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SPECIAL ART SUPPLEMENT.

The January number contained engravings of Salem, with a group of portraits of members of the Oregon Legislature.

The February number contained engravings of Pomeroy and Vancouver, Washington, and Albany, Oregon, accompanied by a large supplement of the proposed elegant hotel in Seattle.

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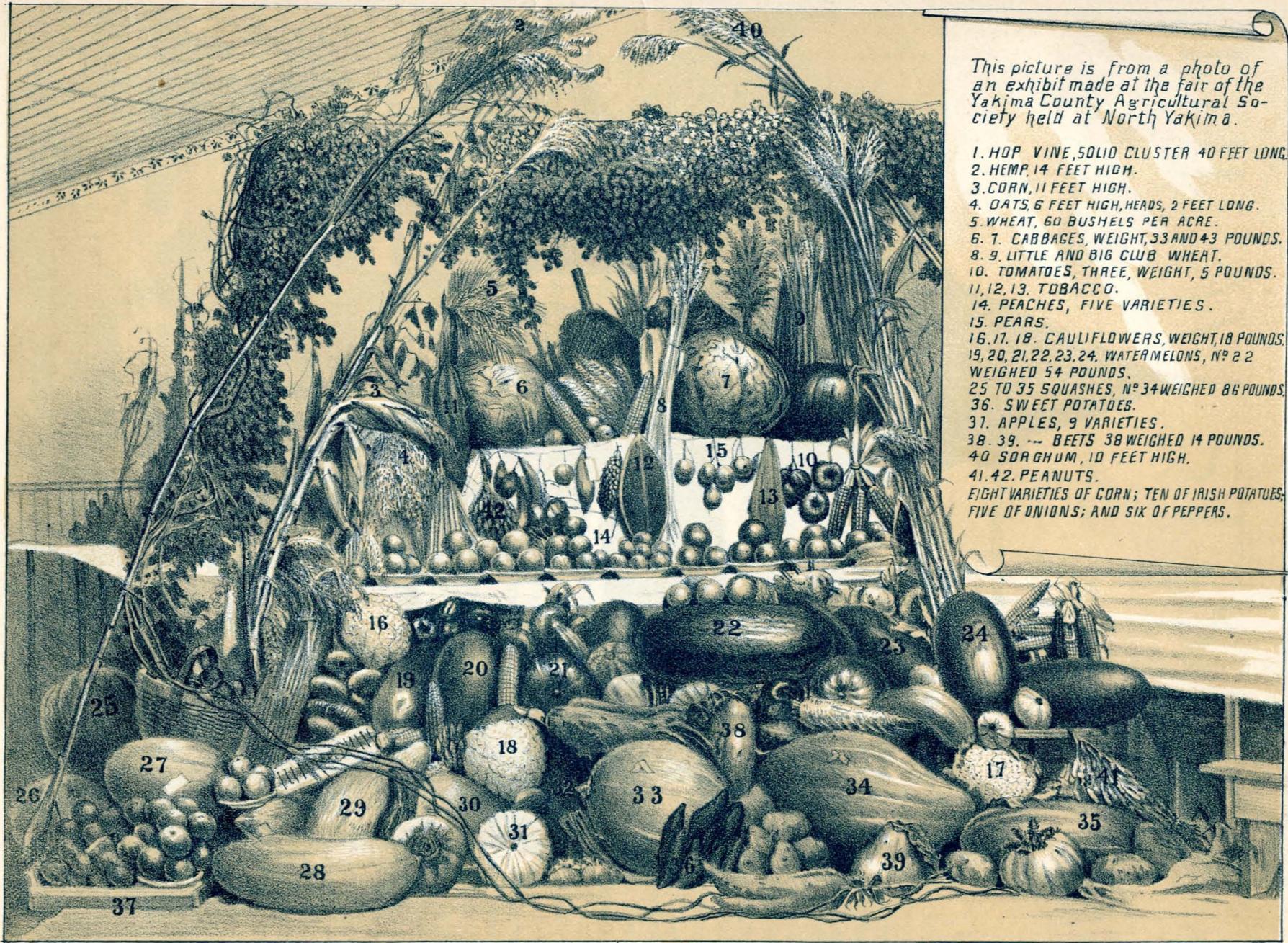
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PRODUCTIONS OF THE GREAT YAKIMA COUNTRY.
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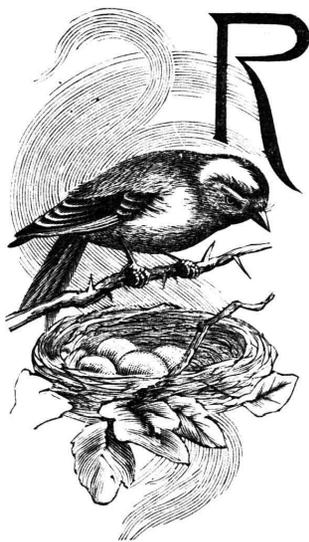
THE WEST SHORE.

FIFTEENTH YEAR.

MARCH, 1889.

NUMBER 3.

OUR FEATHERED IMMIGRANTS.



RARELY, if ever, in the history of the nation, has the action of a community had as deep a foundation in sentiment as that of an association of our citizens of German descent, in importing to this state the song birds of their native land. It is nothing new to take from one portion of the globe for propagation in another, the feathered, furred or scaled representatives of the animal kingdom, but the moving impulses have all been of a more sordid or utilitarian nature than those which have led to the action of this society. The brute creation of the universe has been assembled in menageries and museums for the amusement and instruction of the people, and for the pecuniary gain of enterprising managers. Fish, flesh and fowl have been transplanted from native haunts to strange homes, that the sportsman and angler may better amuse himself, or that the people may, at cheaper cost, add to the attractions of their dinner tables; and even municipal authorities have engaged in this work of introducing birds into city parks, though less from a feeling of sentiment than a desire to preserve the trees from the ravages of insect pests. In this action of our German citizens, however, all considerations but those of sentiment are eliminated.

As around the scarred trunk of the forest patriarch twine the fragile vines of spring, so do tender memories of childhood cling about the aging heart of man. Go where he will and do what he may, the home of his youth will ever exist in his mind as a Garden of Eden, a Happy Valley of Amhara, to which, at times, his thoughts will turn with a loving

tenderness. At such times, any familiar object, even the most insignificant, that is identified with those days of childhood invokes feelings of regard nearly akin to reverence. In the same manner, the exile from his native land, though his act of expatriation may have been a voluntary one, though he may have exchanged a life of privation and labor for one of ease and comfort, though he may have forsaken his home to escape the tyrannical rule of an autocrat to enjoy the blessings of political freedom, can not but cherish feelings of tender regard for his native land and the home of his youth, which some familiar object will call into active life. A story is related of the early days in the Australian mines which illustrates this redeeming trait in the human character. During a time at the Ballarat mines when rioting was in progress because of the taxes levied by the government upon the miners, some Americans noticed a great crowd of English miners moving off into the country, and supposing that some important project was on foot, they followed. After a journey of several miles they reached the hut of a stockman, and there the mystery was explained. Hanging in front of the door was a large cage, and within it perched an English bullfinch, from whose throat issued the joyous notes of a song these exiled men had not heard for many weary months and years. Tears came to the eyes of many a rough and hardened man, and for the time being the load of years of dissipation and crime was lifted and the tender sentiments of the natural man appeared.

Happily, neither in physical nor moral condition, can these promoters of the movement to introduce into Oregon the song birds of Germany, be compared with those hardened miners of Ballarat, but the fountain from which their emotions spring is the same. It is not, however, simply a desire to gratify themselves, that these gentlemen have taken the action they have, but, as well, to improve and make more pleasant the conditions of life in the home of their

adoption for all, the native and the immigrant, the old and the young, and it is not the least pleasant of their reflections that their children and the children of their neighbors will reap the reward of their labors more fully than they can hope to do. In the deserts of Arabia he is looked upon as a public benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, and even more so he who makes a well in the desert, for the refreshment of strangers and the use of coming generations. To found a college, to endow a hospital or to create a chair in a university is a commendable act, even though the moving impulse be as much a hope of perpetuating the name of the donor as a desire to benefit mankind. But quietly and unostentatiously to do as these gentlemen have is far better, since the action springs from a purer and more exalted sentiment. It is to be hoped that our feathered immigrants from Germany will become as useful and respected in their sphere as are those citizens who are responsible for their presence among us.

A few words about the society and the birds themselves will be of interest. The idea of bringing these feathered songsters to Oregon originated with Mr. Frank Dekum, president of the Portland Savings Bank, and to his earnest efforts and liberal contribution of money are due the successful carrying out of the idea. A year ago, upon being urged by Mr. Dekum, Mr. C. F. Pfluger undertook the work of securing subscribers to a fund for this purpose. This effort finally crystalized in the organization, on the 2nd of June, 1888, of the Society for the Introduction of German Singing Birds into Oregon, of which Mr. Dekum is president, C. F. Pfluger secretary, and F. Bickel treasurer. A fund of \$1,000.00 was raised, solely by contribution by about one hundred and fifty German, American and English citizens, and a contract was made with a resident of the famous Herz mountains to capture and bring to Portland one thousand birds, embracing from ten to twenty-five pairs each of skylark, black starling, nightingale, gray thrush, linnnet, black-headed nightingale, bullfinch, black thrush, ring ouzel, chaffinch, goldfinch, greenfinch and singing quail. The birds were captured last year, and will be brought here in the spring, arriving about the 20th of May. For a short time they will be placed on exhibition at the new exposition building, and will no doubt attract crowds of people, the small admission charged being added to the funds of the society, which now fall short of the expense of making this importation. At the proper time, just as the nesting season begins, the birds will be liberated in Portland, East Portland and Albina, or in the immediate vicinity of those places, according to the habits of the birds. It is expected that they will imme-

diately select places for nesting and begin the work of raising their families, not having time to fly about or seek more distant homes; and from the well known habit of these birds to return each spring to the home of their birth, it is believed that the young ones will find their way back after their southern journey next winter, and Portland will be the center of their colony, from which they will gradually spread until in a few years they will be found throughout the entire region west of the Cascades.

Among the first to appreciate the action of this society were members of the Oregon Alpine Club, who at once took steps to supplement it by bringing from the eastern states several of the most desirable song birds, such as the famous mocking bird of the south, the cardinal grosbeak, or redbird, and the joyous bob-o-link. These birds, also, will arrive early in the spring, and will receive, as will also the others, the fostering attention of the club and the German society until they can propagate in sufficient numbers to be past all danger of extinction. One of the steps to this end was the passage by the legislature in February of an act to protect birds from destruction and their nests from spoliation, including our native birds as well as these strangers.

In the supplement which accompanies this number of THE WEST SHORE is given a group of these imported songsters, both German and American, with their natural colors of plumage, by which our people can so familiarize themselves with the appearance of these strangers as to recognize them upon sight. As a help to this end, the following brief descriptions of the birds will be of interest.

Among the most desirable of these feathered immigrants are the nightingales and thrushes. The famous nightingale of poetry and song, the *nachtigal* of the Germans and the *sylvia luscinia*, L. of the naturalists, stands foremost among the song birds of Europe. Its song is almost wholly uttered in the evening, though it is occasionally heard throughout the day. A week or two after their arrival in the spring is the time when they pour forth their rich notes in the greatest volume, the males singing in rivalry, hoping to win their mates by the splendor of their song. Congugal love is very strong with the nightingale, and one captured after mating soon dies from grief at the loss of his mate. When captured before nesting, they often make delightful singing birds for the house. In color it is a rich brown on the upper part of the body and a grayish white below, the entire length of the bird being about six inches. Another species, the *sylvia atricapilla*, L. or black-headed nightingale, called *schwarzköpfige grasmücke* by the Germans, rivals the more common variety in the sweetness and power of its song. A tuft of dark

feathers crown the head, coal black in the males and a deep, reddish brown in the females, the general color being gray, dark above and light below. It has a touch of the mocking bird in its nature, and often mars the beauty of its own song by introducing the less harmonious notes of other singers. It is retiring in its habits, and will seldom sing unless concealed from observation.

The gray thrush, or song thrush, as it is usually called both in English and German (*singdrossel*), is scientifically known as the *turdus musicus*, L., and is one of the most charming of feathered songsters. Its voice is rich and mellow, and his song, long sustained, is remarkable for the purity of its tone and the variety of its notes. It sings from early in the spring until late in the fall, and will, probably, become the best known of all these strangers from across the sea. It has some of the powers of the mocking bird, and can not only imitate the song, but the mannerisms as well, of other birds, such as the robin, and in captivity has been taught to imitate the notes of the flute to such an extent as to render the "Blue Bells of Scotland" perfectly. In color it is strongly marked and will be easily recognized. The upper surface is of varying shades of brown, the chin quite white, the abdomen gray white, and the throat, breast, flanks and sides of the neck yellow, thickly studded with dark brown spots. In size it is about nine inches long. The black thrush, or *schwarzdrossel* (*turdus merula*, L.) is intensely blue-black, almost uniform throughout, with a very bright yellow beak. In general appearance it much resembles the black-bird of America, which is also, as well as the robin, a member of the thrush family, and will be easily distinguished from its less sable-hued companions. Its song is full, mellow and musical, occasionally being heard at night in rivalry with the nightingale. It is something of a mimic of other birds in its native state, and in captivity has been taught to whistle tunes with much force and accuracy. It is solitary in its habits, and does not congregate in great flocks, as do the common blackbirds of America.

Another member of the thrush family is the ring ouzel, or *ringdrossel* (*turdus torquatus*, L.), though as a song bird it is far inferior to the others. Its name was bestowed because of the broad band of white on the throat, the rest of the plumage being of a very dark brown, bordering on black. In size it is about eleven inches long.

Of finches there are five varieties, the chaffinch, goldfinch, bullfinch, greenfinch and the linnet, and although they are very pretty and intelligent birds they are not such charming singers as the thrushes. The chaffinch (*fringilla coelebs*, L.), is called *edelfink* by the Germans. It is a field bird, and often congre-

gates in great flocks about the hedges. Its note is a merry kind of whistle and its call note is very musical, sounding something like "pinck," which is a common name for the bird. In coloring it is very pretty and will be easily recognized. At the base of its short bill the feathers are jet black, as also are the wings. The top of the head and back of the neck are slate gray, the back is chestnut, and the sides of the head, the chin, throat and breast are a ruddy chestnut. The wing feathers are tipped with white, and the tail is mixed black and white feathers. The goldfinch, or *stieglitz* (*fringilla carduelis*, L.) is also a beautifully-colored bird. A crimson band at the base of the beak, a black streak from the top of the head to the shoulders and on wings and tail, white on the sides of the face, back of the neck and tips of wing and tail, and a gray-brown on back, breast, throat and abdomen are its chief colorings. The goldfinch is a favorite bird with fanciers, and is one of the most intelligent and easily domesticated of all wild birds. It is easily instructed in tricks and has been taught to do most wonderful things in captivity. The siskin, or aberdevine, also called greenfinch, though not the bird regularly known by that name, is called *zeisig* by the Germans, and is classified as *fringilla spinus* L. It has a peculiarly sweet voice, though not as accomplished a singer as some of its companions. It lives in flocks of eight or ten, and is very active in its habits, flitting constantly from place to place and uttering its sweet call notes frequently. Its general color is an olive green, though the top of the head is black, and a sulphur yellow is found behind the ear and on the neck and breast and edges of the wings and tail. The linnet (*fringilla cannabina*, L.) called by the Germans *hänfling*, is known both as the brown linnet and the redfinch, the latter because of the vermilion-tipped feathers of its crown. The face and back of the neck are gray-brown, the back a warm chestnut, the wings black tipped with white, the chin and throat gray, the breast bright red dappled slightly with brown, the abdomen gray-brown and the tail black edged with white.

One of the finest singers and most easily domesticated is the bullfinch (*pyrrhula Europaea*, or *rubicilla*), known to the Germans as *gimpel* or *dompfaff*. It is very retiring and shy in its habits, but when domesticated exhibits marked affection for those who care for it. In its wild state it is not a singer of much consequence, but its imitative qualities are so good and its voice so flexible that it can be taught to sing tunes, its tones resembling those of the clarinet. For this purpose the birds are caught while young, and are carefully instructed, a flageolet being the most satisfactory instrument to use. It is very important that they be kept away from other birds,

as they are apt to pick up notes entirely foreign to the airs they have learned and inject them into the midst of the song in a very unharmonious and laughable way. This bird is a great favorite with fanciers. The male is a little over six inches in length. Its bill is a deep, shining black, the top of the head, the chin, wings and tail are black, with white tips on the wings; the back and base of the neck are slate gray, often having a roseate hue, and the sides of the head, throat, breast and abdomen are a light red with a slight chestnut tinge.

Not the least musical of these newcomers is the skylark (*alanda arvensis*, L.), a field bird which will probably be the least familiar to the denizens of the city of them all. On the contrary, so rapidly does the lark multiply, it will be as familiar a sight in the country as the present field or meadow lark, to which it is closely allied. In fact, the Germans so call it, their name for the bird being *feldlerche*. From early in the spring until late in the fall the sweet song of the lark is heard, as the bird darts skyward or flutters high up in the air. Its notes are strong and full and can be distinctly heard when the singer has become a mere speck in the sky. It seldom sings except when in flight. Larks are a good table bird, and thousands of them are sent to market, but they multiply so rapidly that their numbers remain undiminished even in such a thickly-settled country as England. In color the skylark is of varying shades of brown, mingled with white and an occasional tinge of yellow. The abdomen is a yellowish white. The starling (*sturnus vulgaris*, L.) or *star*, is a handsome bird with dark mottled feathers and a long, bright yellow beak. They assemble in great flocks in low, marshy districts, and seem to be regularly organized under the command of one of their number, whose voice they obey with a promptness and concert of action that is marvelous. A vast cloud of these birds passing overhead and darkening the sky, will suddenly become almost invisible by the instantaneous turning of each bird on his side, thus presenting to the eye only the edge of the wings. Flocks will separate into divisions, will wheel with the greatest accuracy, will unite again, and execute other maneuvers with military precision. Starlings are easily tamed and become amusing pets, being admirable talkers and often learning to speak words nearly as well as a parrot.

The singing quail (*coturnix communis*, Bonnat) or *wachtelfamilie*, is closely allied to the Virginia variety (*ortyx virginiana*), better known as "bob white." It is a great game bird in Europe, and is shot, snared and netted by the thousands during the periodical migrations. Quails fly at night, and generally, the males precede the females by several days, conse-

quently falling a prey to the sportsman in greater numbers than the gentler sex. They are polygamous in their domestic life, and the males fight fierce battles for the possession of their harems. In this respect they resemble the barn yard fowl, and are very pugnacious and courageous. In some countries they are trained for fighting the same as game fowls. It closely resembles the Virginia quail in form and color, the chief difference being light streaks of white on the neck and back and a browner tint on the abdomen and breast. In size it is somewhat smaller than the "bob white," but the probabilities are that people generally would fail to notice the difference between these American and German cousins.

Of the birds contributed by the Alpine club, the most important, and one that will, no doubt, become the best known, is the celebrated mocking bird of the south. It is universally acknowledged as one of the most wonderful of feathered songsters, and it not only possesses a remarkable voice and song of its own, but is endowed with powers of imitation of the songs of other birds that none of its rivals can equal. Nor is this a matter of education, for it can instantly repeat the notes of a strange bird with astonishing exactness of tone. This bird (*mimus polyglottus*) seems to consider Mason & Dixon's line the boundary of his dominions, seldom being seen north of Kentucky, Missouri and Kansas. Not only will it imitate the notes of other birds, but the voices of animals and men as well, and even mimics the sound of machinery and any other curious noise it may hear. In its imitations it not only deceives the sportsman but other birds as well, wooing some of them by piping the love notes of their mates, or frightening others by uttering the shrill cries of birds of prey. It fiercely fights for the defence of its young, and many a black snake, its worst enemy, while endeavoring to feast upon its eggs, has been savagely attacked and killed by the dauntless bird. Rearing mocking birds is a difficult task, and an adult male bird, well domesticated, is valued highly. In color it is a dull brown, the whole under part of the body being paler and inclining to gray, and the wings and tail mixed white and dark brown.

One of the prettiest of all is the bob-o-link, or bob-linkum (*dolichonyx aryzivorus*), known also as the rice troopial, rice bird, rice bunting and reed bird. It ranges all the Atlantic states, spending its winters in the West Indies and tropical portions of the mainland. Its song is very peculiar and varies greatly in character. Its ordinary cry is simple and unharmonious, but its love song, with which it woos its mate, is one of the sweetest and most wonderful uttered by a feathered throat, its rapidly-uttered notes harmonizing like the united voices of several

birds, and giving the effect of a chorus of piping voices. They sing from April to June, often assembling in crowds of thirty or more and singing in concert quite scientifically, as if under the direction of a leader, each taking up the strain at the proper time and the whole flock ceasing together as if in response to a signal. Handsome plumage renders the bob-o-link easily recognizable. The upper part of the head, sides of the neck, outer half of the wings, tail and lower surface of the body and the upper half of the beak are deep black, and the upper half of the wings and lower half of the back are white, while the nape of the neck is a pale brown.

Most easily distinguishable of all is the cardinal grosbeak (*cardinalis Virginianus*), known also as the redbird and Virginia nightingale, the latter name being given it because of its musical powers. A peculiarity of the redbird is that the female sings almost as well as her companion. We already have

one variety of the grosbeaks, or hawfinches, which make their appearance among the trees of Portland every spring. Its plumage is black, fawn, gray and chestnut, and resembles that of the redbird in no respect, the latter being red from the point of its bill to the tip of its tail, dusky on the back and bright scarlet on its wings and breast, the only exception being a fringe of black on the chin and base of the beak. On its head is a tuft of scarlet feathers that may be raised and lowered at will.

If the efforts of these societies to propagate here the beautiful and harmless song birds of other regions are successful, they will be continued, and still other desirable kinds will be introduced. The hermit thrush, of Pennsylvania, and several other European thrushes and finches will be brought out, and a few desirable birds of rich plumage and undestructive habits from Japan, China and Australia will probably be added.

THE MARCH OF EMPIRE.

Oh, dweller in the leafy wood, oh, tenant of the plain,
Your sun is sinking slowly down and ne'er will rise again;
For easier could your war cry check the broad Pacific waves,
Than the tide that creeps from the rising sun to roll above your
 graves.

 Turn the hour glass, Father Time,
 The west wind tells of sorrow,
 Where marshaled hosts stood yesterday,
 The dead shall sleep to-morrow.

The smoke of grimy factories wreaths up to Heaven where
The fires of Indian wigwams waved their white plumes in the
 air;

The wheat in golden billows tosses like a shining sea,
On rolling hills of Oregon, where once your herds ran free.

 Turn the hour glass, Father Time,
 The tawny hunter listens,
 Where on the morn the woodman's ax
 Although the forest glistens.

Where, through the northern valleys, run down the silver
 streams,

Where proud Tacoma's summit in the blue of Heaven beams,
A score of bustling cities now gem the emerald shore,
Your light canoe above the wave shall dart and glance no more.

 Turn the hour glass, Father Time,
 Where now the wild woods darkle,
 To-morrow shall the bright, home fires,
 On hearths uncounted, sparkle.

The plow now traces furrows where once you chased the deer,
And marts of trade are builded where you spread your savage
 cheer;

In coming ages history's muse alone shall ope again,
The scroll that tells of dusky tribes who roamed the western
 plain.

 Turn the hour glass, Father Time,
 Another dawning bringing,
 The hearts so haughty yesterday
 Are now a requiem singing.

MAUDE SUTTON.

OUT OF ZION.

PART II.

"GOODNESS!" exclaimed Chalcy, as she was helping wash the dinner dishes the next day, "somebody's comin' to-day, sure; I dropped the dish-rag, an' the rooster crowed afore the door, an' my nose eches; an' it's some one that's never be'n here afore, too, 'cause the broom fell right across the he'rth; an' laws-a-massy there comes the bishop, an' ef they haint a woman with him!" and Chalcy was, for once, speechless at this speedy fulfillment of her predictions.

