on an evening like this that Bab sat in the work room at No. 8, waiting for Miss Swinton, who had gone out on an errand. The girl sat by an embroidery frame sorting bright colored silks, when a shadow fell across the floor. Supposing it to be her teacher, she said, without looking up—

"Back so soon? I'll be ready in a minute." A low, merry laugh, in a strange voice, caused her to turn quickly toward the door. A broad-shouldered stranger, with a frank, winning face, met her gaze.

"Beg pardon," he said, removing his hat and bowing with ill-concealed admiration. "Is Miss Swinton in, or have I mistaken the place?"

"Miss Swinton is out, but will be in soon. Are you the cousin she talks so much about?"

"I trust I am," he said, laughing again and seating himself near the naive questioner.

"So my fair cousin talks of me sometimes, does she?"

"Yes, indeed, very often. She is so fond of you; that is, if you are Harold."

Harold Swinton was a man of the world, and a decided favorite with the fair sex, but never had his eyes rested on a picture so lovely as that made by the dainty Mormon girl bending over the bright silks, the color on lip and cheek outrivaling their rosiest tints, and the long, dark lashes but partially veiling the deep, liquid eyes. And the childlike simplicity of her manner was simply refreshing.

"Do you think—that is, should you judge from what you have heard her say—that I am Harold?" he asked, gravely.

Artlessly she lifted her beautiful eyes and for an instant scanned his face. "Yes, I should," she answered, but there was a little tremor in her voice now, and she bent over her work with a heightened color.

"And are you a friend of Miss Swinton?" he queried next.

"Indeed I am. Why, next to my mother I love her better than any one else in the world."

"Happy Nellie," he said, half aloud. "By-the-by—talking of the angels, etc.—dearest coz, how are you?"

"Oh, Harold, you dear boy, so you surprised me after all," and then, much to Bab's surprise, her self-possessed teacher buried her face on her cousin's shoulder and burst into tears.

"You are homesick, Nell, ain't you? honor bright."

"No, only so glad to see you."

"Yum, yum, I understand; allee samee, as John Chinaman says."

"Excuse me, dear Bab, for my neglect; or have you and Harold got to be friends already?"

"I was industriously cultivating the young lady's acquaintance, though, as yet, I have not learned her name," put in Harold quickly.

"It is Barbara Leslie, or 'Bab,' as we call her, and she and her mother are my most valued friends in Salt Lake City."

"My cousin always means what she says, Miss Leslie. They used to say her word was as good as my note; but that was mere talk, you know."

Bab was trying on her hat now.

"I can not go with you to-night, dear, but when my cousin is gone I will make up for it," said Nellie, stooping to kiss the sweet face.

"May we not walk home with her as it is?" said Harold, rising, hat in hand.

"It would hardly be advisable under existing circumstances," was the quiet reply.

"Then Miss Leslie will at least let me hope to know her better in our meetings here. Good even-

ing," and with a look and bow that set poor little Bab's heart beating wildly, he held open the screen for her to pass.

"Jupiter! Nell, is that a sample of Mormon girls? If it is, I am a Latter Day Saint henceforth and forever."

"The same Harold as ever, I see, falling in love with every pretty face," she answered, half gaily, half reproachfully. "How is Evelyn?"

"Very well, at last accounts, and her father is gaining. It don't look now as if she'd ever get ready to take me. But, hang it all! Nell, I don't want to marry, anyway. I'm dead broke most of the time."

"Oh, cousin, gambling yet?"

"Well, you see, I play and lose, and then am always trying again in hope of bettering my luck."

"But, Harold, you know it is wicked, dishonorable business, leading you into the worst society, and wholly unfitting you for life's duties."

"Come, come, Nell, don't croak. I ain't such a terrible fellow as you'd make me out, either. I am awfully good by spells."

"Well, I am too glad to see you to scold any more at present, but you know, dear, you are all I have left now, and I can not help worrying."

"Little monitor," he said, laughingly, kissing the grave face. "Honestly, Nell, for your sake, I wish I were one of the slow coaches we hear about."

"You are too kind-hearted and impulsive to ever be a 'slow coach,' as you say, but you are capable of being a better, nobler man than you are."

"Thanks! Ha, ha! But about that little saint you just left. Are there many as prepossessing among your pupils?"

"No, none other. Bab Leslie is one in a thousand in every respect. Poor child!"

"Why do you say 'poor child'?"

"Because I pity her. She and her mother are living in dread of the time when she will be compelled to barter her beauty for money and power to some old prophet or elder with a half-dozen wives already."

"Impossible! But who would make her do it if she does not wish?"

"Her father. He has broken her mother's heart by taking two other wives, and she knows he will not hesitate, when an opportunity offers, to sacrifice the girl."

"The brute!" exclaimed Harold, hotly. "I've a notion to kidnap the—"

"Hush, hush! The very walls have ears here, and my position is none too safe a one now. I am doing all I dare, in a silent way, to show the women where they stand. But after all it is little use; they could not escape or change matters if they would.

Few feel as badly over polygamy as Bab's mother, though."

During the week that Harold Swinton remained in the city, he made the most of every opportunity to cultivate the acquaintance of the lovely Mormon, notwithstanding Nellie's oft-repeated caution: "Don't put any new notions into the child's head or feelings into her heart; she has enough to bear now." Nor did she allow them a private farewell. She knew her cousin too well; and she had already noted the look on Bab's face as her eyes followed his every movement; and when he was gone she said, with affected indifference—

"My cousin is engaged to a young lady in Florida."

With a throb of pain, she noted the sudden pallor that overspread the sweet face, and hastened to speak of other things.

Harold and Nellie Swinton were cousins—"more than common cousins," the former said, for their fathers had been twin brothers, and their mothers, sisters. Harold had lost his mother some years before, and his father, marrying soon and most unfortunately, left him and his sister, a delicate young creature, all in all to each other. Six months before his visit to Nellie, he had buried his sister in Florida, whither they had gone for her health. Nellie had lost both her parents in her infancy, and until the death of Harold's mother, had been an inmate of his home. More like brother and sister, than cousins, they really were.

"Harold is all I have now," Nellie had told Bab and her mother, after relating to them her own sad history. Very sympathetic were this mother and daughter with their lonely friend. "Every one I love dies," she told them with touching resignation, "but God knows best,

"He metes to us the measure of each day,
'Tis his to give and his to take away."

From early childhood, she and Chester Dwight had been first schoolmates, then lovers. They had chosen, however, to wait the fruition of their hopes until he was ready to begin his life work, preaching the gospel. At length all was accomplished. Very proudly the bride-elect surveyed her beautiful robes, and a fond tear dimmed her eye as she gazed upon the dainty pearls, a present from Chester to be worn at the bridal.

On the morrow he would arrive, and claim her for whom he had hungered all these years. Alas! that one short hour can change sunlight into shadow, heaven to hell. A frightful railway accident, one of those oft-recurring horrors, in most cases due to culpable carelessness, and the expectant bride was worse than widowed. She had suffered as only the true-hearted can suffer; and then,

There had whispered a voice,
'Twas the voice of her God,
I love thee, I love thee,
Pass under the rod.

"Chet would be sorry if I gave up to idleness and despair, when there is so much to be done in the world," she had said, and bravely strove to do for others, hoping that in thus doing she might find a panacea for her own bleeding heart. Homesick and heartsick oftentimes, she remained in Utah until late in the winter, when hostilities became so open that her gentile friends urged her to go at once. Bab and her mother felt sure that most of the trouble had originated with Julia, who was jealous because the "fine lady," as she called her, was so friendly with them; and deep was their grief at the parting.

"You will write to me, Bab?" Nellie said.

"If I can; but I doubt their letting my letters go out or yours reach me."

More than a year elapsed after the departure of Miss Swinton before the death of Mrs. Leslie, and not one word had Bab received from the former. Several times had she written, but in vain. They were suspected and watched, evidently.

"Six weeks to-night since my poor mother died," mused Bab, one evening as she sat by the window of her little room, watching the last rays of sunlight on the mountain peaks beyond the beautiful Salt lake. She was fond of being alone now, and spent many hours watching those same mountains upon which for years her mother had gazed, oftentimes through blinding tears.

"Where are you, my own sweet mamma? And can you see your lonely Bab?"

Then she thought of her friend, somewhere out in the world, in the world of which she had scarcely a more definite idea than she had of heaven. How she longed to get away, to be free. Despite her father's promise, she felt insecure. She knew he had already received several offers for her hand, and that if an advantageous one presented itself Julia would urge him to sacrifice her. Money was needed in the family; her father had ever been a poor financier. She knew her beauty would command a high price. No wonder the future looked dark and threatening. Of two things, however, she felt certain. The one, that her father would try to compel her to marry; the other, that she would die rather than break her promise to her mother. She had been taught from infancy to hate the accursed system that had blighted her mother's life; yet, at the same time, she had learned to be quiet and dissemble her feelings. Perhaps a little of her father's craftiness was hers by inherit-

ance. It was the one thing for which he was noted. The trial came sooner than she had expected.

"Barbara, my child, you are lonesome here, and ought to have a home of your own," he began one evening in his most persuasive manner. "You are old enough to marry. Let me see, you must be seventeen, and I have had a number of good offers; but yesterday I got one entirely too good to ignore. You may feel yourself highly favored to be chosen at last by an elder, and one so wealthy and influential as Brother Dunham."

"Brother Dunham! Good heavens!" The words burst from the quivering lips with passionate, surprised emphasis.

"Yes, to be sure, and it is something for a poor girl like you to be thankful for, to be sealed to one so high in the church as he."

"But you promised mother that I need not marry unless I wished, and I do not wish."

"Now see here, Barbara, you are a sensible girl—too sensible, I am sure, to have any nonsense about this. To be sure, I promised Elenor some such thing, just to relieve her mind and help her die easy. I could not well do otherwise; but a promise made under such circumstances can not, of course, be considered binding. She was not herself when she requested it. It was a mere whim."

Bab had risen during the foregoing harangue, and stood with white face and eyes full of horror and dread. This, then, was the end. She knew him so well; and then, a man who could thus set aside a vow he had called on Heaven to witness—what had she to hope or expect from such an one? She did not, could not, speak; but with unsteady step left the room. It was several days before the subject was again referred to, and meanwhile the girl had done some deep think-

"Barbara, Brother Dunham is coming here to-night to see you; and you understand that it is my will that you treat him well and make no trouble."

"Father, if I must be sold to this creature, you will at least let me have my way in one thing?"

Delighted with what seemed an easy victory, he kindly told her that any reasonable wish would be granted.

"Then, I am not to be sealed until Christmas, and meanwhile he is not to come here."

"Pretty hard lines for so ardent a lover, but I will see him, and if he agrees, all right."

"How many wi—?" but she could not ask the question, and burst into hysterical weeping.

"Let 'er squall; it 'll do her good," said Julia, coarsely.

Vainly Clara tried to comfort her. "Don't cry so, Bab; I wouldn't feel bad. You'll live in a fine house, and have servants and a carriage, and be the favorite.

Besides, it won't matter much, he won't live long, and then you'll marry who you please."

But Bab only cried the harder. The next morning, however, when her father told her she ought to be a very good girl, indeed, for he had persuaded Dunham to let her have her way, she smiled and replied, with real or feigned jocularly: "Well, all right, maybe he'll be dead by that time. He must be somewhere about ninety-nine now, ain't he?"

Hugh Leslie felt relieved. He had little hope that matters could be adjusted so easily, and had prepared himself for an appeal to the prophet. Wilful and stubborn she might be, but she would not dare to withstand him. The next week, however, the ancient lover's patience and endurance forsook him, and he presented himself in person to urge an immediate marriage, and her father, not daring to do otherwise, seconded his importunities. Fiercely Bab set her white teeth into the red lip, ere she answered, pettishly—

"See here, father, Mr. Dunham, I don't want to marry at all; but if I must, it will not be one hour before I said, and all the prophets, priests and elders in Salt Lake can't make me."

"But, Barbara," began Mr. Leslie, when help came from a source least expected.

"Hugh Leslie, don't be a fool," snapped Julia. "Let the young one alone. You ought to know by this time that when a woman makes up her mind she ain't like a man, changeable as a weather cock."

For the first time in her life, Bab was conscious of a feeling of gratitude toward the odious woman. Disconcerted, at length, Brother Dunham took leave, feeding his bleared sensual, blood-shot eyes on the innocent beauty of his helpless victim to the last.

Early the following morning, Bab placed little Tom in his cart and drew him about the shady streets, pausing, at length, beneath a broad-branched elm to watch some boys play at marbles. A long while she lingered, and Tom was getting restless, when she said, turning to a boy with an honest, good-natured face—

"Ned, won't you draw Tommie for me? my arm is tired," at the same time giving him a peculiar nod.

"To be sure I will, Miss Bab," he replied, while a genial smile gave an almost handsome expression to his freckled visage, and soon they were out of hearing of the others.

"Ned, do you love me?" asked Bab, impressively.

"To be sure, Miss Bab, I do, to be sure."

Ned's vocabulary seemed always limited when in the presence of his heart's idol; but if there was a human being in the world whom the honest fourteen-year-old street Arab adored, it was Bab Leslie. His own home was but a mockery of the name, and nobody cared for him now, since his sister was dead, unless it was Bab; and, to serve the latter, he would have laid down his life.

"Can you keep a secret, Ned?" was the next question.

Again the answer, "To be sure, Miss Bab, to be sure."

"My life depends upon your faithfulness. Do you understand?"

"To be—oh, Miss Bab! what do you mean, and what makes you so white? Be you sick?"

"Sick at heart, Ned; but now walk close here and listen."

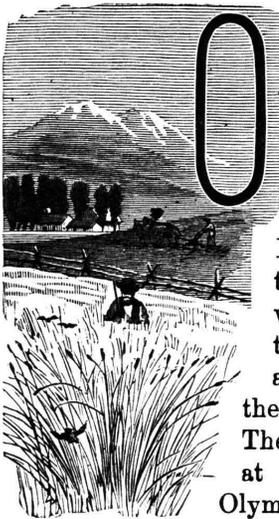
With each a hand on the cart handle, they walked along, sometimes talking out in careless tones to the baby, again lowering their voices to a whisper, as Bab told him of her difficulty. Rash it may have been to thus confide in a mere child; but what else could she do? They were within a block of home, when she bade him go no farther, and whispered a final injunction in his ear.

