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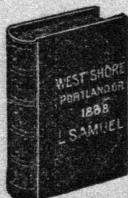
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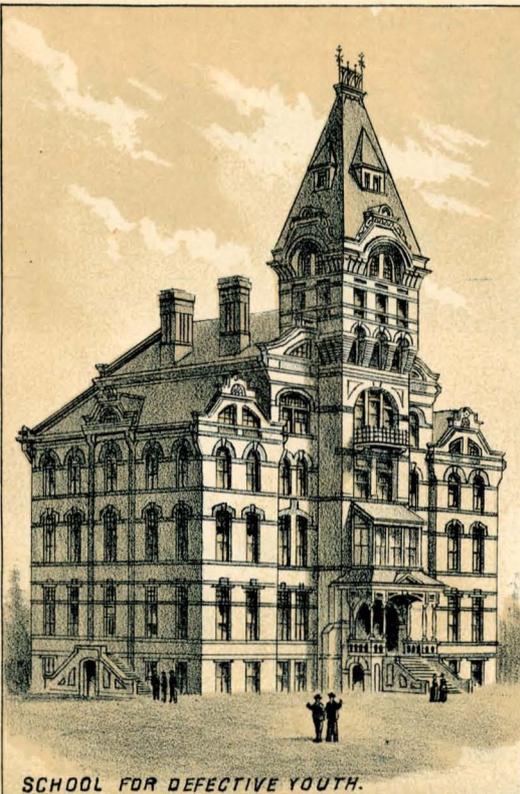
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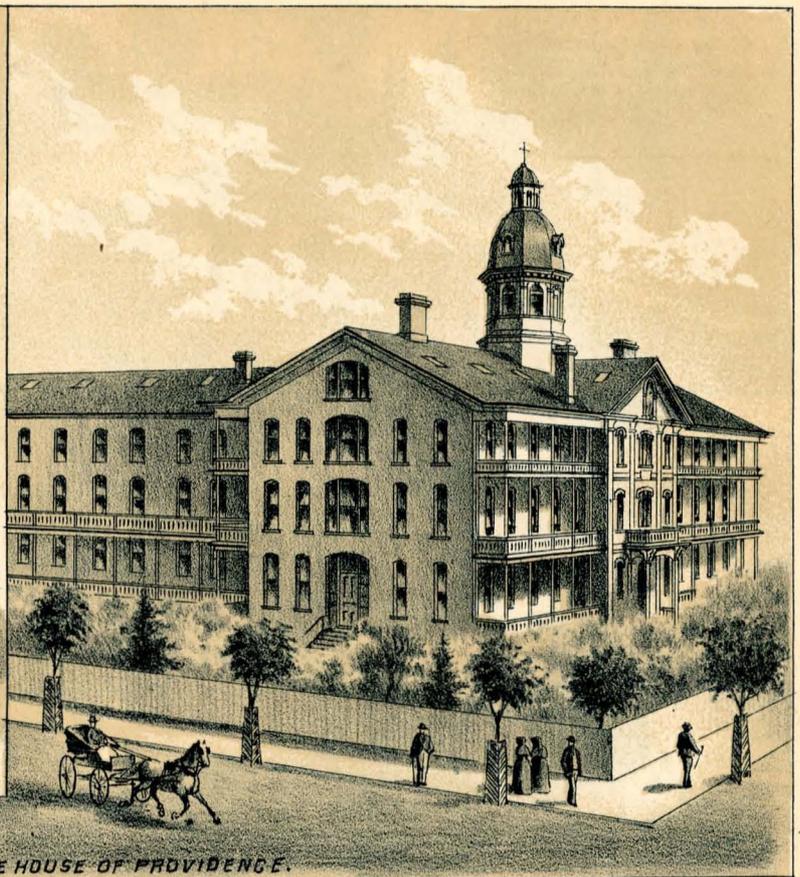
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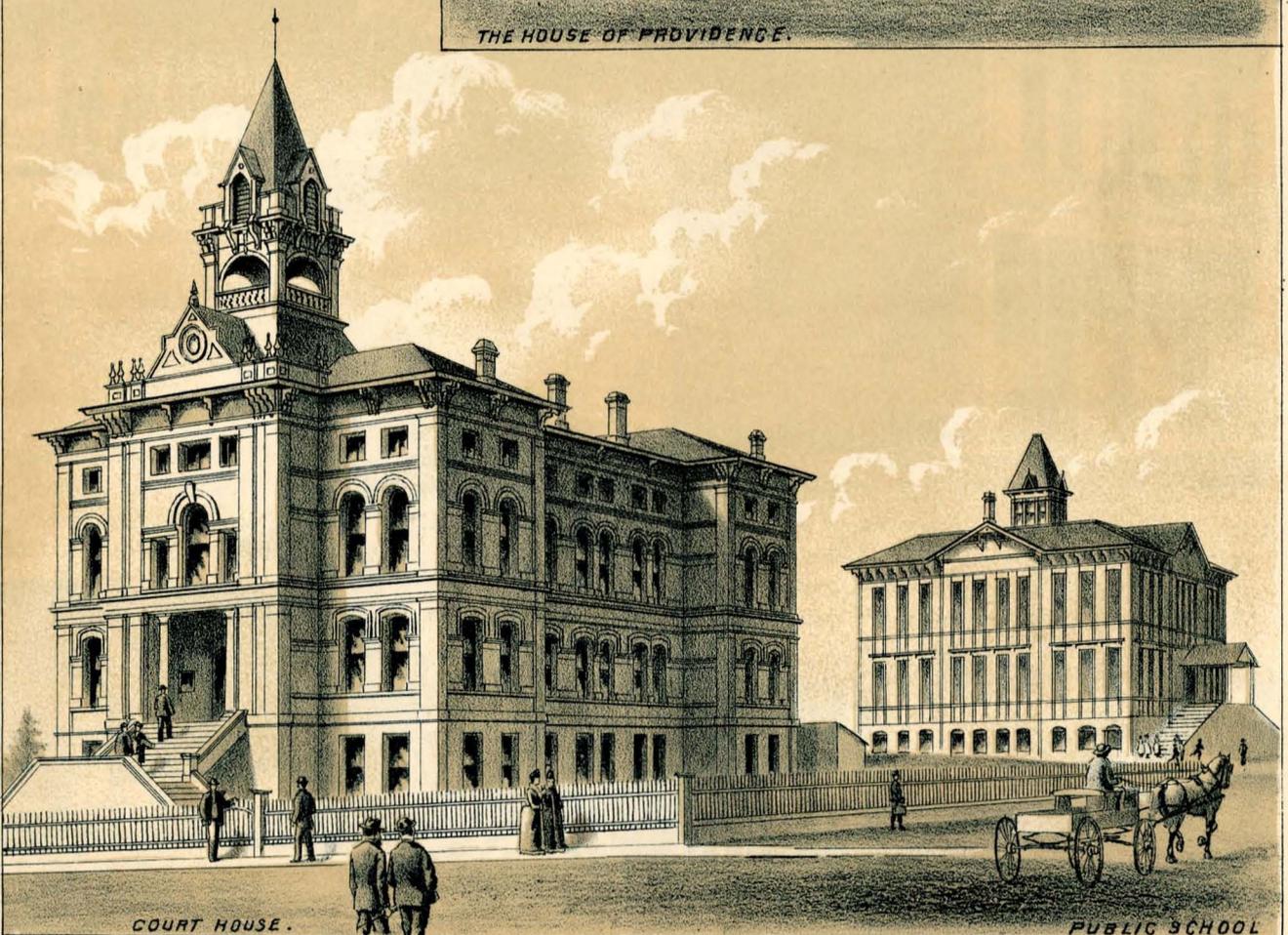
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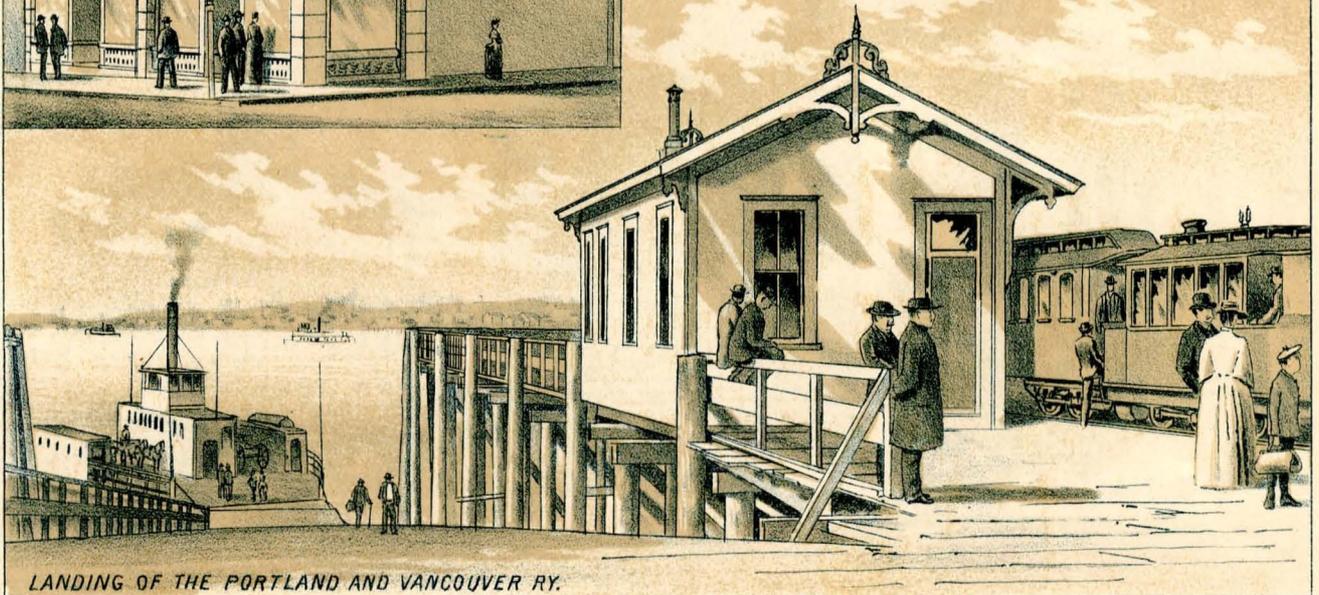
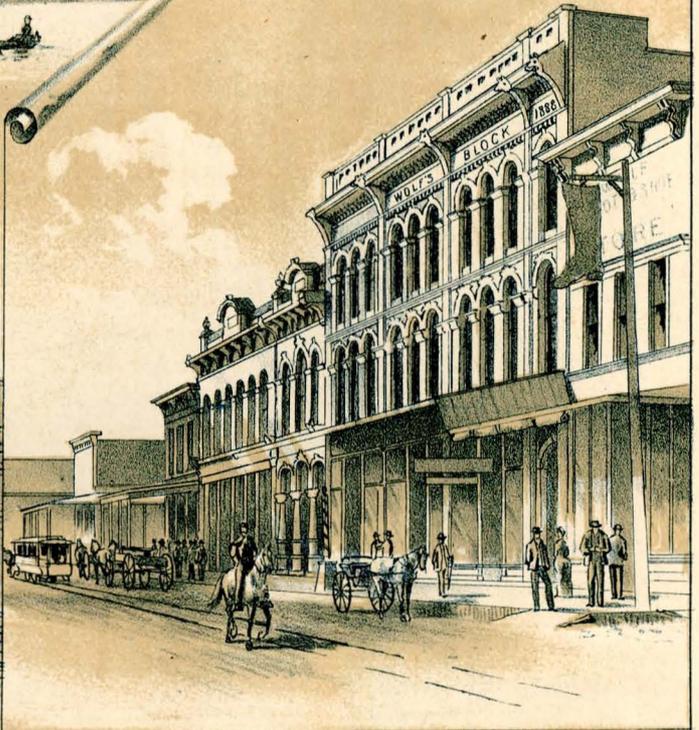


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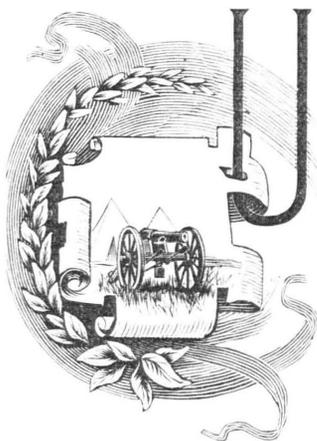
THE WEST SHORE.

FIFTEENTH YEAR.

FEBRUARY, 1889.

NUMBER 2.

VANCOUVER ON THE COLUMBIA.



UPON the north bank of the great Columbia, and but a short distance above the mouth of the Willamette, lies the city of Vancouver, occupying the most beautiful and eligible site of any city in the entire northwest. Rising in a gentle slope from the river's brink, it commands a view of great extent and wonderful beauty. To the south lies the great Willamette valley, between two parallel ranges of mountains; to the west the river soon loses its identity among the wooded hills; to the north stretches a region of timbered upland and forest-clothed hills and mountains, dominated by the great white mass of Mount St. Helens; but it is to the east the eye turns with the greatest sense of pleasure, for there, with the sparkling waters of the broad Columbia in the foreground, and framed in a massive setting of verdant mountains, the kingly Hood rears his snowy crown far into the heavens, a sight to fill with admiration every soul possessing a spark of love for the beauties of nature. On a clear day, when the sun has passed well to the south, so that the shadows cast by the huge, projecting ridges mark distinctly the deep canyons and glaciers that scar the mountain's sides, the view of Hood obtained by looking up the broad channel of the Columbia from Vancouver, is the most striking and enchanting the peak can offer. At no other point can all the elements of this great picture be had, and it is worth all the time and trouble necessary to obtain this view of Oregon's famous mountain. Sitting on the dock, waiting for the steamer, or promenading on the beautiful parade ground at the barracks, with its soft, green carpet, the eyes involuntarily turn toward the great gorge of the Colum-

bia, from which the great river issues in a mighty flood, and fasten themselves upon the commanding form of that majestic mountain with sensations of pleasure that seem never to lose their potency. It is a scene of which the eyes never weary, and one which can never be effaced from the mental canvas of one who has beheld it.

Vancouver dates its birth from the first quarter of the century, and was for years the commercial center of the entire region from California to Alaska and from the Pacific ocean to the summit ridges of the Rocky mountains. In 1823 the headquarters of the great Hudson's Bay Company, which had formerly been at Astoria—called Fort George by the company and other British subjects—were established at this point, and were given the name of that celebrated English explorer, Captain George Vancouver, one of whose lieutenants had ascended the river in a boat as far as this place soon after the discovery of the river by Captain Gray, in 1792. There were important reasons for this change of headquarters by the great fur company. All the routes of the company's employes from the various trapping grounds to the north, south and east, converged at the mouth of the Willamette, near which, of course, should be the great central station and supply point. An extra day's travel was necessary to reach the mouth of the river, and the vessel which came annually with supplies and to carry away a cargo of the accumulated furs, could ascend the stream and lie in safety along the bank of the river in front of the fort. Besides this, hay, grain and vegetables could be produced to better advantage. For years Vancouver was the hub of Oregon, a name far more comprehensive in those days than now, and so remained until the settlement of the Willamette valley by Americans raised up successful rivals. With interests antagonistic to the great fur company, the settlers founded commercial centers of their own on the Oregon side of the Columbia river, both below the mouth of the Willam-

ette and a few miles up that stream, from which has grown the great city of Portland. Until the complete withdrawal of the great fur company from this region, the same causes which had operated to make its headquarters the great center of this section retarded its growth as a general commercial point, and this condition of affairs was maintained so long that Portland, occupying a far inferior position in every respect, attained such a growth and such a hold upon the business of the country that all hope of supplanting it was vain. To this fact, and the further one that the conflicting claims of the fur company, the Catholic missionaries and the military authorities clouded the title of the best portion of the town site for many years, is due to the fact that the metropolis of this region is located on the Willamette instead of the Columbia. Happily, now, the question of title is set at rest, and nothing remains to interfere with the growth of the town, which still possesses advantages to make it a commercial point second only to Portland, in the lower valley of the Columbia and Willamette. Brief attention is called to these advantages and to the means being employed to utilize them.

Sea going vessels of deep draught can reach this point cheaper and quicker than they can ascend the Willamette to Portland. Between the mouth of the latter stream and the docks at Vancouver there is but one bar, through which a channel can be maintained at greatly less expense than it now costs to keep one open to Portland from the same point. The opening of this channel, now closed for lack of use, could be made for less money than is annually expended to maintain the other in navigable condition. During seven months of the year there is now a channel from sixteen to twenty feet deep, and at an expense of \$4,000.00 one can be made that will permit an unobstructed passage of the deepest draft vessels that enter the Columbia. This channel will be made as soon as developments now in progress have reached such a stage as to render it desirable. The business men are taking steps to make this a port for general commerce, and as soon as these plans have matured, the channel will be opened and kept free for the passage of vessels. The cost will be nothing when compared with the benefits to be derived, and if the government appropriations can not be utilized for the purpose, then it will be accomplished by private enterprise. Many an ocean craft has rested at the docks of Vancouver in the past, and it will not be long before others will follow. In fact, the lighter draft vessels used in the lumber trade will soon be a common sight, as the extensive lumber enterprises now being founded there will engage largely in supplying lumber for foreign markets.

The most important enterprise now on foot in

preparation for the new era spoken of is that of the Vancouver, Klickitat & Yakima railroad. More than a year ago this project received its inception, but the usual delays encountered by such enterprises held it back, so that until last fall no progress beyond a general reconnoissance of the route had been made. At that time the citizens decided upon an aggressive policy, and subscribed \$60,000.00 for the construction of ten miles of track leading into the timber and agricultural lands lying to the northeast of the city. Work was at once begun, and five miles are now completed and in operation, while the second five miles have so far progressed that they will be finished within a few weeks. The company has now on the road one engine and sixteen cars, and more rolling stock has been ordered. Using the first section as a basis of credit, money will be raised for the immediate extension of the line to Lewis river, and render that rich agricultural region tributary to Vancouver. This will be accomplished by the end of the current year. The next objective point is the extensive deposits of excellent coal lying on the proposed line of the road sixty miles from the city, the nearest accessible coal to the Portland market. This will be reached in another year, and will of itself supply business enough to support the road. The ultimate object is to cross the mountains through the Klickitat pass and traverse the extensive stock and agricultural region lying east of the Cascades, making connection with the Northern Pacific, or some other transcontinental route, in the vicinity of the Columbia or Yakima rivers. By this line Vancouver would not only become a shipping point for a large area of country, but it would be a terminal point of a through route on a par with Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and other northwestern ports. It can not be doubted that the projects of this company will be fully realized within a very few years, by which time Vancouver will have increased largely in size and business importance under the influence of the causes already at work.

For a time the chief business of the road will be the transportation of logs from the magnificent timber district through which it runs, to the mills at Vancouver. Two hundred thousand feet of logs will be brought in daily, which will be used by four saw mills, three of which are now in operation, and the fourth, and largest, will soon be ready for business. The capacity of the road for the delivery of logs is practically unlimited, and as it will take years of the most extensive operations to exhaust the accessible forests, it needs no prophet to predict that lumbering operations at this point will increase greatly in magnitude in the next few years. A huge floating dock will be one of the conveniences for handling the product of the saw mills. This will contain six tracks,

each accommodating two cars. Barges will be used for conveying the cars to the various lines of railroad centering in Portland, or for ferrying them across the river to the terminus of the Portland and Vancouver road. By this means the mills will be prepared to ship lumber by the car load to any point reached from Portland direct. When the V. K. & Y. road is completed across the mountains they will also have a railroad outlet to the markets in that direction. Lumber will also be loaded here for San Francisco and other coast markets, as well as for foreign ports, and there is no reason why those points can not be supplied from this place as well as from any mill site on the Columbia river.

Manufacturing forms a considerable portion of the business of the city. Four saw mills are a good foundation to build upon, though other enterprises are already established, consisting of a sash and door factory, a flouring mill, an artificial stone factory, two brick yards, a brewery, an ice factory, machine shop, cabinet shop, and various smaller industries. A large furniture and box factory is under discussion and is one of the probabilities of the near future. Other industries would thrive at this point, especially canning and fruit drying, a barrel, tub and pail factory, a tannery and a woolen mill, the last two more especially when the road is completed across the mountains to the bunch grass country.

Mention of fruit preserving industries is not lightly made, for Clarke county is rapidly taking a commanding position in both the quantity and quality of the fruit it produces. Apples of all varieties, pears from the earliest to the latest, cherries, plums and prunes are the kinds of fruit the soil and climate are best adapted to, and in size, flavor and general quality are second to none produced anywhere in the world. Grapes, peaches, apricots, etc., also do well, but are not of the superior excellence of the other fruits named. The celebrated Bartlett pear, known in the east as the "California" pear, reaches here a flavor and perfection superior to the best product of California. As the new orchards come into better bearing condition, Bartlett pears will be shipped from Vancouver by the car load. Plums, especially the Peach and Yellow Egg varieties, reach great size and perfection, and will form no small portion of fruit shipments. The same may be said of the Royal Ann and Black Republican cherries, whose large size and firmness render them especially valuable for shipment to distant markets. It is, however, in the prune that the fruit raiser finds his most profitable business. Experience has demonstrated that in Oregon and Washington, west of the Cascade mountains, the prune reaches a perfection in size, flavor and firmness that is unequalled anywhere else in the world. Even

in the section named, some portions produce fruit superior to that of others, and in this respect Clarke county stands in the front rank. Only twelve years have passed since the first experimental trees were set out, and less than half that period since the result of the experiment became known, or the building of railroad lines made the industry a practicable one. Since that time many orchards have been set out, containing from one hundred to five hundred prune trees, which are now just coming into good bearing condition, several orchardists last year having harvested three tons of fruit per acre. The prune acreage is now being largely increased and in a few years, when the trees now being planted shall have arrived at good bearing condition, the fruit crop in the vicinity of Vancouver will be a very large and valuable one. Last year eight fruit dryers prepared one hundred tons of dried prunes for market, a quantity which will be exceeded the present season. Shipments of fruit in car load lots will also be a feature of the business. Pears, plums and cherries will be supplied in great quantities for this purpose, as the number of trees is being largely increased by all growers. Cars can be loaded at Vancouver and ferried to Portland the same as the lumber cars, and when the railroad across the mountains is completed a direct eastern route will be open. Fruit drying on a large scale, as well as canning of both vegetables and fruit, will necessarily become an adjunct of the industry at this point.

Not only fruit, but agricultural products of all kinds find special advantages in Clarke county. Near Vancouver, and in the Lewis river region, soon to be penetrated by the railroad, are to be found some of the best farms in the northwest. The country as a whole is densely covered with fine timber, and the process of bringing it into a cultivable condition is necessarily a slow one. In one respect this has been advantageous, in that it has operated to prevent "bonanza farming" and the acquisition of large tracts. On the contrary, farms are from eighty to one hundred and sixty acres in extent, thus supporting a larger population in proportion to the area cultivated than is the case in the prairie districts, where large tracts are owned by individuals or companies. The building of the V. K. & Y. road will aid in the work of bringing the land under cultivation, and it will enable settlers to do clearing to a better advantage and at less expense, as well as supply a means for them to reach market with the products of their land. Every acre of land denuded of its timber for lumber is also an acre rendered valuable for agriculture. This fact renders the more speedy development of the county's resources certain. Settlers who are looking for timbered agricultural lands will do well to examine the

government and railroad lands of Clarke county, as well as private holdings offered for sale. The government land is in the foothills and mountains, where the ground is rough and heavily timbered. The most desirable unimproved lands, lying within from five to twenty miles of Vancouver, can be purchased at from \$5.00 to \$10.00 per acre, while partly improved farms can be bought at from \$15.00 to \$30.00 per acre. Good dairy ranches are worth from \$30.00 to \$50.00 per acre. Land specially desirable for fruit, being high, dry and covered with valuable timber, and lying within five miles of the city, are held at from \$25.00 to \$50.00 per acre in the wild state. Orchards with five-year trees are valued at from \$1,000 to \$1,500 per acre, but none are for sale, and the person who intends to embark in the fruit business must reckon upon planting his own orchard. The highest figure quoted has been refused for an orchard now in bearing. The cost of clearing land within a reasonable distance of the city is about \$40.00 per acre. It is figured that ten acres of prunes can be put in at a total cost of \$1,000.00, and that the use of the land between the trees for the four or five years during which they are maturing will pay for their cultivation. It is, of course, better not to raise any crop on the land while the trees are growing, but not to do so increases the expense of maintaining the orchard.

Dairying and stock raising are extremely profitable in this region. The foothills and mountains furnish a splendid range for cattle and sheep, which graze the entire year on the rich grasses and wild peavines that grow in luxuriance in the forests. Every settler finds that a small band of stock is a paying adjunct to his farm. The winters are so mild, and so little snow falls, that the perpetually green forage keeps the cattle in excellent condition at all seasons. A number of dairies are doing a good business, being located generally along the bottom lands of the various streams, where good meadows and excellent water exist in conjunction with the forest ranges. No regular creameries have yet been established, but there is an excellent opening for them. Millions of pounds of butter are imported into this region annually, and good dairy butter sells at from thirty to fifty cents per pound. Instead of importing butter, great quantities of it should be shipped to less favored localities, and there scarcely seems a possibility that the dairy business can be overdone here for many years to come.

The city of Vancouver has a population of four thousand and possesses a full city government and many metropolitan features, including forty-five arc electric lights of twelve hundred candle power, put in by the city at a cost of \$11,000.00. There are an excellent water supply and a volunteer fire depart-

ment, equipped with one steam engine, one hand engine and a hook and ladder truck. Besides the manufacturing industries there are two banks, one of them a national, a building and loan association, a large number of stores, shops, etc., three churches, a cathedral, convent, hospital, court house, school house, and many neat and tasteful residences. The court house of Clarke county is a large brick structure, erected in 1883 at a cost of \$60,000.00. A large two story and basement school house, built about the same time, stands near the court house, and is one of the best school buildings in the territory. A large three story brick convent and orphanage, a hospital, a school for girls and a college for boys are maintained by the Catholics. Here, also, is the United States land office for the district. A handsome brick structure on the river bank just east of the reserve is occupied by the school for defective youth.

With the exception of a short period, Vancouver has been the military headquarters of this region, and is now the headquarters of the department of the Columbia, under command of General Gibbon. At this post are generally stationed six companies of infantry and one of artillery. The buildings embrace houses for the officers, barracks for the men, library, gymnasium, etc., and necessary magazines and ordnance storehouses, commissary warehouses, etc. The military reserve is one of the most beautiful in the United States, and the parade ground is an almost level tract of large extent overlooking the river and offering a splendid view of the distant mountains.

Under the impulse of new enterprises now undertaken, the value of desirable residence and business property will steadily increase. The Columbia Land & Improvement Company was organized in January, to supply cheap and desirable property for homes. The company has five hundred acres adjoining the city on the northeast, of which one hundred and sixty acres have been platted into blocks two hundred feet square, with north and south avenues eighty feet wide, and east and west streets sixty feet wide. Lots fifty by one hundred feet sell at from \$100 to \$150, according to location. The company has procured a franchise for a street railway, which will be built through the main business streets of the city to this desirable residence district. Vancouver Heights, as it is called, has a most commanding site, and is one of the most beautiful places of residence in the northwest.

Portland addition, consisting of twenty blocks, adjoining the city on the northwest, is another desirable place of residence. It is but three blocks from the school house, and about ten minutes' walk from the ferry landing. The line of the Vancouver, Klickitat & Yakima railroad runs along its western edge.

Blocks are two hundred feet square, lots fifty by one hundred feet, avenues eighty feet wide and cross streets fifty feet. Lots sell on easy terms at from \$150.00 to \$250.00. The location is high and healthful and affords a most commanding prospect of river, valley and mountain. Railroad addition, containing seven blocks, lies near the Portland addition, and is very desirable property. As residence lots in the town proper are worth from \$400.00 to \$1,000.00, and as these additions lie so near and are so much preferable for residence purposes, the prices now quoted for them are extremely low, and will not be maintained very long.

Vancouver is but seven miles distant from Portland by the line of the Portland & Vancouver rail-

way and the Columbia river ferry. Trains run every hour, passengers making the entire trip for twenty-five cents, including the two ferries. This road is one of the improvements of the past year, and is owned by Portland business men. It will be one of the chief factors in the growth of Vancouver. By water the distance is about eighteen miles, three lines of steamers running regularly between the two points, one twice daily, one three times a week and one twice a week. Possessing all the advantages of a beautiful and healthful site, a tributary country of rich and rapidly developing resources, good and increasing facilities for reaching market, and an enterprising people determined to improve these advantages to the utmost, the future of the city is bright with promise.

BEYOND.

I came to the city in darkness,
 ' Mid starlight, before the dawn,
 And weary and worn with travel,
 Woke late on a brilliant morn.
 Then I gazed on a vision of beauty,
 A more lovely can scarce be seen,
 For I saw Mount Hood in its splendor,
 And Willamette rolled broad between.
 The river, with ferry and steamer
 And sunshine, was all aglow,
 And the mountain towered beyond it,
 With its crest of eternal snow.
 Oh! mountain, so grand and stately,
 Oh! river, with curve and reach,
 Oh! town, with thy wealth and pleasures,
 Have ye all no lesson to teach?
 Yes, this world's the city; the river
 Is death, to be crossed between
 The heights of eternal beauty,
 That border the land unseen.
 Though rich and noble our city,
 And sweeping and broad the stream,
 Have they aught in beauty or grandeur
 To compare with that snow-clad dream?
 " *Sic itur ad astra* " our motto,
 Toiling hard up the hill to fame,
 Not resting or waiting, but rising,
 In life and in death the same.
 And in future, when thinking of Portland
 And the vision of beauty it brought,
 In the city, the river and mountain,
 I'll remember the lesson it taught.

