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AN ILLUSTRATED WESTERN MAGAZINE
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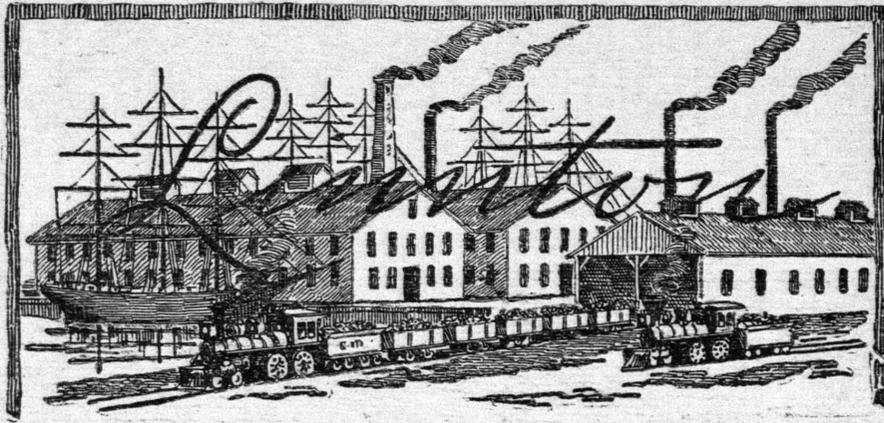
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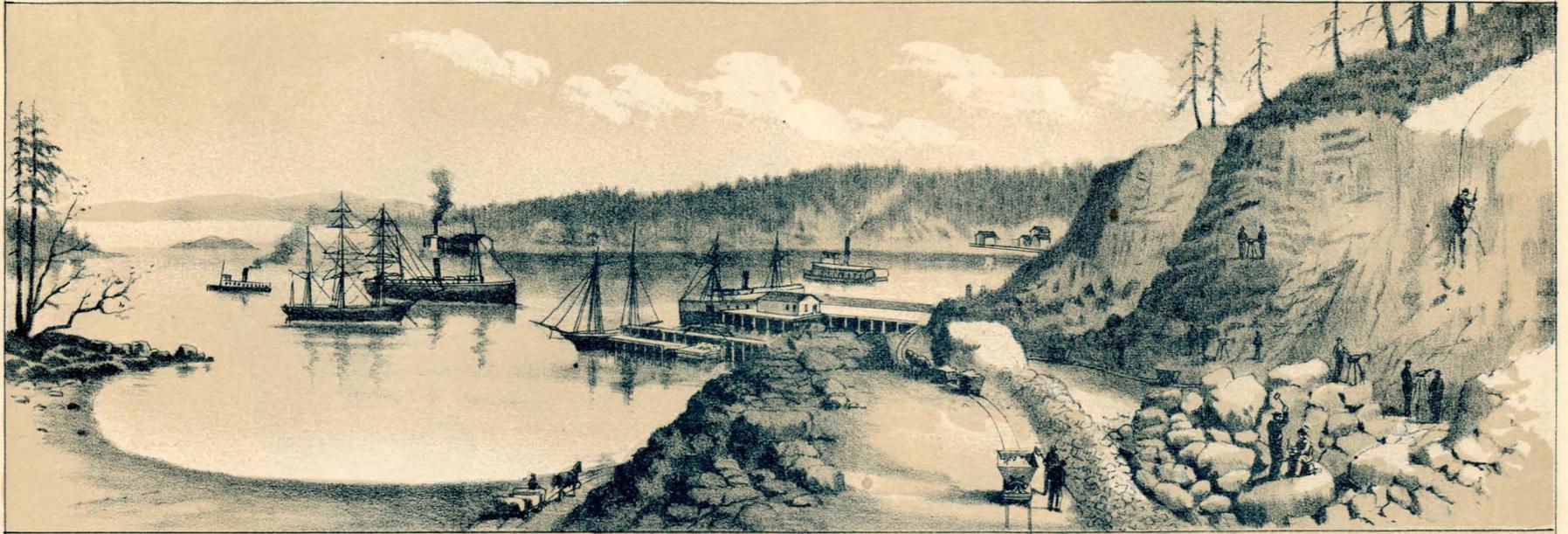


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— LIME WORKS · ROCHE HARBOR · WASHINGTON —

THE WEST SHORE.

FIFTEENTH YEAR.

AUGUST, 1889.

NUMBER 8.

ONE THOUSAND BARRELS A DAY.



NE thousand barrels of lime a day is the record of one of the greatest manufacturing enterprises on the Pacific coast. The rapid building up of this region renders lime a most important article of merchandise, and the production here on a large scale of this most essential building material adds much to

the economy and facility with which our cities and towns are being improved. This fact alone would render a description of the industry interesting, but the many details of the process of reducing hard marble to soft and fiery lime are so peculiar and so little known that a description of them can not but be entertaining to everyone possessing a mind above the mere trivialities of life.

Perhaps it is well to first inform the unscientific reader what lime is and then he will more easily comprehend the process of its manufacture. Lime is the oxide of calcium, which, in combination with carbonic acid, forms carbonate of lime, the chief constituent of limestone as we see it in nature in the form of lime rock, marble, shells of marine animals, etc. White marble, such as the famous stone of which the great masterpieces of sculpture were made, is the purest limestone in existence; but even this is not perfectly pure, for the theoretical limestone, containing fifty-six per cent. of lime and forty-four of carbonic acid, is never found in a state of nature. The best stone in the United States, such as that of Roche harbor, contains about fifty per cent. of lime, or ninety-eight and one-fourth per cent. of limestone. Lime is made by freeing the stone from its acid, and this is accomplished by heat, by which the acid is volatilized and caused to pass away into the atmosphere, leaving the white, brittle and flaky substance known as lime, or quick lime. When water is applied to lime it causes

it to boil, and when a perfect chemical combination has been effected the slaked lime absorbs carbonic acid from the atmosphere with great avidity and becomes hard, or set. This is the principle involved in the use of lime in making mortar for the purpose of cementing brick and stone work, the sand being added to the slaked lime to furnish centers of attraction around which the particles of lime shall gather in hardening, thus adding to its strength. The mortar, when used in laying masonry, gradually loses its surplus water and absorbs carbonic acid until it becomes hard, thus firmly cementing the stones or bricks together.

Knowledge of the chemical properties of limestone and of its use in the mechanical arts is not an acquirement of modern times, but existed long before the age of written history. How the stone was burned, or *calcined*—a more proper word to indicate the process—by the ancients is unknown. They may have had a far better way of achieving the result than that now in use. Certain it is that the process in use in modern times was very crude until recent years, and the reason for this was that lime burning has always been conducted on a small scale by a great many individuals scattered over the entire civilized world. It is only where an industry is conducted on a comprehensive plan, where the saving of a few cents on each item of expense means the addition of thousands of dollars to the year's profits, or, possibly, the difference between success and failure, that brains and inventive genius are invoked, and marked improvements in the process of manufacture are made. This principle is well illustrated in the lime business, for with the concentration of the industry at various points into large enterprises have come improvements that have increased both the quantity and quality of the lime produced, and have so lessened the expense of production as to materially cheapen its cost to consumers.

Lime is calcined in a kiln, so constructed that the

heat shall enter into the kiln near the bottom and pass upward through the stone, previously broken into small chunks, the top of the kiln being left open for the escape of the smoke and gas and to create a draft. The degree of heat required is not specific, but the more intense the heat the quicker the process of driving out the acid is completed, and it is chiefly in the matter of a better application of the heat generated in the furnaces that improvements have been made in the process. The primitive form of kiln, that most generally in use by those operating on a small scale, is known as a "pot kiln." This consists of a well of masonry built up a few feet from the ground, with an opening on one side along the ground for a fire box. The limestone is piled up inside the kiln, a small space being left in the center, at the bottom, connecting with the fire opening. A fire is maintained in the opening at the bottom, the heat passing up through the stone and gradually heating the whole mass. When the acid has all been expelled the fire is extinguished and the lime is taken out with long-handled shovels through the ground opening. This process is very slow and burns but a small quantity at a time. A decided improvement upon this is the stone kiln in general use until late years where lime was burned on a larger scale than by those using pot kilns. In this there is a radical change in principle, as the kiln is so arranged that the fire is never drawn, except to repair the kilns, and the lime is drawn off gradually from the bottom as fast as calcined, an equal quantity of rock being fed into it from the top at the same time. There are four furnaces, two each on opposite sides of the kiln, entering it about four feet above the bottom. In drawing lime, all that occupying the space between the fire and the bottom is taken out through an opening in the bottom. The kiln consists of a wall of masonry about twenty feet high and eighteen square, supported outside by heavy cross timbers and having a cylindrical space in the center five feet in diameter. Above this is a wooden crib the full size of the kiln, into which the stone is dumped, making the kiln self-feeding as the lime is drawn away. Improvements in this latter method have been made which give a total product nearly fifty per cent. greater, the peculiarities of which will appear in the description of the works of the Tacoma & Roche Harbor Lime Co., the largest enterprise of its kind in the west.

When, about thirty years ago, the dispute about the possession of the San Juan islands, lying between Fuca straits and the Gulf of Georgia, resulted in a temporary joint occupation, the government inquired into the resources of the islands and found them to possess the only extensive ledges of limestone known to exist in the entire northwest and by far the most

valuable on the Pacific coast. The largest and purest of these is the one at Roche harbor, on the extreme northwestern corner of San Juan island, the largest in the group, and from this ledge the English soldiers, who garrisoned the post not far away, made considerable lime. They used a pot kiln, such as has been described, and the lime produced, amounting to about fifty barrels in two weeks, the length of time it took to lay, burn and draw a kiln, was used at the barracks and by the numerous war and merchant vessels that entered the harbor, and much was sent to England in casks that had contained meat and liquors. After it was decided that the islands belonged to the United States, the ledge was homesteaded by a man named Ruff, but no work was done on it till 1882, when two brothers named Scurr and three named Ross bought it and began the manufacture of lime in a stone draw kiln, such as the one last described, operating as the Roche Harbor Lime Company, though not incorporated. Meanwhile lime was being made at other points on the islands in a small way, and San Juan lime acquired a great reputation in the markets of the northwest. Lime was also being made in the Puyallup valley by the Tacoma Lime Company. In 1887 the Tacoma & Roche Harbor Lime Company was organized, and the plants of both "The Tacoma Lime Company" and "The Roche Harbor Lime Company" were purchased. The energy of the new company was concentrated at Roche harbor, where already a great amount of money has been invested in creating an immense industry, which in its present stage of development is valued at \$1,000,000.00. The ledge is a solid mass of marble, extending across the neck of a peninsula formed by Roche harbor and Westcott bay, a distance of half a mile, having a width of eight hundred and fifty feet and a height above the water of three hundred and fifty feet, the average height being fully two hundred and fifty feet. How far it extends below the water in any direction is not known, nor is information on that point very eagerly sought, as there is enough stone above the water to last for ages. Just think of it! Enough to make a monumental shaft for every man, woman and child in the United States. Here are half a billion cubic feet of the purest gray marble, or seventy billion pounds, capable of making three hundred and fifty million barrels of lime, enough, at one thousand barrels per day, to last one thousand years. No wonder they do not worry much about how far the ledge extends under the water. In quality, the stone is superior to any other yet found in the United States. Numerous assays of it have been made by various persons and for varying purposes, the samples being taken from widely different portions of the ledge, and the results have all given as high as ninety-

eight per cent. limestone, and most of them still more than that. When Peter Kirk was here two years ago looking into the matter of establishing a great iron industry at some point on Puget sound, he secretly secured a sample of the rock and sent it to England to be analyzed, for the purpose of ascertaining its value for fluxing purposes. He subsequently gave Mr. McMillin, the president, the following certificate:

ANALYSIS OF ROCHE HARBOR LIMESTONE.

February 29, 1888.

Silica.....	0.44
Iron and Alumina.....	1.13
Phosphorus.....	0.11
Carbonate of Lime.....	98.21

The above analysis has been made by the Moss Bay Hematite Iron & Steel Co., Ltd., Workington, England.

Yours truly,

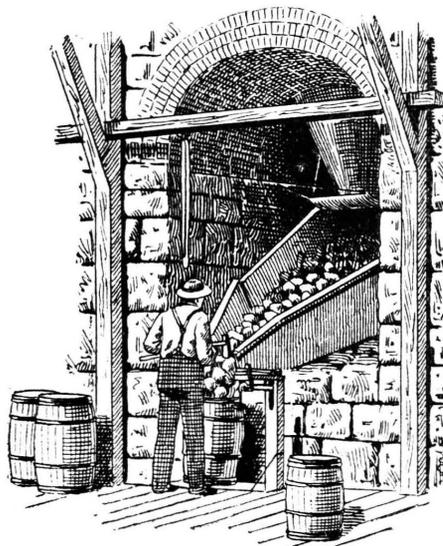
PETER KIRK.

Repeated assays by the Puget Sound Iron Co., the Weathered & Dewey Iron Manufacturing Co., of Wheeling, W. Va., and by chemists in Portland, San Francisco and other places, all give practically the same result. When it is known that the rock from which the famous "Marblehead" lime of Ohio is made has only eighty-two per cent. of carbonate of lime in it, the purity of this marble is more fully realized. The stone contains no sulphur, and for flux is unsurpassed, as it acts as a pure limestone and requires the addition of nothing to counteract deleterious ingredients, as is often the case in fluxes used in smelting. This ledge is very important to the smelting interests of this section, and will no doubt supply the greater portion of stone to be used by the smelters to be built to work up the iron, gold, silver and copper ore of the northwest. Heretofore the spawls—the technical name for the small chips broken off in quarrying and dressing stone—have been dumped to one side, but in the improvements now being made are included storage bunkers and a system of tracks by which vessels can be loaded from cars direct from the old dumps, as well as from the bunkers. Already much flux is being supplied to the smelters at Irondale, Washington, and Oswego, Oregon, and arrangements are being made to supply a San Francisco company with fifty tons per day.

When the new company took possession of the works, two years ago, there were but two kilns, of the large stone pattern, which were turning out about eight thousand barrels a year, a small lime shed, a

manager's residence, three or four small buildings, and three log cabins for men. A systematic development of the property was at once begun. A dock four hundred and fifty feet long, with a front of sixty-six feet, was constructed, the steel rails were laid on a trestle leading from the quarry to the kilns, so that loaded cars could be sent from the quarry by the operation of gravity, being pushed back by hand when their contents had been dumped into the bins above the kilns. The quarry was opened more extensively and the construction of new kilns begun. President McMillin made some radical improvements at once. Previously the lime had not been weighed in barreling, and builders complained that they never could tell how much lime they were getting in a barrel. He at once set a platform scale into the floor near each kiln, and from that time every barrel of Roche harbor lime has contained just two hundred pounds of first quality of lime, no more and no less. Another

improvement is the cooling receptacle. In the old kilns the lime is drawn direct from the bottom of the kiln into an iron car, dumped upon a stone floor and spread out with shovels, where it must lie for an hour or more to cool, and is then shoveled up again into barrels. He attached an iron receptacle to the bottom of the new kilns, somewhat in the shape of an inverted cone, into which the lime settles and cools slowly, and from which it is drawn into a sheet-iron car, which runs down a short incline to an iron chute. Under the chute is fixed the scale, upon which the barrel is set, and the lime is thus run direct from the car into



DRAWING AND BARRELING.

the barrel and weighed without any handling whatever. An improvement upon this has been made in the latest kilns constructed, as the iron chute is extended clear up to the cooler, and the iron car is dispensed with, the cooler being opened and closed by means of a lever operated from the lower end of the chute by the man who fills the barrels. Let us follow a piece of marble from its long sleep in the heart of the mountain to the hold of the vessel which carries it away as a piece of prime Roche harbor lime.

The face of the quarry from which rock is now being taken is one hundred and twenty-five feet high, and the bottom is fully one hundred feet above the water. By means of several diamond drills, operated by compressed air conducted in pipes from a steam compressor located at the northern end of the row of kilns, deep holes are drilled in the rock, men often

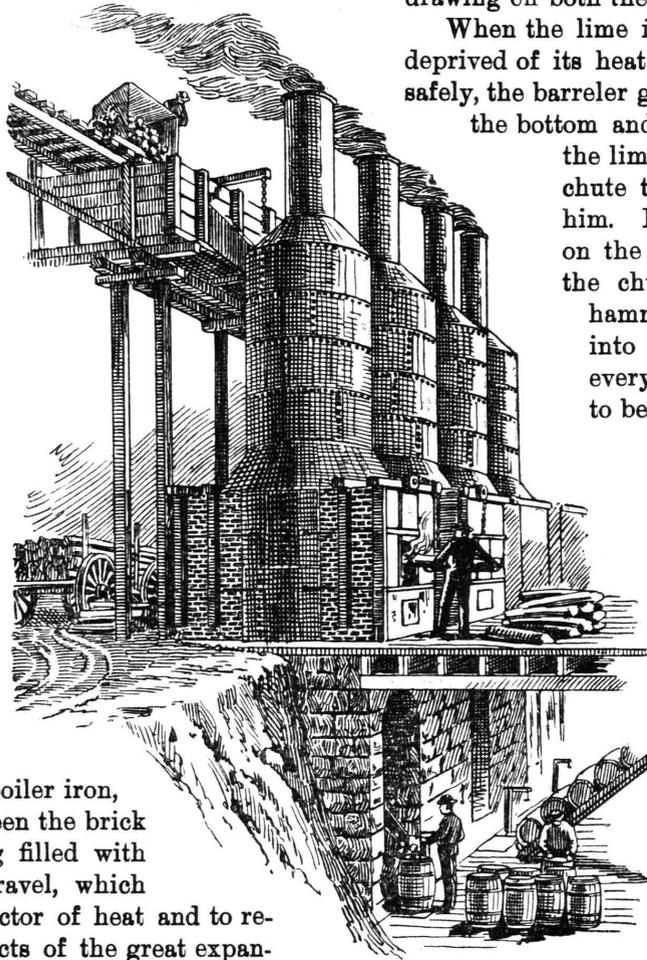
being suspended from the top by strong ropes to perform this work. In these a strong charge of powder is placed, and every noon and night after the men quit work the blasts are fired, the object being to shatter the rock as much as possible. The next morning the loose rock is all prized down to the bottom of the quarry and the work of drilling resumed. The stone is first loaded upon dump cars, the large pieces being first broken to a proper size with sledge hammers, and the cars are permitted to roll down the track to the various bins located above the kilns, into which the stone is dumped. In this way the bins are kept full, a loaded car being left in front of each bin when work is stopped in the quarry at night, to be used first in the morning, as the kilns are kept running constantly by night and day shifts. The empty cars will be drawn back to the quarry by a cable, the same power that runs the drills being used for this purpose. This department is in charge of Mr. Harry Sanders as foreman, an experienced quarryman and blaster.

The Monitor kiln now in use, invented and patented by M. C. Pelton, differs materially from the stone one previously described. It consists of two thicknesses of fire brick and one row of red brick, all enclosed in a jacket of boiler iron, a space of two inches between the brick wall and the jacket being filled with leached ashes or small gravel, which serves both as a non-conductor of heat and to relieve the kiln from the effects of the great expansion while burning. This retains the heat generated by the fierce fire constantly maintained in the furnace so perfectly that the exterior of the kiln never becomes so warm that the hand can not be held against it comfortably. The kiln holds about thirty tons of rock, and is always full, as it is charged with new rock from the bin as fast as lime is drawn off from the bottom. It has two furnaces, one on each side. A boiler iron smokestack projects above the kiln, creating a better draft and more perfect combustion, thus increasing the heat, and, by lessening the time consumed in the process of burning,

adding materially to the product. The new brick and iron kilns yield nearly fifty per cent. more lime than the old stone ones in proportion to their capacity. It takes about forty-eight hours for rock to pass through the old kilns, a drawing being made every three to four hours, while in the new ones a much larger drawing is made at shorter intervals. In the new ones, also, a system of drafts has been adjusted to the cooler so that a current of fresh air is constantly passing around the lime, thus cooling it more rapidly than formerly and facilitating the operation of barreling it, as well as adding to the comfort of the operator by drawing off both the hot air and the dust.

When the lime in the cooler is sufficiently deprived of its heat to admit of being handled safely, the barreler grasps the lever which opens the bottom and pushes it to one side, and

the lime slides out and down the chute to the opening in front of him. He then places a barrel upon the scales under the mouth of the chute, and with a combined hammer and rake draws the lime into the barrel, breaking open every suspicious looking piece to be certain that it is thoroughly calcined and contains no "core." Thus every ounce of it is carefully examined by hand, every particle of "core" is removed (it being seldom found), and the lime is put up entirely free from dirt or any other foreign substance. As fast as one barrel contains enough to indicate two hundred pounds on the scales, it is set to one side and another is taken from the bottom of the barrel chute, leading from the store room above, and placed on the scales. The barrels are then taken in



A SET OF LIME KILNS.

hand by the headers, who quickly and deftly lay in the heads, set the top hoop in place, nail it and brand the head "Roche Harbor Lime, San Juan." The burning department is in charge of Mr. Charles Erickson, who is also the general foreman of the entire manufacturing business.

A system of tracks runs through the lime sheds leading to the warehouse, and on this runs a long, flat car, upon which the filled barrels are loaded and hauled by horse power to the warehouse on the dock,

where they remain but a short time, generally but a few hours, as the company finds it difficult to fill its orders, and, except in the event of delay in the arrival of steamers, has but little need at present for extensive storage room. From here the barrels are rolled in rapid succession to the edge of the dock, where they are allowed to slide down a gang plank to



IN THE WAREHOUSE.

the freight deck of the steamer, on which they are piled up in tiers as compactly as possible. A thousand barrels of lime occupy considerable space, and the shipment of that quantity daily supplies a considerable portion of the freight carried by the steamers running on that route, scarcely a day passing without one or more of them being seen at the dock receiving a cargo.

The process of causing the lime to settle down in the kiln after drawing is the most interesting sight to be witnessed at the works, and this is seen to the best advantage at night, when the outer darkness contrasts vividly with the brilliance of the interior of the kiln when the furnace door is open. When a drawing is made the heavy iron plate which serves as a door for the furnace, and which slides up and down before the opening by means of a counter weight suspended from a pulley, is lifted and one can gaze directly into the heart of the kiln, glowing with an intense white. He can see the void left at the bottom by the lime drawn off, and the lower edge of the superheated rock above, held suspended in its place by the expansion of its bulk caused by the intense heat. The first duty of the fireman is to cause the lime to fall and fill up the bottom of the kiln, and this he accomplishes by poking it with a long iron rod. Sometimes the rock falls easily, but at other times he is compelled to work at it for several minutes through the openings in both sides of the kiln, the perspiration rolling down his face in streams, the end of the iron rod becoming heated to an intense fiery red and the handle often becoming too hot to be longer held in the hand. A new rod is then taken and the patient fireman works away at his task with as much deter-

mination as that displayed by the imps depicted in the Calvinistic pictures of a century ago, who were kept busy maintaining a hot fire for those poor mortals who had died without adopting Calvin's peculiar ideas of theology. When the rock is hard to start the fireman is pleased, as it is a sign that the kiln is in excellent condition, but he has no desire for it to stick too long. Finally it comes down with a rush, and how it sparkles! The intense white turns gradually to the palest green as it comes in contact with the air drawn in through the furnace opening. The fireman then takes sticks of cordwood from a pile near by and thrusts them into the furnace, and so intense is the heat that the instant the wood strikes the bottom it bursts into a sheet of flame. One of the new kilns will consume about one and one-half cords of wood per day with its two furnaces, and burn fifty per cent. more lime than the old stone ones with four furnaces and twice the quantity of wood. Still there are old lime burners who will have nothing to do with "them new-fangled concerns," and stick to the old style, and will probably continue to do so until they have been run completely out of the business.

A most important part of the work is the barrel factory and stave mill. Hitherto barrel staves and heads have been made at the mill in Puyallup valley, but this season the machinery is being moved to a new mill situated on the point just north of the residences of the workmen, as shown in the sketch of the



DRYING A BARREL AND BENDING HOOPS.

works given on another page. Barrels are made of cottonwood and cedar, chiefly the former, and the material passes through quite a number of manipulations before it reaches its final form. Cottonwood

grows in great quantity along the bottom lands of the various streams flowing into Puget sound, and this is cut by the settlers and loggers and sold to the company. Logs are taken to the mill in rafts or on barges, cut to twice the length of a stave, and are known as "stave bolts." In the appointments of the new mill rapidity and economy of handling material have been well considered. A steam engine located on a ledge separate from the mill buildings supplies power to draw the bolts out of the water, run the machinery of the mill and operate an electric dynamo by which the entire town and works will soon be lighted with both arc and incandescent electric lights. The bolts are hauled up an incline, at the head of which they encounter a saw that quickly saws them into lengths for staves. After being steamed, another cuts them to the proper thickness, and a third machine shapes them so that when put together they will have the required bilge in the center. They are then tied up in bundles, loaded on cars and passed through the dry kiln, where they are thoroughly seasoned, and are then stored away for use. Heads are made from bolts of a different length. The slabs, after being sawed out of the bolt and being thoroughly kiln dried, are laid at proper widths on another machine and sawed into round and perfect heads, three pieces usually going into one head. The heads are then barreled up and laid away for future use or for shipment, it being the purpose of the company to supply staves and heads for the general market, also. Shingles and box material of all kinds will also be made in order to



SETTING UP.

keep the saws busy when they have accumulated material beyond the capacity of the other machines. In the cooper shop a busy and interesting scene is witnessed, and the ring of the hammers on the resonant barrels is heard from one end of the long shop to the

other. The coopers work in sets of four, grouped about a stove, upon which the barrels are heated after being "set up" and before "hooping." From a pile of staves the cooper selects enough to make a barrel and places them in position by confining the upper ends in a heavy hoop and letting the lower ends rest upon the ground. Another hoop is then driven down toward the center of the barrel. The barrel is then reversed and the upper ends of the staves, which are narrower than the center and are about two inches apart, are drawn together by a rope loop placed over the ends and tightened by power from a treadle or windlass sufficiently to permit another strong hoop to be slipped over the top. The barrel is then set over a drying cylinder on the stove, and when sufficiently dry the regular hoops are adjusted, the heads set in, the edges of the staves planed, chamfered and crozed, and the completed barrel is then rolled along an incline to a warehouse, where it is stored for seasoning. Hoops are made of hazel, vine maple and fir, and are in the main cut by settlers during leisure hours in the winter season, put into bunches of one hundred hoops each, and traded to store keepers for goods, from whom they are purchased by barrel manufacturers. An immense stock of materials and completed barrels is always kept on hand, the company usually carrying a stock of one hundred thousand sets of staves and heads, five hundred thousand hoops and twenty thousand barrels. Mr. Andrew Fauble is foreman of the cooperage department.

As soon as the new wharf is finished a quarry will be opened for the purpose of getting out building stone, of which this marble supplies the finest quality. The marble is of a beautiful gray tint, with white crystals scattered through it in veins and groups, and takes a very high polish. For mantels, table tops, and furniture of all kinds, it is as fine as the best that can be seen in the market anywhere, and for building purposes it is unequalled on this coast. It can be quarried in blocks of any size and shape desired, and is especially valuable for large monuments. As soon as the proper shipping facilities are completed, the great demand now made for this stone will be supplied, and Roche harbor marble will soon become as famous as Roche harbor lime. The new dock will be provided with tracks for hauling the heavy blocks of stone in cars, power for which will come from the compressed air engine, and the dock is so planned that four vessels and scows can be loading at the same time.