"To be sure, Miss Bab, to be sure," he said, earnestly, "if they kill me, I won't tell."

The next morning they met again, and when they parted he was tightly clasping a bit of folded paper; and then she had done all she could. But alas! how little that all was. Henceforth she could only wait with hope and despair alternating, wear her mask and play her part.

VELMA CALDWELL MELVILLE.

THE CAPITAL OF WASHINGTON.



ONE of the oldest established towns in Washington Territory was located at the very head of Puget sound, at the head of that small arm of the sound known as Budd's inlet, and named Olympia. The DesChutes river, flowing from the southeast, discharges its waters at that point, and on the east bank of that stream and the inlet where they join the city of Olympia was platted. The earliest settlement was made at Tumwater, a town adjoining Olympia on the south, but the people seemed to prefer the location on the inlet, so Olympia came into existence and grew beyond its companion town. In 1851 the plat of the city was surveyed, and two years later, when Washington Territory was detached from Oregon and a government organized, Olympia was selected as its capital city. This brought the place into public notice and it enjoyed a fair period of growth, so that for a number of years it was the chief city of the territory then popularly supposed to be a vast extent of wilderness and waste, each as forbidding as the other and neither considered very inviting save by the few pioneers who were acquainted with them. In 1859 Olympia was duly incorporated a city and since then it has had a steady and substantial growth. At the present time it has a population of between four thousand and five thousand souls, and it appears to be on the eve of a very promising growth; indeed, just now Olympia is commanding more attention than any other town of similar characteristics in the west. At first view Olympia impresses one with an indefinable charm that is quite irresistible. Approaching it by boat the whole town comes into view at once, located on a hillside that slopes down to the water's edge. The city stands out to advantage in the setting of dense green, which the heavily-timbered shores of Budd's inlet furnish. The long bridge extending across to the western shore, the mills and wharves and business blocks, the residences farther back on the hill, the wide and well-kept streets, all impress the stranger favorably, and are the strongest persuasion that could be employed to induce visitors to examine the city and to locate there. West of the center there is a depression in the surface, and then, what is known as the east side lies on the gentle slope facing the water and the higher part of the town.

Probably the motive that induced the settlement

at that point at so early a date was to get as near the resources of the interior as possible and still have deep water communication. The only transportation facilities in the Pacific northwest at that period were what the water furnished, or by pack trail overland, and the former was universally preferred to the latter. The Tumwater falls also furnished an abundance of water power, which it was naturally calculated would be turned to account in manufacturing the raw products which the country afforded. This admirable power and the location at the head of deep water navigation in the very heart of so rich a country as Western Washington, could scarcely have been better designed for the growth of a city of importance. It is surrounded by all the natural advantages that could be desired. Probably the fact that it is not the commercial metropolis to day can be attributed to the change of the base of operations which occurred when the northwest was invaded by railroads and the region had to face about and do business from another standpoint than that originally designed. This change made necessary a readjustment, in which the railroad towns, of course, had a temporary advantage. Olympia was unfortunate in not being on any great railroad line, while some resources upon which it depended for its growth were tapped from the interior and led away in the opposite direction. To regain control of the situation and command its just share of patronage of the region has been rather slow work, but it has been so fully accomplished that the city's prospects for rapid advancement were never so good as at the present time. The confidence which is established in all branches of business is contagious and is drawing capital and people from abroad to locate there. The real estate market is very active and the eagerness with which the various additions are bought by people anxious to erect homes promises a rapid extension of the city's area and an inevitable increase of its population and commercial importance. It may be said that there is not a vacant residence in the city and some buildings are occupied before the doors or windows are put in. Business enterprises are projected fully in keeping with the increasing population of the city, and their consummation will bring Olympia prominently to the front.

The manufacturing institutions of Olympia now in operation include three saw mills, a planing mill, a wooden water pipe factory, a brewery and many smaller concerns, such as blacksmiths', gunsmiths', harness makers', tinsmiths' and milliners' shops, carpenters' and builders' and fish curing establishments, etc., that furnish employment to many hands. The only thin-shelled wooden pipes for underground water conduits that are manufactured in the United States are those turned out of the Olympia factory.

The yellow fir from which these pipes are made is said to excel all other woods for this work. It is firm and strong, and, though the shell is but an inch in thickness, when it is wound with iron or steel it will withstand a greater pressure than even the heaviest cast iron. Last year over two hundred miles of this thin-shelled wooden pipe were manufactured at the factory in Olympia and it found a ready market throughout the west. The demand is constantly increasing, and the facilities for manufacture are likewise being enlarged. This industry is one of the most important located at Olympia, and as it has entire control by patent of thin-shelled wooden pipe it promises to expand indefinitely. The city, however, offers superior inducements for a varied field of manufacturing. Hard and soft woods, iron, copper, coal and excellent water power are at hand and reliable markets are easily reached by water or rail.

The nature of the country about the head of the sound is such that the focal point for the industries of a large area of country is naturally Olympia. Local railroads penetrate the forests and lead to the mines, even through timber and mineral lands as yet undeveloped. Wagon roads lead back to the interior and stage lines to the coast have headquarters there. The country has already learned to regard Olympia as its commercial and social center, and now the work of development will insure the city rich results from the seeds of progress already sown.

The resources of the country surrounding Olympia may be specified as follows: Good quality of iron ore within three miles of the city, and bog iron from five to eight miles distant; coal is found within five miles, and at Seatco, on the railroad, only about nineteen miles distant, it is extensively mined; native copper exists scarcely eighteen miles from town; a beautiful light blue sandstone, excellent for building, is quarried within seven or eight miles. The valuable timber consists of yellow and white fir, cedar, maple, ash, alder and spruce. The waters yield clams, oysters, smelt, rock cod, trout, halibut and salmon. These, in brief, are the chief natural resources that draw attention to this section.

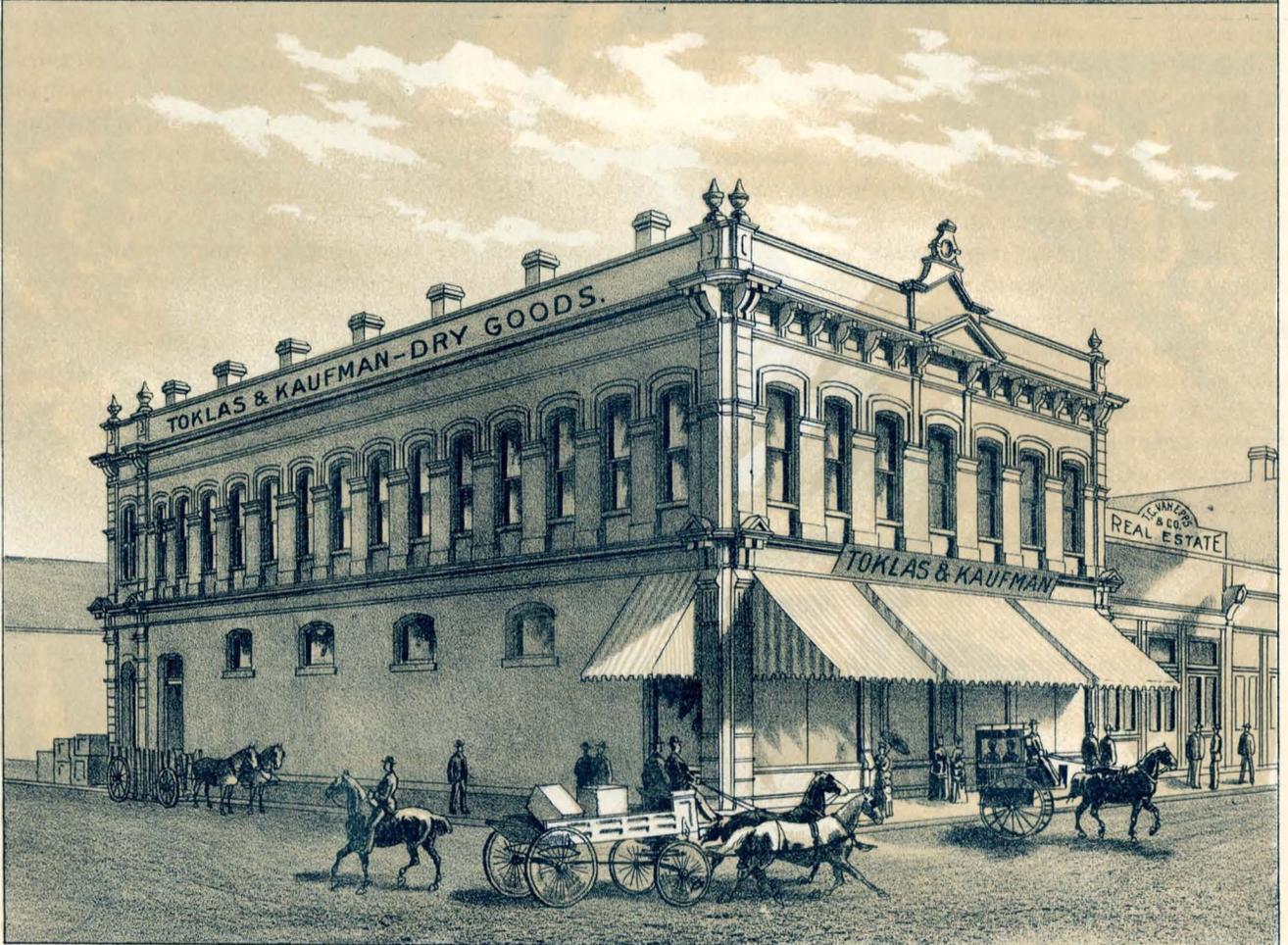
In the way of mineral developments almost nothing has been done. Mining coal at Seatco and stone quarrying on a small scale constitute the efforts in that direction. In emerging from the chrysalis state in which the tide of progress found that section the attention of the people has been employed in the necessary readjustment of affairs rather than in exploring and working the natural wealth lying at their doors, it appearing that there would be abundant opportunity for such business when secure foundations for industrial growth were established. So, it is only recently that any systematic prospecting has been

done, in fact it has but begun. The iron that is known to exist from all indications is in large quantities and of superior quality. It is so near the city and so accessible that iron mines are sure to be opened as soon, at least, as there is any demand for the product at home in the line of manufacturing, and when the railway connections now in course of construction are completed, mines will be opened for the general market. Of course the development of these mines implies the establishment of blast furnaces, and will encourage the location of such enterprises as stove foundries and general iron casting as well as such mixed manufactories as require considerable iron of various kinds. Without any systematic exploration whatever the copper indications promise to surprise the northwest when smelting works are established to treat the ore. An effort is being made to interest capital in the minerals directly tributary to Olympia, but while it is certain that development work will soon be begun the particulars of the projects can not yet be announced. The proximity of one of the best coal mines in Washington is an encouraging feature to those who count on the future of Olympia as a mining center, and it certainly sustains close relation to the reduction of ores, which is important in a mining country.

Those at a distance, who have only a general knowledge of the Pacific slope, are likely to assign Olympia to the catalogue of towns whose principal industry is lumbering, to which everything else is only accessory. To any one who makes an examination of the city, of course this view soon disappears. Olympia does not depend on any one thing. Still, it might find more wealth than would build one such city in the heavy forests of valuable timber that cover a large portion of the tributary country. For a number of years logging railways have penetrated the fir forests from the city, and logging is an important industry of the people of Thurston county, of which Olympia is the seat of justice. But the timber does not all go to Olympia. Large quantities are simply drawn to the nearest water sufficient to float them and taken to the saw mills that are so numerous on the shores of Puget sound. A number of these mills virtually have headquarters in the city, but their industry is not counted in the city business. The mills located in Olympia and Tumwater only do a local business, and find that increasing as fast as they can furnish facilities for supplying it. The reason why the logs are taken away from the head of the inlet for manufacturing is apparent. The small local demand in the early days did not warrant the establishment of large manufacturing plants. When the influence of the foreign markets began to be felt, the saw mills located in the timber nearest their markets



I.O.O.F. BUILDING



·OLYMPIA·WASHINGTON·

which were farther down the sound. Gradually they have moved along the shores toward the head, but many still adhere to the theory that it is economy to tow the logs a long distance to the mill rather than have the ships go a little farther for their cargoes. The mills being already established it is a difficult matter to move them so long as a satisfactory business can be done without changing the present system. So, most of the large logging enterprises which are being conducted within a few miles of Olympia, send their output to the mills down the coast, though the city gets the benefit of their trade.

Another thing which has tended, in a measure, to prevent building large lumber mills at Olympia is the fact that the city front does not offer suitable conditions for shipping. Except at high tide boats can not get up to the docks. That this defect could be easily remedied has not figured in the case; the fact that it was not remained to keep those industries away. The eight to twelve feet of tide was not sufficient to make Olympia a desirable port for deep draught vessels. There was no attempt to remove this hindrance to commerce. It is not likely, however, to menace the interests of the city much longer. The bottom is so soft that a screw propeller, by backing into it at low tide, can almost dig a channel for its passage. A very small expenditure of money in dredging would make this a good port for vessels of the deepest draught, and the current from the river would keep the channel, once established, free. This is one of the important projects that is now occupying the attention of Olympia business men. It should not be inferred from this that all shipping is prevented from reaching the docks of the city. All the boats plying on the sound find no difficulty in doing business there, those of greatest depth landing, at low tide, at a pier that is built out from the city wharves to deep water. Most of the freight and passenger business of the city is by water at present, two or three steamers plying daily between Olympia and the cities down the sound—Tacoma and Seattle—where direct connections are made with steamers for other ports, and with railroads from all directions. The beautiful scenery of Budd's inlet and the sound makes this ride preferred by most people over the rail route.