CHARLES RUSSELL GURNEY.

PORTLAND, Jan. 31, 1889.

OUT OF ZION.

PART I.

SUNSET over the Cache valley, in Utah, the western sky glorious with an opulence of yellow light, that breaks and shatters on the ragged peaks of the high hills which wall the valley in. A subdued radiance lies on the bench lands lower down, and through a deep, western gap in the hills, one burning ray darts down and rests, a dazzling point of light, on the dark waters of the tiny river that comes hurrying through the wind-swept Port Neuf canyon, to wind placidly among the fertile fields of Cache.

In shape, the valley is a huge basin, set high up among bare, rocky hills, where in summer the sun glares fiercely down and the winds blow great clouds of dust high and low, and in winter the sun shines but coldly, and the winds blow clouds of snow into fantastic drifts. In the generous lap of the valley are gathered pilgrims from the four corners of the earth, pilgrims who, as members of the "Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints," have here entered upon their portion of the earthly inheritance given to the believers of the one true faith, the religion of Mormon. The majority of the people who first settled in the "Stake of Cache" had little but their intense ignorance, abounding zeal, and such experiences of want and oppression that their easy lives in these genial wilds were to them daily renewed arguments that they were being led by divine guidance. Freed from the cramping pressure of want, they slowly expanded into normal human beings; they began to feel, to think, to live.

The fathers and mothers were satisfied to reclaim the wilderness for those who were to come after them. They found happiness, beyond their highest hopes, in their growing children, herds and flocks, their ample fields and orchards. Theirs was the free, simple life of a primitive people, having few wants and fewer ambitions. But simple and kindly as they were in many respects, they had no toleration for any deviation from the faith. Heretics were excluded, apostasy was crushed. If a young mind dared question this or that, its nearest and dearest were ready to denounce its wickedness. What was individual suffering as compared with the general good? With devout confidence in the head of the church, that "Prophet, Priest and Seer," whose strong will dominated his people, they readily accepted his patriarchal revelation. They were in goodly company, following in the way trod by Abraham and David and Solomon. Polygamy was thus invested with a sacred obligation, and, under the name of plural marriage, became an ordinance of their religion.

Half way up the slope of a western hill sat two girls, nestled in a cozy hollow, where the sunset rays fell soft and warm, while below them the valley was already growing dark and cool with the evening shadows. There was almost perfect silence on the hillside. The unceasing wind, now softened to a mere breath, played about in the dry grasses, which did not even rustle as it passed. No sounds of insect life creaked and shrilled, no ripple of water or rustle of leafy trees rose and fell on the still air. The hills stood great, motionless waves of sombre brown and faded yellow, with here and there the strawberry bushes showing lines of cloudy red along the shallow ravines. Down the valley were villages, Menton, Brigham City and Willard, each in its cluster of box-elder trees and thrifty farms, the alfalfa fields green after the second cutting. Midway stood Logan, famous for its endowment house and temple, the latter being the place of mysterious and unholy rites.

On this scene the older of the two girls looked with musing eyes, seeing not village or field, but some vision of fancy, at which her eyes darkened with secret satisfaction. There was nothing in her face, or that of her companion, widely different as they were, to indicate a foreign ancestry.

"Chalcy," suddenly cried the girl, breaking away from her day dream with a regretful sigh, and stirring uneasily under the other's intent gaze, "I do wish't you wouldn't gawp at me so like a dog wantin' a bone. Ef you've got anything to say, say it."

Chalcy, a freckle-faced girl of fifteen, sprawling on the ground in high content, chuckled to herself and winked shrewdly. "I bet I know somethin' you don't," she replied eagerly.

"Does you lots of good, don't it?" asked the other teasingly, a smile softening her handsome face as she plucked idly at a tuft of grass.

"You needn't be so high an' mighty," retorted Chalcy in gay good humor, "it's about somebody you like, Clarissy."

"Well, why don't you tell me what it is then? You know you're jest a-dyin' to," and Clarissa looked down at her with dark, amused eyes.

Chalcy drew her scrawny figure up and looked eagerly into the other's face. "I do b'lieve you know it a'ready," she exclaimed in keen disappointment. "Your eyes haint so shiny fer nothin'."

Clarissa laughed out joyously, "What a girl you air, Chalcy! I b'lieve you'd ruther tell a piece of news as to eat; do tell me, I don't know nothin'."

"Oh, wal, 'taint much," began Chalcy with assumed indifference.

"I didn't s'pose 'twas," and Clarissy sat up and reached for her bonnet.

"Tom Baker's come home, that's all," said the girl slowly.

"Honest?" asked the other, flushing a little.

Chalcy sprang to her feet. "Clarissy," she cried, her tone full of hurt feeling, "did I ever story to you?"

Clarissy rose and put her arm affectionately about the thin shoulder, "Goosie," she said lightly, "who said you storied? You know we've heerd more's onct he was comin'."

"I s'pose you thought 'twas too good to be true," returned Chalcy saucily, quite appeased.

"Well, it's time we was gettin' home," said Clarissy, turning away.

Chalcy ran helter-skelter down the hill, indulging in various capers to express her buoyant feelings, just as a young lamb prances about because he is young, while Clarissy walked sedately along the narrow path that wound down the hillside. She stopped, presently, before a small "doby," a hut built of sun-dried brick, its lean sides shrunken and cracked as if from drouth. A hard-faced baby sat in the doorway and eyed her with such unwinking stolidity when she stooped and made a merry face at him that she felt rebuked, and was about to start on her way, when she was startled at the sight of a woman's face, wearing a look of dull misery which appealed silently to the girl's pity. It was that of Hanchen, her Swedish neighbor, usually one of the happiest and most smiling of creatures, who now sat listlessly in the disordered room, her face drawn and haggard with pain.

"Why, Hanchen!" cried Clarissy, going hastily in, "air you sick? Where's Peter?"

For answer the woman put her hands over her face and rocked to and fro.

"Oh, Hanchen," implored the girl, "do tell me what's the matter! Where is Peter?"

"He gone to Logan," sobbed Hanchen.

"To Logan?" echoed Clarissy. "What for?"

Hanchen struggled to regain her self-control. "He get letter two, t'ree mont' ago," she began, picking her way with difficulty through the unfamiliar English, "from home, de ole coundree. It say some more of our people come to Zion, an' he must be for sure meet dem to de city, w'en he come back an' say Gerda Sorenson, her we know to home, she is come too. W'en he say dat I t'ink not'ing. I nefer like dat Gerda. Now, to-day, Peter he is gone to Logan to take her for wife, too." A fresh burst of tears closed the recital.

Clarissy stood in awkward silence. What could she say to comfort a grief like this? "You know the church says plural marriage is a revelation," she began, falteringly, wondering if that would be any consolation.

Hanchen's eyes flashed. "De church lie den. I no wants Peter to haf nodder wife. I no b'lieve Got say to him marry Gerda."

"Oh, you mustn't talk that a-way," cried Clarissy in alarm. "It's dreadful, an' if any one heard you I don't know what they'd do to you."

"Oh, w'y I no die," moaned the unhappy woman, "w'en mine heart ache so it will break?"

"But Hanchen, mebbly he loves you too."

"I not know dat lof; I haf no fadder, no mutter, no one but Peter, and he will mine be no more—all de time Gerda's now."

"Oh, I'm so sorry for you! If I could only do something for you!" sobbed Clarissy, quite overcome, and she knelt down and put her arms around the unromantic figure.

"You haf de goot heart," said Hanchen, gratefully.

"But there haint nothin' I can do," went on the girl, hopelessly, "jest nothin', only to feel sorry for yor an' feel bad with you. Oh!" some painful recollection pierced her troubled mind.

Half ashamed, not of her emotion of pity, but of her demastration of it, she rose, and after a moment of awkward silence, said hurriedly—

"I must be a-goin'; come an' see us soon's you can," and then went out, her head drooping so that she did not see how the bands of orange in the sunset sky were fading, changing to palest yellow and pink, while in the edge of the rosy flush a few stars hung trembling and luminous. A man and woman coming slowly up the hill did not notice her as she stood aside to let them pass.

It was Peter and his new wife, hand in hand, seeing only each other's faces. She looked at them with bitter disgust and pain. Being a woman, and yet young, her heart ached, whether more for Hanchen or herself she did not know. Old doubts stirred in her mind, old memories of her mother, dead these many years, came up before her, and words her mother had spoken seemed to utter themselves afresh to her unhappy consciousness. Tossed on a sea of unrest, between her doubts and her ignorance, the girl was very miserable. If, for a moment she thought of Tom Baker, she tried to thrust his image from her with a feeling of contempt at her weakness.

"Haint I seen enough of it?" she whispered scornfully, and yet with a certain sadness for herself. "Don't I know jest how it goes? Mother knew; an' that's why she made me promise, I reckon. I wonder if she knows how hard 'tis for me to keep it?" and questioning thus she came slowly down the hill to her father's house.

Silas Dean's house had originally been a square adobe building, containing two rooms, the kitchen

and the "other room," a proud title in days when most dwelling houses had only one room. The "other room" it was still, as Silas had increased his responsibilities the house had grown by a simple process of accretion. The east lean-to was built on when he took his second wife; the west wing when he trebled his joys; but amid all changes the "other room" remained the family sitting room. Here, on this sunny afternoon, Silas Dean, Clarissy's father, and an elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, sat with his wife Martha and his wife Serena. The Book of Mormon lay on the table, together with a bible and the book of doctrines and covenants, the latter especially furnishing an abundance of strong meat and drink to the spiritual life of the elder and his family. In the place of honor over the mantel piece hung the pictured face of the founder of Zion, a strong, coarse face, selfish, cruel and shrewd. The elder was bothered. He had sought aid and comfort from the doctrines and covenants, but even that well of inspiration had failed him. He tilted his chair back, pursed his lips, thrust his hands deep into his pockets and fixed his eyes upon the ceiling. His stiff, iron-gray hair stood up like a mane on his head, which was long in shape from crown to jaw. He half closed his small, black eyes, as if, by excluding external objects, he hoped to concentrate his mental vision on a baffling question.

After a serious silence, lasting some minutes, he brought his chair down with a thump, leaned forward and looked reproachfully from his wife Martha to his wife Serena. Martha, a large, sandy colored woman, went placidly on with her knitting, while Serena's sharp, black eyes were bent on the baby that lay sleeping in her arms.

"Ef ennybuddy ud tell me," began Silas slowly, "er even give me a kind uv an idee, es ter w'at ails the girrul—"

"Meanin' Clarissy?" interposed Martha.

"Meanin' Clarissy, in course," he replied emphatically, a little nettled at her tone. Martha sniffed.

"She haint mean er ornery," continued Silas warmly. "She's sot in 'er way some, but she's a major to work, an' most ways seems to hev purty tol'ble good sense, fer a woman," glancing sneeringly at Martha, "but law! they's no use talkin', she's jest diffrunt, thet's the hull thing in a nutshell—she's diffrunt. Now here's ben Joe Barmen an' that there Oly Anderson an' Bill Rushton's boy Dick all a-wantin' to marry her, an' she won't so much as say dog to none uv 'em; 'pears like she haint on the marry nohow."

"Er else she's minty hard to suit," ventured Serena.

Silas shook his head gloomily. He had never thought women hard to suit in the matter of marrying.

"Mebby she's possessed uv a devil," suggested Martha, in the same tone in which she might have remarked on Clarissy's having the measles.

"What!" roared Silas, quite maddened by this unexpected complication.

"A devil, possessed uv a devil, I said," repeated Martha stoutly.

Her husband drew a long breath: "Wal," he said bitterly, "ef she is, ef she is, le's be thankful to God it's a dumb one." He got up in his anger and walked up and down the room a moment, then sat down again sighing heavily.

Serena rocked to and fro, hushing the baby and singing a dreary hymn, beginning—

Go tell my companions and children so dear
To weep not for Joseph our Saint,
For the same hand that led him
Through scenes dark and drear,
Has safely conducted him home.

The lame metre and halting rythm of these lines were carried along pretty smoothly to a sing-song tune, which, commencing on a high note at the beginning of each line, gradually descended from a painful shrillness to a long-drawn nasal whine. Soothed by such melodious strains, Silas was fast forgetting his troubles under the sweet, sleepy influences, when the door flew open and Chalcy bounced in.

Chalcedony had been the scriptural name bestowed upon her when a helpless baby, as indicating that she should be a precious jewel in the kingdom of Zion. Martha had been a widow when Silas had the pleasure of making her acquaintance, and he had thought more than once, in the years of their wedded life, that it would have been better for him if he had never changed her condition. Chalcy had not been so objectionable as the widow's pert little girl, but as a step-daughter she was simply obnoxious. She favored her departed parent, Martha said, and said frequently, until, in a moment of extreme nervous irritation, Silas so far forgot himself as to remark that in his private opinion she "took after home-made sin, only she was uglier."

Martha never forgave him that speech. "Beauty," she said, "was only skin deep; and Chalcy was like a singed cat, a heap smarter'n she looked."

At present the child was in the gawky age, being chiefly angles, freckles and preternaturally long limbs. She was a born gossip. To hear news and to repeat it gave her a joy so keen as to be almost unholy, and by reason of this thirst for information and desire to impart what she acquired, Chalcy sometimes told more than she heard; at least that was what people said who did not appreciate her talents as a reporter.

She stepped noisily about the room, after banging the door, and soon waked the baby, whose indignant cries roused Silas, who groaned inwardly. He had six daughters of his own, and he knew that women were whimsical and incomprehensible beings. Chalcy, never still, lounged before the one small window and drummed on the pane with ten lean fingers. Serena lifted her eyebrows, but with wonderful self-command for so thin a woman, said nothing.

"D'ye know Tom 'ad come?" asked Chalcy presently, of no one in particular.

"I wonder!" exclaimed Serena. "Clarissy mint look at 'im now."

"Tom's got a minty good house to take a woman to," observed Martha, with a ruminating air. "I 'low thet ole man Baker'll set a heap by Tom's wife, an' they do say Mis Baker left no end o' quilts an' dishes. Law, ef Clarissy was my girl—"

"They wouldn't be no trouble then," sneered Serena, with a wicked side glance at Chalcy, "any girl but Clarissy 'd jump at the chance o' marryin' Tom Baker."

"I kin tell ye one thing," flashed Chalcy, "ef I aint smart 'nuff to be a fust wife I won't go stickin' myself where nobuddy thinks uv me enny more'n ef I wuz the dirt under their feet."

Serena's cheek flushed. Silas looked from one to the other. "Shet up, Chalcy!" he said sternly.

"You'd best make Sereny quit a-tantin' uv 'er then," thus Martha entered the conflict.

"Oh, hev yer jaw out," he exclaimed, starting up and going out.

Experience had taught him the wisdom of flight at such times. Silas Dean's was one of those natures made up of opposing qualities, so often found among those sects whose peculiar principles set them apart from the majority of their countrymen. He was an American, from the south originally, and had drifted to the uncertain region which is neither north nor south, the great middle west, where he had married a woman who was his superior in every respect, save one—she loved him. Her love made her yield weakly to his whims, and at last follow him to Mormonism; but when it came to the question of plural marriage, she refused to accept it, defied the church, and died a broken-hearted woman. All this had but settled Silas more firmly in the wild and visionary fancies which had taken hold of his narrow, credulous mind. He fed his imagination with lofty hopes of what the Lord might yet call him to do. He read and re-read the marvelous record of the Israelites, with a strange feeling that he had been with them in their journeyings. He would like to have gone back to the nomadic, wandering life of that time. He saw with delight the steady growth of God's people.

"We're a-makin' a noble history right straight along," was his favorite saying, as he reviewed the founding of the desert city. At all times his righteous wrath was hot against the Gentiles, who heard and believed not. One ambition he cherished in secret—a hope so dear that he had never profaned it by utterance. If only the call would come to him to go out among the misguided heathen, he felt that the Lord would touch his lips with holy fire and make many a waste place blossom with the fruit of the true word. But this night his soul was in darkness. The hope which had come to be a part of him lay so chill and lifeless in his breast, that he almost wished he had never known it; yet he could not give it up. Like many a wiser man, he had made out of his longing a Nemesis which gave him no peace.

He thought of Clarissy half angrily, and of her mother, never a pleasant subject for him. "Possessed of the devil," that was what had been said when she stubbornly set herself against his marriage with Martha. He had done his duty then, and he would do it now. He would go to-morrow and see Bishop Yelkton about it; perhaps he would talk to her.

The light swish of a woman's dress made him turn, and this brought him in front of Clarissy as she came down from the hill.

"Ben takin' a walk?" he asked, not unkindly, his gnarled and suspicious heart yearning over his daughter, whom he trembled for as one in danger of wandering out of the one way to eternal life.

"Yes, sir," she replied civilly, standing dutifully, as she saw he had something to say.

"Clarissy, what makes ye so diffrunt from the rest uv us?" he spoke, almost appealingly.

"Am I different?" There was a glad ring in her voice. "Mebbe I'm like mother."

"I 'lowed you'd most forgot her."

"I won't never forgit her. I try to remember everything 'bout her I kin," she said, earnestly.

"She wur a unregenerate woman," began Silas, gloomily.

"She wuz a Christian an' a saint," broke in his daughter, "an' she's an angel in heaven now, a heap nigher to Christ than we'll ever git, I'm afeerd."

She went on into the house, leaving her father in a state of dubious wonder as to whether her devil, if she really was possessed of one, was as dumb as he thought. Inside the house Serena's red eyes were evidence that her sharp tongue had not been a match for her heavier-witted, but coarser, antagonists. Clarissy's sore heart sank as she felt the jar of conflicting natures that would never be at peace.

"Come 'ere, Clarissy," called Chalcy, as she flattened her nose against the window. "I kin see a

light down to Baker'ses. It's in the settin' room, too; I bet Tom—" Clarissy slammed the door angrily as she went out to escape Chalcy's comments.

She hurried to her room and sat down with her back to the window. It was nothing to her if Tom Baker came home every day in the year, she was very sure of that. South of Silas Dean's place lay the farm belonging to Uncle Tommy Baker, who was uncle to everybody by virtue of a sweet temper and a hearty laugh, which made sunshine in many a dark place. Uncle Tommy was an Englishman; a man of shrewd, good sense, desiring peace and quiet and universal good will above all things. He had been twice married and twice a widower. His second wife had not "got on" well with her stepson; or he with her.

When the boy was twenty-one he had convinced his father that it was best for all that he should find a home elsewhere. For four years he had been away, except for short visits, but his father had missed him sadly, and since the death of his stepmother had urged his return. Uncle Tommy was now an old man, and crippled with rheumatism, so that he got around with difficulty. His affections were centered on two objects, his son and his farm. Perhaps the farm should come first, for he loved it with all the tenacity of his sturdy English nature. It was a pleasure to his old eyes to look over the rich meadows and fields of waving grain, and think how patiently he had wrought it out of the desert wilderness. It was his by a patent from nature's own hand. Tom shared this feeling, only he looked forward and saw what possibilities the future held.

They were not brilliant men, either of them, but theirs were strong, honest natures, sound to the core. They sat together in the sitting room this evening. Before his son's return, Uncle Tommy had liked to sit in the kitchen with his help, a middle-aged couple who "did" for him in doors and out, for he disliked sitting alone. Now Tom had come home to stay, there would be no more lonely evenings. They did not talk much; the silence which often fell between them was more expressive of mutual trust and affection than words could have been. It did the father good to note the fair hair and laughing blue eyes so like his own. It was like looking in a glass and seeing his own boyish face. After the fashion of old people, to whom memory is a blessed angel and not a mocking devil, he went back over his youthful days, lovingly and lingeringly.

"Eh, lad," he said, presently, taking his pipe from his mouth and speaking with a strong accent, as he always did when he had been dwelling on the past, "eh, lad, ye'll be gettin' married one o' these days, like?" There was a questioning inflection in his tone, but Tom made no reply.

"One thing, Tom, don't ye take a woman as speaks loud. Some on 'em has voices as would out-craik a crow, an' the low-spoken ones makes better wives. Happen they differ with you, the whole neighborhood ain't roused."

Tom thought of his stepmother's loud clack, which had gone on continually. "Don't you be afraid, father," he said, lightly, "there's no hurry anyway."

Even as he spoke his gaze wandered out, and his heart followed it, through the window, past the poplars with their fluttering gray robes, and up through the orchard where stood the old adobe house. How fast his heart beat as he thought of a slim, girlish form; of cold, dark eyes that were yet so beautiful. No, there was no hurry.

Apple picking was nearly over in Silas Dean's wind-twisted orchard. The girls, who had helped in the pleasant work, were inclined to be frisky over the last picking and storing away. Clarissy was happy with them, partly because it was hard to be gloomy in the exhilarating October sunshine, partly, from the reaction after a time of distressing doubts and fears. She came up the slope, trying to balance a basket of apples on her head, the children springing about her like laughing imps, but all the time keeping watchful eyes on their father at the other end of the orchard, for he had little sympathy with their pranks. Tom Baker heard their laughter as he came up through his father's orchard, and sprang over the low line fence. Only Chalcy saw him, and her laugh grew shriller, her antics more grotesque, in hopes she could unsettle Clarissy's hold; but that young lady walked steadily on, smiling a little at her success in carrying the basket. When, as she turned to enter the apple-house, she saw Tom, the basket trembled, up went her hands to steady it, and Tom stepped quickly forward to help her lift it down. It was done in an instant, but in that instant of surprise he looked straight in her eyes, and saw there neither dislike nor coldness, but—was it only friendship? The next moment the children were crowding about him with noisy greetings, and Silas came toward them with a hearty—

"Howdy, howdy Tom; w'y, yer most a stranger."

"Lawsy, Pap, looky there," whispered Chalcy shrilly, as a horseman rode up to the gate, "ef 'tain't the bishop!"

Silas hastened to welcome his superior, the children flocking after him. Try as she might, Clarissy could not put on the frosty air with which she had always endeavored to treat this frank admirer. He was so evidently happy at seeing her again, and she was so glad to see him, although she would not have owned it, that her eyes would soften and her cheeks dimple with pleasure, and she even felt foolishly happy when he whispered—

"Oh, Clarissy, I wonder if you're half as glad to see me as I am to see you."

"Well, measure your gladness an' I'll tell you," she said, saucily. "I reckon 'twouldn't more'n fill a pint measure," she went on, mockingly.

Tom would certainly have told her then and there how glad he was, had not the bishop advanced with outstretched hand to shake unctiously as became a bishop.

Silas was nothing if not noisily hospitable: "Come right in, bishop," he urged, "we're powerful glad to see ye. Nice weather, ain't it? Jest walk right in t'other room. Chalcy, ye take the bishop's horse 'round an' tend to it. Clarissy, rustle now an' git up a supper as is a supper. Where's Tom? Oh, he's gone to help the girls. Wal, bishop, how's the times a-usin' ye?"

"Oh, fairly, fairly," replied the urbane brother, "I've nothing to complain of, bless the Lord."

Bishop George Yelkton was a fine looking man; that is, he had a large, commanding presence, wavy brown hair and keen hazel eyes. He was what is called a masterful man, and he knew it, and was perfectly willing to sustain that reputation. He shook hands with Sister Martha and Sister Serena, and praised the baby and asked its age, all in orthodox style.

"You're doing your duty, Brother Dean," he said, frankly, "helping to build up the kingdom, I see; and you dwell here in this pleasant place like a patriarch of old, surrounded by your family, in peace and comfort. Ah, sisters," his voice grow mournfully tender, and he drew a spotless white handkerchief from his pocket and laid it gracefully across his knee, "many a time when I have wandered in foreign lands, lonely and among strangers, homesick for the blessed gates of Zion, I have thought longingly of some quiet spot where I might sit down under mine own vine and fig tree and spend my days in peace; but the Lord has called me to the work, and I will not falter. If it is His will, I can go cheerfully on, trying in my weak way to lead poor, perishing souls to the light of the only true gospel. May the Lord bless his unworthy servant."

Some unlucky chance brought Clarissy into the room during this speech, and the bishop saw, or imagined he saw, a look of contempt on her face as she went out again. He inwardly resented the fancied slight, and it stung the deeper as he imagined her making fun of him, and Tom laughing with her.

"H'm," he began, ominously, "that young man that was here as I came in, he's Uncle Tommy Baker's son, isn't he?"

He knew perfectly well who Tom was, and he

knew, too, that this questioning would raise vague suspicions in the minds of his hearers.

"Yes," replied Silas, heartily, "thet's ole Uncle Tawmy's only boy. Him an' my girls, they've purty nigh growed up together."

The bishop shook his head sadly, then he sighed heavily and frowned, and, when his small audience was sufficiently impressed by these silent doubts of Tom's worthiness, remarked, more in sorrow than in wrath: "Thomas Baker is a weak man, and I have doubts about this boy; but that wasn't what I came over for." He spoke briskly, as if dismissing a disagreeable subject. "Now about Clarissy—what's the matter with her?"

In the solemn council that followed, Clarissy's peculiarities were mercilessly scanned, Silas even coming to feel a mournful pride at being concerned in a matter worthy of the bishop's attention.

Meanwhile Tom had been received in the kitchen, with a kindness as delightful as it was rare. While Chalcy put the bishop's horse away, Clarissy, with Tom's help, built a fire in the cook stove; then they filled the teakettle, and she laughed at his awkwardness, and he laughed because she did. Courtship in a country kitchen has a flavor of its own, sweet and simple. The homely tasks are invested with a new and delightful interest, suggestive of a housekeeping in the enchanted future, and then there are delightful opportunities for gay scorn and gentle ridicule at a man's clumsy attempts to help with the cooking.

There was much joking of this kind at Tom's efforts to be helpful, and everything seemed the funnier because they had to be careful that no sound of mirth should penetrate the sacred precincts of the "other room," lest Martha or Serena, or perhaps Silas himself, might come out and scold about the noise. Chalcy suffered especially under this repression. Three times did she drop the potatoes she was peeling, and, dashing out of the back door, bend over the huge water barrel and shriek wildly with laughter she could not control.

"Oh, Tom!" exclaimed Clarissy, at last, "we'll never get supper with you here. If you really want to help us, go get some finer wood." She looked up at him, her face dimpling with laughter, her pretty arms bare, as she stood rolling out dough for biscuits. Chalcy's shrill cackle sounded faintly from outside. Tom bent his head; one instant, thrilling and delicious, his lips rested softly on hers, the next he was out at the wood pile, working like a Trojan—that is, if a Trojan ever chopped wood—while Clarissy, with a very rosy face, was cutting out biscuits as if for dear life.

"Clarissy," cried Chalcy a few moments later, "be you plum crazy, a-puttin' the biskit in the cub-

berd an' the rollin' pin in the oven?" and Clarissy said she guessed she was.

When Bishop Yelkton took leave of Silas that evening, he spoke seriously. "I should judge, Brother Dean," he said, "that your daughter is not really perverse, only like too many other young people she likes her own opinions. We were all young once, you know. But don't you be in a hurry to throw her away on young Baker. She needs a matured mind, strong in faith, to guide her into the way of life, and you are responsible for her immortal soul, you know," which Silas received as from an oracle.

Bishop Yelkton rode homeward, engaged in meditation, which was, on the whole, rather pleasurable than otherwise. He reviewed the time since, a young, ambitious man, he had become a Mormon. Twenty years of careful planning and thoughtful work, with his eyes always open to the main chance for himself, had made him wealthy and influential, high in favor with priests and people, and he was only forty-five now, just in the prime of life. He had been very fortunate in his five marriages, too, but that was due to his good judgment in choosing wives. His first wife he had married before becoming a Mormon. She had brought him some property and had been a good wife, and though she had no doubt suffered under the workings of the special dispensation, she was willing to yield consent to his plural marriages, and so retain the prestige of a respected first wife. His second and third wives were English girls—sisters, strong, homely women, good managers and thankful for home and children and a divided husband. The fourth and fifth were Danes, the bishop's observation and experience having led him to conclude that the women of the old countries were more obedient as wives than their American sisters.

They were all good women in their ways, but lately he had felt the need of a wife who would be something more to him than it was in their natures to be. He had first been conscious of the lack in his life when he had noticed Clarissy Dean's beauty, and he had fully made up his mind to marry her some time before, and the jealousy roused in him by seeing Tom with her now hastened his determination into action. He felt a glow of righteous satisfaction at the thought of upsetting Tom's evident hopes. These young men were apt to be too brash, he reflected, grimly; they needed a little taking down to make them realize that they were not the only ones in the world. Altogether, the bishop was not sorry to be the means of lowering Tom's confidence.

As for Tom, he walked on air all the way home, and then fell to worrying lest he had offended Clarissy by his boldness. He never thought of the bishop at all. The next day being Sunday, what was

more natural than for Tom to find Clarissy walking under the apple trees alone. He wondered if she could be thinking of him, and he had the grace to blush a little at remembrance of the stolen kiss. Then, as she heard his step and turned toward him, her blush answered his, then both spoke at once, then laughed, and felt at ease.

"Clarissy," said Tom, presently, "we haven't walked up the gap since I came home; don't you think it would seem like old times to go?"