"A woman!" echoed Martha and Serena, rushing to the window.

"It's his first wife, es true es I live," declared Serena. The two women drew in their under lips and looked at each other significantly, then toward Clarissy.

"I never knowed uv his takin' her anywheres afore," remarked Chalcy, craning her neck to see.

"Go tell yer paw," cried Martha. "Hurry now, limber-legs."

Silas hurried to the house, a little uncertain how to tell Clarissy what was expected of her. He came in, nervously wiping the perspiration from his face with his sleeve.

"That the bishop comin'?" he asked, carelessly, dipping the pint cup in the water bucket with a trembling hand, but watching his daughter closely. She smiled to herself as if roused from pleasant thoughts.

"I do' know," dreamily, "I guess so."

Silas Dean liked respectful attention when he spoke to any one, and Clarissy's indifference irritated him. "Clarissy, you've got a chance before ye as don't come to every girl." He tried to speak smoothly, but his tone was menacing.

"I don't know what ye mean," said Clarissy.

Silas was a hasty man. "Wal, then," he said roughly, taking hold of her arm, "it's time ye knowed. I mean this, the bishop wants to marry ye, an' he's goin' to, that's all."

"Pap, they've kim," called Chalcy, and pushing Clarissy before him into the other room, he hurried out to greet the visitors.

Clarissy was numbed. She spoke to them and shook hands with them, but she made no response to their extreme cordiality. When Mrs. Yelkton drew her chair close, and took her hand, she looked up to see that they two were alone.

"Well, my dear," said the older woman pleasantly, "I suppose you know what I've come here for?"

Clarissy's eyes avoided hers for very shame. "It's too horrible," she murmured, "I can't believe it."

"Sh-sh, you mustn't talk that a-way," said the other sharply, then softening her tone, "come now, I've given the bishop four wives, but none so purty er smart es you be, an' I hope you'll make us both happy by sayin' you'll make one of the jewels in his crown."

Clarissy shuddered. "Mis' Yelkton," she asked abruptly, "do you believe in polygamy?"

"Gracious!" exclaimed the startled lady, "don't call it that. If you mean do I believe in plural marriage, I say yes. Why shouldn't I? Solomon and David did, and it was given in a revelation to the saints. I hope you're not an unbeliever," looking keenly at her.

Clarissy's courage sank. She wished she was brave and dared to speak out and say how she hated Mormonism; but the fear of a lifetime weighed down her courage. "Are you happy?" she asked, earnestly.

Mrs. Yelkton smiled rather grimly. "I guess I'm happy es most folks. Ef I ain't, likely it's my own fault. Well, you say yes, don't you?" She was willing to humor a girl's whims, but this was getting tiresome. "You don't know how impatient the bishop is," she continued with a sigh, thinking, perhaps, of a time when his impatience was flattering to herself. "But I see," she nodded her head wisely, "you want him to coax you; all right."

Before the girl could protest, Mrs. Yelkton was out of the room, and her husband came in so quickly that Clarissy involuntarily wondered if he had been listening. She rose quickly, and with a childish idea of running away, ran to the outer door. It was locked. She leaned against it, shaking with anger.

The bishop stood a little way off, looking at her with an indulgent smile. "Clarissy," he said very gently, "you need not try to get away from me, you are delivered into my hands, blessed be the Lord."

He stood smiling at her and stroking his beard, until she fancied she could almost hear him purr, he looked so cat-like. She did not cry or storm, and so wear out her opposition, as he had hoped she would. Her first feeling had been one of intense anger that confused her. As she became calmer her spirit rose against her tormenter.

"I'll never be a plural wife," she said, as soon as she could speak quietly.

The bishop became officious. "The divine law of plural and celestial marriage," he began sternly, "was revealed to us by the prophet, Joseph Smith. Those who embrace the divine privilege, verily they shall have their reward; those who reject it shall be punished even as the Lord wills. As one of the anointed of God, I command you, Clarissy, to no longer reject the teachings of the prophet and the divine will, which you have set at naught, lest you bring upon

yourself the punishments with which the Lord smites those who heed him not."

"I'll never be a plural wife," she repeated, hopelessly.

The bishop walked up and down the room a few times. "We might as well sit down and talk this over." He sat down near her, his priestly manner quite gone, his tone confidential.

"I rather expected you wouldn't say yes in a minute," he began, with an admiring glance, "and I'm willing to admit that a woman like you is worth the undivided love of any man, and I promise you that if you will marry me I will never take another wife."

He paused to note the effect of his promise. Clarissy winced at his words, for she remembered that Tom had said the same thing.

"I'll give you a beautiful home in the city," he continued. "You can travel if you like; I expect to have to go to Washington soon, and will take you. Surely you're not jealous of those other women? I didn't marry them for love."

"I'll never marry you," she said coldly, "I'd die first."

The bishop changed front again. "Oh, we don't want you to die," he sneered, "we don't intend you shall, but you may bring death, or worse, to that boy you think so much of. If you married him you would both be lost to all eternity. Do you think your father and I will stand by and see you go to destruction? If the young man is wise he will submit, but if not, if he is so foolish as to defy the will of the Lord, let him look to it lest he perish in his stubbornness. Better that one be lost than two."

Clarissy was frightened. She remembered vague stories of terrible punishments inflicted on apostates. There had been such dreadful things hinted at, and whispered about as something not to be spoken aloud. She thought of Tom, her bright-faced lover. Oh, could she do this, even for his dear sake?

"You see," said her tormentor, triumphantly, "you had better calm down a little."

"Oh, I will be quiet, only give me time to think," she almost sobbed.

"Too much thinking isn't good for pretty girls. Come, now, to show you mean to be reasonable, give me a kiss."

"I hate you," she cried, turning pale with anger. If she could have killed him, she would have done so in the strong emotion that took possession of her.

She faced him fiercely. "Don't think you can make me give in as they made poor Sarah Manton," she said slowly, "I'm not a weak, sickly girl, and your talk about saving my soul don't scare me. I don't believe in plural marriage. What do you want

to spoil my life for? I never done nothin' to hurt you."

The bishop called her father in. "Brother Dean" he said, solemnly, "you have been very derelict in your duty. You have allowed this precious soul to wander off after the devices of her own imagination, but the Lord is merciful to the erring, I will redeem her from the wrath to come. Let us implore Him to soften her hard heart, which rebels against both her earthly and Heavenly Father." With sanctimonious lips he prayed for her submission, and Silas said amen.

During the weary days that followed, Clarissy was constantly under the watch of condemning eyes. Martha and Serena, being plural wives, regarded her conduct as an insult to themselves.

"The truth is," proclaimed Martha, "Clarissy's allers sot 'erself up es bein' a heap better'n the rest uv us. She needs a good takin' down. It's too good luck fer her to be the bishop's wife. I can't see fer the life uv me why the men run after her so; but law, they're all fools."

Clarissy was kept in her own room and watched constantly lest she escape. Her sisters were kept away from her. She was cut off from all human sympathy. The little gleam of happiness she had known was darkened by hopeless despair, and she lapsed into a sad and silent state, which her friends assured her was but another evidence of her almost hopeless depravity. Only once she cried out for help. Sitting alone with Serena one evening, and remembering that this woman had not always been unkind to her, she broke the silence in a last appeal for human help.

"Sereny," she whispered, imploringly, "when your baby gits to be a woman, don't you wish she could be happier'n you be? You won't want her to be a plural wife, will you?"

Serena started. "You don't orter ask questions like that," she said in a frightened whisper.

Clarissy fell on her knees and put her arms about the thin, lathy form. "Oh, help me to get away," she begged. "I don't want to die, Sereny, but es sure es they's a God in heaven, I'll kill myself before I'll marry that man, an' you'll be one of my murderers."

"I dassent, oh Lord, they'd kill me," sobbed Serena, weakly.

Clarissy's eager hands dropped helplessly down; in that moment her last hope died.

"It's no use to humor her any longer," the bishop decided when he came again. "She is like a child that does not know what is good for it. We have been mild, now we must be firm. You had better bring her to Logan to-morrow and have it over. Then

I will take her down to the city, and while I'm there I'll see if I can arrange about your mission."

Silas' heart beat fast. At last his long-deferred hope was tantalizingly near fulfillment. He could have shouted for joy. The bishop turned his horse back after he had gone a few steps.

"It may be, brother," he said in a low tone, leaning over the saddle horn to bring his face near Silas, "it may be best that you bear down with a heavy hand. Not, of course, in an unreasonable manner, but sufficient to, in a measure, subdue her and lead her to reflect that a husband's care might be preferable to a father's discipline."

Having sown this seed, at which the devil must have rejoiced, he departed.

Silas stood for some time leaning on the gate. His mind retreated slowly from its fierce exultation over the thought of going on that longed for mission, of girding on the armor of his Master and taking the true word to the Gentiles, and then the reward that would be his when he should hear the "enter in." All the earthly buffetings he might meet, the violent death that might await him, these were nothing. Into the midst of his lofty dream the remembrance of Clarissy's heresy came like an awful accusation. What would all the glory of a mission avail him if the soul of his first born be lost? Anger, the anger of a narrow, zealous nature, began to burn against her. He walked slowly to the house. Behind the door hung a whip, a long, cruel blacksnake; his hand closed on it with a nervous grip.

Clarissy was trying to face an awful alternative when she heard her father's step. She did not look up as he came, she was very tired, yet her resolution was unshaken. Martha sat in her place as jailer. A latent sense of shame stirred in Silas.

"Go out, Marthy," he said roughly. The woman obeyed hurriedly, her timid obedience feeding the fire within him.

"Clarissy," he growled, "how long you goin' to keep up this durned foolishness?"

She raised her eyes, sad but unyielding. Their mute answer stung him beyond control. He struck her fiercely across the shoulders. She put her hands over her face as the blows fell heavily. Her silence maddened him more and more.

"I'll cut ye to pieces if ye don't talk," he swore with a great oath. She heard him, but now she felt faint and sick, then she knew no more, and Silas Dean, looking down on her lying at his feet, felt his rage turn upon himself with something like remorse.

"Sereny!" he called in a frightened tone, "Sereny!"

Serena came, and for once spoke fearlessly to her tyrant. "You've done a brave thing, Silas. I should

think you'd feel like a murderer," she said, and Silas slunk away.

Tenderly she lifted the bruised form. "Oh, mother," moaned the girl pitifully, as life came slowly back, "if I could only die." Later she sat up, stiff and sore. "I'm all right now," she told Serena, "I don't want nothin', only to be left alone."

Softened by the regret he felt for his cruelty, her father bade them leave her be; he thought she was safe until morning.

Clarissy did not undress. She lay quiet until the full moon had risen and its rich light was flooding the small room, then she rose and took from her chest a thin, yellow sheet of paper and a short pencil. After long meditation she began to write, slowly and with some difficulty, for she was self-taught since her mother's death. She wrote—

DEAR TOM:

Go way from here jest es quick es you can. I can't stand it no longer, I must die or marry some one I don't like.
Good-bye. Your loving CLARISSY.

She folded it and wrote the address, "For Mr. Tom Baker." Then, after listening a long time, she crept painfully out of the house. The night wind chilled her weary frame. She trembled at every noise as she passed down through the old orchard, where the gnarled trees writhed to and fro like uneasy ghosts. This was the path where she had walked with Tom. Poor boy, how sorry he would feel, never to see her again. She felt numb and dull. Her one desire was to reach the river—how it sparkled in the moonlight—she must get down there, even if she had to crawl.

Suddenly somebody sprang over the line fence. A moment of sickening fear, then Tom's voice whispered "Clarissy," and his arms were about her.

She felt no surprise, no hope. "Oh, Tom," she said feebly, leaning against him, "now we can die together. Come, it's not far to the river."

"Die!" he exclaimed. "My darling, we won't die. Oh, Clarissy, have they been cruel to ye? God, I'd like to kill 'em!"

He lifted her over the fence, then half led, half carried her along. In his father's yard he stopped. "Clarissy," he said, very tenderly and very earnestly, "they've mighty nigh killed ye, 'mongst 'em, an' ye can't go back there no more. I only got back las' night, an' Chalcy, she slipped out an' told me what was up, so I rode over to Jo. Bruntsell's, an' brought him an' Henry Halperson over. Jo. is a justice of the peace, an' he'll marry us this minute, then no one can't hurt ye, Will ye, Clarissy?"

She put her arms about his neck, "Tom, will ye be good to me?"

"Oh, Clarissy, I will." So Tom brought his wife back home.

If Bishop Yelkton was a bitterly disappointed man when he learned of Clarissy's flitting, Silas Dean was not less so. Moreover, Silas was an old man, and his defeat was made more bitter by his failure to realize his one desire; then, he had to endure the bishop's anger, which was not pleasant; lastly he had not the hope of revenge to sustain him, as did the bishop. Even Time, the great healer, could not sooth away the sting which rankled in the bishop's memory of this affair. In secret he held a settled purpose, which was slowly ripening against the time of its accomplishment.

Fortunately for Tom and Clarissy, the good bishop was called away from Cache on business which took him to Washington and other places, so that Cache enjoyed a long absence on his part.

For two years Tom and Clarissy lived in almost perfect happiness. It was true, neither of them could forget the past. That was stamped indelibly upon their memories, but in the sweet content of their lives it seemed very far away. Uncle Tommy grew old happily, as good men should. Between Clarissy and her father there was simply a blank; he turned his heart against her, and she made no effort to change it.

But with all their happiness, there hovered away off on the horizon of the young couple's life a faint cloud. It was little, yet, but an unspoken fear. To Clarissy it came often when she was alone. When it weighed heaviest on them they would talk of leaving Utah. There were many things in the way, however. Uncle Tommy was very feeble, and clung to his home; then money was scarce; the church scrip, which passed current in Mormondom, was worthless anywhere else. Selling the farm was out of the question. No one could buy it without knowing why its owner sold, and it was not easy to leave the country openly. Tom was deeply attached to his farm, and it was easy for him to persuade himself that the days of the Danites were over.

But the Mormon policy of exclusion was being broken in upon by the incoming of Gentiles, and the peculiar people were alarmed. The head of the church was not idle at this time, nor did he let his hand grow slack. In the churches and the temples the preachers stirred up the people with denunciations against the godless Gentiles, who were to be crushed under foot and given to the elect as their spoils. Especially in the outlying districts did the elders deal strong meat of the word to their flocks. Denunciations against the faithless, the slack of purpose, grew more bitter, and there were ominous prophecies of a time when the Lord would make a threshing floor of Zion and winnow out the chaff from the good wheat. At

this time Bishop Yelkton came home. He was zealous in the cause. The observance of the divine revelations was enjoined more strictly upon the people, and among the Heaven-sent duties was plural marriage.

Tom Baker was a very busy man now, with his large farm and growing flocks and herds. The new railroad, the Utah & Northern, had pierced the rock-walled basin of Cache, and opened a market for farm produce, which the thrifty Mormons welcomed eagerly. Tom was up early and late, and out in the fields, and Clarissy would have been lonely at times if Chalcy had not given her frequent visits. Chalcy was a young lady now, her childish traits softened somewhat by a high conception of what was due society from a person of her importance. She rushed in on Clarissy one day brimming over with pleasurable excitement.

"They's a-goin' to be a weddin' termorrer night," she proclaimed. Your true rustic knows no evening, it is night from early candle lighting until daybreak.

"Who is it?" asked Clarissy, with the pleased little flutter with which most women hear of a wedding.

"Wal, it's Mame Luther goin' to marry George Paulson, an' Mame she sent you'uns a invite; an' say, won't ye go? 'cause I'm jest plum crazy ter go."

"Tom's pretty busy," said Clarissy, dubiously.

"Law, he'll go in a minute ef you say so," urged the girl.

Tom was willing, he said, but he had nothing to say in answer to Chalcy's rapturous comments. Clarissy was afraid he was working too hard; it would do him good to go to the wedding, she thought. He had not seemed like himself all summer. No instinct warned her of danger. She had as strong a faith in her husband as if plural marriage had never been heard of. Yet a great temptation was sitting at the door of Tom's soul, making its silent appeal to every fibre of his nature. He would not let it come in and take possession, he would drive it away. In nothing does the weakness of our natures and the subtlety of our intellect so cunningly work together for evil to our better selves, as in devising plausible reasons why we should do wrong things. Afterward, when Tom looked back on this period of striving with himself, he wondered that he ever allowed himself to yield, as far as he did, to the temptation set before him.

Clarissy's wedding, little as it had been like a wedding in all its details save the essential one, was a hallowed event to her. It was invested with a solemnity she was sure no ordinary wedding could have. Something of this feeling made her eyes deep and luminous as she and Tom were "fixing up" to go to the wedding. Tom became aware that she was look-

ing at him intently, and he fidgeted a little uneasily under her gaze. Almost reluctantly he felt compelled to turn and meet it as he saw the unbounded love and trust in her beautiful face. His eyes cleared and he took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly.

"We have been very happy," he whispered, questioningly.

"Yes, Tom, we have been very happy."

It would be hard to find a happier woman than herself, she thought, as she took a last look at herself in the glass, lingering a little to think of the time when Tom had taken her, a homeless, beaten, hopeless girl, and had since filled her life with the happiness of his great love.

The guests were arriving as Tom drove up to the front gate, where Mr. Luther, fat and jolly, welcomed his neighbors.

"By jinks, Tom," chuckled the old man, "ef I had ary wife es purty es your'n I'd be 'feerd some'un ud steal 'er. Chalcy, I swan, ye're es lively es a grasshopper kick. Come ter shake a foot ter Mame's weddin', hey? Tom, you jest put up yer team; walk in gals, walk right in. Mame, she's in there some'rs, fixed up fit ter kill."

"Wal, Mame, you do look good 'nough to eat," exclaimed Chalcy, rapturously, as they entered the room where the bride elect sat in state, enjoying her little hour of triumph, surrounded by her friends, who were divided between envy and admiration.

"'Reckon George 'll think so?" asked one, teasingly, at which they all giggled.

Mame was fair and plump, and both these qualities were emphasized by her dress, a very ornate affair of some hot looking woolen stuff, and in color a most aggressive blue. The room was a babel of talk, the older women recalling the glories of their own weddings, the younger ones anticipating what was to come. Only Clarissy had nothing to say; but she had Tom, she thought, exultantly, pitying the others who were only sharers in their husbands.

"Mame, th' bishop's come," announced some one, in a loud whisper.

A funeral solemnity at once settled on everybody. George Paulson, so embarrassed that he had to assume a ferociously defiant air, gripped Mame's hand, and the two faced their fate, the endowment house process being deferred to a more convenient season.

Bishop Yelkton performed the ceremony, and as Clarissy was standing near, he turned to have a word with her while the others were "wishing joy" to the bride and groom.

"Clarissy," he said, reproachfully, "how could you misjudge me so?" He spoke as if they had parted but yesterday.

"Bishop Yelkton," she said, firmly, but with heightened color, "I think you misjudged me."

He looked at her in silence for a moment, then she passed on and he sought out Tom, finding considerable comfort in that young man's troubled face.

"Well, you've made up your mind to act the man, I hope," said the bishop, meaningly. Tom's face flushed. "You had better make a start right now, pick out a girl and don't be too fastidious, you won't find another like the first."

The fiddlers were already going over their music, giving out little scraps of jigs, reels and quadrilles that set many an impatient foot to beating time.

The gentlemen had gravitated to one side of the room, where they pretended to be absorbed in conversation, casting furtive glances, meanwhile, at the girls, who, on their part, seemed not to know there was a man in the room, as they clasped each other's waists and sat in each other's laps, and even when the oldest fiddler held up his bow and called out, "Gents, git yer pardners fer a quadrille," they maintained an admirable composure, which only the direct appeal of a would-be partner could relax.

Clarissy looked on with an amused smile. Tom was coming her way, and she looked up, expecting he would ask her to dance; but, to her surprise, he passed her and led out a young girl.

"Thet looks sorter 'spicuous, Clarissy," whispered Mr. Luther, with elephantine playfulness.

"I reckon ye'll hev to come to it same's the rest uv us," remarked a first wife, with grim satisfaction, watching her husband gallantly "honoring" his second. "I've heerd more er less fer some time back," she went on, turning her attention to Clarissy, "ut set me to surmisin', an' now I see Tom reely is after Liz Christofferson. You'll git uster it, I reckon." She looked keenly into Clarissy's face as she spoke, as pitiless as the vivisector who will not lose the least quiver of a dying nerve.

Clarissy sat still, trying to keep an easy smile on her face, while her sick heart turned cold and hard. Little incidents, phases of Tom's behavior during the last few months, trivial things she was surprised at remembering, sprang to life and became proof of what she now saw. She rose presently and went into another room, where some old women sat about a smouldering fire, waiting for supper to call them into active service. She sat down by a window and pressed her hot forehead against the cool pane. The women's talk droned on, and she found herself listening with interest, forgetting her trouble for a time, so strangely are we constituted. In times of supreme sorrow our minds will, for a moment, turn aside and consider trifles as seriously as if they were of vital importance. The speaker was a thin, old woman,

with a sharp face, whose features converged to a shrewd focus. She kept weaving to and fro as she talked, and her voice had the strident quality of a grasshopper's call.

"Talk 'bout the Lord answerin' pra'r," she said, "jest let me tell ye how 'e answered me oncet. We was livin' up on Ten Mile crick, an' hed in a right smart bit o' corn, an't come time fer secon' hoin' an' the ole man he hed to be away, an' I was thet druv weth work I was on the bother box most o' the time, so't I didn't git up to the corn patch fer a spell, leavin' it to the boys to 'tend it; an' when I did git up thar one day, 'long in the afternoon, thet corn was as yaller as Mary Jane Crocker's sody biscuit—them shifless boys hedn't irrigated it none. I stood an' looked at it, thinkin' how much trouble 'twas, an' I says right out, 'Lord, send a crick as big as Ten Mile on this corn patch.' Then I went back to the house fer a shovel, an' I see a black cloud a gittin up in the west, an' thinks I we'll hev a shower 'f ye don't look out. Wal, 'fore I cud git back it begin ter rain, an' I put fer the house. It jest come down in tornts, purtin nigh washed me away, an' drowned three calves fer us an' some fer the neighbors. I never see nothin' like it; jest swashed down the valley, an' all over in half an hour."

"'D it hurt the corn?"

"'Twas washed flat to the ground, but it come up agin all right. I never asked the Lord to do my irrigatin' no more."

Clarissy smiled and then fell to wondering if the dull pain in her heart would ever be lightened. Would the Lord answer if she prayed?

"You don't seem to be enjoying yourself very well," sneered the bishop, at her elbow. "You're not jealous, are you?"

His manner was insolent, and Clarissy felt keenly the humiliation of her position. All her pride as a woman and wife rose in defiance. She leaned back in her chair and faced him down with her handsome eyes full of scorn. She meant to pay him back in his own coin.

"Why don't you dance?" she asked. "You're not getting old and clumsy, are you?"

The bishop colored with anger. He was growing portly.

"I like to look on, occasionally, and see others dance."

As Clarissy made no reply he changed his tone, and began to tell her incidents of his travels. He was a good talker, and she became interested in spite of herself in the pictures he drew of the great Gentile world, with its wealth and splendor and beauty and wickedness. She forgot to be scornful, and the eyes

which met his were soft and glowing with delighted interest.

"How beautiful it must be," she sighed, as he closed a vivid description of English country places. How I should like to see such countries."

He looked at her keenly, but her thoughts were far away. She was evidently not thinking of him or his offer, when she was Clarissy Dean, to take her traveling.

"You would enjoy it," he said, heartily "You would find that life contained a thousand possibilities for pleasure there to one in the humdrum round you know here. I have sometimes stood among the throngs of beautiful, richly-dressed women, with their costly jewels and haughty ways, and I have thought of you and said to myself, 'Clarissy, in her native grace and beauty, is worth them all.'"