Besides the scheme of opening a channel for deep draught craft there is a method which it is calculated the coming railroads will employ to obviate the shallow water difficulty; namely, to extend their lines down the coast so as to reach natural deep water. This will be only a mile or so from the present heart of the town, but at the rate of growth now promised the city will soon include that location and much more that at present seems remote from the business

center. With the spirit of enterprise now abroad among the people it is certain that, in one way or another, the disadvantage of shallow water will be overcome and the benefits which unrestricted commerce brings will be secured. Hundreds of places with greater obstacles to marine commerce than Olympia has have grown to be influential ports, and there is no good reason why the energy now manifested here should not bring about the desired results. The chief reason why the work has not been accomplished before is that it is so easy that it was not deemed necessary to make much of an effort for it. It is often the things easiest attained that are most neglected. Olympia is now coming to a realizing sense of this fact and the difficulty will soon disappear. There is three times as much deep water shore within a radius of eighteen miles of Olympia as within a similar stretch from any other sound port. So far as the China trade is concerned Olympia is four hundred miles nearer Hong Kong than San Francisco is. The sound country is developing a trade of its own to foreign countries, and in this respect Olympia will be included in the common benefit that results from more direct communication between the producing country and its market.

While a heavily timbered country has a fertile soil and can generally be cultivated after the timber is removed, if the surface is not too rough, farmers dislike to enter the forests for tillable land. For this reason the agricultural advantages of many sections are entirely in the future, or when their timber is consumed. After the timber has been exhausted the farming interests come into prominence, though the very products which the farms supply were imported during the lumbering period. In such cases the benefits of complementary interests can not be fully realized. In this respect the country about the head of Puget sound, and for a considerable distance to the southward, presents an agreeable contrast to the densely-timbered localities where the saw mill and logging camp constitute the only industry. There are many tracts of prairie land included in that area, where the farmer has only to erect a home and at once begin the cultivation of the soil. It is not a vast, treeless plain, but only an opening in the timber, following the ridge of some divide between the streams that flow in different directions, or sometimes along the valleys of the streams themselves. The soil is in all cases fertile, and it responds readily to cultivation. In most places it is a reddish clay loam, in some spots inclined to be gravelly and in others a little sandy. As is generally the case, the soil of the hills is heavier than that of the valleys along the streams where it is more of an alluvial nature. This diversity in the character of the land gives opportun-

ity for a wide range of products and for the exercise of taste in carrying on the different branches of farm work. The drainage is excellent in all portions of this section, it being drained by the DesChutes, flowing into the sound, and the Chehalis, flowing into Gray's harbor, with their numerous tributaries. The rainfall is moderate, and the region is not subject to summer drouths.

In the valleys a good deal of attention is being given to hop raising. The soil and climate are peculiarly adapted to the production of hops and it is one of the most profitable crops that can be raised. The yield is large and quality of the finest. This is growing to be one of the most important agricultural products of the sound country and the region about Olympia is constantly increasing its hop interests. Most of the fruits of the Pacific northwest can be grown successfully, though as yet fruit raising is not developed to a very great extent. This industry, however, has passed beyond the experimental stage, and it is known to a certainty that such fruits as apples, pears, plums, prunes, peaches, grapes and berries yield abundantly and with less than the ordinary hazard of such products. There are no pests to destroy the trees or injure their fruit. Post-vernal frosts or winds do not blast, nor do scorching suns of summer wither, the half-matured product. Trees are vigorous and the fruit is unsurpassed in size and flavor. There are many good openings for orchardists in the country southward from Olympia, and the market that is developing makes that branch of industry one of the most profitable that can be engaged in. The growing of grain is now an important part of the farming which the settlers of the interior carry on. The necessities of the people and of their stock made grain and hay their chief crops from the beginning, and there has not yet been a very great change in the ratio of production in this respect. Most of the wheat is turned into flour by the local mills for home consumption. The exports of grain are very small. Root crops and vegetables of all kinds in more than sufficient quantities to supply the local demands are grown. Dairy products are among those for which this country seems particularly adapted, and dairying is rapidly growing in importance. A heavy growth of succulent grasses is natural to the land and green food is obtainable nearly all the year. The stock interests of that section are not divorced from the other branches of agriculture as they are on some of the great ranges east of the mountains. Every farmer has his herd of cattle that live almost entirely on the wild land about the farm. For beef purposes they are driven out to market on foot, thus making an important source of revenue to the farmer without the necessity of modern transportation lines.

The earliest settlers engaged in raising cattle for beef from the first and quite a reputation for choice meat has been established by them. This industry is especially profitable in conjunction with general farming.

The great thing that has retarded the progress of that region in its agricultural, mineral and commercial development is the lack of suitable facilities for reaching market, which has existed up to the present time. There was no incentive to extensive production, hence, no production except for local needs. Under such conditions anything like a full development was, of course, impossible. The railroad connection which Olympia now has—a narrow gauge line to the Northern Pacific, at Tenino junction—does not offer the advantages of a standard gauge system. This is one of the reasons why other roads are being built now. The resources of the country will not longer be confined, and are demanding the recognition to which their merit entitles them. So transportation facilities are being provided that will encourage the development of every resource and enlarge the field of operation for every industry. The railroad under construction from Port Townsend southward to transcontinental connection will pass through Olympia, and the projected road to Gray's harbor will be a valuable feeder to the city, as well as a boon to the country through which it will pass. Manufacturing will be stimulated because the raw materials may be easily obtained and in sufficient quantities to employ large amounts of capital. The raw and manufactured articles of commerce from farm, mine and factory will increase in value and importance as the means of transportation between the points of supply and demand cheapen. The provisions now being made to supply this necessary factor of industrial growth show that the people are awakening to a realizing sense of their situation, and are resolved to improve to the utmost the great advantages the city possesses.

There are many opportunities at Olympia and in that vicinity for those seeking a new country and are willing to take hold and utilize the advantages that present themselves. In the present state of affairs in that region all that is needed to bring out its wealth and make it count for the profit of the people is intelligently-directed industry. The weary years of waiting which the pioneers had to endure are past. Everything is now ready for rapid progress and the field is an attractive one for both capital and labor. The country is now ripe for development. With the enterprising spirit that is abroad in the west this region could hardly fail to experience a rapid growth, even if there were no special reasons why it should enjoy more than the average prosperity.

So much has been written about the magnificent scenery of the northwest that it seems almost useless to speak of it in connection with each of the places we have occasion to describe. Still, grand as is the general character of this scenery, each locality has features peculiarly its own. The rugged mountain ranges and the grand snow-capped peaks form a part of the landscape from almost any point of view, and from no two points do they present exactly the same appearance. From Olympia the white mass of Rainier looms up against the sky to the eastward and Olympus to the northwest. To the southeast, Mount St. Helens is the principal feature. But immediately around Olympia are many charming bits of scenery that interest all visitors, the chief one being the inlet at the head of which the city is situated. Its deep, clear water, and the banks clothed with verdure in luxuriant variety, its placid wildness, make a view that is rarely surpassed. The high shores are frequently cleft by wild streams flowing down from the hills of the interior, where the angler may find as rich sport as his heart desires. The drives about the city form another attraction that is much frequented. There is boating and driving and hunting and fishing to suit the most fastidious or timid, or for the most daring. The traveler in search of healthful diversion and pleasant surroundings will find both at Olympia. A special effort is now being made to provide accommodations that will attract the vast number of tourists that frequent the Pacific coast.

It is estimated that about six hundred people a month are being added to the population of Olympia and vicinity through immigration. This estimate is based on the number of passengers which the transportation lines carry into the city in excess of the number taken away, and is a pretty reliable indication of the somewhat remarkable growth that is taking place there. Of course, many of the newcomers settle outside the city, some of them going a number of miles back in the country and buying farms or taking up government lands, which may yet be obtained in fairly eligible locations, but they increase the wealth of the territory directly tributary to Olympia and build up the interests on which it depends for support and growth. The influx during the past few months has been so great that the facilities for entertaining the strangers in the city have been taxed to the utmost. Recognizing the demand for greater accommodations, the citizens have organized a company and raised \$50,000.00 for the erection of a fine hotel, and the work is fairly under way now. The site selected is one of the most slightly and pleasant in the city, and the structure, when completed, will be first class in every respect, and one of which the citizens may well feel proud. Besides the important purpose

which it will serve, this hotel will add another to the already considerable list of public buildings of the city.

The most important public building in Olympia is, of course, the capitol. This is a frame structure, two stories high, with a dome. It is situated on an eminence in the southern part of the city, and overlooking a portion of the inlet. The needs of the territory have so far outgrown the limited room of the capitol building, that it has been found necessary to provide quarters for the territorial auditor in another building, down in the business portion of the city. One of the most imperative demands of Washington at present is a new capitol, and as provisions have been made for its admission as a state this year, the construction of a state house will not be delayed much longer. Next in importance are the court house, county clerk's office and the county jail. The city hall and firemen's headquarters complete the list of structures used for official purposes, unless the three public school buildings, in which eight hundred children receive instruction, be so classified. There are two academies in the city, one under Methodist and the other under Roman Catholic supervision, and a hospital maintained by the latter denomination. The city has seven churches, all of them neat and substantial structures and well supported. Four public parks are provided for the city's adornment, and in the suburbs are the territorial fair grounds and race track. For a town the size of Olympia, it has unusually fine business blocks and residences, which are constantly increasing in number. In the matter of municipal improvements it is in the front rank, and is keeping pace with the growth that is centering at that point.

There was recently incorporated in Olympia a company for the construction of a street railway, which is one of the important projects at present occupying the attention of the local capitalists. It is probable that, before many months have passed, the motor line to Tumwater, which is now under construction, and a street car line across the bridge to the west side, will both be in operation. These enterprises will meet with a hearty welcome on the part of the citizens, and, no doubt, will be handsomely supported. The rapidity with which the city's area is being extended surely warrants the building of street transit lines to accommodate suburban residents.

The town of Tumwater, adjoining Olympia on the south, and for all practical purposes a part of the same corporation, has one of the best water powers in Western Washington. The large body of water of the DesChutes river falls eighty-five feet in a horizontal distance of about fifteen hundred feet. There

are three distinct waterfalls, with rapids between them. This power is very easily utilized, and a portion of it is now used to operate a saw mill, a shingle mill, a chair factory and a flour mill. The electric light and power plant for both cities, now being put in, will obtain its motive power from the Tumwater falls. It is as inviting a place for the location of factories as could be found. Iron and copper could be obtained from their native beds, and wood from the forests near by. Power is cheap and abundant, and transportation will soon be as good as from most of the railroad centers of the west. The business men will offer inducements to manufacturers to get them to locate there. The city of Tumwater was incorporated in 1871, and has a population of between five hundred and six hundred souls. It is a lively town, and is advancing rapidly in size and wealth.

Not much need be said about the general character of society, when the attention given to educational and benevolent matters is considered. A city of four thousand inhabitants, with an excellent system of public schools and two prosperous academies, commends itself to all enlightened people. Of fraternal societies, the Masons, Odd Fellows and Good Templars have each a fine hall, and they are flourishing organizations. The territorial library contains six thousand volumes, and the Good Templars have a library of about two thousand volumes. The press is represented by three weekly newspapers and one daily paper. The *Washington Standard*, the *Republican Partisan* and the *Olympian Review* are enterprising and reliable weekly publications, and the *Evening Olympian* is a bright, newsy daily paper, that was recently established. These papers have a wide influence, and their elevated, healthful tone is something of an indication of the tastes of the people who support them.

As the country is built up and capital invested in various manufacturing and development projects, the demand for labor will increase, though it is now brisk. There are now, in the vicinity of Olympia, forty logging camps, employing about eight hundred men, whose wages range from \$30.00 to \$100.00 per month and board. The coal mines at Seatco, only nineteen miles from Olympia, have a large force of men engaged in digging out a thousand tons of coal a day. The numerous railway projects now developing will require many workmen in the immediate future. The many enterprises that are constantly in progress in a rapidly growing community will furnish employment to a large number of hands; and to intelligent, industrious workmen there is an inviting field at Olympia. If they have a small amount of capital, so much the better, for it may be used in a way that will certainly prove profitable. There are particular inducements

for people who want pleasant homes and are willing to identify themselves with the community in which their homes are located. Mere adventurers will not meet a very warm reception in the capital city of Washington.

There is an active demand for capital at Olympia. At present the city has one bank, with a working capital stock of \$90,000.00, and another is about to be organized, but there will still be a field that will warrant greater banking facilities, because of the central position which the city occupies and the disposition which many large interests manifest to make headquarters in the capital city. The nearest banking institutions in other cities are in Tacoma, thirty miles distant, and at Montesano, forty-two miles to the west.

It is hard to find fault with the climate of any portion of Western Washington, it is so mild and delightful, but the proximity of the large body of water makes the climate of Olympia even more equable than that of inland towns. In winter time it is a rare thing for mercury to get down to zero, and snow, when it falls at all, only remains a very few days. At Praise, or Summit, lake, a most beautiful sheet of water, a short distance from the city—and, by the way, a place much frequented by sportsmen and camping parties—an attempt has been made to harvest ice enough for use in town during the summer season, but, owing to the mildness of the climate, this source of supply often fails. There are, properly speaking, but two seasons—the wet and dry. The rainfall during the wet season is not excessive, it being pretty evenly distributed through seven or eight months, during which time, however, there are often periods of several weeks at a time when the weather is fair. It never rains continuously for months or weeks, though sometimes a light, misty rain will fall most of the time for several days in succession, and then one or two or three days, or even weeks, of sunshine will be followed by another period of rain. The dry season is scarcely noticeable, on account of the moisture which the circulating atmosphere carries from the water to the land.

In considering the merits of such a city as Olympia, and such a country as that surrounding this city, the fact that the agencies for this development have been lacking should not be lost sight of. It is not surprising that the industries of the section are in a primitive condition, when the means for working are taken into account. Had Olympia the advantage of a great railway a number of years ago, it is not too much to say that it would now be a commercial center of the first importance. Its growth, however, was only hindered by the disadvantage it labored under; it was not stopped. Its expansion was only postponed a few years. The industrial development which will

place the products of mine, forest and field before the world has now commenced, and nothing within the range of probability will prevent rapid progress. The vigor with which the advance is started bodes future success. There has not been a flourish of trumpets over the inauguration of every important enterprise, but a deal of intelligent work has been done, and a substantial foundation now exists upon which to rear a magnificent superstructure of commercial and social growth. No wild dream is being indulged in. Known conditions are being dealt with, and not mere speculation on possibilities. What experience has taught in hundreds of instances, is expected to be fulfilled here. It is almost beyond the realm of possibility, in view of the present state of affairs in the Pacific northwest, that the expected

growth of Olympia and vicinity should fail to materialize. The advantages which it possesses are so manifest to any one who will even briefly examine them, that there is no inducement to indulge in unmerited praise. In the wide range of industries suited to this section, the farmer, the lumberman, the artisan, the sailor, the fisherman, the manufacturer, will all be at home, besides the innumerable army of general business and professional people, clerks, laborers, etc., which form an important part of every thriving community. It is not surprising that the tide of immigration is already flowing to Olympia. But it will be surprising if they fail to achieve success by the observance of the ordinary laws of society and trade, and the intelligent expenditure of honest energy. To this their efforts are now directed.