The company owns nine hundred acres of land, much of which is covered with valuable timber, and from which it cuts its own wood, using thirty cords a day. It owns all the land enclosing the harbor, including Pearl island opposite the works, and every

building shown in the two large views is the property of the company. Good, roomy houses, hard finished and neatly painted, are rented at \$7.50 per month to employes having families, and the others are boarded for \$5.00 a week. It would seem as though this were the workman's Utopia, for with good wages, steady work, no saloons or other temptations for him to squander his money, and kind and courteous treatment, how can a man fail to be satisfied with his lot and lay up a competency for old age? Wages are paid regularly and in cash. Not an idle man can be found. The company has a good store, with a large and well assorted stock of goods, but the "store order" system is not in vogue there, and the store exists more as an accommodation to the men than as a means of making money out of them. A very large trade is enjoyed with settlers on the islands, of whom it must be remembered there are a great many, who come to the harbor in boats and on horseback. Mr. J. R. D. Conger is manager of the mercantile department and also has charge of the fuel supplies and considerable other of the outside business. A very complete system of book keeping is carried on, which is in charge of Mr. John H. Cartwright.

Roche harbor is a port of entry, and many vessels employed in the trade between the ports of British Columbia and this country enter and clear there. A deputy collector and an inspector are stationed there, who report to the main office at Port Townsend. The office is fully equipped, and any business with the custom house of whatever nature can be transacted there the same as at Port Townsend. Vessels also save pilotage entering and clearing there when bound to and from San Francisco and British Columbia ports. A small mail steamer, the *J. B. Libby*, furnishes daily communication with Port Townsend and Whatcom, and runs to Seattle once a week. The *Skagit Chief* makes two trips a week, touching at all sound ports between this point and Tacoma. The Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's steamer *Premier* touches there four times a week on the route between Tacoma and Vancouver.

The large steamer *Idaho* makes three trips a month between Portland and British Columbia ports, stopping at that port, and the O. R. & N. Co. will soon put on the *City of Topeka* to assist her in handling the business of the route. The large steamer *Wilmington*, on the route from San Francisco to the sound ports also calls there. The *George E. Starr* and the *Eliza Anderson* will also make two trips a week each between Seattle and Vancouver, stopping at Roche harbor both ways, and a new line from Victoria to Whatcom will soon be put on. In addition to all these facilities for shipping, the company expects soon to purchase and operate steamers and barges of its own. The harbor is one of the very best. Nature could not have done more. It is entirely land locked, easy and perfect anchorage, and not a rock or shoal in it.

It is entirely land locked, easy and perfect anchorage, and not a rock or shoal in it.

The company has built a neat church edifice, called "Bellevue Chapel," in which a district school is maintained, and which is open to the free use of all denominations for religious services or for public gatherings of any kind. It is provided with modern school furniture and seats and has an organ. Sunday school is held there regularly, and twice a month a Methodist minister holds services, while a Presbyterian comes once a month. A free reading room will be fitted up over the store as soon as the improvements



JOHN S. McMILLIN.

now in progress are completed. From a reservoir on the hill above the works water will be supplied in pipes to the entire town, both for domestic purposes and for protection from fire, the reservoir being filled by the pump at the compressed air engine.

The Tacoma & Roche Harbor Lime Company is composed of several well known business men. John S. McMillin is president and general manager, C. P. Masterson and L. R. Manning, of the Pacific National Bank of Tacoma, are vice president and treasurer, Jas. M. Keen is secretary, T. B. Wallace and Isaac W. Anderson, of Tacoma, being the directors. W. W. Kirkwood, of Portland, Hugh Wallace, of Tacoma, Henry Cowell, of San Francisco, and several eastern parties hold the remainder of the stock. The organ-

izer and general manager of this great industry is John S. McMillin, whose indefatigable efforts and great executive ability render him peculiarly fitted for the management of an enterprise of this character. He is possessed of an inventive mind, not of the ideal kind, but of the hard, practical sort, that quickly perceives where improvements are necessary and readily adapts means to the ends to be secured. Improvements made by him in the new kilns recently put in have increased their output fully ten per cent. The same genius for achieving practical results is seen in the admirable arrangements made for the speedy and economical dispatch of work in every department, by which means expense of production is reduced and the product of the works increased. Mr. McMillin is an illustration of the great fact that a man's gifts from nature will assert themselves. Educated for a profession, which he pursued with the success that is always attained by one so earnest and practical, he finally abandoned it for the management of business affairs where his executive abilities were given greater scope and have consequently accomplished greater results. He was born in Sugar Grove, Tippecanoe county, Indiana, October 28, 1855, and lived the life of a farmer boy until sixteen years of age, when he entered the Indiana Asbury University, at Greencastle, Ind., now the DePauw University. He pursued the classical course and graduated in the class of 1876, receiving the degree of A. B., and three years later he received the degree of A. M., delivering the "master's oration" for that year. He began the study of law and finished in the office of Judge David P. Vinton, of Lafayette, Ind. After admission to the bar of the circuit and supreme courts of that state he practiced until 1884, coming to the coast in January of that year to look up a location for the practice of his profession and to find some favorable opportunities for investment. He was admitted to

the bar of Washington Territory, but having purchased a quarter interest in the Tacoma Lime Company, then doing quite an extensive business in the Puyallup valley and Portland, Oregon, he assumed the management of the business and works. His experience in the business and close observation of all the conditions necessary to the highest success convinced him that the great marble ledge at Roche harbor, properly worked, could put the best quality of lime on the market cheaper than from any other known ledge of limestone, and having once formed this opinion he set about the task of acquiring control of the property with the same earnestness of purpose that he has shown in everything with which he has been connected. By his efforts the Tacoma & Roche Harbor Lime Company was organized and the two properties indicated in the title were consolidated, the whole being placed under his management. The results so far accomplished by his efforts there have been related; but, great as they are, they will be eclipsed by the improvements that will be made under his supervision and by his initiation during the next few years. Mr. McMillin was married on the fifth of June, 1877, to Miss Luella Hiatt, who had been a schoolmate in his boyhood days and had finished her education at the Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware, Ohio. They are living quietly and most pleasantly at Roche harbor, where their two bright boys, aged four and eight years, are growing strong and hardy in the invigorating atmosphere of the forest and sea. Mrs. McMillin is superintendent of the Sunday school, and is equally interested with her husband in promoting the moral, physical and intellectual welfare of the people employed by the company. What they have accomplished is shown by the great contrast presented here with incorporated enterprises elsewhere, and their example is well worthy of imitation.



THE VALLEY OF WALLOWA.

IN the northeastern extremity of Oregon lies the fertile and beautiful valley of Wallowa, now attracting that share of public attention which its merits long ago demanded. Only the fact that it lay to one side of the usual routes of travel can be ascribed the neglect by immigrants of one of the fairest and most desirable portions of Oregon's broad and fertile domain; but this condition of affairs is passing away, and immigration is now pouring into that region and finding opportunities unexcelled elsewhere in the west. The building of the O. R. & N. Co. three years ago through Union county, of which Wallowa was then a portion, brought that region nearer the paths of immigration than formerly, and made known to many what was before only realized by a few, that here is to be found one of the most inviting fields for immigration yet opened to the occupation of the thousands of home seekers anxious to exchange the rigors of the eastern climate for the balmy zephyrs of the Pacific. Wallowa county has had an official existence of two years, during which time it has made great progress in wealth, population and material development. It occupies the extreme northeastern corner of the state, and consists of a diversity of mountain, hill and valley, that renders its scenery beautiful in the extreme and its resources most varied and valuable. Stretching for a distance of forty miles through the center of the county, are the three valleys known as the Upper, Middle and Lower Wallowa. Bounded on the south and southwest by a lofty range of snow-capped mountains, and on the north and east by rolling hills that stretch away to the border lines of Idaho and Washington.

The usual route of travel in entering this region is by way of the Grande Ronde valley, through which runs the line of the O. R. & N. Co., which forms a portion of the transcontinental line of the Union Pacific known as the Oregon Short Line. From the edge of the Grande Ronde valley the road passes for a distance of about fifteen miles through a hilly country, traversing Indian valley and Cricket flat on the route, and then descends to the canyon of the Wallowa river, which it follows for nine miles, until it opens out into the Lower Wallowa valley, the earliest settled portion of the county. The land along the river and its tributaries, which are fringed with balsam, aspin, pine and fir trees, is all taken up, and many fine farms are to be seen. On the north the land gradually rises into hills, which stretch away to the north for many miles, covered with a rich, deep soil. Here is a wide scope of country still largely open to settlement, where water is easy to obtain by digging, and wood is plentiful. Still farther to the

north is a region of pine and tamarack timber, amid which are many open glades and meadows that make fine farms for hay. This timber will be of great value when a railroad is built into the valley, something which will certainly happen within a few years. In the valley are two saw mills, a shingle mill and a chop mill. A town was recently laid out on the river five miles above the canyon. The rainfall is ample for all purposes of agriculture and a crop failure is unknown. Fruit has been found to thrive and many fine orchards are being set out with splendid prospects for profit by their owners.

Middle Wallowa valley comprises an area of about sixty square miles, somewhat irregular in form, being widest at its upper, or eastern, end. It is well watered with running streams and contains much fine agricultural land. Immediately to the south the Eagle creek mountains rise abruptly to a great height, grand and picturesque, their summits crowned with snow nearly the entire year. The northern portion of the valley is higher than that along the river, and is locally known as "the hills," and though somewhat rough and broken, it contains some of the best agricultural land in the county, as well as much fine grazing land. All the cereals, as well as hay and vegetables, produce prolifically, wheat having been known to yield fifty bushels to the acre, barley seventy-five, oats one hundred, and timothy hay three tons. Small fruits and vegetables can be grown to perfection, and experiments with fruit trees have been so encouraging that many orchards are being set out. As transportation has not been sufficiently cheap to render grain farming profitable, stock raising has been the chief industry, but the advent of the railroad will mark a change in this respect and thousands of acres will be put in cultivation that have never known the plow. The streams afford ample water for irrigation of the lower lands whenever a dry season should render such artificial watering desirable, and a number of ditches have been dug as an assurance against a possible drouth. In the valley is situated the town of Lostine, on the south fork of the Wallowa river, containing a population approximating one hundred. Water power for manufacturing purposes is ample, and there is little doubt that Lostine will become both the manufacturing and commercial center of that portion of the county. In the mountains near by are a number of valuable mining claims undergoing development, and in the Wallowa canyon, only seven miles distant, are extensive ledges of marble and limestone. Lostine has a saw mill, several good mercantile houses, two churches, a fine school house, hotel and other accessories of a prosperous town.

Upper Wallowa valley is the largest of the three, and is a tract fifteen miles long by six wide, well tim-

bered and having three good streams of water running through it. The valley proper contains about fifty thousand acres of land, nearly all of which is excellent for agricultural purposes. Along the streams the bottom lands are very rich, but in the center of the valley there is a more gravelly soil, yet one that produces good crops. In all ordinary seasons the rainfall is sufficient to insure the crops, but should irrigation at any time be deemed advisable there is enough water in the streams to suffice for the whole valley. On the mountain slope to the south the soil is very rich, and on the hills that roll away from the valley to the northward is a great area of fine grain land, similar in its general characteristics to the famous hills of the Walla Walla country. That this is a good grain country has been fully demonstrated by fields averaging thirty bushels of wheat to the acre for a number of years, but the lack of a railroad has confined the production of grain to the limits of the home demand. In the matter of fruit the valley, though having a higher altitude than the others, produces the finest quality of apples, pears, plums, etc., and all the small fruits and berries. In the valley are three settlements, Enterprise, Joseph and Alder, the first two being towns of considerable importance.

Enterprise, the county seat, lies on the river near the foot of the hills at the lower end of the valley, and is a thriving community, possessing in a marked degree the characteristic indicated by its name. It is the successor of Alder in commercial supremacy in that portion of the valley, and also has a large trade with the stock region to the north and the mines in the mountains. With the settlement of the country, now rapidly progressing, and with the largely increased production that will follow the construction of a railroad into the valley, Enterprise promises to be one of the leading interior towns of the state. Water power in the river at that point is ample for extensive manufacturing, and it is at present utilized by the planing mill of J. T. D. Lacert and a large, roller process flouring mill. This latter is the property of the Enterprise Milling Co., in which the Island City Mercantile & Milling Co. is interested. The latter company also carries on a most extensive general merchandise business there. Other leading institutions of the town are the Wallowa National Bank, having a capital stock of \$50,000.00, the implement agency and hardware store of W. H. Challiss, the implement agency of Staver & Walker, the livery stable of Bosworth & Rinehart, and the *Border Signal*, an excellent weekly paper conducted by Maj. F. S. Ivanhoe. There are also two hotels, a jewelry store, a millinery store, drug store, book and notion store, another general merchandise store and another livery stable, three blacksmith shops, a cabinet shop, con-

fectionery store, butcher shop, two saloons and a number of agencies and representatives of the professions. A graded school is maintained in a fine two-story school house, having an average attendance of a hundred pupils, and two churches are well attended. The town site is a flat a little more than a mile square, on the north side of the river, and was laid out by R. F. Stubblefield and John Zurcher in 1886. It has a population of more than three hundred, and contains upwards of one hundred buildings, of which four are substantial brick structures, one of which is occupied by the county offices. A system of water works is in contemplation for the near future, which may be cheaply built and will give a direct pressure of eighty feet in the town. This is an important matter in a growing commercial town, and Enterprise is to be congratulated upon its ability to supply itself with the purest of mountain water for a large population, with a pressure sufficient to protect the city from fire.

In the southern end of the Upper Wallowa valley lies the town of Joseph, which has grown from an insignificant trading point, beginning with a small store in 1880, to a prosperous town of nearly four hundred inhabitants. This growth has been gradual and steady, following the development of the country, and has never partaken of the nature of a boom. The same causes are still at work in an increased degree, and as the surrounding country will in a few years have ten times the population and fifty times the business that now supports the town, it is easy to predict the future of Joseph. At present it has two establishments dealing extensively in merchandise of all kinds, as well as wagons and machinery, their trade extending throughout the entire surrounding region of farms, mines and stock ranges. These firms are F. D. McCully & Co. and Wurzweiler Brothers. Another important institution is the First Bank of Joseph, an incorporated bank doing a large business with the merchants and stock men. A third is the large planing and shingle mill of Hall Brothers, and a fourth the Silver Lake Flouring Mills of McCully & Briggs. E. J. Forsythe has a fine drug store, and there are also a furniture store, two jewelry stores, two livery stables, two hotels, three saloons, two millinery and dress making establishments, and many other shops and business adjuncts of a thriving town. The *Wallowa Chieftain*, the oldest paper in the county, is published weekly, and under the editorial management of F. M. McCully is one of the best local papers in Oregon. Joseph takes the lead in educational matters, and, in addition to a good public school, has the Joseph Academy, a well conducted school for the instruction of the youth of the county in the higher branches. At present the only church

edifice in the town is that of the Presbyterian denomination, a large and ornamental structure, but other denominations will build ere long. Joseph was incorporated as a city in 1887, and has a full municipal government. Tributary to the town are extensive and valuable quartz mines, covering a wide area, which are being developed and are contributing much to its prosperity. There are also a number of immense marble ledges in the vicinity, the marble being of different colors and of the best quality yet found in the United States. One mile south of the town, and at an altitude fifty feet higher, lies one of the most beautiful lakes in the west, from which a city of the largest size can always draw a supply of the purest water for all purposes. In addition to a natural town site, Joseph possesses the best water power in that portion of the state. The natural fall of the river, flowing by the town from Wallowa lake, makes it possible to have a fine power every three hundred yards. The Joseph Water Works Company, organized this year, has just completed the best system of water works in Eastern Oregon. The reservoir is located above the town, one hundred and twenty-five feet fall to the foot of Main street. Pipes are laid down the three principal streets, and seven hydrants are located on Main street, from which water can be thrown over any building in town. That they have thus provided the town with a splendid water system and protection from fire speaks in highest terms of the enterprise of the business men of the city. Wallowa lake—sometimes called Silver lake—is four miles long with an average width of one mile, and is well supplied by cold mountain streams. Its waters are pure and as clear as crystal, and its calm surface reflects the lofty mountains that hedge it in and the luxuriant foliage that lines its banks. From its lower end flows Wallowa river, the principal stream of the valley. It is the most attractive summer resort in Eastern Oregon, and as soon as the railroad is built will be annually visited by thousands of pleasure seekers. A small steamer has been put on the lake for the accommodation of visitors, and the site for a large hotel has been selected. In a few years cottages will be built on its banks and its waters and

surrounding woods will echo the happy voices of a multitude of young and old, drawn thither by the beautiful scenery, the health-giving mountain air and splendid hunting and fishing in the adjacent mountains, and the many other opportunities it affords for pleasure and recuperation of health.

Wallowa county contains much valuable land and many resources besides those mentioned; in fact, the country is so extensive that a detailed description is almost impossible. Mention might be made of the Swamp creek country, Trout, Davis, Whisky and Parsnip creeks and the Big Woods region, all in the northern portion of the county; of Lost and Paradise prairies, in the vicinity of Grande Ronde river, and many other sections of which the immigrant will learn at length upon his arrival in the county, but we leave that at present. One other section calls for special mention, the Imnaha country. The Imnaha river is a tributary of the Snake, and runs through a deep canyon far below the level of the surrounding hills, presenting climatic conditions different from any other portion of the county. The soil is formed in benches, and excellent facilities exist for irrigation. Owing to its sheltered position, it produces peaches, melons and tender vegetables of the finest quality in abundance. Many orchards have been set out, some of them containing two thousand trees, and in a few years the Imnaha will supply Eastern Oregon with those more tender fruits not suited to the general climate, which are now brought from a distance. The great need of the Wallowa country is a railroad, and, happily, this seems about to be given it. The O. R. & N. Co. is surveying a line from its road in the Grande Ronde valley, and will no doubt build what will prove to be one of the best paying branches of its extensive system. In addition to this, a branch of the Hunt system will beyond question be built. That road will next year be extended into the Grande Ronde valley, and Mr. Hunt expresses his intention to at once push a line into the Wallowa valley to secure the large business awaiting a railroad there. Taken altogether the outlook for one who casts his lot in this beautiful valley of the Wallowa is bright with promise.

WEISER AND WASHINGTON COUNTY, IDAHO.

IDAHO is just beginning to attract the attention its great resources should have drawn to it years ago. It is enjoying an era of great material prosperity, caused by the development of its mines and agricultural areas and the steady increase in its population. Its growth is the most noticeable along the lines of railroad running through it, where the towns are advancing rapidly and the surrounding country is filling up with immigrants. One of the most favorably situated towns is Weiser, the county seat of Washington county, which adjoins the state of Oregon on the east. Through the county and town runs the road of the Oregon Short Line, the through route of the Union Pacific between Omaha and Portland. It is twenty-three miles southeast of Huntington, the point where the Oregon Short Line and the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company's lines connect, and is surrounded by a large area of splendid agricultural land and mineral deposits. Along the Weiser river, between the town and Snake river, are fifteen thousand acres of good arable land, which can be rendered highly productive by a suitable system of irrigation, while a large area of land between the Weiser and Payette is susceptible of the highest degree of cultivation. At present the irrigation facilities are entirely inadequate, and here is an opening for the investment of capital that will yield large returns. An investment of \$50,000.00 in ditch property would yield twenty per cent. to the owners, as the land is settled upon and ready for the water. The sale of water for irrigation, manufacturing and domestic purposes would yield a steady and permanent income. Acre property near Weiser is now worth from \$10.00 to \$40.00 per acre, while town lots are valued at from \$50.00 to \$125.00 each. Business property in the heart of town is valued at \$500.00 per lot fifty by one hundred and fifty-eight feet, without improvements.

For a distance of seventy-five miles north of Weiser there is a grain producing region which even in its present partially developed state yields annually a large quantity of wheat. This grain is shipped away, because there is no modern flouring mill there to consume it. About sixty car loads of flour are imported every year. Here is certainly an admirable location for a large roller mill to manufacture for the local and general markets. The stock industry has been an extensive one for many years. It has extensive bunch grass ranges, is watered by numerous running streams, and has a winter climate that enables stock to graze out the entire season. The snowfall is light, except in the mountains, and cold periods are few and of but short duration. Large bands of stock are being driven upon the ranges, and the cattle shipments

by rail to market are considerable. A special feature is the raising of horses, for which that section is rapidly acquiring a great reputation. Four hundred head of horses were shipped from Weiser during the month of June. The sheep industry is also a large one, and three hundred thousand pounds of wool were shipped from that station this year. The county has a population of eight thousand, and its assessed valuation of property will exceed \$1,000,000.00 this year, an increase of twenty per cent. in one year.

Weiser is the natural seat of an extensive lumbering industry. The river runs through a region containing hundreds of square miles of the finest quality of timber, which could be logged into the river and driven down to the railroad at Weiser, where it could be manufactured into lumber, sash, doors, blinds, etc., for shipment. In the mountains north of Weiser are a number of mining camps of great promise undergoing development, and this is the general supply and outfitting point. The best known of these are Warrens, Seven Devils and Ruthberg, but there are extensive quartz districts constantly being discovered. The development of these resources is slowly progressing, capital having recently been interested in several of them, but their undoubted merit will soon create for them a reputation that will draw capital in abundance.

Weiser is the railroad point for the country extending to Salmon river, a hundred miles to the northeast, and enjoys a large trade as far as Salmon meadows and Long valley. It has four large stores carrying extensive stocks of general merchandise, a hardware store, a machinery warehouse and grain and flour dealer, two drug stores, hotel, three restaurants, blacksmith shop, two livery stables and a number of other establishments. It possesses a bank with a capital of \$50,000.00 in connection with the Idaho Commercial Company. This company and Sommer Bros., dealers in general merchandise, are the most extensive business enterprises in the county. A brick school house capable of accommodating two hundred scholars is in process of erection and will cost about \$6,000.00. That the climate of that portion of Idaho is most pleasant is certified to by everyone whose good fortune it has been to enjoy it, and that it is salubrious is certain, not only from official statistics, but from the significant fact that there are only two physicians in the county, one of whom resides in Weiser. Being thus situated in the midst of great resources, which capital is already beginning to develop, being the railroad and commercial point for a wide scope of country, and having a most charming and healthful climate, Weiser must grow rapidly in size and prosperity as the country becomes more populous and productive and property increases in value.

ISLAND CITY, OREGON.

ONE of the most thriving towns of Eastern Oregon is Island City, lying in the beautiful and fertile Grande Ronde valley. During its existence of nearly sixteen years it has steadily grown in population and business until it now contains upwards of three hundred people and is the commercial point for a wide and highly productive region. To one at all familiar with Eastern Oregon it is sufficient to establish its reputation as a good business point to say that it lies in the heart of the finest portion of the famous Grande Ronde valley, but to others something more than this is necessary. Island City was first founded in 1874 by Charles Goodnough, who opened a small store at that point and continued in business there for nine years, a town gradually growing up around him. At the end of that time he combined with a number of business men and organized the Island City Mercantile & Milling Company, which has since grown into a most extensive institution. Its original capital stock of \$40,000.00 was increased to \$75,000.00 in 1885, and it has established branches in the towns of Enterprise, Hilgard and Wallowa. The company did a business of a quarter of a million dollars in 1888, and handled three hundred thousand pounds of wool. Besides two stores, it has five large warehouses in Island City, and is now constructing one forty by one hundred feet. It also owns the Island City flouring mill, which manufactures one of the standard brands of Oregon flour. This mill was thoroughly refitted in 1888 and converted into a full roller mill of a daily capacity of one hundred barrels. Connected with the mill is an elevator large enough to hold thirty thousand bushels of wheat, and in connection with the mill and its shipping business the company handles the bulk of the grain product of that region. The officers of the company are, Charles Goodnough president, J. M. Church vice president, W. Andrews, secretary, First National Bank treasurer. Another important institution is the First National Bank, which has a capital stock of \$50,000.00, a surplus of \$10,000.00 and undivided profits of \$15,000.00. The officers are, R. M. Steel president, Charles Goodnough vice president, Charles Crosby cashier. This bank plays a most important part in the financial transactions of that region and is one of the most prosperous interior banks in Oregon. As an evidence of the position held by Island City with regard to the agricultural interests of that portion of the state, the fact that both of the great implement houses of Knapp, Burrell & Co. and Frank Brothers Implement Co. have agencies there is very suggestive, that of the former being the sole agency for Union and Wallowa counties. Other business enterprises consist of a

drug store, blacksmith shop, hotel and market. There is maintained a good public school, with an attendance of seventy pupils, and the Catholics have a church.

Though there is no vacant government land in the vicinity of Island City, most inviting opportunities exist for the acquisition of fine farms at a very reasonable price. When first settled upon the land was taken up in large tracts, and the result is that individual owners have been unable to cultivate their land. Consequently, much of it is for sale at prices ranging from \$8.00 to \$15.00 per acre for unimproved land. At such prices, the settler who has a little money would do better to purchase first class land in a community possessing good roads, schools, churches and settled business and social relations, and where good railroad facilities are provided, with an immediate prospect of others soon, than to seek for government or other cheap land far removed from all these conveniences, by means of which he can render life enjoyable and his farm immediately productive and profitable. If he have enough money to buy improved land he will find it still more to his advantage to do so, such land being for sale at from \$15.00 to \$30.00 per acre, the price being based chiefly upon its nearness to town and the nature of the improvements. In the foothills of the mountains, some distance from town, land of good quality, a very large portion of which can be cultivated, can be purchased for \$3.00 per acre. The products of that portion of the Grande Ronde valley tributary to Island City are chiefly wheat, which yields from thirty to fifty bushels per acre; corn, which grows to perfection; hay, of which great quantities are cut with a high average yield per acre; vegetables and root crops of all kinds, which yield abundantly in quantity and are of a most superior quality; and fruit. Hops have been demonstrated to be a successful and profitable crop, and quite a large acreage is now being set out, so that this region will soon be as well known as other hop producing centers of the coast. Cattle, horses and sheep are important products of the valley and mountains, and the wool clip is very large. Situated in such a country, within so short a distance of the railroad—less than two miles—and possessing such extensive business enterprises, Island City has good reason to expect a continuance of its prosperity and growth, and is certainly a most inviting place in which, or near which, to engage in business and select a home. Its business men are full of enterprise and have opened channels of trade that must continue to carry a constantly increasing volume of traffic. The town presents a most neat and attractive appearance and is a pleasant place of residence, especially as the climate of the valley is delightful.

FIG CULTURE IN THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY.

[T has been said that the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is, to some extent, a public benefactor. By a parity of reasoning I arrive at the conclusion that the man who demonstrates the possibility of successfully introducing a delightful and healthful fruit into a section of country popularly supposed to be poorly, or not at all adapted to its cultivation, confers some benefit upon the community. I am an enthusiast upon the subject of figs plucked ripe and luscious from the tree, not as an article of diet merely, but as a luxury. I have written a number of brief communications to the local papers of the Willamette valley relative to the practicability of fully acclimatizing the fig tree in this region. Just what the results have been I have no means of knowing. I return to the subject in the columns of THE WEST SHORE, hoping that what I may say will result in general and wide-spread interest in the matter.