His flattery hurt her. "Was it possible," she thought, "that another might prize her more highly than Tom did?" All her jealous pain came back. She had forgotten the bishop, and when he spoke again she felt annoyed. She wanted to be alone.

"How much happier are you," he asked, "than if you had married me? I never would have needed to take another wife. Tom will have to. Clarissy, it's not too late."

She rose, superb in her anger, one hand upon her throat to still its throbbing. "Whatever he may do," she said, loyally, "I am his wife." And she turned and left him.

She went slowly into the room where her hat and shawl were. It was deserted, save by the sleeping babies, whose mothers had disposed of them in every place available. She put on her things and went quietly out, conscious of only a longing to go home—home to that dear spot where she had known the only happiness that had ever been hers. She bit her lips to keep back the sobs as softening memories rushed over her. She walked swiftly, trying to keep pace with her thoughts. When, at last, she opened the door and stepped into the familiar room, she felt comforted for a moment. Could everything remain the same and Tom be changed? Then, as the full realization of Tom's conduct came to her, she sank to her knees and wept in utter despair. No power on earth, she thought, could have made her husband treat her so, unless he had ceased to love her.

By the time supper was over, Tom Baker was thoroughly sick of himself, his courting, and, most of all, the insipid girl beside him. He began to go over in his mind the reasons urged upon himself for going into polygamy. In the first place, he saw no way of getting out of Utah, unless they stole away like thieves, in the night. His father was too old and feeble to go, and they would have to leave the farm,

which had come to be so much to him. Clarissy had been right. They would make him go into this cursed business, but of course she would understand it was not because he wanted to. He wished he had told her about it, but it had seemed impossible. At any rate, he must find her now. He looked through the rooms, even venturing into the one sacred to the small fry, where he woke one innocent in his bungling efforts to see if Clarissy's wraps were gone. As he stood irresolutely watching the sets forming once more, he heard Mr. Luther's wheezy voice, as that gentleman stood with his back to him.

"Good joke on Tom," chuckled the old man. "While he's a-sparkin' Liz, lo an' behold, the bishop he's shinin' up to Clarissy."

Tom waited to hear no more. "Chalcy," he said, a few minutes later, on finding her sitting out a set, "I'm going home; get your things, and don't say anything about it to anyone else."

Chalcy obeyed, poutingly. She did not want to go so soon.

"Where's Clarissy?" she snapped, as Tom helped her in.

"Home," was Tom's curt reply.

Chalcy sniffed. She could put this and that together as well as anybody.

"Tom, you goin' to marry that dough-faced Liz an' set her 'longside o' Clarissy?" she asked, almost viciously.

"No," snapped Tom, in return; he was in no mood to talk. What a fool he had been to think that Clarissy would stand it. As for the bishop, his game was plain. He meant to get Clarissy one way or another. Tom knew how easily church divorces were obtained, and he had thought, idiot that he was, that Clarissy would look at the matter as he did—as a disagreeable necessity. He had planned to build another house at the far side of the farm, so that she need never see the other wife. He sneered at himself for supposing that would make it any easier for her. Then he began to wonder if she would forgive him. She was a proud woman, he knew, and, perhaps, in a moment of jealousy, she might have encouraged the bishop. He stood up and whipped the horses into a run. Chalcy screamed and clutched at him. Would he never get home!

Presently the house loomed up, dark and still. A new terror distracted him. What if she had finished that awful task from which he had saved her on their wedding night. Perhaps the bishop had goaded her to desperation. An oath at his own folly escaped his lips as he drew the lines, and jumping out of the wagon he ran into the house, leaving the terrified Chalcy to follow. The pale moonlight waving to and fro over the floor, as it came in through the swaying

poplars, showed him the sitting room empty. He opened the door of their room with a trembling hand. Thank God, she was there; her arms were about him, her dear face, tear-wet and trembling, was pressed to his, her true eyes shining with the love that his cowardice had not killed. Tom could only say, brokenly—

"Oh, Clarissy, I must 'ave been mad; forgive me, an' we'll leave Utah or die tryin'."

There was no need for him to ask it; she had already forgiven him, and presently they went out, hand in hand, to put up the team and relieve Chalcy's suspense.

When Uncle Tommy heard the story he shook his head sadly.

"You'll have to leave," he said, sadly, "they'll never let up on ye. But I can't hardly bide the thought o' ye goin'; happen it won't be long, though." He spoke the last words wistfully, as to himself, and they knew they could not leave him now, no matter what the cost of staying might be. That evening the old man called Clarissy to him.

"Clarissy, you'll need some money, an' I'd best give ye what I've got by me. I've had it many a long year," he went on, musingly, fingering the money absently. "Yes, ye'll need some money, an' it's hard to git here." He fell into the deep reverie of old age, and Clarissy waited patiently. "Money answereth all things," he went on, presently, his old eyes twinkling with quiet amusement. "When I came to Utah I turned most o' my money over to the church—they thought all—but I kep' some. I never liked the feel o' bein' a pauper. Here it is, Clarissy, keep it fer Tom."

Clarissy's simple faith in the God of her mother's teachings sustained and comforted her in the dark days closing about them. Yet it is hard to live in hourly dread of violence, perhaps death; to hear the muttering voices of hate; to meet the cold, averted faces that had once beamed with friendliness. It hurt Tom sorely to be an outcast in his own country. The evil time grew darker. The hired man and his wife left secretly and silently, after years of pleasant service under Uncle Tommy's roof. A pretty, sleek heifer came lowing piteously home, a deep gash in her side. Then Uncle Tommy died, and no one came to offer friendly service to them in their sorrow. They had laid him in his last narrow bed, and come back to the house that was no longer home, but the haunt of anxiety and unrest; the short twilight was fading into the cheerless dusk of the winter night, when a light tap on the door startled them both.

Clarissy instinctively put out the light, then seeing Tom turn to the door she held him back, her face deathly pale.

The door opened slowly, a shawled head was thrust into the room and a voice whispered hurriedly, "You've only got ten minutes." Then the ghostly visitant was gone.

Clarissy felt Tom's hand turn cold in hers.

"I'll never get away," he said, hopelessly, "the bishop's got that devil, Dick Towner, up here to kill me. It's you they want, Clarissy, they'll kill me—and—" his voice broke, he was completely unmanned. His wife had hurriedly put on her shawl and lighted the lamp in the front room, so that whoever came would not think the house was deserted. She did not tremble or feel faint.

"We'll go this minute," she said, and noiselessly they stole out of the back door to the stable, where the horses stood saddled awaiting this hour.

"We'll go down through the pasture," he whispered, as they mounted. "If we can get to Bellevue in time for the train goin' north, we'll be all right; if not—Clarissy, promise me that if I'm killed you'll keep right on an' get away. No matter what happens, go right on."

"We must both get away," replied Clarissy, and they rode on in silence through the moonless night, every nerve tense, every sense alert. Not a pebble rolled under their horses' feet but they started. The far-off sound of a galloping horse turned doubt into certain pursuit. Tom urged his horse on, but Clarissy checked him.

"The road forks right up here," she whispered, "le's get off an' start the horses on the Heber road, while we go 'cross lots; it ain't far, an' hark! there comes the train."

It was but a moment's work to send the riderless horses flying down the road, and then Clarissy and Tom ran down into the narrow valley and hurried across to the little station. They heard the beat of a pursuing horse's feet, swiftly following on down the Heber road, and then every energy was bent to catch the train, their only hope of escape. The passenger trains made but brief stops at these small places, and sometimes barely paused. A steep bank still rose between them and the track when the shrill whistle rang out. Up, up, with feet that seemed weighted with lead. Tom almost lifted Clarissy on the steps of the last car, the train moved out, and he pulled himself up on the platform. Then, just as Clarissy dared to let herself feel thankful, a furious rider dashed down the track, and seeing Tom on the lighted platform, fired the pistol he held ready in his murderous hand. But Clarissy had understood the danger. Her strong, young arms were about Tom as he staggered and fell, and she drew him inside the car. Thank God, it was only a flesh wound, a mere scratch, and there was no more danger now, for the train, flying on over plain and through valley, had brought them safely "Out of Zion."

LUELLING.

THE YAKIMA COUNTRY.

NORTH YAKIMA is the name of a flourishing young city of fully two thousand inhabitants, situated in the south-central portion of Washington Territory, on the west side of the Yakima river, near its confluence with the Natches, and in one of the most promising valleys of the west. It is not yet four years of age, but from the commanding position which it occupies with reference to the surrounding rich country its growth thus far has been rapid, and all indications point to still greater prosperity in the future.

The circumstances of the location and settlement of North Yakima were such that its growth was assured from the beginning. The old town of Yakima is situated near the borders of the Yakima Indian reservation. This was a village of some five hundred inhabitants when the Northern Pacific railroad was located through that country, and though the line passed near this town, there were reasons which made it advisable to establish a commercial center farther up the river on a more eligible site and at a point more accessible for the then slowly developing industries of the section to the northward. The present site of North Yakima was selected for the new metropolis, it being four miles nearly due north of the old town of Yakima. In order to get the new town established quickly and on a substantial basis, the Northern Pacific company presented lots for business and residence locations and paid the expense of moving to the new situation to all who chose to avail themselves of the offer. The result was that most of the people and buildings of the old town of Yakima were moved, in several instances without interruption to business, to North Yakima, which soon was invested with the powers and functions of a city. It was established almost in a day and immediately began a healthy and promising growth which has continued to the present time, with constantly increasing vigor. In laying out the new city the plat was made on a generous plan, the east and west streets being a hundred feet wide, and those extending north and south eighty feet, and the alleys are twenty feet wide. The streets are lined with rows of shade trees and with streams of living water which flow nine or ten months in the year. It is rare that such complete preparations for a beautiful city are made previous to its settlement, at the time when most details of the plan can be best arranged.

North Yakima now has sixty-five business establishments, which did a business aggregating more than \$2,500,000.00 during 1888. There are two national banks in the city with a combined capital of \$127,000.00, and carrying deposits aggregating \$155,-

000.00. The assessed valuation of property in North Yakima last August was \$625,000.00, which is about one-third the actual value, and the total tax levy for all purposes was three per cent. of this one-third valuation, equal to one per cent. of the actual or market value of the property. With this extremely low rate of taxation municipal improvements are carried on, placing the town in the front rank of western cities.

Among the most important enterprises now contemplated is a water works system and an electric light plant, both of which will be in process of construction by the time this number of THE WEST SHORE reaches its readers. The water will be supplied from a point on the Natches river less than two miles to the westward of the city. The Natches flows directly from the great glaciers of Mount Rainier and is cold and pure. The works will be operated by water power ordinarily, but will be supplied with an outfit for steam power to use in case of too cold weather in the winter time to use the water wheel. There will be four miles of iron mains within the city limits and twenty-five hydrants for fire protection. The electric light plant will be operated by the water works power. In addition to the large number of poplar, cotton wood and box elder trees that now line many miles of streets in the city, twelve hundred silver maples and locusts will be set out this spring.

In order that there may be a definite conception of the region under consideration let the reader understand that the Yakima country, of which the city of North Yakima is the central and chief commercial center, comprises that part of Washington lying between the Cascade mountains on the west and the Columbia river on the east, drained by the Yakima river and its tributaries. It includes thirteen rich valleys, besides a large area of table land and hilly timber land, and also takes in a considerable portion of the broad plain of the Columbia. The main stream that drains this region is the Yakima river which takes its rise in two or three small lakes near the very crest of the Cascades and meanders down the mountains and through the valleys in a southeasterly general course, joining the mighty Columbia a few miles above its confluence with the Snake, which comes from the opposite direction. From source to mouth this is a rapid stream, having an average fall of fully twenty feet to the mile. It receives a number of tributaries from both sides so that when it emerges from the foot hills and enters the great Columbia plain it is a river of no mean volume. Flowing through a dry region its waters are not the periodic washings of the country but they come from the snows and springs in the mountains and are unusually pure.

One of the principal merits of this Yakima coun-

try is a feature that is a serious drawback to many sections, viz: the necessity for irrigation in order to successfully prosecute farming operations. A small portion of this country does not need irrigation but it is so essential to anything like a complete development of the region that it forms one of the chief questions for the consideration of the prospective immigrant. In the immediate valleys of the streams the soil is of a light volcanic ash combined with alluvium and in a wild state grows chiefly sage brush. The bench lands carry a heavier soil, though its constituent ingredients are not greatly different from that of the valleys, and grow both sage brush and bunch grass, the latter predominating and on the higher benches being entirely alone. There is a little of what is termed "scab" land, where patches of rocks crop out on the south or southwest elevations, the remainder being susceptible of cultivation. Except along the immediate margins of the streams this land needs the fructifying influence of irrigation to make it productive. Perfect irrigation may be obtained so easily and kept within such complete control at all times that it is deemed better than the natural rainfall of any region, and to those who can understand the peculiar character of the country this feature needs no commendation. It places within the farmer's control that which in the best naturally watered sections is entirely beyond it.

The valleys tributary to the Yakima are the Wenas, Selah, Natches, Bumpin, Nile, Tilton, Cowyche, Wide Hollow, Ahtanum, Moxee, Cold and Konewock. Most of these have streams flowing through them all the year, though in two or three instances they are only watered during the time the snow is disappearing from the mountains in March and April. The descent of these streams is so rapid that it is very easy to lead ditches of water from them through the soft soil to irrigate as large tracts as may be desired. The main ditches are easily dug and when these are done all the farmer has to do when he desires to let water on his fields is to run furrows from the main ditches through the fields. This is known as the trickling system. When there is sufficient moisture on the land a few minutes work with a hoe shuts off the streams and the crops grow on without danger of damage from either drouth or flood.

All the streams of the Yakima country supply irrigation for a greater or less number of farmers. The farmers themselves at very small expense provide their own irrigation ditches in most instances. There are several irrigation enterprises of greater magnitude, however, now in operation and more are contemplated to bring the land farther from the streams under cultivation. The Selah Ditch Company has taken a canal twenty-four feet wide and carrying three

and a half feet depth of water out of the Natches river, some thirty miles above its mouth, and conducted it around the foot hills into the Selah valley just north of North Yakima, where twenty thousand acres of as fine land as can be found anywhere are rendered fertile and being rapidly improved. The head obtained by going so far up the Natches to tap the river is sufficient to lead the water over any of the desirable bench lands of that section. Near North Yakima the Moxee Company takes a canal eighteen feet wide and three feet deep out of the Yakima and distributes the water through the beautiful Moxee valley, supplying some two thousand acres belonging to this company alone besides a large quantity of other land. The Moxee Company, after numerous experiments, has adopted the flowage system, laying out the fields in checks so that the moisture is distributed evenly over the entire tract. This practice will probably soon become common. Immediately about North Yakima are the Union, Hubbard, Ahtanum, Schanno and other small ditches, which supply the farmers of that section and the city with an abundance of water for all purposes. There have been several schemes for consolidating the numerous small irrigating ditches into one system and to bring the entire body of arable land about North Yakima, about one hundred and ten thousand acres, under its influence, but thus far this plan has not been successful. The farmers now provide their own irrigation as they need it, but it is likely that some extensive and cheap system will before long supply the whole valley with adequate water, giving to those located back from the streams as good service as those on the river fronts. This will be necessary as the land back from the water becomes settled upon more generally.

Opposite the old town of Yakima the Sunnyside Ditch Company proposes to take out a canal to irrigate the rich plains back of the town of Prosser this spring. This will render eighty thousand acres of land suitable for farming. Farther down the Yakima valley is the Konewock canal along which remarkable fertility of soil is developed, but this is expected to be supplanted by the Sunnyside scheme. The Yakima Improvement and Irrigation Company is constructing a canal for agricultural and commercial purposes that will open up to cultivation some nineteen thousand acres of the company's own land, besides about twice as much government land that will be subject to homestead and pre-emption entry. This canal is calculated to carry six feet depth of water and to float boats carrying produce from the interior to the railroad at Kiona and it is expected it will be completed early in 1890. When these projects are completed there will be a wide field for settlers and in one of the most favored regions of the west. When the whole Yaki-

ma country is brought under cultivation it will be difficult to find a richer and happier people under the sun.

The climate of the Yakima country is peculiar. It is a dry climate. No rain falls in summer nor does snow in any considerable quantity fall in winter. In the spring there are a few refreshing showers but no very copious rainfall. In winter time snow frequently covers the ground to a depth of an inch or two but not enough to provide sleighing. The ground freezes a few inches deep and mercury more than once in an ordinary winter goes below zero—sometimes ten or twelve below—but the dryness of the atmosphere makes the cold anything but disagreeable. One accustomed to the damp atmosphere about the great lakes or on the Atlantic's seaboard could scarcely be convinced of the truth of the thermometer's record in the Yakima valley, so used to the biting cold of a moist climate has he become. Zero weather at North Yakima seems hardly more severe than barely freezing temperature in a humid atmosphere. The mild chinook wind that blows along up the Columbia river from the ocean enters the Yakima valley and keeps out the chilling currents from the north that would otherwise prevail there. The natural features of that country seem particularly calculated to secure a mild and equable climate, the mountain spurs on the north serving as a protection from Arctic blasts and the valleys so situated as to draw the warm winds from the tropical ocean currents through them. Spring comes in advance of the calendar, not several weeks behind it. In February the ground thaws and farming operations have a good start by the end of the month. There are scarcely half a dozen days in the year when the sun does not shine. In summer the heat is not oppressive. The lingering snows and heavy forests of the mountains lend to the breezes a refreshing coolness; and then that current from the ocean brings health and comfort and makes the climate at all times delightful.

The Yakima country is capable of growing successfully a somewhat remarkable range of vegetable products. Besides the ordinary grains, fruits and vegetables which are common to most of the Pacific slope, corn and tobacco are grown to perfection, sorghum is an excellent crop and even a fine quality of cotton has been raised. The cotton seed was planted merely as a novelty and the matured product was so surprisingly good that there are likely to be more extensive experiments with that great staple of the south in this most northern territory. But of those crops which are undoubted successes in the Yakima country there are a great variety. All the small grains—wheat, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, etc.—grow well. As has been said, corn is a successful

crop and instances are reported where two crops on one piece of ground matured in one season, the second planting being from the first harvest. Of course such instances are rare and probably would not ordinarily be practicable on a large scale, but they serve to show the possibilities of this soil and climate. Vegetables and root crops of all sorts, even peanuts, grow well and yield abundantly. The sorghum syrup industry promises to develop into an important business. Tobacco has proved so successful during the past three or four years when considerable attention was devoted to its culture, that it is now reckoned among the surest and safest and one of the most profitable for the producer, and cigar factories are being attracted by the superior quality of the product. During the past month a cigar factory has been established in North Yakima, being the first in that country, and others are contemplating locating there. All ordinary fruits flourish in the Yakima country, including the finest quality of peaches, pears, grapes and quinces which can be grown to complete satisfaction in comparatively few localities. Indeed, it is not known where the line can be drawn in growing semi-tropical productions as the experiments in that line have been so limited. Scarcely anything has been tried that proved a failure. But the farmers have not been situated so they could well engage in experimenting or even divide attention with one-half the variety of products that are known to take kindly to the Yakima valley. It is still a new country and three or four years of communication with markets under the most advantageous conditions will never suffice to bring a vast area like that of the Yakima country into a state of full development. Away from the mountains there is no timber to speak of so the only vegetable growth the settler found were the inhospitable sage brush and the bunch grass. While these indicate that the soil may be brought into condition to grow farm crops by proper irrigation, they are a feeble index of the real capabilities of the land, which can only be ascertained by introducing the products of other sections for trial in the new country.

The bunch grass benches afford a range for cattle and sheep that herdsmen were not slow to take advantage of, and now there are pastured on the bunch grass range of Yakima county alone—which by no means includes all the region known as the Yakima country nor all that tributary to North Yakima—about three hundred and fifty thousand sheep, one hundred and twenty-five thousand horses and two hundred and fifty thousand cattle. This is superb pasture land and the stock men are loth to give it up, but when required by settlers it will be found that these bunch grass benches are the very best grain land. This fact has already been demonstrated. But



NORTH YAKIMA WASHINGTON
 FROM PHOTOS BY F. MILLER



FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.



SISTER'S ACADEMY.

NORTH YAKIMA - WASHINGTON.
FROM PHOTOS BY F. M. ILLER, NORTH YAKIMA.

there is so much of the fine bottom land that is still vacant that the stock men will not be crowded from the excellent pastures for some years. There is no question but the stock business of the Yakima country is very profitable, but it would hardly be safe to calculate on its future expansion there. As civilization takes possession of a country the stock ranges become more and more confined until finally the business loses its identity and merges with that of general agriculture, as it has in most of the states of the Mississippi valley. And the cattle king seeks new pastures if he can find them where he is at liberty to roam at will.

The Yakima country is also rich in minerals. Placer mining on the Yakima river and south fork of the Tilton is carried on by the Chinese and there are quartz ledges near the Yakima which will undoubtedly be worked when transportation facilities are better. The little prospecting that has been done there is said to yield promising results in gold. Iron is mined quite extensively to the northwest and even in the Tilton valley it is found in paying quantities. Wherever there is a break in the surface from the Lewis river to the southwest to the Wenatchee in the opposite direction, there are outcroppings of coal of various grades of excellence. Coal is everywhere found in abundance sufficient to insure a supply for all the manufacturing that can possibly crowd into the Yakima country, of good quality and at very cheap prices. The only reason why this coal is not now extensively mined is that nearly all portions of Washington contain so much coal that only that most easily reached is worked, leaving the remainder for local uses entirely. At one place on the Natches a vein of coal six feet thick is found and several townships in that immediate vicinity show numberless outcroppings of carboniferous measures. Marble, lime stone, clay, etc., are among the other mineral resources of the Yakima country that are of commercial value. There unquestionably are vast stores of minerals, precious and base, in the eastern slope of the Cascades and these may justly be considered as tributary to the growing metropolis North Yakima.

That a country of such extensive area and rich and varied resources should build up important commercial centers and a diversity of manufacturing interests it is but natural to expect. It is also to be expected that the town situated at the most conveniently accessible point for massing the various products of the valleys and ranges is the one that will command the patronage of the people and grow in proportion as the industries of the country develop. Such a situation has the city of North Yakima, and that it is improving the opportunities that lie at its door is apparent to the most casual observer. Good

wagon roads lead from every direction to North Yakima, and that great transcontinental transportation line, the Northern Pacific, which passes through the city, supplies adequate shipping facilities for the surplus produce of that region. This railway follows the Yakima river more or less closely from its source to its mouth thus passing through the very heart of the Yakima country. There are, of course, several shipping points on the railroad on either side of North Yakima, but that city is recognized as the principal market place and it is there that the great bulk of produce is collected and shipped in large quantities. During 1888 the Northern Pacific receipts at the North Yakima station were \$168,000 00. That railroad forwarded from the city during the year twenty-two hundred bales of hops, three hundred and twenty-five carloads of live stock, two hundred and sixty carloads of hay, sixty-two carloads of vegetables, twenty-seven carloads of potatoes, twenty-one carloads of melons, three carloads of wool and four thousand pounds of leaf tobacco, besides the shipment of less than carload lots which amounted to nearly one third as much as the total of those mentioned above. These figures form a definite basis for judging of the importance of North Yakima as a shipping point. Of course this total does not represent a great volume of business, but it must be remembered that though the country has unusual natural resources, it is still very new, sparsely settled and in no place thoroughly developed. Previous to the building of the railway, less than four years ago, there was no incentive to production beyond the home needs because there was no market for the produce. Another important fact to be considered is that two-thirds or three-fourths of the people now located in the valley have settled there within the last few years, many of them only last year and have hardly begun to produce for shipment abroad. There is always an active local market for such articles as most farmers getting started in a new country are likely to raise.