"I don't s'pose it'll make us feel like children again," she answered lightly, but turned, and they went up the hill past the little hut, where Peter and his new wife sat in the sun outside. The baby was playing in the doorway, and inside Hanchen sat and rocked alone.

They went on up into the sunny stillness of the hills, where no sound stirred, save the low moaning of the wind as it crept through the gap, a narrow defile, whose rocky sides towered up bare and grim, softened by no grace of fern or moss. The path widened on the right, and here a large stone formed a rude seat, to which their feet tended as if from habit.

"Did you ever come up here and think of me?" asked Tom.

"Oh, I didn't have to come way up here to think of you," and she smiled roguishly.

Tom sighed: "I love you, Chalcy," he said, simply. It was the first time he had ever spoken to her of love. "You know I've loved you a long time, and I'll love you as long as I live, darling; don't you think you could love me well enough to be my wife?" He took her hand, half timidly, but she would not look at him.

"Don't look at me so," she cried suddenly, drawing her hand away.

He turned his eyes away.

"Turn clear away, so't you can't see me at all," commanded the girl. "Tom," she said solemnly, when he had taken the desired position, "air you a Mormon?"

"W'y, of course I am," was the surprised reply. "Ain't you?"

"No," was the unexpected reply, "I ain't, an' I never was an' never will be, an' I won't marry one, neither."

"Clarissy, tell me what you mean."

"Oh, I knew you'd hate me," she sobbed helplessly.

"Then you do care," he whispered, "you do love me a little, don't you, dear?"

She did not draw her hands away. "I tried not to," she said, coloring deeply, "I didn't know I did, sure, till, till you kissed me."

"What do you mean," he asked presently, "when you say you ain't a Mormon?"

"I hate it," she replied bitterly. "You can't know how I feel, but I'll tell you. When we first came here to Utah, father an' mother didn't know nothin' about plural marriage, an' when they first heerd of it they both thought 'twas dreadful; but the elders kep' talkin' to father, an' so fin'ly he give in." She shuddered at the remembrance of that time, then went on in a low, hurried tone: "That was an awful day when he told mother he was goin' to take another wife. She begged him not to, an' told him mebbe she wouldn't live long, she wasn't very strong; but 'twas no use. He said it was his duty to do it, an' hers to submit, an' when she wouldn't they degraded her an' put Marthy over her as first wife. She didn't live quite a year after that, an' I 'most hate father when I think how he treated her. He made me stay away from her, an' said she was bad, but I'd creep into her room of nights an' we'd talk in whispers for fear they'd hear us. I told Marthy she lied once, when she said mother was a wicked woman an' sure to go to hell, an' father he took me in mother's room—she was sick abed—an' he whipped me till I was sick. Nex' time I saw her she was dyin'. She hadn't spoke all day. I guess they thought she was too weak to talk, or they wouldn't ha' let me in. She put her arm 'round my neck an' whispered low for me to promise her to never be a Mormon, an' to git away from 'em. Then she died, but I kissed her poor face, an' promised jest as if she could know. I'd learnt enough not to tell nobody how I felt about Mormonism, an' I never have till now. I know I don't feel right to father, but oh, I can't never forgive him for keepin' me away from her."

She burst into bitter tears that would not be re-

pressed. Tom was silent, not knowing how to comfort her.

"I'm a wicked girl," she said presently, "I don't love my father, an' if I married you, an' you took another wife, I'd hate you both. I'll keep my promise to mother, an' I can't marry you 'less you'll be a Gentile."

"Clarissy," said Tom earnestly, "if you'll marry me I'll never take another wife. W'y, I couldn't; I've loved you ever since I've knowed you."

"They'd make you do it, or they'd kill you," replied the girl sadly.

"Oh, the days of the Danites are over," said Tom, with youth's easy confidence. "I hear they're going to build a railroad up through Cache, and father says if once the railroad comes this way the people won't be so bogoty. The Gentiles will come in and everything will be different then; but Clarissy," his voice was very tender and his lips almost touched her flushed cheek, "you know father won't go away, he's so old now. He wants to die at home, he says, and I promised him this time I came home I wouldn't leave him again. It's very lonely down at the house, my dear, won't you trust me and let me try to make you happy."

Clarissy was not made of marble, and she loved Tom very dearly, yet she could not forget her mother's warnings.

"You make it awful hard for me," she said, simply, "but you know I love you, Tom," and with that he had to be content for the present.

"I've got to go down to Ogden to-morrow," he told her at parting, "and I may be gone a week or two. Will you be glad to see me when I come back?"

"Wait and see," she said demurely, and with that they parted.

LUELLING.

THE SKAGIT COUNTRY.

THAT part of Washington known as the Skagit country is in the northern portion of the territory, along the eastern shore of Puget sound. It properly includes all the region drained by the Skagit river, which is the largest stream flowing through American territory to the sound. This river takes its rise in Southern British Columbia, and has a general southerly and westerly course to its mouth, a distance of nearly one hundred and fifty miles. Skagit county lies mostly within the basin of this stream, as does also a considerable portion of Whatcom. The Skagit flows through the eastern part of the latter county, and the surface of the country is quite rugged. Not many settlers have pushed so far back into the mountainous region yet, so that section has not acquired the prominence that the more accessible Skagit county has. There are many small, fertile valleys on both sides of the river as it flows southward from British Columbia, which can be utilized in connection with stock raising, dairying, etc., to good advantage; but the fact that there is much land in more accessible locations has made it unnecessary for settlers to go far interior in view of the disadvantages of primitive means of communication that exist in a new country. The valley of the Skagit, from where it turns from its southerly course and flows westward toward the sound, grows gradually wider until it loses its identity and merges with the Swinomish flat.

The valley proper of the Skagit river contains a large quantity of valuable timber, though not all the land bears a heavy growth. Fir is the principal timber, but cedar, spruce, hemlock, a white pine, cottonwood, soft maple and alder are found in more or less abundance. In former years lumbering was the chief industry pursued in the valley, but now agriculture has grown to be of first importance, and it is rapidly increasing. Lumbering is also increasing, the output of logs for 1888 being about sixty million feet. Some of the finest timber in the world is found on the table lands at the base of the mountains tributary to this river. Woodmen now get wages averaging about \$60.00 per month, and logs bring from \$5.00 to \$7.50 per thousand delivered at the mill. The land does not remain open to filing long after being surveyed, and the timber claims as far back as any have yet been taken command a ready market.

The soil of the Skagit country is of superior richness, even for the Pacific slope. The Swinomish flat comprises about twenty thousand acres, near the mouth of the river, that was once tide land, but is now reclaimed and nearly all improved. The soil is deep vegetable mould and the fine mineral sediment deposited by the river. The sea is kept from over-

flowing these lands by dykes four or five feet high, built of the clay which forms the subsoil for most of that region. On these flats grain (except corn), vegetables and fruits are produced in surpassing abundance. After reclaiming the land from the salt sea water, it has to freshen one season before it is fit for growing crops, but after that its richness seems to be exhaustless. The advantages of the Skagit country are acknowledged by eastern seedsmen, who have taken steps to produce certain seeds for the world's markets on this flat land. One firm raises twenty-five thousand pounds of cabbage seed alone on its farm in the flat lands of Skagit county, and it is recognized that the cabbage and cauliflower seeds grown in this section are the best in the world. The small portion of the Swinomish flat that is not now improved belongs to men who own the adjoining land, but have not yet been able to cultivate all their tract. Lands here are worth from \$75.00 to \$100.00 per acre. The soil of these flats is not so early as that of some of the higher land, but the yield of crops when the harvest comes is remarkable, and a failure has never been known there. The Beaver marsh immediately to the east of the Swinomish flat, the delta of the Skagit and the Olympia marsh back a little in the interior, constitute a large area of land of characteristics similar to those above mentioned, but they are less improved and consequently offer advantages to the settler of small means. The Olympia marsh was once evidently the bed of the river, or of a shallow lake, and the operations of beavers dammed it. It is now probably the richest body of unimproved land in the Puget sound basin. Its extent is about twelve thousand acres and on establishing drains through the beaver dams this large area of black loam, varying in depth from ten inches to as many feet, will be susceptible of cultivation. Settlers are rapidly taking up this land, and all of it soon will be occupied. Every variety of grain, vegetables and fruit that can be raised in the Upper Mississippi valley or in the North Atlantic states, except corn, can be produced successfully here; and the harvests are entirely beyond comparison with those of the east. The humidity of the climate and the cool summer nights are not favorable to either the breeding or working of insects that frequently devastate the grain fields of other parts of the country, and the mild winters are also an advantage to the farmer. The rainy season is not so pronounced as at points farther south on the coast, rain falling only about as frequently as snow in the states east of the Rockies, but there is always considerable moisture in the air.

While the cost of living is about ten per cent. greater here than in most of the eastern states, the prices which the producer receives for his wares are

more than proportionally great. Beef cattle taken off the range bring eight to ten cents per pound dressed, milch cows are worth \$40.00 to \$80.00 per head, oxen \$200.00 to \$350.00 per pair, and farm horses \$150.00 to \$250.00 each. Eggs bring twenty-five to fifty cents a dozen, butter thirty-five to fifty cents a pound, potatoes seventy-five cents a bushel, and hay on the river bank \$12.00 to \$20.00 per ton. The Skagit river, being navigable the whole length of the valley, furnishes a good means of transportation, but most of the home grown agricultural products find a market among the local lumbermen. Five or six steamers ply regularly between the Skagit and Seattle, which is about sixty miles to the southward, and is the nearest city of any considerable size. The West Coast railroad, which is now being constructed to connect the Northern Pacific and the Canadian Pacific systems, will cross the Skagit valley about fifteen miles inland, and the Manitoba has made a preliminary survey down the valley to the coast with the avowed intention of constructing a road to tide water at some point on the sound either in Skagit county or Whatcom, which adjoins it on the north. If all the projected lines are completed this valley will be as well provided with transportation facilities as any portion of the country, and it is now by no means isolated from the rest of the world.

For persons possessing some knowledge of the manufacture of lumber, there are fine opportunities for paying investments in the Skagit country. Rough lumber sells for \$12.00 to \$14.00 per thousand, and dressed brings \$18.00 to \$30.00. Timber is easily obtained, and the supply is practically unlimited. The demand for lumber and other building materials is brisk at all times. Brick can not be supplied as fast as the market calls for them, and a brick kiln in the valley would certainly be a profitable investment. There is plenty of good clay to be obtained. Among the other minerals of the Skagit country coal takes the lead. Some thirty miles above the mouth of the Skagit river, at Connor's mountain, there are four veins of the only bituminous coal found in the Puget sound basin. These veins vary in thickness from three to eight feet. In another mountain in the northern part of Skagit county there have recently been discovered fifteen veins of this same kind of coal, supposed to be a continuation of the same vein found in Connor mountain. An analysis of the coal from this discovery shows it to be eighty-nine per cent. carbon, a result said never before to have been obtained from coal in the United States. Across a deep gorge from Connor mountain is Iron mountain, where five distinct veins of iron ore have been discovered, and it is believed that many more exist. These veins are from twelve to seventy-five feet in

thickness, and lie in a position that will admit of their being worked by tunnels and without the use of pumps. The ore is a brown hematite, free from sulphur and phosphorus, and it melts readily. Samples of this ore taken to the Irondale smelter yielded sixty per cent. of pure metal. The mineral development of the Skagit country will prove a bonanza to the Puget sound basin and the whole North Pacific slope. Capital is what is needed to bring out this mineral wealth.

The population of the Skagit valley is about two thousand. There are now fourteen school districts on the river, in which three hundred children attend public schools. Methodists, Baptists and Catholics have church edifices and flourishing church societies. The people are enlightened and progressive. The metropolis is La Conner, a town of about five hundred inhabitants, situated on Saratoga passage, a little north of the mouth of the Skagit. It is the largest town in the county. The *Puget Sound Mail*, published there, is the oldest paper in the county, and it is a live exponent of the local interests. The county seat is Mt. Vernon, on Skagit river. It has a population of about four hundred, is the seat of a large lumber industry, and is a thriving and growing town. *The News* is published there weekly. Anacortes is a prosperous town on Fidalgo island. It has one paper, *The Enterprise*. There are not many Indians in the Skagit valley, and none of warlike tendencies. The game of the Skagit country includes elk, deer, mountain goat, black bear, panther, ducks, geese, and several kinds of fish. There are no poisonous reptiles of any sort.

The Skagit country is one of the newest of the sub-valleys of the region known as the Puget sound basin. A few of the settlers have been there quite a number of years, but most of the growth has taken place within a comparatively brief period. Nor is the development of the natural resources of that section more than fairly commenced yet. The population is very sparse, and in many places where there now appear to be no features of particular interest important discoveries are likely to be made when better prospecting is done. About one-fourth of the agricultural land of the Skagit valley is still open for entry under the homestead and pre-emption acts. The most convenient locations are, of course, the first ones that are taken, but there are many who have tracts larger than they can cultivate and are willing to sell portions of their lands. Forty to eighty acres is all one family can profitably cultivate in general crops, and that amount properly handled is more than enough to comfortably support an ordinary family. Deeded lands may be obtained from settlers at from \$5.00 to \$15.00 per acre for the unimproved, and the

price of the improved land depends upon the amount and character of the improvements, the advantage of location, etc.

Though not in the Skagit valley, there is a tract of very fertile land in the northwestern part of Skagit county which is closely identified with the Skagit country and practically is a part of it. This is the Samish river valley. The Samish is a small stream, only about twenty-five miles long, emptying into the bay of the same name. It drains a country that is very similar to the lower part of the Skagit valley. Its physical and industrial characteristics closely resemble those of the Skagit country. The Samish valley now has a population of about seven hundred souls, including about seventy Indians, many of whom are engaged in agriculture. The chief town is Edision, which is built upon an excellent site for the establishment of manufacturing institutions. The one saw mill now there is said to produce the finest quality of clear lumber in the world. There are special inducements for wooden-ware factories here. The

same kind of rich flat lands which lie about the mouth of the Skagit are found on the Samish, and most of them are occupied by settlers or owned by non-residents, from whom purchases can be made at from \$12.00 to \$15.00 per acre. Fishing is an important business here, there being a salmon cannery on the island at the mouth of the river, and oysters and clams being found in abundance in Samish bay. Game is even more plentiful than in the Skagit valley. The mineral lands of the Samish have never been prospected to any considerable extent, but good bog ore has been found and there are outcroppings of an excellent quality of bituminous coal. Gold can be found in the sand in almost any part of the valley, and experts have expressed the opinion that there are immense gold and silver quartz deposits in the mountains from which the Samish flows. Steps are now being taken to more thoroughly prospect that section, and if the indications pan out well there will doubtless be a big rush of immigration to that locality in the near future.

FANCY—FACT.

Youth's hopes run high,
 For love is sweet,
 And fame and honor easy won,
 Life's burdens light,
 Old age a myth,
 And death a far-off thing unseen.

Old age sits dumb, with folded hands,
 Amid the winter's drifting snows;
 For love is dead and fame was naught,
 Youth's hopes were dreams,
 All unfulfilled through all the years—Alas! Alas!
 That age is real and death is near.

I. M. WHITE.



A GLIMPSE OF VANCOUVER, W.T. FROM COURT HOUSE.



ALBANY, OREGON. FIRST ST. LOOKING SOUTH.

THE RAILWAY CENTER OF THE VALLEY.

THE railway center of the Willamette valley is the city of Albany. And not only has it this very prominent distinction, but it is the central and most important primary shipping point, both by river and by rail. The junction of two such important transportation lines as the Southern Pacific and the Oregon Pacific railways is of great advantage. Besides this, Albany is at a point where a branch road joins the main Oregon line of the Southern Pacific. The branch extends to the eastward, and is the chief artery of commerce for an important portion of Linn county. It brings to Albany the large quantities of grain and wool and miscellaneous products from the farms and from the ranges that are designed for consumption in the local market or for shipment abroad, either by way of Portland or Yaquina bay, and it takes from Albany the merchandise which the people along the line consume. Some twelve miles east of Albany, at Lebanon, this branch forms a junction with the narrow gauge road which extends across the county north and south parallel with the Southern Pacific main line, and this connection, in a considerable measure, is a feeder for Albany.

Besides the railroad connections which Albany has in the operation of these two systems, it has every advantage of the navigation of the Willamette river. Indeed, the Oregon Pacific, in the absence of other feeders, operates a line of boats on the river, drawing the produce for a considerable distance along the banks of the stream to Albany for shipment to tide water. The Oregon Railway & Navigation Company also has a line of steamers on the river and competes with the other transportation lines doing business at Albany. Thus there is sharp competition in local river and railroad traffic, and Albany business men have the choice of two routes to tide water for all shipments abroad they choose to make—the Oregon Pacific to Yaquina bay or the Southern Pacific to Portland. Not content with these, the citizens of Albany have organized a new company to build a railway to Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia. Considerable work on the Astoria end of this line has already been done, and the indications are favorable for its continuance across the Coast mountains to Albany. This would give the city three distinct routes to the seaboard. The Oregon Pacific is now constructed sixty miles eastward from Albany and is rapidly pushing its way through the Cascades to eastern connections. There now radiate from this center, like the spokes of a wheel, five railway tracks, besides the lines of steamers on the river.

The fact that so many transportation lines converge at this point is proof of its importance. The

mere crossing of two railway tracks is not, of course, significant. A railroad crossing is not necessarily a commercial city any more than a country four-corners is; but when lines from widely divergent points come together and there is a scramble among competing corporations that leads to a final concentration of interests at a strategic point for commerce, it is the strongest evidence that the situation is one of more than ordinary importance. The important fact that Albany has feeders ramifying the country in all directions, collecting produce and distributing merchandise, shows that it has commercial independence and is not laid under tribute to oppressive monopoly, nor is it suffering from any lack of modern conveniences. Lines of trade converge at Albany because such an arrangement is the most conducive to success and profit. Trade would not flow to Albany if any other point presented greater advantages to the interested people, any more than water will naturally flow up hill; and traffic lines will not be built where there is no trade to sustain them. If the concentration of traffic means anything—and no one will for a moment doubt that it is significant—it indicates that the point selected possesses superior qualifications from a commercial point of view, and that it commands peculiar advantages to which the business world is very sensitive. About such points, where the interchange of commodities is easy and natural, grow our large cities.

To one who examines Albany's prosperity closely it is apparent that the city's growth has not been caused entirely by its being located at a point convenient for the exchange of various wares. The productiveness of the surrounding country, of course, is an essential factor, but the ability to utilize and classify the somewhat incongruous volume that flows in from the producers is also of great importance. To manufacture where the inevitable refuse may have some value—there is always a market for the finest productions—and before transportation charges on coarse raw materials have made them dear, is one of the features of economy that presents itself to every community of varied resources. The ability to manufacture is one of the influences, which, taken in connection with the traffic advantages of the place, gives Albany a secure foundation on which to base a large and rapid growth. Wheat comes into the city and a considerable portion of it is manufactured, the flour shipped to foreign markets and the coarser product sent back to the producer, or, at any rate, consumed by the domestic market. Thus with manufactories of wool, wood, etc., advantages of preparing as fully as possible for the final market are important. The nearest approach to the conservation of the industrial forces brings the surest and most lasting prosperity.

When Albany secured the magnificent water pow-

er which the canal from the Santiam river furnishes, it was with the realization that the development of the resources of that section would warrant preparations on a large scale for manufacturing. There are now located at Albany four flouring mills, two foundries and machine shops, a saw mill, a planing mill, wire weaving works, three furniture factories, two grain warehouses and two breweries, the machinery of which is driven by water power furnished by the canal, and still a large portion of the water is allowed to go to waste. A large woolen mill is one of the institutions which Albany has in prospect, and steps have been taken to secure a creamery and cheese factory of large capacity. The business men of the town offer financial aid, and such inducements as immunity from municipal taxation, special water power privileges, etc., make the field an attractive one to investors. Paper mills would find Albany an exceptionally favorable location, and it is deemed probable that an enterprise of this sort will, ere long, be added to the industries of the city. The manufacture of flax would be found profitable here. An oat meal mill will soon be erected.

From the illustrations of the city of Albany which appear in this number of THE WEST SHORE, a pretty good idea of its general appearance and location can be obtained. The glimpse of the town is a view from the southeast, looking toward the Willamette river, the location of which is just beyond the business structures farthest from the point of observation, its course being from left to right in the picture. The Calipooia river forms the southwestern limit of the city and empties into the Willamette near the left background of the picture. The water power canal, which appears in the illustration, divides in the city, one portion emptying into the Calipooia and the other into the Willamette, a head of twenty-six to thirty feet being obtained. A good view of the Willamette river front is shown on another page.

Six teachers are employed in the public school building which appears in one of the engravings. The Academy of Sacred Heart is a successful Roman Catholic school. The court house, street view, etc., afford an idea of the business and public buildings of the city. There are ten church edifices in the town, and the many private residences of modern styles of architecture, with an air of elegance and comfort, is a pleasing feature of the city that is peculiarly attractive to the stranger. The people are enterprising in business and cordial in their social relations.

Among the public improvements now in contemplation is a street car line to extend from the Southern Pacific railway depot to and through the principal business street. The project of organizing a company for this purpose is in the hands of progressive

men, and the current year will doubtless see the consummation of the enterprise. With water works, electric lights, good sidewalks, graded streets, and an adequate sewerage system, Albany is in the front rank of western cities in municipal progress. One of the best hotels in the state of Oregon was recently opened in the city, and a fourth banking institution is likely soon to be established. These—the hotel and the banking business—indicate pretty accurately the prosperous trend of the business of the city, and for a town of thirty-five hundred inhabitants Albany presents an unusually good showing in this respect. The town does not stand still; there is a constant movement in business that prevents stagnation in any field of industry. Real estate transactions are brisk and growing in importance, both in Albany and in the tributary country. Albany being the capital of the county, as well as its commercial and social metropolis, the movements in realty are readily noted there.

Strangers who visit Albany can not help being favorably impressed with its advantageous situation and its chances for growth. The city is surrounded by one of the finest tracts of agricultural land in the world, the Willamette valley. The level land extends back from the river several miles, the surface finally becoming rolling and broken toward the mountain ranges which bound the valley. In the territory tributary to Albany there are a number of enterprising villages, where more or less manufacturing is done. Land may be purchased in all sorts of locations, from the river bottom to the crest of the mountains, the value, of course, depending on the location with reference to markets and the amount of improvements on the tract, as well as upon the character of the soil, timber, etc. Large quantities of fine grazing lands are open to settlement and purchase in the foothills. Gold, silver and coal are among the most valuable mineral productions of the county. Fruit raising is rapidly becoming a leading industry, and one that is capable of indefinite expansion. The resources of the region about Albany are rich and various, and certainly commend it to the home seeker in the west.

KLAMATH COUNTY LANDS AND DITCHES.

NOW that the construction of one or more railroads through Southeastern Oregon seems almost certain within a few years at most, land in that region is increasing in value. There is no desirable land not occupied or owned, but both improved and unimproved land of good quality can be purchased at reasonable figures. Irrigation is necessary in cultivating crops, and land thus rendered arable is equal in fer-

tility and productiveness to any in the state. Some of our land-wise residents argue that Klamath county realty will advance fifty per cent. within the next two years, but we do not give it as conclusive that such will be the case. There are two irrigating ditches of generous proportions in the county, one taken from the Big Klamath lake, running from thence a distance of about fifteen miles, emptying into Lost river. This ditch has been in successful operation for more than two years, and has distributed water along its line to quite a number of farmers, much to their benefit, and also a small profit to the owners. It will, in time, no doubt, be a paying investment. There is another ditch of about equal dimensions, known as the Little Klamath ditch, which has not been so successfully operated as the first referred to, on account of the irregularity of its source, Lower Klamath lake; but it is presumed that this defect will be remedied the coming season, and ample water be furnished for a vast body of land lying adjacent to Lost river and Tule lake, which is of a pronounced desert character, yet produces well when thoroughly irrigated. A company has recently been incorporated, known as the Klamath Ditch & Canal Company, with a capital stock of \$100,000.00, the object of which is to construct a ditch or canal of mammoth dimensions from the Big Klamath lake to the Oregon and California state line, on Tule lake, which will necessarily be a distance of about forty miles by the meanderings of the proposed ditch or canal. This enterprise is in the hands of men of means, and if brought to perfection will, without doubt, be a great pecuniary benefit to the owners, as well as Klamath county at large.

SALMON RIVER REGION, IDAHO.

THAT portion of Central Idaho known as the "Salmon river country," is destined in the near future to be a very prosperous mining region. A large number of gold-bearing quartz lodes, containing fairly rich ore, have been discovered, and quite a number are being opened. For many years this section was worked for placer gold, and several millions were taken out. The diggings about Florence, Warrens and Leesburg were visited by thousands of pioneers, and many of the number made respectable fortunes. Only a year or so ago was there any attention given to the gold quartz resources of the country, and since then there have been numerous rich discoveries made.

This Salmon river region is a most excellent gold quartz field. It is extensive and the ores are usually free milling and comparatively rich in the yellow metal. The veins are both contacts and fissures, and they show all indications of permanence. The lodes

are of all sizes, from veinlets of only a few inches to immense fissures showing enough ore to run large mills many years. A large number of these veins contain ore that will sample from \$10.00 to over \$1,000.00 per ton. The formation is chiefly granite, porphyry, slate and quartzite, but nearly all rocks are represented in this region, including the eruptive, metamorphic, crystalline and sedimentary. It is seldom that rocks of a more recent age than the carboniferous are met with. The surface structure of the country is made up almost exclusively of archæan and primordial formations. The country has been subjected to profound volcanic and igneous action, and throughout the region may be found eruptive dikes and outflows of lava. We may say the country is all broken up by faults and dikes, and in these faults, or dislocations, are generally found the metalliferous veins.

The extent of the field is more than four times as large as the Black Hills of Dakota. It embraces all that region between the Snake river lava fields, on the south, to the Cœur d'Alene region, on the north, and between the Seven Devils range on the west and the continental divide on the east, about thirty thousand square miles.

The country is well watered and abundantly supplied with pine timber; in fact, some portions are densely timbered. All the streams abound in trout, and throughout the mountains may be found considerable large game, such as elk, moose, deer and bear. The quartz prospector has a rare field in this Salmon river region. All seem to make valuable discoveries. In fact, the writer does not know of a single instance where the practical man has failed of success.

The mountain section varies in elevation from four thousand to nearly thirteen thousand feet above the ocean level, the timber line on the north slopes extending as far up as ten thousand feet, and on the south slopes about twelve thousand feet. Good agricultural land is very limited in this region, owing to the uncommon ruggedness of the country. What few thousand acres there are have been nearly all taken up, and some very good ranches are owned and profitably worked. The land is usually very productive, and the grain and vegetables grown here are as good as anywhere else in the west. The deep snowfall in winter gives a copious supply of water for irrigating in summer. Were all the land cultivated that is fit for cultivation, the production of cereals and vegetables would more than supply the population; in fact, more than supply ten times the population, as there are only a few thousand people in the whole Salmon river region.

The climate of this region is eminently salubrious, attested by the fact that a number of the early settlers and pioneers of this section are still here, hale and hearty. Nearly all the tributaries of the Salmon river contain and wash out gold into the river, and the sands and gravel beds along the stream contain millions of dollars worth of the precious metal, considerable of which will likely be secured in the future.

CHARLES F. BLACKBURN.

THE TRAGEDY OF QUILICENE BAY.

THE Puget Sound region, though less than a week's journey from our Atlantic coast, is to most of our citizens still an unknown land, though thousands of tourists now find their way annually to its happy hunting-grounds. There is, perhaps, no locality in either hemisphere where nature has been more bountiful in bestowing her gifts. The placid Pacific reaches her blue arms far inland, and the salt tide ebbs and flows into smiling bays and land-locked harbors for hundreds of miles. Calm, clear and irregular, unobstructed by rocks and shoals, its lake-like surface is navigable throughout its entire length to the largest of ocean craft. The shores of this picturesque inland sea are precipitous and bold. No inodorous and unsightly reaches of mud are exposed when the tide is out. Majestic fir and graceful spruce, rivaling the California big trees in size, tone the rugged outlines of the hills and cover the rocky slopes with an impenetrable mantle of the deepest green.

To the east Mt. Baker lifts his head above the clouds, a glittering mass of snow and ice. Westward, like the vertebra of some immense saurian bleaching in the summer sunlight, shine the continuous peaks of the Olympian range. To the south Rainier stands like a cone of Parian marble fourteen thousand four hundred and forty feet above sea level, while in the dim distance, like fleecy, sun-kissed clouds, St. Helens and Hood raise their pure and spotless forms, fanned by breezes breathed from far citrus groves, a fitting crown for the golden foot-hills of the Occident.

On every side, fed by melted snow from the mountains, furious and foaming rivers, swift torrents, teeming with trout and silver-sided salmon, plunge and dash their crystal tides into the still waters of the sound. The cave-like coldness of the forest shade, the scent of spruce and fir, the musical murmur of the breeze toying with the topmost tassels of the evergreens, the pervading sense of restful freedom and the tonic influence of the bracing sea atmosphere, and the charming diversity of scenery supply all that the lover of nature in his grandest aspects could dream of or desire.