It is now more than forty years since I plucked my first ripe fig from a tree in the door yard of the old Morris homestead in Fort Pickering, two or three miles below Memphis, Tennessee. My boyhood's friends, Charley Morris and his brother and their saintly mother, have long since gone over to the majority. Just back from school in Philadelphia, where my tutor, a confirmed dyspeptic, not only lived for the most part on a diet of dried Smyrna figs and soda crackers, but, in season and out of season, urged his pupils to prefer the same fruit to the grosser forms of food—he was, practically a vegetarian, poor old Baldwin, and a hard hitter with a rattan, to boot—there was something romantic in eating fresh from a living tree these cones of natural honey, full of suggestions of Syria and the orient. Those Fort Pickering figs, however, were mere suggestions, faint adumbrations, as it were, of the delicious feasts which were afforded me, when, a few years afterward, I removed to Louisiana, and in that semi-tropical climate found them as plentiful as red apples in old Yamhill.

The "true inwardness" of the fig ripe from the tree in that part of the world, as I demonstrated to my own gustatory satisfaction time and again, was to be found in mounting a horse for a morning gallop in the early dawn, and after a ride of a few miles, to turn into an old field while the dew was still on leaf and flower and grass blade, and under the thick shadows of a tree, reach up and pluck figs, deliciously cool and honey sweet, and eat until no more were wanted. After such a feast the most appetizing breakfast that could be prepared would have but few attractions before noontide. Another way of getting at the true worth of the ripe fig was to peel a good-

sized bowlful about nightfall, sprinkling a little powdered sugar over each layer as they were peeled and placed in the bowl, and then pour rich cream over the whole and set it in a cool place, the spring house or the ice chest, until morning, and then, banishing tea and coffee and all hot foods from the breakfast table, pour a wineglassful of good sherry or madeira, both of the latter being obtainable in those far-away days, and sit down with a plateful of good soda biscuit and a pitcher of sweet milk to flank your bowl of figs, cream and wine, and eat and be thankful. There was a breakfast which for delicacy and satisfying qualities might be put up for rivalry against anything upon which Lucullus ever spent the revenues of a principality.

When I came to California, in 1858, I was delighted to find myself in a fig growing country, for the appetite which this fruit engenders when indulged in judiciously is not one which cloys with the gratification thereof. I inspected the Willamette valley very thoroughly in 1879, but it was not until I reached Roseburg that it occurred to me to wonder why at least an attempt to cultivate figs in that part of Oregon had not been made. I made some inquiries on the subject but do not remember that anything was done in the premises. Four or five years ago I read an account of a visit paid by some prominent eastern gentlemen, General Sherman, I think, among the number, to a farmer and fruit grower residing on the eastern shore of Lake Washington, near Seattle, in which, among other things, it was said that the party, or some members thereof, "swung in their hammocks and plucked ripe figs from the trees overhead." This did not surprise me very much, for during my sojourn at Seattle I made up my mind that relatively to the rest of that section, the eastern shore of that magnificent body of water bore about the same relations thereto that those portions of Lake Michigan and the other northern lakes, where the peach and grape flourish in riotous luxuriance, bear to the less sheltered localities where even the hardy apple and pear have to fight for mere existence.

In November, 1885, I found myself, while on my way south, storm stayed, so to speak, by illness, at Salem. My stay there was a prolonged one, and during the summer of 1886, while passing one of the stores in that city, I saw in one of the windows a display which challenged my surprised and pleased attention. The display consisted of three white figs, as perfect in form and development, and nearly as large, as any I had ever seen in either Tennessee, Louisiana or California. A card on the platter on which the figs lay stated that they came from a tree growing in the garden of Captain L. E. Pratt, of that city. I lost little time in calling on the captain, and,

introducing myself, I explained the object of my visit. I wanted to know all about his fig tree. There it stood, not, properly speaking, a tree, but a cluster of shoots from a common root, none of them more than six inches in circumference. The second crop had already begun to make its appearance. I shall dismiss this passing reference to the second crop by saying that the figs failed to mature. I do not remember that Captain Pratt told me just how the original stock came to be planted in his garden. Suffice it to say that the "plant" had stood there for several years but had given no signs of fruiting until that year (1886). This statement is especially worthy of note for three reasons; first, the plant, tree or bush, as you may choose to call it, had been for these several years undergoing the process of acclimatization and conforming itself to the new conditions of soil and temperature by which it found itself surrounded. The fig is an exotic. Its native home is in a region of warm days and warm nights in summer, and it is naturally averse to sudden climatic changes and severe winters. The difference between the Fort Pickering fig and the Louisiana fig, as I remember them, bears evidence to this assertion. Second, the fact that these plants, trees or bushes had lived "in the open," without special care or shelter, proves the generally mild and uniform character of the Willamette valley winter. Third, the reason why my host's statement that the bushes had been in his garden for several years is worthy of note is found in the fact that a particularly cold snap in the winter of 1886-87 killed the bushes to the ground.

I shall refer to this last mentioned circumstance again. When Captain Pratt had given me the history of his fig bushes, I said to him, in substance, "Sir, you have here the parent stock of what ought, in a few years, to enable every man of good taste in the Willamette valley to sit under the shade of his own fig tree, as well as of his vine. If you manage things right you can get from three hundred to five hundred cuttings of this fruiting stock from what I see before me. Take my advice and do it." The captain did not follow my advice fully. However, he planted forty or fifty cuttings. As I intimated above, the winter of 1886-7 brought a killing frost, or freeze, and the fig plant I set so much store by seemed to all appearances to have perished utterly. Not so, however. The ensuing year saw parent stock and cuttings putting forth green shoots from the ground, and I am informed that the present year, 1889, shows the most of them well fruited.

I may remark here that one of my brief communications to the local press had evidently excited some local interest, for a few scattered and gnarled and twisted fig bushes which grew near the curb of one of the sidewalks in Salem had been dug up and re-

moved before the brief winter of 1886-7 set in. I made inquiries, but could not find who removed them, or I would have tried to trace the results. Some one in Salem told me that on some farm in the country there was quite a collection, or miniature grove, of fig bushes such as were to be seen at Captain Pratt's yard, and that they had fruited more than once, but I had no opportunity to verify the statement by personal observation. Without going further into this branch of the subject, it is sufficient to say that it has been demonstrated that the fig can be, indeed has been, naturalized in the Willamette valley.

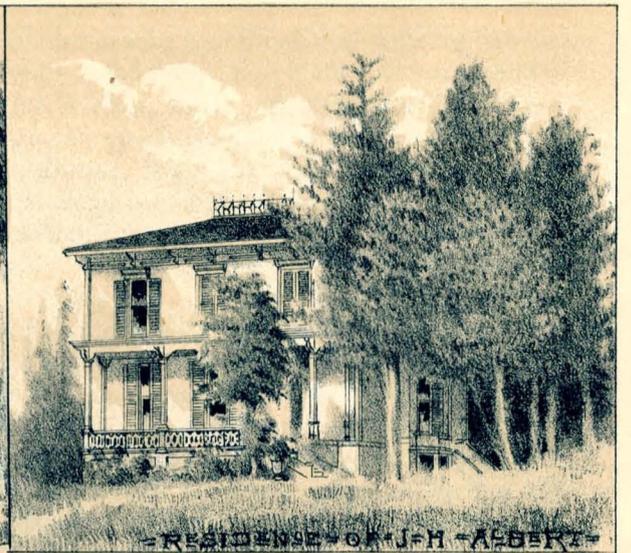
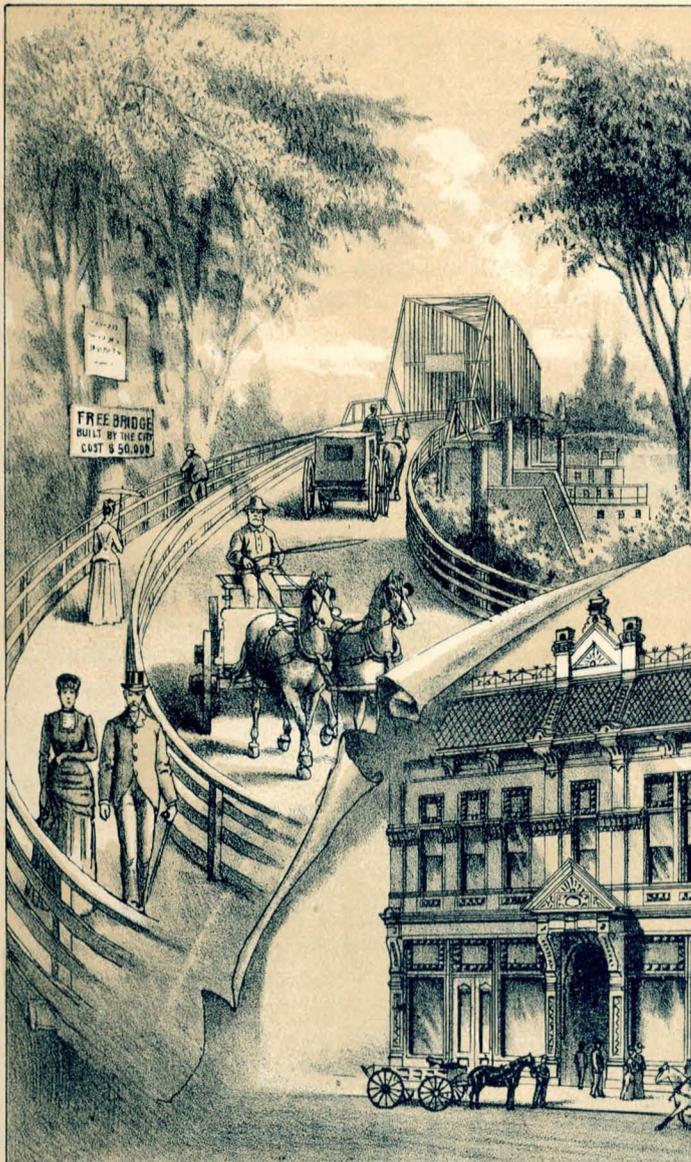
Now I lay down the proposition, that if it is desired to make this delicious fruit a familiar article of table use from home growths in this section, we are not to look to California or Louisiana for lessons in methods of cultivation. We must go farther north or devise ways and means of our own. I had some valuable memoranda of the methods pursued in Maryland for the protection of the trees, or bushes, as they seem to be there, where the winters are far colder, except in occasional and abnormal seasons, than they are in Oregon, but unfortunately I have mislaid them. The gist of the method seemed to be the bending over of the branches or boughs—evidently they grow there after the fashion of Captain Pratt's plant—and covering them over with earth or mulch during the dangerously cold season, an annual event in that latitude and longitude. The fact that the plant in Captain Pratt's yard passed through several seasons without so much as a frost bite renders it plain that no such heroic measures need to be resorted to here. It will doubtless be sufficient to plant them on the south side of a house, or tall, close fence, thereby protecting them from the north wind. Or, as it seems improbable that the fig will attain a tree-like growth in the valley, it will be enough, probably, to put winter jackets of straw or thick tarred paper or cloth around them, tying them on securely. At any rate, it will be but seldom that any damage to the tree from frost or freeze need be feared. Experiment and experience in a very few years will fully demonstrate the best methods of growing and taking care of the tree and the best varieties for cultivation. Besides being a delight to the eye and a feast to the palate of individuals, the addition of a choice fruit to the soil and climate of Oregon will serve as another attraction to those looking toward Oregon for a home. In the absence of text books giving information as to the soil best suited for fig culture, I am unable to make any suggestions in this paper, which, however, may be followed by another on the same subject more practical and more to the point. In the meantime the publication of these facts and suggestions may call out something on the subject from some one better able to do justice to it than myself. A. T. HAWLEY.

THE TOWN OF SUMMERVILLE.

THE agricultural resources of Oregon are sufficient to support many towns and cities having many times the business and population now possessed by the commercial centers of the state. In the future growth of such places the chief elements of progress will be advantageous location with reference to the productive area, means of handling the business offered, facilities for reaching distant markets and the character of the men engaged in handling the business of the town and looking after its interests. When these elements are found together in a town situated in the midst of one of the most fertile and beautiful sections of the state, a region undergoing development and with years of growth and progress before it, such a place is worthy the special attention of one seeking for a desirable place in which to establish himself. Such a place is Summerville, in the famous Grande Ronde valley. For many miles in all directions it is surrounded with farming land of the finest quality, such as would gladden the hearts of thousands of farmers who are struggling to maintain themselves on a few sterile acres, far away from, and probably unacquainted with, the delightful climate and fruitful lands of Oregon. Much of this land is not yet under cultivation and may be purchased at prices that are extremely cheap when compared with the value of lands in eastern states far less productive. Unimproved land at from \$5.00 to \$15.00, and improved at \$15.00 to \$30.00, offer a most inviting opportunity to those seeking to establish themselves in a new and growing country. The term new is but a relative one and does not signify that frontier life will there be encountered or that the conditions of pioneer days still exist. Far from it. Good roads ramify the valley and school houses stand almost in sight of each other. Channels of business are well established, banks have been founded to facilitate commercial dealings, flouring mills and saw mills are at work, large stores are at hand, carrying greater stocks and a larger variety of goods than can be found in eastern establishments of a like character, and in other respects most inviting conditions prevail. All this is found in a region where the increase in population and wealth will soon render the value of land much greater than at present, and where the volume of business transacted will steadily increase.

Summerville has now a population exceeding two hundred and fifty, and a taxable property assessed at \$120,000 00, the township being divided into four school districts. Two flouring mills, each having a capacity of sixty barrels per day, do a large local and shipping business. One of them is owned by the Summerville Milling Company and the other by J. H.

Rinehart & Son. The latter firm also owns the Farmers Mortgage and Savings Bank, which has a capital of \$36,000.00 and is a most important adjunct to the business facilities of the place. Four large general merchandise stores carry on an extensive trade with the country, covering a wide area, and there are also a drug store, hardware store and tin shop, brewery, two livery stables, saloon, butcher shop, three millinery and dressmaking establishments, hotel, restaurant, two blacksmith shops and four saw mills. There are three churches, one belonging to the Presbyterians and two to the Methodists, and a school house in which sixty pupils are taught. In the mountains near by are vast quantities of the finest quality of merchantable timber, which will support an important industry for many years to come. Four saw mills are already at work upon it at Summerville, supplying the great and increasing demand for lumber of all kinds, and the number and product of these mills will no doubt increase with the growth of the country. The climate of that portion of the state is delightful. In the valley the winters are by no means so severe or long as in the northern states east of the Rocky mountains, and the summers are delightfully cool and pleasant. Sufficient rain falls to insure the crops every year, a failure being unknown. The present season is the best proof of this, for though it is the dryest known for many years, and many portions of the country have suffered a partial loss of crops, the grain of the Grande Ronde valley had moisture enough to bring it through in good condition. This is due to the fact that the rainfall, though not so great as in some other portions of the state, is better distributed through the seasons and produces a better result. The business men of Summerville are energetic and enterprising and look well after the interests of the town. The people are social and hospitable and possess a degree of refinement and culture that will render a home in their midst a most pleasant one. Neat and attractive residences and yards are a feature of Summerville that impresses the stranger favorably and speaks volumes of the prosperity and culture of its citizens. The outlook for a railroad is a hopeful one. Though the main line of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company is but a few miles distant, it is almost certain that a railroad actually touching the town will soon be built. This line will be the one passing through the northern end of the valley to tap the country lying on that side of the main line. When this road is built the present growth and prosperity will be eclipsed and Summerville will advance more rapidly and occupy a more important position, and the benefits of these improvements will be reaped chiefly by those who now cast their lot in that busy community.



BUSH & BREY BLOCK



BREYMAN & BUSH BLOCK



· J · H · SETTLEMIR ·

AN ENTERPRISING NURSERYMAN.

WITH the rapid development of the fruit producing interests of the northwest that has been in progress during the past few years, and is gathering force from its own momentum, there has grown up a demand for first class nurseries to provide stock for the young orchards. The Pacific coast has had nurseries ever since it began to raise fruit, and the mildness of the climate tended to encourage the establishment of fruit propagating farms, but the number of nurseries that have an extensive business and a standing reputation is limited. Clearly at the head of the list stands the well known nursery of J. H. Settlemier, at Woodburn, Oregon.

Mr. Settlemier was born in Jersey county, Illinois, February 5, 1840, and at the age of nine years removed to California with his parents, who were attracted there by the gold excitement of 1849. They crossed the Missouri river at St. Joseph, and at that time there was not a settler between the Missouri and the Sacramento valley. There was not a wood or brick building in Sacramento, and San Francisco had scarcely attained the dignity of a village. The mother and one of the boys died in California shortly after arriving there, and the rest of the family came on to Oregon the next year and took a donation claim in Marion county, where Mount Angel now is and where the father still resides at the age of eighty-three years. Oregon City was then the metropolis of this uncertain empire, and Milwaukee and Portland were rivals for second position, with the chances of success in favor of the former. Young Settlemier spent his youth on the farm and in the small nursery which his father had. The nursery absorbed the attention of the young man, who obtained a thorough knowledge of the business and at length started on his own account. Going to Woodburn, in the same county, he laid the foundation for what has since grown to be by far the largest nursery in the northwest.

Woodburn Nursery is the name Mr. Settlemier has given his fruit propagating plant. It occupies the whole of one hundred acres of ground situated on both sides of the railroad track at the pleasant little village of Woodburn, which is south of Portland thirty-five miles and at the junction of the Southern Pacific main Oregon line and the Oregonian narrow gauge railway. Mr. Settlemier is the founder and proprietor of this town. It is six miles from the Willamette river. It has the best public school outside of Salem in the county, and, though it is quite an important shipping station and a local trading center, the nursery of Mr. Settlemier constitutes the most extensive enterprise there. This is constantly being enlarged, increasing about fifty per cent. annually.

There are now in the Woodburn nursery one and a half millions of trees and plants. These consist of a full line of fruit, shade, ornamental and nut trees, and vines and plants from different sections of America and Europe, including a most extensive assortment that could not be enumerated in anything short of a voluminous catalogue, and the quality of the stock is the choicest on the Pacific coast. Last season Mr. Settlemier imported from France seventy thousand young trees, mostly of the *plumora formosa* family, one of the finest evergreens known. Among them are the most popular trees of foreign nativity—double white and red flowering horse chestnuts, Italian chestnuts and Norway maples. His importations also include eleven varieties of apples and twenty varieties of winter pears. Mr. Settlemier cultivates many rare and curious plants for his own enjoyment, among which are Asiatic and South American specimens, and it is well worth one's while to look through the very interesting collection of this class, as well as the general stock of the nursery. Mr. Settlemier personally receives visitors and is always pleased to show the nursery to those who may call. Catalogue mailed free upon application.

The trade of Woodburn nursery extends throughout California, Utah, Oregon, Washington, Idaho and British Columbia. Supplying nurserymen and dealers is an important feature of the business, and it is rapidly increasing. The removal of the tariff on trees shipped to British Columbia has opened an important field there for this business. Many California orchardists and nurserymen buy their stocks of the Woodburn nursery, because the trees are found to be superior to the California production. Trees and plants propagated by means of irrigation, which is the rule in California, are of inferior quality and never yield as satisfactory results as those grown where the natural conditions are entirely favorable. The climate of Oregon is peculiarly adapted to the successful prosecution of the nursery business, as well as the general cultivation of fruit. The prices prevailing here for first class nursery stock are about one-fifth less than those quoted by eastern catalogues, and eastern competition cuts no figure in the business.

This summer four hundred and fifty thousand trees are being budded in Mr. Settlemier's nursery, this method being preferred to the more common one of grafting. Budding serves the same purpose, is more quickly and easily done, and is attended with less risk. A little grafting is done in the spring, when any defective buds are attended to. Mr. Settlemier has made a study of his business, and his long experience and unexcelled facilities for keeping up with the times in all improvements place him in the front rank of nurserymen.

YAQUINA BAY, OREGON.

THE arm of the ocean bearing the name of Yaquina bay indents the western shore of Oregon about midway between its northern and southern boundaries. It is an enlargement of the Yaquina river near its mouth and extends inland a distance of a little more than four miles. It is now one of the most popular summer resorts in the northwest. It also has a commercial future of more than ordinary promise and as certain of realization as the vast inland country is of development.

Yaquina bay was in the midst of an unbroken Indian reservation extending along the coast a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles and from the crest of the Coast range to the sea, until the latter part of 1865, when congress opened for settlement a strip through this tract from the Alsea river, about fourteen miles south of the bay, to a line touching the coast six miles north of Yaquina. Previous to that time a company in San Francisco had the oyster beds of the bay leased from the government, and for several years prosecuted a profitable business there, it being necessary, however, to pay the Indians a shilling a bushel for all the bivalves harvested under this agreement. As soon as the tract was subject to settlement a number of men who had been watching the turn of affairs in that section hurried in and staked out claims on the unsurveyed land, which were confirmed to them when the survey was made. The first claims taken were where the town of Newport now stands. This was platted on the south side of the point enclosing the bay on the north, a few years after settlement. Seven years ago it was regularly incorporated under state law and given a full city government. The city of Newport now has a population of about six hundred. The usual trades and professions represented in a thriving community are found there. The business portion of the town is located on a narrow flat along the water, and from that the land rises rapidly back to the undulating surface of the interior. The buildings are of wood, but the salt spray that is sometimes blown in from the ocean renders them almost fireproof, and it is a fact worthy of note that not a single building of any kind in the town has been destroyed by fire since the first settlement was made there. There is a well organized fire company, however, to extinguish any threatening blazes that may occur. A water supply for public and private uses is obtained from springs a short distance back in the hills, and it is soft and of singular purity. The city has good wharfage, a weekly newspaper, well conducted public schools, public reading room, two good hotels, two livery stables, express office, etc., and a number of general

shops and mercantile houses. The Episcopal church is in charge of Rev. Chas. Booth, the well-known organizer of missions, formerly of Corvallis. This is the neatest church edifice in the county. A rectory has been erected at Newport at a cost of \$4,000.00. It commands a magnificent view of both the bay and ocean. Mr. Booth is now erecting a church at Toledo. The Roman Catholics are completing a house of worship, and the Methodists are also erecting a neat and comfortable church building. A ferry line crosses the bay and another plies to Yaquina City, about three miles farther up the harbor. San Francisco steamers and coasting vessels also land at the wharf there.

Yaquina City was started about five years ago—the tide water terminus of the Willamette Valley & Coast railway, the construction of which was then begun at that point. Though not yet incorporated it has more than five hundred inhabitants. It is the actual, operating, deep water terminus of the railroad, and as such it is an important business point. It is the point of transfer between railroad and ocean traffic. It has good school and church privileges, a fine hotel, a saw mill, three salmon canneries, the only banking house in the county outside of Corvallis, which is the county seat, a ship yard, custom house, telegraph office, large warehouses and docks with equipment for handling freight, railway depot and yard and the company's machine shops and a number of other business establishments. It occupies an excellent business location and its connections insure it a good growth, now that the extension of the railway through Eastern Oregon is assured.

Besides Newport and Yaquina City and their recorded additions there have been other plats of land on the bay filed. There are Clyde, Alexandria and Brooklyn between Newport and Yaquina City on the north and east sides of the bay, and West Yaquina opposite Yaquina City, and South Beach opposite Newport. These are all attractive localities and will eventually be included in the one city that will occupy the banks of Yaquina bay. There is no conflict of interests, no jealous feeling between the towns on the bay. Altogether they are strewn along the water for a distance not exceeding four miles, and it is certainly indulging in no very wild dream to say that it will not be many years before the city will be continuous from the head of the harbor to its foot, and on both banks. It will not be thus expanded by a boom, but by the steady growth induced by the advantageous situation which it occupies for commerce and its rare merits as a pleasure resort and a place of residence. The towns on the bay are identical in all material interests, and in this article the term "Yaquina bay" will apply to all of them collectively ex-

cept where by the context it is obvious that the bay itself is meant.

Yaquina bay is brought into special prominence at this season of the year because of its superb attractions as a seaside summer resort. Of course, previous to the advent of the railroad it was not heard of in this connection, for there was no popular means of reaching it. But ever since the road was put in operation to Willamette valley connections a large number of people have annually spent the heated term in the pleasant surroundings of Yaquina bay, and never before did so many seek comfort and pleasure there as this season. The fact is patent to any one that all that is needed to bring Yaquina to the first rank of watering places are satisfactory transportation rates, which the railroads now make, and increased facilities for accommodating the throng, which will be provided before another season. The best advertising is done by those who visit the bay, and the fame of this resort is being rapidly spread throughout the land. There are so many features of interest to pleasure seekers that it is scarcely possible to enumerate them all.

One thing that is peculiar to Yaquina is the absence of raw winds that often make Pacific coast watering places all but unbearable. There is a generous expanse of sand beach extending many miles north and south of the mouth of the bay, and at intervals may be found rocky points some of which possess the most fantastic and weird scenery. Cape Foulweather is five miles up the north coast and its spouting caves and curiously-formed rocks, cleft asunder by some mighty force, are objects of the most fascinating interest, especially to students of nature. A lighthouse of the first order is maintained on the cape, and its lantern, one hundred and sixty feet above the surf, affords a grand outlook along the coast on a clear day. Eight miles down the south coast is the Seal Rock resort, which has recently been fitted up for the accommodation of pleasure seekers. It is reached by a most charming drive on the beach, and the ledge of rocks jutting out into the sea encloses a delightful cove for surf bathing. Farther out, but still in plain view from the shore, are several large rocks, on which seals may be seen basking in the sun. Now that they are protected from the huntsmen on the land it is probable that these interesting animals will soon grow tame enough to sport about the rocks nearer the shore. A hotel has been erected and about a dozen neat cottages show that this resort is already receiving a good deal of attention. The choicest fishing and hunting are readily accessible from the Seal Rocks resort. South Beach, on the south shore of Yaquina bay, is a pleasant place for camping, and it will also prove a popu-

lar location for cottages. Quite a number of families now reside there and a hotel is ready for operation when patronage shall warrant it. Newport is just now the most frequented by pleasure seekers because it is the largest town on the harbor and can accommodate the most people. Though the city really faces the bay it covers the entire point enclosing the bay on the north, with the exception of the government light house reservation, which consists of a few acres on the extreme outer end, and it fronts on both the bay and the ocean. On both fronts there are admirable opportunities for surf bathing, though the bay is preferred over the other by most bathers, it being sheltered from the ocean breeze and the surf not being so strong. The facilities provided are the best in every respect. The beach is within a stone's throw of the hotels; in fact, it is directly in front of the Ocean House, which is designed especially for the entertainment of seaside visitors, and occupies an elevated shelf overlooking the bay and ocean and in a most pleasant situation. Many people find additional pleasure in camping out in the thick growth of small trees that covers the hills, and the great number of romantic and secluded nooks seem to invite the pleasure seeker to erect his own habitation and enjoy the rustic simplicity of the situation.

Yaquina bay is said by scientists to be one of the richest places in archæological and zoölogical specimens on the Pacific coast, and for this reason it is much frequented by scholars who make a special study of those branches. No more delightful place to spend a vacation could be found. Curious shells and sea mosses and rocks, the action of the water on the rocky cliffs, spouting caves and many other things are among the objects that interest even the most superficial naturalists. The water agates of the north beach and bay are especially attractive. The visitor at the seaside is by no means confined to aquatic sports, however. He need go but a short distance back from the towns to find many kinds of game—ducks, pheasants, partridges, curlews, snipe, deer, elk, bear, cougar are targets for the sportsman's gun if he chooses to hunt industriously. Along the coast an occasional seal or sea lion or sea otter may be shot. The streams from the hills swarm with mountain trout. The fisherman may sit on the rocks by the ocean and pull out salt water fish almost as fast as he can bait his hook. The oysters, clams and mussels are among the edible bivalves of the bay. Deep sea fishing for cod, halibut, kelt, etc., is a popular and profitable pastime and gives the participant a little marine experience that is usually of the most absorbing interest to himself or herself, as the case may be. Surely all that could be desired in the way of climate, bathing, boating, driving or riding, sport

of rod and gun, scenery and interesting studies of nature are included in the attractions of Yaquina bay as a popular seaside pleasure resort.