One of the surest indications of a rich and promising region is afforded when railroads aim to penetrate it to secure the patronage which shrewd managers see must flow therefrom. In addition to the important line that now traverses the entire length of the Yakima valley, there is now in course of construction the Vancouver, Klickitat & Yakima railway from Vancouver on the Columbia river, only six miles from Portland, up the Lewis river crossing the Cascades at Klickitat pass and thence traversing the Yakima valley to the city of North Yakima. This road is important to the Yakima country because it affords another outlet for its products to an extensive market and the second shipping point on the Pacific coast. Then the Northern Pacific is building

a cut-off line from Cheney to join the main line again, it is expected, at North Yakima making a junction and end of operating division at that point. The new road will then become a part of the main line instead of making the detour around by Pasco as is now done. When this connection is made the location of the Northern Pacific's car shops at North Yakima will be a great deal more than a mere possibility. There are numerous other projects mentioned in connection with railroad construction in Eastern Washington and it is evident that each of the companies is striving for a portion, at least, of the patronage of the Yakima country and is willing to assist in its development in order to secure the resulting business. The fact that all the passes in the mountains where it is practicable to enter the Yakima country lead the roads naturally to North Yakima is full of promise for that town to become a railroad center of considerable importance.

At present the Yakima country is an empire in embryo. It has not been widely boomed, but it is attracting a large number of steady, industrious and intelligent people. They came from the eastern states seeking homes and were not attracted by the glamour of booms or the enticements of speculators in realty. They brought the customs of the older commonwealths with them and established in their new homes the wholesome principles that characterize true Americans. In the young city of North Yakima may be seen the tendency of this newly planted civilization. Schools and churches were organized as soon as there were people to attend them. There are now in the city five neat and comfortable church structures belonging to the Christians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopalians and Roman Catholics and the Methodists are about to erect a fine church edifice. As handsome a school building as there is in Washington Territory was erected in North Yakima last year and the need for more room is so great that this structure is to be duplicated in another portion of the city. The Roman Catholics maintain a parochial school which has a good attendance. That sect also has an Indian training school in the city which is liberally patronized by the Yakimas, a tribe located on a large reservation a few miles to the southward of the city. These Indians, by the way, are remarkably progressive and take kindly to civilization. Many of them have large farms under successful cultivation and their patronage is as desirable as that of the ordinary white farmer. These Indians employ the most improved machinery in their farming operations and they often hire white laborers to assist them in tilling their farms and to teach them improved methods of agriculture. They have schools and churches on the reservation and are

on a quite advanced plane of civilization. They are remarkably industrious and engage in stock raising quite as extensively as in tilling the soil. To see one of them driving into town with fine horses and modern buggy one might surmise from his somewhat erratic personal appearance that he was some distinguished statesman returning from his country estate.

North Yakima has organizations of Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Labor, Grand Army of the Republic and Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which also maintains a well equipped public reading room. The city also has an active board of trade. There are two good hotels now in the city and a third, a fine two-story brick structure just completed, will soon be opened to the public. Several fine brick buildings are in course of erection or projected that will add very materially to the appearance of the town. The Christians contemplate the establishment of a Territorial Institute at North Yakima and the Jesuit fathers have secured a block of ground on which to erect an educational institution. A new court house is another of the important structures which will be erected in the not distant future. The city now has a commodious city hall and firemen's quarters. The Northern Pacific is soon to erect new passenger and freight buildings and the structure used at present will probably be removed to some unequipped station below. The many other private enterprises on foot together with the municipal improvements spoken of above will almost entirely change the appearance of the city within the coming twelve months or so. A cigar factory has just been established, a cannery is sure to locate there for the coming season's work, a large woolen manufacturing concern has just made a proposition to erect a factory at North Yakima and doubtless several important enterprises will develop between the time of writing this and mailing the magazine. One of the unique characteristics of this city is that important improvements are made quietly and often the first that is known of them is when actual operations are begun. There are three live newspapers in the city, the *Farmer*, devoted to the agricultural interests of that region, the *Republic*, a local weekly news journal and the *Herald*, a new and vigorous weekly newspaper. They are all worthy representatives of the craft and the tone which they carry speaks well for the community which patronizes them. When it is realized that the total population of Yakima county is less than six thousand people the fact that three papers are supported there shows popular intelligence.

The high liquor license fee required in North Yakima, \$550.00, is a pretty effectual barrier to the vice of intoxication that haunts most young towns.

There are only four saloons in the city and they are kept under such strict surveillance that people who have lived in the town from its birth, have never seen an intoxicated man on the streets. The commendable attitude which the city occupies in this regard is sure to result in advantages which could not otherwise be secured. There is not a single criminal case for the spring term of the district court to be held in North Yakima, notwithstanding the fact that court is only held in that district twice a year.

Yakima county is expending a good deal of money for building roads and bridges. Three bridges were constructed last year, at a cost of \$26,000.00, and two more are contemplated for this year. The total county indebtedness, incurred chiefly for these improvements, is being funded by \$80,000.00 of bonds recently issued.

There is no necessity for manufacturing fictitious prospects in order to make the outlook for North Yakima unusually bright. The enterprising spirit and substantial character of its citizens would alone push it to the front if the natural conditions of the country did not command special attention. It is a vantage point for numerous branches of manufacturing that consume the products of the farm, range, forest or mine. Water power is cheap and abundant. The growing prominence of North Yakima is attested by the fact that it is conceded in many parts of the territory to be the most eligible city for the capital of the new state. Even more than a year ago, when the city was not more than half its present size, a bill to transfer the present territorial capital from Olympia to North Yakima lacked but one vote of passage in the lower legislative house. In the original plat of the city grounds were reserved for state capitol and other public buildings. There is plenty of room for growth on all sides. The lumber mills a few miles away and the brick kilns at hand are busily employed in turning out building materials. There are any number of eligible town lots and a large area of country property waiting for investors and settlers. The development of that country is certain. Its

growth will be rapid and free from abnormal fluctuations, because it has a real basis that caprice can not augment or destroy. The fact that the Northern Pacific recently withdrew its North Yakima lots from the market is pretty strong evidence that the city justifies the faith that is reposed in it.

The Yakima land district takes in Yakima, Kittitas, Douglas and Okanogan counties, a tract of country about one hundred and eighty by two hundred miles in extent. Within this is included the Yakima Indian reservation, which has eight hundred thousand acres of the very finest land of that entire section. The lands of this district are rapidly being settled upon, under the stimulus of greedy markets for produce at the coast, and many of the choicest locations are yet vacant.

Some twenty-six miles southwest of the city of North Yakima are the Yakima soda springs. They are located in the canyon of the north fork of the Ahtanum, which broadens there so as to include some forty or fifty acres of level land immediately about the springs. The springs are four in number, any one of which furnishes a sufficient supply to keep an ordinary hand pump running constantly. This water contains soda, iron, magnesium and calcium in considerable quantities, and is naturally so strongly charged that it is not essential to recharge for bottling. A company has been organized to develop these springs, and it is proposed to erect a hotel and fit the grounds for a first class summer resort. The site is near the line of the Vancouver, Klickitat & Yakima railway, now being built, and it is in all ways suited for a pleasant resort. It is proposed to erect a telephone line between the soda springs and the city, so communication will be convenient. There has been no particular effort to push the sale of the Yakima mineral water on the market, but there is considerable demand for it where it has become known, and it has taken the place of the more famous mineral waters on the Northern Pacific dining cars. Its medicinal properties are undoubted. The full development of these springs must prove important.

A STORY OF THE KLAMATH.

PART II.

WE must now turn to the beautiful little valley of Oak Dale, and see what devastation and bloodshed were wrought there at the hands of the rascally redskins. George Watson and Mortimer Gray had been gone but a short time when the red rascals came down upon the unsuspecting settlers, with a hideous war whoop that sent the blood curdling through their veins. Fortunately, the fortifications which had been thrown up around the store aided much toward its defense. It so chanced that a large number of persons were assembled at the store at the time—men, women and children—among whom were the old trapper and his family. Many had come to learn if there was any news of recent hostilities on the part of the savages, for this was mail day, and all were eager to be among the first to glean whatever intelligence there might be concerning the doings of the savages. But alas! with a rush and a deafening war whoop which almost chilled their hearts' blood, the hostiles were upon them, ruthlessly striking down men, women and innocent children.

It was a sad sight to gaze upon, and one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed the awful spectacle. Here and there were helpless women and children, who, realizing the awful fact that they must perish, threw themselves on their faces, and, with prayers on their white lips, were stricken dead. Many of the poor miners were surrounded at their claims and tortured to death in various ways too cruel for description.

With the first cry of "Indians," Belle Randall became unconscious. Being unused to frontier life and the dangers which constantly attend it, the very name of Indians held a terror for her that she had no power to resist. The men, however, defended the little store bravely, and, being well armed, they sent volley after volley into the ranks of the redskins, which so disheartened them that they withdrew, after a time, to more favorable fields.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried Mrs. Kingston, on being told that the savages had fallen back a few hundred yards, and that her home was being destroyed by fire. "Ain't it awful? Poor, poor Dessie! She must perish!"

But it was useless to attempt to render the unfortunate girl any assistance. To leave the fortification that surrounded the store would have been utter madness.

"We can do nothing for her," somebody murmured. It was even true; but the announcement

caused many a heart to ache, for Dess was beloved by all who knew her.

It was almost noon when George and Mortimer returned to Oak Dale. It was five miles from the valley to the Bona Fide mine, and, though the two men lost no time that could be avoided, they were detained for an hour or more on account of the absence of one of the partners, who must necessarily be there to sign the deed of sale. The time seemed a countless age to Mortimer, who was all impatience to be once more at the side of his affianced. She was scarcely out of his mind during the long, tedious hours; and when he remounted his mustang he turned the animal's head toward the dale, and flew away at full speed, followed by George, who was somewhat surprised at the strange haste of his friend. On, on they sped, as if riding for their lives, and it seemed to Mortimer that the nearer he approached the valley the more he must urge the speed of his noble little nag. A strong premonition of danger had seized his heart, and a voice seemed to whisper to the half-frenzied lover that his betrothed was threatened with an awful fate—what, he knew not. He knew only that he must hasten on, on; that his loved one wanted him, was praying for him to come.

Upon reaching the store, and meeting the sad, white faces of men, women and children, he knew that his worst fears were confirmed. Alighting from his horse, he rushed into the store, crying—

"What is it? Tell me the worst. Dess, oh Dess, tell me she is safe."

"Heaven grant that she may be," Old Man Randall replied, in a voice that trembled with emotion, "but in all probability she is lost. The savages came down upon us without a moment's warning, and we were powerless to go to her assistance."

Mortimer waited to hear no more. With a face as white as that of the dead, he turned away, and was soon in the saddle once more, rushing away at full speed toward the home of his affianced. George preceded him, however, some one having hurried to him with the news of the probable fate of his sister.

It is impossible to describe the feelings of these two horrified men as they sped along the valley road, encountering here and there the distorted faces of men, women and children, who lay with their heads split open by the fatal-edged tomahawk.

Poor Mortimer! Poor George! Upon arriving at the place where their cabin had stood, and finding nothing there but a smouldering mass of charred logs, and a few cooking utensils which the flames could not consume, their grief was truly heart-rending. Alighting from their horses, they seated themselves on the green grass, their white, anguished faces buried in their hands. Once, when a convulsive sob shook the

manly frame of Mortimer, George raised his white face to gaze on his unhappy friend.

"Did you love her so much, Mortimer?" he asked, deeply affected. "May heaven bless you for it, my noble friend."

In their grief, they never thought to look about for traces of the massacre. To their minds it was evident that she had been murdered, perhaps burned alive. And as for Bruno, her ever faithful companion, they knew that he had never deserted her for a moment. While they sat there, too miserable to give utterance to the torturing anguish that filled their hearts, several horsemen rode up coming from the dense forest that skirted the northern portion of the valley. The party was composed of miners living at Oak Dale, who, an hour or two previous, had started off in pursuit of the redskins, after assuring themselves that Dess Watson had fallen a prey into their cruel hands.

"Come, boys," said Trapper Dan, "we fellers know jest how you fellers feel; but this ain't no time fer foolishness. We tracked the red devils as fur as the forest, then we lost all signs of 'em. Some of 'em had no doubt been left behind to hide the trail of the others, for these pesky reds are mighty cute, they be. Now off with yer coats, every man of ye. George Watson, and you, Mr. Gray, git yerselves ready for action. In a jiffy we'll know whether Miss Dessie's bones are among these ruins or not. But don't none o' you fellers forgit that the devilish Injuns is liable to swoop down on us any minute. Have yer shootin' irons ready, an' then, if the wust comes to the wust, fight for yer lives, every man of ye."

Dan's proposition was approved by all, and accordingly every man went to work with the determination of knowing the worst in as short a time as possible. The perspiration flowed freely from the manly brows of those hardy miners as they went on with the unpleasant task laid out for them. Working as they did, their object was soon accomplished, revealing, to their surprise, not a single human bone. The Indians, as is generally their custom, carried with them the dead bodies of their braves; consequently, not a vestige remained to mark the conflict which had ensued between the girl and her captors.

The old trapper and his men were astounded. There were no signs to indicate that she had lost her life in the cabin, no traces were visible to show that she had made her escape, and they finally, one and all, arrived at the conclusion that she had been carried away—perhaps to meet a fate worse than death.

"It is strange," said George as he seated himself on the cool, green grass, his face the perfect picture of utter despair, "that not a sign should remain to mark the fate of my beloved sister. Oh, God, be

merciful," and, for once during the years of his manhood, a convulsive sob shook his manly frame, and tears, bitter tears, coursed down his pale cheeks.

As darkness came upon the little party, it was declared that nothing more could be accomplished that night. Accordingly, they repaired to the store, where they remained until morning, hourly expecting another attack from the hostiles. Sentinels were stationed at different points about the rudely constructed fort, to give the alarm should the savages steal in upon them.

With the dawn of day, everybody began preparations for a few weeks' encampment at the store. There were about seventy-five men in all, well armed, and about half that number of women and children. Several of the men were set to work erecting a stronger fortification about the building, so that in a short time they stood in a very favorable position for defense in case the savages should attempt a second attack.

Leaving others to consign to mother earth the mangled remains of men, women and children who had been massacred the day previous, a party consisting of thirty armed men, headed by Trapper Dan as their captain and guide, mounted their mustangs and sped away in pursuit of the redskins, determined to ascertain, if possible, what had been the fate of the missing girl. It was a perilous undertaking, but the brave fellows unhesitatingly moved on, sad, pale, but fearless.

Mortimer Gray, George Watson and Harry Randall were foremost in the ranks. A melancholy stillness prevailed, which each and all seemed powerless to break. They experienced no difficulty in tracing the savages as far as the forest, but there the trail became obscure. Nevertheless, they moved on in silence, hoping that they would soon find definite signs as to the direction the hostiles had pursued. The face of Mortimer Gray was scarcely less ghastly than on the previous day. All the men perceived this, and they knew that his love for Dessie Watson was deep and sincere.

"Halt, boys!" exclaimed Trapper Dan, suddenly reigning in his horse during the steep ascent of a hill, and throwing himself from his saddle as he spoke, "here are signs, small to be sure, but signs for all that. Do you see these here twigs?" and he held up for inspection two or three small limbs, which had evidently been very recently broken from a large dead pine.

"Well, what of it?" somebody asked, considering the broken twigs very poor evidence from which to judge that they had found a trail.

"Thar's not much in it, to be sure," the old trapper replied, minutely examining the ground for tracks,

"but them thar twigs has been broke off within the last twenty-four hours, that's sure. Now it might 'a' been a deer or a b'ar that broke 'em off, but Ole Dan's purty well satisfied that Injuns has been along here, an' that mighty recent."

With this the party moved on, fearful that they were off the track entirely. As night came upon them, they left the deep canyon, in which the Indians were encamped, to the right. It never occurred to their minds that mortal man could stay concealed in a chasm so deep, so tangled. It seemed fitted alone for the wild beasts of the forest. An hour later, and the darkness became so dense that they found it impossible to proceed farther. Weary and despondent, they alighted from their horses and prepared themselves for the night's encampment. Their horses were picketed a few yards distant, after which they partook of a light repast, consisting of bread and boiled beef, which they had carried with them.

No fires were lighted, for fear of attracting the attention of the wily savages, and a few minutes later most of the men had retired for the night, being wearied from their hard day's journey and the previous night's watch. However, there were four men who constantly kept watch while the others slept, lest the savages steal upon them. Mortimer and George were too troubled to experience fatigue, too miserable to take an an hour's sleep, if they had sought it. Shouldering their rifles, they started off in the darkness, they knew not whither, caring only to be alone with their sorrow.

"There is no hope, George," Mortimer murmured with a deep-drawn sigh. "We are doomed to seek in vain. If I could but know that she were dead, it would be happiness compared with the torturing anguish I am hourly enduring, not knowing but she is suffering a slow, sickening death, too horrid for human contemplation. Oh, I would that they had stricken me dead and spared her, my beautiful betrothed!"

"Courage, Mortimer," said George, as his broad breast heaved with emotion. "God can not be so cruel as to let her die a miserable, loathsome death at their wicked hands. He will surely deliver her."

Even as he spoke, the faint glimmer of what was evidently a camp fire attracted his attention. As to how far away it might be he could form no adequate conception. He knew only that it was beneath him, away beneath, in what seemed to him an impenetrable chasm. Touching his companion on the arm, he said—

"You see it, Mortimer? Tell me what and where it is."

"Heaven only knows; let us hope for the best. We are evidently about a mile from camp, and on the

ridge of a very steep mountain. The light is below us, and no little distance at that. It may be that we have found a clue. God grant that it may prove such."

"The next thing for us to do," said George, "is to return to the camp and inform Trapper Dan of our discovery. He may be able to tell us at once whether it is a camp fire or not, and something near as to its distance. We must look about a little, so that we may be able to distinguish the place on our return," and with this the two friends carefully noted some of the trees and underbrush, so that they could make no possible mistake as to the identity of the place when they should return. They found the old trapper sleeping soundly, but at mention of his name he was instantly awakened.

"We think we have found a clue, Dan," Mortimer said, eagerly; and then followed a description of what the two men had witnessed from the high mountain ridge, the narration of which aroused nearly the whole number of hardy volunteers, who were soon ready for the toilsome night's work that lay before them.

"That's them, fellers. It's the pesky reds, sure's my name's Dan Kingston. Shoulder arms, every man, 'cept five. Five of you'll have to stay here, to see to the horses and things, an' if we ain't back by five to-morrer mornin', you may jest make up yer minds thar's trouble on hand, that's all. Don't fergit to look out fer number one, boys," addressing the five that were to remain behind, "an' remember, to fight Injuns you must go it Injun style, that's all thar is about that," and, with this wise admonition from the old trapper, the little party, now consisting of twenty-five armed men, started away on foot, piloted by George Watson and Mortimer Gray.

They experienced no difficulty in retracing their steps to the very spot from which they had obtained so clear a view of the fire, and as they once more stood on the rugged mountain ridge, they turned eagerly to receive Trapper Dan's opinion.

"Thar's no doubt about it, boys, it's the reds. Thar's somethin' goin on among 'em, sure. Injuns don't keep no onnecessary fires blazin' up among 'em, especially durin' war times. Havin' war dances, or somethin' like that. 'Cordin' to my calculation, it's at least five miles down thar, an' not over nice travelin' at that. I never knowed of any pusson bein' in that thar jungle, though I've lived 'round here ever since '49. Now, boys, pick yer way, an' I'm afeard you'll find it purty tough pickin', too."

With this the party moved on, making their way down the almost perpendicular descent of the rugged mountain side. It was a toilsome journey, as well as a perilous one, and one which required men who were

accustomed to Indian tactics, to venture on the task that lay before them. We will not weary the reader with a detailed account of their precipitous descent. Suffice it to say that when within a quarter of a mile of the lodges they could distinctly hear the loud, piercing howl of the savages, and they knew that Trapper Dan had guessed correctly—that, as he had surmised, something was going on among them.

It is impossible to portray the feelings of those brave volunteers, as nearer and nearer they approached the hideous foe, filled as they were with awful misgivings as to the fate of the poor girl of whom they were in search. Was it not likely that the savages were going through the fantastic performances which usually attended the cruel butcheries of their captives? And was it not probable that Dessie Watson was their victim? They had all heard stories of how the Indians, in time of war, would bind a helpless captive to the trunk of a tree, or something that answered the same purpose, while a number of their braves would hurl arrow after arrow at the vitals of the miserable sufferer; or how they would build slow fires at his feet and allow him to roast until the flesh dropped from the bones. Many times, when George and Mortimer would have rushed into the very midst of the howling savages, Trapper Dan was compelled to force them back, in order to give place to others less incautious.

“If you fellers want to do any good toward this business, lay low. If you want to rush headlong into danger, go ahead. I, for my part, ’ll pull up stakes an’ git. Don’t any of you go an inch further. I’ll sneak up a little closer an’ investigate.” Saying this, the old mountaineer dropped on his hands and knees, and crept through the green grass, until he was so near the savages that he could distinctly hear their deep breathing.

The stench which forced its way to the old trapper’s nostrils filled his heart with an awful horror, as the Indians, male and female, circled around the fire, provided with long sticks, with which they were constantly poking something in the fire, that much resembled a human form. A terrible conviction seized his mind, and he crept back to his companions with the startling announcement that the savages were burning a human body.

“Boys, don’t git excited,” he said, “the girl is nowhere to be seen. They’re burnin’ a body; whether Injun or white I don’t know. Guess we’ll send ’em a dose anyhow, though they’re five to one agin us.”

With faces that had grown pale as death, the volunteers crept forward, hopeless, but with vengeance in their hearts. A sudden volley was poured into the midst of the howling savages. Several of the braves fell dead, and many others were seriously, if not fa-

tally, wounded. The Indians were not long in reaching their weapons, however, though they attempted no pursuit of the attacking party. They retreated to the shelter of thick underbrush that surrounded their wigwams and waited for a glimpse of a white man at which to shoot. However, it was not often they found an opportunity for using their weapons. The volunteers, under the leadership of Trapper Dan, were nearly equal in cunning to the savages themselves.

“Now, boys,” said the old trapper, in a whisper, “we’ve got ’em a little confused like. We mus’n’t stay here any longer. We’ll retreat a short distance, and mind you, don’t so much as break a twig, if you can help it. They’re mighty quick o’ hearin’, them pesky reds,” and with this the men crept back a few paces to await orders.

“Now, said the old leader, “I’ll leave all but five of you fellers here; the five of us’ll go off on a reconnoiterin’ expedition. Remember, you’re to keep up an occasional charge o’ artillery to keep their ’tention drawed to these parts, while we fellers try if we can git a glimpse o’ Miss Dessie in any o’ the wigwams.”

It was an undertaking fraught with great danger, but the brave volunteers never thought of the risk in their eagerness to learn something definite concerning the missing girl. The search was fruitless, however, and as morning was fast approaching they were obliged to retrace their steps toward camp, sad and despondent.

It was not more than a quarter of a mile from the lodges where George and Mortimer halted, declaring their intention to wait there until noon, perhaps later.

“We will wait and watch, and if my poor sister yet lives we will surely know it by that time. God pity and help us,” George said, almost despairingly, as he seated himself on the ground, with no other sign of his intense suffering than that of the white, haggard face, which seemed so suddenly to have grown old, so miserably old.

For five or six long hours they patiently waited and watched, but not a sign of a white person could they see. There no longer remained a doubt in their minds as to the fate of the poor girl and her dog, and weary and heart sick they returned to camp. They reported to Trapper Dan, whom some of the men had now learned to call “cap,” after which he said—

“Now, I want you boys to lay down an’ try to git a mite o’ sleep. To-night, like as not, the rascals’ll pick up an’ dust. We’ll jes take a walk down there, any way, an’ if the girl’s alive the chances are ten to one we’ll know it afore mornin’; but it’s my candid opinion she’s dead, though God knows I hate to say it.”