Hood's canal, a western arm of the sound (not formed by man as its name might indicate) is a fjord-like body of water, a rift through the mountains, sixty miles long and only a few in width, ranging from two to seven. Quilicene is a charming little bay on this canal, which from almost any point of observation, has the appearance of a quiet inland lake, and to disabuse one of this idea it is almost necessary to taste its salt waters and see the throbbing pulse-like tide ebb and flow. The surrounding forest is quite impassable, except where a trail has been cut

through the underbrush. Fallen trees are plentiful, and dozens obstruct the trails after every heavy wind storm. The roots do not penetrate deeply into the soil, but spread out and cover a large surface, and if the tree leans, or if from any cause the roots are loosened, a monarch of the forest will topple over, carrying with it oftentimes a number of its neighbors.

Into the head of the bay, scarcely a furlong apart, flow two typical Puget sound rivers. It was while leisurely fishing in what is known as the Big river, a swift torrent, deep, limpid and cool, overshadowed by firs nearly two hundred feet high, that I listened to the tragedy of this quiet bay. My companion was a tall, jeans-clad backwoodsman, about fifty years of age, with a fringe of grayish-red whiskers on his face. A native of Maine, he had come to Washington Territory when a boy with his parents. The natives of the pine tree state, with ready ax, early found this locality, where the luxuriant forests invite skill in wood craft and logging camps and saw-mills require skilled labor. My friend had just landed a four pound speckled beauty, and rebating his hook with a new piece of salted salmon-roe, he spat on it, "for luck." After several attempts with the thin matches of this Western civilization, he re-lighted his pipe, and remarking that he had enough, and that he didn't give a "darn" whether he got another nibble, he seated himself on a convenient log in plain sight of his wary prey, from which he had hitherto very carefully concealed himself; and this was what he said—

"Talking scares the fish away, and I never have any luck unless I keep mum. You were asking about those empty cabins awhile ago when I shook my head. I know all about them, too much for my own comfort, I can tell you. When I look at them a big lump rises in my throat, and I feel the tears close by. They've been that way these twenty years, but they won't stand much longer. The moss holds the rain and rots the wood, if it does cover up the holes in the roof. They say that they are haunted, but I take little stock in such stories, though if the dead do rise and walk in the night time Lord knows there's cause enough for them to there. I killed a bear in the doorway of the farther one, one night last winter. I waited till the next morning before I went after my game. I was afraid and worried, and did not know but what I had mistaken the kind of a critter I was aiming at. I never felt anything like it before, and I tell you I was frightened and hurried home. I didn't tell any one, and if I hadn't found the bear dead as a nail the next morning I might believe in ghosts now. You never heard the story of those cabins did you? I don't think your cousins know all of it themselves. I am about the only one left who

was here then, and I seldom tell it, it makes me feel sad and sorrowful like.

The house without any chimney belonged to James Paddock; the one with the chimney still standing was where John Gibson lived. They were the first settlers on the bay and came to Victoria on a British man-of-war. Some way they managed to give the ship a slip, deserted, and striking over the line started ranches in the valley. The shipmates, being thrifty, hard working fellows, got along nicely. All you have to do is to make a clearing and scratch the surface of the ground and you can grow anything, potatoes as big as my two fists and hay and oats, wheat and all kinds of garden truck. Well, as wim-men folks were scarce in the country, they each took up with siwash girls, built those cabins, and were both happy and contented. Things went on nicely for a couple of years. Each had a child. Gibson's was a boy they called Enos, and Paddock's was a girl named Bess. One day a sailor came along, a deserter from some ship; he was sick and Paddock took him in. He died in a few days, and both the squaws took the smallpox from him and died.

The children grew up together, like brother and sister, rode the same pony double, and were always chipper as squirrels. When settlers began to come in and a school was started, they went to school through the woods together and sat in the same seat. Enos was like his mother, coarse hair, high cheeked bones, large body, long arms, with short small crooked legs, like all the Indians who spend the most of the time in their boats fishing. They don't run to legs; never give their legs a chance. I wish you could have seen Bess. You could'n't have helped loving her. She was a beauty if there ever was one, tall, straight as a young fir tree, snapping black eyes, brown hair, fine and hanging clear to the bottom of her short dress. No siwash legs on her. She could run like a deer and jump astride a pony and go whooping through the woods like mad. Her skin was dark, like all the girls raised here. They are out in all kinds of weather, like the grouse in the underbrush. They never take the trouble to put on a bonnet unless they are going to town, and never paint or use fixings which make city girls look white. You would never have known Bess had a drop of siwash blood in her if you had'n't been told.

They grew up together like a pair of chipmunks, and thought the world of each other. Enos did not like learning, and only went to school a few terms. He preferred to hunt and fish, and took to farm work and liked it. Bess was quick to learn, and when she was fourteen Paddock sent her to Port Townsend to school, and then to Seattle. She used

to come home vacations, and how she would make the woods ring and turn the young fellows heads.

Girls were scarce here then, and she could have had her pick of the valley if she had wanted to. She was a flyaway, but no one could help loving the girl, if she was a half breed. I would have made up to her myself, but I was engaged to my cousin Lavina and she was coming all the way out from Maine to marry me, so I could not go back on her anyway.

We could all see that the old folks had their hearts set on the young ones pairing off. Enos was anxious too, I know, because I heard him talking to her one time when I was out hunting and surprised them like in the woods. She told him she loved him as a brother but she did not want to marry any one, she was too young and she wanted to finish her education. He told her she was old enough to have a lover about his size. She called him her brother and kissed him and told him not to worry, that she wanted every body to love her, and that she would not marry the best man in the world yet awhile. She was only eighteen. Paddock bought her a piano, had it sent from Frisco. She had taken lessons at Port Townsend, and the way she could pound music out of that box was a caution.

About this time there came a young fellow named Butler, who lived at Port Townsend and had seen the girl there. His father was in some government office. I think it's a port of entry and there are lots of those officers there. Well, this fellow made an excuse, like you do, to come out fishing. He used to put up at Paddock's, and wore store clothes and a boiled shirt and collar and necktie week days and was real nice looking. We could see that he was soft on Bess, and she liked him too. They would sing together and she would play that piano for him. I have often gone over to Paddock's and set out by the door the whole evening through, just to hear them sing Annie Laurie and Love Among the Roses and hymn tunes, till you could'n't rest. One could not help seeing that they were getting kind of spoony on one another. Enos was as jealous as could be, and old Gibson was just furious. You don't know what an old backwoods-man is when his blood is up. He was a Britisher, too, and had been in a battle, a sea fight, had boarded ships and killed men in his younger days, and living lonely in the woods, in the dark and dripping forest, does not tend always to make a man look at things from the right side.

The young fellow, he got to coming out here every two weeks, as regular as clock work every other Saturday, and staying over Sunday, and the talk was all over the settlement that they were going to slide off the shores together, as they say in Maine when folks are about to launch out in life and get married.

I took it upon myself to warn Butler that he had better look out, but he just laughed at me and said he was'n't afraid, that he could take care of himself. Things went on in this way for some time. One Saturday night, about six o'clock, I met old Gibson coming down the trail. Something about him appeared suspicious—I thought of it afterwards more. He seemed nervous, and did not look me in the eye. He spoke up, however, and asked me to go back and have some supper, and as that was something I never did refuse and as I wanted an excuse to go over to Paddock's and perhaps hear some music after supper, for I knew it was Butler's night, I was planning that I would get Enos to go over with me, for Bess used to lay out to treat us better when he was along. She knew he was jealous, and did not like to have him feel bad, she was so soft hearted.

While we were eating supper, we heard a ringing laugh, and out there was Bess on her silver tailed pony. She sang out in her merry way, "Come Enos, I'll race you. If you catch me this side of the school house I'll marry you Christmas." Enos was sitting on the door step with his hat off, his pony tied to a tree near by. No sooner said than done, he was in the saddle and away they flew up the trail, Bess looking back, laughing, her long hair whipping the wind. Old Gibson seemed to be thinking of something, and did not catch the drift of what was going on till he saw the ponies flying up the trail. With a muttered curse he sprang out shouting like a madman, "Come back! Come back!" It was no use, he might as well have tried to stop the tide when it is running out by calling to it. He rushed to the stable, and flinging himself on a horse, started after them, howling like a soul in torment.

Wondering what was the matter, I followed up the trail as fast as I could run. I had only gone a few rods when I heard a crash and a scream, or a scream and a crash, and it seemed to me that the mountains had fallen. I ran on through the woods till I came

to old Gibson, sitting on a log. He was crying, "Oh God! the children. Oh, God, help me!" He said his horse had fallen, that he was hurt and that he felt that something had happened to the children and he could not go on. He was sobbing like a child. A little further on I found them. The two ponies lay side by side. Enos had his arm around Bess. He had caught her just as the cruel tree had caught them both. They were dead, killed by a deadfall. In a moment Butler came along. He had heard the crash. We got help and took them out.

I said nothing because I felt that punishment had already come, but I was sure that a trap had been fixed to catch Butler. Perhaps I was wrong, but I did not have the heart to speak of my suspicions, and kept my own counsel. I went up the trail the next day, while the two lay in their coffins, and saw that the tree was an old lean-to, which I had noticed before and thought it would take little to cause it to fall. The roots on the upper side had been cut with an ax, but in taking away the dead we had moved it, so that I could not tell just how it was fixed, yet I know it was a trap. We buried them both in one grave and the next morning old Gibson was found hanging in the woods near by. He left a letter requesting that his body be buried at low water mark, when the tide was out, with nothing to mark the spot. He did not wish to be with the children as they were lost to him forever. Paddock sold his ranch and returned to England, and Butler was killed by the Indians the next year while crossing the plains."

The next day, while strolling across the valley, I came across the grave of the unfortunates. A plain stone, with the names Enos and Bess, at the head of a lowly mound, on a lovely knoll, within a stone's throw of the tenantless cabins and overlooking the tranquil bay, which twice each day laves with its waters the unmarked resting place of one who loved his dear ones too well, and whose mad desire to see them wedded in life united them for eternity.

WILLIS I. COTTEL.

TILLAMOOK COUNTY, OREGON.

ONE of the counties of that strip of Oregon lying west of the Coast mountains and bordering on the Pacific ocean is Tillamook. The Nehalem river on the north and the Coast mountains on the east form its boundary lines, and on the south a due east and west line divides Tillamook from Benton county. The extreme length of Tillamook county north and south is about seventy-five miles, and the extreme width thirty-two miles, the total area being about two thousand square miles. There are a number of indentations of the coast, the largest being Tillamook bay, which has an area of about twenty-five square miles, and is a very good harbor. Netart's bay, covering about six square miles, is a short distance south of Tillamook bay, and at the mouth of the Siletz river is a small roadstead. Tillamook bay affords good opportunities for commerce, and about it the most advancement has taken place.

The county is well watered and the soil rich. Five rivers empty into Tillamook bay—the Kilchis, Miami, Trask, Tillamook and Wilson—all having rich valleys and prosperous settlers along their banks. From the sources to the mouths of these streams there are forests of fir, spruce, cedar, larch and hemlock. Tributary to these five streams it is estimated there are three hundred and fifty-two thousand acres of land, on which there are about eight billion feet of timber. The transportation and manufacture of timber forms one of the most important industries of that section. On the Nehalem river, which is the largest stream touching the county, there are about eleven billion feet of merchantable timber. This heavily timbered land is now valuable only for its timber. Of course, it has a prospective value for agricultural purposes when the bulk of the timber has been removed, but present investors seeking farming lands would not choose the heavily timbered portions of Tillamook county. The Big Nestucca river, flowing across the south-central part of the county, is lined with settlers engaged in farming, dairying, fishing and lumbering, as are its chief branches, the Little Nestucca and Beaver creek. The production of honey is an important industry in this valley. Two saw mills and a salmon cannery constitute the chief manufacturing institutions now in operation there. The Salmon and Siletz rivers flow through the Siletz Indian reservation, which is a fine body of land that will in a few years be opened up for settlement. Slab creek is a small stream which drains a desirable tract of land, only a portion of which, however, is yet surveyed. Immediately south of Cape Lookout is a small bay about which there are quite a number of desirable claims still vacant. There are several

hundred acres of land on the southeast of this bay which produce large quantities of wild cranberries in the open places, and the cultivation of cranberries there would prove a profitable occupation for quite a number of people.

There are several varieties of soil in Tillamook county, but no barren land. The prairie land has a rich black soil that is easily worked. Of the bench lands and foothills, the top soil is largely decomposed vegetable and mineral matter washed down from the sides of the mountains. The bottom lands are rich, sandy loam, which seems to have almost unlimited productive powers, and there are many acres of tide lands which could easily be reclaimed by the construction of low dykes. These are the very best grass and vegetable lands that can be found anywhere. The products of the county are quite diversified, and there are admirable opportunities for establishing new industries that would bring out the resources of the country and greatly increase the volume of its productions. Stock raising is probably the principal industry now. Dairying is a business of considerable importance in that section, and the reputation of the dairy products of that country insures a ready market at all times for its splendid butter and cheese. There is no section of the west more admirably adapted to dairying, so far as its natural capacity for production is concerned, than Tillamook county, and when the facilities now under way for reaching market are finished, this line of business will doubtless develop there to a very large extent. The abundance of the best pasturage and the mildness of the climate make the keeping of stock a scarcely appreciable item of expense. The pastures frequently remain green all winter, and the cattle pick a good living. A great variety of succulent wild grasses are indigenous and tame grasses thrive in all portions of the county. The soil of Tillamook seems especially adapted to the production of vegetables, the yield of root crops being surprising to people not accustomed to the remarkable productiveness of the Pacific slope. Wheat, except along the immediate shore of the ocean, is a satisfactory crop. Oats and barley grow well and are sure to mature good yields, and corn is also grown to a certain extent. Tillamook does not claim to be able to export grain in any considerable quantities but it will raise enough for the sustenance of its own people while devoting their chief energies to dairying, fruit raising, fishing, manufacturing, etc., which are more in the line of the county's special advantages. Apples, cherries, plums, prunes, berries, etc., are among the fruits that grow in Tillamook county, but the orcharding business has not been very fully developed yet. The apiary flourishes in all parts of the county and honey is one of the most im-

portant of its products. Especially in the valley of the Nestucca is bee culture an important industry. It is rapidly being developed though there are yet thousands of acres of choice bee pasture vacant. A good many men are engaged in the salmon fisheries and the product of the canned and salted salmon shipped from Tillamook county last year was valued at fully \$300,000 00. Trout are also caught in sufficient quantities to cure for shipping. But all the varied industries of this rich county are yet in their infancy. The timber product, which is important, is probably the best known commodity from Tillamook in the market. All branches of agriculture can be immeasurably increased and made much more profitable than at present. The raising of live stock for market will also continue to be a good business there.

For rapid development of the dairying and other manufacturing interests the greatest need now is better transportation facilities. Projects to build a railway to Tillamook are now on foot and when such communication is established it will be a big impetus to the settlement and development of that region. At present the only way to reach that country is by boat on the Columbia and down the Pacific coast or by stage crossing the Coast mountains, on three routes from the Willamette valley, or by trail down the coast from Astoria. Most of the travel now is by water. The fact that it is so inconvenient to go to and from Tillamook has prevented immigration from flowing to a section that possesses great natural advantages. A railroad has already been started in that direction from Astoria and the probabilities are that within the year railway communication will be established be-

tween Tillamook and the outside world both north and east.

The resources of Tillamook county are vast and the development that has been wrought thus far is comparatively crude. The county embraces an area of one million five hundred thousand acres of land, about one-fourth of which is covered with a more or less heavy growth of valuable timber. There are a thousand quarter sections of land in eligible locations that will soon be occupied when the immigration tide reaches that county. Some of this is bottom land, some hill land, some heavily timbered, some sparsely timbered and some combining more or less of the characteristics of each kind. It is all rich and capable of being made profitable to the industrious settler. Some partially improved tracts may be obtained at reasonable rates. Of the whole area of the county only about seven per cent. is deeded and claimed and of this not more than one-tenth is actually under cultivation. Actual settlers to bring the soil under cultivation and to handle its products, and capital to establish manufacturing enterprises are needed in Tillamook county to develop its resources. The shipping advantages by water are excellent and when the projected railroad is completed this section will be prepared for a rapid growth. It is new now and there are fine chances for energetic parties to secure advantages that will become scarcer as the country becomes settled and competition sharpens business of all kinds. It is one of the least developed sections of Oregon that offers special inducements to the general farmer and business man of moderate means.

THE VICTIM OF THE SIRENS.

He hears them call him o'er the restless waves—
 "Oh, be with us. Forget the ocean drear.
 Ah! never thought of woe or languor here.
 We cool our bodies where the ocean laves,
 We chant our peans in the forest naves,
 We sport with sorrow and we laugh at fear."
 They woo him. See, his boat draws slowly near.
 White arms stretch out to him. His spirit craves
 The touch of their moist lips. Magnetic tones
 Bind him like gyves of steel about his heart.
 Ah! if he would he can no more depart.
 His strength is gone. His voice is only moans.
 His warrior soul yields to their matchless art.
 The cold, salt waves shall kiss his bleaching bones.

THOMAS ABBE.

PROPAGATING FISH IN THE NORTHWEST.

THE consignment of lobsters and white fish eggs which the United States fish commission sent to stock the waters of the northwest arrived the latter part of January. The consignment consisted of three hundred lobsters and five million white fish eggs. Half of the lobsters were deposited in Puget sound in the vicinity of Port Townsend, and the remainder were taken down the Columbia and deposited off Cape Hancock, at the mouth of the river, and in Shoalwater bay and Gray's harbor. Two hundred of these were females, many of which had from fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand eggs each. In size these lobsters were from five to eight inches long, and they were brought from Wood's Holl, Massachusetts. This is the second consignment of lobsters the United States fish commission has sent to the Pacific coast, the first consisting of three hundred and thirty, which were planted at Monterey, California, last year, where they are reported as doing well.

The five million white fish eggs were hatched in the car in which they were transported from Lake Michigan, and the fry distributed in the lakes of Oregon and Washington Territory. This is the first attempt that has been made to propagate white fish in the waters of the northwest, and the conditions are considered entirely favorable for the success of the enterprise. In Lake Superior this fish attains a weight of twenty pounds, and nearly as large in Lake Michigan. The white fish stands foremost in quality of all fresh water food fish. It is a prolific breeder and multiplies rapidly wherever the conditions are favorable, so if it takes kindly to the lakes of the northwest, it will be but a few years when this toothsome fish will be one of the most important in our markets. White fish are fit for market at the age of four or five years. Their home is in deep water, but they seek shallow places for spawning grounds.

There has been considerable discussion in Oregon this winter regarding the salmon fisheries of the Columbia and tributary streams, and the report of the legislative committee on this subject contains valuable information. The problem of preserving the Columbia river fisheries has become of vital interest, in view of the constant diminution of the catch from season to season. By many it is supposed that the decrease in the salmon product is partly due to taking small fish in wheels, fish traps and other appliances for their capture, and that proper regulations in this respect would correct the difficulty. Laws have been passed prescribing the size of the meshes and space between slats in traps, wheels, seines and gill nets, but all to no purpose; the decrease in the product has continued. The investigations of the committee

lead to the conclusion that the small fish caught are prematurely developed males, which it is best should be taken to prevent physical deterioration of the species. There is a sufficiency of large males, and the destruction of these dwarfs will in no way limit the supply by natural process. The salmon caught for commerce are taken while on their way to the spawning grounds, and consequently the breeding is interfered with to the extent that females are caught. Experience proves that under present conditions the ordinary process of nature can not be relied upon to maintain an adequate supply of fish to sustain the canning industry and a resort to artificial propagation seems the only alternative. On this subject the report of the committee says:

"One hatchery should, by all means, be established by this state and one by Washington Territory, on waters tributary to the Columbia. Some aid should also be extended by the state to the hatchery on Rogue river.

"A hatchery could be established and put into good running order for a sum not exceeding \$10,000, and the cost of maintaining and successfully operating it would not exceed \$5,000 per annum.

"Objections are urged by some persons against hatcheries, and it is urged that if salmon are permitted to ascend in sufficient numbers to their spawning grounds, and if they are allowed to spawn in their natural way, according to the dictates of nature's laws, it would produce better results, and at the same time avoid the expense of hatcheries; but we can not agree with that view of the matter; for while that might be the case if salmon were not taken in such large numbers as must necessarily be taken to make our salmon industry of any great importance, it is easy to be seen that while fishing is carried on to the extent that it is now, in order to keep up even the present supply nature must be aided. In this age of scientific research, invention, discovery and improved methods, surely no well-informed, thoughtful person will question our ability to bring knowledge, skill and experience to the aid of nature in the various industrial arts; and in none of them has that ability been more clearly demonstrated than in the art of fish culture.

"We now desire to explain, to some extent, the working of the system of artificial propagation to which we have alluded. A female salmon contains in spawn at least five thousand eggs. When they spawn naturally, their spawning beds are infested by hordes of all kinds of fish, of which trout are by far the most ravenous, and they pick up the eggs nearly as fast as spawned, and but few of these eggs can possibly escape. Any person can satisfy himself of the truth of this assertion by standing on the river bank when the salmon spawn in shallow ripples on their spawn-

ing bed, and there see the hordes of small fish infesting each bed. But perhaps the most peculiar and strangest part of the whole matter is the fact that the eggs of the salmon impregnate far more readily and much more certainly out of than under the water. That matter has been tested by the state fish commission with the result above stated; and since then we have investigated that question, and consulted different authorities on the subject, and we find in Johnson's New Universal Cyclopedia, volume two, part one, page one hundred and twenty, a statement of great interest and having a direct bearing upon the subject, which is too long to be quoted here, but two or three paragraphs, apposite to the point at issue, we will here present—

The fecundation of the eggs being merely a mechanical process, this artificial mixing impregnates them better than if the fish had mixed the eggs and milt themselves.

“ And again—

Shad eggs are usually taken in water instead of in a dry pan, the eggs impregnating as well in water as without, while with *salmonidæ* eggs, unnatural as it seems, the presence of water is unfavorable to impregnation.

“ But aside from the destruction of eggs by small fish, and the fact that the natural method is much less favorable to impregnation of the ova than the artificial, the natural process is not conducive to the keeping up of the supply at all in comparison with the artificial process, or, to express the idea more correctly, the natural supplemented by the artificial; for the reason that the large number of eggs that are impregnated and have escaped destruction by fish, are, when they hatch out, but helpless waifs in the water, without, tail or fin, half fish and half egg; for the egg, which they gradually absorb, clings to them, and not until the egg is absorbed are they complete fish, able to take care of themselves; and during this early period of their existence the egg and the incomplete little salmon are a tempting bait for trout and other fish. We deem it doubtful whether an average of more than a half dozen young salmon are propagated in the natural way from one female salmon, while a sufficient number of experimental tests has been made to prove that by the artificial method of propagation at least ninety per cent. of the eggs of a female salmon, or an average of four thousand five hundred young salmon, can be hatched out and kept until they are large enough to take care of themselves and then turned into the river.

“ Three hatcheries on the tributaries of the Columbia would, with proper management, turn into the river at least fifteen million young salmon annually. That number turned into the river annually, in addition to those that spawn naturally, would more than keep up the supply, and the number could be gradually increased as the salmon increased at the propagating stations, until at least forty or fifty million could be supplied annually, which would be greatly in excess of the requirements of the fishing industry on the Columbia river, and many young salmon could therefore be turned into our coast rivers, and thus keep up the supply in those streams. Besides, in addition to chinook salmon, silver salmon and steel-heads could be propagated at the hatcheries and thus keep up the supply of those fish in the bays and rivers of the state, and especially in the coast rivers. As the last named streams are principally what may be termed natural traps, a few years' continuous fishing and canning on them will totally destroy that industry, so far as they are concerned, unless some measures are taken to restock them.

“ Neither this state nor Washington Territory should hesitate to expend a mere trifle on an industry that is so beneficial to both; and since the art of fish culture has been brought to its present degree of successful development there is hardly a civilized country which has not one or more fish breeding establishments, public or private.”

From this report, which is in harmony with the report recently made to the war department by Maj. W. A. Jones, of the engineers, it would seem that, as artificial propagation can be relied upon to maintain a supply of fish, and even increase their numbers, notwithstanding greater increase in the numbers caught, all restrictions as to size of fish to be caught and manner of catching them ought to be removed and as many fish permitted to be taken as the demands of commerce require. There must be, however, one restriction, in the form of a close season, when all fishing should be prohibited, in order to permit enough breeding salmon to ascend the river to enable the hatcheries to secure eggs for propagation. If legislation were made practical, so that the close season would be rigidly maintained, and the hatcheries established and supported, the problem of salmon supply on the Columbia and other streams of Oregon would be solved. A small tax on the additional fish caught would defray all the expense incident to these measures.

GRAIN STORAGE IN THE NORTHWEST.

THE need for better facilities for storing and handling grain has long been felt on the Pacific coast. Ever since railroads reached the northwest and began to supplant the less convenient means of transportation that had been in vogue before their advent, the need for proper grain storage has grown, and now steps have been taken to provide an adequate system of elevators for the accommodation of the grain shipments, which constitute an important part of the business of this vast region.

The incorporation of the Pacific Coast Elevator Co. in Oregon on the fourth of this month marks an important era for the grain interests of the northwest. The capital stock of this organization is \$750,000.00, and its object is to construct and operate grain elevators along the lines of the O. R. & N. Co., in the great grain producing region which those lines ramify in Oregon, Washington and Idaho, including a large terminal elevator at Portland, or, rather, on the opposite side of the river at Albina. It has been decided to erect elevators at twenty-nine different points throughout this territory this year, and to have them ready for operation by the 1st of August. The following stations in Northeastern Oregon, Southeastern Washington and Western Idaho have been selected for these twenty-nine elevators: The Dalles, Pendleton, LaGrande, Milton, Weston, Barnhart, Adams, Biggs, Grants, Centreville, Eastland, Spofford, Dayton, Walla Walla, Farmington, Colfax, Waitsburg, Garfield, Pomeroy, Alto, Guy, Diamond, Truax, Valley Grove, Pullman, Oakdale, Latah, Moscow and Wallace. The capacity of the several elevators will vary between twenty-five thousand and seventy-five thousand bushels each. The terminal house in Albina will be a working elevator of five hundred thousand bushels capacity. The erection of these structures will be commenced about March 1st and pushed to an early completion. Besides those already arranged for at the above named stations, elevators will be constructed at Blalocks, Endicott, Elberton, Mockenema, Saltise, Zumwalt, Glenwood and Tekoa this season if time will permit with the force at command. The Pacific Coast Elevator Company is a branch of the great elevator firm of F. H. Peavey & Co., of Minneapolis, who operate extensively in Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota and Dakota. This concern has a large interest in the five million bushel elevator at Superior, Wisconsin, the largest in the world. A water frontage sufficient for an elevator of three million bushels capacity, has been secured in Albina, and it is designed to enlarge the first structure to that limit as the demand for storage develops.

The system, if it can be called such, of handling

grain on the Pacific slope, has been entirely different from that observed in the great grain sections east of the Rockies. The elevator system is unknown in practice here. The winnowed grain is put in jute sacks as it comes from thresher, and it not only leaves the farmer in those packages, but remains in them until its final market is reached, whether it be Liverpool or any other foreign or domestic port. Most of the cars used by the railroads to transport grain—principally wheat, which is the chief cereal—are the ordinary flat cars, upon which the sacks of grain are piled as well as possible, though by no means secure for even the shortest distances. Except that portion of the annual crop that is marketed before the fall rains set in, it is exposed to all kinds of weather in transit, and considerable loss occurs in this way. From car to vessel the sacks go, and many of the packages that have reached the ship's hold intact are there cut open—"bleeding" it is called—to allow the loose grain to fill in between the sacks and make the cargo more compact. Of course, all the expense of handling and transporting eventually is borne by the producer, and any improvement must inure to his benefit. Aside from the direct cost of sacks and loss by wastage and damage and disappearance while in transit, the inability to secure sacks and transportation at the right time is a further hardship which the farmers have to bear.

The elevator system will secure to the producers many advantages. The methods that have been observed by farmers and grain buyers in marketing grain will be entirely changed. Handling grain in bulk will obviate the necessity for the vast number of sacks that the farmers of the northwest have been obliged to buy annually, and which entailed considerable expense, even if they could be obtained when wanted, which is by no means always the case. It prevents the heavy loss from bursting of sacks or their disappearance while in transit to market piled on flat cars. Each farmer can have his own small granary and a few seamless bags that will last for years, in which he can take his crop to the elevator and dump it in bulk. He will receive receipts, or the money, for his grain, and will have none of the anxiety of arranging his shipments or forcing his sales when the transportation lines are crowded beyond their normal capacity.

By no means the least of the benefits derived from this elevator system will be the accurate grading of the quality of grain according to acknowledged standards, instead of leaving that to the caprice of ordinary buyers or sellers. The elevators will determine the quality of all grain received in accordance with the established standard, and issue storage receipts showing exactly the quantity and quality of the de-

posit by farmers, and these receipts will be negotiable. Having large storage room, the elevator company will not be compelled to ship everything it receives during the rush immediately succeeding the harvest. The elevators will serve as a big reservoir to receive the vast grain crop and to distribute the shipments over a greater period of time than can be done now, thus, in a great measure, equalizing the press of business. For the present foreign shipments will be sacked, but the loose grain required to make the grain compact will be supplied from the elevator and not by the process of "bleeding," which has been in practice heretofore. It is calculated that within a very few years there will be some means of ship communication across Central America, and then the grain will be turned into the ships' holds in bulk and the entire benefit of such a mode of handling will be reaped by the producers. At present the long voyage through the widely varying temperatures of the torrid and both temperate zones, and the consequent liability of sweating and heating, together with the chances of disastrous shifting of cargoes in the vessel's hold during heavy storms that are likely to be encountered in so long a voyage, render it advisable to sack the grain for shipment. Probably this is one of the most important influences that has kept the old methods of handling in vogue so long. The elevator system is established partly in anticipation of successful transfers across the isthmus, so that immediate advantage may be taken of the benefits that will accrue from the consummation of some of the projects for getting ships by short cut from the Pacific to the Gulf of Mexico.