But Yaquina bay does not depend for its growth or existence upon the patronage it may receive as a watering place. It was selected as the deep water terminus of a railway that will soon be numbered among the great transcontinental lines of the country, not because it would make an attractive summer resort, but because of the natural advantages which it held as a commercial point. When the railway project was inaugurated there had been no improvement of the harbor, but there was then a prospect that justified the scheme for crossing the mountains to tap the rich Willamette valley and carry its produce to the nearest seaport. The railway was then a local enterprise. Now that it has secured support which indicates very clearly that it is fostered by one of the strongest railway corporations in the country its significance to Yaquina bay is of the utmost importance. When connections that make Yaquina the western terminus of a great transcontinental railway system are completed—which event, judged by all ordinary indications, can not be very far in the future—that point can not fail to become an important commercial city. But Yaquina bay is able to stand alone on its own merits. It is surrounded by a productive country and it offers such inducements that a large portion of the Willamette valley and Eastern Oregon will seek that outlet to market simply because it is the most profitable they can get. The bulk of the great staple of the state—wheat—will be shipped abroad by way of Yaquina bay in spite of all the influences that can be brought to bear by other routes of transportation. Other products must gradually seek the same channel for shipment. This advantage is one supported by natural conditions and it can not be overcome. Without transcontinental connections Yaquina has an assured prosperous future; with those arrangements completed it surely will not have a less gratifying prospect.

Among the projects that are in view for Yaquina bay is the extension of the narrow gauge railway system of the Willamette valley across the Coast range to that harbor. In order to successfully compete with the Oregon Pacific (which operates the Willamette Valley & Coast railway) it would seem that the Southern Pacific company, which lately secured control of the narrow gauge system, must obtain some more convenient outlet than it now has for the grain it carries to market. Yaquina is the only available point to reach the sea by another route than it has now in operation. The present terminus of the west side division of the narrow gauge system is at Airlie, only forty-five miles distant from Yaquina bay

by a route that is entirely feasible for railroad construction. This would traverse the Siletz river valley, which is one of the most beautiful and productive little valleys in the state. The Indians of that valley, now included in the Siletz reservation, marketed last year one hundred thousand bushels of oats and if convenient transportation were afforded this amount would probably be quadrupled. At one point on the surveyed line a vein of good coal five feet thick is struck. The construction of that road would open up a very rich country tributary to Yaquina, and afford an additional artery to make the Willamette valley contribute to its prosperity as well as gaining a direct benefit in return.

The most important element in its commercial growth, for upon it the success of the others in a great measure depends, is the government work to deepen the entrance to the harbor. This work was commenced in 1881, and by the end of the current year a total of \$385,000 will have been expended on it. The plan contemplates the construction of jetties, one on the north side and one on the south, and their enrockment so as to confine the waters which enter and leave the bay by the tides in a channel one thousand feet wide. The channel, narrowed to this width, will have a current strong enough to keep the bar at the entrance to the harbor free of sand. When the work was begun there were only about seventeen feet of water on the bar at high tide. Now, though the work is not yet half finished, the depth of water at high tide is twenty-two feet, and when the work is done and all the sand washed from the rock bar it will carry twenty-nine feet at high tide and twenty-two feet at low tide. The revetment on the south side will be about five thousand feet long, of which four hundred and fifteen feet will be completed by the end of this season. About one thousand feet of the north revetment will be completed this year. The government has invested over \$60,000.00 in the working plant besides the tramways and walls, and it is in the interest of economy that the work be pushed to completion as rapidly as possible. Yaquina bay and the vast region tributary to it are vitally interested in the work.

Being located at the seaside the climate of Yaquina bay is mild and equable. In winter but little snow falls, not enough for sleighing, and it remains but a few days. The lowest temperature known there was eight degrees above zero. Flowers generally bloom uninterruptedly throughout the winter. It is unnecessary to state that the summers are cool and delightful. Neither the soil nor climate lack moisture at any season of the year, though the precipitation during the wet season is considerably less than in the Willamette valley. Immediately on the coast

the climate is not favorable to the growth of wheat, corn, and some of the semi-tropical fruits, though those crops are measurably successful there. Other products yield abundantly throughout that region, although but a limited area has been brought under cultivation. There are several rich valleys directly tributary to the bay that only need settlers to make them very productive. The Alsea valley, some fourteen miles to the southward, is already an important producer of honey and dairy products, and there are others capable of equal development in those lines as

well as general farming. Their market and shipping point is Yaquina bay. A good deal of capital is now being invested in the deep sea fisheries having headquarters at Yaquina. The first boat especially equipped for this trade is now doing a lucrative business there. Among the recent enterprises not yet fully developed is a proposition to invest \$100,000.00 in a manufacturing plant on the harbor, which shows that capitalists are coming to realize the advantages of the location. A government life saving station is now being established near the entrance to the bay.



BUSINESS BLOCK IN ENTERPRISE, OREGON.

BOISE, THE CAPITAL OF IDAHO.

MUCH attention is being attracted to the territory of Idaho by reason of its independent effort to provide a state constitution, notwithstanding the fact that congress failed to include it in the enabling act passed for Washington, Montana and the two Dakotas. The constitutional convention is now in session at Boise, the seat of territorial government, and compares favorably in the ability of its members and the wisdom and earnestness of its actions with the contemporary conventions of the more fortunate territories. Boise, the place of meeting, possesses special interest at this juncture, as it will in all probability become the state capital if the movement for statehood is successful, and no doubt many would be glad to learn something of this chief city of a prospective member of the union.

The name "Boise" was first applied to a fort of the great Hudson's Bay Company, established in 1835, on the river of that name some fifty miles below the site of the present city, which had its origin in the establishment of a United States military post in 1863. The excitement following the discovery of gold in the Boise basin brought thousands into that region in 1862 and the following five or six years, and Boise City sprang into immediate prominence as the great commercial point of Southern Idaho, which position it has ever since maintained, and became the seat of government when the territory was created.

Boise City stands on the north side of the river, some fifty miles above its confluence with the Snake, and in a commanding position both as regards the large and fertile valley in which it is situated and the rich mineral region in the mountains beyond. By the census of 1880 the population was fixed at one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine, and the present population is fully four thousand. This growth is the natural result of the opening of this region by the Oregon Short Line. It is not the work of a systematic "booming," but the natural growth of a commercial center following closely after the development of the country. Such being the case, a still greater growth may be looked for during the next five years, since Southern Idaho must develop even faster than during the last half decade. The number of immigrants is largely increasing annually, and will continue to increase as the resources, both agricultural and mineral, become better known.

The business part of the town is substantially built of brick and stone, a city ordinance prohibiting the erection of frame or wooden buildings within certain limits. The streets are wide, clean and shady, crossing each other at right angles, the blocks intersected lengthwise by convenient alleyways. There

are many handsome two and three story frame and brick dwellings that would reflect credit upon a much older and larger town. The town was incorporated January 11, 1866, and as the citizens have always taken special pains to elect responsible business men for its officials, the government has in general been wisely administered. There is a regularly organized fire department. Mountain water is introduced into town through a complete system of water works. There are more than a score of large mercantile establishments, a bank with a capital of \$100,000.00, good hotels, several newspapers, among them the *Statesman*, the leading paper of the territory, several flour, grist, saw and planing mills, two breweries, distillery, brick and marble works, telephone exchange, electric lights and a live board of trade.

The public buildings located in the city are numerous, and some of them imposing and ornamental structures. In the past the United States assay office has absorbed all the honors. It is a substantial stone edifice, sixty feet square and forty-five feet high, and cost the government \$81,000.00. It is of great convenience to the mining interests, as the assayer in charge is supplied with funds from the United States treasury for the purchase of bullion. A rival structure is the capitol building, which was constructed under an act passed by the territorial legislature appropriating \$80,000.00 for that purpose, and stands in the center of what is known as "Capitol Square," having the school house and court house on either hand. The court house, which stands on the right of the capitol, is a three-story brick structure, and cost \$68,000.00. On the other end of the square stands a handsome school building, eighty-two by one hundred feet, and four stories high with mansard roof. It is a brick structure, and was erected at an expense of \$50,000.00. It has few rivals as a school building on the Pacific coast. The school system is the pride of the city.

The citizens have taken full advantage of the ample supply of water for irrigation purposes. As a result, well kept lawns, beautiful gardens and ornamental shrubbery are to be seen on every side, and the city is embowered in a mass of thrifty and beautiful shade trees. So hidden are the numerous handsome residences by this green mass of shade, that the name Boise City (Woody City) seems peculiarly appropriate.

The railroad facilities are excellent. Though not on the main line, it is connected with it by a branch road from Nampa and enjoys terminal advantages. A narrow gauge road will no doubt be constructed at no distant day to tap the great mineral district farther up the Boise river, of which Boise is the natural outlet, and with which it is now connected by good

mountain roads. Good roads also lead into the tributary country in all directions. The question of a railroad from Boise to the Wood river mining region, crossing the famous Camas prairie, the garden of Idaho, is now under contemplation. Boise valley proper is about sixty miles long and from two to six wide, containing two hundred thousand acres of good arable land. Wherever this has been brought under cultivation by means of irrigating ditches the most wonderful results have been obtained. Many large tracts have averaged forty-five bushels of wheat to the acre for a series of years, and show no signs of exhaustion of vitality. Never suffering from an excess of moisture, and defying drouth with his irrigating canal, the farmer of this region is enabled to harvest a full crop year after year, exempt from the vicissitudes that render agriculture so uncertain in the Mississippi valley. Six tons of alfalfa and four tons of red clover to the acre are cut on tracts as large as sixty acres. As high as one thousand bushels of potatoes to two acres, twelve hundred and fifty bushels of onions to two acres, one hundred and thirteen bushels of barley, over one hundred bushels of oats and sixty bushels of flint corn to the acre are reported by the farmers of that region as being the product of irrigated land which but a few years ago was a dreary sage brush desert. Thousands of acres of such land are unclaimed in the valley. Fruit is the special product of Boise valley. Apples, pears, plums, peaches, nectarines, cherries, etc., produce in the greatest abundance and are of large size and exquisite flavor. Great quantities are annually shipped to less favored regions, especially to the mining sections of Idaho and Montana. This business will undoubt-

edly increase to very large proportions within the next few years.

Rising above the valley is a series of immense benches, or broad plateaus, sloping gently toward Boise and Snake rivers, which have a soil equal if not superior in quality to that of the bottom lands. This land is so situated that it can be easily irrigated by canals from Boise river, and such irrigation facilities have already been provided. The supply of water in the river, derived from the melting snows of the Sawtooth mountains, is ample to keep the canals full at all seasons of the year. Here the immigrant will find the best of soil, with an irrigation ditch ready to supply it with water for a slight annual tax per acre.

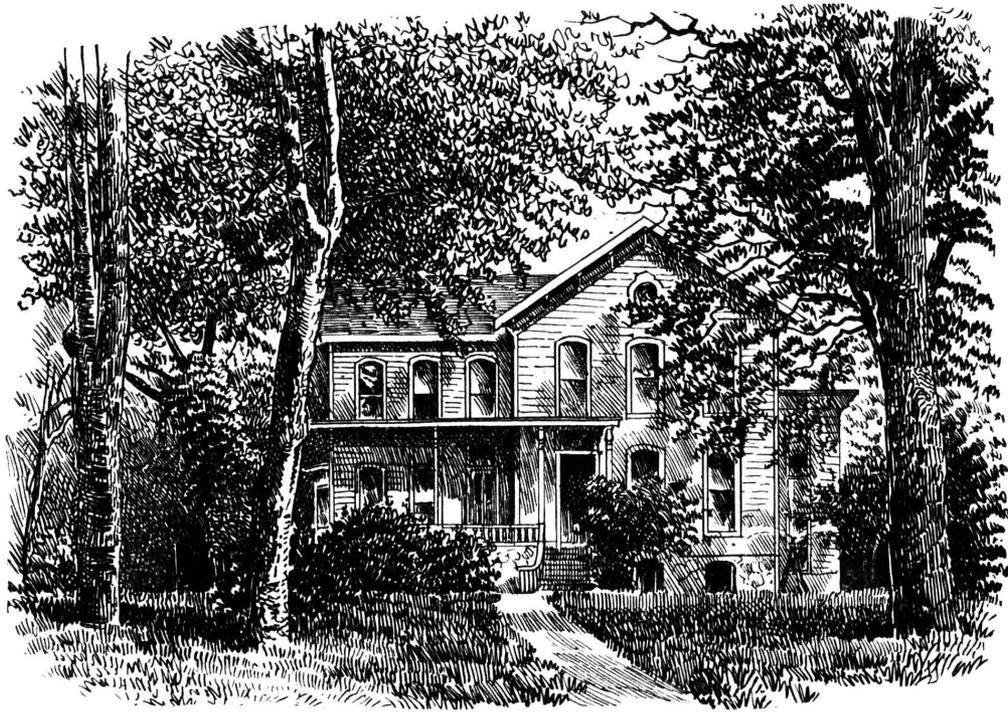
The climate of Boise City and vicinity is salubrious. The atmosphere is dry and clear in summer, and in winter the snow rarely falls to a great depth. Heavy snow storms are confined to the mountains, whence the streams in summer derive a never failing supply of water. A snowfall of from five to eight inches in the valley is carried off in one day by the warm winds from the coast, known throughout the west as the "chinook." Water fowls and other migratory birds remain here during the winter, snow and ice not being sufficiently continuous to cause them to leave for a more southern location. In summer the heat is tempered by cooling breezes from the mountains, though heavy wind storms are unknown. It would seem as though this is not only a most charming and comfortable place of residence, but an inviting field for the settler and for one looking for a place to engage in business or an investment for his spare capital.

GROWTH.

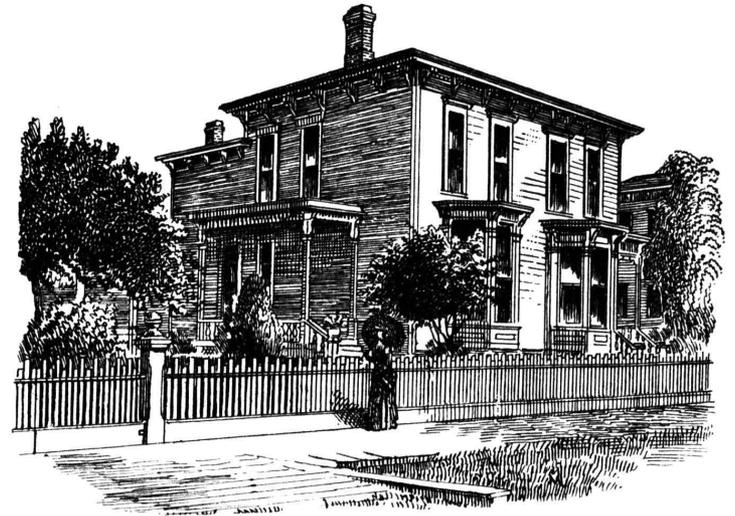
Before the altar, hand in hand, as now,
 Unquestioning, she gives the solemn vow,
 With girlhood bloom and grace and innocence.
 The measure of all good that in life lies
 The being holds in her impassioned eyes,
 Whose lightest words thrill with a joy intense.
 Her heart has room for one alone,
 Of all the world the chosen one.

Dead leaves above his grave the winds have blown,
 While endless days to darkened years have grown,
 In life that seemed so fair to youth's fond eyes.
 Through paths of flaming fire her feet have trod
 The heights that lead up to the throne of God;
 Grown big with its bitter agonies.
 Now her great mother's heart can hold
 The great world's sorrows manifold.

LEWIS DAYTON BURDICK.



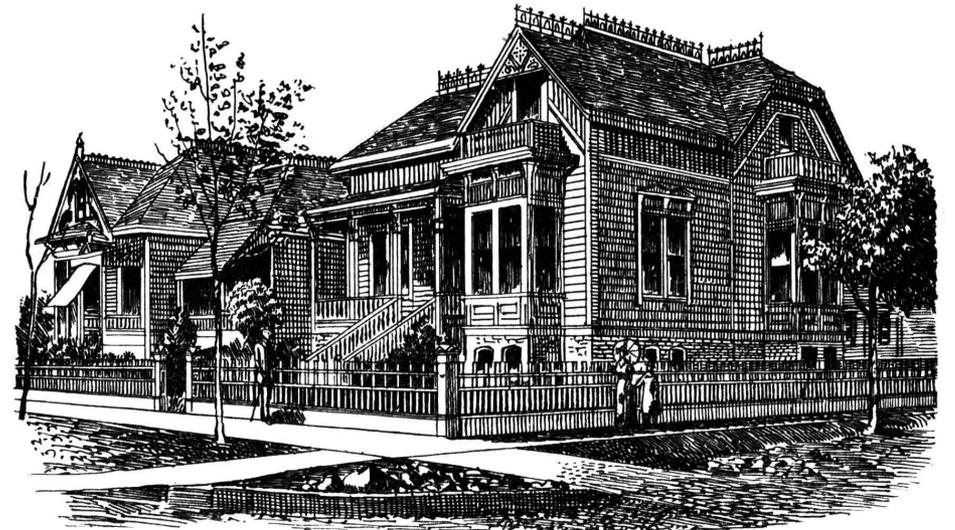
A. BUSH.



WILLIAM ENGLAND.



G. W. GRAY.



L. KUHN.

GEORGE COLLINS.

RESIDENCES AT SALEM, OREGON.

PICTURESQUE SALEM.

SALEM, the capital of Oregon, does not owe its prominence merely to the fact that it is the seat of government of a rich and prosperous commonwealth. It is one of the oldest cities in the northwest. It has always been in a healthy condition and has maintained a steady growth from the beginning, but the strides now being made are bringing the capital city to the front rank in all respects. The progress that has been made in the past year or so seems quite remarkable. By the school census taken in the spring of this year it was found, by actual count, that the Salem school district had ten thousand three hundred inhabitants, which was a gain of twenty-five per cent. over the corresponding enumeration of the previous year. That is a very rapid increase and it indicates in no uncertain way that the city is forging ahead at a lively pace. The school district comprises only what is, practically, a part of the city, and it is entirely within bounds to place the present population of the city of Salem at eleven thousand souls. The same rate of growth that obtained last year is still in progress, and it is likely that the current twelve months will show even a greater degree of improvement than it ever experienced before in a similar period. All indications point in that direction.

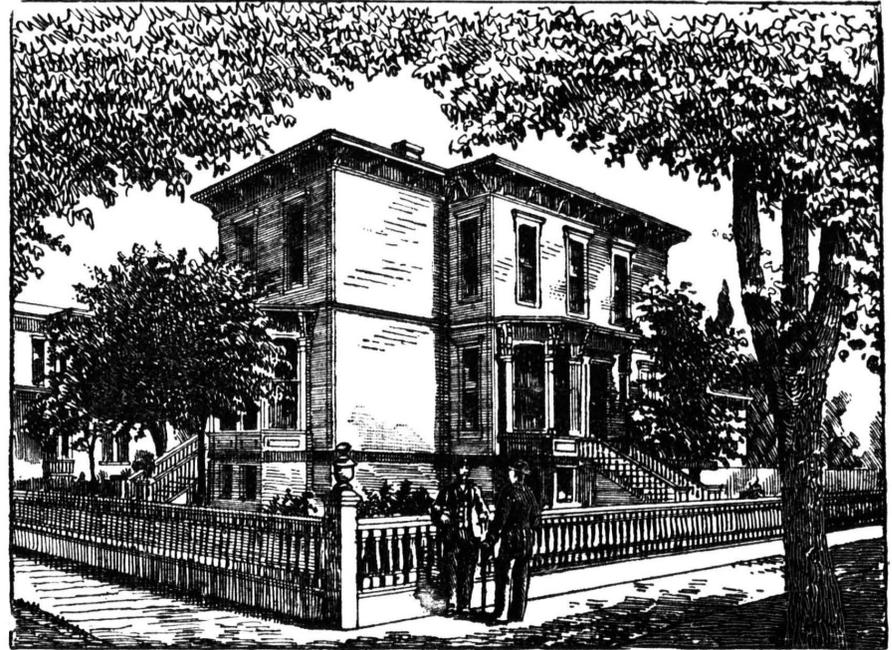
Undoubtedly to people far away in the east who have no acquaintance with the individual characteristics of many of the western cities, the fact that Salem is the capital of Oregon is the one thing associated with it; but to those who are not familiar with the northwest and its rapid development this does not mean much. This accounts for the genuine surprise tourists experience in noting what, to western people, are among the commonest things. The traveler, who, before taking a western tour, consults reference books to become, in a measure, conversant with the country, finds Salem set down as a town of five or six thousand population and the capital of the most western state of the republic. When he finds a city of twice that size, with important commercial and industrial interests, besides being the governmental headquarters for a commonwealth whose richness they had scarcely before dreamed of, it is no wonder he should be surprised, and, withal, delighted. But it is not so much the extensive business interests of the city as its unusual picturesqueness that impresses the visitor most favorably. In this respect Salem occupies an enviable position.

In the matter of public buildings, Salem certainly surpasses any other city in the northwest. The most prominent of these are the state capitol, state asylum for the insane, state penitentiary, deaf mute school

and school for the education of the blind, the Willamette university, Marion county court house, public and private school buildings and the various churches and municipal buildings. The Indian training school at Chemawa, a suburb of Salem, is practically one of the capital city's institutions. These edifices are well constructed and of imposing styles of architecture and are in the midst of pleasant surroundings. The park about the capitol, known as Wilson avenue, occupies three blocks, three hundred by three hundred and twenty feet each, laid out in pleasing designs and planted with shade trees, many of which have attained a large size. This park is in the center of the city and is one of its most attractive features. Marion square, in the west-central part of town, not far from the Willamette river, which flows past the city on the west, is a very pretty little park filled with large, spreading trees that give it the appearance of a dense forest. This is near the business center and is much patronized. A cool breeze always freely circulates through the park and to the ordinary denizens of hot and dusty cities it seems the most balmy, restful spot imaginable. The citizens take much pride in keeping this park in good order so its benefits may be enjoyed by all who choose to seek it. Highland park addition is the name of a large tract in the northern portion of the city, which is platted in lots and is becoming a popular locality for residences. A fir grove in the northern part of this tract was recently cleared of underbrush and other obstructions, a great deal of rustic weaving done about the various nooks and corners, an artesian well bored and driveways constructed so as to make it a pleasant place for a drive or a stroll during the most of the year. The trees of this park, having grown up in a wild forest, partake of their native characteristics and do not present the garden-cultured appearance so common in city parks. Yew park on the opposite side of the city, takes its name from the large number of yew trees growing there. It comprises a considerable tract of land in a fine location and a portion of the area is platted. A great deal of care has been taken in the plans of this park and its surroundings, so that it makes an interesting and pleasant place. The park contains several varieties of hard and soft wood. A fine stream of water flows from a spring in one corner of the grounds. The location is near the railway station, and the street car line passes through it. The city is fortunate in having these suburban tracts fall into the hands of business men who are alive to the future needs of the rapidly expanding town, and who have a sense of the esthetic as well as of the practical, and make a happy combination of the two when the property is put on the market. Nothing adds more to the desirability of



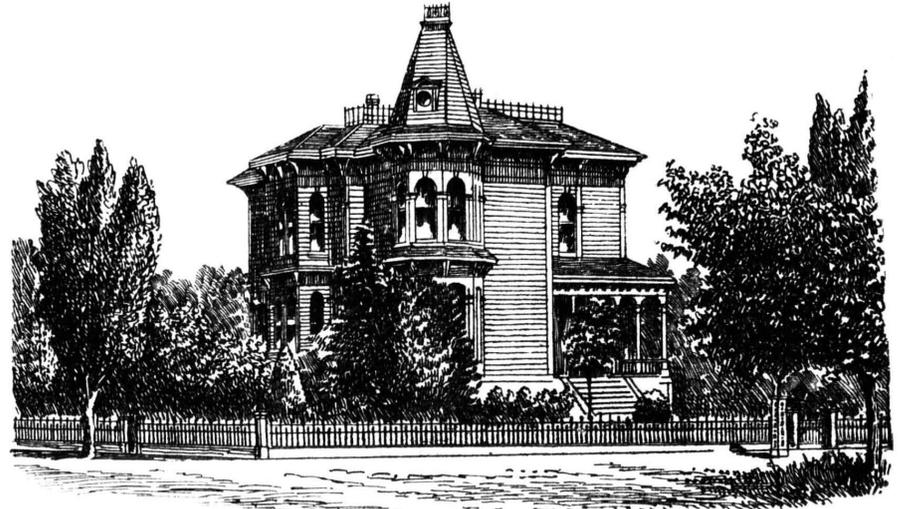
F. N. GILBERT.



JOHN Q. WILSON.



J. J. MURPHY.



E. BREYMAN.

RESIDENCES AT SALEM, OREGON

residence property than comfortable, healthful and pleasing surroundings, and there are few surer indications of a refined public taste than beautiful parks. The avidity with which property of this sort is taken shows that people who want homes appreciate the advantages of such locations. The haunts of vice and crime in the large cities are not about their carefully tended parks or where any particular effort is made to cultivate a taste for the beautiful in nature. Those provisions are, in a measure, a check upon the evil influences that infest most cities and tend to spread as the city grows to metropolitan dimensions. Fairmount park is another of those pleasing and useful ornaments of Salem that contribute so much to its reputation as a picturesque city.

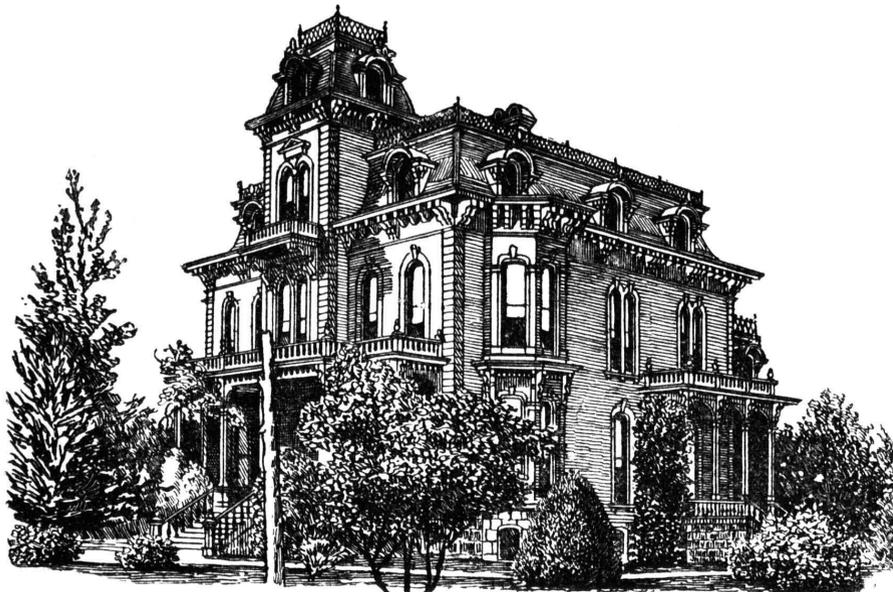
But Salem is by no means devoid of picturesque attractions aside from its parks. Every street is lined on either side with shade trees, even the main business thoroughfares containing a number of large trees that afford a grateful relief to the parched appearance which rows of business blocks in any city present in warm weather. The prevailing varieties of trees for ornament and shade in Salem are maple, oak, elm, locust, poplar and evergreen. These extend their long branches and thick foliage out over the streets, many of which are vistas extending as far as the eye can see. The trees are not of such rank growth that all sunlight is prevented from reaching the earth or penetrating the habitations of the people. The stately mansion and the embowered cottage derive a tone of refinement and genuine comfort from the presence of large trees and flower gardens that could not be obtained in any other way. Wild birds sing and build their nests and rear their young in the swaying boughs, and even squirrels make bold to take up their abode, unbidden, in some inviting knot hole, which they fill with acorns from their own home tree or toothsome dainties from the neighboring warehouses or orchards. It is indeed rare that such scenes of sylvan beauty are beheld in a city the size of Salem and the infrequency of their occurrence give them an additional value to those who love rustic surroundings, while they may yet enjoy all the conveniences of the modern city.