HORSE HEAVEN COUNTRY.

MUCH has been said concerning the country lying west of the Columbia river, known as Horse Heaven. This country is already earning a widespread popularity as an agricultural region. The Horse Heaven country is about seventy miles long and twenty miles wide, and comprises over ninety thousand acres of good, arable land, capable of producing over a million and a half bushels of wheat annually. Deeded land in this section ranges from \$5.00 to \$10.00 per acre. Railroad land ranges from \$3.00 to \$4.00 per acre. Government land is plentiful. Starting from the west side of the Columbia river, a gradual ascent is commenced, which extends some six or seven miles back, where a plateau is reached, somewhat broken in spots by small canyons. As the summit of these hills is neared the soil becomes darker, and less sage brush is seen. On the summit the soil is very dark, the best calculated for the growing of wheat, and on this same land trees are produced in abundance. This broken range extends west for over twenty miles, to what is called Badger springs. The eastern and western portions of the Horse Heaven country are becoming populated quite rapidly, but the middle portion is sparsely settled. The climate of this region is mild and even. The winters are mild, compared with those of the east, the mercury scarcely touching fifteen below zero. Last winter, during the severest weather, the thermometer registered ten degrees above. The average depth of snow is about eighteen inches, and remains on the ground from two to three weeks. The heat of the summer is not excessive, with the exception of a few weeks, which are quite warm. The rainy seasons are in the fall and spring.

The soil of the eastern part of this region is similar to that of the western part. It is capable of producing wheat, rye, barley, oats, corn and all small grains produced in the northwest, some producing better than others. Corn produces very well, yielding an average of twenty bushels per acre on new land. The blue-stem wheat is considered by a majority of farmers as the most productive, yielding a much larger crop than the club. Vegetation in this part of Horse Heaven is considerably in advance of that in the western part; the hills are clothed with a luxuriant growth of bunch grass and wild flowers are blooming forth. The green grass is already three inches high. Fall sown grain bids fair to yield a bountiful crop, and the late rains will prove a boon to spring grain.

One great disadvantage the farmers of this community are laboring under is the scarcity of water. The greater portion of them are compelled to haul

water, but we think this difficulty will be overcome in the near future. Owing to the many springs seeping from the ground in the ravines, it stands to reason that water is in the ground, but what depth will have to be gone before it can be reached is yet to be determined, as but few have yet sunk wells. It is our opinion that water can be reached at no great depth.

Six miles west of Wallula is the place of Captain Thomas Perkins. He has four hundred and eighty acres of as fine land as one would wish to gaze upon. The crop of wheat that he has sown shows every indication of producing abundantly. The finest timber culture in the Horse Heaven country, either in the eastern or western portion, is owned by Mr. Perkins. The trees are in a thriving condition, and average from one to eight inches in diameter, grown from seed planted six years ago. Among his trees he has one, locust, that measures twenty-four inches in circumference at the butt, and two feet above the ground its circumference is eighteen inches. Among his trees he has locust, maple, box elder and mulberry, and all are in a thriving condition. He is planting out six thousand young trees this spring.

One mile and a half west of Captain Perkins' is the farm of the Kelso Bros. These gentlemen are farming on an extensive scale. They have in this year nearly twenty-four hundred acres of wheat, a portion of it being sown last fall and the remainder this spring, and it all bears indications of producing an abundant crop. They are making preparations to break one thousand acres of sod this spring, which will be put in wheat next fall. They have timber cultures that look fine; trees that are but three years old, planted after the 1st of May, now measure from three to four inches in circumference. Some of these trees have grown six feet in one year, which speaks well for this portion of the country. Last fall they had in a small acreage of grain, the greater part of their land being summer fallowed. They have had in operation this spring four seeders, three harrow teams and three gang plows; have all their own machinery, including three headers, threshers, etc. They have a number of farms in the Horse Heaven country, ranging from seven to twenty-five miles from Wallula. They located in this country several years ago, and have been stirring, wide-awake farmers since their first settlement.

The settlement continues back for some distance, when it becomes less populated. In the northern part of this region there is a strip extending along the foothills, the soil being of a lighter grade than that of the uplands, but it is well adapted to the growing of wheat. The eastern portion of this strip is principally all under cultivation. This land is quite level, and has more sage brush growing over it than the hill

land, still it is fine agricultural land and is being rapidly settled. The central part of this region yet lies vacant, and only awaits the enterprising farmer to bring it forth from its wild state to productiveness.

There is some difference between the eastern and western parts of Horse Heaven, one portion being slightly broken, while the other is level, with scarcely a broken spot to be seen. From Badger canyon you emerge upon an open plain. Here a grand and picturesque view is presented to the eye. For sixty miles to the west the eye rests upon a level plateau, which gradually slopes to the Columbia river to the south. Your gaze can wander over this vast area of country and nothing can be seen but the tall, waving bunch grass, and the settlement in the distance. Away in the distance, looming up in the horizon like three giants, Mounts Hood, Adams and Rainier can be plainly seen.

The soil in this locality is the same as that of the eastern part, and produces wheat, corn, barley, rye, oats, etc. Broom corn thrives well in this locality and the straw is of excellent quality. Hops, also, are grown in this section and yield exceedingly well; enormous crops of potatoes of good size are produced. The average per acre of wheat on new ground is twenty bushels; on old ground the yield is much larger. The country is yet new, the first settlement being made about six years ago. Water is scarce, but like the eastern part springs are numerous, some few having wells, water being reached at from twenty to eighty feet. Trees in this section do well. Mr. Travis has on his farm trees that have made an enormous growth in a short space of time; Mr. Dennis has trees that have grown seven feet in one year, which speaks volumes for land supposed by many to be so dry.

In the southern portion of this section, extending back ten miles from the Columbia river, the soil is more sandy, and vegetation appears earlier than further north. The slope of the country is to the south to the Columbia river and is sufficiently rolling to give excellent drainage. The farmers in this vicinity are not overrun with stock, and do not have to labor under the difficulty that many settlers do in settling a new country, and that is herding stock from their crops until fences can be built. Crops can be put in and harvested without a shadow of a fence surrounding it. Rough lumber can be had at Cleveland, forty miles distant, for \$7.00 to \$8.00 per thousand, and at Prosser for \$14.00 per thousand. Wood is worth \$4.00 per cord, coal \$5.75 per ton.

The pioneer of this country is S. M. Webber. He settled in this section in April, 1883, and had the choice of the country. He laid out the first road from Wallula to Prosser; has three hundred and twenty acres of as fine land as can be found in Horse

Heaven, and he can see every acre of his farm from any spot on his place. Mr. Webber has done much toward the advancing and settling up of the country, and feels enthusiastic and speaks in glowing terms of its future prospects.

This whole region lying between Prosser and Wallula will at no distant day be chronicled on the pages of history as one of the finest agricultural countries on the Pacific coast. Where the bunch grass now grows, and the coyote's unearthly yells are heard, will be covered with waving grain and sweet-smelling orchards; a network of railroads will be formed through it, and the farmers will prosper. The influx of immigration that will seek Washington Territory this year will populate the Horse Heaven country and make it blossom as the rose, and its fame as a wheat producing country will be proclaimed to the world. All difficulties now standing in the path of progress will be overcome, and the farmers now struggling to improve their farms and build up their homes will be prosperous and happy. The people of the overcrowded east are seeking new homes, and Washington Territory is destined to be the goal of the home seeker, and Horse Heaven, with its thousands of acres of yet vacant land, will receive its share of this great rush.—*Wallula Herald*.

THE CITY OF McMINNVILLE.

ONE of the most substantial towns of Oregon is McMinnville, the county seat of Yamhill county. That portion of the Willamette valley was one of the earliest settled in pioneer days, and "Old Yamhill" has been famous for years for its agricultural products and its "big red apples." McMinnville, which has for a long time been the largest town in the county, last year became the county seat and erected a handsome court house. Though it suffered a severe loss from fire last year, its misfortunes in this respect seem only to have put a new spirit of energy into its citizens, who are rebuilding the burned portions of the town with finer business blocks, and are subscribing liberally to various business and manufacturing enterprises. No town in the entire west has a more substantial and productive agricultural region at its back, and there is no reason why McMinnville should not continue to grow and prosper as it is doing at the present time. The west side line of the Southern Pacific railroad passes through the town, connecting it with Portland, and there are excellent prospects for another line, one that will give it direct communication with the mouth of the Columbia river at Astoria. The Astoria & South Coast road is now under construction southward from Astoria toward Tillamook,

and will be continued across the mountains into the Willamette valley. Its route will be through Yamhill county and McMinnville to either Salem or Albany. Whatever terminus it may seek in the valley it will find the route through McMinnville the most advantageous and profitable it can take. The crossing of these two roads at this point will make the city an important competitive shipping point, as well as increase its importance as a manufacturing place. Increased shipping facilities will also have the effect of adding much to the value of all classes of property, since farms will yield larger incomes and town property will be in greater demand for business and residence purposes. A large immigration is coming to Oregon this year and during the next decade, and a great many intelligent and industrious people will find homes upon the farms of Yamhill county, which will be cut up into smaller holdings than at present, and will be more highly and advantageously cultivated than they are now. This great increase in the population and productions of the county will add much to the business and wealth of the city, which will grow rapidly in population and importance. McMinnville certainly offers to the manufacturer and practical business man many inducements, while the surrounding country presents an unexcelled opportunity for the farmer who possesses a small capital to buy himself a home where railroads, schools, churches and all the requisites of civilized living have already been provided.

HILLSBORO AND FOREST GROVE.

L YING but a few miles southwest of Portland, and surrounded by a large area of most fertile agricultural land, are Hillsboro and Forest Grove, two of the most pleasant and prosperous towns in Oregon. Washington county lies in the extreme northwestern portion of the Willamette valley, and is possessed of a great diversity of resources, though it is chiefly adapted to various forms of agriculture. The surface of the country is not a level plain, neither is it rugged or extremely mountainous. Beginning on the east, the general level of the Willamette valley extends some distance into the county, gradually becoming more elevated and rolling in its nature until, about six miles west of Forest Grove, it ascends to the foothills and higher ridges of the Coast mountains. In all this distance there is scarcely a foot of land that is not cultivable when denuded of the timber growing upon it. The valley portion and the bottom lands along the streams flowing through the foothills and mountains are those that have been occupied the longest and have been brought under the best state

of cultivation. Even in those sections, however, it can safely be said that not one-half of the land has been cleared of its timber and brush and brought under the plow. Much of this land, in all stages of improvement, from the wild and uncleared to the highly cultivated, can be purchased at most reasonable prices, ranging all the way from five to fifty dollars an acre. Here are unrivaled opportunities for the immigrant farmer of small means to obtain a home by purchase, partly cleared for cultivation, upon which he can at once support himself and family. By his own labor he can add value to his property as the years go by, and in a few years can have a valuable and highly productive farm. One of the greatest inducements Washington county has to offer is its nearness to Portland, the great market of this entire region, which is only a few minutes distance by rail, or a few hours by wagon. This fact renders the production of fruit and vegetables a specially desirable business. For both of these the soil and climate are well adapted. Hillsboro, the county seat, lies on the west side line of the Southern Pacific railroad, and is a prosperous town. By reason of its nearness to Portland, and because of the steady increase in the products and population of the surrounding country, it is making most satisfactory progress in both population and business. Forest Grove, lying a few miles farther west, on the same line of road, is a beautiful town, having a healthy and growing business with the surrounding country. Located there is the Pacific university, an institution of learning of great merit, and occupying a most prominent position among the colleges of the northwest.

NEW ENTERPRISES AT ROSEBURG.

E VERY month for the past year THE WEST SHORE has chronicled something new in the form of improvements in the city of Roseburg, either in the form of a new industry or public enterprise, or some important development in the fertile Umpqua valley, of which Roseburg is the chief commercial point. The citizens are showing a disposition, not only to encourage the establishment of new enterprises there, but to give them substantial aid as well. They have subscribed a bonus for a woolen mill, and have organized a building and loan association, which has been so successful in its operations that an increase has been made in its capital stock, the total amount now being \$100,000.00, nearly all of which has been subscribed. A new enterprise is now receiving attention, a system of water works. After several public meetings to consider the question a company was organized to construct and operate a system of water

works, with a capital stock of \$20,000.00, all of which was subscribed within two days from the time the stock books were opened. Work on the system will be commenced at once, and it is expected that the works will be in operation before the end of the year. Another matter in contemplation is a sewerage system. When water works and a sewer system shall have been constructed, Roseburg will be one of the best equipped municipalities in the state. Situated as it is in the midst of one of the loveliest valleys in the west, possessing a most healthful and delightful climate and surrounded by fertile and productive farms, it certainly holds out many inducements to the business man, manufacturer, farmer and fruit grower.

NEWBERG AND CHEHALEM VALLEY.