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THE TOWN OF LA CAMAS.

FOURTEEN miles east of Vancouver, on the north bank of the Columbia river, lies the town of La Camas, second only to Vancouver in size in Clarke county. It has a population of one thousand, though but five years of age, the result of the manufacturing industries located there. LaCamas is one of those enterprising western towns that owe their existence to the fact that nature has provided at that point the elements which are requisite to their growth. Water power, shipping facilities and a country rich in agricultural and timber resources combine to give it a good reason for existence and a certain promise of future prosperity.

At this point are located two large manufacturing industries, the selection of this site by them being the foundation of the town. The Columbia River Paper Company, of Portland, maintains here a large paper mill, the only one in the Columbia river region.

It is supplied with the best of machinery for the manufacture of news, print, manila and straw papers, including wood pulping machinery, and turns out a product of ten tons daily. There is, also, a flouring mill, as well as several smaller industries.

The most extensive enterprise is that of the La Camas Lumber Company, which gives employment in woods and mill to fully two hundred men. This mill is splendidly equipped and is turning out seventy thousand feet of the finest quality of fir lumber daily. The water power used by the mills is never failing and is amply sufficient for other extensive industries. The water of LaCamas creek, flowing from LaCamas lake, is controlled and carried through an intervening mountain by means of a rock tunnel one-half mile in length, giving it a fall of one hundred and seventy-five feet, with an ample supply of water. Building sites for factories are plentiful and can be had at reasonable rates for that purpose. As a business point the town has special advantages. The mills supply a certain quantity of local trade, and a large section of tributary country adds much to its volume. Several large stores are doing a good business, and there are openings for others. Town property may be purchased at fair prices.

The surrounding country for a radius of ten miles is directly tributary to LaCamas, and is unsurpassed in fertility by any land in the world. The country is undulating until the mountains are reached, where it is more rugged. Although the body of standing timber is heavy, much land has been cleared and is under cultivation, and more is being added yearly. Dairying is carried on quite extensively by a number of farmers, and the conditions for success in that business are of the best. Clear water in abundance and fine ranges for stock in the forests, where natural grasses, the wild pea vine and other vines supply an abundance of food the year round, render the maintenance of cattle, both for stock and dairy purposes, both easy and profitable. The same conditions are favorable for hogs, and pork and bacon may be made to add largely to the farmer's income.

A special feature is being made of fruit, more particularly the prune, which reaches here great size and perfection and yields most prolific crops. Last year one man secured prunes to the value of \$600.00 from one acre of trees. Fruit trees are being set out extensively, and the industry promises to reach large proportions. At Lake Villa, the home of D. H. Stearns, on LaCamas lake, there is a young peach orchard which last year produced peaches of the finest quality. Other fruits, such as cherries, plums, pears, apples, etc., are also of especially fine quality. A cannery, where both fruit and vegetables will be preserved for market, will be established in LaCamas

and will be of great assistance in developing the fruit industry.

LaCamas lake is one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the west. It is three miles long and one-half mile wide, and is surrounded by beautiful, sloping banks, with gravel and sand beaches, the green of the forests making a charming frame for its mirroring surface. It is plentifully supplied with delicious lake trout, and three hundred thousand white fish were recently turned loose in its waters by the United States fish commission. As a pleasure resort it has no equal within the same easy communication with Portland. In the mountains, but a few hours' travel from the lake, are deer, bear, elk and other game, while the streams are teeming with the gamy and delicious mountain trout.

IDAHO COUNTY, IDAHO.

IDAHO county, the second largest of the counties of the territory of Idaho, lying about midway between the northern and southern boundaries, is one of the least known of the really accessible portions of that territory. A bill was recently introduced in the territorial legislature to authorize the construction of a wagon road from Mt. Idaho, the county seat, southward to Little Salmon meadow, in Washington county. In discussing this matter, Mr. A. F. Parker, in the *Idaho Statesman*, gives some interesting information about that region, as follows:

As eighty-five miles of the proposed road lie in Idaho county, it is natural that our law makers should desire information about the section through which the projected road is to run. This county is bounded west by Snake river and east by the territorial boundary line between Idaho and Montana. Its northern boundary extends to the Clearwater river, and it adjoins the counties of Washington, Boise, Alturas, Custer and Lemhi. The Salmon and Clearwater rivers drain this immense scope of country. All the western slope of the Bitter Root divide is included in it, together with the principal tributaries of the Clearwater river, all of which is unexplored country. It takes in all the country on both sides of the Salmon river as far south as the Sawtooth range, and it has in its limits a greater variety of resources than any other county in the territory, embracing mountains and mines, valley, prairie, meadow and grazing lands, and the largest forests of timber in the region between the Rocky mountains and the Cascade range. Its population is four thousand, and its taxable property, as given in by the assessor last year, is \$850,000. It has contributed to the territorial treasury this year the sum of \$2,400.00. The greater area of its lands

available for agricultural purposes are monopolized by the Indians on the Nez Perce reservation, who, in 1877, devastated that country in the most brutal and bloody Indian war that ever occurred on the Pacific slope, during which much property was destroyed, houses burned, stock driven off and wantonly killed, and many valuable lives were lost. Not a dollar of remuneration has ever been received for these depredations, and this partially accounts for the backward state of affairs in that county, for not only were the people impoverished, but the county itself received a black eye, which has until the last three or four years prevented the settlement of its lands through the fear of other Indian outbreaks, of which, however, there is not the slightest danger.

Access to Idaho county can only be had at present by way of Lewiston, which is the principal trading point for Idaho county. All wagon roads end at Mt. Idaho, except for thirty miles extending to White Bird, on Salmon river, on the one hand, and to Clearwater on the other. The latter road is to be extended to Elk City basin shortly, where valuable quartz mines are developed, but lying idle because of the lack of roads to take machinery to the mines. This road, as well as others, will be built by the county, and would have been completed before this but for the fact that the county assumed a large heritage of indebtedness when it effected its organization, and this fact, together with the scanty population and poverty of the people, has retarded the natural enterprise of the people and the growth of the county.

The road which the territory is asked to build runs due south from Mt. Idaho to Warm Springs, and thence it runs in a general southwesterly direction down the north fork of the Payette river, in Boise county, to Big Payette lake, and thence to Little Salmon meadows, in Washington county, where it joins a system of wagon roads connecting with all parts of the southern end of the territory. It is essentially a territorial enterprise, because it forms the connecting link between the most extreme and isolated sections of our territory, and the geographical features of the country are of such a nature that while the greater portion of the road will lie in Idaho county, that county is not only in no condition to build it, but even if it were, other counties would derive a large proportion of benefit from its completion. It has been found impossible in the past to secure the necessary uniformity of action on the part of the county commissioners of the counties through which the road will run to undertake its joint construction, while a law of congress now forbids the contracting of county indebtedness over and above a certain amount proportioned to the total valuation of property, which the interested counties have already exceed-

ed, and therefore these people appeal to the legislature to do for them what they are forbidden by congress to do for themselves.

It is an essential feature of the bill that it must be ratified by the federal congress before it becomes a law, and if the bill successfully runs the gauntlet of both houses of the national legislature, and the road is built, then the counties intersected by the road will be pushed to use all their resources to build other roads to connect their mining camps with the principal thoroughfare. The citizens of Idaho county are willing to build a road into Warrens camp, and from there it will be an easy matter to extend it into Alton and other districts in the Sheepeater country, where heavy capitalists are already interested and are only awaiting the completion of the territorial road to spend a million dollars in erecting mining machinery and developing their properties. Then there are

other mining camps on the south, middle and east forks of Salmon river, in Idaho county, as well as promises of great future development on both sides of the Payette river between the lakes, which will be made accessible by the completion of the territorial road, besides thousands of good prospects already discovered in a large area of country which will always remain a *terra incognita* until this projected road is opened to travel.

In our opinion, the road will benefit the entire territory, and it is therefore, in our judgment a rightful subject of legislation during the present session. We believe that the opening of that country will lead to the creation of a half dozen new counties in the next ten years, and that its contributions to the territory will be sufficient to meet the expense incurred in its construction. It is an important matter, in which the material interests of the territory are involved.

WESTWARD.

“ I’m going west,” a mere lad boasted,
Looking proudly at his friend,
“ Going west to make a fortune,
You’ll see me rich, sir, in the end.”

“ I’m going west,” a young man whispered,
Gazing down in eyes of blue,
“ Going west to seek a fortune,
Then, my love, come back for you.”

“ I’m going west to try my fortune—”
The speaker, one in middle life—
“ Here I scarce can gain subsistence
For my children and my wife.”

“ I’m going west to mend my fortune,”
Sighed a man with hoary head,
“ Tho’ life’s sands are well nigh numbered,
And I’ll soon sleep with the dead.”

Westward, ho! they all are going,
Restless youth and white-haired sire,
Rushing, ever, where the sunset
Bathes the earth in liquid fire.

VELMA CALDWELL MELVILLE.

POMEROY AND GARFIELD COUNTY.

POMEROY, the county seat of Garfield county, is situated on Pataha creek, at the terminus of the Pomeroy branch of the O. R. & N. Co's. railroad. It is a beautiful little city of about fifteen hundred inhabitants. It is twenty-four miles east of Dayton, thirty miles west from Lewiston, and forty miles south of Colfax. Pomeroy is the principal commercial center of Garfield county, the volume of its business transactions being very large for a place of its size. It has two banks, four general merchandise stores, two millinery and ladies' furnishing goods stores, two drug stores, two barber shops, three agricultural implement stores, two jewelry and notion stores, two hardware stores, one furniture store, two harness shops, three livery and feed stables, two hotels, two newspapers, five blacksmith shops, two wagon shops, five physicians, five attorneys at law, two dentists and five insurance and loan agencies. It has also a very complete roller flouring mill, a chop mill and two planing mills. The water power of Pomeroy is large and capable of supplying power to other manufacturing industries.

The First National Bank of Pomeroy was incorporated in April, 1886. Among the incorporators were Hon. D. P. Thompson, W. F. Burrell and J. B. David, of Portland, while John Brady, C. C. McCabe, Elmore Scott, mayor of Pomeroy, and J. H. Walker were the resident incorporators. In 1887 the handsome brick block shown in the engraving was completed, at a cost of \$20,000, and the bank moved into its present quarters in the southeast corner. The west side and north end of the building are occupied by the general merchandise store of Brady & Rush. In the upper part of the building there is fitted up a handsome lodge room, occupied by the Masons and other societies. There are ten other rooms, used by professional men as offices. The capital stock of the bank is \$50,000.00, with a surplus and undivided profit of \$12,500.00, and loans and other securities amounting to \$86,000.00. The other bank is a private concern, operated by Crandall Brothers, who do an extensive business in buying and selling grain, as well as a general banking business. Both banks buy and sell exchange on all parts of the world.

An idea of the agricultural and general progress of the country tributary to Pomeroy may be drawn from the volume of business done in agricultural implements, grain bags, etc. There were sold in Pomeroy during the summer of 1888 about fifty thousand grain bags, and agricultural implements to the aggregate value of nearly \$150,000.00. The number of agricultural implements demanded by the county is increasing yearly.

The business of the merchants of Pomeroy was never in a more satisfactory condition. They are constantly increasing their stocks to meet the growing demands of trade. Among the business houses erected recently were the brick block of C. H. Seely, Esq., and the large brick addition to the well appointed hotel of Mr. J. M. Hunt. In the lower part of this new building is one of the most commodious billiard halls in the northwest, while the upper part is divided into rooms for guests. A number of beautiful residences have been put up during the past summer, and the work of building continued on far into the winter.

A record of the rise and progress of the towns in the "Inland Empire" shows quite a number of devastating fires. Pomeroy has been peculiarly favored, and so far has had no great holocaust. Two years ago a number of enterprising citizens organized the Pomeroy Improvement Company, and proceeded at once to take steps to secure water works for protection against fire. The outcome has been that Pomeroy has to-day one of the best systems of water works in the northwest, with mains and hose to reach every business point in the city. The hook and ladder company and two hose companies are thoroughly drilled and ready at a moment's call.

The citizens of Pomeroy have recognized the fact that the prosperity and welfare of a community are not founded alone on its financial status. The early settlers of this place gathered in here from refined, cultured parts of the eastern states, and early laid the foundations for schools, churches and society. The public schools of the city have been a credit to its citizens, but the increase in population has demanded better school facilities, and accordingly arrangements have been made to erect next year a high school building to cost about \$20,000.00. The Catholic church during the past summer completed the handsome building shown in the engraving. There are three churches in the place, the Methodist, the Episcopal and the Catholic, while three more are under contemplation and will probably soon be erected.

Many people in the east think of Washington Territory as a howling wilderness, full of wild Indians and wolves, and inhabited chiefly by the "cowboy" order. A knowledge of the facts will dispel this illusion. It is true that only a few years ago this country was in nature's wildness, but the traveler now finds cottages and homes here and there almost everywhere with pianos, organs, libraries and all the concomitants of refined life. One will find the latest newspapers and magazines of art, science and fashion on the tables of the citizens who live where the Indian and coyote held undisputed sway less than a decade ago. In Garfield county there are forty school districts and thirty-nine school houses. Within two

years thirteen school buildings have been put up. The number of children of school age is one thousand five hundred and thirty-nine.

The railroad enters Pomeroy from the west, coming up Pataha creek. The valley is narrow, and the hills on either side steep and high. The traveler coming in this way passes through the poorest part of the county, and is likely to form at first a very unfavorable opinion of the country. Let him take any of the roads leading out from Pomeroy and go out upon the high plateau either north or south, and he will at once see why the town should be a prosperous place. The Pataha flat, or prairie, is a tract of land about twelve miles long and eight or more miles wide lying along the base of the mountain, the south edge adjacent to the timber. This prairie has a decided descent toward the north, and is several hundred feet higher than Pomeroy. Its soil is a deep, rich, black loam, that retains moisture all the year and produces enormous crops, thirty to fifty bushels of wheat per acre being common. The soil has enough alkaline base and salts to make it practically inexhaustible, while there is not enough alkali to injure any kind of vegetation. Immediately south in the mountains there is an abundance of fine timber, fir, pine, tamarack, and some alder and cottonwood, suitable for building purposes, fencing, fire wood, etc. The land near and just within the timber line is moist and produces fine timothy. Apples, plums, prunes, and all fruits except the peach, do well in favorable localities.

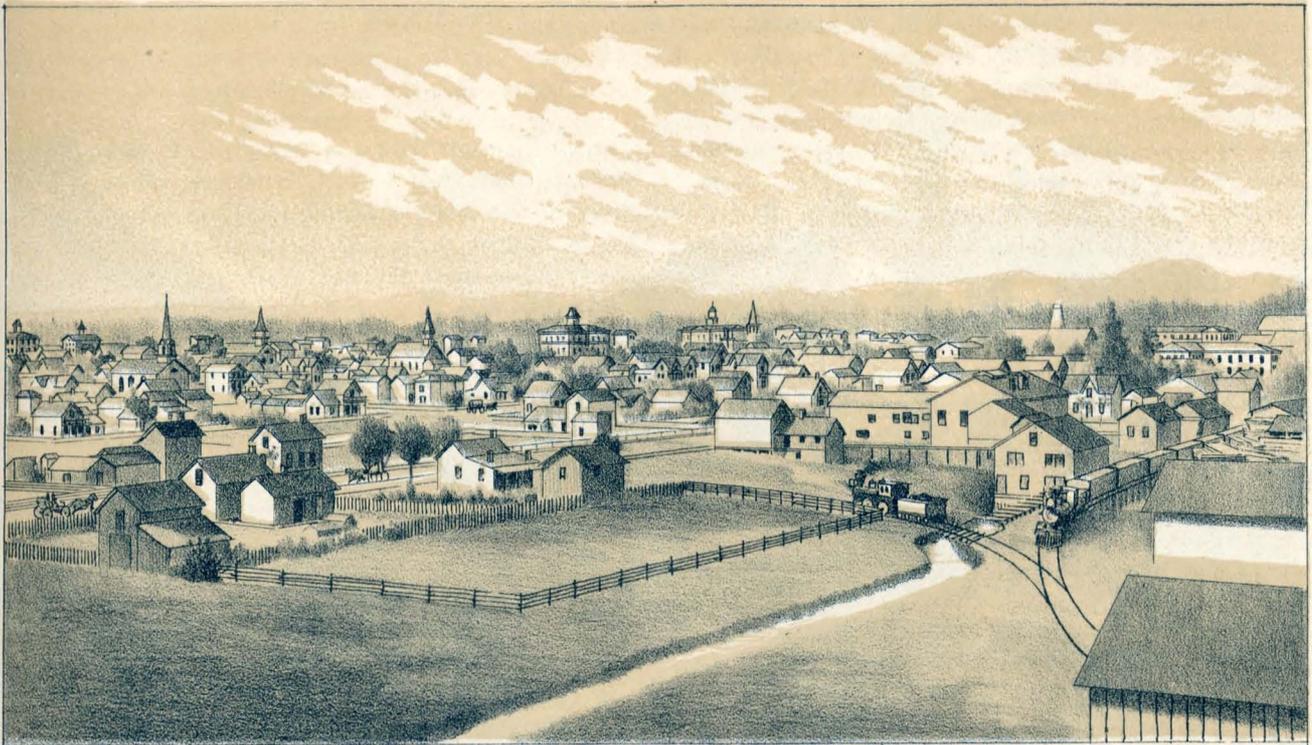
The famous Deadman country, north and east of Pomeroy, is unsurpassed in fertility and is being developed very rapidly and will make homes for many hundreds of people. Still north of this we go from the high table lands, down, down, for many hundreds of feet to the Snake river. Here the climate is warmer both summer and winter. Peaches, strawberries, peanuts, sweet potatoes, yams and any fruit produced in the temperate zone will flourish and mature. Starting from Ilia, on Snake river, in the summer, one may in six hours' drive in a buggy go from almost torrid heat to where he can camp near banks of snow, beneath lofty firs and pines, by tumbling cataracts, mossy, dripping dells and flowing mountain grass, where the air is crisp and bracing—and one's appetite is simply enormous.

No country on the Pacific coast offers better inducements to immigrants than Garfield county. Here

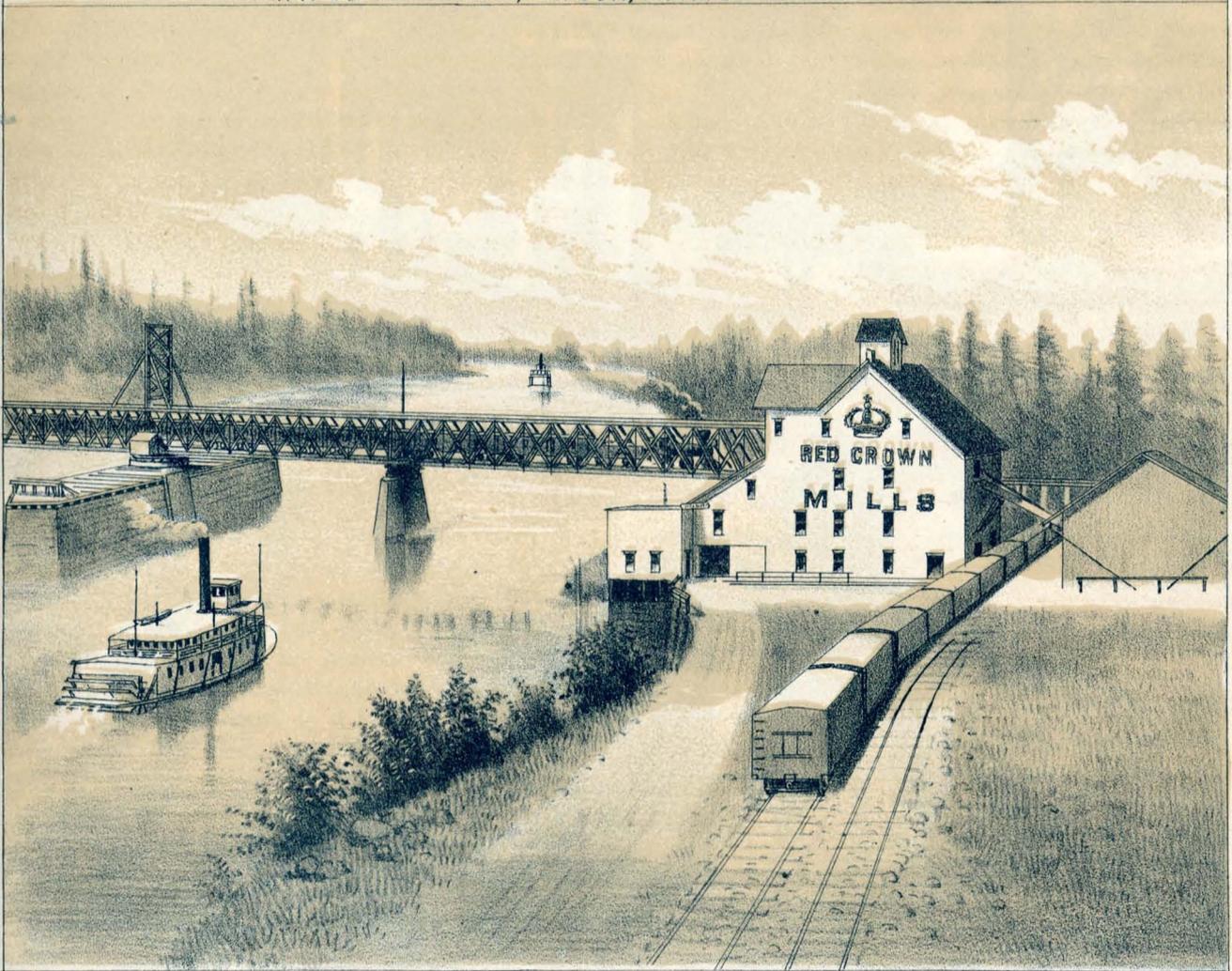
lands that will produce from twenty to forty bushels to the acre may be purchased at from \$8.00 to \$30.00, according to location and amount of improvements. Any farm in the county can be made to pay for itself in from two to five years with anything like good management. When lands will produce from \$8.00 to \$20.00 worth of grain to the acre, and those same lands can be purchased at from \$10.00 to \$30.00 per acre, it must be clear that no industrious, thrifty, working man need go long without a home of his own. Garfield county needs and can support several thousand more inhabitants. Its area embraces over five hundred and seventy-six thousand acres of land, only one hundred and ten thousand acres of which are yet cultivated. Last year the grain raised in the county amounted to about one million three hundred thousand bushels. In the near future this amount will be more than doubled.

There are many good business openings for men of capital, energy and brains. Several more large flouring mills would pay, one or two pork packing establishments, a broom and wooden-ware factory, soap factory, woolen factory, creameries, cheese dairies, tanneries, etc., are all wanted. The raising of flax seed and manufacture of oil will in the near future be a source of revenue. The raising of fine stock is only in its infancy. Dairy cows are scarce and in demand. However favorable circumstances may be for men of energy, brains and moderate capital, it takes work and management in Garfield county the same as anywhere else. Greenbacks and twenty dollar pieces don't grow on the bunch grass, but many have succeeded in making money out of the bunch grass, and many more have found competency, and even wealth, by going beneath the bunch and with determined tread and sturdy stroke subduing the soil and bringing forth the golden grain. The expectations of the most enthusiastic will be dwarfed by the realities that the progress made by all the northwest will show within the next decade, and Garfield county will stand front and foremost among the best and most progressive.

One fortunate thing for those who shall come to this section of the country is that it has never been "boomed," and prices have not been inflated to fictitious values. Whoever buys either town property in Pomeroy or real estate in the country surrounding will be sure to reap a handsome advance, and he will not have long to wait. DR. G. B. KUYKENDALL.

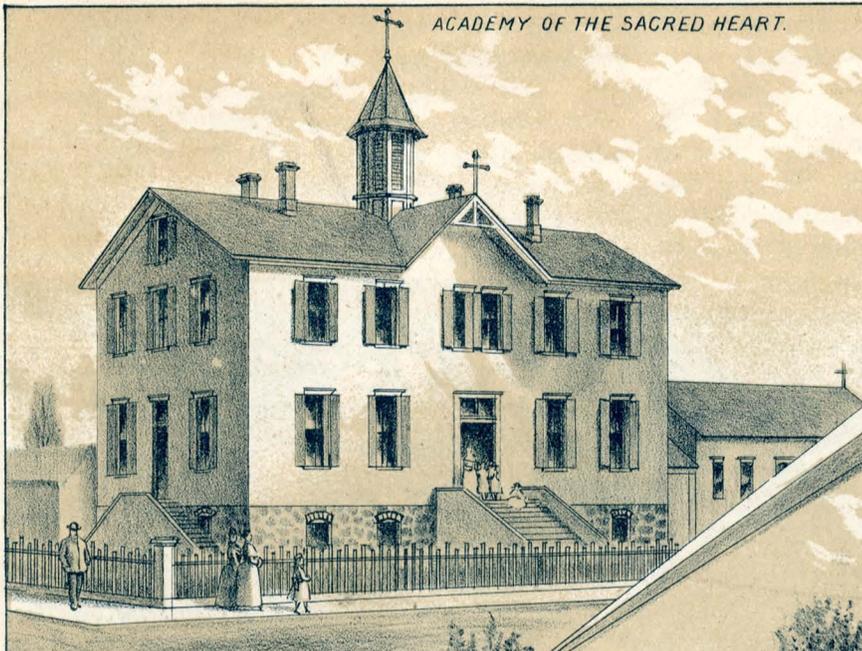


A GLIMPSE OF ALBANY, OREGON, FROM FARMER'S WAREHOUSE

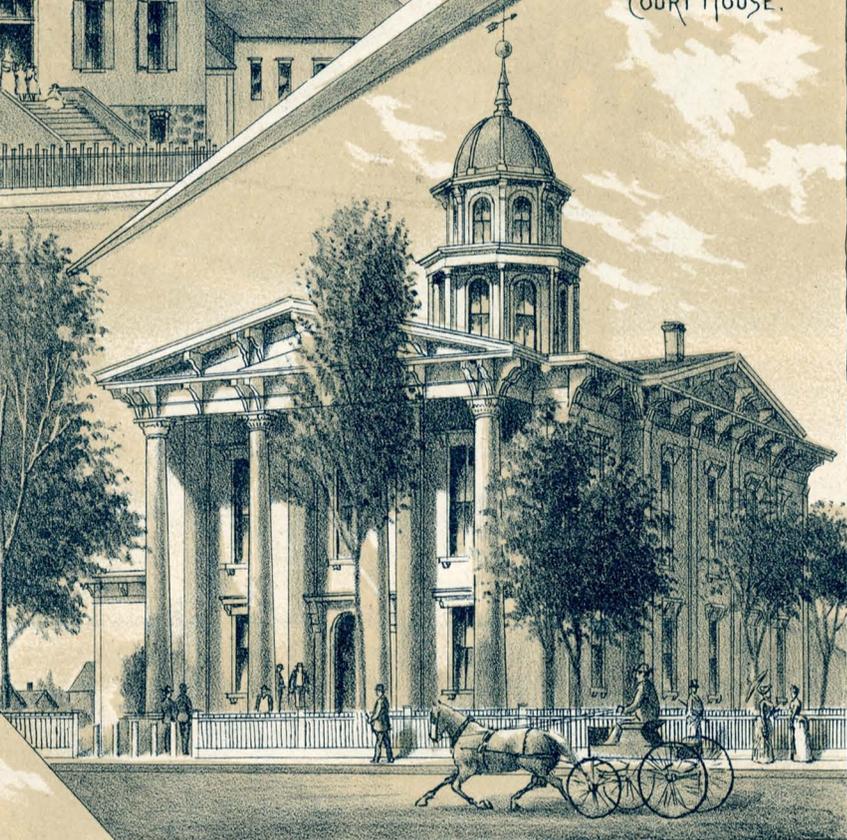


WILLAMETTE RIVER AT ALBANY, OREGON.

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART.



COURT HOUSE.



PUBLIC SCHOOL.



ALBANY,- OREGON.

A STORY OF THE KLAMATH.

PART I.

THE scene of our story is a picturesque little valley in the northern part of California. Along the rugged shores of the Klamath river, whose waters flow through this beautiful dale, were scattered, at the time of which I write, a few log huts which weary miners were wont to call home. It was certainly a wild, pretty scene to gaze upon from the tops of the high, rugged mountains which surround this little valley. Great, towering pines and low, leafy oaks were finely interspersed throughout the dale, and it was owing to the abundance and beautiful verdure of the latter that the place got the name of Oak Dale. The name has since been changed, I believe, and I will here remark that where once stood the rude log huts of which I have spoken, large, elegant dwellings have been erected; and the low, grassy soil, where the lowing herd once roamed at large, has since been inclosed and put in cultivation.