As twilight gathered about them, the brave volun-

teers mounted their horses, with the intention of going to the Indian encampment by a circuitous route, if possible, for they feared that by this time the savages had discovered their trail, in which event they would, in all probability, waylay them on their journey and pick them off man by man.

The Indian, however, is hard to beat at cunning. The volunteers had scarcely seated themselves in their saddles, ere a discharge of arrows was hurled into their midst, coming, as it appeared to them, from all directions. In fact, they were completely surrounded. Dan hurriedly ordered his men to dismount and dispose their horses in such a manner as to form a breastwork. An hour's hard fighting ensued, which resulted in the Indians being driven back to the shelter of the woods, leaving their dead and wounded on the ground. As George approached a savage who lay writhing in a pool of blood which oozed from a wound in his neck, something in the Indian's face attracted his attention as being slightly familiar.

"Where have I seen you before?" he asked, gazing into the dark, sullen face.

"Me Watumni. Not know pale-face," the Indian replied.

At mention of the name, George remembered the savage his sister encountered in the forest. As a drowning man will catch at a straw, so George caught at the hope of learning from the wounded savage the story of his sister's fate.

"Tell me, Watumni," he said, "what has become of the white maiden and her dog. Have they been killed, or is she a prisoner in your tribe?"

"Chief no talk," was the cold reply. "Watumni's lips shut."

"See here, chief," and George leveled his rifle at the savage's head, "unless you tell me the truth you shall surely die. Tell me the truth and I will spare you. Does my sister yet live, or has she met her death at the hands of your braves?"

The savage saw there was but one chance of escape. Accordingly, he was not long in making up his mind in this case of emergency.

"Watumni will tell pale-faced brave the truth, if pale-face will let him live."

"I will, so help me God," the young man replied, evincing considerable emotion, and the chief gloated in his secret heart over the anguish he knew the poor fellow suffered.

"Pale-faced maiden dead. Oregon braves kill her, kill dog, too. Watumni's braves know nothing till all dead."

There was nothing to make the unhappy man doubt the Indian's statement, and his manly face grew white and rigid in his suffering.

He turned away, fearing, dreading to learn more. He could not find it in his heart to ask concerning her mode of death, horrible as he knew it must have been.

As twilight grew into darkness, the volunteers—who were now seven or eight less in number, besides several who were severely wounded—were obliged to retreat a short distance. Evidently the savages had had enough for that day, and they attempted no pursuit of the retreating party.

Carrying with them their dead and wounded, the volunteers started, about eight o'clock, to make the descent of the rugged mountainside toward Oak Dale. After three or four hours' weary marching, they were compelled to halt for the night, as their wounded became weak from exertion and loss of blood.

Among the injured was Mortimer, who had received an arrow point in the right side, from the effects of which he suffered intensely.

Some of the men built a fire and made strong coffee for the wounded, as well as for those who were almost tired out from the effects of their prolonged exertion. While thus engaged, they kept their horses picketed in such a manner as to form a breastwork, should the savages attempt a second attack, and four men were stationed as sentinels throughout the entire night.

Early the next morning they resumed their journey, despondent from their fruitless search for the girl whom they were now satisfied was dead. George had related the story as given him by the chief, and they all concurred in the opinion that it was a truthful one.

Mortimer Gray was carried to the little store at Oak Dale, where he received all necessary attention, though the physician who extracted the arrow point from his side told him that it would be at least two months ere the wound would be sufficiently healed to admit of any great bodily exertion. Two days later a party consisting of seventy-five armed men marched by night into the canyon where the Indians were so recently encamped, determined to rout them from their stronghold, if possible, and if the girl still lived, to rescue her at any cost.

To their surprise not an Indian was visible. It appeared probable that they had been gone several hours at least. They had left no trail that would enable the volunteers to trace them in their flight beyond a few hundred yards from the lodges, and again the poor fellows felt how completely the savages had outwitted them. In their search among the deserted wigwams they found a calico frock, torn and blood stained. George recognized it as the one worn by his sister on that fatal morning, when the settlers at Oak Dale had been so ruthlessly massacred by the

savages, and there no longer remained a doubt in his mind as to the fate of his sister.

Poor, miserable man! He remembered what the chief had told him in regard to the perpetrators of the crime; and, as he had no reason to doubt the old fellow's veracity, he mentally resolved, with God's will, to be avenged. Obtaining permission from the captain, he left the company, with the promise of returning the following day. He carried with him to Oak Dale the dress which had been found in the deserted wigwam, and which spoke only too plainly of the fate of his poor sister.

"Courage, Mortimer," he said, as he approached the bedside of the wounded man, who fearfully, yet eagerly, gazed up into his friend's face for any news he might have to disclose.

"Speak, George; I can read in your face the awful tidings," said Mortimer, covering his face with his hands. "Oh, God, be merciful! Death in any guise would be a relief compared with this!"

"Don't, Mortimer, it grieves me to see you thus pained; and Heaven knows I would gladly spare you were it possible to do so. Our bright-eyed, laughter-loving, little Dess has undoubtedly met her death at the hands of the blood-thirsty savages."

Then he went on to relate the discovery they had made in one of the deserted wigwams, concluding by disclosing the plan of action already agreed upon. They would thoroughly scour the mountains until they had discovered a clue to the whereabouts of the savages, and then pursue them till an opportunity presented itself for attacking them with favorable results.

"Captain Hooker, with Trapper Dan as guide, will surely teach them how to torture to death our innocent women and children. Be brave, Mortimer, and get well soon, that you may join us in our efforts to subdue the hostiles who have robbed us of all that life held dear."

As he concluded, Mabel Randall glided into the room bearing a tray, upon which was a cup of tea and a slice of toast for the wounded man. She bowed gracefully, and George could not help but perceive that her fair brow wore a troubled look, which, however only tended to enhance her beauty.

"I sympathize with you so much, Mr. Watson," she said, extending her hand as she spoke. "Try to bear up bravely under the weight of grief with which I know your heart is oppressed. Now, will you kindly inform me as to the welfare of my brother?" she added, as George turned away to hide his emotion.

"Harry is well, perfectly well, Miss Randall. As it is growing late, I shall be obliged to bid you good-bye, for the present." And then for one brief moment he pressed her hand in his own, after which he

turned to Mortimer with a few words of cheer on his pale lips, and was gone.

He carried with him the blood-stained dress, which he could not find it in his heart to show to the man who so sincerely mourned his sister's untimely end.

We must now return to our heroine on the second night of her captivity, when the volunteers attacked the savages at their lodges in the deep canyon. Poor girl! When the first report of a rifle greeted her ear, she knew her captors were watched and pursued. In a moment she was on her feet, her round face all aglow with anticipated happiness; and she would have rushed forward in the attempt to make her escape had not the two squaws, to whose care she had been consigned, caught her by the shoulders in a vise-like grip. One of them was severely bitten on the arm by old Bruno, who was ever on the alert lest danger threaten his young mistress.

At that moment Hotiti, chief of the Rogue river braves, rushed into the wigwam, followed by two hideous-looking savages, one of whom dealt the dog such a blow across the head with a club as to cause the faithful animal to drop to the ground as if dead.

"Villain! you have killed my dog," Dess cried, her brown eyes flashing with indignation. "Beware, you miserable wretch, lest you die for this."

In her anger she had forgotten how utterly powerless she was, till a low, mocking laugh from Hotiti aroused her to her real condition. In another moment she was securely bound, and a gag made of a piece of wood was fastened between her teeth.

"Let the pale-face talk," said Hotiti, sarcastically. "Let her talk kill more braves," and he turned away, leaving Dess lying on the ground. Earnestly she prayed for help, prayed that those who were in pursuit might be successful, that they might be preserved from the fiends in whose hands she was so utterly helpless. The reports of rifles greeted her ear, but she could do no more than hope and pray, to trust in the Almighty to aid those dear ones who were so bravely fighting to rescue her.

The firing suddenly ceased, and the hours passed slowly away, till twilight ushered in the dawn of another day—another day of tribulation to the unfortunate girl. All the forenoon she lay in the rudely-constructed wigwam, expecting every moment to be led forth to meet death in all the cruelty of savage custom.

Little did she suspect that the eyes of her lover and brother were anxiously watching, only a short distance away, for a glimpse of her dear form, or that they were among the attacking party of the night previous. Once, when Watumni entered the wigwam,

she gazed up into his face, on which rested a dark, sullen look that almost paralyzed the young girl with fear. At length the thought struck her that she had seriously offended the old chief by her attempted flight.

"Watumni is angry with me, too," she said, as the savage stooped down and removed the gag from her mouth. "I have no longer a friend among the red men. What have I done that you, too, have forsaken me?"

"Pale-face too quick; Watumni not angry," and to the surprise and joy of the poor girl, he loosened the cords that bound her, and she arose, feeling greatly relieved.

"I am glad you are still my friend," Dess said, extending her hand. "Will you tell me about the fight you had last night, and how it came about?" she asked, trying to affect an air of indifference.

"Pale-face want know much; Watumni tell." He walked to the entrance of the wigwam and allowed his fierce black eyes to roam at large over the mountains. "Last night red men burn their dead; white man steal up close and shoot, kill more braves. Red man go to-night; go to Oregon. Pale-face must be ready. She pull off dress, leave it here; Nitia bring her another."

As he spoke there yet remained on his face the dark, sullen look which Dess knew portended evil. Approaching the girl once more, he laid his brown hands on her shoulders, while he gazed into her eyes with a fierce, savage look that almost frightened the poor girl, brave as she was.

"Remember the words of Watumni," he said, tightening his grasp on her shoulders, as if thereby to impress his words on her memory. "May be never see Watumni again; then no friends among Indian braves. Not try run away. If she try, then she die, maybe. Indians carry pale-face to Oregon to-night. Watumni, Hotiti and many braves go on war path."

Dess felt her heart sink deep within her breast. There was no hope of being rescued now, and the tears rushed to her eyes, but by a strong effort she managed to keep them back.

"This is cruel, Watumni, too cruel. Oh, Watumni, promise me that if my lover and brother yet live you will spare them for my sake. Promise, and I will be your slave, to come and go at your beck and call," and the poor girl looked full in the savage face before her, with an expression of prayerful entreaty that would have melted the hardest heart.

"Watumni no promise," the old chief said, coldly. "Indian know no white man. Remember what Watumni say." He turned to take his departure as two squaws entered.

Poor Dess! She more than ever felt the desolation of her condition. She turned away as the chief left the wigwam, and throwing herself on the ground beside Bruno, she buried her face in his soft, fleecy hair, and for the first time wept forth the agony of her despairing heart. And right here we must say a word in regard to the faithful dog, as he undoubtedly deserves a place in our narrative.

After the poor fellow had received the blow across the head, as already described, he remained insensible for more than an hour. Dess was grieved, and she feared for a long time that he was dead. Some of the savages expressed a desire to end his existence, but Watumni would not hear to the proposition, although it was his own wife the dog had bitten. Many of the Indians ridiculed the old chief not a little in regard to the strange defense he maintained in behalf of the white maiden and her dog, and it came to be pretty well understood between the two tribes that the old chief would one day make the white captive his bride. Dess was grateful to the old warrior for being the means of saving the dog's life, and half an hour later she was overjoyed to see that the faithful animal was recovering. As the savages had learned to fear the dog, a strong muzzle was placed over his nose in such a manner as to prevent him from biting, while his mistress, seeing that resistance was useless, tried to make the animal understand that he was to treat the Indians as friends.

As the girl lay there beside the dog, her face buried in his neck, she could hear that the two squaws were discussing some important point, as they considered it. Raising her tear-stained face, she looked up and saw that they were eyeing her closely, and she knew they were talking of some matter pertaining to herself.

"Pale-face get up," one of them said, as she displayed some kind of an Indian garment which was made of deer skins. "Take off," she added, pointing to the girl's blood-stained frock. "Put on this. Watumni speak so—Hotiti speak so."

Dess saw no alternative, and accordingly, she threw off her calico dress and was soon arrayed in the rude garb provided for her. Despite her grief, she could not suppress a smile when she viewed herself in this strange garment, and she laughed right heartily when she saw how curiously old Bruno eyed her. The squaws were evidently much pleased with her appearance, and they indulged in long and frequent expressions of approval.

"Does Nitia think I shall make a good Indian squaw?" Dess asked, addressing the wife of Watumni, and trying hard to assume a tone of gaiety.

"Good—more good," was the ready reply.

Half an hour later the savages mounted their horses and left the deep canyon, where they had been discovered in their hiding place. The prisoner was placed on a pony, behind Nitia, and carried away, while old Bruno was left to follow, evidently feeling very sad on account of the heavy burden he had to carry in the shape of the muzzle which was placed over his nose.

Dess soon perceived that Watumni and Hotiti were nowhere to be seen. She knew, also, that several of their braves were missing, and she was forced to believe that the old chief had told her the truth—that they were, indeed, gone once more on the war path. Her heart ached for any unfortunate person who might chance to fall a victim to their cruelties; and she offered up a silent prayer to the Almighty, that if her lover and brother still lived, they might be permitted to escape their fiendish enemies.

Despite her youth and buoyant spirits she was extremely despondent, more so than she had been at any time since her capture. It seemed so hard to submit to her cruel fate when she had so much to make life happy. She thought she had never realized till now how dear life had been to her, blessed as she was with a true brother's affection and loved by a man whom she considered the embodiment of truth and honor. It was all past, now, and nothing remained for her but to submit to her cruel fate. Then, she thought, if she could but know that her lover and brother still lived, and that they were safe beyond the reach of the hostiles, she could still enjoy a moderate share of happiness, despite the unenviable position into which she had fallen. Without hope the human heart would soon perish. She was aware that her captors were pursued, that her friends were in search of her; but whether they believed her dead or living she knew not. At all events they had found the encampment where she was held a prisoner, and was it not reasonable to suppose they would return and seek further evidence as to her fate? If they did, would they not find her dress and know by that that she was a prisoner among the savages?

Thus the poor girl tried to create a ray of hope within her heart, and succeeded so well that she almost forgot her perilous situation. In consequence of this she began to chat quite freely with Nitia, asking her the name of this and that in the Indian language, and in trying to repeat the names after her, so excited the mirth of the savages that they laughed right heartily in their coarse, rude way.

At dusk they halted and she was permitted to accompany two or three of the braves when they went to picket the horses for the night. Nitia was constantly by her side, however, and manifested considerable concern as to the welfare of her charge. Re-

turning to the camp they found a bright fire already kindled, while some of the squaws were heaping live embers over and around two large venison hams they had thrown into the flames. The scent of the roasting meat excited the girl's appetite, but she knew she would be able to devour a very small portion, covered with ashes and but half cooked as it was, and served in the usual Indian style. Seizing a rusty-bladed knife that lay beside what remained of the large buck which the savages had carried with them, she cut off a nice, tender steak, and looked around for a suitable stick on which to suspend it before the fire. She was not long in finding one that answered the purpose, and after sharpening it at both extremities, she fastened the venison on one end of the stick, and the other she secured in the ground before the fire in such a way that in a short time she had a delicious roast, minus the salt. The Indians did not venture to oppose her, but they talked and laughed considerably among themselves, when she seated herself before the fire to enjoy her supper, seeing that she did not forget to divide equally with Bruno.

After the meal was eaten the fire was extinguished, and the savages, with their young charge in their midst, left the place on foot. After having walked a quarter of a mile or more, they halted. Beds were made of deer and bear skins, and a few pairs of old blankets, all of which were spread upon the ground. A few minutes later all were sleeping soundly, with the exception of a few braves who remained awake for the purpose of giving warning should the volunteers steal upon them. Dess slept between the two squaws to whose care she had been consigned, and she knew that it would be impossible to effect an escape, even though she were rash enough to attempt it. It was evident that the savages expected to be pursued, and the thought that she might yet be rescued gave the poor girl courage to withstand the inflictions which were imposed upon her by her captivity.

Next morning they breakfasted early, and mounting their steeds sped away as rapidly as the rough character of the country would permit. About noon they reached the summit of a very large mountain, from which they looked down on a country which was entirely unknown to Dess. The unhappy girl gave a sigh of anguish as she thought how far removed she was from all white communication. Was it not probable that here, with none but savages to witness the agony of her despairing heart, she would end her existence.

"Farewell! farewell!" she cried, as she gazed back toward the little valley of Oak Dale, where she had been so recklessly happy. "Never again shall I see the dear faces of my lover and brother; never

again shall I meet the friends I loved so dearly. All are gone forever, and nothing remains for me but to end my career in cruel captivity."

As they drew near the densely wooded country that lay before them, it seemed as if every ray of hope—such as had buoyed up the heart of the unfortunate girl on the previous day and night—had vanished forever. She was silent and despondent. The coarse, rude laughter of the savages jarred most unpleasantly on her aching heart, and she longed for some secluded spot where she might weep forth the grief of her overburdened spirit. It was nearly sundown when the descent of the mountain was accomplished, after which they entered a dense forest—so dense as to be almost impenetrable. A quarter of a mile farther on they came upon several lodges, from which issued a great many savages, old, young, male and female. A cry of triumph greeted their arrival, and the braves, in all the hideousness of war paint and feathers, surrounded poor Dess, as a band of

wolves might surround a lamb which they awaited an opportunity to devour.

Much to the girl's relief, however, she escaped the humiliation of having the savages dance around her, as they had done on her arrival in the canyon the first night of her captivity. Nitia evidently understood the troubled expression on the girl's face, and when the savages had collected in little groups, for the purpose of discussing the events of the last few days, she took the chance afforded her of saying to Dess—

"Red men not hurt white squaw. No be 'fraid."

"I have few fears as to the safety of my life, Nitia; at the best, it is of little value to me now. I am only weary, heart sick. If you will show me a resting place, I shall retire for the night."

Accordingly the squaw led her into a wigwam, where a bed was soon made by spreading pelts of various kinds upon the ground, and Dess lay down, not to sleep, but to think, to reflect, till her senses seemed ready to desert her.

GENE LECREG.

To be continued.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

It towers aloft on Bedloe's little isle,
 Upon the threshold of the western sea,
 In bronze and carved stone, that glorious pile,
 Bartholdi's gift, from Freedom to the free.

A mighty woman with her torch in hand,
 Lighting the waters like a blessed star,
 Mother of exiles! May she ever stand,
 To welcome strangers from the lands afar.

"Hither," she cries, "come all ye striving poor,
 Ye toil-worn captives, panting to be free,
 I open wide the glorious, golden door,
 My name is writ above it, LIBERTY."

The great procession still is moving west,
 All creeds and nations seek her vast domain,
 Finding a loving brotherhood is best
 And honest labor conquers parting pain.

Long mayst thou stand, with torch of silver light!
 To greet the wanderer from across the sea,
 And reign in beauty, majesty and might,
 A ruler of a nation that is free.

CHARLES RUSSELL GURNEY.

PORTLAND, February 25, 1889.

FISHERIES OF THE PACIFIC.

BY the above title is meant the deep water fisheries, and not the salmon industry of our bays and rivers, which was treated of fully in THE WEST SHORE for October, 1888. With the exception of cod fishing by the San Francisco fleet in the waters of the Aleutian coast, on the banks near the Schumagin islands, deep sea fishing has been confined to occasional and spasmodical efforts to supply the home market with halibut. Off the Straits of Fuca and north to the waters of Alaska, halibut exist in great numbers, and can be caught in quantity within two days' sail of railroads terminating on Puget sound. It is actually a fact that halibut can be caught in these waters and placed in the markets of New York quicker and in better condition than is now being done from the banks of Labrador. This has been demonstrated this season by Capt. Solomon Jacobs, a Gloucester fisherman, who brought out a fishing vessel last year and engaged in this business in an experimental way. The only requirements to make the business of supplying eastern markets with fresh halibut and cod a practical one, are a sufficient supply of ice, and railroad rates that are not prohibitive. That the success of Capt. Jacobs will result in largely augmenting the number of Gloucester fishermen on the coast can not be doubted, and beyond question Puget sound will soon become the headquarters for a large fleet of fishing schooners. It will also, doubtless, supersede San Francisco as the seat of the whaling industry of the Arctic, since it is a thousand miles nearer the scene of operations and now possesses ample facilities for reaching the eastern markets.

Last year the United States fish commission vessel, the *Albatross*, cruised in the North Pacific and added much to our knowledge of the deep sea life and the topography of the ocean bed. On board the vessel was Judge James A. Swan, of Port Townsend, than whom no man is better acquainted with the fishes of our waters or has shown more enthusiasm on the subject of the development of this resource, one of the most valuable we have. The investigations of the gentlemen in charge of the *Albatross*, as well as the enterprise of Capt. Jacobs, and of Henry Saunders, of Victoria, have demonstrated the fact that from Oregon to the Aleutian archipelago the waters of the coast swarm with cod, halibut and other varieties of food fishes, and it certainly can be a matter of but a few years before the fishing industry will amount to millions of dollars annually.

A company has been organized, chiefly by Portland gentlemen, to engage in deep sea fishing off Yaquina bay, making that harbor the seat of operations, extensive banks having been discovered not many

miles distant. Another company has been organized at Astoria to engage in the same business, though not on quite so large a scale. A joint stock company, consisting chiefly of officers of the Canadian Pacific, has been organized with a capital of \$100,000.00, to engage extensively in halibut fishing and shipping to eastern markets. The company will make the city of Vancouver its headquarters and shipping point.

By far the most important developments of the past season were those made by Mr. Saunders. He twice sent a vessel to the black cod banks of the Queen Charlotte islands, and each time it returned with a large cargo of that most valuable fish. The black cod, next to the salmon, is the most important fish of the Pacific waters, and may, in time, surpass its pink-hued rival in value. This fish is not a true *gadus*, or cod, but is the *Anoploponia fimbria*. It received its name through Mr. Swan, who thus speaks of the fish and the origin of its title:

"The black cod received its name in the following manner. Early in 1860, while stationed at Neah bay, in the Indian service, I received two fine specimens of this fish, which I sent to Washington. In general appearance, when first caught, it resembles cod, or whiting, and the traders at Neah bay, H. A. Webster, Capt. Alexander Sampson, Capt. Charles Winson and others, called it "black cod." The Makah Indians of Cape Flattery call it "beshow;" the Haidahs, of and Queen Charlotte islands, call it "skil."

"In 1883 I went to the Queen Charlotte islands for the Smithsonian Institute and procured a quantity of these fish, which I split and dressed like cod-fish, removing the head and back bone. After they had been salted for two weeks in a vat, I pressed them to remove all pickle and render them firm, and then packed them in boxes in dry salt. I had no barrels to put them in pickle. These fish I sent to Washington, where they were received in splendid condition, and were distributed by Prof. Baird to the fish bureaus of New York and Boston, who were unanimous in their approval of them as the finest fish they had tasted.

"Professor Baird wrote to me to suggest a suitable name. I sent him a list of a dozen Indian names, all of which he rejected, and said let them be called black cod, and they are known by that name in all eastern states. This fish should be dressed like the true cod—split on the belly, and the head and back bone removed. The heads are very fat and oily, and impart an unpleasant flavor to the rest of the bodies after they have been some time in pickle. The Indians boil the heads and extract a quantity of grease, which resembles eulachan grease, which is like soft lard. If our Gloucester fishermen go into this black cod fishing, and will dress the fish as I have suggest-

ed, they will control the eastern market, as I was informed by Eugene Blackford, state fish commissioner and wholesale dealer in Fulton market, New York, that fish with their heads on will not sell in the New York market."

This is the fish which Mr. Saunders has begun to put on the market. He is building a fish station on the islands, and intends to engage in the business on a much larger scale the coming season. Judge Swan believes that it will be unnecessary to go so far to find the fish in paying quantities, for when one of Capt. Jacobs' schooners was fishing for halibut off Cape Flattery last summer, the trawl was dragged in deep water and a large catch of black cod was the result. More and important developments will be made in the black cod and halibut fisheries the coming season.