The street railway that has been built entirely this year extends from end to end of the city, traversing the principal streets. There are now over four miles of track in operation, and extensions are in progress to afford suburban residents a cheap and easy means of reaching the business center. Railway station, hotels and parks are on the street railway line. The city has good hotels, by the way, and the Southern Pacific company last year erected one of the finest passenger stations on its Oregon lines at Salem.

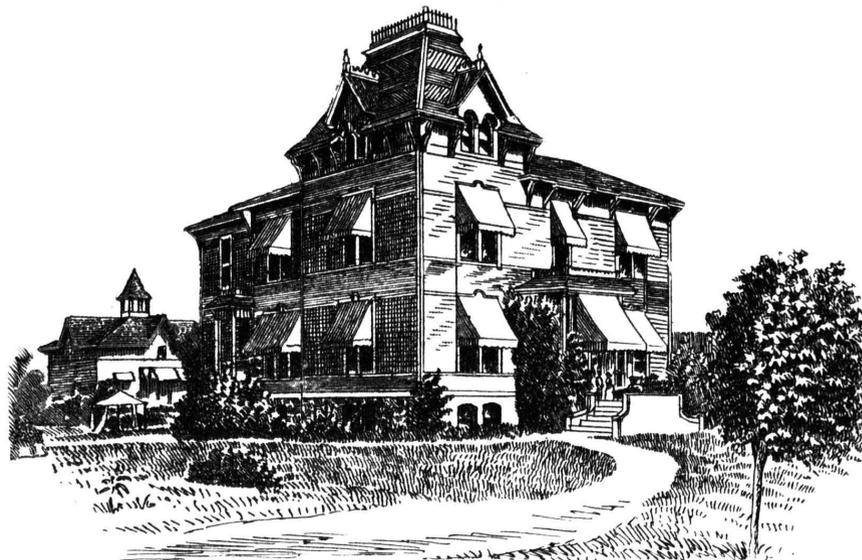
The Willamette river, flowing placidly by the

city and bearing a considerable portion of the commerce of the valley, adds much to the attractiveness of Salem. On this stream timber is floated to Salem factories, and steamers ply regularly making connections with transportation lines for all parts of the world by way of Portland or Yaquina bay and San Francisco, as well as handling a very considerable volume of strictly local business. In many places on the margin of the river there are stretches of woodland where boating and camping parties find the most charming spots for enjoyment, and sportsmen have ample use for both rod and gun. On both sides of the city the river flows through woods, and from the long bridge, which spans the stream at a height of some eighty feet above the water, a delightful scenic picture greets the eye. To the west are the rolling, grain-laden hills of Polk county, increasing in altitude in the distance back into the Coast mountains. The fields of ripening grain or stubble and the green growing crops, with patches of small timber, make a landscape of pleasing variations. The hum of the farmers' harvesting machinery reaches the city. Up and down the river the stream winds away out of view behind the luxuriantly-growing verdure along the banks. Water fowls may sometimes be seen even that near the city enjoying themselves as if there were no enemy within a thousand miles of them. To the east, on the bank of the river, lies the growing city, with its spires and towers plainly visible above the buildings of ordinary height, and away beyond the city are the rich farms and loaded orchards of Marion county. Some of the largest manufacturing factories are in plain view on the immediate bank of the river where they have access to both rail and water shipping facilities in obtaining their supplies and marketing their manufactured products. Salem has the largest flouring mills in the northwest and many other factories, all run by water power from an eighteen-mile canal constructed for that purpose.

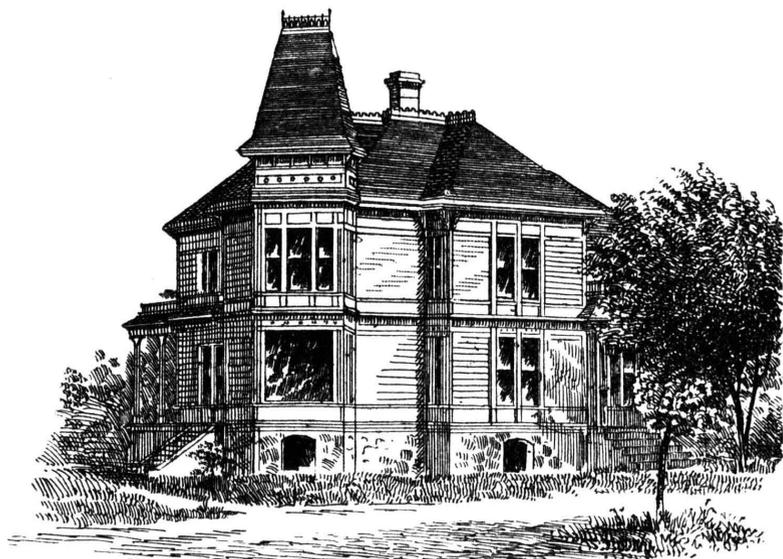
In driving through the city one can scarcely fail to note the large number of fine residences that adorn every quarter of the town. Nearly all are built of wood, which is the prevailing material for residences in the west, and are of pleasing designs of architecture. The illustrations of Salem residences in this issue of THE WEST SHORE afford a better idea of the general appearance of the homes of the capital city than words could convey. The great number of neat and pretty cottages owned by families of moderate means is a very significant feature. The working people own their homes and are in every way identified with the best interests of the city. There are rich and costly dwellings, too. Every home has its lawn, where, thanks to the favoring influence of a mild climate, flowers often bloom through the entire



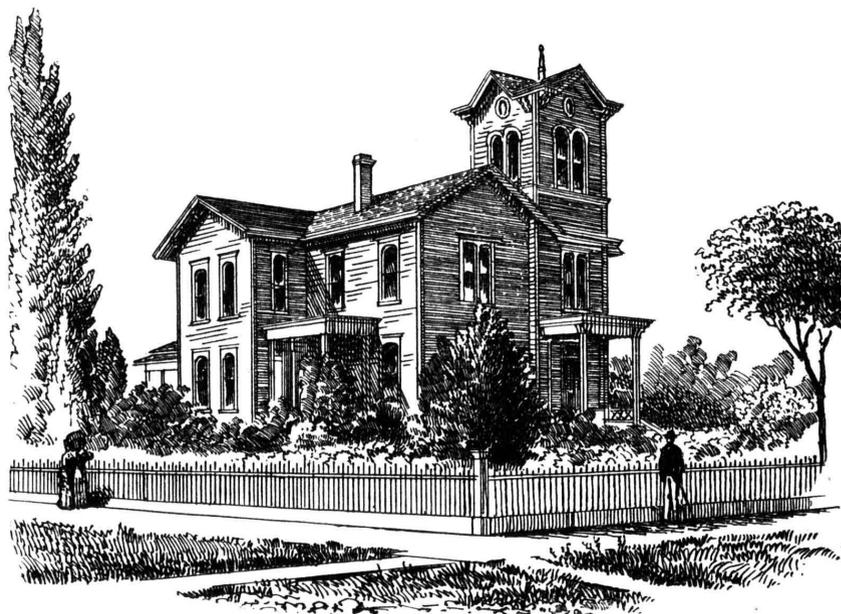
E. N. COOKE.



EX. GOVERNOR Z. F. MOODY.



DR. J. A. RICHARDSON.

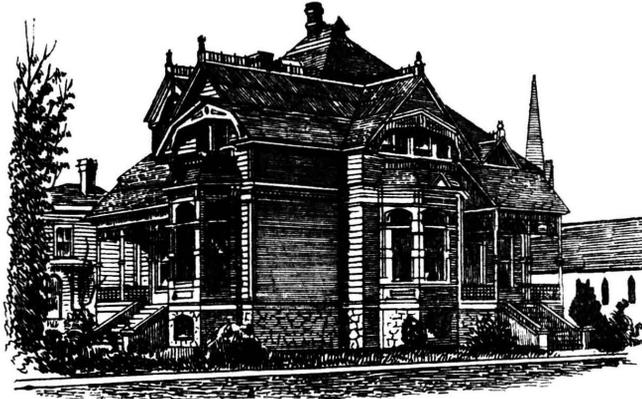


E. M. WAITE.

RESIDENCES AT SALEM, OREGON.

year, with only ordinary care. The exceptionally pleasing exterior of the dwellings is only an index of their interior, where culture and refinement abound. There is a sentiment of broad, human sympathy pervading the community. One of the most potent influences promoting the progress of the picturesque

capital city of Oregon is the attractive appearance of the dwellings, parks, streets, etc., outside of their mere business aspect. Sentiment very often controls the actions of men, and an appreciation of the beautiful in nature or art is one of the best features of our civilization.



RESIDENCE OF O. A. KRAUSSE, SALEM, OR.

ATLANTIS.

When the long twilight waned above the rim
Of the earth and sky, a voice within me cried,
"Yonder thy way lies, o'er yon opal tide!
Forth to the west, before thine eyes grow dim!"
So forth I fared, unwearied, till the slim
Boughs of an unknown island I descried,
Penciled against the horizon, waving wide,
And many hued like wings of cherubim.

Ay! there it was, the dream of many a year,
The vision vanishing through dark and day,
The lost isle veiled in world-old mystery,
Sought and not found, green while the earth turns gray.
Strange odors drifted down to welcome me,
And whispering in strange tongues the waves drew near.

All hushed it lies. The jealous seas seclude
Its splendor for themselves, in wreaths and rings
Of liquid light; no wandering echo brings
The slenderest sound, save when, while still winds brood
Over the tide that ebbs out sunset-hued,
High in the rose-hung rocks, a strange bird sings,
Decrescent in the sweet diminishings
Of gradual light o'er each shore solitude.

The sunrise kisses its unpastured hills,
The sunset throbs above its valleys deep,
The pensive twilight folds its daffodils;
The pearly pillars, its foundations, glow
With shafts of light, what time the moon lies low,
Upon the dawn's gold threshold fallen asleep.

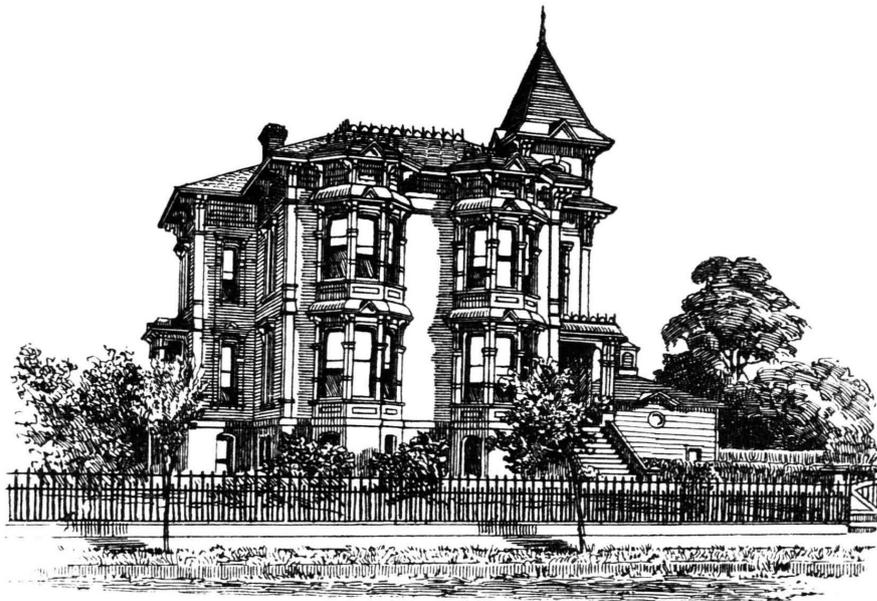
M. C. GILLINGTON.



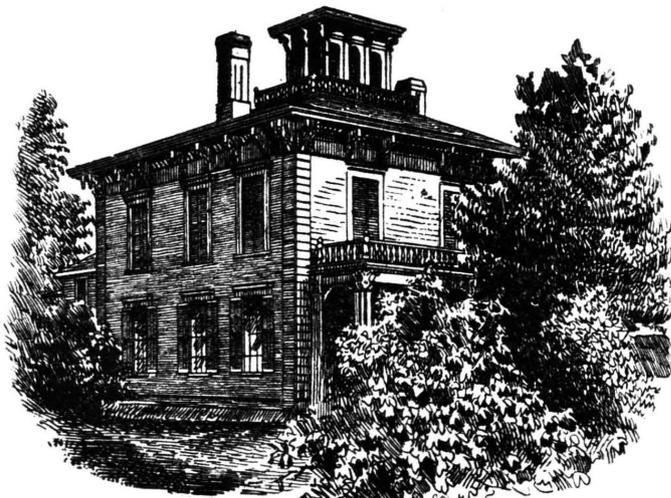
A. N. GILBERT.



W. N. LADUE.



W. BREYMAN.



MRS. T. MCF. PATTON.



R. S. WALLACE.

RESIDENCES AT SALEM, OREGON.

CALDWELL, IDAHO.

L YING in the center of Boise valley, a region that will in time become famous as one of the garden spots of the world, is the thriving town of Caldwell, in some respects the most progressive town of Idaho. It is but six years of age and has a population of upwards of six hundred. It is not a "hold-over" town, a relic of the business conditions and methods of former days, but is an outgrowth of the changed conditions of the business of the last few years, and its growth has been caused solely by the new status of affairs which followed the introduction of railroads into that region. All its people are workers and producers.

When the Oregon Short Line was constructed through Idaho, Caldwell was laid out on the Boise river to become the chief railroad shipping point of the extensive Boise valley, and its statistics show that such is the position it now occupies. In 1888 there were handled at that point fifteen million two hundred and seventy-eight thousand, two hundred and sixty-two pounds of freight and shipped four hundred and twenty-six cars of stock; yet, great as this is, it will be largely exceeded by the business of the present year. A new depot will be erected this year and increased facilities for handling the freight business offered. The wool shipments alone have reached eight hundred thousand pounds. As this is the showing of a region just beginning to know what it is capable of doing, it is but an indication of the enormous business that will be transacted there in a few years. The town is surrounded for miles with the finest quality of sage brush land, whose wonderful fertility when touched by the vivifying power of water is too well known in the west to require comment. Irrigation canals alone are all that is necessary to change this sombre gray of sage to the brilliant green of grass, alfalfa and grain, and in providing these capital will find one of the most inviting opportunities for investment now offered anywhere in the west. Two ditches have already been constructed, but more are needed and the opportunity to build them is open. The Strahorn ditch is taken out of the river about eight miles above the town and supplies it with water for all purposes. The Sebree canal heads in Boise river some distance above Caldwell, and covers twenty thousand acres of the finest quality of land lying immediately north of the town. Two years ago this was a sage brush desert, dreary and desolate, and now it is a green oasis, covered with great fields of alfalfa and grain. Lands immediately acquire a great value when covered by ditch, and many men of intelligence and means are each improving a section of this sage brush land lying under the Sebree canal. The

country tributary to Caldwell has not fairly begun to show its capabilities, and its agricultural products must in a few years become enormous. The Boise valley is already one of the recognized fruit producing sections of the west, its rich soil and genial climate combining to create a fruit unsurpassed in quality. Large quantities are shipped each year, and as time passes and the country develops this must become a most important and valuable industry. Caldwell is the supply point for the extensive mining districts about Silver City and Wagontown, and for the great stock ranges and farming sections of Jordan valley, Payette valley, Long valley, Sucker creek, Reynolds creek and numerous others. It possesses some of the most extensive business enterprises in the territory. M. B. Gwinn has a store room fifty by one hundred, with large sheds attached for implements and machinery. He has built a fine brick twenty-five by one hundred and twenty this year, also a handsome residence costing \$3,000 00. He carries a stock of general merchandise valued at \$50,000 00 and does an enormous business. Another large establishment is that of Frank R. Coffin & Bro., who keep the most complete stock of hardware in Idaho. Here, also, is located a store of the great firm of Howard Sebree & Co., who have stores in many of the leading towns of Idaho, Utah and Montana. There is a good bank, of which Howard Sebree and B. F. White, ex-governor of Montana, are the chief stockholders. Two other important institutions are an enterprising board of trade and a live newspaper, the *Tribune*, which has built a new office this year and fitted it up in first class style, thus enabling it to take its place as one of the leading papers of the territory, a fitting exponent of such a progressive town.

One feature of Caldwell is especially noticeable—its modern and substantial appearance. All its business buildings are solid and commodious, and its residences are of modern styles of architecture and extremely tasteful and attractive. C. H. Sebree, H. D. Blachley, Howard Sebree, M. B. Gwinn and the Methodist congregation have all erected new buildings this year, and a number of others will be built before the season closes, among them a fine brick block to be erected by the Masons in conjunction with other parties. There are a fine brick school house, in which a well equipped and graded school is maintained, and three good church edifices, belonging to the Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian denominations. A building and loan association is doing good work in aiding the people to acquire homes. The advantageous position it occupies, the extent and fertility of the adjacent country, the excellent railroad facilities and the push and vim of its business men, all render Caldwell a safe place for the investment of capital.

OLIVE : A REMINISCENCE.

If you were to write into fiction the true story of the man or woman you met yesterday, it would be scouted as too wildly unreal.—*T. W. Higginson.*

MY customary vacation had been postponed a few weeks by unforeseen events, and I was preparing, about the middle of September, to visit the mountains in Colorado, when my intentions were suddenly thwarted by the receipt of the following letter :

MY DEAR COUSIN :

I have recently met with an experience which is worthy of being told in the most glowing terms ; but after vainly trying to begin in a way suitable to so lofty a theme, I have thrown my anxieties behind me and proceed pell mell to "pluck out the heart of my mystery."

Know then, my dear Arthur, that I am in the same little wayside country village where we were accidentally detained a year ago, where you said, you may remember, that the railroad had shied away from the unprepossessing spot and made a detour for the benefit of remorseless hackmen. Here in this old town too commonplace and monotonous to be romantic, and too quaint too breed ennui, have I been lingering for several weeks, staying at a semi-public house, where several boarders are besides myself. The house is an ancient, half-decayed, composite structure, some parts of which I hazard nothing in saying will never see the storms of their fiftieth year if they stand a hundred more. But all this has no more to do with my subject than the preliminary dash before the swimmer plunges into the cold stream.

How can I write the word ? What will my phlegmatic cousin say when he learns that I, his imperturbable, nomadic relative, am suffering the most exquisite torments from a pair of eyes that look down into mine every day at meal time ? In love ? Perish the thought ! Passion ? Ah, no, my good Arthur, a hundred times no ! A week ago I would have laughed to scorn the barest intimation that there was a woman in the world who could acquire a particle of influence over me. To-day—do not laugh at me when I confess it—I am an abject slave to one pair of eyes, and according as they beam refulgently, or shed scorn or indifference upon me, I am in heaven or hell. No, truly, I would not have believed it possible ; and yet, the instant her eyes and mine met, a spark of love's fire leaped forth and sent a thrill through all my frame. We were in the dining room, it was my first meal, and (Oh, heavens ! I hear you exclaim) she was waiting on the tables. I was looking about the large room with idle curiosity, when my attention was drawn to a fairy-like creature moving across the floor, her head turned to one side, while her eyes were fixed upon me. For an instant our eyes seemed to draw us toward each other by invisible bonds, and when the influence passed and I awoke, as it were, from a trance, I was leaning towards her, and my heart beat violently as if I had been suddenly dropped from a dizzy height. I think the strange effect of that glance was mutual, for she nearly always comes to take my order, which we make the occasion for a little silent communication in the way of eye-beams. I often catch her eyes fastened upon me at other times, and when our eyes meet the effect is like that of uniting a disconnected electric current. Sometimes in placing the dishes on the table her hand touches mine, conveniently resting on the cover, and there is a response which sends a current of etherialized fire darting through my veins. Once—I never can forget the occasion—she came to take my order for tea. She leaned a little over the table and turned her head grace-

fully to look into my face, and I looked up into hers so dangerously near ; and while she repeated the call I lost myself in the depths of such wonderful eyes as I had never imagined. I could not remember a word she said, and stammered and hesitated in trying to ask her to repeat it. What an experience that brief look was ! No, it was too brief for an experience, but it was long enough for a memory, and it went deep enough to stir up all the slumbering fires of love and passion. Adoration shone from my eyes, for my soul and body were delirious with impassioned love, and the color mounted to her cheeks and a self-surrender beamed from her large eyes which nearly intoxicated me with bliss. From that moment I have been that woman's slave, following her with hungry eyes, jealous of the slightest glance or word bestowed upon her by another, listening for her step, plunged into trepidation and nervousness when she approaches, tongue-tied in her presence, and unable to utter a word out of the most impassioned utterances that tremble on the end of my tongue.

You will say this is the fancy of a moment, that I am bewitched by my pretty waitress. But you must wait till I have done, for I have not said anything yet about the sylph that has worked this charm. And it is out of the very confidence I feel in the extreme beauty of the subject that I have purposely made such slow progress toward this part of my confession, and also because if my pen is incapable of describing what witchery she has caused in my old, stony heart, how could I but hesitate to try to paint the features of her in whose smiles I bask ?

As my eyes follow the point of my pen along the page, I can not but wish that it was iris-hued, and guided by the hands of a cherubim. Nay, my cousin, she is beautiful. I do not think I could be snared so easily, if at all, by commonplaceness. Her eyes are large like a gazelle's ; I can not tell what their most constant color is, but I believe they are of a dark brown, with the gift of changing in hue and intensity at the dictate of the owner's heart. They are deep, pure eyes, apparently without guile ; and yet, ah ! I can not express that evanescent gleam which now and then darkens over their depths ; but it is something like that faint, fugitive shimmer of lightning on a starlight night when there are no clouds. Long lashes shade their wild light, and seem to serve the two-fold purpose of protecting them from the common gaze and of heightening their ravishing beauty as they languish underneath. They are not intelligent eyes, such as highly endowed women have ; but as I read their meaning in their limpid wells they indicate the union of all the elements which are necessary to the full perfection of physical beauty and the endowment of the passion of love in all its intensity. To set off such a pair of eyes, Olive—for I soon found that was her name—has a face to which their lustre is the crown, as if a pair of priceless kohinoors were set in an arabesque of Etruscan gold. Her cheeks, when she leaned down to take my orders, I saw were of peachy texture, with the first auroral tint upon them, and as I shot the glance of my eye as powerfully as I could—almost rudely I confess it would have been if it had not indicated absolute admiration—into hers, so unsuspectingly open, the color of her cheeks deepened into a rosy red and ran down her snowy neck and up the arch of her brow, where it mingled with the wealth of her hair. The latter feature you would marvel at if you could see it. She has some simple way of dressing it, probably the easiest way of disposing of its voluminous folds, but it rests upon her head like a crown of softened gold, which it perfectly resembles in color. In figure she is slight and tall, lissome as a wild willow that grows alone on the bank of a stream. Her arms are most beautifully moulded, and her hands are small,



BAKER CITY OREGON



“BAKER CITY, OREGON”

with straight, tapering fingers, tipped with dainty, pearl-tinted nails. Her feet are small and she walks erect with a queenly bearing. Her voice, which is soft but not modulated with the refinements of cultivation, issues between teeth of pearl, and lips through whose delicate outlines the blood seems ever to burst. Everything about her bespeaks a more than ordinary person.

This, my dear cousin, is a very long and labored portrait of the Olive that I have found blooming in this wild, neglected spot. Well, indeed, the poet says—

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

I have always half doubted the existence of such female characters except in fiction; I have never believed that love or such an infatuation was born in a single glance; and to have both these doubts negatived, and the truth brought home to me in my own personal experience in so utterly unexpected a manner and in so unpromising a place, baffles me with wonder and surprise. I could not credit it if it were not true; but alas! my heart has been in such a tempest this whole week, that whether I would or not I must acknowledge the wonderful variety of the world and of our experiences in it.

Faithfully yours, W. F.

Winthrop Fairfax and I, though he was several years my junior, were old friends, united not only by the ties of blood, but by the stronger affinity of congenial comradeship. I had known him and his family from boyhood. He was born to a rich inheritance, but the death of his father, and an unfortunate disaster soon afterward, swept away all their property except a small patrimony which was in his mother's name and had thus been preserved from the general ruin. Winthrop had passed through his university career before this calamity had befallen the family, but he now found himself thrown upon the world to make his way as an artist, in which respect he was regarded by those who knew him best as a genius. Of this character I will not speak further here, as it will be better disclosed by the events which I as the biographer of a strange tragedy shall now proceed to narrate.

I immediately resolved on the facts disclosed by his letter, whether wisely or not, to attempt to save him from what I believed to be a dangerous infatuation, and one which, if indulged, would be fraught with domestic sorrow, if not death, for his widowed mother idolized her gifted son and watched over him with that solicitude which only those can feel whose pride strengthens as their penury increases. Without divulging his secret, I arranged my business as soon as I could, and in about a week I left, ostensibly for Colorado; in reality, however, taking a route which in due time landed me in the town of K—. I immediately went to the hotel and inquired for Winthrop. He was gone, but had secured lodgings at a private house. I went thither and found him in a humble apartment already bestrewn with artist's ma-

terials, while an easel, wholly enveloped with drapery, which had evidently been hastily flung over it on my approach, occupied the most favorable corner of the room. My cousin received me with constrained courtesy, and perused my face with a surprised look, while my own feelings at that moment misgave me, and an embarrassing pause ensued, which neither of us broke for several seconds. But we had been too faithful to each other in tranquil friendship to seek to dissemble now when the first reefs of life were appearing in our pathway.

"I supposed my letter," exclaimed Winthrop abruptly, "would find you in the Devil's canyon; otherwise I should not have sent it so soon, although it contained no invitation for you to intrude upon my idyllic life in K—."

"Providence or destiny," I replied, ignoring his uncivil thrust, "seems to have chosen me as the instrument to step between you and ruin."

I did not know how far events would justify my assertion, but I had taken a bold step, and concluded to act as if the worst had happened. To my surprise, Winthrop did not demur to the implied accusation. Arising from the camp chair in front of the easel, he began, as he strode to and fro across the room, to justify what he had done and purposed doing.

"I am not a child," he said, "to be dictated to and my actions scanned. Suppose I should choose to marry this girl, whose affair is it but mine and hers?"