The time of which I write was during the years of '55-6, when the country was in a wild, uncivilized state. There were many who, in their zeal for possession of the bright lucre for which they had hazarded so much, were ready to commit almost any act of violence which might result to their interest in a pecuniary point of view. Unprotected families lived in hourly fear of desperadoes of this class, which state of affairs necessitated the organization of vigilance committees. These, however, were as much to be feared as the former evil; for was it not likely that innocent persons might be dragged from their homes and swung to the nearest tree by those men, who were thus rashly trying to suppress crime? Then, to add to the unpleasantness of the situation, the savages were beginning to show signs of a fierce and bloody warfare. It was a well known fact among the settlers in and around Oak Dale, that the Klamath Indians had secured the aid of the Rogue river chieftain, Hotiti, and his dauntless braves, and the settlers knew not at what moment they would be surrounded by the wily foe and ruthlessly massacred by their cruel hands. Night after night their signal fires could be seen blazing forth on the high mountain tops; and the poor women and children, knowing only too well their awful import, lived in a terrible state of fear. Yet, despite their hasty preparations for war, the savages would oft repair to the lowly hut of the white man, where they would demand food and wearing apparel, which the poor settlers were too frightened to refuse them.

In the midst of these surroundings lived our heroine, Dess Watson, and her only brother, George.

Their parents had died soon after their arrival in the mines, and now, being left alone in this wild, sparsely settled region, brother and sister must needs make the best they could of their unenviable situation, and unflinchingly push on with the rest in search of their fortune. A sweet, rosy-faced lass was Dess Watson, with large brown eyes that danced and sparkled with gaiety, and short, curly, dark hair, which she kept tied back with a ribbon, school girl fashion. Her form was short and plump, yet not lacking in suppleness, clearly indicating good health and physical training. Her brother resembled her much, save that he was larger, and that, while she was a gay, frolicsome creature, he maintained a steady, dignified bearing, which gave the miners around the impression that he was selfish. This was not the case, however. You could not find a more manly, self sacrificing nature than was that of George Watson; but he was not one to make a conspicuous show of his good traits, consequently it would take months, perhaps years, to learn the true nature of his noble heart.

They lived in a little log cabin at the head of the valley; and besides the pair we have just endeavored to describe, there was yet another member of the household, whose name was Bruno. Bruno was a large, shaggy, Newfoundland dog, a particular favorite of Dess, whom he accompanied during all her rambles, dancing and frolicking about her, and then bounding away in chase of the wild deer, which he would sportively pursue a short distance, when he would return, wagging his great, bushy tail, to receive his mistress' fond approval.

"Come Bruno, old fellow," the girl said one evening, as she took down her brother's rifle preparatory to taking a ramble in the dense forest that headed the dale, "we shall certainly die of *ennui* if we remain longer cooped up in this old shanty. Supper will be nicely cooked by the time we return, and I think brother George will be ready to devour his full share after his hard day's labor in the mine. Heigh-ho, come along Mr. Bruno. There, that's right," as the dog trotted along at her side, apparently paying strict attention to all she had to say.

A few minutes walk brought them to the edge of the deep forest, and Dess, as she wandered along in her careless, happy way, humming a merry old ballad, was somewhat surprised to see a fine deer bound out from among the thick growth of underbrush a short distance ahead. Old Bruno raised his head and looked at his mistress, as if awaiting her orders.

"Hold, old fellow; don't move a peg. Now wouldn't it be jolly if we could capture the beauty?" So saying, the courageous girl uttered a loud, shrill whistle, which brought the deer to an immediate halt,

and the next instant, with the report of her trusty rifle, the beautiful animal fell to the ground, dead.

Bruno wagged his great bushy tail approvingly, and then uttered a low, savage growl, which Dess could not account for. The next instant, however, all was made clear to her, as she saw a fierce, hideous-looking Indian bound out from among a cluster of bushes near by, holding an ugly tomahawk upraised, as if to strike her dead.

She was not the sort of girl to be easily frightened, else she would have turned and fled for her life. As it was, she stood before the angry savage, a calm smile resting on her rosy lips, while she hastily made preparations for reloading her rifle.

"What would the good brave have of me?" she asked. "Surely, if we have never been friends, we have never been *enemies*, and no good brave would willfully take the life of an innocent girl."

As she spoke she pointed to the dog, who, with a fierce, savage growl, had stationed himself between his mistress and her wily foe.

"Beware, brave!" the girl said, smiling at the determined attitude of her canine friend. "A word from me, and he would bring you to my feet in an instant!"

The savage evidently saw the utility of this advice, for he lowered his tomahawk as he stepped back a few paces.

"Would the pale-faced maiden shoot the Indian?" he asked, glaring savagely upon the girl. "Would she steal upon the sleeping brave and kill him? Ugh! me kill!" he added, a wicked gleam in his fierce black eyes.

"You are very unjust, good brave," Dess said, laughing, as the truth flashed to her senses. "I assure you that I bear no malice, whatever, and that I would not willfully take your life under any circumstances. Look, brave, *that* was my mark," as she pointed to the deer which lay dead a few paces distant.

The Indian turned to look in the direction indicated, and as his eyes rested on the beautiful animal, he laughed a coarse, jarring laugh, as he said:—

"Me wrong—all wrong! Pale-faced maiden forgive." And then he went on to relate to her how he had wandered from the lodge at an early hour in the morning, for the purpose of obtaining bread from the settlers for his wife, who was sick,—dying, he thought,—and how he had been suddenly seized with a violent pain in the stomach, from the effects of which he had writhed in agony for more than an hour. Then, as the severity of the pain gradually subsided, he attempted to rise from the ground where he had thrown himself, but, to his surprise, he found he was too weak to do so. Faint and exhausted, he

continued to lie on the cool green grass, and in the course of a few minutes, was in a deep, refreshing sleep. After that he knew nothing, until the deafening report of a rifle brought him to his senses. In an instant he was on his feet, firmly believing himself to have been the mark of some white foe.

"Brave maiden, forgive Chief Watumni," he added. "Good dog," pointing to Bruno, "Save girl's life. No let Watumni kill."

Dess laughed merrily and said: "We will be friends, Watumni, if you wish it. My name is Dess Watson, and, if you will accompany me to the house, I will supply you with food for your sick wife. Come, though we must take a look at our deer, which came so near being the cause of serious trouble," and they walked off, Dess leading the way, while the old chief followed, watching, with furtive glances, the dog, who never left the side of his mistress for a moment.

After they had admired the deer to their satisfaction, they turned away and walked leisurely down the path in the direction of the girl's home. Not a word passed between these two who had thus strangely been brought face to face. Dess amused herself, after her fashion, by chatting to Bruno, and sportively skipping along childlike, which latter caused the dog not a little inconvenience, as he endeavored to keep himself between the thoughtless girl and the wary savage who silently followed in their tracks. The chief was amused at the gay antics of his fair companion, and a smile occasionally passed like a wave of light over his dusky countenance, as he contemplated her beautiful face and form, and the happy, fearless disposition which he had never before witnessed in the white race.

On arriving at the cabin, Dess, on entering, was somewhat surprised to see her brother sitting before the huge fire-place, engaged in conversation with a stranger—young, handsome, and of gentlemanly appearance. She blushed deeply when she took in the situation, and thought how unladylike this stranger must deem her. However, this was no time for vain regrets, and, setting the rifle down beside the door, she advanced as her brother rose to introduce Mortimer Gray. She dared not raise her eyes to his, she only blushed more deeply than before, as she extended her plump little hand and requested the visitor to resume his seat beside the fire.

"And whom have you there, Dessie?" George asked, as his eyes rested on the savage who stood leaning against the door, watching every movement on the part of his fair friend.

"A companion I picked up in the woods, brother," Dess said, laughing lightly. "Wait a moment, Watumni," she added, turning to the Indian, "I will

give you food for your poor, sick wife, then you must hasten away, else night will overtake you," so saying, she hurried into an adjoining room, and soon returned with a bag half filled with bread and a few dainties with which to tempt the appetite of the sick Indian woman. She gave the bag into the hands of the savage, and as she did so he raised his eyes heavenward and said—

"The Great Spirit will bless the pale-faced maiden. Sometime Watumni pay her back. May save her life from the Indian. Good-bye," and with this the old chieftain turned away, and was soon lost to view in the dense forest beyond.

It seemed to Dess that she had listened to a prophecy which would eventually be fulfilled, and the blood receded from her fair face, leaving it pale and with a melancholy expression.

"Why, Dess, you look like a ghost!" her brother exclaimed, as he perceived the changed expression of her pretty face. "It can not be that you have fallen in love with this noble red man?" and he laughed a little, and Mortimer Gray could not suppress a smile as he saw the roses mount to the girl's cheeks once more.

"I have quite a story to tell you relating to my friend Watumni," Dess said, as her rose-bud lips parted in a sweet smile, revealing two rows of ivory-white teeth. "You can suit yourself about which you will take first, brother mine, the story, or your supper."

"The story, by all means," echoed both men in chorus, "we must have the story."

Accordingly Dess related the events of the evening, blushing rosy red when she came to that part in her narrative where she had killed the deer, wondering all the while what this Mortimer Gray would think of her. At the conclusion of her story she ventured to raise her brown eyes to look at the stranger, who, she felt, had been watching her closely.

To her surprise, she found that his handsome face wore a serious, interested expression, which told her plainly that he admired her conduct all the way through.

"Your heroism has impressed me very much, Miss Watson," he said, earnestly. "It will do me good to relate this dangerous encounter of yours when I return to my old home in New York."

"Where I think I shall have to send this unruly sister of mine, unless she can make up her mind to tame herself down a little," George said, with a reproachful look at Dess. "You are certainly a very thoughtless girl, Dessie. Without a doubt, you owe your life to Bruno. You must promise me to be more cautious in the future, else I shall never know a moment's peace while you are out of my sight."

"Had I known you were going to be so cross about

it, my good brother, I don't know but I would have kept my little story to myself. However, I will prepare your supper, and then I must insist that you go to the forest and carry in my deer, which, I assure you, is a perfect beauty." So saying, the light-hearted girl hurried away, humming a merry old ballad—

I'm dancing all the day,
I'm happy and I'm gay,

which made Mortimer Gray think—and very justly, too—that nowhere in existence was there another such blithesome creature as pretty little Dess Watson.

After the meal was eaten, and George had saddled a horse and started away in search of his sister's game, Mortimer Gray and his pretty hostess seated themselves before the great fire-place and were soon engaged in pleasant conversation. The young man thought he had never met a lady who was half so charming as this merry-hearted country girl, and, before he was hardly aware of the fact, he was deeply in love with her. On the other hand, pretty Dess tried hard enough to keep the image of the handsome stranger out of her mind as much as possible; but, despite her efforts, when she retired to rest that night, it was only to dream of Mortimer Gray's bewildering blue eyes and low, tender voice; and, though she would not believe it, she had already lost her young heart beyond recovery.

"So you will consent to let me remain here as a boarder, for a few days, at least, Miss Watson?" Mortimer asked next morning, as the three sat around a neatly spread table, enjoying their coffee.

"With pleasure, Mr. Gray—that is, provided you can accustom yourself to our coarse fare," Dess said, pleasantly.

"I am sure I shall enjoy your hospitality ever so much. I came here for the purpose of purchasing shares in the 'Bona Fide,' which I am told is an extensive mine, as well as a richly paying one. Yesterday I chanced to meet your brother, who, I found, was trying to make a like purchase. He kindly insisted that I should share his home until I have made the desired purchase, and, of course, I was only too glad to accept his offer. If I prove successful in my speculation I shall become a settler here, if not permanently, for a year or two at least."

And then, a few minutes later, after the meal was eaten and the men had taken their leave, Dess fastened a large apron around her taper waist and went to work tidying up the cabin, all the while thinking of the handsome stranger, and wondering what he really thought of her wild capers of the evening previous. As for Mortimer, he felt sure of one thing, that Dess and her brother had seen a better day, if not even one of independence; and his heart went out to

them in sympathy, especially to Dess, merry, laughter-loving, thoughtless little Dess. He was glad when the hour approached midday, and still more glad when George declared it time to start to the cabin for their dinner. He found a pleasure, such as he had never known before, in watching the frolicsome movements of this pretty girl, who was hidden away among the hills of California; and it soon came about that he was never perfectly satisfied, save when listening to her gay, musical laughter and light, flippant conversation.

After the lapse of a few days he began to pound strange queries to himself. What was Dessie to him, at all events? Could it be possible that he had learned to love her in so short a time? Of one thing he was certain, that Dess was more to him already than any other woman had ever been, or could ever hope to be; and at last he came to realize that love had, indeed, taken possession of his heart, and that he could never know perfect happiness without her as his own, his darling wife.

One day, as he and Dess wandered down the valley road, which led to a neighboring hut, he asked in a low, gentle tone of voice that thrilled his pretty companion to the heart—

“Tell me, Dessie—if you will permit me to address you so familiarly—are you really, really very happy here?”

“Oh, yes, indeed, I am happy, so very happy—” “now that you are here,” she was about to add, but suddenly checked herself. And then, as she felt that her companion was watching her closely, she blushed rosy red and turned away to hide her confusion.

“There is something more, Dessie, will you not confide it to me?”

“It was nothing, absolutely nothing,” Dess said, stooping to pick up a pebble, which she playfully tossed in the path a few paces ahead of them. “There Bruno, boy, go after it. That’s a clever fellow. Now give it to Dessie,” as the noble animal returned with the pebble in his great mouth. “No, Mr. Gray, I can’t really remember what I was about to say, but something very trifling, no doubt,” she added, resuming the topic of conversation with a very pretty grace. “So far as happiness goes, I do not know that there has ever been anything in my life to make me very happy—not so much, at all events, as the majority of girls at my age. We have never been rich—that is, during my recollection—although I believe father was once called a wealthy man. Since we came to this wild country my parents have died, so, you see, I have had nothing in reality to make me happy; and yet I have enjoyed life among these lofty hills after a fashion, which, perhaps, any other girl would loath,”

and she uttered a little laugh that sounded a trifle harsh and unnatural.

The girl spoke with a pathos that convinced Mortimer Gray that she had suffered some, bravely and in silence—and if he had admired and loved her wild, frolicsome nature before this frank recital, he loved her doubly now for the sorrow that had crept into her young heart.

“Every life has its clouds and its sunshine, my friend. My own has had a fair share of the former, I assure you. In early youth I was left an orphan, dependent upon the generosity of an uncle, who is my only living relative. He was very kind to me, and gave me as much of an education as I was capable of receiving. He is wealthy, and insisted that I should remain and share his fortune upon one condition, namely, that I should wed a lady of his choice, which I could not conscientiously do. The consequence was, I left the elegance of his mansion in New York, since which time I have been a wanderer, enduring vicissitudes which I will not trouble you to hear. However, I have tried to bear up bravely, and I think that my efforts have not been altogether in vain.”

By this time they had reached the neighboring hut above referred to, where they were cordially received by a buxom lady, with a red, fleshy face, and around whose portly figure three or four ragged urchins played mischievously.

“Why, laws, Miss Dessie!” she exclaimed as she grasped her visitor’s plump little hand in greeting, “I’m terrible tickled to see you—an’ you, Mr. Gray. Jest walk right in; the ole man ’ll be powerful glad to see you, I’ll bet.”

The “ole man” referred to was her husband, a hardy old mountaineer, Dan Kingston by name, but more commonly known as “Trapper Dan.”

“Wall now, Miss Dessie, you’re certainly lookin’ remarkable well,” he said, in the harsh, gruff voice peculiar to him, as he extended his great, brown hand. “Glad to hev you come around, Gray. Guess you think this a purty tough country by now, eh? Liable to get tougher, though, any minute. Thar’s bound to be a Injun outbreak afore the wane of another moon, that’s dead certain. Thar was a man came in from the fort to-day, an’ he advised all the settlers to fortify without loss o’ time. The red rascals fired a barn for Walt. Whitman night afore last, an’ that not more’n five miles from the fort.”

“Perhaps it would be better for the families in and about Oak Dale to repair to the fort for protection,” wisely suggested Mortimer Gray.

“It’s ’most out o’ the question for all o’ them to do that,” said the old trapper, running his fingers through his grizzled locks, a habit he had when his thoughts were of an unpleasant nature. “It’s nigh

onto forty miles to the fort, an' families might have to stay thar for months afore things would be settled. Thar's goin' to be a meetin' to-night down to the store, an' I reckon they'll arrive at some conclusion or other about fortifyin'. Durned bad on folks at Oak Dale. All business 'll be stopped, I s'pect. My ole woman here's half scairt to death. How's it with you, Miss Dessie?"

"I haven't thought much about it yet," the girl replied, laughingly.

"I don't think that Dessie 'd be scairt at nothin'," Mrs. Kingston took occasion to remark. "Anyway she's got the name o' bein' the bravest gal in the mines. Do you know, Dessie, that that little fracas you had with the Injan t'other day has been heard of way out to the fort?"

"Indeed, I'm very sorry of that," and the girl laughed confusedly at the thought of her encounter with the old chieftain, and the unnecessary comments that had been provoked by the silly and unladylike adventure of hers.

"I've been tryin' to git the ole woman to practice shootin', like Miss Dess," interrupted the old trapper, with a significant glance at Mortimer Gray. "So t'other day I loaded up the ole rifle, an' sot a mark out thar agin the tree for her to blaze away at. Wall, how she ever managed it is more'n I know, but *bang* went the ole rifle, an' over popped our ole rooster, that I'd a been willin' to swore stood crowin' purty near behind her," and the old man laughed heartily, and even Dess and Mortimer could not suppress a smile, while Mrs. Kingston grew very red in the face, as she stoutly declared the story to be entirely without foundation.

"Are the settlers much alarmed over these rumors of an outbreak?" Mortimer asked, pitying the old lady's confusion, and hoping to be able to change the conversation into its former channel.

"My goodness, yes, Mr. Gray—specially the wimmen folks," quickly replied Mrs. Kingston, glad for an opportunity to dismiss the topic of conversation which was evidently so very amusing to the "ole man." "Thar's poor Miss Webb, an' Miss Davis, an' even Harry Randall an' his sister what come up from below last evenin'—"

"Has Harry Randall returned?" interrupted Dess, with a glad light in her brown eyes that Mortimer thought he understood.

"Oh, yes," put in the old trapper, with a comical expression on his homely face, "Harry come back, an' his sister come with him. I must say, Miss Belle's about the purtiest gal I ever saw, not even exceptin' you, Miss Dess."

Dess laughed and blushed prettily. "Oh I should so like to see her," she said, impulsively.

"I reckon, then, you don't care to see poor Harry," the old trapper said, jocosely. "Never mind, Miss Dessie, you might do a sight worse'n to take Harry Randall."

"Harry cares little or nothing for me," Dess replied, not knowing what to say in her confusion.

Soon after this, the visitors took their departure, Dess as gay and happy as ever; but a cloud had settled itself on the handsome brow of Mortimer Gray, the cause of which the merry-hearted girl could not understand.

"I have offended him in some way," she thought a few hours later, when she could not help but perceive that he avoided her society on every possible occasion. "I will demand an explanation the first opportunity. What have I done to offend him so seriously?"

Early next evening she ran down the valley road to pay a flying visit to Miss Randall—Mabel Randall was her name—whose beauty, as well as graceful bearing, impressed her most favorably. She thought she had never seen so lovely a creature as Belle Randall, and the two girls soon evinced a mutual liking for each other. The result was, Dess took Belle and Harry home with her to spend the evening. She was not a little surprised, when she introduced Mortimer Gray to her new acquaintance to learn that they had met before.

"I heard of your arrival at Oak Dale," Mortimer said, as he grasped the pretty white hand in his own, "but it never occurred to my mind that you were the Miss Randall whose acquaintance I made in the lumbering old stage coach that carried us from Portland to Sacramento. I am certainly pleased to meet you again."

"Where is George, Mr. Gray?" Dess asked, looking about the room in quest of her brother.

"He went down to see Mr. Kingston on some business or other," was the reply.

Mortimer—foolish fellow that he was—fancied that he had never seen Dess looking so happy as now; and, in his jealousy—for the green-eyed monster had taken possession of his heart for the first time in his life—he resolved that she should never know how much he had learned to love her. Accordingly, he devoted himself to handsome Belle Randall, and scarcely left her side during the entire evening.

Poor Dess! It was her turn to be piqued now, and she was sorry for once that she had ever met Mortimer Gray. She tried hard enough to enjoy Harry's droll speeches and gay repartees, and soon managed to master her heart sufficiently to be able to laugh and chat quite merrily. She had known Harry ever since her arrival at Oak Dale; but, though she had enjoyed his society, she had never entertained a

warmer feeling for him than that of friendship. He was the son of Jasper Randall, who kept the grocery store at the lower end of the valley, and a wild, wayward youth he was; yet, despite his many faults, he was good at heart, and would not willfully have wronged a living soul.

"What do you say to a ride to-morrow, Dess?" he asked gayly, a few minutes before taking his leave; "a real jolly canter over the hills, you know? We should enjoy ourselves all we can before the Indian outbreak—it may be all we shall ever get. What do you say, Belle?—and *you*, Mortimer?"

They were delighted with the project, and, as Dess acquiesced, the excursion was duly planned.

As Harry and his sister left the room, Dess and Mr. Gray accompanied them as far as the porch, where they conversed pleasantly for a short time. She fancied that Mortimer's manner toward Belle was very lover-like, and a pang seized her young heart, such as she had never experienced before.

"Oh! Mr. Gray, what is that?" Belle suddenly cried, as she pointed toward the top of one of the surrounding hills. At that moment a bright blaze flashed up in the air several feet in height, and then was gone, leaving all calm and dark as before.

"That is a signal-fire," Dess replied, seeing that Mortimer hesitated.

"And what does that mean?" Belle asked, innocently.

"It means that the Indians intend mischief," Dess said, without a tremor in her voice. "They may swoop down upon us at any moment."

Belle became so frightened that she uttered a little sob that made Dess regret what she had said, and she tried all she could to comfort her.

"Don't be alarmed, dear," she said soothingly, as she twined her arms around her friend's slender waist. "All the families in the valley will fortify, no doubt, and of course you will be protected with the rest."

"And *you*?" asked Mortimer, drawing a little closer to Dess as he spoke.

"*Me*?" she said, with a short laugh which Mortimer fancied sounded a trifle harsh. "My life is not so very precious, and perhaps, were I to attempt to evade them, I would only be the first to fall a victim to the much dreaded scalping knife. Besides I apprehend no immediate danger; and it may be another place than Oak Dale where they intend to commence their fiendish work."

Belle and Harry entreated her to accompany them to the store, but she declined. Finally, however, in order to avoid further parley, she promised that on her brother's return, if he desired, she would go. After the visitors had taken their leave, filled with vague fears that were by no means easily appeased,

Dess turned to re-enter the cabin, but a strong hand detained her.

"I *will* say it, Dessie. Harry Randall, nor no one else can prevent me from confessing my love. If I have loved you, I am not to blame for it; and God knows I mean to try to forget it, Dessie—nay, I *must* forget it!" and releasing his hold, Mortimer Gray turned away, and stood leaning against one of the rude pillars that supported the porch.

She felt the hot blood mount to her cheeks as the thought struck her that this man was only jesting at her expense—mocking at the unrequited love which she had so foolishly allowed to steal into her heart. What else could she think, after the marked attention she had seen him bestow upon Belle Randall that evening? The next moment she was sorry for this rash conclusion, as she saw in the moonlight the sad, white face of the man she loved, as, with folded arms, he stood motionless, gazing into vacancy. Approaching him, she laid her plump, little hand on his arm, as she said—

"Since you have gone so far, Mr. Gray, you will oblige me by going farther. Were you only ridiculing me, or why is it you have thus connected my name with Harry Randall's?"

"I was a fool, that's all, Miss Watson," he said, sadly. "Forgive me; I have been blind—mad! I have loved you with all my heart, but—" He attempted to turn away from her then, but she detained him. A new, a happy conviction had seized her heart, such as she had never dared to hope for before.

"*Mortimer*," was the one word that escaped her lips. There was something in the low, gentle voice that thrilled the young man's heart with delight. He turned to gaze upon the round upturned face, and he would have clasped her to his breast, had not the sound of an approaching footstep checked his ardent impulse.

The next instant George Watson had joined the lovers, thus preventing the sweet little story which Mortimer would gladly have whispered to the only girl he had ever loved.

"Come, Dessie, get your hat," the young man said, hurriedly. "Everybody is wild with excitement down the valley! There is no telling what moment we may be surrounded by savages! Come, hurry, both of you!"

She ran away to get her hat and a few wraps, and they were soon traversing the path that led to the store. By some means or other, the lovers—as lovers generally do—managed to lag behind a little; and Mortimer said, as he took his companion's little hand in his own, and pressed it fervently,—

"Was I wrong in thinking that you cared for Harry Randall with more than a friendly regard?"

"You were, Mortimer; Harry Randall is nothing to me."

"And I have been so jealous of him, too, poor fellow! Of course, you know now that I love you; can you—will you *try* to love me just a little in return?"

"I do not believe in *trying* to love, Mortimer. Love comes unsought, I think."

"You are right, Dessie; but you are trying to evade my question. Tell me, darling, will you be my wife? I have nothing to offer save my own true love."

"That is all I want," she replied; and Mortimer pressed her to his heart, as he sealed their betrothal with a kiss.

In their happiness, they had forgotten the wild excitement in regard to the Indians; and George Watson had reached the store several minutes before the lovers arrived, looking so supremely happy that people stared at them in surprise.

For more than a week the settlers remained fortified. Receiving no news, however, of any late hostilities on the part of the savages, after the lapse of five or six days more, the excitement had so far subsided that most of the families returned to their homes, believing that the Indians had only practiced a little ruse for the purpose of trying the nerve of the white man. Among the first to leave the place of fortification were George Watson, his sister, and Mortimer Gray. However, they were always on the alert for the wily foe, and never for a moment left unloaded their rifles and revolvers. Dess was happy,—happier than she had ever been before,—and went about her work singing merry old ballads that made the rude log hut ring with their mirth. Ere many days more, the settlers had gotten over their fright so far that the miners returned to their old vocation, and all business was resumed.

Leaving Dess alone one morning, Mortimer Gray and George Watson mounted their horses, and sped away in the direction of the Bona Fide mine, for the purpose of closing a sale for which they had already bargained.

"Will you not accompany us, or, at least, go with us as far as the store?" Mortimer asked, eagerly, as he pressed her little hand in his at parting. "Don't you know, darling, that I shall never know a moment's peace of mind while away? Come, I cannot bear to have you here alone!"

"I apprehend no danger," she said lightly. "Besides, it is almost impossible for me to leave home this morning. Harry and his sister, and Mr. and Mrs. Kingston, and a few more friends will be here to dine with us this afternoon. You forget, sir, that this is my birthday, and that I am eighteen years old to-day," and the happy girl looked up in her lover's face with

a radiant smile which he could not resist. Folding her to his heart, he kissed her rosy lips, as he whispered fervently:—

"God bless you, my darling! He alone knows how I long for the day when I can take you to my heart, to love and cherish always as my own, my darling wife!"

The next moment he was gone. She followed as far as the porch, where she stood watching the retreating forms of her lover and brother, till they were lost to view in the distance.

An hour later, as she sat by the low window, basting a white ruffle in the neck of a neat calico frock, the report of several rifle shots in quick succession attracted her attention. Running out on the porch, she glanced down the valley road, where a spectacle met her gaze that almost paralyzed her young heart with horror. Indians, in all the hideousness of war paint and feathers, were surrounding the lowly hut of Trapper Dan; while farther down the valley, she could hear the blood curdling war-whoop which invariably accompanies their fiendish attacks.

"God pity the poor settlers!" Dess exclaimed, as her quick eye took in the awful situation. "Good bye, Mortimer!—good bye, my poor brother!" she murmured as she re-entered the cabin. "My fate is sealed! Come, Bruno, old friend, we will not give up our lives without, at least, a struggle;" and, closing and barring the door, the brave girl went to work removing the chinking from the cracks between the logs of the cabin. Her face was pale now, but her hand was steady, and the closest observer would have failed to detect a tremor in her voice.

"Now, Bruno," she said, as, having finished her work, she knelt beside the faithful animal, and allowed her arms to encircle his neck, "we will die together. Perhaps this is the last time I shall ever embrace you, poor fellow," and she placed her round cheek against his shaggy head. "But they can do no more than to rob us of our lives, though, to be sure, it is a hard, cruel death to contemplate. Poor Mortimer!—poor George! May God pity you, and gladden your kind, loving hearts in the future!"

A low savage growl from Bruno warned Dess that all was not right. Patting the dog on the head encouragingly, she seized her brother's rifle, and prepared for action.

Peeping through one of the small loop-holes she had so hastily constructed, by withdrawing the chinking from the wall, as already described, she saw that the cabin was surrounded by red rascals, armed with tomahawks and bows and arrows.

God pity her fate! Resistance seemed utterly useless! Yet, to the hopeful heart of Dess Watson, there still remained one chance for escape. She

might hold the savages at bay till her lover and brother could return with reinforcements to her aid. She never for a moment allowed that one hope to forsake her heart, and she resolved to maintain her post, until she saw that further resistance was utterly useless. She could hear low, whispered consultations going on among the savages, and she knew that they were undecided as to how to proceed. And once, when she saw a red rascal approach one of the loopholes and endeavor to ascertain the state of affairs within the cabin, she presented her trusty rifle, and, with its loud report, the Indian fell back, with a bullet hole through his brain.