THE charming Chehalem valley, lying but twenty-five miles south of the city of Portland, is undergoing rapid development and is fast becoming one of the leading fruit growing regions in the northwest, especially in the vicinity of Newberg, the commercial point of the valley, where fully twenty thousand fruit trees were set out the past year, and which has become the center of the fruit interests of that portion of the famous old county of Yamhill. Orchards are not being set out in the slovenly way so common in former days in Oregon, but are being planted with great care, both as to the selection of choice and vigorous trees and their proper transplanting and subsequent cultivation. One orchard in particular is deserving of special mention, Oak Fir orchard, the property of the proprietor of THE WEST SHORE. It contains twenty-four acres, upon which are twenty-five hundred trees, all of the most desirable market varieties. These trees are from two to four years

old and some of them will bear largely this season. Around the orchard is a neat picket fence, and in a beautiful oak grove is a splendid building spot for a residence. A large portion of the country about Newberg is being cut up into small tracts of from five to thirty acres for fruit farms, and in a few years the town will be surrounded by a large number of such fine orchards as Oak Fir. Splendid roads lead out from Newberg in all directions, along which neat and tasty residences are being erected, making the valley assume a most cheerful and homelike appearance. In a very short time, a few years at most, Chehalem valley will be one great orchard and garden, and will be visited by pleasure seekers in great numbers. In fact, preparations are already being made for the accommodation of those who will desire to visit this charming valley on Sundays. The managers of the Portland & Willamette Valley railroad have put on two extra Sunday trains between Portland and Newberg, leaving each place in the morning and returning in the evening, with a round trip fare of only one dollar. This will enable the citizens of Portland to spend Sunday in Newberg and those of the latter place to do the same in Portland. This most desirable accommodation for the public was secured by the exertions of Mr. Samuel, the proprietor of THE WEST SHORE, who secured the guaranty required by the company for the maintenance of the service the first four months. In many respects the town of Newberg is making great progress, and is growing faster than any other valley town in Oregon. At the present rate of progress it will have two thousand inhabitants in two years more. Small tracts of choice fruit lands can be secured from the Chehalem Valley Board of Immigration, at Newberg, and from private citizens, who have cut their farms up into small tracts for the purpose of selling them to individuals who will convert them into productive orchards.



Northwestern News and Information.

IDAHO'S INVITATION TO YOUNG MEN.—I see it stated in a metropolitan journal, that "A number of ambitious and brainy young men in our city have formed an association and are soon to emigrate to one of the territories about entering the union, with the expectation of not only making their fortune, but with the further expectation of soon becoming eminent citizens of those new states." All right, and very wise. Right that these smart young fellows should seek fortune and honor, and wise that they hunt for them in fresh fields, and wise, also, that they come in companies; for, however "brainy," there are times, even in these social territories, when a young man may find it pleasant to have an old friend at hand. These young men will find a cordial welcome and an open road. There are no "toll bars" here across the paths to wealth and honor. In all these young, state-seeking territories, ambitious and brainy young men are wanted, and they are welcome to all of fortune and honor that they may honorably achieve. But they should not start with the idea that there are not other young men, just as ambitious and just as brainy, already on the ground. Let them come with full realization of the fact that they are to win success only on sharply contested fields, and where the honors go to the best man. Let them come in the chivalric and brave spirit which springs from such knowledge, and they will find themselves welcomed to the contest, and welcome to all that they may win. Idaho opens wide her golden gates to all "ambitious and brainy" immigrants, and none more welcome than the young men of our own eastern states and cities. Idaho welcomes them to a climate, and to a wealth of native sources, as fair and rich as any sister territory may proffer. She has room enough and work enough and honors enough for many thousands of them. Let these young men consider the fact that Idaho is no "narrow neck of woods," but is an empire greater in area than New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and New Hampshire combined. To the development of such an empire, to the erection of a state upon such broad foundations, we invite their "brains," their stout arms and all their high young spirit. The article to which we have alluded has, also, in connection with these young gentlemen, something to say about future "governorships" and "senatorships." May we suggest that they had better come with their young hearts not too much set upon political preferment, for they will find that field pretty hotly contested; while Idaho opens to them many avenues pleasanter to travel, and offering more abundant wealth and more abiding honor. The mountains of Idaho are stored with abundant riches, to be had for the seeking. More than \$120,000,000.00 of gold and silver have already been given to the world by this generous territory. Idaho has steadily advanced, during the last four years, from the ninth to the fifth place in the list of bullion producing states. Ten millions of gold, silver and lead were produced last year from her mines. Besides her precious metals, Idaho has an abundance of iron, copper, salt, sulphur, mica, sandstone, limestone, granite, and marble in quality not excelled this side of Italy. In this stern, but healthy and profitable field of mining, Idaho has work and fortunes for tens of thousands of "ambitious and brainy young men." Idaho has seven million acres of forest. Great stretches of spruce and pine timber as fine as grows upon the continent. This magnificent lumber will soon be wanted for build-

ing the farm houses and barns and fences which will be clamoring for erection, and for loading the railroads in response to demands from neighboring territories. Improvements of river channels, and the opening of canals, whereby this wealth of timber may be floated to market, are already devised, and in the completion of which, and in the handling of this great lumber trade, enterprising young men may find full scope for all their ability, and at the same time they shall secure rich pecuniary returns. Then there is that grand scheme, one of the greatest of the day, for irrigating the great plains of Southern Idaho, through which flows the Snake, by canals on either side of that great river, beginning in the county of Bingham, on the Wyoming border, and running entirely across the territory to the Oregon line. On account of the lava rock in some localities, these canals may be obliged to return occasionally to the river, and seek new departures; but in the aggregate, on either side, they must be some five hundred miles in extent, and opening up to cultivation from five to six million acres of as rich land as may be found on the continent. In the opportunity of aiding in such a stupendous undertaking, such a magnificent offering to the state, and to the coming millions of her happy citizens, is there not sufficient honor to incite the loftiest ambition of the brainiest young men of the country? Here is work for years; grand, healthy, full of excitement, and sure of results grander with honor to the participants, and richer in benefactions to the state, than we may now believe. But of these "brainy young men" about to emigrate to the territories, there may be some whose "ambition" seeks less rugged responsibilities. Let those not turn back, but know that there are quieter fields of action, with less weight of care, yet sure of rich rewards. There are other sections of the territory seeking needed irrigation, yet through much smaller schemes, and where the canals are already well along their way. Here, under the fair skies of Southern Idaho, the young man may enter his desert claim, plant his own vine and fig tree, and in their shade watch his ripening crops and count the increase of his herd of cattle and band of horses, by winter fattening upon the great stacks of clover and alfalfa, which shall attest the fertility of his acres, or in summer multiplying upon the free mountain pastures not far away, until his honest ambition is filled with delighted satisfaction. Idaho will soon have open for settlement an abundance of rich agricultural lands. For instance, the opening of the Fort Hall Indian reservation, in the southeastern part of the territory, which can not be far distant, will open to public settlement a large area of good land, much of it of very superior quality. The famous town of Pocatello, situated on this reservation, at the junction of the Utah Northern and the Oregon Short Line, and started by the Union Pacific road but a year or two since, has already five hundred buildings, and a thousand more, it is said, will surely be built this summer. Irrigating canals, built by enterprising eastern capital, will bring water to all the surrounding country. There are other sections of the territory in the central counties, and in the northern, bordering on Washington, where there are rich valleys and fertile plains, not demanding irrigation; and other districts in Southwestern Idaho, where canals are already or soon will be built, in the rich valleys of the Payette, the Weiser and the Boise, and the fertile plains between them; but all

offering cheerful and grand possibilities to the ambitious young men of the east. The young men will find on the ground, to welcome their coming, an hundred thousand men and women, leaving out of the count the Indians; and the Indians of Idaho are not a bad set. An hundred thousand as true hearts, as resolute souls, and as thoroughly imbued with the American spirit, as can be found within the bounds of the union. Some of them hardy pioneers, who early crossed the plains long before railroads made the journey a pleasure trip. They endured great hardships, and are worthy of the most reverent love of all who have come later. But the early and the later comers have all brought in their hearts the teachings and the principles and the high ambitions of their eastern homes. And those who now announce their starting will find, when they reach these borders, that all the Christian graces abide in the hearts of the fair women of this distant territory, and that the men are as intelligent and as chivalrous as those they leave behind. They will find a land, that, for its breadth of territory, its dower of resources, its mildness of climate, the gentleness of its winds, and the equability of its temperature, is all unknown in the east. They will meet with a manly welcome, in which the generous earth and the kindly skies will join; and find waiting them ten thousand opportunities for securing all the success in business venture, all the honors in professional life, and all the triumphs of political warfare, their most aspiring ambition may crave.—*John R. French, in Boise Statesman.*

GROWTH OF IDAHO.—Mr. A. F. Parker, editor of the *Idaho Free Press*, is quoted as saying in an interview that the growth of Idaho during the next five years will exceed that which has occurred since its organization in 1863. Southern Idaho is rapidly being settled, and irrigation schemes that will render the whole country fertile are maturing. The northern counties are increasing in wealth even faster than the southern part of the territory, owing to the fact that the agricultural lands of the pan handle do not require irrigation to make them productive. Idaho's population is now not much over one hundred thousand, and the total valuation of taxable property is only about \$21,000,000.00. About one-half the property in the territory is listed for taxation, and that portion is assessed at about sixty per cent. If all the property was assessed at its full cash value the assessment roll would exceed \$100,000,000.00. There are three hundred and forty school districts and twenty thousand four hundred and fifty children of school age in the territory. Receipts of school money for 1888 were \$160,000.00, and disbursements of the same amounted to \$130,000.00. The territory has eighteen million acres of timber and mineral lands, a great portion of which is some of the finest forest land in the United States. The location of all the public lands in all the land offices throughout the territory is rapidly increasing as immigration flocks in, and new mineral districts are being discovered at intervals frequent enough to keep the prospector on the alert. The districts which are attracting the most attention now are the Warrens and Alton, in Idaho county, and the Seven Devils copper belt, in Washington county. Warrens and Alton are exclusively gold and silver quartz, and in the latter camp \$2,000,000.00 will be invested in machinery and development work as soon as the territorial wagon road is completed. The Seven Devils is the greatest copper camp in the world, and it is expected that wonderful developments will take place there during the next two years, and vast amounts of capital will be invested. The Nez Perce and Cœur d'Alene Indian reservations occupy large tracts of fertile lands in the northern part of Idaho. In reference to the occupants of the former reservation, Mr. Parker says: "The Nez Perces and

Pend d'Oreilles are the mother tribes of all the northwest intermountain Indians, and the character of the Nez Perces is very high. Their record is one of unblemished loyalty to the whites and they are steadfast friends of our people. They herd their stock under the laws of the territory, and are otherwise far advanced in civilization. The Kamiahs, in particular, are very intelligent, and gave us great assistance in the Chief Joseph outbreak of 1877. At Mt. Idaho we have a mission school which is attended by large numbers of Indian children, and many of the older Indians are regularly-ordained preachers of the Presbyterian persuasion, and occasionally preach to the whites in the villages bordering on the reservation. In fact, they are the best and the most intelligent Indians, and the government would find them a good tribe upon which to make a thorough trial of the severalty system, as they have been self-sustaining, have abandoned their tribal relations, and have for many years lived without a chief."

THE TOWN OF BLAINE.—The farthest north of all the towns on Puget sound is Blaine, lying on the eastern shore, close to the international line. Blaine is situated about in the center of a basin one hundred miles in diameter, being surrounded on nearly all sides by snow-covered mountains, the distance to which may range from forty to sixty miles. The mountains are clearly seen in fair weather, and loom grandly. It is pleasantly located on the east shore of Semiahmoo bay and Drayton harbor, and is in the extreme northwest corner of Whatcom county. The international boundary line runs along the north side of the town, dividing the harbor and leaving a small portion of it in British Columbia. As to the harbor, it is one of the best on the Pacific coast. The inside, or Drayton harbor, contains an area equal to two miles square, varying from fifty to eighty feet in depth, and is reached from the north by a channel five-eighths of a mile in width. The inner harbor is completely land-locked by reason of the peninsula of the Semiahmoo extending north, and the north bluff, which lies a little west, extending south into semiahmoo bay, thus lapping and rendering Drayton harbor completely land-locked. Blaine is surrounded on more than three sides by an agricultural table-land. It is well supplied with an abundance of pure, soft water, generally reached by digging about twenty feet. In point of productiveness of grass, grain, fruits and vegetables, this part of Whatcom county will compare favorably with any portion of Western Washington. It is some thirty miles east of Blaine to the foothills of the Cascade mountains, and Whatcom is about twenty-five miles southeast. From Whatcom north to the Fraser river, some forty miles, is one continuous table-land, all well watered and very productive. A larger area of agricultural land is immediately tributary to Drayton harbor than to any other port on Puget sound. Blaine is also convenient to the best fisheries on the lower sound, it being but a few miles to the best codfish and halibut banks, and Point Roberts is near by, where there is the finest salmon fishery on the sound. It is from this place that the great salmon canneries on Fraser river are largely supplied. Drayton harbor and Semiahmoo bay are well supplied with shell fish and such other edible fish as are common on the sound, while the fresh water streams near by have an abundance of trout. New Westminster is eighteen miles northwest from Blaine, which is on a direct air line from that place to Whatcom, and will participate in the benefits from the railway now under construction between those two points. Blaine has two tri-weekly stages running to New Westminster, a tri-weekly mail stage to Whatcom, a weekly steamboat service by the steamer George E. Starr, and a weekly mail service by the steamer Brick. It has a good school,

three stores of general merchandise, three hotels, two saw mills, one furniture factory, one printing office, where is published the *Blaine Journal*, a live paper, and one jewelry store. Quite a number of new buildings have recently been built, and several are now in process of construction.

A LARGE SMELTER FOR PORTLAND.—A proposition has been made to the board of trade of Portland, by gentlemen who propose to erect here a large smelting plant, that the business men of the city subscribe \$25,000.00 to the capital stock of the company, the money not to be paid until the works have been completed and the work of reducing ore actually been begun. The gentlemen managing the enterprise have secured a large area of land near the old town of Linnton, a few miles north of the city, on the north bank of the Willamette, where deep water extends up to the bank of the river. The line of the Northern Pacific passes close by, and a switch will be put in leading to the company's works. It is proposed to make these works very extensive, with a capacity of from two hundred to three hundred tons of ore per day. The lines of railroad centering in Portland reach all the mining districts now having railroad outlets, and there is no question that this city is the place for the operation of large smelting plants. Whether this enterprise will materialize or not, is, of course, uncertain, but if this one should not, it is only a matter of time when large reduction works will be established in Portland. Many of the largest and best paying mines in every prominent district are the property of citizens of Portland, who have invested their money freely, and generally with good judgment, and are naturally desirous that the work of reduction of the ores from their mines shall be done in this city. Some two years ago the Portland Reduction Works were incorporated, and a small smelting plant was erected in East Portland, but it was found that the enterprise was projected on too small a scale to be a success. It could not consume a sufficient quantity of ore to secure from the railroads any consideration in the way of rates. Fifty tons a day is a small amount of ore for a railroad to handle. Ten times that amount is being taken daily from the mines of Cœur d'Alene alone by the Northern Pacific, and carried to the smelters at Helena and Wickes. Reduction works ought to be established here to consume not less than five hundred tons of ore per day, which could be brought in by every line of road reaching this city. Ores from the Santiam and from Southern Oregon could come by the Southern Pacific, those from Eastern Oregon and Idaho by the Oregon Short Line and the O. R. & N. Co., and those from the mines of Washington and Northern Idaho by the O. R. & N. Co. and the Northern Pacific. Alaska ores could be brought by steamer or sailing vessel. The time will soon come when the reduction of ores will be an important industry in this city, giving employment to a large number of men and enormous capital, and will center in this city the ore product of the northwest, aggregating millions of dollars annually.