"It is a sufficient answer to that to say that your mother, Winthrop, who scarcely lives but by you and in your future, will be made wretched by it."

"My mother has not seen Olive; she does not know how beautiful she is. If she knew my happiness depended upon my marrying her—"

"But Alice Warfield? Do you forget that your relations to her are almost tantamount to a betrothal?"

"Arthur, love is an affinity; it goes where it is sent. How silly for our parents to think they can mix the sexes like a pack of cards and cause Mary to mate with John, and Alice and Winthrop to suddenly love each other because they are placed in juxtaposition in the social shuffle. Alice is a fair girl, and worthy of the best love of a lover, and for a time I confess I mistook the desire of our parents to unite us to be love; but now that I know what real love is, I shudder to think what a wretched fate we have escaped."

"But how do you know," I insisted, "that this is not a mere infatuation, which will leave you some fine morning as suddenly as it came? A man's love is like a halcyon, which is ever diving after new prey, and reappearing at the most unexpected places. Even if this girl loves you, of which you have, I venture, no positive assurance, you run a terrible risk in as-

suming that she will remain constant if she is what you describe in your letter."

"She is a thousand times more than that. You have never seen her equal."

"Well, if you intend to impeach my ideas and experience of female beauty, my testy cousin, I shall retort by saying that your enthusiasm betrays inexperience. But I will allow she is as beautiful as you say. You are an artist; you are of gentle blood, although pride and integrity are all you have left. Beauty is a hard task-master, and can not dine and dress upon an artist's enthusiasm. Besides, dear Win., what do you know about the ancestors of this beautiful wretch? If you should find a diamond by the roadside in the laurentian formation, you would conclude that it was an alien to the place; and so, when remarkable beauty is found amid such surroundings, it is well to see whether there is not something beyond a mere mesalliance between patrician and plebian. And again, if it is a beautiful model you want"—as I said this I glanced at the covered easel—"you can get plenty without marrying them."

"I can afford to be generous and indifferent to your badinage, considering how little you know of the facts; but if, after you have seen Olive and learned all I know, you repeat language similar to this, you will be my enemy instead of my cousin."

Not wishing to prolong a conversation which was likely to leave wounds, and through curiosity to see the object of his love, I declined Winthrop's invitation to share his supper and returned to the hotel. Winthrop's letter had invested it with peculiar interest, and I was disappointed to find what looked more like an old, dilapidated barn, spruced up with blue paint. Along the front and over the sidewalk projected a decaying porch, whose outer supports, half whittled away by idlers, seemed to lean compulsorily as if staggering under their burthen. As I penetrated the dingy office, with its low ceiling and uneven floor, I was greeted by the faint odors of the kitchen, which seemed to suffer reënforcement three times a day without impairing their individual qualities. I went into the dining room and was seated at the table kept for transients, where extra dishes were kept and red napkins gave way to dingy white ones. A freckle-faced girl, with the shamrock in her brogue, came to wait upon me. Before she returned with my order I heard a sound as of someone walking softly, and looking up I saw a vision of beauty, which I knew was Olive. To say I was surprised would but faintly describe the degree of my astonishment. I was so amazed at her beauty that I betrayed the emotion in my look, which she interpreted as a signal to herself, and gliding up to the side of my chair, in a voice strikingly in contrast with the other's, said—

"Did you wish anything?"

"A glass of water, please."

She brought it quickly, but without apparent haste, and then she floated away, as it were, to wait upon someone else. Every moment, almost, she was all over the room, speaking a word to this one, giving another a smile, but always with such a lofty mien that I saw no attempt at familiarity or rudeness. There was a certain nobleness in her bearing that exempted her from the coarse jests and conversational license which many men feel at liberty to indulge in the presence of waiter girls. I shall make no effort to describe her personal appearance, for it would be impossible to add anything to the portrait as drawn by the pen of one whose eyes were rendered doubly keen by love.

Being weary with travel and excitement, I retired early; but not to gain refreshing slumber. At some time during the night I began to dream, at first shadowy nothings, which by degrees grew into vivid pictures that followed each other in consecutive order of development. At last, after I had seemingly traveled through a varied succession of marvelous adventures, I seemed about to go over an immense bridge, whose construction bore a resemblance to one I am familiar with in real life. Beneath its lofty spans flowed a dreadful river—of blood. Its gory surface rolled on with a hideous, half-human motion, and from the glassy sheen of half-curdled spots the sun blinked at me like the fiery eye of some infernal deity, while a sickening odor rose and almost dragged me down with the might of its horrible oppression. Next it seemed as if my cousin was about to cross this bridge in advance of me; and looking ahead of where he walked, I saw the pathway in a state of constant change, as if parts of the floor were being lifted out and shifted here and there by invisible hands. To attempt to cross it was almost certain death. I shouted his name, and awoke in an agony of fright, with drops of sweat standing on my face. I leaped out of bed, and seizing my pencil and paper, which I always have as regularly at my bedside as some persons a glass of water, I hastily wrote a few words which I sealed in an envelope, and partially dressing myself I found my way to the office. A young man was dozing in a large easy chair beside a dying fire. I roused him and bade him take the letter to the party addressed, at Mrs. Ellis's boarding house. He grumbled out some kind of a refusal. I handed him a piece of money.

"It is important," I said, "I wish you to go at once."

Wonderingly and with a stupid air he made ready and started. As he slammed the door I seemed to waken from a reverie. I glanced at the clock over

the office counter; it was four o'clock. What a freak I had engaged in! I felt as foolish as one who at midday remembers his fears of an imaginary ghost at twilight. I hastened to the door to recall the messenger, but he had turned a corner and was beyond the reach of my voice. I looked a moment at the calm night. There was no moon; a meteor fell slantingly across the northeastern sky; myriads of stars shone from the clear vault of heaven; a heavy freight train toiled slowly up the grade a mile or two away, the engine's deep pulsations coming in measured swells on the still air. This peaceful scene calmed my soul and put to flight my fears. I again retired to rest and slept profoundly until a late hour in the morning.

As soon as I had breakfasted I sought my cousin's abode. The morning was beautiful in the extreme, and I walked slowly to enjoy the exhilarating effect of sunshine and atmosphere. My cousin met me at the gate.

"I was just going to see you," was his abrupt greeting, as he took my hand and led me toward the house. "Come up stairs at once and tell me what has happened."

"Happened?" said I, "I don't understand you."

Winthrop dropped my hand and gazed at me with a look of mingled surprise and pain. "Do you mean to say you sent me that strange message in the night time merely as a joke?"

"What message? Oh, that note? No, it wasn't intended as a joke, cousin, though I guess we had better let it pass for one and say no more about it. The fact is, I had a troublesome dream, and I acted upon an irresistible impulse. It was silly, I confess; but what did I write?"

I had, singularly enough, no memory of the details of my dream or of the letter I had so strangely sent my cousin. I remembered the bare fact of getting up in the night and writing something, and that I had sent it to him long before dawn. The recollection at this hour was a very ludicrous one, and I felt inclined to turn it off by a little merriment. Winthrop looked at me sharply.

"You are not in earnest," he said. "You tried to frighten me by a ruse, and now because you are ashamed of your folly you pretend to be ignorant of it."

"No, indeed," I replied, "I haven't the remotest idea what that letter contained."

Winthrop looked at me in dismay. Lifting up a volume of Brownings poems, which was lying on a small table, he took from underneath it a letter. The envelope bore the return card of the hotel.

"Read it," he cried, thrusting it into my hand. I took a piece of common print paper from within, upon which I read the following in my own handwriting:

TO-DAY.

MY DEAR COUSIN:—We are crossing the same bridge. Beware of your footsteps. Anxiously yours,
ARTHUR.

Twice I read the mystic lines before I looked at my cousin; and then the attempted smile fled from my face as if in the presence of sudden calamity, for behind those enigmatical words was a picture, the horrible picture of my forgotten dream, which now reappeared to me with startling vividness. Beyond this the words of warning were as meaningless to me as to Winthrop. They must have been written in obedience to some overpowering phantasy; certainly they were not the result of reflection or judgment, for in the event of either resuming its functions I should have regarded my fears as no more to be heeded than the phantasmagoria of a dream. I confess my inability to render any explanation of this mysterious presentiment even to this day. I simply narrate the facts as they occurred, and the reader may take them and their connection, if any, with my story for just what they are worth.

"Well, for my part, I hate dreams," said Winthrop, resuming the conversation. "There is something supernatural about them, something we can not understand. However, it can't be any worse to know what it is, so tell me all about it."

I recounted the particulars of my dream without any hesitation, because, as one who has always been subject to strange dreams, I was inclined to pay it but little heed. I noticed, however, that it produced a deep impression upon my cousin, so much so that I rallied him on his superstition. Then I proposed a walk, which I knew he enjoyed, and we started forth in the calm, mild, September sun.

How delightful it was! Never shall I forget that walk. The early awakening and the strange excitement, united with the intoxication of his whole being in a great passion seemed to have rendered Winthrop supersensitive to the influences of the sky, the landscape, the empurpling woods and the odorous winds, which, too faint to blow, fitfully bathed us like the perfumed air of a lady's boudoir. Possessed of an ardent poetical temperament, which he only half-truthfully described as imperturbable, Winthrop yielded himself unreservedly to the charms of the occasion, and his conversation flowed forth rich and full. He told me more than ever before of his aims in life, and his devotion to art, his abiding, almost unreasoning, faith in humanity. To listen to the outpourings of his enthusiasm, which I knew welled up from a heart as yet unsullied by the vile taint of the world's hypocrisy, it seemed if we were

Standing on the top of golden hours,
And human nature seeming born again.

A couple of hours passed away before we returned to Winthrop's room. In the course of our walk I had sought a favorable opportunity to talk again with him in regard to Olive, but it seemed sacrilegious as well as heartless to sully a shrine into whose sacred precincts I had been an involuntary visitant. I would wait; in all rarely endowed persons, according to the poet, there are two soul-sides. There will be time enough, I reasoned to myself, to thwart this foolish infatuation; it will not culminate in a day.

Ah, purbling mortals! How confidently we reason, and how unctiously we flatter ourselves upon our wisdom.

At parting I said: "Come over after dinner, cousin, and we will go hunting. I will have everything arranged."

"No, I can not go to-day."

"Why not, if I may ask?"

"I have a professional engagement."

"Indeed? Well, considering what we have seen of the life of this hamlet, I think you will pardon me if I ask if you are painting for love or practice?"

"You may make your own inferences. I am painting her portrait."

"And were so employed before I came. The canvas was on the easel last evening, and your progress was interrupted by my inopportune arrival."

"Yes."

"May I look at it?"

"No." And as he saw my look of surprise, he added in a gentler tone: "Not now, perhaps to-morrow."

"Does she give you a sitting this afternoon?"

"She has promised to."

"Well, remember Paolo and Francesca, and stick to your brush."

The only opportunity I had yet had to study Olive, about whom I was still curious, was at meal times. This new phase of this love affair intensified my anxiety to learn more about her. I therefore waited till the dinner hour was nearly over. Two or three late boarders were at the tables when I entered, but they soon left. Olive came to wait upon me. I had already observed enough to convince me that she was both an ordinary and an extraordinary person. In the first place, she was wholly unlike any other woman I had ever met. Those of my readers who have read Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" will understand me when I say that Olive appeared to me like a female fawn. She seemed to be thrillingly alive, she struggled with an exuberance of animal spirits that made her beauty, which was truly of a rare quality, radiant, while her figure, with its splendid poise, was one that a sculptor might choose for a model of Diana. In brief, here were all the adjuncts of a soul, but the soul, if

present, was in a chrysalis state, as yet unconscious of the grand estate into which it had been born. This singular fancy came and went during my observations of Olive, much as the shadow of a flying cloud flits over one when he is rapt in some absorbing thought. I gave but little heed to it at the time, and would not tax the reader's credulity by mentioning it now, except that I deem a tolerably accurate description of her nature necessary to the correct understanding of what follows. That is my excuse for indulging in all these various descriptions, which are really but so many pleonasm, all saying in a different way—Olive is a wonderful creature.

I spent the entire afternoon rambling through the adjacent woods. I am not a hearty sportsman, but I like a long and lonely chase in the woods or on the prairie, and often carry a gun on my shoulder for no other reason than because of the immunity it procures one from the curiosity of persons one always meets when strolling in settled neighborhoods. A hunter can pass anywhere and at any time of day without attracting idle observation.

On retiring to my room after supper I found a note from Winthrop, saying he would call for me at seven. It lacked but five minutes of the hour. Presently I heard steps and my cousin appeared. I saw at a glance that something had happened in my absence, and then I remembered, what I had not before remarked, the absence of Olive from the dining room at supper time.

"Well," I said, as Winthrop entered the room.

"Are you ready?"

"Always ready for a walk with you, my dear cousin, night or day," and putting my arm in his we descended the creaking stairway together.

It was a magnificent night. The sun had set, but the whole firmament was flooded with the afterglow, for it was the fall succeeding the great eruption in the island of Krakatoa, the effect of which was observed throughout the northern hemisphere in the unusual height and lingering brilliancy of the sunset radiance, phenomena which were so marked as to attract widespread attention among scientists and observers of nature. On the evening in question, although perfectly cloudless, the whole western sky extending well nigh to the zenith was ablaze with a soft, pale red, shading to orange color at its upper edges.

We walked some moments in silence. What my companion's thoughts were, I could only surmise; my own weighed heavily upon me, as though some terror was impending which had been discerned by an occult spiritual sense before it was perceivable through the channels of reason. I longed to speak, but could not, and each additional moment of delay added new

terrors to the almost intolerable weight of anxiety. Suddenly, but as if with effort, he broke the silence.

"You were right, Arthur."

"About what, Winthrop?"

"About—about life—society—ambition—everything," evasively answered my cousin. "They are empty as a bubble."

"Ah! Have you weighed them all this afternoon, dear Winthrop, and found them wanting? Have love and art such remarkable powers of divination and wisdom, that in one short afternoon, which I have frittered away in a wildwood ramble, they have enabled you to explore the depths of life, its sorrows and joys, its silent tragedies and its loud ha-has? Or have you found such unspeakable delight that you are lifted above the dead level of mortal life? Pray tell me how I, too, can solve this riddle so easily."

"I have not reasoned it out, Arthur, it has just come to me as light comes from yonder moon."

"Oh, yes, by simple reflection."

"You always banter when one speaks of profound subjects. I mean simply that the truth has dawned upon me without any volition of my own. I know it without knowing how."

"I understand. It is one of those conclusions which spring up periodically in the hot soil of a young man's blasted hopes. That is a species of growth familiar to philosophers, but the warmth of its habitat soon scorches it up. But is this all? I thought you were going to tell me something new and strange about life."

"So I shall, if you will listen. But let us go over there and sit down on one of those graves. It is a comfort to be assured by their ghostly presence that there are some who are at peace with the world at least."

We had reached the outskirts of the village. On a slightly rolling eminence sloping to the westward there gleamed the modest tombstones marking the resting places of the town's departed generations. We climbed the fence in default of a convenient gateway, and soon found a pleasant seat far enough from the highway to avoid interruption. After a moment's silence, Winthrop began—

"Did you ever see a human being without a soul?"

"Yes, hundreds of them," was what I wanted to answer, but I respected my cousin's mood, and so I merely said, "Seriously, no, I never have; but that is a very strange question with which to begin a symposium on the problems of modern life."

"Well," Winthrop went on in a strange tone, "I have. It came to my room this afternoon."

"What did?"

"That thing, that animal, that beautiful body which we call Olive."

"Olive!" I exclaimed. "My God, Winthrop, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say," he replied calmly, and with the faint tinge of a sneer in his voice. "I mean to say that she whom we call Olive has no soul; that the creature whose breath and touch and beauty enslaved me from the moment I looked into her eyes possesses that power despite the absence of all that we have been taught to worship as the soul." His words breathed scorn and contempt, and he spoke deliberately as though he wished to flay his spirit and enfold it in their furious abasement. I was too profoundly moved to interrupt him and he continued his narration: "Every day for weeks I have studied her in every possible mood in order to paint her portrait. I wrote you that I loved her from the moment I saw her; and so I did; but I soon discovered a most singular flaw in her nature; hence, during those sittings I compelled love to be the slave of art, permitting its presence only as an aid to greater depth of insight, and to call forth the apparently dormant spiritual endowments of the subject. I worked rapidly and more satisfactorily than ever before, for she was a fine subject; and when, shortly before you came, I had finished all but a few details, Olive pronounced it faultless, as indeed it was to her eyes, and even to my own in point of execution. But I saw there was no light from heaven in her eyes, no gleam of spiritual beauty illuminated the face. Still, that did not dishearten me; it was a labor of love, and I returned to it again and worked dilligently and with a holy awe. Yet again I was destined to fail, for when I showed it to an art connoisseur who happened to be passing through the town, telling him it was the work of a friend, he declared it made his flesh creep to look at it; asked if it was painted from life—that he would give anything to see so strange a subject; 'a mate for Hawthorn's faun,' he said. I told him it was an ideal sketch. Thereupon I blotted out the mocking eyes, and plied myself to the task again. I 'wreaked my soul upon expression.' I made Olive sit for hours, and I sought in untold ways to extort expression from her large inconstant orbs, or rather, to find a soulbeam in them; for I felt that if I could see it there but one instant I could transfer it to the canvas. But alas, my next effort was criticised for having a man's expression in the delicate outlines of a woman's face. Once more with redoubled energy I returned to my self-imposed task. I lavished the most patient care and all my skill upon the preparation of my colors; I spent the intermediate hours in exalted meditation and searching self-analysis in order to put myself *en rapport* if possible with the instinct or consciousness of my subject. For many days I scarcely slept or tasted food. But the curse

of stirlity seemed cast upon my labor, and to my utter dismay I could call forth nothing but lifeless forms which after such frequent recurrence seemed to mock me like an echo. You will wonder why during all this time the power of love did not waken the soul of Olive; but if strange, it is nevertheless true, and I can only explain it upon the theory that my whole soul and intelligence were wrapped up in the tireless quest for a soul of which her body gave visible token, but whose subtler presence answered not to the cry of my searching spirit. The next time Olive came to sit for me, which was this afternoon, I resolved to rend the veil that fluttered so tantalizingly between me and the fruition of my hopes and success as an artist; for long ere now I had determined to make this a masterpiece. When this was finished I would throw myself into the passion of love with utter abandon: until success was achieved there should be no compromise between art and love. When she first entered my room I felt a sudden thrill and a sensation of blindness; but that ever-present awful dream of yours seemed to indicate hell yawning beneath my feet, and I grew as calm as a man who apprehends that death is imminent. I seized my brush and proceeded to apply the few remaining touches which would complete the portrait and make me immortal. There was that in Olive's mood which seemed to challenge me to a supreme effort; if human beings are ever ruled by demoniac power, she was this afternoon. Her eyes glowed with expression—of what, I little cared in my extremity—and with swift triumphant skill I laid it upon the canvas and called her to witness the completion of my labor. She glanced at it—the color fled from her face—she shrieked the words, '*O Jesus! my mother!*' and clasping her hands to her brow, swooned upon the floor. I placed her on the sofa, and as she recovered consciousness, I went to the portrait. The spell that created it was broken, and I was terrified and appalled by the fearful passions, the implacable hatred, the awful despair, that brooded over that beautiful face and leapt forth with almost mesmeric influence from the canvas. I struck the brush across it with the frenzy of a man struggling in nightmare, while I almost cursed the skill which had caused me to pluck from her dark inheritance this spectral fiend of the dead past. Up to this time I had said no word to her of love, though my eyes had spoken it a hundred times; now I was nearly crazed with rage and disappointment. Flinging down the brush and palette, I strode across the room to where Olive, all unconscious of my mental anguish, half-reclined in graceful attitude upon the cushioned sofa, and threw myself at her feet. She did not stir at my approach. I took her hand and poured forth the pent-up emo-

tions of my heart. My love, the insatiable longing, the awful fears which were beginning to torture my soul, all struggled for utterance and fell tumultuously from my lips. I addressed these outpourings of my heart to her soul; I pierced the abysmal depths of her eyes with the quivering rays of love, yielding myself with a voluptuous rapture to the liberation of the long pent-up emotions which for weeks had well-nigh shivered my whole being. But the tide of human love and passion like all other tides, must ebb; and as I ceased to speak and gazed upon the face of the creature before whom I had cast the priceless wine of love, I saw with the swiftness of a divination which is granted scarcely once in a lifetime, the beggarliness of her whom love should have glorified. O the horror of that brief glance! as if a flash of lightning with power to render the human frame transparent and the soul visible to mortal sight had cast its light upon her while I looked. And then I heard her speak—

"'What do you call love?' she said. She took my hand and laid it on her breast. 'You feel the pendulum of my life throb to and fro. It only beats for you. All I am and all I have to give, I give now to you.'

"Time was when I would have turned with abhorrence from one who so wantonly threw herself upon the breast of passion; but the sovereignty of love, and the insight which is accorded to one by an unselfish devotion to art, enabled me to hold hate and passion alike in abeyance; for in Olive I saw one who although by some miraculous intervention had been preserved unsullied, was now under the dominion of an instinct or a dim consciousness, the result of whose obedience her soulless nature could not realize. The fountains of my pity were profoundly stirred. Thoughts almost blasphemous surged through my brain as I knelt with fixed gaze before the beautiful creature whom I know not how to name. It seemed as if I had found God asleep, and that while Time waited, one of his imperial creations had gone forth without its birthright. Darkness horrible and intense smote upon me, and the universe seemed to totter."

Overcome by the recollection of the scene so vividly depicted by his excited imagination, Winthrop paused, and fearing to disturb his train of thought I waited anxiously for him to continue. At last in a voice that seemed to proceed from the lips of fate, so deep was its despair, he resumed his strange recital—

"I seized her hands with a violence of which, until I was recalled by a cry of pain, I was unconscious. 'O, Olive,' I cried, 'tell me who and what you are. Riddle that you are, I cannot understand you. I give you love, and you grant me base passion in return;

you surrender yourself as if you knew not the meaning of possession.'

" 'Much of what you say,' she answered, 'I do not understand. You speak of love I cannot tell. When I am hungry, I eat; thirsty, I drink; cold, the fire warms me. When I saw you first I felt warm; you touched my hand—I felt music in my arms and limbs; then you looked into my eyes so deep—I almost fell down. Since then I have followed you everywhere; I have given myself to you. What more can you ask than that?'"

"Well, is that the end?" I asked, as Winthrop made a longer pause than usual, while he gazed steadfastly upon the decaying brightness of the sunset. He started at the sound of my voice—

"Do you want me to drink the dregs of this cup of woe?"

"No, Cousin, no; if there is any bitterness in it that you have not already experienced, I pray you to avert it if you can."

"I talked with Olive a long time, and she told me all she knew about her early life. It is a sad story, a most pathetic history, for a child of twenty, and explains much. Do not ask me to repeat it now, for I am hart-sore, and my brain is weary. Let us return."

I would have detained Winthrop longer, for I was roused to a high pitch of excitement by his narration; but the precious liquor of life which for a short time had flowed so freely as from an inexhaustible fount, seemed to have suddenly receded, leaving the heights of life arid and painful to behold. We walked slowly homeward, arm in arm, conversing little. The glory of the western hemisphere had paled to a dull yellowish streak along the horizon. A light wind had sprung up in the south, and made itself less felt than heard in a murmur and confused whispering, seeming to foretell a storm. The street we were on, which was the main street of the town and became a country highway as it continued on either side, led past my hotel, two or three blocks beyond which on a side street stood Winthrop's boarding-house. When we reached the former place I could not stop. I felt singularly attracted to my cousin; my deepest sympathy was awakened in his behalf, for I saw without anything being said by him how profoundly his nature was affected by his unusual experience; and I went unsolicited with him to his gate, whence, upon his invitation, although the hour was late, I accompanied him to his room. It was still in some disorder, and bore traces of the struggle which Winthrop had recently pictured to me so vividly. The canvas which I longed to see was as usual closely veiled. Our conversation became less personal, and as we chatted about various topics Winthrop

apparently grew more cheerful and his rare smile now and then lighted up his face.

It was nearly midnight when on rising to go, he interrupted my impulse to bid him good night by taking his hat and saying—

"I will walk home with you, Arthur; it will do me good."

I deprecated his going out again, but he gently insisted, and I yielded easily, because I secretly desired to have him with me. In a moment we emerged into the night again, which in the interval we had spent in Winthrop's room, had deepened in its intensity, and the zephyr-like wind had become an obvious breeze. Clouds had also crept stealthily up the horizon, and now and then a faint flash of lightning outlined their obscure masses in various directions.

As soon as we entered my room Winthrop flung himself into a chair, and his face assumed a more cheerful look than it had borne for many days. I proffered him a cigar, and although I knew he seldom smoked, he accepted it; and while the smoke curled upward enveloping his head in a grayish halo in the dim light of the lamp, he began one of those wonderful monologues which he indulged in only at rare intervals. For more than an hour the rich volume of his speech flowed on, touching lightly upon those subjects which are of perennial interest to thinking persons. I listened and remembered. Speaking of the progress of humanity through the ages, the development of ideas respecting our future destiny, and the irrepressible conflict between man's aspirations and his limitations, he said—

"The Sphinx-riddle has been a subject of profound study for all nations and classes of people, from the earliest period of historic time. In the dim ages anterior to Egypt (the generally acknowledged birthplace of the famous riddle) there were people who carved on blocks of stone the impassive features and bust of a woman, with cruel eye and implacable as fate, signifying thereby the inseparableness of pain and pleasure. To this grim image in the course of development the lion's fore arms are added, implying the active strength of the elemental forces. The Egyptians adopted this rude method of adumbrating inexpressible longings of the soul, but with their profounder philosophy, they gave to it an alluring beauty, but divested it of sight; seeming to indicate that nature is impartial, and that beauty and happiness were within the reach of all who had the skill to seize them; some, however, hold that it is an evidence of their belief in a blind chance. As knowledge of the mental constitution of man and the physical laws of nature increased, and a loftier religious thought became more common, the belief in a future

life sprang up, and therefrom the Sphinx developed wings, with which the souls of mortals should return to the skies. The evolution of the Sphinx, in short, is the history of the thought, especially the religious thought, of mankind. And always it is invested with a spirit of melancholy and sadness that inheres in the very existence of humanity."

"But in a world where there is so much that is beautiful," I said, "such a magnificent field for the highest employment of all our faculties, with an assurance next to absolute knowledge that this is but the portal of a future still better, why is it, my dear friend, that there should be so much sadness? I question the wisdom of poet, artist or philosopher that dwells so much upon it or gives it such prominent recognition."

"Your remark is purely a perfunctory one, my cousin, and you do not speak as the result of much reflection. No one who is at all familiar with the utterances of genius, or who has thought deeply upon the problems of life, can fail to be profoundly impressed by the universal recognition which humanity accords to grief—not mere personal sorrow, the result of a transient disappointment, but that world-wide gloom and passionate melancholy whose solemn undertone is never silent, and which consciously or not forms so large a portion of our moral nature. It dominates the Bible patriarchs; poets in all lands and ages have woven it into song; historians have admitted its existence; philosophers have tried to fathom it; the greatest novelists have idealized it in their best creations; while the toiling multitudes who have no time to theorize about their emotions, simply note the presence of an inexplicable heart-pain as they follow the dull tread-mill of existence. The cypress seems to be inextricably interwoven with the lives of all who wearily or joyously perform their part in the world's stern struggle. This world is the Sanctuary of Sorrow. Dante was pointed out in old Florence as the man who had been in hell. The truth is there are few who figuratively speaking might not enjoy the same distinction; the difference being, that he told in immortal song what he there saw. So far from being an evidence of moral weakness, that person's emotional and intellectual endowments are not accounted complete to whom the moaning sea, the wail of wintry winds, and nature's universal melancholy, are the tones of an unknown music. 'Our life's star hath had elsewhere its setting.' Our struggle here is to regain that grander home from which the soul was born into this earthly one. Some, it is true, pass through this little interval of time between two eternal silences more easily than others, but each has his destiny to fulfill. Come early or come late, it must be obeyed. The sacrifice

may be very different from what was expected, but no matter. 'Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.' By casting life away we shall find it again."