As has been said, the work of the *Albatross* last summer was most important. It was supplied with all the apparatus known to science for the capture and study of marine life, including a line five miles in length for deep sea soundings, and one of two thousand fathoms for in-shore work. While off the coast of Washington south of Flattery, it was discovered that a ledge which extends out from the shore several miles at a varying depth, suddenly breaks off, the depth outside being fathomless. At four miles depth the dredge brought up a white material resembling sand, but which, under the microscope, proved to be minute shell fish. Large quantities of deep sea fish and shrimps were also secured, and as all these form the food of the salmon, it was considered by the gentlemen in charge that they had solved the mystery of the ocean home of the quinnat. From the time he leaves the river, weighing from one to two pounds, until he returns three or four years later weighing from fifteen to thirty, the salmon is an utter stranger, his place of abode being but a mere conjecture. That they "live in clover" is proved by their extremely fat and juicy condition when they enter the rivers for the purpose of spawning. It is believed by these gentlemen that the salmon live in the extremely deep water where this most excellent food for their maintenance exists in such unlimited quantities. The *Albatross* will resume her work in these waters in a few weeks, and further most important developments are looked for.

ALASKA'S VOLCANIC ORIGIN.

THE geological formation of most of the islands visited during the cruise of the *Thetis*, as well as a part of the main land, gives abundant evidence of volcanic origin or elevation. The records give definite information of volcanic activity on no less than

twenty-five of the Aleutian islands, and enumerate about sixty craters, all told, in the mountain peaks and ranges of Alaska. Some of these are still smoking, and two or three in active eruption.

From Mount Wrangel, which is believed to be the highest mountain in North America, if not in the Western Hemisphere, and which is on the main land in longitude one hundred and forty-five degrees, to the Commander island, beyond our western boundary, there is a continuous chain of volcanoes, each and all of which have been active at some period since the advent of the Russians in 1743. One of the ablest Russian scientists, in a treatise on the volcanic character of this region, advances the theory that this long extended chain of volcanoes proves the existence of a subterranean channel of lava, which finds its outlet first through one crater and then through another. However this may be, there are certainly frequent volcanic disturbances indicated by the rumbling and quaking of the earth more or less startling, some of which I have myself heard and felt. But I am not scientist enough to attempt any discussion or advance any theory of my own on the subject of volcanoes. Suffice it to say that there is no more extensive theatre of volcanic activity known than that of the Alaska peninsula, the west coast of Cook's inlet and the Aleutian islands. One remarkable occurrence which history records as having taken place in 1796, taken in connection with what has since happened, would seem to fully confirm the theory of the Russian scientist that there is a subterranean channel between the long line of craters referred to, the over burden of lava flowing in which sometimes forces for itself a new outlet. To the westward of Ounalaska, and not more than a dozen miles from the northeast end of Umnak, is located the small island of Bogoslov. History has it that on the 18th of May, 1796, a Russian trader named Krukof was stopping temporarily on the northeast end of Umnak, being detained there by thick and stormy weather, accompanied by indications of volcanic disturbance. On the morning of the 19th the storm abated, the clouds cleared away, and he saw, at some distance off, a column of smoke rising out of the sea. Toward evening a black object was visible under the smoke, and during the night flames ascending heavenward from the same spot were of such volume and brilliancy as to convert the darkness of night into the light of day. At the same time an earthquake, with thundering noise, shook the whole island from which the trader was observing the to him unaccountable and startling phenomenon, while rocks were occasionally thrown across the sea a distance of ten or twelve miles from what afterwards was found to be the crater of the new volcano. On the morning of the third day the earthquake ceased.

the flames subsided, and a newly created island formed up in the shape of a cone. A month later the trader found the peak considerably higher, and still emitting fire and ashes, but very little flame; later the flames died out altogether, and volcanic action was confined to the emission of smoke and steam. In 1800 it had ceased to smoke, but eight years after its first appearance some hunters visiting its shores found the waters of the sea immediately surrounding it still warm, and the solid rock formation too hot to permit a landing. A few years later, however, its rocks and cliffs had cooled sufficiently to attract a large number of sea lions, with whom it was for a long time afterward a favorite resort. It continued to gradually increase in both height and circumference until 1823, when it had attained the height of a thousand feet or more. From and after that year it gradually diminished in height and seemed to be sinking back into the depths of the sea, until a few years ago, when it raised another commotion by firing up anew, and in a single night disappeared altogether, another islet of about the same circumference making its appearance about two miles distant from where the original Bogoslov had stood for three-quarters of a century. The new Bogoslov is gradually rising, but as yet presents a comparatively flat surface at an elevation of not more than two hundred feet above the sea level, from which there is a constant emission of steam and smoke. This volcanic phenomenon, in the opinion of many scientific men, is indicative of the fact that most of the Aleutian islands owe their origin more to

gradual elevation than to violent eruption. Neither the old nor the new Bogoslov resulted from the latter cause—the piling up of lava and debris thrown out through the craters—the first one rising slowly and gradually until it attained its greatest elevation, a history which is being repeated by its successor. Indeed, it is a question if the whole eastern half of Behring sea is not steadily decreasing in depth, owing to the gradual elevation of its bottom. That is the theory advanced by some, while others claim that its lessening depth is solely due to the deposition of earthy matter brought down by the great roaring floods of the Yukon and other great rivers emptying into it. To whatever cause it may be ascribed, the eastern part of the sea appears to be gradually shoaling, with every prospect of its becoming an archipelago or a part of the main land. The large islands of St. Matthew and St. Michael, afford conclusive evidence of having been formed by circumvallations of lava during eruptions, as do also the Pribylov group and some others, the large majority of islands, however, having come through the process of gradual elevation. The western part of the sea has a uniform depth of a hundred fathoms or more, the bottom gradually shelving upward, until in the eastern half there are but a few places where it is safe for a vessel of ordinary draft to approach nearer than fifty miles to the shore. The question of when a large part of Behring sea will be dry land would seem to be one of not more than a century of time at most.—*A. P. Swineford, in Juneau Free Press.*

MY QUEST.

Out of the chaff that was winnowed well,
A few small grains of good wheat fell.
Under a mountain of earth and stone,
A thread-like vein of pure gold shone.
Down, fathoms down, where the sea nymyhs play,
Pearls have imprisoned the light of day.

The gleaner scant bread for his toil has gained;
He will hunger to-morrow as before.
The miner exchanged for his shining dust,
The joys that were his, round a far-off door.
A life hangs poised in the scale 'gainst a pearl,
When the deep is robbed by the diver bold.
The gem I would find is purer than pearls—
Better than bread—brighter than gold.
When found, I shall hold it in sweet content,
My precious jewel, worn in youth,
A trust, unblemished, unshaken, secure,
In other hearts that are full of truth.

HARRIET NEWELL SWANWICK.

COLUMBIA COUNTY, OREGON.

WHEN the lines of travel in the northwest were chiefly confined to the waterways, the country which presented the best appearance from the deck of the steamer was the one which became first settled and developed. If the shore was rugged or swampy the immigrant passed on to where the location immediately along the water seemed inviting, and there landed and established his home. In this way many of the choicest sections of the northwest have been overlooked and allowed to remain in a wild state, while some really less eligible locations have bounded into prominence because the first view the visitor obtained was a pleasant one. Now that there are extensive lines of railroad ramifying the whole country, more importance is attached to the land which borders the railway track, and hundreds of tourists and prospective immigrants base their estimates of the country largely upon what they see from the windows of the rapidly-moving train. That there should be a great deal of nice country overlooked by these people is, of course, inevitable. The appearance which a new region presents to a stranger unacquainted with its actual advantages is sometimes misleading. Columbia county, Oregon, has been under the disadvantage of having judgment pronounced upon it from the uninviting appearance its river front presented. It is located in the northwestern part of the state and the Columbia river washes its eastern and northern sides, so it was exposed to the adverse judgment of the travelers along that great thoroughfare, which for many years was almost the only means of ingress from other parts of the world to the northwest. The marshy land on the north and the rocky banks, rising in some places to a considerable height and heavily timbered, on the east, had a somewhat forbidding aspect for the immigrants whose minds were prepared to see smiling valleys waiting for the plowshare and pruning hook. Consequently they passed on without once thinking of investigating the interior, and took up their abode where the margins of the streams suited their fancy.

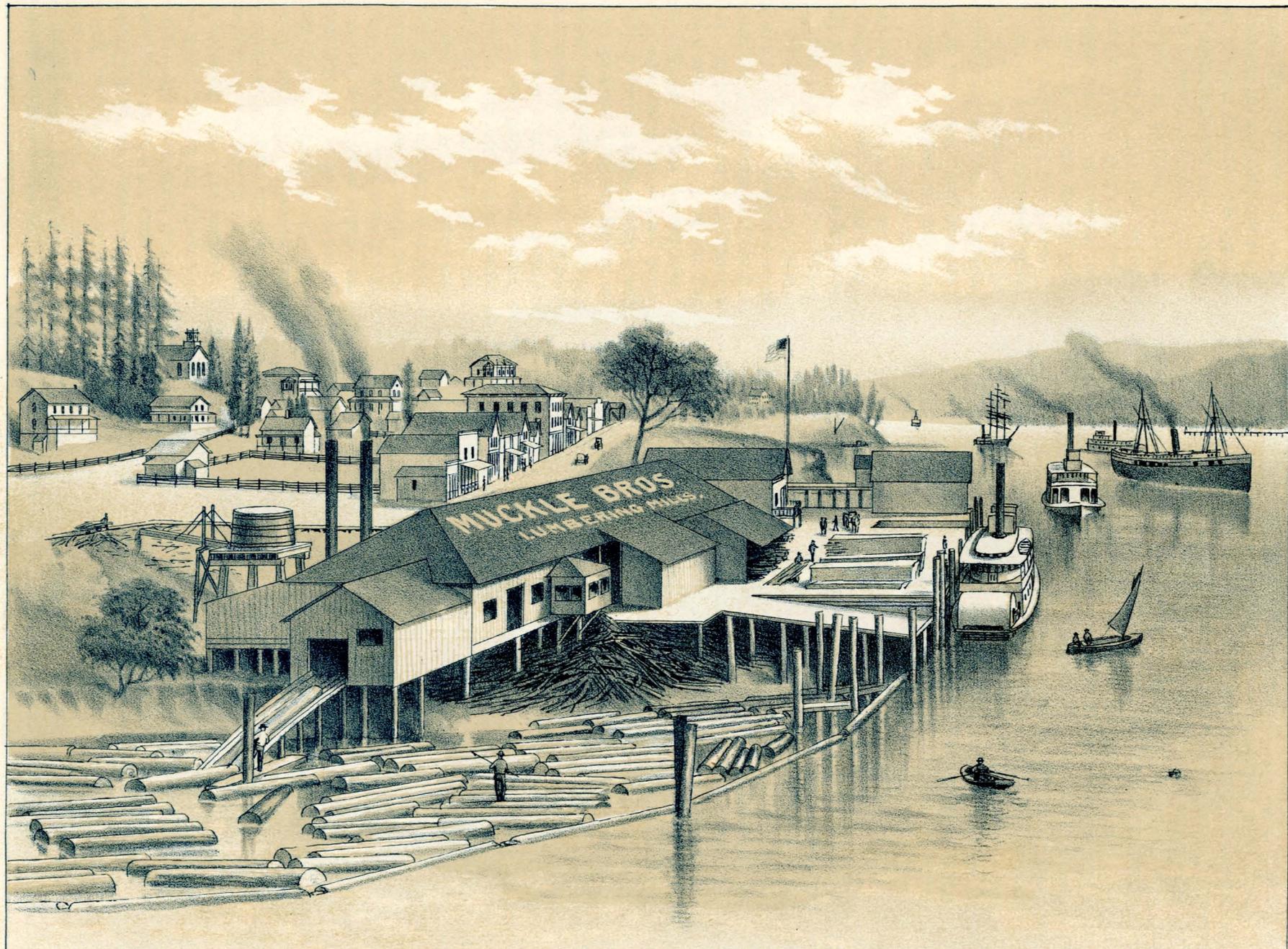
Columbia county, in the early hunting and trapping period, was one of the most frequented sections of the state. St. Helens, the county seat, was platted before 1850, and was then one of the chief towns above Astoria. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company had a dock there and maintained it until it was burned, and then the company moved to Portland because free dockage was given it. But when furs and skins became of secondary importance the stream of business passed by Columbia county.

The physical characteristics of Columbia county do not unfit it for farming when the timber is remov-

ed; and in the meantime the timber supplies a profitable industry. It is well watered. The surface of the country is rolling but not rugged. The chief streams which drain it are the Scappoose, Milton, Tide, Green, Beaver, Clatskanie, Crooked, Fish-hawk, Deep and Rock creeks, some of which are navigable several miles by light draft boats which ply regularly upon them, and all are useful for floating logs to the mills. The timber is yellow and white fir, cedar, alder, larch, maple, hemlock, ash, spruce and oak, from which some nineteen saw mills turn out about thirty million feet of lumber annually, chiefly fir. In the valleys, principally the Beaver, Clatskanie, Nehalem, and Scappoose, many are engaged in profitable farming. A somewhat remarkable mountain in the southern part of the county, Bunker Hill, rises to a height of nineteen hundred feet above the sea, and bears rich deposits of iron, as well as coal measures, which preparations are now being made to work. The coal and iron of the county are unquestionably of value, and the attention now turned in that direction promises their development before long; indeed, active operations are now in progress to develop the coal measures.

In the northern part of the county are the marshy lands known as the Beaver and Marshall flats. These lands are overflowed during the high water of June, and are for that reason considered by many undesirable. During the last year or so, however, a large number of Finns have located there, and they are draining and dyking the land, which is not a very difficult task, and bringing it under cultivation. It is well known that for grass, root crops and many fruits, such lands can not be surpassed. These people investigated the merits of the location and decided to make their homes there, and the wisdom of their decision is already becoming apparent. Most of Columbia's forty-three hundred population, however, is American—people from the eastern states, who have moved west to better their condition.

There are now in Columbia county one hundred and seven thousand acres of government land subject to homestead or pre-emption entry, besides considerable state school land that can be obtained at a very low price. Good roads penetrate every portion of the county, over one hundred and fifty miles of wagon roads having been built during the past three years. The state of Oregon, at the session of the legislature just closed, appropriated \$4,000.00 to aid Columbia in building bridges, which sum will be added to by the county and expended in bridging the Nehalem river at three places where important roads cross it. These wagon roads, with water communication and the Northern Pacific railroad running through the county, give the people ample facilities for the transportation of produce and for accommodating travel.



OREGON-ST HELENS · COLUMBIA · COUNTY ·



OREGON-RAINIER, COLUMBIA COUNTY.

There are several small towns in the county, the largest of which is St. Helens, the county seat. Early in the forties H. M. Knighton and wife took up a donation claim of six hundred and forty acres, and the present site was platted before Portland was. It did not, however, become a regularly incorporated town until this year. It has a population of nearly three hundred. Muckle Bros.' saw mill is the chief business institution of the town. It has a good school and church, the court house, two hotels, telegraph office, an enterprising newspaper, the *Mist*, which is doing fully its share in attracting attention to that section, and several other shops and business institutions. The residences are much finer than are usually seen in towns of the size of St. Helens. The distance to Portland is thirty miles, and the location is in every way favorable to the growth of a city of considerable importance. A short distance below St. Helens, near Columbia City, is considered the most eligible site for the U. S. naval station soon to be established on the North Pacific coast, and efforts are being made to induce the selection of that location.

At Columbia City the Northern Pacific Company owns a river frontage of fifteen hundred feet, which was secured with the evident intention of making that an extensive shipping point. Clatskanie and Marshland, over in the northwestern part of the county, are growing trading points.

Rainier is the second largest town in the county, and has a population of about two hundred. It is situated on the Columbia river twenty miles below St. Helens, and fifty miles from Portland. Two mills, one sawing lumber and the other shingles, are in operation there now, and a third will be constructed this year. A sturgeon preserving establishment does a good business here, making large shipments of preserved fish to the markets of the east. There are three large wood flumes, at Rainier, leading back from one to three miles each, and the largest wood dock on the river. Though this town has been incorporated some years, the legislature at its last session extended its limits, and the government will be reorganized this month. There is a good beginning for a city at Rainier, and the town has excellent prospects for a rapid growth.

The valley of Beaver creek is one of the most fertile, or, at least, the most developed, farming sections of Columbia county. About one hundred settlers have gone in there since last fall, and are rapidly bringing the valley under cultivation. Dairying and live stock raising are among the most profitable industries carried on, and the settler never is at a loss for making a comfortable living with so many demands on every hand. Hunting, fishing, lumbering, farm-

ing, mining and allied industries furnish profitable employment at all seasons of the year. Every man who takes a claim has more or less of wood on it, that commands a ready market at all times.

Columbia county now has forty-two school districts, in which school is taught for an average period of three and a half months in the year. Notwithstanding the fact that it has been making numerous improvements requiring the expenditure of considerable sums of money, the county is not in debt, nor is taxation heavy. With the development of its mineral resources in quarries and mines, its other industries must gather renewed life, and the rate of taxation will grow less. Last year's assessment showed the number of horses and mules in the county to be nine hundred and seventy-three, the number of cattle five thousand four hundred and forty, sheep one thousand two hundred and twenty, and swine one thousand two hundred and seventeen. The total valuation of taxable property was \$1,051,983.00.

There is a range of low hills extending through the county nearly parallel with the Columbia river, and forming the divide between the Columbia and Nehalem rivers. On the east side of these hills the soil seems to be of volcanic origin, while on the other side it is more of a clayey marl. Its general character is that of a clayey loam, deep, but with a distinct clay subsoil. More or less vegetable matter is intermixed, so that in some places it partakes of the nature of muck. It is a rich and lasting soil, and is well adapted to general cultivation. On the Columbia bottom and the islands there are special inducements for dairying and market gardening on a large scale. The soil, climate and markets are all that could be desired for that business. Fruits in abundance may be raised in all parts of the county. Apples, pears, plums, grapes, cherries and berries of all kinds grow well. Columbia county seems to be especially adapted to pears, which are never known to fail them. With the attention that has been given to planting young orchards it is likely that Columbia will in a few years take a place among the great fruit growing sections of Oregon.

The usual range of farm products flourish in Columbia county, not excepting corn. The small grains, wheat, oats, barley, rye and buckwheat, are satisfactory crops wherever an attempt has been made to grow them. Of the total area of six hundred and forty square miles, but a small portion is at present under cultivation. A great stimulus to the raising of grain would be the establishment of flouring and feed mills. Large quantities of flour and ground feed are imported from outside the county, when, if there but existed the facilities for its manufacture, all might be supplied at home, and the development of the county

thereby greatly encouraged. This is one of the matters that is being stirred now, and this condition of affairs is likely soon to be changed.

There is a very promising field for the operation of portable saw mills in Columbia county. These could be run by either water or steam power, and the expense of getting timber to the mill would be nominal, because it would do the sawing in the midst of the forest and save handling and transporting the refuse. Furniture factories would also find an attractive field here. The finest qualities of hard and soft woods can be obtained in large quantities, even birdseye maple. The working of the coal and iron mines, which is assured, will make Columbia one of the best regions on the Pacific slope for manufacturing.

The fishing industry of Columbia county is important. The principal fish taken are salmon, sturgeon and smelt. A vast number of sturgeon are caught during the year. The fishermen take them with hooks set hanging from a buoyed line, and it requires the services of two men to take a fish from the water, for it frequently exceeds a hundred pounds in weight. In order to keep them from jumping out of the boat, they are stunned by a blow on the head. These fishermen have pens made in the edge of the river, where the captive sturgeon is put and kept until he is wanted for the market, when he is taken out and butchered. In this way the market is always supplied with fresh sturgeon, which appears on the bills of fare of our restaurants and hotels as "sea bass." Probably the sturgeon of Columbia county is the most important item of its fisheries, though large quantities of smelt and salmon are taken. The streams of the county abound in trout. There is considerable wild game, though but few destructive beasts.

The time has now come, however, when Columbia county's towns and villages will grow as business towns. Communication is now cheap and convenient, and new lines of transportation are projected. The Northern Pacific has made a survey of a branch to run down the Columbia from Hunter's to Astoria, which would give an outlet to a portion of the country at present somewhat isolated, and would entirely change the condition of affairs along its entire length. The railway that is considered certain of crossing the country from Astoria either to Albany or Salem, or both, in the Willamette valley, will traverse a portion of Columbia county. With the rich and varied natural resources at hand, and the advantageous situation it occupies with respect to markets and transportation, the future of Columbia county is full of prom-

ise. The building of railroads will greatly aid in development and quicken the industrious and intelligent people to further effort. The climate is another attraction that will induce many to choose this location. During the winter just past there was no snow to prevent cattle from grazing, and the feeding season is usually very short—but a few weeks at most. The summers are cool and pleasant. It is far enough from the ocean to escape the rawness of the winds there, and not too far to obtain its modifying influence. Those best informed on the affairs of Columbia county expect it to move forward with rapid strides, and this new growth has already begun.

Clatskanie valley lies south of the Columbia river, about sixty miles down stream from Portland, and forty above Astoria, and is the most extensive agricultural district in Columbia county. It is drained by the Clatskanie river, which is navigable for steamers between the Columbia and the city of Clatskanie, which lies on the right bank of the river five miles above its mouth. The chief industries of the valley are stock raising, fruit culture, the production of hay, and lumbering. The hills are covered with dense forests of fir and cedar, as fine as can be found upon the continent, and the river affords easy access to it for milling purposes or for logging. Seven small mills are at work, cutting a total of seven and one-half million feet of lumber yearly, while about an equal quantity of logs are sent down the river and sold to the large mills on the Columbia. A large shingle mill is turning out great quantities of the finest quality of cedar shingles. Opportunities for manufacturing lumber on an extensive scale are offered here that are unrivaled in Oregon. Thousands of acres of government land, covered with choice timber, are open to settlement, much of which is of the finest quality of agricultural land, and well adapted to farming when put in cultivable condition, or for stock raising when but partially cleared. Colonies from the lumber districts of Michigan, Wisconsin or Minnesota, looking for a location in the northwest, will find few sections offering such advantages as exist on the Clatskanie.

The thriving town of Clatskanie is the commercial point of the valley, as well as of more remote settlements on the Nehalem and the Beaver. Its shipments of lumber and products are very large, and its population of some seven hundred is composed of enterprising and industrious people. Its location is such as to render it always the chief business point of that region, the development of which will constantly add to its wealth, population and business.

GEORGE B. MARKLE.