FORT BENTON, MONTANA.—The Fort Benton *River Press* speaks as follows of the improvements that were made in that enterprising town of fifteen hundred inhabitants during last year and of some projects for the current year: First in order stands the great iron bridge which spans the Missouri river at this place and which cost \$64,000.00. A system of water works was established in the city at a cost of \$75,000.00, and an electric light and power plant costing \$50,000.00. A wool warehouse and compress were also built at a cost of \$15,000.00, making a total for the past year of \$204,000.00. This, however, is only a "starter" for what will follow. During the current year a flouring mill will be built at a cost of \$50,000.00, and a

\$30,000.00 wool scouring plant will probably be erected. The Benton & Billings railroad will doubtless be built this year, necessitating the construction of a bridge across the Missouri, which, with the track in the county, will call for the expenditure of at least \$500,000.00. The track of the Benton & Lethbridge railroad will run one hundred miles in the county, which, together with round houses and machine shops to be built here, will absorb \$2,500,000.00 more, making a grand total of \$3,080,000.00. Yet with all these fully assured enterprises in sight Fort Benton is quietly going on its way to the head of the procession of Montana cities, without bluster or effort upon its part to create a boom in its favor. In fact, it wants none. It is not a boom city. It prefers a steady healthy growth which solidifies its every industry, and when it shall have arrived at the full stature of its destined greatness it will present a well-rounded, perfect whole, without a weak spot or blemish to mar its beauty.

RAILROAD FROM HELENA TO THE CANADIAN BOUNDARY.—Another railroad company has been incorporated in Montana. It is known as the Montana & Canada, and the capital stock is placed at \$4,000,000.00. The object is to build a railroad between Helena and a point on the international boundary very nearly due north of that city. Starting from the northern terminus about ten miles west of the west butte of the Sweet Grass hills, the route will be south to Marias river, which it will cross at or near Fort Conrad, thence into the valley of the Dry Fork branch of the Marias, thence to Sun river, which it will cross at a point about six miles west of Fort Shaw, thence from Choteau county through the northwestern portion of Cascade county, along Sims creek into Lewis and Clarke county, and thence across the Bird Tail divide, between Sims creek and Flat creek, and along the last named creek and Dearborn river to Dog creek, near the Helena and Benton stage road, and thence along Dog creek to the Missouri river, crossing the line of the Montana Central between the mouth of Dog creek and the mouth of Little Prickly Pear creek, thence through the Prickly Pear valley to a point near the city of Helena, the southern terminus of the road. An outgrowth of the Montana & Canada Railway Company is the Fort Benton Construction Company, which has also filed articles of incorporation. The purposes of the company are to enter into and fulfill contracts with the Montana & Canada and the Alberta Railway & Coal Company, such as building road-beds, laying tracks, building bridges and trestles, and doing everything necessary to complete the Montana & Canada.

A BIG COKE ENTERPRISE.—A company with a capital stock of \$1,000,000.00, and consisting of well-known business men of Livingston and several New York capitalists, was recently formed in Livingston, Montana, for the development of the Horn coal mines. The company will take possession of the mines and erect within ninety days thirty-six coke ovens to coke the one hundred and forty car loads of coal that the mines are now putting out every month. The money has been raised to put up these ovens and the brick have been ordered for their construction. The boss coker of Connellsville, Pa., has been engaged to take charge of the work. The thirty-six ovens which the company intend to put in immediately will coke about sixty tons per day, which is sufficient to handle the present coal output. It is intended, however, to greatly increase the coal output and the number of ovens to correspond. There is enough coal in sight to run five hundred coke ovens if the company wishes to push the development work in the mines. The stockholders have not yet elected their board of directors,

though it will consist of Livingston business men. The prospects of this company are most flattering, and it is an investment from which the owners of the property will derive a handsome profit. All the coal in the company's claim is coking coal. A car load was recently coked as a trial, and the parties using it report the test as eminently satisfactory, and that the quality of the coke is equal, if not superior, to any produced in the territory. This company will thus be prepared to furnish the Livingston smelter with its fuel as soon as it is needed, and a large per cent. of the coke required by works in Butte.

THE BLACKFOOT INDIANS.—The Blackfoot Indian agency in Montana is located about one hundred and twenty-five miles northwest of Great Falls. Those Indians are among the most civilized and industrious in the country. Around the agency comfortable houses have supplanted tepees. The days of war parties, horse stealing and medicine lodges are over. They readily perceive how utterly fruitless it would be to attempt to pursue their old ways, and are fast accepting the ways of the white man. With the past year a creditable amount of work has been done by the more energetic members of the tribe. All of the agency freight has been transported from the agency depot at Benton to the agency by Indian wagon trains, the amount of freight money distributed among them being very close to \$3,000.00 in one year. Besides this, they have been employed in fencing pastures and in various other ways. For some time past a large force has been camped on Badger creek canyon, some distance above the agency, who are in charge of an agency employe, and are engaged in chopping timber for agency purposes. Already half a million feet of mixed lumber is ready for immediate use, and two thousand saw logs are being daily hauled to the banks of the stream to be floated down to the saw mill at the proper stage of water. The Blackfoot (or South Piegan) agency is situated in one of the many beautiful and fertile valleys of Badger creek. It is noted, among other things, as being the most windy place on earth. This is due to the fact that, being located in a direct line with the Two Medicine pass in the Rocky mountains, the wind sweeps down the canyon and into the valley with a terrible velocity.

A BIG MONTANA MINE TO BE REOPENED.—In 1864 a portion of the Whitlach-Union group of mines, about four miles from Helena, Montana, was located. Developments rapidly followed, and between the years 1865 and 1874 about \$6,000,000.00 in gold were taken from these mines. Unionville, a city of three thousand inhabitants, sprang into existence, and for a few years enjoyed a prosperous growth. For some unknown reason, however, in 1874 the mines were closed, it being announced by the superintendent that the ore had given out, though expert miners engaged there knew better. Over fourteen thousand feet of tunnels, shafts, cross-cuts, levels and galleries, and a large amount of new hoisting machinery, quartz mills, etc., that had cost over a million dollars, were abandoned and left to go to ruin. The town was forsaken, and for fourteen years there have been no signs of activity about the ruins. Litigation over titles added to the trouble. Recently, however, the conflicting interests have been harmonized and the properties have been sold to William Flannery, of Bozeman, for a consideration of \$200,000.00. The ground extends over twenty acres. The principal claims are the McIntyre and Union, which are virtually the same lode, being separated by what is known as a "horse." Work will be resumed in the mines about the first of May, and it will be necessary to do over all that has been done. The rotten timbers and ruined machinery

will be replaced with new and the whole property will be fully developed. This is one of the richest mining properties in the territory and its development is a matter of considerable interest.

SHEEP INTERESTS OF MONTANA.—A Montana paper speaks of the sheep industry in that territory as follows: An important branch of Montana agriculture is sheep raising and wool growing. This industry dates its beginning from the fall of 1871, when the first flocks were brought from Oregon and California. By a judicious crossing with Merino and Cotswold bucks, a grade of sheep has been produced which grows a wool of fair length and of a texture and quality which is highly prized by manufacturers, being of that particular kind most satisfactory for mixtures with fine wools in making a considerable variety of fabrics desirable to the trade; and as a mutton sheep their standard rather excels, being preferable in the Chicago market to other western raised sheep. The mutton wethers, as they are sent out fresh from the ranges, weigh from one hundred to one hundred and ten pounds dressed, and compare favorably with the best mutton sheep in the markets of this country. There are now, including last spring's lambs, not less than one million two hundred and twenty-eight thousand sheep in the territory, worth \$3,000,000.00, and their wool product at next spring's shearing will be fully six million one hundred thousand pounds. This large number of sheep is owned by less than two hundred and fifty persons or firms, some of them having as many as ten flocks of two thousand sheep each. When it is borne in mind that of the \$3,000,000.00 received for wool annually, one-half to seven-eighths of that sum is paid out in caring for the sheep and making improvements of the ranches, an idea of the magnitude of the industry is obtained which is worthy of reflection.

IDAHO'S PRECIOUS METALS.—During the month of February the United States assay office at Boise, Idaho, received six thousand nine hundred and thirteen ounces of bullion, valued at \$67,500.00, of which \$63,550.00 was gold and \$3,950.00 silver. During the first week of March the same office received four thousand six hundred and twenty ounces of bullion, valued at \$27,487.00. A fine body of high grade galena ore has recently been discovered on a new location called the Walla Walla, situated near the Upper Warm Springs, on the Ketchum and Smoky road. What is rather remarkable about this late discovery is that it was made upon a contact vein, between a lime and granite formation, where there had already been locations aggregating four thousand feet taken up and claimed, this last location making over five thousand feet upon the same ledge. Good ore is found at different points on all of the claims located on this important contact ledge. The surface ground is so situated that the several claims can be easily and economically worked, and it is no wild assertion to say that the time is not far off when mining on an extensive scale will be carried on all along the line of this great contact. The celebrated cinnabar mine of Custer county, which is one of the richest silver mines in the territory, is about to be worked in earnest. The Cinnabar Mining Co., with a capital of \$2,000,000.00, was organized last May, and it is about to commence active operations. The organization is under the laws of Illinois, the head office being at Highland, in that state. Rich developments are expected under the new management.

THE COLVILLE MINING REGION.—The Summit district in the Colville mining region of Northern Washington is said to be one of the richest mineral fields in the country. The work of

development now in progress shows a volume of wealth that is surprising. The first discoveries were made several years ago, but until the Daisy was developed to a paying basis last summer, nothing definite was known of the field. Since then much work has been done on all the prospects of the district, and a heavy output of bullion is assured the markets from this region. If there is a mine in the country the Daisy leads all that has come to the surface in the way of mineral. This mine shows a ledge surface of about five feet of galena and carbonates, assaying an average of eighty ounces in silver and thirty-two per cent. lead. The mine is well suited as to convenience in shipping ore away by wagon, and a tunnel is being run on a level of two hundred feet to tap the ledge. When this tunnel is completed there will be no cessation of work on the property, provided the Spokane & Northern crosses down the valley. There is plenty of ground yet to be prospected all over the country, and when a discovery is made capital is needed to develop it. Splendid opportunities in mines are offered in the Little Dalles, Young America, Bruce creek, Clugston creek, Old Dominion and Chewelah districts. A careful estimate of the mineral capacity of the entire Colville country as it stands, in an almost undeveloped condition, is an output of nearly one thousand tons of shipping ore that will assay fully \$50.00 a ton.

JUNEAU CITY, ALASKA.—The little city of Juneau is slowly but steadily improving and its chances are now the best they have ever been since the first advent of the whites, August 12, 1880. On that date Joseph Juneau and Richard Harris, accompanied by three Indians, first visited what is now called Gastineaux channel, and camped on the beach near where Corcoran's store now is. Since that time a great improvement has taken place every year until now the eighty-six blocks, each containing eight lots fifty by one hundred feet, are laid out, the lots are all appropriated and houses on nearly all; streets are being steadily improved, lots are being graded and cleared up, and a general appearance of prosperity is plainly to be seen. Many of Juneau's residents are now visiting in the states and will return soon, yet there are now enough people to have a pleasant time at gatherings so frequently held during the long evenings. So far as deportment goes, we have yet the first case to hear of where anything that the most fastidious lady in the land could complain of has occurred, and the writer has frequently heard ladies speaking of the kindness and courtesy with which ladies are treated by the old miners of Alaska. It is pleasant to be able to record this, as from reports of mining camps in general, an element of roughness is to be expected that certainly is not represented in Juneau.—*Free Press*.

NEW RAILWAY FOR EASTERN OREGON.—A railroad line which is attracting some attention in Southern Oregon and Northern California is the Nevada, California & Oregon, now in operation a distance of over eighty miles northwest from Reno, Nevada. There has been a great deal of grading done from the end of the track, and the company will soon have an additional fifty miles in operation. This road was originally run as the Nevada & California line, with much less mileage than it has now, but it did not pay expenses, and was therefore sold under mortgage foreclosure. It has lately come under a new management, which, it is understood, has undertaken to push the line through the fertile valleys of Lassen and Modoc counties, and through Klamath county up into Eastern Oregon, where it is intended to connect with the Oregon Short Line. It is believed that this can be done at reasonable expense, there being no great natural obstacles to overcome. The road will be a natural competitor of the Southern Pacific's shorter line; but, although a par-

allel route in a certain sense, it will be so far distant from the Shasta road as to give both roads ample territory. The people of the small towns along the route of the projected line take an active interest in the scheme.

NEW LUMBER ENTERPRISE ON PUGET SOUND.—The Gig Harbor Logging Co., which was incorporated a short time ago with a paid up capital of \$20,000.00, is beginning operations at Gig harbor. The principal object of the logging company is to get out logs, but it is in no way connected with the lumber company, except that the lumber company will become one of the customers of the former. The logging company proposes to erect a shingle mill at Gig harbor in the near future. It will also build a railroad from the head of the harbor back into the woods to haul out logs to the water. This road will be built at once, and at first will extend about a mile back into the timber. After the timber contiguous to the first mile is cut the road will be extended as needed. The officers of the logging company have recently been elected, as follows: President, George E. Atkinson; secretary, Geo. T. Gardner; treasurer, James H. Parker; general manager, M. J. Darling. The Gig Harbor Lumber Co. has all the orders for lumber it can fill. Fifteen cargoes of lumber have been sold, two of them for Australia, and these orders will keep the mill busy for some time. The headquarters of the company are in Tacoma.