This so enraged the savages that a hideous war-whoop followed, at the sound of which the poor girl's round cheeks grew white, and her very heart seemed to stand still in her breast. The next instant, a heavy crash, and the cabin door was broken open, and she knew that an awful fate was inevitable. As the door fell in, three savages entered, with tomahawks upraised. She withdrew, with Bruno by her side, to a farther corner of the room. Drawing her brother's revolver from the sheath, she warned the intruders not to approach her. One of the savages, less cautious than the rest, rushed toward her, a huge scalping-knife in his hand. In his rage, he had paid no heed to Bruno, who stood by the side of his mistress; and, as he rushed forward, the faithful animal seized him by the throat with such a maddening grip as to cause the savage to yell in agony.

"On, Bruno, on!" Dess cried, as a dozen savages rushed into the room. Pistol shot after pistol shot rent the air, arrow after arrow was hurled at the brave girl, as she stoutly maintained her post, determined to sell her life's blood as dearly as possible.

At this moment, a sudden commotion was raised among the infuriated savages. A voice which held the villains spellbound, and which checked them in their murderous assault, was heard, and Dess was surprised to meet the gaze of Chief Watumni.

"Stop! Stop!" he yelled in thundering accents. "No kill, Watumni and his braves will fight for the pale face girl!"

She could not comprehend enough of the Indian dialect to understand all he had said; but it was evident that he was her friend, and was trying to protect her from further violence. Then another savage entered the room, who, for several minutes debated earnestly with Watumni, the import of which she was wholly unconscious. Meanwhile the poor girl found time to look to the welfare of faithful Bruno. He stood by her side ready to defend her to the last, and she was pained to see that he bled quite freely from a knife wound in the neck. The Indian whom he had pounced upon so savagely was dead. She turned away

eager to find some mode of relief for her canine friend. In her efforts to tear off a strip of cloth, with which to bind the wound, she found that her left arm was utterly useless. It was pierced by an arrow, but in her excitement she had experienced no pain from the wound; and she was much surprised to find that her dress sleeve was well saturated with blood.

"Come," said Watumni, as he approached her and laid his brown hand on her shoulder, "go with Watumni; no talk now, by and by you know more."

She knew what was expected of her.

"At least, Watumni, I may take Bruno?"

"Yes."

He then helped the unhappy girl to bind a cloth about her arm and another about the dog's neck; and, with a heart that lay like molten lead in her breast, Dess Watson was hurried from her home and all that life held dear—a captive!

She was mounted on a pony, and the next moment was being carried away—whither she knew not. Some of the Indians remained behind; and, looking down the valley road, Dess perceived several savages approaching at full speed. An awful fear seized her heart, as she thought what might have been the sad fate of her brother and lover. More than once she offered up a prayer to Him who reigns supreme over all; for she had not forgotten the prayers taught her by her mother in early childhood.

On, on they sped; up, up they rapidly ascended, taking roundabout trails which it would have been very difficult to follow. Looking back—as she supposed for the last time—on her valley home, the unhappy girl saw that great volumes of smoke issued from the door, chimney, and windows, and she knew that the little cabin, where she had learned what it is to love and to be loved, was being consumed by fire.

"The pale faced girl looks sad," said Watumni, at that moment, riding up beside her.

"And have I not enough to make me sad, Watumni?" she asked, her voice betraying the deep emotion of her heart. "Robbed of all that life held dear, can I be *happy*? It would be a relief to die at once, rather than suffer the torture of captivity, and *then*—what then? Why, suffer the pangs of a slow, cruel death, too horrid for human contemplation! No, Watumni, you will do me a favor by killing me outright—will you?"

A cloud, as it were, settled itself on the chief's dusky brow, the cause of which the girl could not understand.

"Has not Watumni said his heart was good?" he asked, at length, with some degree of asperity. "Will the white girl listen? Did Watumni save her life for the torture? No. He has done much for his pale-faced friend; he would let her go free, but Hotiti,

chief of the Rogue river tribe, say no, not have it so. Two braves were kill by the pale-faced maiden and her dog, and if Watumni had not said let her be a captive, the white girl would be kill. Watumni tell white squaw Rogue river braves have joined his tribe, and they will fight a long war against the white man. The Great Spirit talk that way to red man. Watumni has said all now—he talk no more.”

“Forgive me, Watumni,” she said, “if I have offended you. I certainly did not intend to be unjust to you for your kindness.”

Nothing more was said. The girl’s arm pained her severely, but she did not complain. She was glad to see that Bruno withstood the fatigue of the journey so well, knowing that the wound he had received could not have been a very serious one. About sunset they emerged into a canyon, so rocky and dense with brush that it was with difficulty they picked out a passage-way. A mile or two farther on, and the Indian lodges came to view. Wigwams of various sizes, from which emerged savages of all kinds, young, old, male and female. She was too troubled to heed the hideous cry of triumph which greeted their arrival at the lodges. They were evidently much pleased with the trophy their braves had carried back to them, to which they gave evidence by singing and dancing, circling around the unfortunate girl, who had been compelled to seat herself in their midst, that they might gloat over the conquest they had achieved.

Old Bruno stood by the side of his mistress during this performance, looking sadly crestfallen. Dess was glad when their triumphal songs were at an end, after which she was consigned to the charge of two Indian women, who led her into one of the adjoining wigwams. One of the women was the wife of Watumni, as she informed her charge, and as soon as she had led the prisoner away from the excited throng, she said—

“Pale-face squaw eat now,” and she handed the girl a piece of roast venison, which the prisoner had no appetite to devour. She gave the larger portion of it to Bruno, saying, as she did so—

“My arm pains me severely—so much so that I can neither eat nor rest—will Watumni’s wife be kind enough to speak to the chief in regard to it?”

The Indian woman left the wigwam without a word, and after a few minutes’ absence returned, accompanied by the chief and a middle-aged squaw, who was announced as the “medicine woman.”

The white maiden’s arm was made bare and she was obliged to submit to a painful surgical operation, in order to have extracted an arrow head which was imbedded in the flesh. She withstood the operation bravely, and not a single cry of pain escaped her white lips. After the head was extracted, accompa-

nied by a good deal of unnecessary hacking with a dull instrument that was made to serve the purpose of a lancet, the arm was securely bandaged, and the operation declared finished.

“Brave pale-face,” said the old chief approvingly. “This,” he added, placing his hand on his wife’s shoulder, “is Nitia. Her Watumni’s squaw. Pale-face maiden want something, she talk to Nitia,” and he turned away abruptly and was gone.

The captive, wearied by the excitement and toilsome journey of the day, threw herself on a deer pelt which lay before the fire, and was soon in a deep sleep. Her right arm was twined lovingly around old Bruno’s neck, who, being fully aware of his mistress’ unconscious state, was unusually watchful as to her safety. More than once during the night, Hotiti, the Rogue river chief, approached the wigwam in which slept the unfortunate captive, a heavy, black cloud on his low brow, and a fierce, menacing look in his eyes. It is doubtful as to what would have been the fate of poor Dess, had not Nitia watched by her side during the entire night.

Once, when Hotiti would have ventured to the side of the sleeping girl, despite the remonstrances of the squaw Nitia, Bruno adroitly stood himself between his mistress and her stealthy foe, uttering a fierce, threatening growl, which awoke Chief Watumni who slept in an adjoining hut. In a moment he had confronted Hotiti, with tomahawk upraised, as he exclaimed, savagely—

“Let Hotiti dare to take the white maiden’s life! He will lose his scalp and half his braves! Listen to Watumni—he talk little, think much; make little noise, do much.”

“Hotiti lose two braves, good braves, by pale-face squaw,” the Rogue river chieftain vehemently replied. “Must he sit still?—say nothing?—do nothing? Chief Watumni would have Hotiti love white squaw, when she kill two of his best braves?” and he laughed a coarse, jarring laugh, which aroused Dess from the deep sleep into which she had fallen.

“Listen!” said the old chief, impressively, “and Watumni tell Chief Hotiti a story, a true story,” and then followed a brief recital of his meeting with Dess in the forest some time previous, and a few of the incidents connected therewith. He told how bravely she had confronted him when he would have struck her to the earth as his supposed foe, and how she had so lavishly supplied him with bread and dainties for his wife, whom he thought dying.

“Now,” he added, appearing to be deeply effected by the recollection of the girl’s generosity, “would Hotiti have Watumni forsake her? No, no, never! She no common, weak, pale-face squaw. Good, brave heart in breast of white maiden, and Watumni defend

her with his life!" So saying, the old chief forcibly struck his breast with his open palm, as if to give weight to his words.

A few minutes later the two savages left the wigwam and Dess was undisturbed during the remaining hours of the night. She had understood enough of the conversation to know that Watumni was trying to save her life. Further than this she knew nothing. Had Hotiti triumphed, and had they gone off to prepare fagots with which to torture her, to burn her to death? Her heart sickened at the awful thought, and, with a shudder, she cuddled close to old Bruno, on whose friendship alone she could now confidently rely. She arose next morning with a dull, heavy pain in her head, the result of the previous day's strife and excitement. She knew it was utterly impossible to effect an escape, consequently she tried to be resigned to meet her fate, whatever it might be. Perplexing thoughts as to the welfare of her lover and brother tortured her mind hour after hour, and constituted her chief trouble. Thus the day passed away, and the unhappy girl sat in the rude wigwam brooding over her troubles, constantly under the strict vigilance of the two Indian women, who were directed to never let her out of their sight for a moment.

GENE LECREG.

To be continued.

NEW ENTERPRISES AT McMinnville.

McMINNVILLE has shown the enterprising spirit of its business men by organizing the first regular creamery and cold storage company in the Willamette valley. That such an enterprise will be a successful one, no one acquainted with the resources of Yamhill county will for a moment doubt. For years Yamhill has been considered the leading agricultural county of the state, and many of the finest farms in Oregon are to be found within a short distance of McMinnville. The new company has a capital stock of \$8,000.00, subscribed by the leading business men and farmers. A building is being erected and machinery will be put in for the manufacture of a thousand pounds of butter per day and a large quantity of cheese. The factory will be operated on the regular creamery system, cream being collected daily by wagons of the company from the farms of all individuals having contracts with the company. Cold storage will also be a feature of the business, and the storage room will be thirty by forty feet and ten feet high, ice being used for reduction of the temperature.

In addition to the creamery project, another enterprise is rapidly assuming shape. Efforts are being made, with much promise of success, to found a

canning industry. It is proposed to purchase the four story brick mill building belonging to the Sax estate, including water power, for which an offer of \$12,500.00 has been made, and fit it up for a complete cannery, both for vegetables and fruit. Considerable outside capital will be invested in this enterprise. Arrangements have been made for the erection of three brick business blocks this year, and a fourth is under consideration and will probably be built. A number of dwelling houses will also be erected, one of which will be a very handsome structure. All the indications point to a year of great prosperity and growth.

WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON.

L YING immediately south and west of Multnomah county is the county of Washington, through which run two lines of railroad from Portland, offering the farmers easy and cheap access to the city's markets. It is a beautiful region, splendidly watered and timbered, and possessing a soil of great fertility and a most genial climate. But little land is available for settlement under government land laws, yet unsurpassed opportunities exist for acquiring a home cheaply. The large farms of former days are being divided up, and most desirable land, in all stages of improvement, can be purchased at prices ranging from \$5.00 to \$50.00 per acre. Good roads, churches, school houses and all the conveniences of living usually found in the rural districts of the eastern states exist there, and the immigrant who purchases land in Washington county need not feel that he is taking his family into a wilderness or that they will be subjected to the rigors of frontier life. A bill has passed the legislature for the construction of a road from Washington county across the mountains to Clatsop county, an improvement which will be of great benefit to both sections. Forest Grove and Hillsboro, the chief commercial towns of the county, both offer opportunities for business men and capitalists, and as places of residence are delightful.

A QUAKER COMMUNITY.

A TTENTION has often been called to the enterprise exhibited by the town of Newberg, the Quaker settlement in the Chehalem valley, in Yamhill county. If anyone has imbibed the impression that the quiet, peaceful Quaker is dull and unprogressive, he will get rid of it forever when he visits this scene of activity. No community in Oregon is more enterprising or doing more to promote its material welfare than is this thriving town, which has made a larger percentage of growth than any other in the state

New houses are being erected continually and new business enterprises engaged in. Special attention is being given to fruit culture, more particularly that of prunes, to which the valley is peculiarly adapted. The Chehalem Board of Immigration supplies ten-acre tracts near the town at very reasonable rates, the object being to locate an industrious and thrifty class of people in the vicinity of the town. For this reason the board has secured control of a large area of excellent fruit land and much town property, so that immigrants can rely upon purchasing both at reasonable rates. The headquarters of the board are at Newberg.

IMPROVEMENTS IN ROSEBURG.

ROSEBURG'S proposed woolen mill is rapidly assuming tangible proportions. The mill race has been completed and the mill erected. All that is

necessary now is to place the machinery in position, three car loads of which have already arrived. By the time the spring clip of wool is ready for the market, the mill will be in good running condition and this important industry will begin operations, the beneficial effects of which will be felt throughout the entire Umpqua valley. Other improvements in the city are progressing with equally satisfactory speed. Arrangements are being made for the erection of several brick business blocks and for the construction of a much needed system of water works. Recently the Baptist society completed the largest and finest church edifice in Southern Oregon. One of the evidences of growth is the fact that the *Review* has changed from a weekly to a semi-weekly paper, with promise of becoming a daily as soon as the conditions become more favorable. An upward tendency in all classes of real estate is observable, and is the necessary consequence of the growth and prosperity of the town.

Northwestern News and Information.

YAQUINA BAY IMPROVEMENTS.—Second only to the Columbia river in importance on the coast of Oregon is the harbor at Yaquina bay. For the work of improving the entrance and increasing the depth of the channel across the bar, the government has appropriated \$235,000.00 since 1880. It is estimated that \$317,332.91 will be required to complete the improvements as projected by the engineers, of which \$250,000.00 are asked for, to be used during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1890. The report of Captain Willard Young, who has the work in charge, gives the following facts in regard to the nature of the bar, the plan of improvement and the progress of the work: Before work was begun the prevailing depth of water on the bar was from seven to eight feet. Three channels existed, known as the north, middle and south. The south channel was the one most used, but was rendered dangerous by the presence of rocks. The middle channel, though free from rocks, was usually the shoalest of the three, and was little used. The north channel, while being long and tortuous, was so studded with rocks as to be considered unnavigable. Owing to the shifting nature of the bar, these channels were constantly changing both in position and depth. The approved project, adopted in 1881, is to run out a dyke, or jetty, on the south side of the entrance, so as to cause the south channel to shoal and the flow to be deflected northward, with a view to opening and maintaining the central channel, with a least depth of seventeen feet at high water. As originally projected, the dyke was to start from near low water line and run out into the sea a distance of twenty-five hundred feet, and was to rise to two feet above mean low water. The beach on the line of the jetty, from high water level to low water level, was to be protected by sinking gabions in the beach with sand heaped over them,

and by covering the surface with a layer of mattresses and stone. The stone for the jetty was to be deposited in place from barges and cribs were to be used if practicable. It was found, however, that cribs could not be used, on account of the strong currents and high seas, and that the ocean swell, even in quiet weather, was too great to permit the use of stone barges. Accordingly, the jetty had to be built from the shore end, carrying the stone out over a tramway, and was begun at high tide line instead of at low tide line, thus making the total projected length of the jetty, in 1881, three thousand seven hundred feet. In 1884 the jetty was extended shoreward a distance of three hundred and sixteen feet, making the present length of the jetty about four thousand feet.

It was thought that the funds available at the beginning of the year 1888 would permit an extension of six hundred feet to be made to the jetty during the year. However, such a scouring took place around the head of the jetty as it advanced as to necessitate using much more stone than was estimated for. On this account an extension of only four hundred and sixty feet was made. An examination made June 9, 1888, showed the channel to have a depth of eleven feet at low water, and to be straight out on a line a little to the north of, but parallel to, the jetty. A spur dike for shore protection will also be needed. If the present project is carried out, an extension seaward of about fifteen hundred feet will have to be made. A project was submitted by Captain Charles F. Powell, corps of engineers, on April 6, 1887, for a jetty on the north side of the entrance. This jetty would close the north channel, through which, at certain times of the year, a large part of the tidal waters pass, and would, with the south jetty, tend to concentrate the tidal currents in one central channel, and thus insure the deepest water

practicable over the bar. No notice has been received of the approval of this project, though department instructions by telegraph of late date direct that the estimates in this report provide for a north jetty. Such an improvement to the entrance as will permit foreign grain ships to cross out when loaded is most urgently demanded. A vigorous prosecution of the work of improvement would not interfere with navigation, and for the sake of economy it is desirable that the work should progress rapidly. The importance of the harbor at Yaquina, in view of the operations of the Oregon Pacific railroad, is such that the work of improvement should be pushed with the utmost vigor. Yaquina bay is an important outlet for the Willamette valley, and will become more so when the railroad becomes a portion of a transcontinental route.

MONTANA'S ASSESSMENT FIGURES.—From the annual report of the secretary of Montana it appears that in 1888 there were three million seven hundred and forty-one thousand four hundred and fifty-nine acres of improved land in the territory, the assessed valuation of which was \$2,323,085.00. The number of town lots is given at fifty-five thousand two hundred and forty-nine, having a value of \$14,939,634.00. The following figures for live stock are given:

	No.	Value.
Horses.....	142,140	\$4,892,933.00
Cattle.....	488,467	9,057,298 00
Sheep.....	1,153,771	2,165,719 00
Mules and Asses.....	1,694	87,076 00
Swine.....	8,761	41,286.00

The shares of stock assessed in the territory amounted to \$2,086,059.00, of which Lewis and Clarke county, in which Helena is situated, had over \$1,000,000.00. Capital invested in manufacturing amounted to \$404,500.00, and the total amount of money and credits employed in business in the territory was \$5,600,785.00. The territory is out of debt and has a balance of \$114,000.00 in the treasury. The value of school buildings in Montana was \$646,670.00; there were raised for school purposes \$317,442.17. Following is a comparative statement of the valuation of taxable property in the several counties of Montana for the two years last past:

COUNTIES.	1887	1888
Beaverhead.....	\$2,897,706 00	\$ 3,084,120.00
Cache.....	Not created.	3,370,874.00
Choteau.....	4,372,555.00	3,679,489 00
Custer.....	3,981,071.00	3,292,495.00
Dawson.....	1,086,881.00	1,440,349.20
Deer Lodge.....	6,308,254 00	7,419,364 00
Fergus.....	2,618,997 00	2,401,873.00
Gallatin.....	3,521,612 00	4,108,692.00
Jefferson.....	2,745,737.00	3,666,366.00
Lewis and Clarke.....	11,416,750.00	12,028,890.00
Madison.....	2,800,754.00	3,075,835.00
Meagher.....	3,050,146 00	2,668,547 00
Missoula.....	2,717,913.00	3,428,761.00
Park.....	2,270,050.00	2,379,983.50
Silver Bow.....	8,160,829.00	9,068,823.00
Yellowstone.....	2,205,238.00	2,316,072.00
Total.....	\$60,099,498.00	\$67,480,533.70
Increase.....		7,381,040.70

IRRIGATION IN YELLOWSTONE VALLEY.—The great irrigating canal of the Minnesota and Montana Land and Improvement Company has at last been completed. The ditch has cost about \$100,000.00, and has a capacity of some twelve thousand cubic inches of water per second. The importance of this enterprise to Billings and that portion of the valley next to that city is very great. Along the line of the Northern Pacific, for nearly forty miles west of Billings, is the extensive agricultural region of the Clarke's Fork bottom, from six to eight miles in width and sloping gently toward the Yellowstone on the

south. The lower lands of this bottom have been settled for some years and on them are dotted many as pleasant homes as one finds in the west, but the higher lands, though equally as valuable, had in but few instances taken the fancy of intending settlers, on account of the enormous expense that would necessarily follow in the attempt to construct ditches through which to carry water for irrigating purposes, to insure the growth of crops. The Minnesota and Montana Land and Improvement Company, whose object was to reclaim desert lands, was subsequently organized, and under the general laws claimed some eight or ten sections of this bench land, and then set about to construct a ditch, not only of sufficient dimensions to carry an abundance of water upon their own claims, but upon claims of others adjoining their property, who might fall in need of it during the dry seasons. Near the extreme upper end of the valley this piece of work was commenced. At numerous times during its construction an abandonment of the work seemed to be the fate of the company, on account of the great sum of money the scheme was absorbing, but they stuck to the work, and at last their efforts to render these lands capable of producing crops nowhere equaled in Montana are crowned with success. It may be possible that the company may not find, at present, ready purchasers for the land they have thus reclaimed, but with the building of more railroads in Eastern Montana during the present year, followed by the promising outlook for a development of the mineral resources, it is not likely there will be a lack of interest in the agricultural resources for any great period, for the thrifty eastern farmer will soon recognize the fact that the reclaimed lands of Montana are unexcelled for agricultural purposes.

THE GREAT SHOSHONE CANAL.—One of the most extensive irrigation schemes ever proposed is that of the mammoth Shoshone canal, with which it is proposed to irrigate the great plain of Snake river. Extending from Boise to some distance beyond Shoshone is a vast tract containing upwards of three million acres of land that can be rendered highly productive by irrigation. Snake river contains at all seasons much more water than would be required to irrigate this entire tract and convert it into more than twenty thousand farms of one hundred and sixty acres each, upon which fully one hundred thousand people would find homes, besides an equal number added to the population of the various towns. Great things have been accomplished in Wasatch valley, Utah, by means of irrigation, where the conditions are not so favorable as in the Snake river valley, the ground being rougher and the soil no better. It will require a large sum of money to carry out this enterprise, and the Oregon Short Line, whose road runs through the region, and to whom a great benefit will accrue in the way of traffic, is willing to supply a generous portion of the required means. It is the intention to ask congress to make a liberal appropriation for this purpose, and it would seem as though our national legislators could be easily impressed with the wisdom and sound business sense of such a proposition. The land that will thus be rendered arable and salable is a portion of the public domain practically valueless at present, but which, by this means, could be placed in such a condition that it would sell under the public land laws for far more than the amount required to redeem it, which amount is estimated at \$2,000,000.00. This is the most important enterprise for Idaho yet suggested, and its completion would mean the addition of hundreds of thousands to its population and millions of dollars to its wealth. There would then be no question about statehood for the territory, and no doubt of the high position it would occupy among the commonwealths of the nation.

KAMLOOPS, B. C.—Since the completion of the Canadian Pacific, thus giving an outlet to the vast interior region of British Columbia, the town of Kamloops, the most important point on the line from Vancouver to Calgary, has made a rapid growth. At that time two hotels, two general stores, two Chinese stores and five families, and a blacksmith shop, saddlery shop, carpenter shop and a cabinet maker and a saw mill comprised the town, whose central location was such as to bring business to it from all directions. With the coming of the railroad and the placing of steamboats on the river and lakes, business began to boom and has been steadily on the increase. To-day Kamloops possesses two hundred houses, seven hundred people, a newspaper, the *Inland Sentinel*, a system of water works and fire hydrants, eight general stores, two grocery stores, one clothier, one dry goods, three tailors, three dressmakers, one milliner, four shoemakers, two watchmakers, one photograph gallery, two architects and civil engineers, one confectionery, two bakeries, two barbers, two blacksmith shops, two wagon-maker's shops, one tinsmith and plumber, two drug stores, three physicians, a hardware store, four carpenters and contractors, three plasterers, three painters, one saw and planing mill, two lawyers, two butcher shops, two restaurants, two livery stables and feed stores, seven hotels, one saloon, four churches, two schools, one hospital, one bank. This progress is very gratifying to the citizens, and as it is founded upon the excellent commercial location of the town, there is every reason to look for its continuance.

WOOLEN MILL FOR HELENA.—A certificate of incorporation of the Montana Woolen Mill Company was filed with the territorial secretary recently. The capital stock is \$200,000.00, divided into two thousand shares, and the object of the company is to manufacture woolen fabrics and to deal in wool and woolens; to construct suitable and convenient buildings, factories, mills, storage and warehouses; to buy, sell, scour, clean and handle wools, and to manufacture, purchase and sell woolen goods and fabrics of every name and nature, especially such as woolen blankets and flannels; to purchase, hold or sell such real estate as may be necessary or convenient for the general conduct of a woolen manufacturing and milling business; to purchase necessary water rights and everything necessary for the plant. The establishment will be a first class one in every respect, and will employ from five hundred to seven hundred and fifty hands from the start. This is one of the first movements for manufacturing wool in Montana, and its success is assured from the start. The territory now produces nine million pounds a year of the finest quality of wool, and the amount of the clip is regularly increasing. There is ample room on the government lands for ten times as many sheep as are now on the range, and there is no better paying business for men of small means, who are seeking liberal returns. As an evidence of what the sheep industry will do, the North Montana Sheep Company was organized about two years ago. Last year it declared a dividend of twenty-nine per cent. and expects to increase this figure as soon as returns from wool sales of last summer are all in.

IDAHO'S ARGUMENT FOR ADMISSION.—In the memorial to congress for the admission of Idaho into the union, adopted by the territorial legislature a short time ago, it is set forth that Idaho Territory has a population of one hundred and thirty thousand energetic, intelligent, law and liberty loving citizens, nearly all of American birth, immigrants from the states east and west of her, and this population rapidly increasing; that Idaho has eighty-four thousand eight hundred square miles of territory, one thousand miles of railway in operation and several lines in

process of construction, and a wealth of about \$50,000,000.00; that Idaho's mining, grazing and lumbering interests are already of vast importance, and that their development is rapidly increasing the wealth of the territory; that while daily developments are proving the rare mineral wealth of the mountains, and experience in stock raising gives assurance of the unequalled capacity of their lower slopes for pasturage, still years of experiments indicate that the great wealth of Idaho is to be found in her agricultural resources; that Idaho has immense valleys of millions of acres of productive soil when rendered fertile by the presence of water; that a system of irrigation covering these vast tracts, though beyond the reach of individual enterprise, should be kept within the control and for the benefit of the state; that, therefore, in behalf of the agricultural interests of Idaho, which are believed to be of a value now little comprehended, the people earnestly desire the powers and organization of a state.

SPOKANE & NORTHERN.—The project of building a railroad from Spokane Falls to a point on the Columbia, from which uninterrupted navigation extends to the crossing of that stream by the Canadian Pacific, has been revived and placed in such condition that its accomplishment seems assured. The Spokane & Northern has agreed to turn its franchise and surveys over to Mr. D. C. Corbin, who, in consideration of this and a cash subscription of \$100,000.00 by the citizens of Spokane Falls, which amount has already been pledged, agrees to construct the road and necessary steamers without delay. The line of the road will pass through the Colville region, rich in agricultural and mineral resources, and the steamer line will give access to a great and promising district of British Columbia, including the famous Kootenay mines, which will be reached by a short road from the Columbia, a charter for which has been granted by the provincial legislature. One of the greatest benefits to accrue to Spokane will be the centering there of the fluxing ores of Colville and Kootenay and the lead ores of Cœur d'Alene, thus making that point the cheapest one where can be accumulated the various qualities of ore necessary to the operation of a large smelting plant. Besides this a large area of rapidly developing country will be rendered tributary to the city and add much to its business and population.

OREGON & WASHINGTON RAILROAD.—The live towns of Eastern Oregon and Washington are all eager to be connected with Hunt's system running through that region from Wallula, where it connects with both the O. R. & N. and the Northern Pacific. Subsidies have been granted, both in cash and land, by several towns, especially Walla, whose position renders her, to a degree, a central point on the system. Negotiations are now in progress between Mr. Hunt and the citizens of Waitsburg and Dayton, for the extension of the line to those places from Walla Walla. The business men of Pendleton have about concluded arrangements for the construction of the line into that city from the terminal point but a short distance north. The Union citizens have agreed to give a subsidy of \$180,000.00 for the extension of the Centerville line to that town, and if the money is raised the line will be constructed the coming year. Mr. Hunt's system promises to be one of the most important transportation factors in the development of the Inland Empire.

NORTHERN PACIFIC GOING TO BUTTE.—The news is published that the Northern Pacific Railway Company is about to construct a road from Gallatin, at the three forks of the Missouri

river in Montana, westward to Butte via Boulder, Calvins, Elk Park and Lowlands. Condemnation proceedings have already been begun for depot grounds in Butte. The principal purpose of this road is to give Butte direct communication with the east, and another immediate urgency seems to be to find a direct route to supply Butte and Anaconda with coal from the Rocky Fork mines, in which Villard, Haggin, Oakes and Hauser now hold heavy interests. There seems no doubt of the excellent quality, vast quantity and cheap mining of this coal. It can be supplied in ample amount for all the territory, will end the coal famine, and can be laid down in the market at less cost than any other good coal. It is said the branch will be extended on from Butte to Anaconda, and probably from there to the main Northern Pacific line at Garrison. The Utah & Northern has all the traffic between Butte and Garrison, and Montana Union the Anaconda business, and if the Northern Pacific is extended through it must parallel the other road a considerable part of the distance. What effect this project will have on the operations of the Montana Union in that country remains to be seen.