A NUMBER of large projects have been successfully inaugurated in Portland the past few years, and the remark that "Portland is waking up" has become a very common one, though but few fully know the real actuating forces producing these results. It is easy enough to project great schemes, but it takes push, energy and practical business sense to manage them and carry them to a successful issue. It is the infusion of new blood, of practical and energetic business men from those portions of the country where life and vigor predominate, to which this great awakening is to be ascribed. Of all the additions Portland has had to her business life during the past few years, none have so identified themselves with projects for the city's improvement as has Mr. George B. Markle, to whose practical and energetic efforts we owe the fact that to-day we are erecting one of the finest hotels on the Pacific coast. Mr. Markle is a native of Pennsylvania, having been born in Hazleton, Luzerne county, in that state, on the 7th of October, 1857. He attended school in his native town until 1874, when the family moved to Philadelphia. The following year he entered the sophomore class of Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania, and graduated in 1878. He then went to his father's coal mines, a few miles distant, where he was employed until the summer of 1879, when he made a tour of the west as far as Colorado, with a view of investigating its business prospects. Upon his return that fall, his father's health having failed, he entered the banking house of Pardee, Markle & Grier, as representative of his father's interests. In 1880 the firm was changed to Pardee & Markle, and a year later the older members of the firm retired and the firm of Markle Bros. & Co. was organized, of which Mr. Markle was the managing partner until 1886. In the spring of that year his desire to locate in the west led him to make another tour of inspection, which embraced Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, California, Oregon and Washington. A careful examination of all this region convinced him that Portland offered the best inducements to a live business man, combined with the other advantages of an older community, and in the fall of that year he located permanently in this city. From the time of his arrival Mr. Markle has been one of the most energetic and prominent business men of Portland, as will be seen from a brief mention of the various enterprises in which he is interested and is a leading factor. He helped organize the Oregon National Bank, of which he is the vice president; also the Northwest Loan & Trust Company, the Ellensburgh National Bank and the Commercial Bank of Vancouver, of all of which he

is president. He is also president of the Portland Mining Company, owning the Sunset group of mines in the famous Cœur d'Alene district; of the Multnomah Street Railway Company, owning the extensive system of railways on Washington, B, Eleventh and Fifteenth streets; and of the Portland Traction Company, now building a line on Second street from Washington to South Portland. Mr. Markle is also a stockholder and director of the Columbia Fire and Marine Insurance Company, and of the Portland Tanning Company, and was one of the leading spirits in organizing the great enterprise of the North Pacific Industrial Association. To him, as before stated, is chiefly due the credit of organizing the Portland Hotel Company. Much discussion of the subject of completing the hotel begun by Mr. Villard in 1883 had been going on for many months, without producing any tangible results, until Mr. Markle took hold of the matter in his usual energetic and practical manner, and in a few days had secured subscriptions to the amount of \$525,000.00 to the stock of the Portland Hotel Company, which was thereupon incorporated. He has quite extensive real estate interests, including a share of various tracts near the city, aggregating six hundred acres, and in the Portland addition to the city of Vancouver, W. T. Mr. Markle is a young man, in the full vigor of life, and has a business career before him both long and promising, in a region where the greatest scope is open to one possessing the prescience to perceive and the talent to improve the great opportunities here offered.

A YEAR OF PROMISE FOR ALBANY.

THE indications all point to a year of great prosperity throughout the entire Willamette valley, and especially to the progressive city of Albany, which occupies a position of special advantage and possesses elements of growth peculiar to itself. One of the greatest factors in the city's prosperity is the Oregon Pacific railroad, which, after a long struggle against adverse circumstances and hostile interests, has now placed itself in a strong position, and will soon become one of the leading transportation lines of the state, and a portion of a great transcontinental system. Within a month, at the latest, work on the line eastward from Albany will be resumed, and will be pushed with great vigor, so that by the end of the working season the line will have been extended across the Cascade mountains and into the great wool producing region of the interior. Another year the line will be extended still further eastward, crossing the counties of Crook, Harney and Malheur, to an eastern connection in the vicinity of Snake river.

The wool, cattle, horses and other products of the region thus opened, including the extensive and fertile Harney valley, will thus be offered a new and cheaper route to market, and will find at Albany the first diverging point. At that place they will not only connect with the line of the Southern Pacific, but with the steamers plying on the Willamette. It requires but the most ordinary intelligence to understand the wonderful advantages Albany possesses as the point of junction of two such systems as the Oregon Pacific and Southern Pacific, advantages which are about to be largely enhanced by a short narrow gauge line connecting the city with the extensive narrow gauge system running through the valley midway between the river and the foot hills. It is expected that the Oregon Pacific will make Albany the operating headquarters of the road, and will build extensive machine and car shops there. A fine depot will be erected, and it is more than probable that the company will be instrumental in the erection in the city of a large hotel building.

It is expected that a line of street cars will be put in operation by the fourth of July next. The Albany Street Railway Co. has been incorporated, the subscribers to the stock being the business men and citizens. This is a popular movement, and is participated in by a large number of those interested in the welfare of the city, and who are willing to do their share in pushing forward the car of progress. It has been the experience of other cities that street car lines are great developers of business, and add much to the value of all property within a convenient distance of the lines. They are not merely a convenience, but are a great aid to the growth and prosperity of a city.

Another enterprise which will have a beneficial effect is the Albany Building & Loan Association, just organized upon the plan that has been so successful in Portland the past five years, and in eastern cities for longer periods. The officers of the association are all well known and responsible citizens, and the stock is subscribed by a large number of industrious and frugal people who expect to reap the full benefits flowing from such co-operative action.

It is confidently expected that a number of additional manufacturing enterprises will be established in Albany before the end of the year. In respect to water power, nearness to raw materials and advantages of shipment, both by rail and river, Albany has undoubted advantages which must be apparent to intelligent manufacturers. Already the value of manufactured products turned out yearly reaches a large sum, and a large increase may be expected, not only from a development of industries now established, but by the springing up of new ones.

In the Santiam mines, which are rendered tributary to the city by the Oregon Pacific railroad, and in which many of Albany's citizens are financially interested, it possesses an element of growth of much importance. The extent and value of these mines are just becoming known, and expert miners of long experience state that the Santiam district is one of the most promising on the Pacific coast. Great developments may be expected there during the next few years, and Albany is in a position to reap greater benefits therefrom than any other city. It only remains for its citizens to fully comprehend the opportunities offered them, and grasp them with a firm and energetic hand.

AN ENTERPRISING TOWN.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in the enterprising town of Newberg to increase the school facilities, urgently demanded by the rapidly increasing population. It is proposed to build a school house enough larger than the present inadequate one to accommodate the increased growth of the town for a number of years. It is especially noticeable that the most progressive citizens favor the thorough grading of the school and the establishment of a high school department. As the seat of the Friends' Pacific Academy, Newberg is already one of the important educational points of the northwest. The academy, which is rapidly achieving an enviable reputation among our educational institutions, will no doubt develop into a college within a very few years. The liberal enterprise exhibited by the citizens of Newberg in educational matters is but an indication of the way they manage the affairs of the town generally. A more moral, intelligent, progressive community can not be found in Oregon. Additions to the population in the form of new comers who have been attracted by the fertile acres of the Chehalem valley and the opportunities offered there for the industrious man of moderate means, are being made daily. The location there of this most desirable class of people is chiefly due to the exertions of the Chehalem Valley Board of Immigration, of Newberg, which has acquired large tracts of valuable land near the city, as well as residence property in the city itself, which it holds at reasonable figures for the benefit of immigrants. It is the policy of the board to divide up the surrounding farms into tracts of from five to thirty acres, and hold them for sale to individuals who will improve them and become actual residents and producers. Any one desiring to plant for himself a fruit orchard in one of the most lovely and fertile valleys of Oregon should see what this board has to offer.

CANAL ACROSS NICARAGUA.

EVENTS during the past year have so shaped themselves that it now seems as though the American plan for a canal across Nicaragua will be the first means of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific across Central America. Until the death of Captain Eads, the scheme of that famous engineer for a trans-isthmian ship railway received more attention in this country than did the canal project of our naval engineers, but with the passing away of the originator of the project, the public confidence in the advisability of a ship railway at Tehuantepec seems to have waned, and in equal degree the Nicaraguan canal has come into favor. The ignominious failure of DeLesseps to keep his repeated promises at Panama has convinced all practical minds of the impossibility of completing a canal across Darien at a cost which would justify the expenditure. Now the Nicaragua project has come into high favor in this country, and congress has finally recognized it to the extent of granting the company a charter. It is promised by the promoters of this enterprise that a canal will be finished within five years at a cost of one-fourth the amount already sunk at Panama.

There have been several surveys for an inter-oceanic canal by way of Lake Nicaragua, the great length of free navigation afforded by that lake, its inexhaustible supply of water for lockage purposes, and the long stretches of the San Juan river which could be utilized to save excavation, with the comparatively low elevation of the backbone ridges on either side, especially commending this location above all others. Chief Engineer A. G. Menocal, of the U. S. navy, with Engineer R. E. Perry as his principal assistant, and a numerous staff, made such a survey in 1885. Since then the present Nicaraguan Canal Construction Company, has, under the general management of Commander H. C. Taylor, of the U. S. navy, been formed, and in the latter part of 1887 sent out a well-equipped expedition, which definitely located the canal and mapped out the line and its vicinity with engineering exactness. Careful borings were made along the whole distance, and the nature of the materials to be excavated are now clearly known, in kind as well as quantity. There is a long stretch of dredging back of Greytown, and a deep rock cut at the divide on the east side, while on the west side the cutting is mostly through ordinary ground, with dredging and low-ground excavation.

The estimated total cost of the work by the surveying expedition of 1885 was \$50,000,000.00, with \$15,000,000.00 for contingencies, or \$65,000,000.00 in all. The later surveys practically confirm these estimates, and it is said that the whole work can be eas-

ily completed so that the canal will be open for navigation in 1895. These figures, it will be remembered, are the result, not of one, but of several very careful surveys, although they look surprisingly small by the side of the amounts already expended on the Panama canal, for which that company's obligations to-day amount to over \$400,000,000.00, with an annual interest and fixed charges of about \$22,000,000.00.

The total distance from ocean to ocean is one hundred and sixty-nine and eight tenths miles, of which fifty-six and one-half miles are by lake, eighty-four and one-half by river and basin navigation, leaving twenty-eight and eight-tenths miles of actual canal. The summit level is at an elevation of one hundred and ten feet above the sea, the length of this level being one hundred and fifty-two miles. There are six locks in all, three on the Atlantic and three on the Pacific side of Lake Nicaragua. The greatest cut through rock is three miles long, with an average depth of one hundred and twenty feet. This lake is deep and unobstructed, has a watershed of eight thousand square miles, and the San Juan river, through which the lake now has an outlet to the Caribbean sea, is already navigable for light draft steamers throughout most of its length, requiring but little labor to deepen it. This river discharges at its lowest stage, near the close of the dry season, nine hundred and eighty-four million ninety-six thousand cubic feet per day, or an amount of water more than eight times greater than is computed will ever be needed for the lockages. From Greytown the sea level is carried twelve miles, to the site of the first lock, which has a lift of thirty-one feet, above which is a basin two miles long, formed by damming the lower waters of the Deseado river. At the end of this basin are locks two and three, with lifts of thirty and forty-five feet to the summit level, by which clear navigation will be afforded to within three miles of the Pacific. Locks four and five have a total lift of eighty-five feet, and lock six has a variable lift, depending on the state of the tide, which has a mean rise and fall on the Pacific side of about six feet. The size of each lock is six hundred and fifty by seventy by thirty feet, thus allowing for the lockage of the largest vessels afloat, such as the Etruria, the Umbria, the City of New York, etc. The canal will be, throughout, of a depth of thirty feet, while its least width, at bottom and top, in rock formations, will be eighty feet. In earth excavations the bottom width will be one hundred and twenty feet and the width at the top one hundred and eighty feet, while in the sand and loose material the bottom width will be one hundred and twenty feet and the width at the top three hundred and sixty feet.

Besides the construction of the locks, the leading engineering features will be the construction of the

two harbors, the one at Brito on the Pacific coast, and the other at Greytown on the Atlantic side, and the damming of the San Juan river for the purpose of raising and maintaining the level of Lake Nicaragua and the river for the long stretch at the summit level of one hundred and ten feet, with the formation of minor artificial basins at different levels, by means of dams and embankments. The harbor at Greytown is open to vessels of considerable draught, but has almost been closed by sand bars. The surveys show, however, that the expense will be but moderate, by jettying with brush and pile, and finally strengthening with stone, of making an entrance for vessels of thirty feet draught to an amply protected and safe harbor, on which will be ample wharf facilities, and which will also be the terminus of a railroad to extend along the line of the canal. The harbor at Brito, on the Pacific coast, will require the construction of two breakwaters, to give protection from the swell of the Pacific, while the harbor itself will have to be largely excavated, the excavation consisting of the deposits of the Rio Grande. The dam across the San Juan river will be fifteen hundred feet long by sixty-five feet high, backing up the waters of the river to a height of fifty-eight feet higher than they are now. By this means a lock and a large amount of dredging are saved, as compared with what was required by the earlier surveys. A further improvement of the later surveys is that on the Pacific side a dam will be made across the Rio Grande, two thousand one hundred feet by eighty feet, by which the valley of the Upper Rio Grande and the Tola will be flooded, leaving only a low continental divide of about eight and one-half miles to be cut through from the Tola basin to Lake Nicaragua, and a cut of three miles to the Pacific.

As to the climatic conditions under which work on the canal will be carried on, it would seem that nothing could be more favorable, temperature tables for two years, taken near the head of the lake, showing a maximum of ninety-three degrees and a minimum of

sixty-five degrees. For some ten miles back from the Atlantic coast the line will lie through swamps and lagoons, but here the work will be done mostly by machinery, and the climate in general is an equable and almost a temperate one. In the forty-nine engineers and one hundred and fifty men in the employ of the company during the last survey, there was not a single case of serious sickness, although most of the members were, from the nature of their occupation, almost daily exposed to constant wettings. The country is said to be rich in minerals; and cocoa, indigo, coffee and fruit are the principal agricultural products. There are about forty-five white persons and five negroes to every thousand of the population, the majority of whom are Indians of unmixed blood, the total population of Nicaragua being two hundred and fifty thousand.

The effect upon the world's commerce, and upon that of the United States in particular, of the opening of the Nicaragua canal route, is a matter in which even the most careful calculations are almost certain to be far below the reality. The canal itself will certainly have advantages over the one at Panama, in being in a healthful climate, and in the heart of the northeast trade winds, where it offers especial convenience to all sailing craft, both in the Atlantic and Pacific. The trade between all our southern ports especially, and those on the west coast of both North and South America, should be wonderfully stimulated, besides the large European traffic which the canal is certain to attract. It is calculated that on the basis of present commercial conditions there will be six to seven million tons of shipping annually ready and anxious to use the canal, and pay a revenue in tolls of \$8,000,000.00, while the cost of maintenance of the canal, after building, is estimated at \$1,000,000.00 annually. It will be at once seen that these figures, as to both the cost of construction and the probable revenue, render the outlook for the financial success of the undertaking extremely favorable.

THE BENTON BRIDGE.

ON another page is given an engraving of the huge iron bridge recently constructed across the Missouri river at Fort Benton, Montana. The structure cost \$60,000.00, and was built by the citizens of Fort Benton to further the business interests of the city. Benton is the head of navigation on the Missouri and is the great commercial and shipping point for a vast region of grazing country on both sides of the river. Cattle and sheep, wool and hides to the value of millions of dollars, are annually sent to market. About a year ago the great Manitoba system of railroads reached Benton, giving it an outlet to the east by rail, and more firmly fixing its status as the metropolis of that region. The opening to occupation of the huge reservation lying north of the Missouri, and the great influx of settlers now going on, is building up the city at a rapid rate. In that region are now to be found the greatest areas of arable government land upon which irrigation is unnecessary now open to settlement in the west, and thousands of families will find homes there in the next few years. In addition to this, great measures of coal and rich mines of gold and silver are being developed in the region tributary to the city. The construction of this handsome and costly bridge is a mark of enterprise, and presages the continuance of Benton in its position as metropolis of that region.

This great structure is eight hundred and twenty-six feet in length, and has a width of eighteen feet. It consists of three fixed spans of one hundred and seventy-five feet each and one of seventy-six feet, and a draw span two hundred and twenty-five feet long, the width of the draw being ample for the passage of the largest boats on the river. The superstructure is of iron, and rests upon seven piers at a height of eighteen feet above low water mark, which is sufficient to keep it out of danger, unless the river should rise much higher than it has ever been known to do. Six of the piers, those supporting the fixed spans, are twenty-seven by eight feet on the bottom and twenty-four by five feet on top. A foundation for the piers was made by driving piles deep into the bed of the river, upon which is constructed a platform of heavy timbers, below the surface at low water. Upon this platform a casing of iron is securely fastened, extending from the foundation to the bottom of the bridge, the interior of the casing being filled from base to top with three hundred tons of solid concrete, making it a solid rock cased in iron. The pier upon which the huge draw span rests is circular in form, with a diameter of twenty-seven and one-half feet on the bottom and twenty-five feet on top, and consists of an iron cylinder filled with seven hundred tons of

concrete, resting upon a platform of huge timbers sunk to the bottom of the river. There are three ice breakers, for the protection of the structure against floating ice, which weigh about two hundred tons, and consist of heavy frames of timber filled with rock and gravel. The foundations and piers were put in by Ryan & Haney, of Winnipeg, and the superstructure is the work of the Milwaukee Bridge Company.

McMINNVILLE'S ENTERPRISE.

IN the matter of organizing a creamery company, as in a number of other directions, McMinnville has shown greater enterprise than has been exhibited by several larger cities. The agent of the Chicago firm instituting these enterprises throughout the northwest has thus far failed to overcome the proverbial sluggishness and apathy of our Oregon farmers in the Willamette valley, and only the business men and farmers of Yamhill's metropolis have exhibited sufficient comprehension of the change in the conditions of agriculture in the valley to take this step. The factory building is now rapidly nearing completion, and it is expected that the machinery will be put in operation about the first of April. The capacity of the creamery will be ten thousand pounds of choice butter daily, and it is expected that the full capacity will be required in a very few weeks after operations are begun. The cold storage capacity of the establishment will be large, and this will be of special advantage to other business interests of the city. The business men have another important enterprise under consideration. Work has been commenced at Astoria on the Astoria & South Coast railroad, and it is proposed by citizens of Salem to unite with those of McMinnville in bringing the road into the valley to Salem by the way of McMinnville. When the time comes for action there is no doubt that the business men of the city will take hold of the matter with the same energy they have exhibited in other enterprises.

HILLSBORO AND FOREST GROVE.

FOLLOWING the great rise in real estate values in Portland and its suburbs must come an enhancement in the value of agricultural and town property in the country adjacent to the city. In this regard the towns of Hillsboro and Forest Grove and the farms of Washington county are especially favored, and already feel the impulse of progress in the metropolis. Business in those places has assumed a healthier tone, and all the indications point to

material progress of a most stable and lasting character. Portland's value as a market for a great diversity of products is increasing rapidly, and the farmers of Washington county, owing to their nearness to the city and their excellent communications with it by rail and road, are in a position to reap the benefit more fully than those more distant from this great central market. In this increased prosperity the towns must share, for they depend upon the country for their welfare to such a degree as to render them sensitive to the slightest change of conditions. Real estate in Forest Grove and Hillsboro is more valuable to-day than ever before, and an increase in the value of both business and residence property in those cities may be expected to be certain and steady for many years to come. As places of residence they are very desirable for one who prefers to live within convenient distance of the metropolis, and as business points are improving steadily and permanently.

SMALL FARMING IN UMPQUA VALLEY.

A MOST sensible move is on foot in Umpqua valley, in the vicinity of Roseburg, which will result in adding largely to the population, wealth and

products of that region. A number of large farms have been cut up into tracts varying from five to twenty acres in extent, which are being rapidly sold to persons desirous of engaging in small farming and fruit growing. Among those who are prime movers in this good work is G. T. Belden, who has divided three hundred acres into ten-acre tracts, which are selling rapidly. John C. Aitken has laid out twenty-one ten and fifteen-acre lots, eleven of which were sold before the survey plat was filed for record. John Jones did the same with a portion of his large farm, and already a number of new houses have been erected along the road facing the tract. The avidity with which opportunities to procure these small fruit tracts are seized ought to teach all intelligent citizens a lesson in the science of inducing immigration of a desirable kind. If Roseburg can have all the land near that city thus divided, she can double her population in two years. Such soil and climate as the Umpqua valley can offer, together with excellent railroad facilities, and fine social and educational advantages, would attract energetic and intelligent men, and it would not take long to make a great change in the appearance of the valley.

A MIRACLE.

I stood within the harvest field alone,
 A field so brown and dead and desolate
 There seemed no hope, no promise left.
 "Behold!" I cried, "the end of all,
 When hopes have perished, friends have fled,
 And life alone is left, thus dead and desolate."

Again I stood, and Love was by my side,
 But lo! A miracle had changed what once I saw;
 And now the fields were green,
 And promise gave of harvests rich and full.
 A miracle? Or had Love wrought the change?
 I pondered long, and said—
 "Perchance a miracle, but Love hath opened now
 mine eyes
 To see the beauty of the fields,
 Else were the miracle in vain."

I. M. WHITE.

Northwestern News and Information.

GOOD PROSPECTS FOR WEISER.—Weiser City, Idaho, has unusually good prospects for a rapid growth. The active development work in the Washington and Seven Devils mining districts to the northward is increasing the demand for milling facilities. The coming twelve months will open up a greater mineral country tributary to Weiser, making it an important business center and shipping point. There is a rapidly growing need for a railroad branch northward in that rich mineral region. The route is entirely practicable, and the resources of the country surely warrant the construction of a transportation line. That whole section is bristling with brilliant mining prospects, and it is bounding forward at a rapid rate. The Seven Devils mines are some ninety miles from Weiser. The Washington mining district is nearer. Mr. Charles B. Gunn, of Weiser, writes the following valuable description of the latter: Washington mining district is situated twenty-four miles northwest of Weiser, and was discovered in 1881, by Charles Gunn and Charles Huffman, and is in the mineral belt and same range as Ruthburg and the famous Conner creek districts. The town and main camp is four miles from Snake river, and eight miles from the Sturgill and bar placer mines. The general formation is metamorphic, lime and porphyry. The character of the ore is decomposed feldspar and iron (manganese), rich in silver. Following are the principal mines of that region: The Black Maria, which is well developed about two hundred feet in depth by an incline, the ore assaying from fifty-seven to eight hundred ounces in silver and some copper. The property is owned by Messrs. Edward Derby, Joseph Pinkham and Hon. Joseph Huston, who are about selling to an English syndicate for a large sum. The parties are expected here in a few days to close the sale and take charge of the property. They are going to erect extensive works the coming season. The vein is cross cut in several places, showing an ore body of from eight to thirty feet in width. A tunnel has also been made on the north end of the claim, cutting an immense body of good ore, showing the ore body to be continuous. It has been visited time and again by some of the principal mining experts of the country, and pronounced by all of them to be a first class property. The Daniel Boone is another fine mine, and is opened up in first class shape. It was purchased by Mr. Lang, of Portland, last year, and he has kept a force of men at work sinking, running drifts and levels, raising and cross cutting the ore bodies on the different levels, and has as fine and continuous ore bodies as I ever saw anywhere. The Kit Carson is another of the group, owned by Woods & James. They have struck ore in four different places, and have a fine property. Next comes the Blackhawk, an immense mine, with ore enough in sight to make a respectable camp of itself. The owners have had it patented. Then comes the Silver Bell, owned by C. C. Wing and L. Sommer. They have just struck as fine an ore body as there is to be found anywhere. They took out fifty tons of ore in drifting a distance of thirty-five feet on the vein, the entire drift being in ore. I do not know how it assays, but knowing the character of the ore as I do, I should judge it to be a good average of any ore in camp. Messrs. W. W. Campbell and J. W. Campbell own the Muldoon, a large mine on the north extension of the Black Maria, and has the same ore as the Maria. The Last Chance is owned by Camp-

bell, Gunn & Campbell, and contains gold, silver and copper, the assays running as high as thirty-six ounces of silver, \$6.00 gold, and twelve to thirty per cent. copper. A tunnel is constructed in seventy feet, cross cutting the vein about sixty feet from the croppings, and showing the vein to be eleven feet wide. The ore is what is known as black oxyde, sand carbonate and malachtite. It is a contact vein, the hanging wall being green porphyry, and the foot wall lime, with iron and crystalline lime scattered through the vein. There is a good wagon road into the camp. The country has an abundance of timber, lime, iron, and all water required for the reduction of the ores of the camp. These are only a few of the many promising prospects of the camp.