WALLA WALLA COUNTY GRAIN.—From present indications, the grain crop of Walla Walla this season will be immense. It is estimated that about two hundred and twenty thousand acres have been put in grain, two-thirds of it being sown to wheat. Of this one hundred and fifty thousand acres of wheat, the average yield will be at least thirty bushels to the acre, four million five hundred thousand bushels in all. At the rate at present paid for wheat, sixty cents, this crop will be worth \$2,700,000.00, or a revenue from each acre of \$18.00, which, in one form or another, is a direct addition to the wealth of Walla Walla county. When it is remembered that this one hundred and fifty thousand acres is but a small part of the grain lands of Walla Walla county, it can easily be seen what the productions of the county will amount to when the country is fully settled and farmed to its utmost capacity. Other counties of Eastern Oregon and Eastern Washington show a similar state of affairs, and it is estimated that the grain crop of the Inland Empire will approximate twenty-five million bushels, and that it will tax the railroads to their utmost, even with the additional facilities provided the past year, to carry the crop to market.

DEEP CREEK FALLS.—Deep Creek Falls is the name of a town on a branch of the Spokane river, about fourteen miles west of Spokane Falls. It has experienced considerable excitement lately resulting from the discovery of some silver ore assaying about \$50.00 to the ton. This discovery was made in a well that was being dug in the rear of a new hotel, and the probabilities are that the mother vein is within a short distance of the place in which this was found, in which case this town of Deep Creek Falls may receive some of the attention which even without this mining prospect it has long merited. Deep Creek Falls has, perhaps, as handsome a town site as any place in the country, being surrounded by farming lands that are unexcelled. The creek is a beautiful stream which runs on the borders of the city, having a fall of forty-two feet, furnishing the power for a roller mill. The Washington Central branch of the Northern Pacific railroad, which runs through the town, has erected an excellent depot and station house and

has made a large graded approach to them from the street, and two grades and a platform on the rear for the receipt and delivery of goods.

BIG DITCH FOR SOUTHERN OREGON.—There is a proposition in view to build a canal leading from Lower Klamath lake to the mouth of the Van Brimer ditch. It is the aim of the projectors to utilize it for the purpose of transporting produce and for irrigation. It is a matter of great importance, not only to that section, but to the county at large, and the enterprise should receive the support of everyone who has the interest of the county at heart. The people of Keno are awake to the importance of the measure and have proffered their support, aiming to turn the trade of Tule lake to their own town. When the canal has been completed, farmers in that vicinity can float their produce either to Keno or Linkville, purchase their supplies and return. J. F. Adams has obligated himself to perform the work on the canal, and to have a continuous flow of water into the Tule lake country for this season's use sufficient to flood all the farming land between Tule and Lower Klamath lakes. Citizens of Tule lake will be the first recipients of the benefits to be derived from the enterprise.

ALASKA'S BIG MILL AND MINE.—The largest and most complete mining plant in the world is that of the Treadwell gold mine, on Douglas island, Alaska, the capacity of the chlorination works having recently been increased, and one hundred and twenty stamps added, making a two hundred and forty stamp mill. This mill is able to crush six hundred tons a day. The ore, in character, is quartz, carrying free gold and auriferous iron sulphurets, the sulphurets, or concentrates, yielding about \$120.00 per ton. The real value of the ore per ton is not known outside the company, but experts and our best mining men have pretty accurately placed it at from \$10.00 to \$12.00 per ton. From the basis of \$10.00 per ton, the mine can not yield less than \$150,000.00 per month. A short time ago a new pit was started on the ledge near the north wall, in which the richest ore yet encountered in the ledge has been found. The body is about eight feet in width and is said to mill \$1,300.00 per ton.

VALUABLE MARBLE QUARRY.—A correspondent writing from Cooke City says: About twenty-five miles east of this place, on the line of the Billings, Clarke's Fork & Cooke City railroad, Crandall creek empties into the Clarke's Fork. Some two miles up the creek, from the point of intersection by the railroad, according to the preliminary survey, there has been discovered a large deposit of fine marble. It shows upon the face a length of one and one-half miles, about one thousand feet in height, and a thickness of from five to six hundred feet. About one thousand pounds of the marble were taken to New York and other eastern points and tested by experts. It is pronounced by all to be equal, if not superior, to the best Italian marble imported, worth \$130.00 per ton for small dimension pieces, such as mantels, tomb stones and house ornamentation. Considerable work will be done in the quarries this summer, but not much marble will be taken out until the arrival of cheap transportation for moving it.

SALMON CANNING IN ALASKA.—Seventeen salmon canneries were in operation in Alaska last season and there will be several more this year. That territory is rapidly coming to the front in this industry. The fish are small, averaging only one-third the weight of Columbia river salmon, and they have less

oil than the latter. The growth of the industry in the northern country is shown by the following statement of the number of cases packed in the different years:

1883.....	36,000
1884.....	45,080
1885.....	74,800
1886.....	120,700
1887.....	190,200
1888.....	382,300
Total.....	849,000

WOOLEN MILLS FOR ALBANY.—Arrangements have been made by the citizens of Albany to have the woolen mills now at Brownsville removed to that city. For this purpose, Albany business men have subscribed the sum of \$25,000.00, which will be used to double the capacity of the mill. No better location for a woolen mill can be found in the Willamette valley than Albany, which possesses shipping facilities unsurpassed, by both rail and water, and is surrounded by a splendid farming country, from which come some of the finest fleeces produced on the Pacific coast. It is very essential that a manufactory of this nature should have superior means for reaching market with its product, and this is one of the chief reasons why the proprietors of this establishment are making this change in their location, and, because of this, feel justified in so largely increasing the capacity of the mill.

NEW STAMP MILLS.—As the mining camps of the northwest are increasing their product, the necessity increases for more complete facilities for handling the output of the mines. The Oregon Gold and Silver Mining Company has purchased a large stamp mill, which will be erected in Baker county, to crush the ores of the Eureka and Excelsior mines. This plant will cost \$100,000.00. Other plants will follow this one at the Cracker creek mines. At Rumsey, Idaho, a ninety-stamp mill was recently put in operation by the Granite mountain company, six months having been consumed in its construction. The directors of the company came from St. Louis to witness the starting of the enormous plant. The Granite Mountain is considered one of the best mining properties in the country, and the work of developing its wealth is being vigorously prosecuted.

BELLINGHAM BAY TOWNS.—Whatcom, Sehome, Bellingham and Fairhaven are rapidly growing toward each other, with the evident intention of blending into one city. Whatcom is, at present, the metropolis of the bay, but Sehome has a fine location and is going forward at a rate that makes people from Los Angeles—who are supposed to know what booms are—turn pale with envy. Lots that could have been bought three months ago for \$950.00 could not be touched to-day for \$3,500.00. Three-room houses—houses not even beautified by the name or shape of cottages—rent for from \$12.00 to \$15.00, according to location. Money is plentiful, and on every hand is heard the ring of the woodsman's ax and the whir of the carpenter's saw, and the blasting of giant and obstinate stumps.

A NEW RAILROAD FOR SPOKANE FALLS.—The Spokane, Post Falls & Eastern Railway & Navigation Co. has been organized in Spokane, with a capital stock of \$5,000,000.00, for the purpose of building a line of railroad from Spokane Falls to Post Falls and Cœur d'Alene and to Lake Pend d'Oreille, where it will connect with a line of steamers for the new carbonate camp. The line is then projected eastward across Western Montana to a connection with the great Manitoba system.

The officers of the new company are well-known citizens of Spokane Falls. F. Post is president, W. A. Cannon, vice president, Geo. A. Manning, secretary, and W. D. Palmer, treasurer.

BRICK FOR PORTLAND.—Last year the brick manufacturers of Portland made nine million brick, which were all consumed in the building operations in the city. This year they announce that twenty million will be made, but so extensive are the preparations being made for the erection of new buildings, that it is extremely doubtful if even that great quantity will be sufficient. At \$7.00 per thousand, this would represent \$140,000.00 as the cost of the brick alone which will go into new buildings. Some very handsome business blocks are now in process of erection, and many others will be commenced as soon as the brick makers can provide a supply of that necessary material.

BILLINGS ENTERPRISES.—The completion of the Rocky Fork railroad to the coal mines has naturally had a most enlivening effect in Billings, and the prospects of a road from that point to Fort Benton, as well as one southward to the Union Pacific, inspire the citizens with life and energy. A large flouring mill is being erected, and will be so arranged that its capacity can be easily increased as soon as the demand for its products will warrant. A wool scouring mill is another new feature which will be ready to handle this season's clip. A larger acreage of grain is being sowed this season than ever before in the Yellowstone valley.

WATER POWER FOR THE DALLES.—A survey is soon to be made from The Dalles, Oregon, to the Deschutes river, to ascertain the feasibility of leading a canal from that stream to supply water service and power in the city. It is estimated that a ditch to convey sufficient water for city consumption and to furnish two thousand horse power will cost \$100,000.00, and it is understood that a private company is projecting this enterprise. The Dalles now has a water service for the lower part of the town, supplied from a reservoir on the bluff, but more extensive service is desired.

TO INVESTIGATE THE ARID REGION.—The bill allowing \$250,000.00 for the purpose of investigating the extent to which the arid region of the United States can be redeemed by irrigation, and for the selection of places for reservoirs and other hydraulic works necessary for the storage and utilization of water for irrigation, has become a law. The investigation is to be conducted by a joint committee, of which Senators Plumb, of Kansas, and Stewart, of Nevada, will be members. The committee is to visit the arid regions this spring, summer and fall, and present its report to congress next December.

SEMINARY FOR CENTRALIA.—The town of Centralia, Wash., is to have an educational institution to be known as Grace seminary, to cost \$10,000.00. The Northwest Baptist Convention made the proposition for building and maintaining such an institution, and the citizens have gone vigorously at work to comply with the terms of the proposition. More new buildings are being constructed in Centralia this season, in proportion to the number of its inhabitants, than in any other town in the northwest. It is progressing with rapid strides.

KLICKITAT & COLVILLE RAILROAD.—About twenty of the leading business men of Goldendale, W. T., have adopted articles of incorporation of the Klickitat & Colville railway, having a capital stock of \$10,000,000.00. The object is to build a road from some point on the Columbia river between Kalama and Columbus, in an easterly direction, crossing the Northern Pacific at some point between North Yakima and Pasco Junction, thence in a northeasterly direction, terminating in the vicinity of Colville. Directors were chosen and the company organized for business.

ANOTHER BIG MILL ON THE SOUND.—Eastern capitalists are figuring for the construction of a saw mill, to cost about \$500,000.00, at some point on Puget sound between Seattle and Tacoma, probably at Quartermaster harbor, which is a bay indenting the southern coast of Maury and Vashon island. This bay only lacks about thirteen hundred feet of reaching through the island, and it is proposed to cut a canal that distance to connect with the main channel of Admiralty inlet, and afford a direct route to Seattle, as well as the present course to Tacoma through the bay.

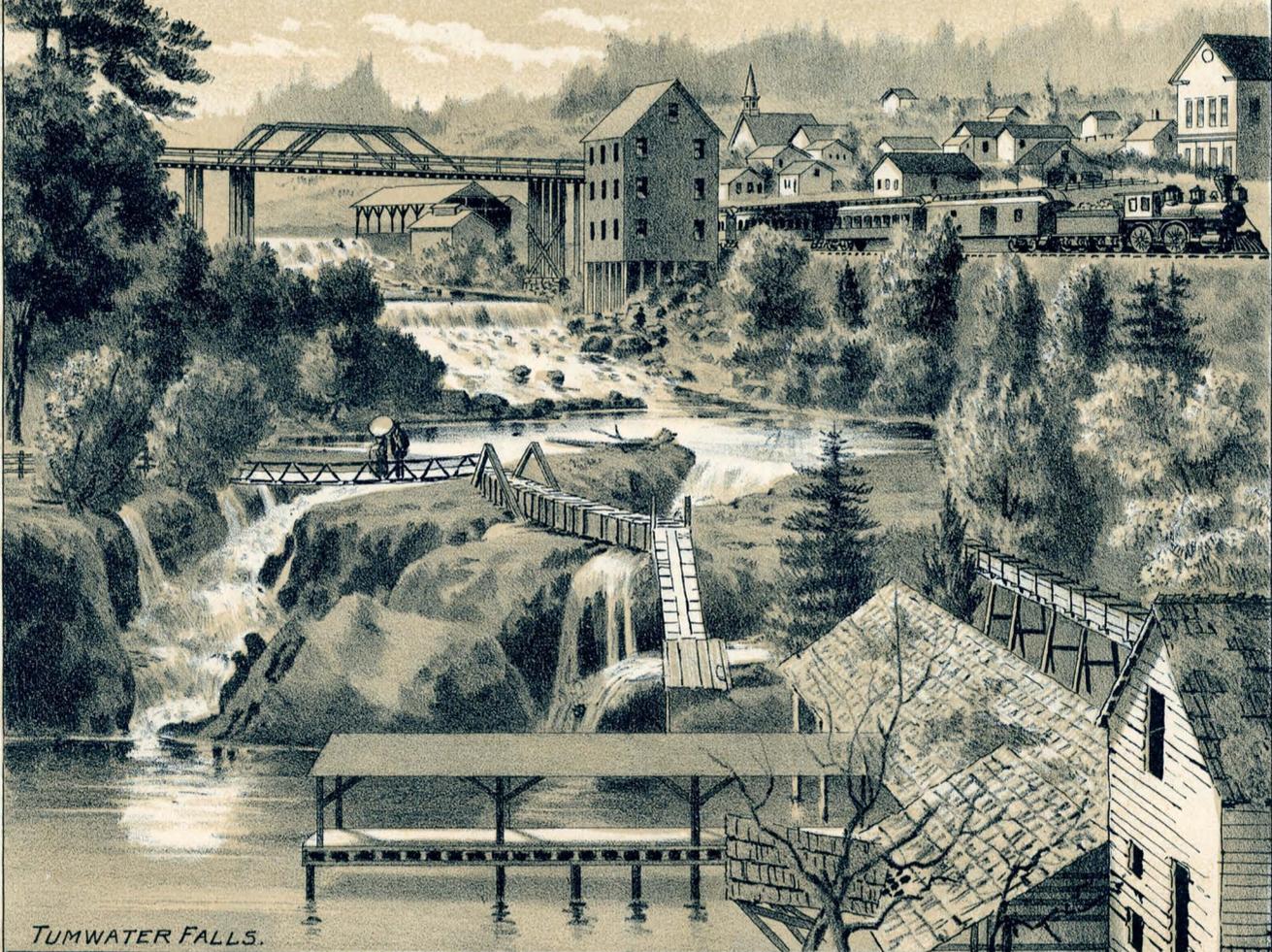
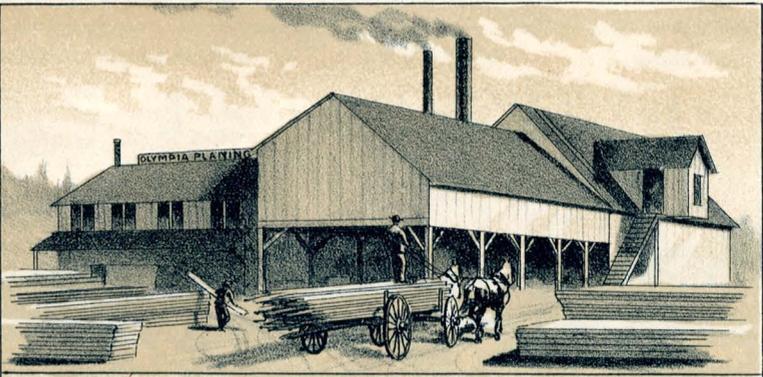
CONDITION OF MONTANA SHEEP.—Advices from Northern Montana state that the condition of sheep and wool there was never better at this season of the year. The winter has been peculiarly favorable for both. The animals have almost entirely picked their own living and are in good flesh and health. The losses this year have been inconsiderable. The wool crop will be the best ever raised in the territory. The first of March green grass appeared on the ranges, and stock finds plenty of water in the open streams.