A WORTHY HOME ENTERPRISE.—In their insurance business, as well as in many other respects, our people are beginning to learn the value of home industry, and to reap the mutual benefits that follow a patronage of local enterprises. Every year the local companies, sound financially and managed by thoroughly competent and upright gentlemen, are receiving a greater share of business. In particular is this the case with the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, which is recognized as one of the leading life and accident companies of the United States. In liberal conditions to policy holders and in large dividends this company is unrivaled by those of the Atlantic slope, and all of our citizens who insure in it have the double satisfaction of dealing with a home company and securing better terms than more distant companies can offer. The accident branch of the company's business is very large and is one of its best features, as it enables every man at a small annual expense to provide against want in case of disability by accident. Mr. E. C. Frost is the general agent for this region, with headquarters in this city.

WATER WORKS FOR KETCHUM.—A company has been incorporated under the name of "Ketchum Spring Water Supply Company," for the purpose of bringing a supply of good, pure, spring water into Ketchum. The capital stock is \$24,000.00. Like other towns of Southern Idaho, Ketchum only needs an adequate supply of water to adorn its streets with shade trees and its lawns with ornamental shrubs and flowers. This, however, is not the chief reason why a good water works system is desired. Protection from fire and an abundant supply for business and domestic uses are more important. Water will be conveyed from perennial springs, some two miles north of town, by means of a five-inch iron pipe, the elevation of the springs giving a pressure of one hundred and fifty-four feet in the town, amply sufficient for fire purposes. The pressure and capacity of the pipe will be sufficient to keep three streams of water playing at a time, fire hose and plugs being all the equipment necessary. In a few years Ketchum will be a much more beautiful town than at present, more in harmony with her picturesque surroundings.

SEATTLE & SOUTHERN RAILROAD.—Surveying has already been commenced on the line of the Seattle & Southern, to connect that city with the Southern Pacific system at Portland.

The company has organized by electing Thomas Ewing president, L. S. J. Hunt vice president, J. P. Hoyt treasurer, M. S. Bates secretary, and Gen. Charles Caldwell consulting engineer, the last named gentleman being chief engineer of the Southern Pacific. Preliminary surveys and full estimates of cost have been made, and the necessary financial arrangements perfected, so that nothing can interfere with the speedy construction of the road. The line will be one hundred and seventy miles long, and construction will begin at the terminus in West Seattle, as soon as the surveying party now in the field locates the line definitely for a proper distance. A general office building will at once be erected near the ferry landing in West Seattle. No date is set for the completion of the road, but as the supply of money is ample it will probably be finished in less than two years.

MAGNIFICENT ALASKAN STEAMER.—A scheme for building a magnificent excursion steamer to ply between Puget sound and Alaskan ports is announced. Captain James Carroll, who has run on the Alaska route a number of years, is said to be the promoter of this enterprise, and Henry Villard is also interested in it. It contemplates a floating palace to cost \$600,000.00. The boat will be three hundred and fifty feet long and fifty feet beam, a twin screw propeller with two triple compound engines. Her chief distinguishing feature is to be a crystal saloon on the hurricane deck, two hundred feet long, heated by steam, so the passengers can promenade under cover and in comfort, and still enjoy a magnificent view of the scenery. The steamer will run about four months, and she will make two round trips per month. All her measurements will be made with a view to making her the fastest ship on the Pacific, and she will be richly equipped so as to please the most critical taste and requirements of affluent excursionists.

BELLINGHAM BAY & BRITISH COLUMBIA RAILROAD Co.—Contract has been let for the line of the railroad from Whatcom to the boundary line to meet the line being constructed south from New Westminster. Work on clearing the right of way has been commenced, and grading will begin early in March. It is stated by the officers of the company that trains will be running between Whatcom and New Westminster by the first of August next. A huge transfer boat for use on Fraser river is now under construction and bids are called for from bridge builders for an iron bridge across the Nooksack. The bridge will be fifteen hundred feet long, with a draw of two hundred and fifty feet. When the road is ready for business the company will put on a line of fast steamers between Whatcom and Seattle and Tacoma. The bridge across the Nooksack will be built at Kingsdale, a new town two miles above Ferndale.

UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO.—A bill establishing an educational institution by the name and style of the "University of Idaho," passed the legislature of Idaho and became a law January 30. This institution is to be located at Moscow, which is the county seat of the newly erected county of Latah, in the northern panhandle. Its government shall be vested in a board of regents, consisting of nine members, to be appointed by the governor for the term of three years from the first Monday in February in the year in which they are appointed. The first appropriation for the purchase of a site and for the improvement of the same is \$15,000.00, and a tax of one-half of one mill on each dollar of the assessed valuation of the taxable property of the territory is levied for a university building fund. The university will start with two departments, a college of arts and a col-

lege of letters. This is a commendable move for the territory, and Moscow is fortunate in securing such an institution.

PEND D'OREILLE MINES.—The movement of prospectors toward the new camp in the Pend d'Oreille district is assuming large proportions, and the appearances indicate a considerable excitement in that direction the coming summer. Webber City is the name of the camp, and is but a few miles by mountain trail from Squaw bay, which is but a few hours' ride by steamer from Hope, a station on the Northern Pacific. The railroad company will put a large steamer on the lake in the spring to accommodate the large freight and passenger traffic that will be demanding transportation. Some of the mines are already bonded to Helena capitalists, and will be developed as speedily as possible. It is expected that the story of Cœur d'Alene will be repeated, and that a few years will see railroads heading for these new mines with the same energy they are now showing in the Cœur d'Alene region.

O. R. & N. TO CŒUR D'ALENE.—All obstacles have been removed from the path of the Washington & Idaho railroad by the granting of full permission to cross the Cœur d'Alene Indian reservation. Work was suspended last fall because this permission was withheld, but has now been resumed with vigor, and ere many weeks Portland will have direct connection with the Cœur d'Alene mines over the lines of the O. R. & N. Co., of which the Washington & Idaho is practically a branch. So far as the transportation of ores is concerned, it would seem as though satisfactory arrangements could then be made for all the ore necessary to maintain large reduction works in Portland. All that is necessary is that sufficient capital be invested in the enterprise to conduct it on a scale large enough to make its demand a large and constant one, upon which both the mines and the railroad may rely.

PAPER MILL FOR BOZEMAN.—The subject of a large paper mill is occupying the attention of citizens of Bozeman. The Gallatin valley is now the most prominent agricultural district in Montana, and the supply of straw in the vicinity of Bozeman is ample for the use of a large mill. At present straw is wasted, and is, in fact, an incumbrance instead of a source of revenue to the farmer. Mr. Peter Hogan and associates, of New York, have made a proposition to erect a mill if the citizens will donate a sufficient quantity of land and water power, and a certain amount of straw yearly for a term of five years. No obstacle seems to be in the way, and the indications are that the mill will be erected the coming summer. Great quantities of news, straw wrapping and building paper are imported into the territory yearly, which a mill at Bozeman, having a central location, could easily supply.

PORT TOWNSEND'S NEW HOTEL.—A large and handsome hotel will soon be thrown open to the public at Port Townsend, the port of entry for Puget sound. Great progress has been made by the city during the past year, and the construction of the Port Townsend & Southern railroad will give an added impetus to its growth. For beauty of location, healthfulness and equability of climate, Port Townsend is unsurpassed in the northwest, and a good hotel ought to be crowded with visitors the entire season. The board of trade have this matter in hand and are looking about for a competent manager for the enterprise. Here is an unrivaled opportunity for the right man to step at once into a good business, where all the conditions are favorable for success, and where the enterprise has the

active support of the entire business community. Communications on the subject should be addressed to Allen Wier, Secretary of the Board of Trade, Port Townsend, W. T.

RAILROAD FROM PUGET SOUND TO GRAY'S HARBOR.—For six miles from Shelton, in a southwesterly direction, the grade and bridges of the Mason County Central railroad have been completed and are ready for the iron. The first consignment of rails, an engine and other rolling stock are on the way from St. Paul, and the first section of six miles will be placed in running order in a short time. The road is a standard gauge, and will be used primarily for the transportation of logs from the heavy forests through which it runs to Shelton, the sound terminus, where they can be rafted to the various mills. It will be extended, as soon as possible, to Gray's harbor, when it will become more of a commercial highway, connecting two important bodies of water and passing through an agricultural region of great fertility and promise.

METEOROLOGICAL SUMMARY FOR JANUARY.—From the report of the superintendent of the U. S. signal service station in Portland, for the month of January, 1889, the following statistics have been compiled: Highest temperature, fifty-five degrees, on the twenty-fifth; lowest temperature, twenty-four degrees, on the sixteenth; mean, thirty-eight and six-tenths degrees; greatest daily range, eighteen degrees; least daily range, six degrees; total precipitation, four and seventy-eight hundredths inches; snow fell to the total depth of three-tenths of an inch, on the seventeenth and twentieth; number of clear days, seven; fair days, four; cloudy days, twenty. The precipitation was two and twenty-five hundredths inches less than the average for January during the preceding seventeen years.

RAILROAD SHOPS FOR BUTTE.—The business of the Montana Union has increased beyond the ability of the present small shops to keep the rolling stock in good serviceable condition. A disabled engine has to be sent to Pocatello or Omaha for repairs, thus depriving the road of its services much longer than ought to be the case. Shops sufficiently large to do all the work of the road will be built in Butte in the spring. During the year, probably, about twenty-five miles of seventy-five-pound steel rails will be laid in place of the fifty-two-pound now in use, and the remainder of the road will be thus relaid the year following. In proportion to its mileage, the Montana Union is doing a larger traffic than any other road in the west. The tonnage between Anaconda and Butte is very heavy.

THE BIG HORN & SOUTHERN RAILWAY.—Articles incorporating the Big Horn & Southern railroad, in Montana and Wyoming, have been filed, with a capital stock of \$500,000.00. The object is to construct and operate a line from a point on the Northern Pacific near the mouth of the Big Horn river, up that stream and the Little Big Horn and some one of its tributaries, by the most feasible route, to a point on the boundary line between the territories near the head of Five Mile creek, which shall be the terminus of the main line. Authority is also given to construct a branch southward to Beckton, Wyoming. The object is to penetrate a coal belt in that country and lead to the development of other mineral deposits which are believed to exist there.

OLYMPIA STREET RAILWAYS.—A company has been organized to improve the capital city of Washington in many ways. The Olympia & Tumwater Railway, Light & Power Company

has been incorporated, with a capital stock of \$250,000.00, for the purpose of constructing street railways, operating electric motors, electric lights, telephone and telegraph systems, and building wharves, warehouses, etc. The incorporators are gentlemen of Tacoma and Olympia, and individually represent a capital of \$2,000,000.00. It is proposed to use the power of Tumwater falls for the generation of electricity.

MOUNTAIN LION MINE.—Arrangements have been made for an extensive working of the Mountain Lion mine, in the Oro Fino district. A contract has been entered into between the Mountain Lion Mining Company and the Mountain Lion Syndicate, a recently incorporated company, of St. Louis, by the terms of which the latter will furnish the capital necessary for erecting hoisting and pumping machinery, sinking a shaft two hundred feet and running eight hundred feet of levels and crosscuts. Work has already been begun, and a valuable property will be developed.

TO PIPE WYOMING OIL.—It is stated that a syndicate, in which the Standard Oil Company is interested, is being formed in New York for the construction of a pipe line from the Wyoming oil fields, in the Big Horn country, to some point in Montana on the Northern Pacific railway. This scheme, if carried out, will open a new and important enterprise in the west. It is said that this will circumvent several railway schemes for the Wyoming coal fields and destroy the sharp competition that is likely to be instituted if present railroad plans are carried out.

HELENA'S GREAT SMELTER.—Before the first of March the huge smelting plant at Helena will be in full operation. The company already has concentrates at the works and at various shipping points valued at \$500,000.00, but as the plant has a capacity of two hundred and fifty tons per day, this is not sufficient to last very long. Contracts have been closed with the big silver-lead mines of Cœur d'Alene, and mines at Wickes, for a steady supply of ore, and the smelter will begin operations with all the conditions necessary to its success.

SAND COULEE COAL.—The Sand Coulee Coal Company, of Montana, is taking out between two hundred and three hundred tons of coal a day. A vein has been struck the product of which is said to be unsurpassed by any coal in the country. At present the entire output is consumed by the Montana Cen-

tral and Manitoba railroads and the Great Falls smelter, which needs even more than is mined there. The main tunnel of the mine has been run about six hundred and fifty feet, and in a short time the output will be greatly increased.

SURVEYING THE NORTHERN RESERVATION.—Bids have been advertised for by the surveyor general of Montana for surveying the Blackfoot, Fort Belknap and Fort Peck Indian reservations in Northern Montana, being the ones set apart in the treaty recently ratified by congress, by which a large area of desirable land was thrown open to settlement. The land added to the public domain aggregates over seventeen million acres, but the exact boundaries between it and the reservations have yet to be fixed by these special official surveys.

SHEEP INTERESTS OF MONTANA.—It is estimated by a prominent sheep owner of Montana that the wool clip of the coming season will not fall short of ten million pounds, netting fully \$2,000,000.00 to the growers of that territory, who will also pocket \$2,000,000.00 more by the sale of surplus sheep. The winter season has been very favorable to that industry, the sheep being fat and in prime condition. No branch of the live stock business in the territory is more prosperous than sheep husbandry.

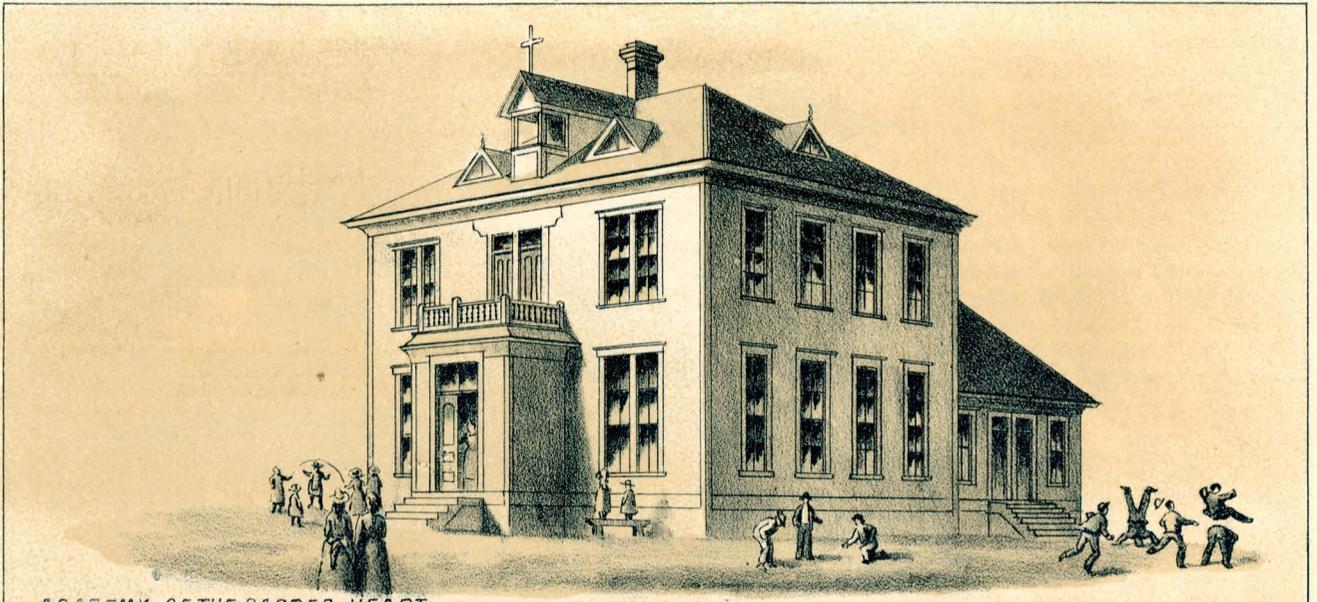
ALTURAS COUNTY DIVIDED.—One of the last acts of the Idaho legislature was the division of Alturas county, the largest in the territory, and the creation of two new counties, each of the three containing about one-third of the taxable property. The new counties are Logan and Elmore, the county seat of the former being located at Shoshone and of the latter at Rocky Bar. It is inevitable that such large counties be divided as rapidly as wealth and population increase sufficiently to justify the act.

COLVILLE MINE SOLD.—The Daisy mine, in Summit district, twenty miles west of Colville, W. T., has been sold to practical miners from Arizona and New Mexico, and H. C. Bell, of Spokane Falls. The latter gentleman has assumed control of the property and will thoroughly develop it. The purchase price was \$30,000.00.

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

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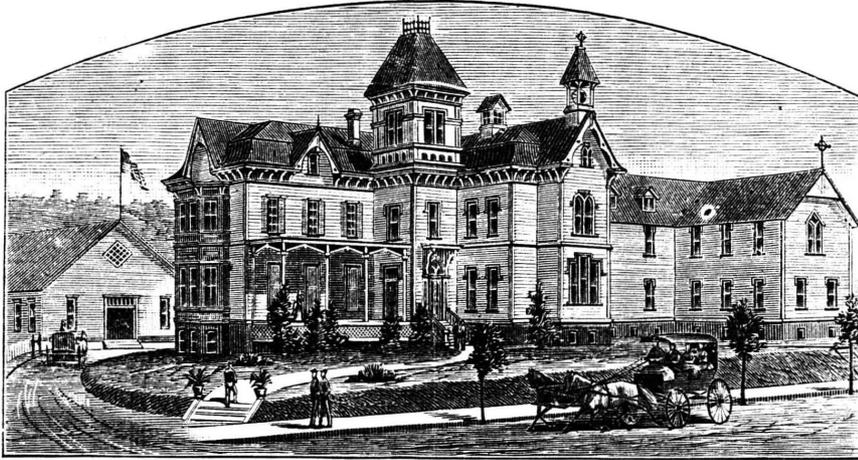
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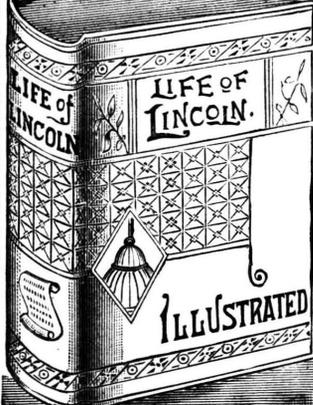


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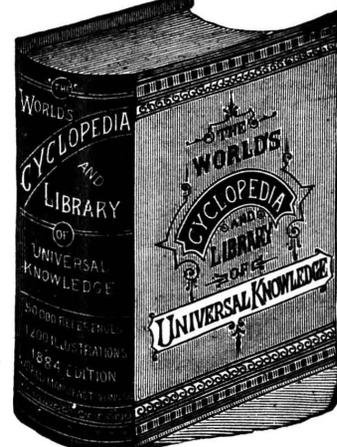
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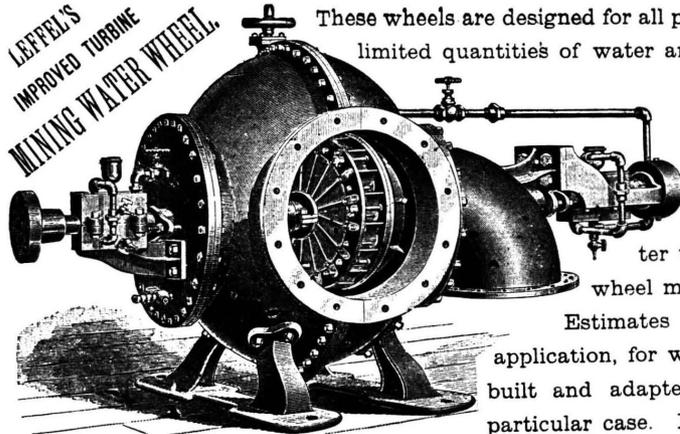
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Lots and blocks in the Portland Addition to Vancouver, a beautifully lying tract of land in the northwest part of the city. Magnificent view. In sight the Columbia river for six miles, and four grand snow peaks. It is only a few blocks from the court house and public school buildings. Lots from \$100.00 to \$300.00 each. Installment plan or otherwise. Now is the time to invest, as prices are going up.

CLARKE COUNTY, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

This county lies on the north bank of the Columbia river, about six miles from the city of Portland. It is about thirty-six miles square and practically level. It occupies an angle in the Columbia river, which passes around its southern and western sides. It is enclosed on the eastern side by the main range of the Cascade mountains, and on the northern side by a spur which strikes the Columbia river at Kalama. Its soil is of the richest character and its sheltered position gives it an incalculable value as a fruit producing region. Its bearing orchards are all young, but are returning their owners a net income of from \$400.00 to \$600.00 per acre per annum. Every foot of land in the county is available for the fruit industry, and can be put into orchard at an expense of from \$50.00 to \$150.00 per acre, after which it will pay interest on more than \$1,000.00 per acre.

LOOK AT THE FOLLOWING BARGAINS.

100 acres, \$1,200.00, half cash.

80 acres, 1,200.00, cash,

75 acres, 700.00, half cash, balance two years.

161 acres, 5,500.00, \$3,000.00 cash, balance to suit.

30 acres, 750.00, cash.

400 acres, 4,000.00, half cash.

160 acres, 1,800.00, half cash.

160 acres, \$4,000.00, half cash.

200 acres, 1,600.00, cash.

92 acres, 1,700.00, \$1,000.00 cash, balance to suit.

20 acres, 200.00, cash.

120 acres, 1,200.00, cash.

95 acres, 1,000.00, cash.

160 acres, 800.00, cash.

Five and ten acre tracts cleared, at from \$50.00 to \$100.00 per acre. All of the above can be re-sold within one year at a handsome profit.

STEARNS & HITCHCOCK,

HEAD OFFICE AT VANCOUVER, W. T.

Branch Offices at No. 7 Stark Street, Portland, Oregon, and at LaCamas, Wash. Ter.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD LANDS

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PACIFIC NORTHWEST,

(WASHINGTON, OREGON AND IDAHO.)

This region offers superior inducements to the Settler and Investor. It has a mild and equable climate, short winters, cool summers, and *FERTILE AND CHEAP LANDS*, producing all varieties of grains and grasses and fruits in great abundance. There are extensive forests of fine timber, large deposits of coal and iron, and mining districts rich in copper, lead, silver and gold. The transportation facilities are good, and the region is well adapted to diversified farming and stock growing. For Sectional Land Maps, Pamphlets and information relative to the Pacific Northwest, apply to

PAUL SCHULZE, Gen'l Land Agent N. P. R. R., Tacoma, W. T., or
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FAST TRAINS.

Lowest rates to Chicago and all points East. Tickets sold to all prominent points throughout the East and Southeast. To Eastbound Passengers: Be careful and do not make a mistake, but be sure to take the Northern Pacific Railroad, and see that your ticket reads via St. Paul or Minneapolis, to avoid changes and serious delays occasioned by other routes. Through Emigrant Sleeping Cars are run on regular express trains full length of the line. Berths free. Low Rates. Quick time.

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Fishing Tackle of every description and quality. Leaders, Fly Books, Baskets, Braided and Tapered Oil Silk Lines, six-spliced Split Bamboo Rods, Sturgeon Lines and Hooks of all kinds.

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**ATHLETIC and GYMNASIUM GOODS,
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FAT FOLKS
using "Anti-Corpulene Pills" lose 15 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Particulars (sealed) 6c, Wilcox, Spence Co., Phila., Pa.

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**THE ORIGINAL, ONLY GENUINE AND MOST RELIABLE
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Ladies. Beware of Counterfeits. Accept no Substi-
tutions. **LADIES,** ask your Druggist for **Chichester's
English Diamond Brand.** Put up in handsome red, black,
and gold hinge-lid metallic boxes, with **Red Cross** in centre of
Diamond, sealed with blue ribbon. As you value your life, do
not buy pills in slide pasteboard boxes in pink wrappers, as they
are a dangerous counterfeit. If your druggist does not keep
Chichester's English Pennyroyal Pills, send us 4c.
(Stamps) for particulars, testimonials, and our "**Relief for
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CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2315 and
2317 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa.**

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Via Southern Pacific Company's Line.

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California Express Trains run daily between

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LEAVE Portland..... 4:00 p. m.	ARRIVE San Fran..... 7:45 a. m.
San Fran..... 7:00 p. m.	Portland..... 10:45 a. m.

Local Passenger Daily, (Except Sunday).

LEAVE Portland..... 8:00 a. m.	ARRIVE Eugene..... 2:40 p. m.
Eugene..... 9:00 a. m.	Portland..... 3:45 p. m.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS.

Tourist Sleeping Cars for the accommodation of second class passengers attached to express trains. The S. P. Co's ferry makes connections with all regular trains on the East Side Division from foot of F street.

WEST SIDE DIVISION.

BET. PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS.

Mail Train Daily, (Except Sunday).

LEAVE Portland..... 7:30 a. m.	ARRIVE Corvallis..... 12:25 p. m.
Corvallis..... 1:30 p. m.	Portland..... 6:20 p. m.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of the Oregon Pacific R. R.

Express Train Daily, (Except Sunday).

LEAVE Portland..... 4:50 p. m.	ARRIVE McMinnville.. 8:00 p. m.
McMinnville, 5:45 a. m.	Portland..... 9:00 a. m.

Local tickets for sale and baggage checked at company's up-town office, corner Pine and Second streets.

Through Tickets for all points in California and the East, can be procured at City Office, No. 184, corner First and Alder streets. Depot Office, corner F and Front streets, Portland, Oregon.

R. KOEHLER,
Manager.

E. P. ROGERS,
Asst. Gen. F. & P. Agt.

OREGON IS GOD'S COUNTRY!!

The Willamette Valley has been fitly termed the

"GARDEN OF OREGON."

The world knows little of the advantages it offers to home seekers and investors or it would soon teem with a population of millions. It has had no transcontinental railroads with townsites to sell, to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in advertising it, but already, standing simply on its own merits, it is attracting the dissatisfied people of the East, who are crowding in by thousands to secure homes within its borders, where

Crop Failures, Droughts, Blizzards, Cyclones, Hot, Dry Summers and Cold, Hard Winters are Absolutely Unknown.

United States Census Reports show Oregon to be THE HEALTHIEST STATE IN THE UNION. The Willamette valley has the most healthful and pleasant climate of any locality within the state of Oregon. It has no extremes of heat or cold. It is a stranger to the harsh and cheerless fogs of Puget sound, and the hot, dry, dusty days of drought-ridden California. In the middle of summer its days are pleasant and its nights are cool and refreshing, while the warm, Japanese current that washes our coast, so tempers the harshness of winter as to divest it of almost all of its unpleasant features. It has practically no snow, and the United States Signal Service Reports show that while it has rainfall sufficient to insure it against any failure of crops, and to make it certain and reliable for agriculture, the rainfall is less than in many parts of the Eastern states. Paid agents for various "boom localities" at every distributing center of travel are depreciating the advantages of other localities and booming their own. Give them respectful attention, but buy nothing until you have made a personal investigation.

Liars Are Abroad!

God Gave You Your Eyes to Use.
Don't Depend Solely on
Your Ears.

COME TO SALEM,

And if you are not, after a full examination, convinced that it offers better inducements, both as a place for a home and for investment, than any other locality in the United States, DON'T BUY; but remember, if you don't buy you will have occasion to regret it in the near future. There is no locality that offers as great advantages at so reasonable a figure with so great promise of immediate advance in value.



THE Oregon Land Company

OF SALEM, OREGON,

Has hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of the best land in the Willamette valley for sale, at prices ranging from \$3.00 to \$100.00 per acre, and *Several Hundred of the Best Town Lots* in the City of Salem, Oregon, the

CAPITAL OF THE STATE,

AND THE

COMMERCIAL CENTER OF THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY.

FRUIT LANDS! FRUIT LANDS!!

Oregon is better adapted to the culture of all the staple fruits than any other state in the Union. Her Pears, Apples, Prunes and Cherries are unequalled. Fortunes are to be made in fruit culture.

Fruit lands in California are selling readily for from \$500.00 to \$1,500.00 per acre, which will not produce any larger revenue than will similar lands in Oregon now for sale by The Oregon Land Company at from \$15.00 to \$75.00 per acre. The quality of our pears, prunes, apples and cherries is admitted to be superior to those of California. Statistics show that the consumption of fruits is increasing more rapidly than is the acreage devoted to fruit culture. The market is widening and prices are advancing. The fruits for which the lands of the Willamette valley are best adapted are staple articles that have the world for a market.

The best field for investment in the Northwest is in the fruit lands of the Willamette valley, for sale by

THE OREGON LAND COMPANY.

We know of no other investment offering so sure or so large returns. Land suitable for a prune orchard can be bought for from \$25.00 to \$80.00 per acre. The trees for one acre can be bought for \$15.00. An average yield from the fourth to the eighth year after the orchard is set out is two bushels to the tree, or thirty-six pounds of dried prunes, making, at the present prices of dried prunes, \$432.00 per acre. After the trees are eight years old the average yield would be much greater. These lands can be bought on time if so desired. REMEMBER! REMEMBER! REMEMBER! NOW IS THE TIME TO INVEST.

Have you ever suffered from the cheerless winters of Minnesota?
Come to Oregon, where we have no extremes of heat or cold.
Have the drought and grasshoppers of Kansas eaten you out of house and home?
Come to Oregon, where a failure of crops was never known.

Have you ever been struck by an old-fashioned Dakota Blizzard?
Come to Oregon, where the hardest storms are but a lullaby in comparison.
Have you ever been caught in the path of an Iowa cyclone?
Come to Oregon, where cyclones and subterranean dug-outs are unknown.

We do a larger business than any other Land Company in the Willamette valley. Send for illustrated pamphlet.

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