Winthrop spoke in such general terms, and with such impersonal application, that I was deceived as to his true meaning. People often talk of destiny when they only mean that the ordinary trials of life prevent the accomplishment of their special aims; it is only those rarely gifted beings that see in certain events a destiny higher than themselves, which amounts to an absolute command calling for the renunciation of the ambitions of the world, even to the giving up of life itself. Some such thoughts as these my mind experienced while Winthrop spoke, and then I said—

"We all have a destiny to fulfill. One is adjudged to toil in the fields, to subdue the material forces of the world; another works with the more subtle elements of nature's laboratory; others, who are accounted more fortunate, attain honor and seeming great happiness; while still more, like the multitudinous sands upon the seashore, can only say when the day of reckoning comes, Lord, I have suffered much. Your destiny, my friend, is a grander one than all others; it is yours not only to suffer, but to embody in imperishable lineaments the divine elements of beauty and truth, to keep alive in the struggling mass of humanity those lofty principles which serve to keep the human heart pure and its aspirations heavenward."

"Write those words upon your memory in italics," said Winthrop, as he rose to go; "they will return to you ere long clothed with new meaning. But I have prosed enough; I have work to do before I sleep. Good night, my dear, dear friend."

"Cousin, do not go!" I exclaimed, still detaining him by the hand; "remain with me, and let us end this eventful day together. Our conversation has drifted into the unfrequented channels of the mind, and that which has struggled to the surface seems almost as gloomy as this cloudy night."

"It will be brighter when we meet again," said Winthrop, while a smile "that made me wish to steal away and weep" rested a moment on his handsome face, as he continued: "No, Cousin Arthur, I must go; your words have given me an impulse; I feel that quickening of the spirit which foretells an hour of vital work. The creative artist of whatever kind must be ready at all times to receive those visitations of divine power which work through him as an instrument for the accomplishment of great results. I shall finish my work to-night; come in the morning and you shall see it. Forgive me for having withheld it from you, of all persons in the world, so long. 'Twas because I place art so high, even above the

holiest friendship, not because I degrade the latter. And now once more, dear Cousin Arthur, good night—good bye."

I came down late to breakfast. I had not seen Olive since Winthrop's thrilling narration the evening before. As she came to wait upon me I noticed she was very pale, and bore the appearance of one who had been through some unusual experience.

"Olive," I said, "you look pale this morning; are you not well?"

"Where is he?" she exclaimed, paying no heed to my question.

"If you mean my cousin, the artist," I replied, "I suppose he is in his room, perhaps asleep. We did not part last night until after midnight."

Olive looked at me with an expression that betrayed beyond description the birth of a new nature; there was a rapt expression in her manner which held my close attention. Almost unconsciously she sank into a chair on the opposite side of the table, seemingly oblivious to the fact that she had not taken my order for breakfast. As if under the influence of an unseen power she began—

"I never had a dream until last night. I have heard persons tell of dreams, in which it seemed to me such strange things happened, because I could not understand what they meant. But last night I dreamed, or at least I suppose it was a dream. I had been asleep a long time. Presently I woke up, and the room was dark, and so still; but I was not afraid. Then gradually it seemed to get lighter,—oh, a beautiful light! but still there was no lamp in the room, and it didn't come in from without because it was dark, not even the moon or stars were shining. Presently the light that came from nowhere and from nothing, seemed to quiver, just as if—" (she faltered a moment)—"I thought I could tell you what it was like, but I can't, for it was so strange, and it only trembled a second, and then it all rushed together from all parts of the room and formed in a halo at the foot of my bed so bright that it blinded me, and I shut my eyes. When I opened them I saw *him* standing there just as plainly as I see you now; and oh! how beautiful he was. The sad look his face has worn so many days was gone, and he looked at me and smiled. When he smiled I felt as if I was dying with happiness. I can't describe it, but I closed my eyes again because I could not bear so much happiness all at once, and then I didn't know any more, for I immediately fell asleep again."

When Olive had concluded her account I tried to speak, but could find no words with which to express the thoughts that whirled through my brain. Seeing my hesitation she said—

"Wasn't that a dream, Mr. Arthur?"

"I don't know what to call it, Olive, if it was not a dream. But are you sure you were awake when it happened?"

Before she could answer, a messenger hurriedly entered the dining room. "You are wanted at Mrs. Ellis's boarding house," he said, "your friend is dead."

Almost paralyzed by the sudden shock, I could only stare at Olive, until her cry, "O, my life, my love!" pierced my heart, and then springing to my feet I ran swiftly to what I feared was the scene of a suicide. As I entered the gateway a physician approached, and together we hastened upstairs to the artist's room. The door was open, and two or three persons were standing awe-struck in the hall outside. At the first glance through the door I saw the orderly arrangement of everything within the room. In an easy chair at the farther side sat Winthrop Fairfax facing the door, apparently asleep. Beckoning the physician to follow me, we entered the holy chamber of death. There was no visible evidence of suicide, and after a moment's deft examination of the artist the physician pronounced it death resulting from *angina pectoris*; and yet it must have been anticipated by the artist, for everything betokened preparation for death. His attitude was most natural, and there was a peaceful expression on his face that was hard to associate with death. Partially in front of him, and almost within arm's length, stood the easel, which for the first time I now saw unveiled, and upon it was a remarkable painting. The central figure was that of a woman kneeling. A glance betrayed it to be Olive, though somewhat idealized. In the left of the foreground stood the artist, with half averted face, in the act of lifting a veil from the figure of the woman who knelt at his feet; and he had raised it until its soft blue folds just drooped over the brow and half concealed the eyes of the beautiful creature who, upon her knees, with clasped hands, seemed portrayed in a moment of supreme expectation; her figure seemed to palpitate with the breath of life; her attitude, especially the beseeching clasp of the upraised hands, and so much as was visible of her features, indicated the most pathetic longing. The artist's attitude and evidently dominant feeling was that of ecstasy, more spiritual than earthly. His hands that uplifted, as if both in supplication and invocation, the shadowy veil, expressed at once wonderful strength and yet complete renunciation. His face was slightly uplifted, as if the beauty of the beseeching face, were the mantle to be lifted entirely from it, would be greater than he could bear. So remarkable was this painting, so thoroughly did it seem alive, and to glorify and to consecrate everything in the room, even the dear face of my friend, that for

several moments I stood before it like one entranced. Presently I was aroused by a low wail, and turning from the living work of the artist to his own dead frame, I saw Olive kneeling before him, convulsed with grief. Tears mingled with kisses with which she bedewed the lifeless hand of the man who had given his life to win from her this passionate exhibition of love. Bowing her head upon his hands, her frame shook with suppressed emotion, and quivered as though undergoing some intense change. Presently growing calm, she rose into a beseeching attitude, though still in a kneeling posture, and with clasped hands and face lifted toward the artist, she became the perfect similitude of the portrait; but the VEIL was lifted, and the face of Olive suddenly shown glorified and transfigured under the influence of an awakened soul.

To the physician, who read only the external facts, and to the world, the opinion that the artist died of heart disease was conclusive; but I knew that my friend had voluntarily given his life for the woman he loved in order to place upon her beauty the signet of immortality.

He had created his masterpiece: but the master's hand was still.

C. H. SHOLES.

FROM THE WILLAMETTE TO THE SEA.

CROSSING the Willamette river at Albany, on one of the three railroad bridges that span that important stream, a half hour's ride toward the sea coast by the Oregon Pacific railway takes one up the west bank of the river to the city of Corvallis. This is one of the most important towns in the Willamette valley. To the business acumen and energy of its citizens is due the construction of the railway to the nearest sea port the valley has, and it is justly proud of the enterprise. It is now the headquarters for the railroad, the seat of justice of Benton county, and has the state agricultural college and the large number of business auxiliaries of a thriving commercial town. Connection is there made with the west side division of the Southern Pacific lines in Oregon, which is soon to be extended southward to a junction with the main line of that system.

Leaving the Willamette river at Corvallis the Oregon Pacific reaches westward across the Coast mountains to the sea, some seventy-odd miles distant. For the first few miles the traveler on this line finds nothing very unusual to attract his attention. At this season of the year, however, the operations of the busy husbandman caring for the bountiful reward the soil yields him for his year's toil are of surpassing interest to the ordinary mortal, who can take

in a vast panorama from his seat in the passenger coach. The bright village of Philomath is passed and the grade of the track increases as the two long lines of steel bend around the rolling hills that grow more rugged as the mountains are approached. The road follows the Mary's river, and there are settlers scattered along the route at intervals clear through the mountains. The old stage road, over which so many weary travelers have trudged in years ago, after paying their fare for riding in the coach, also traversed this route, which is one of the easiest passes in that rugged mountain chain. From near the Willamette river to the summit the rise is gradual to an altitude of about seven hundred feet above Corvallis. West of the summit the descent is more abrupt. In a distance of five miles the track sinks nearly six hundred feet, passing through a number of tunnels and making two or three interesting loops. Then the Yaquina river is reached, and the road the rest of the distance to the terminus at Yaquina City, is on almost a water level.

For picturesqueness and grandeur the scenery of the western slope entirely surpasses that of the eastern. The west side is much the more abrupt, and the rocky sides of the mountains more frequently present themselves for the admiration of the tourist, and the execration of engineers who have to surmount the difficulties they present in building roads, than on the opposite side of the range. In this pass there was originally a heavy growth of timber which was swept away by fire years ago. In a few places the timber grown since the fire has reached a considerable size. A large portion of the land now bears a dense growth of ferns that are easily cleared away when it is desired to cultivate the soil. Along the bottom lands of the creeks that take their rise in the mountains there is much valuable timber. There are also many indications of minerals, but nothing has been done toward their development. On shelves of the mountains are good locations for the establishment of successful ranches, where small tracts may be found suitable for cultivation, and the surrounding country is rich in pasturage for stock, which is an important consideration to one having a small area of cultivable land.

The Coast mountains are very attractive to the sportsman. The timid hunter does not often seek that ground for his fun, however. To him who wishes adventure the fastnesses of these mountains offer strong attractions. There are bears and cougars galore as well as the more useful game, such as deer, elks, birds, etc., to be had. The destructive animals do not fancy civilization and their haunts are in the most inaccessible mountain recesses, where they are often hunted.

THE POWDER RIVER VALLEY.

ONE of the more important of the Eastern Oregon tributaries of the Snake river, which forms a considerable portion of the boundary line between Oregon and Idaho, is the Powder river, a stream which takes its rise in the Blue mountains and pursues a devious course more than a hundred miles to its mouth. It is fed by the snows of the mountains and never runs dry. Most of its course the descent is rapid, and as it winds about the hills and flows through the peaceful valley to the Snake it offers many opportunities for utilizing its natural force in developing the industries that civilization has brought into the country. In the farming, stock-raising, mining and manufacturing industries that have been built up in that region the Powder river and its numerous tributaries have had an important influence, an influence that has been vital to the interests involved.

Spurs of that irregular upheaval of the earth's crust known by the general name of Blue mountains, traversing Eastern Oregon in all directions, bound the Powder river valley on the north, south and west. Beyond the ridge to the south is Burnt river, which is much like the Powder and drains a country of similar characteristics. The spur of mountains to the northward separates the Powder river country from the Grande Ronde valley, and on the west there is an extensive area of very mountainous country. The latter section has not been explored to any considerable extent, it is so inaccessible. But the Powder river country, comprising most of Baker county, is a rolling plain bearing sage brush and bunch grass and capable of full cultivation.

Though the Powder river country and Baker county have a large area of land suitable for farming, the region is chiefly known for its stock and mining interests. The placers and quartz ledges have been known for years, and more or less has been done toward their development ever since their discovery. When that country was entirely isolated from the rest of the world, even before communication was opened by a tedious and perilous stage route, miners invaded the land and set their claim stakes. A little washing was done in a rude way in the placers, but, of course, nothing could be done with the quartz. For many years those miners led a precarious existence. It is the same tale of inland mining camp life that has been repeated many times. Their only outlet other than by stage, freight wagon or pack animal, was the Snake river, and during the winters even that channel of communication was closed. In those conditions there could be no commerce, as that term is generally understood, and there was little incentive for developing the natural riches of the land. Early as the ad-

vent of the miner was, he was soon followed by the adventurous stockman who brought his herds with him and in a few years established extensive interests there, and he has ever since remained. The stockmen had the advantage over the miners in that they could get their wares to market independent of any means that transportation lines might afford, or in spite of the absence of all ordinary transportation facilities; so the stock interests increased most rapidly and became the most important of the region. The real modern growth of the country commenced when the railroad was built through it some four years ago. It has increased rapidly in every way since that time.

In the southern part of the Powder river valley proper, which includes an area about sixteen by twenty miles in extent in the center of Baker county, Baker City is situated. This town was originally a mining camp and was laid out in 1868. Up to the time the railroad was constructed through that region Baker City had a population not exceeding fifteen hundred and its growth was much hampered by its isolation from the rest of the world. During the past four years it has increased in size so that it now has more than three thousand five hundred inhabitants and a volume of business correspondingly larger than when railway communication was established. The city now has a national bank, the only banking house in the county, with a capital and surplus aggregating \$150,000.00, two daily newspapers and three weeklies, the county court house and jail, recently constructed, and a fine new public school building that cost \$30,000.00. An able and experienced corps of teachers is employed and much attention given to popular education. Among the more prominent business institutions are a flouring mill, three planing mills, two yards for making brick, a two-stamp quartz mill that is soon to be enlarged, two breweries, a gas factory, a soap factory and two large warehouses. There are half a dozen sawmills not far from the city, and a large creamery in successful operation near the town. The city is supplied with an excellent quality of water from artesian wells, the system having recently been completed at a cost of \$25,000.00. By a system of irrigating ditches leading from the Powder river, which passes through the western part of the city, streams of running water flow through the streets all summer long, giving abundant moisture for gardens and to maintain ornamental shrubbery and other vegetation green throughout the dry season, thereby adding much to the appearance and comfort of the city. The town has a public hall and good hotels, and the capacity for entertaining travelers is greatly increased by the erection of one of the finest hotels in Eastern Oregon, which is now nearly completed. There are five church edifices in the city and the Roman Catho-

lics also maintain a parochial school that has a large attendance and is in a flourishing condition. A street car company has been organized and is now carrying on construction operations with the intention of having the cars running before the end of the summer. The line will lead from the railroad station to and through the principal streets, and it will be a great convenience to the citizens.

The growth of Baker City since it has had modern conveniences has been rapid, but steady and substantial. On the business streets the first wooden structures have largely been replaced by brick buildings of modern designs of architecture that give the city an enterprising and solid appearance. The marks of several disastrous fires have been almost entirely effaced, and there is, consequently, an absence of old rookeries that so frequently offend the sight in towns that have not been purged by fire. The residence portion of the city is quite evenly distributed over the corporate area and there is no appearance of crowding in any direction. There are many elegant residences, and the citizens take special pains to have attractive surroundings for their homes.

Baker City has the usual full municipal government, consisting of mayor and council of seven members, clerk, treasurer and police and fire department, well equipped for performing efficient service. It being the county seat the officials of the county reside there.

A large share of Baker City's prosperity is due to the character of the country about it. Though it is still in a rather imperfect state of development a good deal of business is done in that country and the annual increase is very marked. Without doubt the most valuable interest of that section is the mines. Baker City is in the heart of a great mineral belt extending about a hundred miles from east to west and of an average breadth of some fifty miles. Within those limits are rich ores of gold, silver, copper, lead, iron and nickel, and coal, limestone and marble and various building stones are found there. Gold is found in both quartz and placers, silver in lodes and copper in the native state. Gold mining heads the list in importance of the product and the general distribution of the metal. It is in the quartz ledges of the mountain spurs and is found in placers in the Powder and Burnt rivers and their tributaries and about the old river beds in the hills. Silver accompanies the gold in the quartz ledges, and in some instances, as in the famous Monumental mine, is by far the most valuable. The more important of the mining districts in the territory immediately tributary to Baker City are as follows: The Virtue mine is a quartz lode about seven miles east of the city; not being worked at present. The Blaisdel mine, some

eight miles to the west of Baker, is a rich placer and is worked by hydraulics night and day. The Baisley is a quartz mine four miles further west. It was recently sold to a syndicate of capitalists from California and the east, and the sale is said to have been the most important mining transfer ever effected in the state. The Big Alec is a quartz mine in this same locality that is being actively pushed and is yielding excellent results. A thirty-ton mill is now in operation there. The Tom Paine and Young America are quartz mines in that vicinity, and the Nelson is an extensive hydraulic placer. The Conner creek group of quartz mines lies southeast of Baker about fifty miles, and the Rye valley mines, some fifteen miles to the southwest of these, are a rich group of placers owned by New England people. The company has twenty-six miles of ditches. Up to date the Rye valley mines have produced \$650,000.00. The Cornucopia mining district, sixty miles northeast of Baker, has superior quartz lodes, and the Pine creek and Eagle creek districts have both quartz and placer mines that are very rich. They are being rapidly developed. The Sanger and Sparta mines are both placer and quartz. To the south of Baker City are the Malheur and Burnt river mines, chiefly placers. To the westward some twenty miles are the rich Cracker creek mines, which are among the best known and most productive mining properties of Eastern Oregon. They are owned by Portland and St. Louis capitalists who have put in good machinery and are making improvements in the plant to handle the rich quartz. The Silver creek mines are placers along the banks of that stream. West of this are the Granite creek and Greenhorn mountain mines, and to the north the celebrated Monumental district. Each of these districts has a number of mines in successful operation and rapid development work is being prosecuted on most of the prospects.

Within the past year or two more work that shows results has been done in the Baker City country than during any previous decade. In fact, it is but a short time since the minerals of that section began to attract the attention of capitalists from abroad. The capacity of old quartz mills is being enlarged and new mills are being erected in every direction. Capital is flowing into the country faster than ever before, and there is very pronounced activity in all kinds of mining property, including preparations for getting out the precious metals from some of the richest deposits in the west. As a mineral producing country this one in Eastern Oregon is the most promising in the state. The natural center for the business is Baker City, and it occupies a point of advantage with reference to the mines that augurs well for its future growth. So much attention is now being given to the precious

metals that the baser product is neglected in most instances, though iron and copper are mined to some extent. As the development of the mineral lodes of that region becomes more thorough the base metal product will grow in importance. There is already talk of introducing smelters to reduce those ores and for establishing manufacturing enterprises to utilize the yield and make the industry more profitable.

In addition to the country immediately surrounding Baker City there is a vast region to the southwest and south that, as yet, has no other outlet, and must take its supplies through that growing commercial center. Grant and Harney counties, to the southwest, transact their business through Baker City, as does also a large portion of Malheur county, to the south. Those counties comprise a large block in the southeastern corner of the state, and as they are given up chiefly to mining and stock raising their patronage is an important item in the prosperity of Baker City. While those counties are far from being devoid of agricultural merit the lack of convenient transportation will tend to keep the mining and stock interests in the ascendent for a considerable period yet; indeed, they are likely to always be the chief industries of that section. New lodes are being discovered and developed, new mining camps are growing up in the country and the expansion of the business in every direction must bring a large volume of desirable trade to such a center as Baker City. In order to encourage the expansion of the business of the interior country that now reaches Baker by long stage routes, a project is on foot for the construction of a railroad southwest to penetrate the Canyon City country and the Harney valley.

The Powder valley is the chief agricultural tract of Baker county. Naturally it bears only a growth of sage brush and bunch grass, except immediately along the streams, where a stunted growth of cottonwoods is sometimes found. Uninviting as the valley seems to the farmer at first sight, only a brief acquaintance with it compels him to revise his opinion and admit the possibility of merit in the land. On closer study the apparently almost sterile soil is found to lack but one element to make it immensely productive—an element that a very large portion of the United States that is now coming rapidly to the front lacked in the natural state—water. The soil is naturally too dry for farming. Irrigation must be employed to supply moisture to the growing crops. But the Powder river flowing the whole length of the valley renders the irrigation problem of that section easy of solution. Ditches carrying any quantity of water desired are easily led from the river out through the farms, and towards the edges of the valley water is obtained from the creeks and springs in

the adjacent hills. The same water used in the placers is, in many instances, made to do duty again in the irrigating ditches. The watering of the valley to make its entire surface fertile is not attended with any great engineering difficulties. The streams have a rapid fall and their banks are neither high nor rocky. With a good system of irrigation established the farmers are independent of the elements, at least so far as moisture is concerned, and can regulate the supply according to the demands of the growing crops throughout their season.

The soil of the powder river valley is not sandy. Most people who make but a casual examination of the country fall into the error of believing the land to be light sand, which, of course, if at all fertile would soon be exhausted. Moreover, it would be impracticable to successfully irrigate a sandy plain without an enormous reservoir to draw from, because a large quantity of water would escape by percolation through the porous soil through which the ditches would necessarily lead. The Powder valley is by no means a sand tract. The soil is of the finest texture, being formed of volcanic ash and decomposed volcanic rock, with a mixture of alluvium along the streams, and, like nearly all those derived from the decomposition of volcanic matter, its lasting qualities are remarkable. It is a quick soil, so that, while it does not have the aid of a climate as equable as that along the coast, all annual crops are sure of reaching maturity and a good yield. Only those perennials that can not survive moderately severe winters fail of producing satisfactory results. All small grain, vegetables and fruit, except of trees that can not stand much frost, are products that may be raised in abundance in that country. There are even considerable tracts of grazing land immediately along the streams. Indian corn, hops, sorghum, tobacco, many kinds of grapes, pears and prunes are among the products a little outside the line of staples that are successfully raised in the Powder river country. To what limit the list of special productions can be extended is not known, for agriculture has not reached a sufficiently advanced stage of development in that region. Last year a large creamery was erected near Baker City, and its successful operation promises the rapid development of the dairying interests to the full extent. It indicates what may be done in that industry, and the business is certainly a most profitable one there. Blooded stock has been largely introduced into the Powder valley during the past few years, and it is acquiring a wide reputation. The dairy breeds are, in a measure, displacing the beef cattle, which, until recently, monopolized attention there.

While cattle occupy the most prominent place in

the live stock interests of Baker county, sheep and horses are also raised in large numbers, and they constitute a by no means inconsiderable portion of the total investment in grazing animals. In the rough lands adjacent to the valley sheep flourish, and the annual wool product of that section is enormous. The quality is of the best, and it always brings a good price. A vast number of sheep are shipped to eastern markets every year. The flocks are being graded up so that the best results may be obtained in points of hardiness, quality of flesh and length and strength of wool fiber. The horses seek the most level pasturage. In numbers they are many less than either cattle or sheep. The efforts of the horsemen are directed to the improvement of the strains of blood of their stock rather than to increasing the number of animals beyond the capacity of the country to support well. It is realized that the diversity of resources can be best improved by building up diversified industries, and that it is unwise to attempt to make stock raising or any other one interest the sole pursuit of the people.

To persons accustomed to the climate east of the Rockies the Powder river seems not to present very marked atmospheric conditions. A year's experience, however, will satisfy any one of several important features. Blizzards and cyclones do not frequent the western valley, nor do such disastrous thunder storms occur here as often cause great damage to crops and buildings in the east. There is very little zero weather in the winter and often no sleighing at all. Still, the general rule is a fair covering of snow over most of the valley, though not enough to prevent hardy stock from picking a large portion of their living. Some winters the animals get their entire living from the pastures. The summers are dry but usually cool and enjoyable. Good water is easily obtained by digging wells of moderate depth. Life is delightful throughout the valley where ordinary provisions are made for living comfortably. Especially in Baker City are the conditions favorable for building comfortable and refined homes and the enjoyment of all the advantages of modern civilization.

In the hills, a few miles from Baker City, are forests of fir and juniper that furnish valuable timber for manufacturing purposes. The merits of fir for ordinary uses are well known. Juniper is a very hard wood with an even grain and compact fiber, and it readily takes a good polish. There are other varieties of timber in those forests, such as cypress, hemlock and a little stunted ash, but the fir and juniper are of chief commercial importance. There are a number of saw mills in operation in and near the forests, run by the water power which the mountain streams afford. Furniture could be advantageously

manufactured in the city. The supply of timber is ample to justify extensive operations for working it into marketable products.

NORTH POWDER, OREGON.

NORTH POWDER is a town on the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company's main line in Eastern Oregon. It is located on the North Powder river, in the extreme southern portion of Union county sixteen miles from the city of Union, the county seat, and twenty miles from Baker City. On every side but the south, from ten to fifteen miles distant, are the Blue mountains, spurs of which reach out in all directions from the main ridge, while to the south lies the valley of Powder river. The North Powder is the chief tributary of the Powder river, and its valley merges with that of the latter and possesses the same characteristics of soil, climate and vegetation.

Immediately to the north of the town of North Powder the country is broken by rugged mountains, through which the railroad pursues a tortuous course to the Grande Ronde valley. The land in that vicinity is all occupied by the herds of the stockmen. Large numbers of cattle, horses and sheep get a living there, withdrawing into the mountains in hot weather and coming out in the sheltered canyons and valleys when the weather is very severe in the winter time. All through the hills about North Powder the stockmen have extensive interests, it having been necessary to retreat to the rough lands because of over-pasturing the valley and also because of the cultivation of farms, which is constantly reducing the area of wild grazing lands. Quite a number of herds of blooded and grade stock are owned within the vicinity of the town, and many fine horses are reared there and shipped away to market. Sheep, also, are grazed in the valley and surrounding mountains, and the wool clip is quite large and of good quality. In the vicinity of the town is a large area of agricultural land, of which a large portion is under cultivation. The fertile valley of Powder river extends southward many miles, dotted with productive farms. The soil is extremely fertile clear up to the mountain sides, and large crops are grown, irrigation being used in some localities. The yield is very large, wheat averaging from thirty to forty bushels to the acre, oats sixty to seventy-five, barley fifty to sixty, timothy hay three tons, and alfalfa from three to five tons. There are splendid opportunities for immigrants to acquire homes in the vicinity of the town, either by settling upon government land or by purchase of deeded lands. The O. R. & N. Co. owns a large tract

of arable land not far distant, which is being sold cheaply and upon easy terms of payment. Other lands along the North Powder, Wolf, Muddy, Clover and Anthony creeks, well watered and fertile, are open to occupation or purchase at reasonable rates.

All the trade of the country for ten to twenty miles in all directions centers at North Powder, and this is one of the most important shipping stations on the railroad, and fully twenty-five hundred car loads of freight were forwarded from that point the past year, one-half of which was lumber and shingles. The business of the town is represented by two stores of general merchandise, furniture store, drug store, hotel, meat market, barber shop, two blacksmith shops, livery and feed stable, two saloons, flouring mill, planing mill, two warehouses, two physicians and an attorney. There is a quarry of fine building stone near the town, of which a handsome two-story block is now being constructed. When first quarried this stone can be cut with a knife, but exposure to the atmosphere soon hardens it so that neither heat nor cold affects it in the least. Other improvements are being made, among them a new school house to cost \$1,000.00, to accommodate the one hundred children of school age now living there.