THE GRAY'S HARBOR TERMINUS.—It is announced that the syndicate of capitalists who are to build a railroad to Gray's harbor has purchased twenty-one thousand acres of land on the harbor, stretching along the water front from one to five miles below Hoquiam. It is understood that the railway terminus will be at that point and a large city built there. At high tide there is not less than thirty feet of water at any point between the proposed terminus and the ocean.

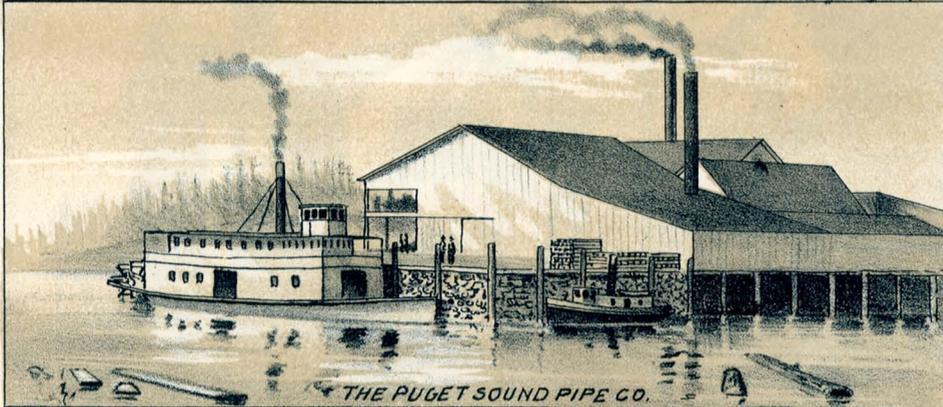
WAGON ROADS FOR IDAHO.—The recent session of the Idaho legislature appropriated \$50,000.00 for building a road over the mountains between Clearwater basin and the southern portion of the territory. There is great rejoicing over the fact in Northern Idaho. Congress will now be petitioned for an appropriation to build a road over the Bitter Root mountains.

MASONIC TEMPLE FOR COLFAX.—The Masonic Temple Association, of Whitman county, organized last year with a capital stock of \$20,000.00 is about to erect the structure for which it was organized. Ground in a central location has been obtained and the work on the building will soon be commenced.

ANOTHER DEVELOPMENT COMPANY.—The Skagit Lumber and Development Co. has filed articles of incorporation for the purpose of doing a general coal and iron mining business in Skagit county, Washington. The capital stock is \$5,000,000.00, divided into two hundred thousand shares.



TUMWATER FALLS.





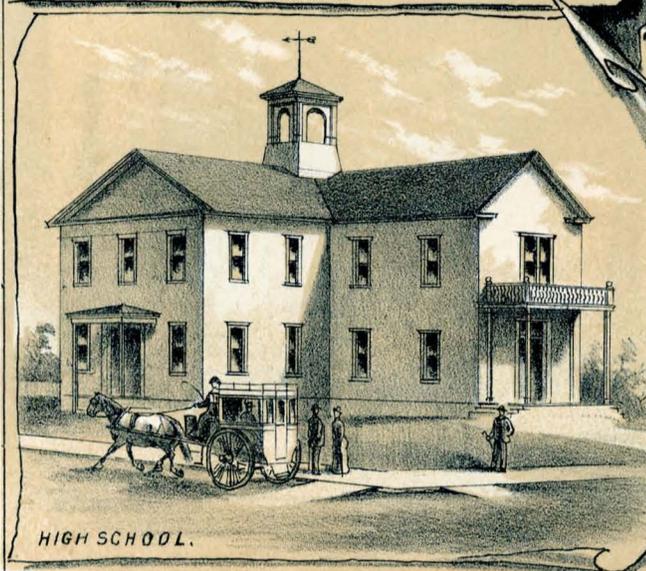
GLIMPSE OF CITY AND HARBOR, FROM WOODRUFF ADDITION.



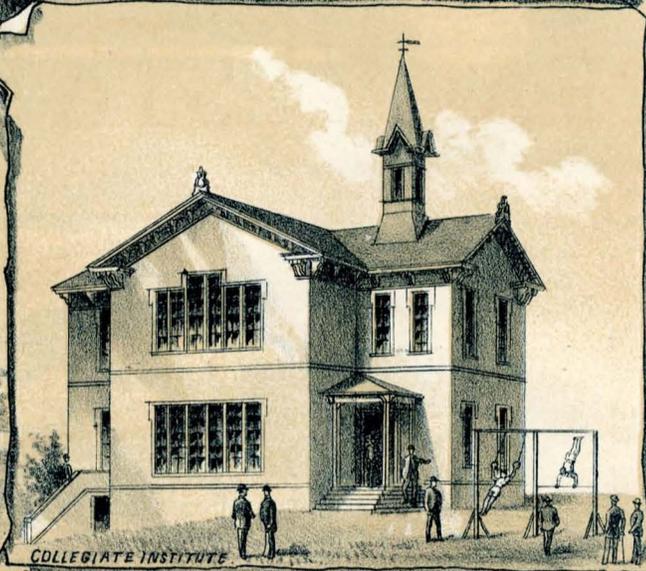
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SISTERS' ACADEMY.



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Good, reliable Agents wanted in Eastern and Western Washington. For terms, etc. apply to J. F. MURPHY, Manager for Washington Territory. Headquarters, Olympia.

Statement at the Close of Business, December 31, 1888:

Cash in Office and Bank.....	\$34,781.23
Mortgage notes in Office and States Treasury.....	41,930.00
Bills Receivable.....	2,098.74
Furniture.....	1,190.19
Due from Agents (Ledger Balance*).....	854.25
Amount Due from Members in Process of Collection.....	2,864.88
Accrued Interest.....	688.29
Stamped Envelopes, Books and Blanks.....	850.00
Total Net Assets.....	\$84,752.58

ALL DEATH CLAIMS PAID. Total Death Claims Paid to Date, over \$154,500.00. New Business for 1888, \$2,375,500.00.

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(Successors to JAS. JONES.)

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Choice Groceries, Provisions,

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The Handsomest Location and Most Rapidly Growing City on Puget Sound.

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The Most Conveniently Located Hotel
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DREWERY & SON,

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Also General Livery Stable. Horses and Carriages
Day or Night. Boarding of Horses a Specialty.
General Trucking and Moving Safes, Pianos and
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ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

C. M. MOORE,

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Main St., between Third and Fourth,

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FRESH AND CURED MEATS,

SAUSAGES OF ALL KINDS,

Game and Vegetables in their seasons at the lowest market rates. Liberal prices paid for Farm Produce.

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CHAS. J. ANDREWS,

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Merchants National Bank, Tacoma, Wash.

The Alliance Bank, Ltd., Bartholomew Lane, London, Eng.
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Our enormously increased business within the past season has necessitated the removal to our present spacious quarters, which are fully three times the size of our former one, and it is now generally conceded by all that

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and Clothing Establishment in the
Entire Northwest.**

We handle a full assortment in all departments of the house, and particularly so of the finer grades of goods. Our Spring Stock this season includes the most magnificent styles ever seen in these regions. Here we find Handsome Wash Fabrics of all descriptions and in thousands of different colorings; the softest of woolen dress materials in any imaginable shade, with the latest style trimmings to match; hundreds of pieces of Embroideries and Laces; Muslin, Gauze, Lisle or Silk Underwear without end; Fancy and Plain Hosiery, and an enormous assortment of Shoes and Slippers of the most popular makes. Our Carpet Department, on the second floor, displays the most beautiful and artistic designs of Carpets, Rugs, Portiers, Curtains and Draperies. In fact,

We Handle Everything the Trade Demands.

Ladies residing at a distance are enabled to do their shopping in our line almost entirely by mail, as we issue a full and complete catalogue every season. Any samples they may desire will be sent on application, free of charge. Any goods ordered of us by mail can be returned to us and money refunded if not strictly satisfactory. Our house is too well known on the Pacific coast to need any recommendation, having branches established in the principal cities.

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After you have visited San Francisco, Tacoma and Seattle, take a trip
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Homes for the Poor Man, the Man of Small Means, the Fruit Grower,
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Can be procured for a small sum compared to the values of properties in other cities on Puget sound. Improved and unimproved farms, city property and timber lands can be procured at very reasonable figures. The climate of Olympia is the most equable in the territory, and as a summer resort the city is unsurpassed. It is the most healthful and most enjoyable place for tourists on Puget sound, having the most beautiful streets,

The Finest

SHADE TREES,
BATHING,
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CLAMS AND OYSTERS,
WATER FRONT,
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Great Inland
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Seven churches, three public schools, two academies, one hospital, grand hotel now building, five hotels, gas works, electric light company, etc. There is three times as much shore line within a radius of twelve miles of Olympia as any other city on the sound. On the same shore line a larger proportion of area lies on an easy slope to the adjacent country than any other portion of Puget sound. Its shore line has more small streams of the best water for domestic purposes, and the best water power, of any district on Puget sound. Olympia is surrounded by the best timber belts in the territory. Olympia, via the Gray's harbor railroads, now building, is 150 miles nearer San Francisco and 400 miles nearer Japan and China than any other port on Puget sound. The surrounding country has a larger proportion of agricultural land than any other on Puget sound, suitable for all varieties of crops, and especially the fruits adapted to this climate. The beautiful

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The crying needs of Olympia at present are saw mills to meet the unsupplied demand of existing mills, flour mills, wholesale grocery, soap factory, fruit dryer, chair factory, paper mill, pile creosoting works, foundry and iron works.

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Money Invested in Olympia NOW will pay fully 500 per cent. within the next two years.

We have for sale three additions that we can GUARANTEE as perfectly safe investments, viz.:

THE FOURTH STREET ADDITION, situated eleven blocks from the business center of the city. Lots, \$50.00 each, one-fourth cash, balance in three-month payments.

THE SEVERSON ADDITION, situated about seven blocks from business center—the very choicest residence property in town. Price, \$200.00 a lot, \$50.00 cash, balance in quarterly payments.

THE SAWYER ADDITION, situated about eight blocks from business. \$150.00 a lot, \$50.00 cash, balance in quarterly payments.

Parties contemplating small investments in Olympia realty will further their own interests by sending for full particulars to

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Property is advancing in value rapidly. This is now the best point for an investment. Every time property changes hands it is at an advance of from fifty to three hundred per cent.

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With Patent Iron Couplings, Asphaltum Coated, and
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Every hotel should be represented in it.

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THE IDAHO WEEKLY NEWS has the largest circulation of any paper published in Southern Idaho. It is democratic in principle and devoted to the interests of Idaho. Terms, \$3.00 a year. Norman Jones, pub., Blackfoot, I. T.

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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 DAILY EVENING EXPRESS, the live paper of Stockton, Cal. H. W. B. Haven, manager. The Express Co-operative Printing Co., proprietors. The best advertising medium in the great San Joaquin valley.

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using "Anti-Corpulene Pills" lose 15 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Particulars (sealed) 4c, Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

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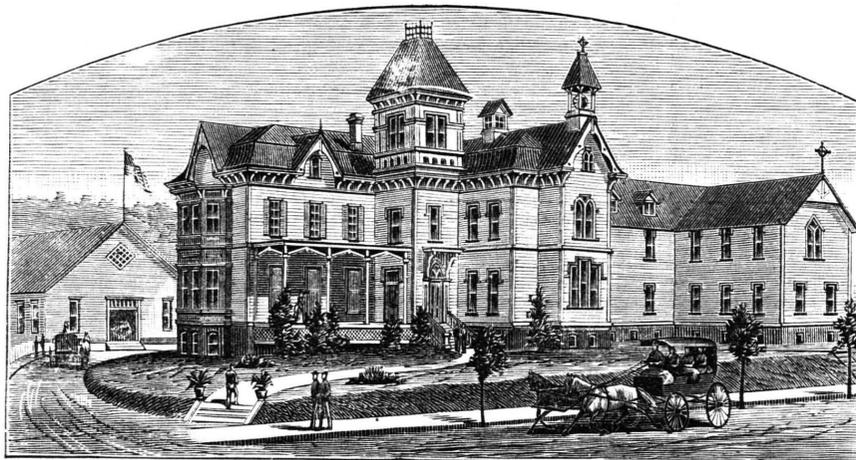
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