In the adjacent mountains are almost limitless forests of fine, merchantable timber, and North Powder is becoming the center of quite an extensive lumbering industry. The firm of Spencer, Ramsey & Hall is largely engaged in this business, and at their mill in the mountains and in their large shipping and general merchandise business in the town, give employment to about two hundred men. Three other mills will soon be in operation and will render North Powder the most important lumbering point in that portion of the state. Gorham & Rothschild are extensive dealers in general merchandise and shippers of grain and wool and will soon occupy the fine stone building alluded to. Not far from the town are some of the most valuable mineral deposits for which that portion of the state has become famous. The great Cracker creek mines lie but a few miles to the southwest and will soon be connected with the town by a good wagon road, which will render North Powder the most accessible railroad point to that extensive mining district. Many other quartz districts have been discovered in the adjacent mountains, but no development of them has been made, and they exist as a resource of wealth yet untouched. Although water can be reached by digging from ten to twenty feet, there is a project on foot for providing the town with a system of water works, the water to be taken from one of the crystal streams flowing down the mountains. Hot mineral springs, highly recommended for the medicinal properties of the water, exist in

the vicinity, and will probably attract much attention before long. North Powder is certainly a place where important business interests must grow up with great rapidity, and it is fortunate in possessing a class of active business men who perceive the great opportunities offered and are determined to take advantage of them.

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POCATELLO, IDAHO.

THE town of Pocatello, Idaho, has grown up as the result of establishing at that point the car and machine shops and division headquarters for two lines of the Union Pacific railway system. About five years ago the Oregon Short Line was constructed across Southern Idaho, crossing the line of the Utah & Northern at the lower end of Portneuf canyon, one hundred and fifty-four miles north of Ogden. Immediately the car shops of the latter road were removed from their former location and consolidated with those of the Short Line at Pocatello, which place became a town of considerable importance at once. Shops, roundhouses, division offices, depot buildings, hotel and numerous dwellings for the families of the employes were soon constructed. The town stands between two spurs of the Malad mountains, at an elevation of four thousand four hundred and sixty-six feet above the sea, and is within the limits of the Fort Hall Indian reservation. When the company first located there it purchased eighty acres of ground, upon which the original town was built, but the Pocatello of to-day has grown far beyond this contracted area and is expanding continually. The question of securing title to land outside the railroad company's tract has been an important one, but it seems now in a fair way to be solved. A considerable area of the reservation surrounding the town has been settled and built upon, the persons thus making improvements doing so with the expectation of being given the first choice in purchasing the land whenever it shall be opened to public settlement or purchase. Congress last year passed a bill recommending the sale of eighteen hundred acres of land surrounding Pocatello for a townsite, and the necessary legal steps are being taken, in the usual slow and aggravating manner in which all public business is dispatched, to achieve the desired result. The long-delayed survey is now being made, and when this survey is approved by the secretary of the interior, the land will be advertised for ninety days and will then be sold at auction under the limitations of the act. All occupants will thus secure title to their lots and the future growth of the town will not be hampered with any cloud upon the title to real estate within its limits.

The railroad employes, including mechanics and others in the shops and yards and the operating force having homes there, number fully five hundred, and these with their families and those of merchants and other business men make a total of two thousand population, all forming one of the most prosperous and progressive towns in Idaho. There is a large volume of business transacted there and an extensive shipping and local trade over both lines of railway. Five large general merchandise stores, a furniture store, two drug stores, two cigar and tobacco stores, six restaurants, a large hotel, two butcher shops, two livery stables, three barber shops, and several millinery and dressmaking establishments, tailor shops, professional offices, etc., and the *Republican*, a bright, newsy weekly recently founded, constitute the main business features of the town. There is a fine graded school largely attended and having an efficient corps of teachers. The Congregationalists have a good church edifice, and other denominations expect soon to build houses of worship. The Mormons have a small church. As the town stands within the limits of the reservation there are no saloons permitted, and Pocatello presents the somewhat unusual aspect of a railroad town without a saloon. A fine opera house has been built, having a seating capacity of five hundred, and is often occupied by traveling companies of merit. The depot is a large and ornamental structure, one hundred by thirty-five feet and two and one-half stories high. The Pacific hotel is also a large structure, being forty by one hundred and forty-one feet and three stories in height with a mansard roof. The Union Pacific shops cover an area of five acres and present a busy scene during working hours. The residences are neat and tasteful and are a fair indication of the thrift and prosperity of the people. Socially Pocatello is a most pleasant place of residence, and there are eleven lodges and societies in a good, prosperous condition. In every respect it is a thriving and growing town which will attract much of the new population now flowing into future state of Idaho.

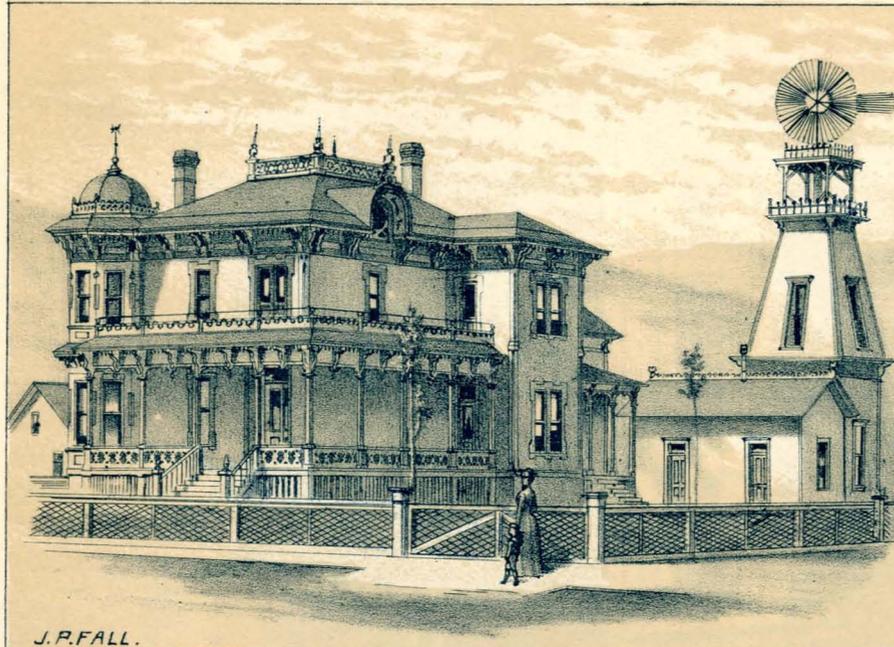
SALEM'S PROGRESS.—The city of Salem has always been a flourishing city, but the achievements of the past year have attracted to it wide attention because they have placed it beyond the merely plodding growth of some of the older towns of the west. Factories have been built and put in operation, improvements in water works and electric plants have been made, a street railway company was organized and more than four miles of track have been constructed and placed in operation this year, warehouses, business blocks and residences have been constructed and every part of the city has taken on an air of progress entirely beyond anything it has known before. A little more than a year ago the Oregon Land Company was organized and began doing business in Salem. It secured property and went systematically at work to make known abroad

the superior advantages of the city and surrounding country. Large sums were expended in advertising. Tracts of land in the outskirts of town were platted, streets graded, sidewalks built, parks improved and beautified, as private enterprises, not at the public expense, and then the lots placed on the market. The sudden activity developed in real estate by this method has been almost phenomenal. The operations of the company were so extensive that the entire city acquired a reputation for liberality and business enterprise that has induced many people to examine its merits and invest money there. The Oregon Land Company has always made it a point to handle the choicest property that could be obtained. Its Highland Park addition, which has just been placed on the market, is a notable instance of its success in suiting the popular fancy. There is an eager demand for the lots, and buildings are already going up as fast as workmen can construct them. Work is now in progress on the extension of the street railway through the tract, and the water works mains will soon be laid there. The company is a reliable one, and the energy and intelligence it has displayed, and the results already attained, are evidence to patrons that they will receive honorable treatment and the best of bargains.

PORTLAND WEATHER.—With the exception of the same month in 1875 the July just past was the warmest and driest on record for Portland. The total precipitation for the month was but a trace and the mercury indicated a temperature of ninety-six degrees above zero on the nineteenth as the maximum. The mean temperature for the month was seventy and four-tenths degrees. The lowest register of the thermometer was forty-six degrees on the first. The greatest daily range of temperature was thirty-six degrees on the nineteenth, the hottest day. In July, 1875, the mean temperature was eight-tenths of a degree higher, but the precipitation for that month was two-hundredths of an inch. The maximum and minimum temperatures were the same as this year. It is worthy of note that this hottest and driest month on record did not produce animal suffering here from atmospheric causes. Twenty-five days of the month were clear and four days fair, but no sun-strokes were heard of, and there was not the slightest interruption to business on account of the weather. There were no sultry, oppressive days. There was a good circulation of air at all times. No instances are reported where crops were scorched though the precipitation of moisture for the month was practically nothing. A temperature correspondingly unusual in the east would have been productive of great animal suffering, and it would have so disturbed the equilibrium of the elements that destructive storms would have been inevitable.

NEW FISHING BANK DISCOVERED.—The United States fish commission has been advised of the discovery of a cod bank only about eight miles off Nestucca, Oregon, some seventy miles south of the mouth of the Columbia river. While true cod have been found as far south as the Farrallon islands, the fishing grounds off San Francisco, this is the first time that species of fish has been found south of Puget sound in sufficient quantities for commercial purposes.

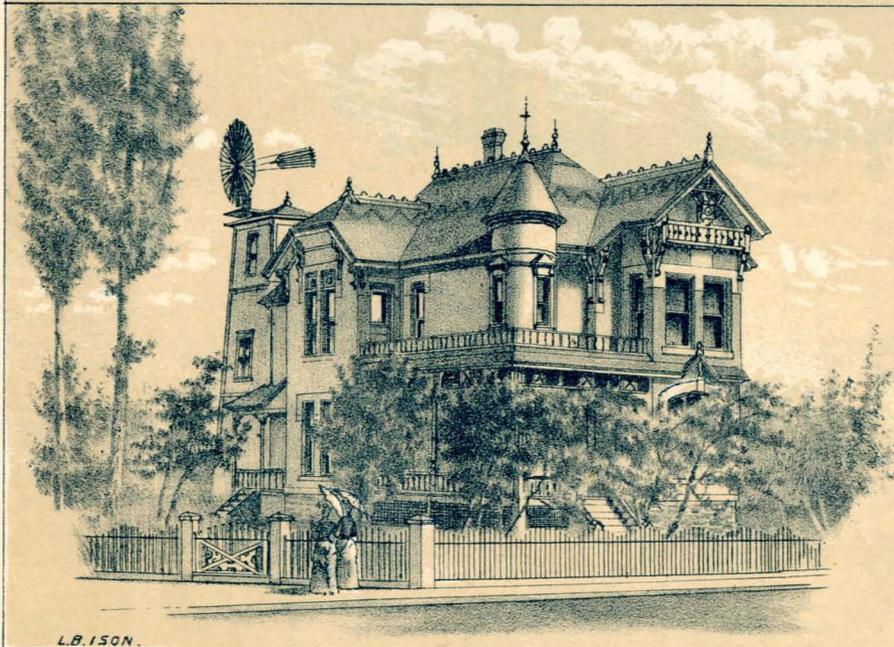
A LA GRANDE REAL ESTATE DEALER.—J. K. Romig is one of the dealers in real estate in the thriving city of La Grande, in Eastern Oregon. This town has many advantages, and its growth is constantly advancing the value of all property. Mr. Romig handles both city and country property, and offers a variety to suit the fancy of all patrons. Judicious investments in La Grande now can scarcely fail to prove profitable.



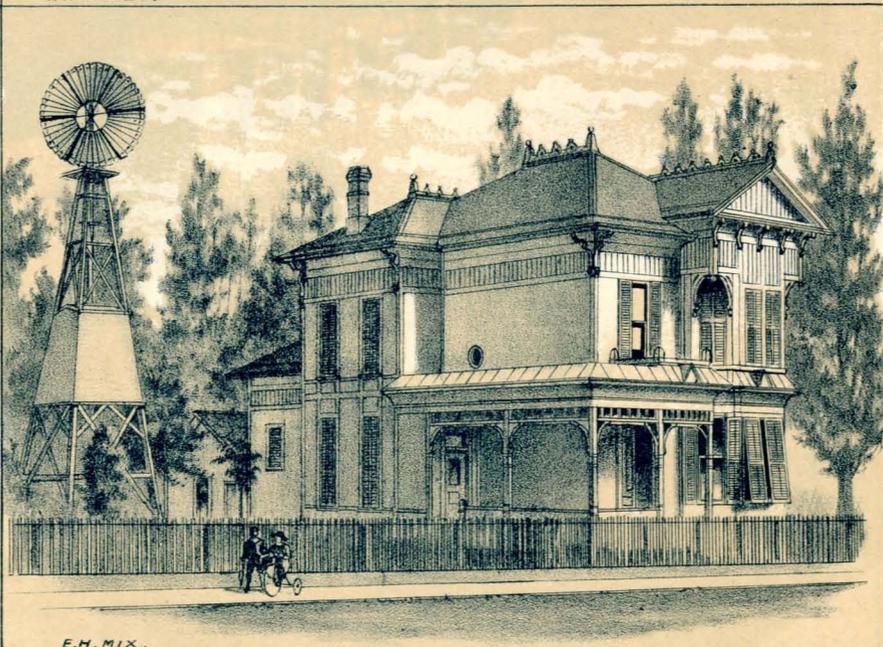
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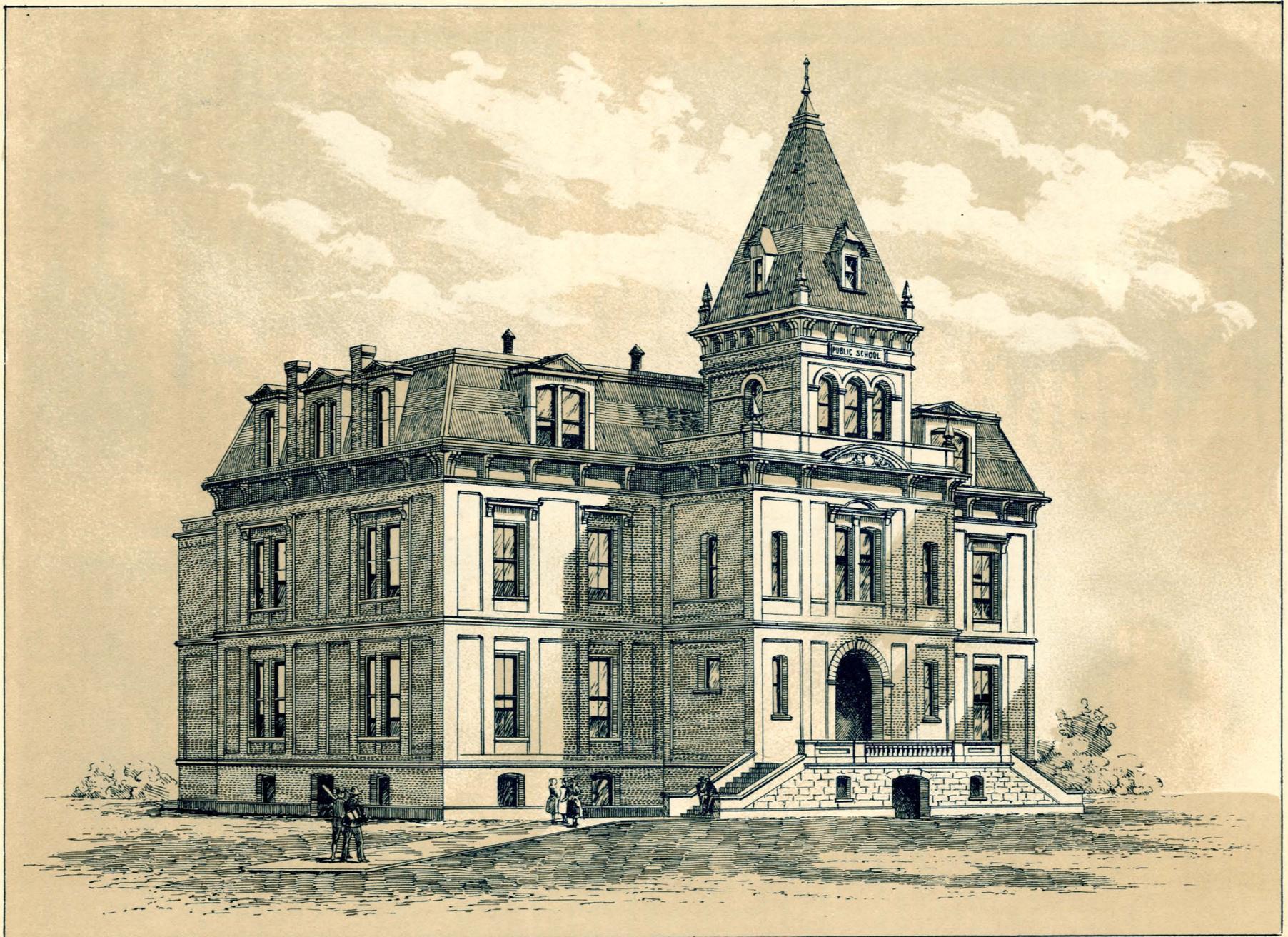


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The City of Pasco!

“QUEEN CITY OF THE PLAINS,”

Is the County Seat of Franklin County, Washington. The rapidly-growing city is situated at the confluence of the Snake and Columbia rivers, at the junction of several lines of railroad. Connections are made here for Portland, Spokane Falls, and all points on the Columbia river and Puget Sound.

Five Railroads or Branches and Feeders Diverge from this Point.

From Twenty to Forty Trains Arrive and Depart Daily. Terminus of Three Divisions of the N. P. R. R., and Two Divisions of the O. & W. R. R. Starting Point of Three Projected Railroads.

Situated, as it is, on a level plateau in the heart of the renowned Inland Empire, with the grand old Columbia rolling past its doors, while the majestic Snake has its confluence but two miles away, Pasco holds the key to navigation of the largest rivers of the northwest in three directions. Here stands the only bridge that spans the Columbia river in our country, while the bridge over Snake river, at its mouth, cost \$1,250,000.00. The almost unlimited productions of the Inland Empire are directly tributary to Pasco. Unlimited forests of the finest timber in the world, growing on the banks of the many tributaries of the Snake and Columbia rivers, are directly tributary to Pasco, those streams being navigable and presenting no serious obstructions to raftsmen. The coal, lime, marble, copper, lead, silver, gold and iron ores, very recently discover-

ed near the banks of the Columbia and Okanogan rivers, can reach the markets of the world by no practical route except to be floated down the river to Pasco.

Pasco is the center and natural depot, or storage point, for the supplies and products of the rich grain-producing plateau that surrounds her on every side, and comprises the following well-known localities: Douglas, Lincoln and Adams counties, the Palouse country, the Potlatch country, Camas prairie, Asotin, Garfield and Columbia counties, Eureka flat, Walla Walla valley, Umatilla county, and the eastern portion of Klickitat and Yakima counties, known as Horse heaven. These favored localities surround her as a crown of gems, and will soon make Pasco the storehouse for all the grain awaiting shipment to either seaboard.

Here is the Place to Locate. Investors should Make a Note of it.

☞ Lots are Cheap! Acre Property Cheaper! Farming Lands Cheaper! Cents invested Now will be Dollars in five years. Those great financiers, Jay Cook and Henry Villard, are both on record as saying “Some day there will be a large City at the junction of the Snake and Columbia rivers.” That day is near at hand.

For Lots in Railroad Plat, Gray's Addition, Riverside Addition, Acre Property or Railroad Lands, call on or address either of the following gentlemen:

Capt. W. P. GRAY,
County Commissioner.

Col. I. N. MUNCY,
Editor *Pasco Headlight*,

J. E. GANTENBEIN,
County Supt. Schools,

J. W. O'KEEFE,
Nurseryman,

PASCO, WASHINGTON.

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Overlooks the beautiful city and commands a splendid view of its magnificent natural surroundings. No fairer scene ever gladdened the artistic eye. This handsome tract comprises one hundred and sixty acres. The owners have caused forty acres to be divided into unique plats, traversed by symmetrical drives, including a magnificent boulevard one hundred feet wide. Thousands of shade trees will be set out, and no pains or expense will be spared in beautifying the latter tract. When complete, it will be proffered to the State of Washington as a gift, with but a single condition, to-wit: That the State Capitol building be located thereon. It is intended that this gift shall be made worthy of the acceptance of Washington, "the Empress of States." Surrounding residence property will be made the most valuable in the city. Investments made now in the vicinity of Washington State Capitol Park can not fail to yield great profit. Until two hundred have been sold, adjacent residence lots, every one warranted first-class, may be secured at \$125.00 each.

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\$25.00 with application; balance in three equal payments, at four, eight and twelve months, at seven per cent. These lots have been selected and numbered, and will be sold to applicants only in the regular order of receipt. Title perfect. Applications and remittances may be made to us direct, or to either the banking house of Ben. E. Snipes & Co. or Ellensburg National Bank.

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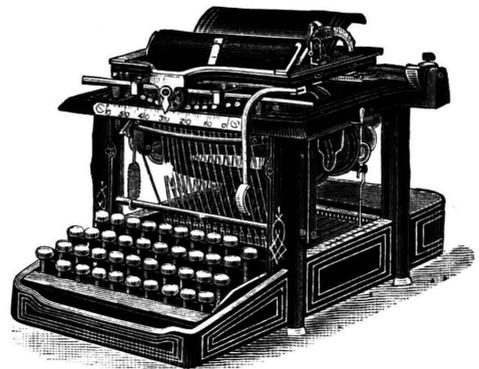
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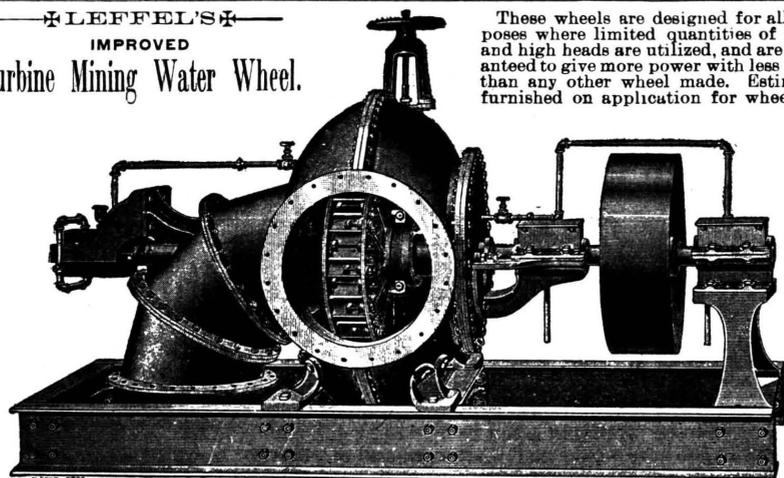
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do Sodium.....	31.296	28.313
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do Magnesia.....	.147	.168
do Lime.....	14.840	16.729
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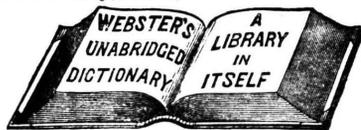
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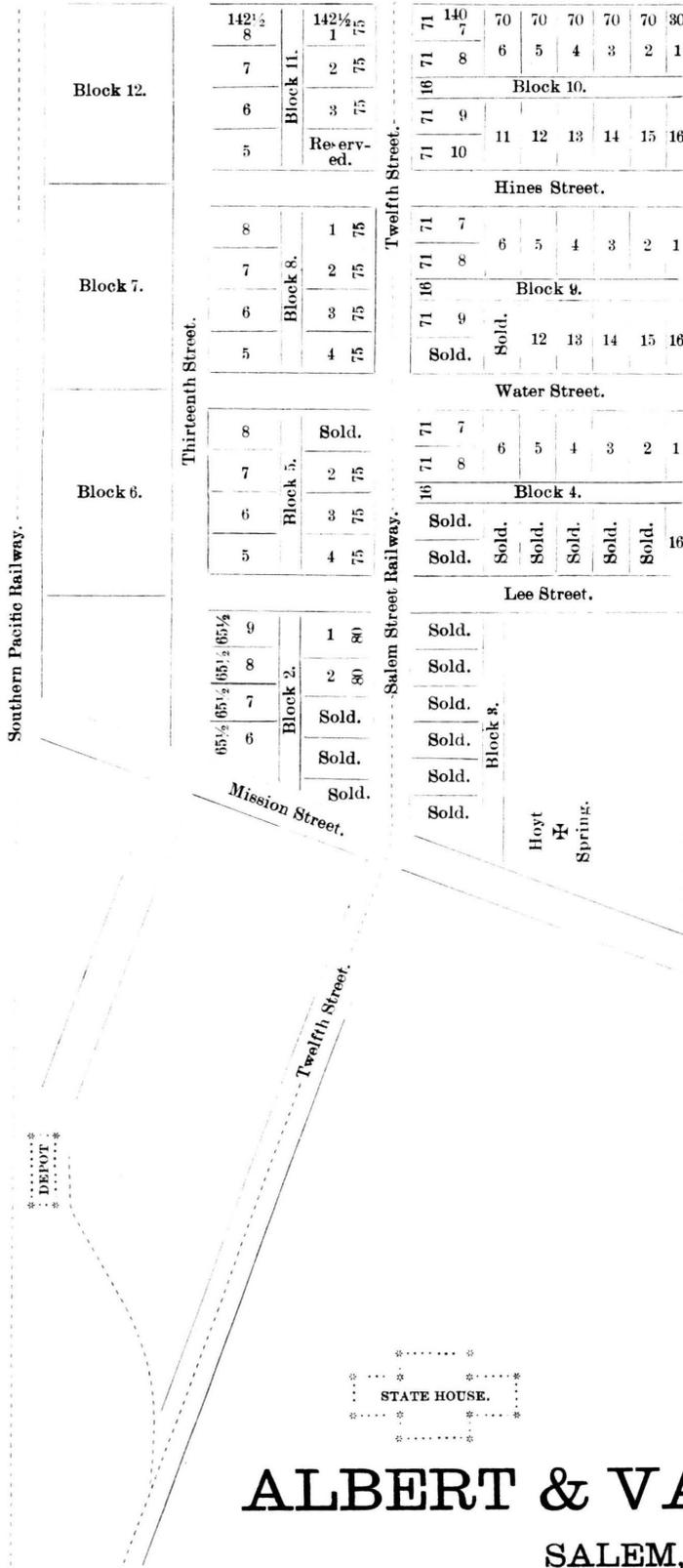
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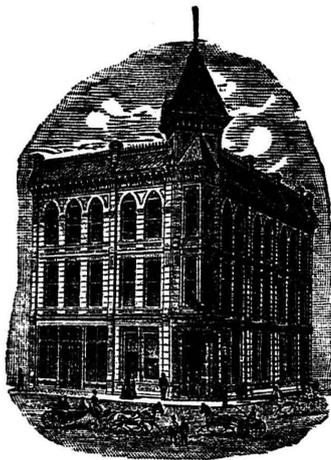
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