LOST LAKE OF THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.—There has been a good deal said about the "Lost Lake" of the Blue mountains, and many stories advanced as to its location and surroundings, but no two of which seem to correspond. Almost every person who has learned of it, and heard the story concerning this lake, adds more to its already magnified curiosities and history. It has been the good fortune of a *Statesman* representative recently to engage in conversation with a gentleman who is thoroughly acquainted with the entire country in which this lake is situated, and who, we believe, has informed us correctly. The gentleman says the lake lies almost due east of Walla Walla, in one of the several large canyons that head near the summit of the Blue mountains, just beyond the three tall peaks at the headwaters of Mill creek, that are plainly seen from this city, and empties into the north prong of Grande Ronde river. It is said by some persons, who claim to have been to the lake, that it could be approached from but one direction, and from that by only a very small passage way, as the mountains that surround it are perpendicular from a height of from fifty to a hundred feet, and some places much higher than that. Our informant, however, says that this is not altogether true. While the mountain sides are very steep, yet one can reach the margin of the lake without much difficulty. This is not a natural lake, having been caused by the mountains sliding into the canyon from each side, backing the water up until a complete lake has been formed. Until the last year or so this used to be a great place for the Indians to bathe in. They would construct their little sweat-houses on the bank, get into them until they were perspiring very freely, when they would rush into the cold water and swim around. They were all right if they kept away from a certain place, but on approaching this particular point they were swallowed up in the twinkling of an eye, and nothing was ever seen of them again. This caused the red men to look upon the lake with horror, and to desert it as a bathing place, as they could not understand why it was that so many of their number were sent to the "happy hunting grounds," so they call it "Hell's lake." It seems that the water escapes underneath the dam, as it might be termed, that slid in from the sides and causes a whirlpool, and, of course, everything that gets within reach of it is taken under immediately. So it was with the Indians, who knew nothing of this whirlpool until too late. The water that sinks in the lake does not come to the surface again for a distance of about three miles below, when it continues on until the Grande Ronde river

is reached. For many years there have been whisperings of this mysterious "Lost Lake," and we know of many expeditions that have started out in search of it. Reports have been rife that large nuggets of gold were found here at one time, and that the prospector could never return to the place. Then again that an explorer found where miners had been at work; there lay rusty picks and shovels, that the storm of winter and time had almost entirely consumed their wooden handles, while rust had demolished to a great extent the iron and steel portions of these evidences of mining. There is now no doubt that a great deal of this report originated in the imagination only. Its mysterious locality is no longer a mystery—the "lost lake of the Blue mountains" is found. Whether the Indians obtained reported quantities of gold from this locality or not is unsolved, but our informant inclines to the belief that this portion of the story is only a myth, and that the general outline above given is all the interest appertaining to the "lost lake." —*Walla Walla Statesman.*

COQUILLE RIVER AND VALLEY.—Coquille river flows into the ocean from the Coast mountains, through the southern half of Coos county. It is a beautiful stream, having an average width of three hundred and fifty feet for thirty miles from its mouth, and is navigable for that distance by vessels having a draft of fourteen feet, and by small steamers twenty miles farther. There is but little fall in the river for many miles, and scarcely any current is perceptible, the tide reaching far into the interior. The valley through which it runs is forty miles in length and from two to six in width, and consists of an almost level tract of alluvial deposit known as "bottom land," very fertile and inexhaustible. About once in three years, during the winter season, the valley is overflowed, the waters depositing a rich sediment upon the land, which maintains its fertility. These overflows do not come in a sudden and disastrous flood, but are the result of a gradual rise in the water, which can be observed for several days. At such times, those who do not live on the high land, above the reach of the water, drive their stock to the hills until the waters subside. Houses on the bottom lands are raised above the reach of the water. These floods come in near the foothills first, from the tributary streams, because the valley there is lower than in the immediate vicinity of the river. When the water in the streams has run down, the valley is drained again through the same channels. These overflows never occur during planting or growing seasons, but only in the winter. Along the tributary streams there is about as much bottom land as in the main valley. The lower portions of the valley, in their natural state, are covered with a dense thicket of willows, the higher land near the river with myrtle and soft maple, and the intermediate section with alder and ash. All but the willow are splendid furniture woods, the trees being of large enough size to be of great value for manufacturing purposes. Viewed from the hills, this dense growth on the bottom lands is very uninviting to one seeking a home, especially if he be from a prairie country, but when this land is cleared and reduced to cultivation, considerable of which has already been done, it produces almost fabulous crops of grain, hay, fruit and vegetables, and for pasture is unrivaled. All known varieties of clover do especially well. In fact, when land is cleared, clover and other grasses can be kept out only by thorough cultivation, which is in veritable contrast with many sections where it only makes a feeble growth for a few months in spring by much care and encouragement, while here it grows and flourishes nearly the whole year round. Three heavy crops of clover are usually cut each year, making about five tons of hay per acre. Other grasses do well also. The hill

lands, when cleared by being slashed down and burned, or logged off and burned, and properly seeded, produce a few crops of grass very little inferior to the bottoms, but run out sooner, and have to be renewed either by cultivation or manure to raise a good crop. The hill, bench and mountain lands surrounding the valley are very extensive, and are steep only in a few places, furnishing almost unlimited range for stock, even in their natural state, there being wild pea vine, brakes and much other natural growth, besides some wild grass in places where timber is not too thick, upon which stock thrive and do well nearly the entire year. Work horses and milch cows are usually sheltered and fed, especially in early spring, to produce the best results.

LAKE CHELAN REGION.—Lake Chelan lies in the northern portion of Central Washington, in the southwestern part of Okanogan county, and is at once the largest and most beautiful body of fresh water in the territory. Beginning within a few miles of the Columbia, with which it is connected by a short river, it extends sixty-five miles into the heart of the Cascade mountains, and is nine hundred feet above the sea level, and three hundred feet above the Columbia. It is navigable to Pierce river, its chief tributary, a wild, turbulent stream heading in the mountains, where the main tributaries of the Skagit river take their source. The country immediately north of the lake is open, comprising a considerable area of bottom land in the valley of Pierce river. Some of the finest cottonwood and cedar timber may be found in this section, and valuable discoveries of gold and silver quartz have been made on the summit of the Cascades, the dividing line between Okanogan and Skagit counties. The ledges were found two years ago by parties from the sound, who went in from Skagit river, but the same parties now go in by the Chelan route, which is more accessible. Seven or eight claims have been opened up and the assessment work done this season. Next year operations will be continued on a more extensive scale. The wonderful glaciers of that comparatively unknown and untalked of region will some day attract wide attention. They are found in a region extending about ten miles east and west, and twenty-five or thirty miles north and south. Peaks of green ice, forty to fifty feet in height, tower heavenward and present a magnificent spectacle. Here the Cascades reach their widest and highest range, the snow belt being seventy-five miles in breadth east and west, in what is known as the Saw Tooth range. Beautiful shells, resembling oyster and clam shells, are found on the highest mountains, and there are solid banks of gravel forty to fifty feet through in the glacier country. The agricultural lands which lie upon the lake and terraces of the hills on either side, covered with a dense growth of bunch grass, and which extend from the foot of the lake some ten or twelve miles, offer to the farmer the orchardist or stock-raiser, opportunities such as no other locality can excel. The mild winters, the soft, spring-like atmosphere of summer, the absence of cyclones and violent winds, and the pure, healthful water are tempting many to take up their abode near this beautiful lake. Immense water power exists at the foot of the lake, where a stream varying in size and depth, according to the seasons, affords many thousand horse power in a distance of half a mile. This, coupled with the fact that abundance of timber can be rafted to the outlet of the lake, and the further important fact that this power is immediately upon the border of one of the richest agricultural regions in the northwest, offers great inducements to the manufacturer. The country throughout teems with large and small game, and there are no such trout streams on the continent. In Lake Chelan there are four or

five varieties of trout, and splendid specimens, from eighteen to twenty-four inches in length, may be caught by the score in a few hours' fishing. In the near future, when a railroad has crossed the Columbia at the mouth of the Okanogan, Chelan and its neighboring glaciers will attract the attention of the tourist world, and another great resort will be added to the attractions of Washington Territory.

AN IDAHO CAVE.—Last fall two Idaho cowboys, while on a round up, discovered a wonderful cave in the great lava plains on Snake river. A short time ago a small party of gentlemen explored the cave, which is twelve miles northwest of Shoshone, and is located in the heart of the great lava beds which cover that country for miles. A team was taken at Shoshone and the party started on a trip along a good road until a point five miles from their destination was reached, which was over the lava and sounded hollow when the horses' hoofs came down upon it. There is not a hill or mountain in sight for miles of where the cave is located. The place reached, the party came to an opening in the lava bed as of a shaft right on a level with the ground. On descending on a ladder ten feet long the party landed in a large arch-shaped room. The entrance was about fifteen feet in width. The glare of the lamps which the party carried with them revealed a magnificent sight. The walls are lined with a stalagmite formation, which glistened in places like crystal. This lime substance is very hard and hollow and full of holes. At the roof of this room were hung great clusters of bats, which had sought this place as a winter resort. The party took out four of these blind bats and when on the surface turned them loose. They immediately flew into the cave again by instinct. After leaving this wonderful sight the gentlemen proceeded to explore the cave, and from their description of the path, it was by no means strewn with roses. They walked along over sharp rocks at places, while most of the path was of sand, slightly moist, and water courses could be seen all through. At other points they had to crawl on their hands and knees through small crevices. This cave was traversed for over a quarter of a mile, until they were brought out to the surface. Immediately beyond the first cave a concave of lava had formed for a distance of three hundred feet. At this point, by descending a natural stairway about thirty feet, they were ushered into another cave, grander and larger than the first one. Here they were in a mammoth room, fully fifty feet square, with the same formation, where a substance resembling soap-suds lined the walls, and could be pulled down in large sheets. This cave had many of these large rooms, and while exploring it the party walked on a downward incline all the way, until at one point they were about a hundred feet below the surface. Great piles of rock were scattered around in many of the large rooms. The full length of the second cave was not ascertained, but the men had gone through it for over three fourths of a mile, and were only prevented from going farther by the fall of rock at this point, which left a crevice too small to pass through, but by looking through by the light of their lamps they could see that the cave extended much farther. There is not a drop of water in the place, but water courses are plentiful, which inspires the belief that the cave was at one time the course of the Big Wood river. Rats were seen in great numbers. The gentlemen were highly elated with their trip, and describe it as being as much a curiosity as anything in the National Park.

FLAX IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—The capacity of Washington Territory for the production of everything that tends to

build up a prosperous community is apparently boundless. Day by day resources are being developed that were once hardly dreamed of. Now comes flax, which has been tried and proved successful beyond the wildest and most sanguine expectations of the experimenters. While in Scotland in 1887, the proprietor of the *Statesman* learned many new things regarding this great article of commerce, and upon his return put some of his knowledge into practice. Learning that flax was only grown in this part of the Pacific coast for the seed, which is crushed solely for the oil it contains, we sent to Professor Hilgard, of the Berkeley university, in California, for seed to be sowed, with the principal idea in view of making it grow as tall as possible. Several packages came and were duly distributed to various parties, in as many different parts of the territory, with instructions as to sowing, etc. Among them was one to Governor Semple, who turned it over to Hon. George D. Shannon, of Olympia. The proceeds of this sample has caused a sensation in Dundee, Scotland. Possibly poultices were made from the other samples, for not a word have we received for all the trouble taken. But this one is enough, and Mr. Shannon not only can congratulate himself with having received a grand silver medal at the Portland Mechanics' fair, but also of having raised a quality of flax that will possibly make of Washington the greatest flax-growing country in the world. In a letter written to us by Mr. David H. Saunders, of Dundee, Scotland, appears the following paragraph:

The flax you sent by Mr. R. B. McKenzie is beautiful. It is equal to any I ever saw in the finest French districts. The fibre is silky, the staple is strong, and will spin into the finest thread or cambric. It is precisely the flax you require for your own mills in the eastern states. You will not grow enough of it for many a long year to overstock the market.

Mr. Saunders, in his letter, says a lint mill can be obtained for £120, or about \$600.00, and advises the formation of a company with \$1,000.00 capital. This amount would include the bringing out of an experienced man to run the machine, who would need simply but a reasonable prospect for employment. Thus it will be seen that a new industry and a profitable one can be inaugurated at a trifling expense. The mere "scutching" of the flax after being pulled is all that is required to fit it for market. All that is necessary at first is to induce a hundred farmers to raise two or three acres. Then, upon finding how it pays, they can increase their acreage year by year. The subject of using the bolls, or pods, for feed is a good one, and it has been proved to be famous for feeding to horses and cattle. As the flax alluded to was raised near Olympia, perhaps the people over there will take an interest in the matter, and encourage their farmers to sow some acres this year. We will see about the seed, and will subscribe \$100.00 or \$200.00 to the company they may form.—*Walla Walla Statesman*.

OREGON COUNTIES.—By acts of the recent legislature of Oregon, two new counties were created, making a total of thirty-one in the state. About three-fourths of Grant county, embracing all south of the line between townships eighteen and nineteen, and including all of the old Malheur reservation, have been set off into a new county, appropriately named Harney, since it contains the great Harney valley and lake. A temporary county seat has been located at the town of Harney, but a permanent location will be determined at the next general election. Harney forms an assembly district with Grant, and a senatorial district with Grant and Morrow. Sherman is the name of a county created out of the northeast corner of Wasco, and embracing that portion lying between the Deschutes and John Day rivers, and extending from the Columbia south to the line between townships two and three. The temporary

county seat is at Wasco. It was named in honor of Gen. W. T. Sherman, following a custom quite common in this state. Fifteen of the thirty-one counties are so named. Benton and Linn perpetuate the names of Missouri's two great senators, who did so much for Oregon in the pioneer days. Lane and Marion both honor Gen. Joseph Lane, the "Marion of the Mexican War," and Oregon's first territorial governor. Curry receives its name from George B. Curry, governor of Oregon during the great Indian wars of 1855-6. Polk represents President James K. Polk, during whose administration United States authority was extended over this region. Washington, Douglas and Jackson have an obvious origin, as also have Grant and Crook. Baker was named in honor of Col. E. D. Baker, Oregon's greatest representative on the floor of the United States senate, who fell in the Union cause at Ball's Bluff, early in the war. Gilliam bears the name of Col. Cornelius Gilliam, who was killed by accident within its limits in 1848, while commanding the regiment of volunteers invading the Cayuse country, to punish the murderers of Dr. Whitman. Morrow was named in honor of J. L. Morrow, one of the pioneers of that region. Of the other counties, Clatsop, Tillamook, Columbia, Multnomah, Clackamas, Yamhill, Coos, Klamath, Wasco, Umatilla, Wallowa and Malheur all have located titles pertaining to some geographical feature. Lake was so named because of the numerous lakes within its limits, and Josephine in honor of Miss Josephine Leland, a pioneer of early gold mining times. Union alone represents a mere sentiment and not a tangible person or object, and a sentiment that can not be too strongly impressed upon the minds of both old and young.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE UPPER COLUMBIA.—The Upper Columbia is undergoing important improvements in British Columbia. Besides work now under way, a petition from the Yale-Kootenay district is now being signed for the improvement of the channel of the river between the Canadian Pacific crossing, at Revelstoke, and the United States boundary. The distance is about two hundred miles, which includes one hundred and ten miles of lake navigation, and the whole is navigable at high water. At other stages of water the channel is more or less obstructed by gravel bars, which occur chiefly within the first twenty-five miles below Revelstoke. There is a bad rapid one hundred and forty miles further down, immediately above the junction of the Kootenai and Columbia rivers, caused by bowlders strewn diagonally across the river. This latter, it is believed, can be improved by straightening the channel. The other obstructions will require dredging, or wing-damming, as they generally occur near the head of false channels. So far as known, there is no obstructive rock in place in the river bed. These improvements are urged, less from local reasons than upon considerations affecting the industries and commerce of Canada. The southern sub-division of West Kootenai district is now known to be one of the most extensive and valuable gold and silver mining regions in Canada, and is being rapidly developed. The whole trade of that region, in merchandise inwards and ore outwards, is going to the Northern Pacific, via Bonner's ferry, and strenuous efforts are being made to keep it on that route. Successful competition on the part of Canada can not be hoped for without a railway of about thirty miles in length from Kootenai lake west to the Columbia river, connecting with steamers to Revelstoke, on the Canadian Pacific railroad. This railway is about to be constructed, with a steamboat service, and the necessary complement is, such an improvement of the river as shall enable steamboats to run continuously during nine months of the year, or for the longest period that the absence of ice will permit. A valuable trade

with the mining districts of Metalline and Colville in the United States, also, may spring up on this waterway when improved. The newly projected line from Spokane Falls to connect with Upper Columbia river navigation and thus with the Canadian Pacific will give Spokane Falls a hold on some of the ore business as well as the trade of an important domestic mining section.

NEW ENTERPRISES AT TACOMA.—The bustling "Terminal City" seems to inaugurate a new enterprise of some kind nearly every day, not a few of them being of much importance to the general welfare of the entire northwest, such as reduction works, elevators, etc. Among the most recent projects are the following: The Tacoma & Lake City Railway & Navigation Co. has been incorporated to build a railroad from some point on the sound near Tacoma to American lake, the beautiful pleasure resort a few miles from the city, where the Lake City Land Co. has laid out a town site. The end of the railroad will be connected with the city by a ferry line. The Northwestern Soap Co. has erected a factory at Scott's station, on Hunt's Prairie addition to the city. The Puget Sound Bedding & Supply Co. has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$50,000.00, and will engage in the manufacture of mattresses and other bedding materials. The North Tacoma Improvement Co. has incorporated with a capital stock of \$100,000.00, for the purpose of operating a ferry line between Tacoma and Maury's island and Quartermaster harbor, to connect the city with a new town site which has been platted on Vashon island. The Michigan & Maine Lumber & Milling Co. has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$100,000.00, to manufacture lumber and furniture and engage in mining. Another manufacturing enterprise is that of the Superior Paint Co., which has moved its plant from St. Paul to Tacoma, and will engage largely in the manufacture of putty, mixed paints, refined oils, etc., and deal extensively in paints, oils, sash, doors, etc. Capitalists from Milwaukee and Minneapolis have united with Tacoma gentlemen in organizing the Security Bank, with a capital of \$100,000.00, which will begin business early in the summer. Plans for the new Methodist university building have been adopted by the building committee, and active building operations have been commenced. The edifice will cover a space of sixty by one hundred feet in size, exclusive of tower and projections, and will be three stories high, of Romanesque style of architecture. The basement will be of brick, with cut stone trimmings, and the three stories of broken ashlar, the entire edifice costing \$65,000.00. The Sumner Manufacturing Co. and the Mount Tacoma Manufacturing Co. have been incorporated and will both engage in the manufacture of lumber, sash, doors, blinds, etc.

ALASKA COD FISHERIES.—Governor Swineford, of Alaska, in one of his letters to the *Alaskan*, thus speaks of the cod fishing industry of that region: In addition to an incipient mining industry, there is still another which I have only vaguely hinted at, which is destined to make either Unga or some other point in this immediate section a place of great importance. I allude to the cod fisheries. This fish, though found all along the coast from the southern boundary to Behring's strait, is, perhaps, found in greater numbers on the banks lying to the eastward of the Shumagin islands, or if not so, the fishermen give these grounds the preference because of their close proximity to harbors which are not only safe but easy of access. It is just possible that other localities may in time be accorded equally favorable consideration, but certain it is, that the time is coming, and that, too, in the not far distant future, when the

cod fisheries of Alaska will supply the greater part of the United States with the staple commodity. The New England fishermen are turning their attention to our cod banks, and the time is not far off when the sea in the neighborhood of the Shumagins will be whitened with the sails of ships, large and small, engaged in a lucrative industry. At present, however, there are only three individuals or companies engaged in fishing on the Shumagin banks, and these have their stations on Popoff island, which lies to the eastward of Unga, and separated from it by a strait only about one mile wide. Owing to thick weather I was unable to visit these stations, but have it from reliable authority that the annual catch is from one to one and a half millions of fish per season. These fish will average about eight pounds each, but of course lose considerable of their weight in the process of curing, so that the catch may reasonably be estimated at not more than five million pounds of the marketable commodity. These cod fisheries give employment to a fleet of about thirty sail, large and small, and the number of persons employed may be guessed from the fact that the fish are caught singly, by no other means than that of a hook and line. It is confidently expected, now that these prolific banks are known to have commended themselves to the favorable attention of New England fishermen, that the catch will be largely increased from year to year until it rivals, if it does not exceed, that of the famous eastern fishing grounds.

A FLOATING ISLAND WONDER.—Situated high up in the main Rocky mountain divide in the eastern part of Idaho, just south of the boundary line between that territory and Montana, and a few miles west of the Yellowstone National Park, is Henry lake, a beautiful sheet of crystal water, having an area of about forty square miles. The contour of the lake is oval, and the wooded banks bear a luxuriant growth of mountain grass. On a casual examination there appears to be no outlet to this lake, but closer observation reveals a small creek issuing from the southwestern side, which is the beginning of the north fork of that mighty artery of the northwest, Snake river. On this lake, sometimes on the north side and sometimes to the southward, or wherever the breezes chance to bear it, is a curious floating island. It is about three hundred feet in diameter and has for its basis a mat of roots, so dense as to support large trees and a heavy thicket of undergrowth. Decayed vegetation adds to the thickness of the mat and forms a mold several feet in thickness. On the edge of the floating forest, in summer time, may be seen a luxuriant growth of bluejoint grass, the roots of which form so compact a mass as to support the weight of a horse. Any number of men have no difficulty in walking about on it. Farther back among the trees one might build a large house and make a garden and do whatever he pleases. He would be just as solid and safe as though there were not one hundred or two hundred feet of water beneath. There is a willow thicket near the center of the island, and scattered among these willows and contiguous to them are a number of aspens and dwarf pines. These catch the breezes which float over the island and act like sails on a boat and move the nearly two acres of land hither and thither over the forty square miles of water. This shows why one may one day see the island on one side and the next day on the other side of the lake. Henry lake is exceedingly picturesque. Around it rise snow-capped peaks, among which are some of the highest of the continent's back-bone, partly covered with a verdure of forest and grass, and showing here and there formations of granite and unique basaltic columns. During the hunting season the waters swarm with wild fowl. There are beaver, too, and plenty of large game may be had in the adjoining mountains.

PORTLAND, SEATTLE & NORTHERN.—Last fall articles of incorporation were filed in Seattle for the Seattle & Northern R. R. Co., by Elijah Smith, president of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Co., and other officers of that company, which have recently been withdrawn and the Portland, Seattle & Northern incorporated. The former articles did not provide for a line from Portland to Seattle, which is included in the new. The object of the company is to build an extensive system of roads to be operated in conjunction with the O. R. & N. Co. articles of incorporation provide for the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from a point at or near the city of Seattle in a general southerly direction to a point at or near Portland, Oregon, a distance of one hundred and sixty-five miles. A railroad and telegraph line from the city of Seattle in a northerly direction, via the town of Whatcom, to a point on the northern boundary of Washington Territory, at or near the town of Blaine, Whatcom county, a distance of one hundred miles. A railroad and telegraph line from the point of connection with the last-described line of railroad at a point near where it crosses the Skagit river in Skagit county, thence up Skagit river, following the general course thereof to the mouth of Sauk river, thence in a generally easterly and southerly direction by the most practicable route to Spokane Falls, a distance of about three hundred miles. A railroad and telegraph line from the second above-described railroad, at or near where the same crosses the Skagit river in Skagit county, thence westward, via Fidalgo island and Deception pass, to Adversity head, on Whidby island, W. T., a distance of about thirty-five miles. The capital stock is \$5,000,000.00, divided into fifty thousand shares of \$100.00 each. It is provided that the number of trustees shall be seven, and that Elijah Smith, James H. Benedict, J. S. Stelney, John P. Hoyt, H. W. McNeill, Fred E. Sander, and T. J. Milner shall be first trustees, and shall manage the concerns of the company until the third Tuesday in May, 1889. The prominence of the gentlemen engaged in this enterprise, and the magnitude of the interests involved, give much assurance that it will materialize in some tangible form before long.

LAKE PEND D'OREILLE MINES.—John Cromie returned to Wallace recently from the Chloride camp on Lake Pend d'Oreille. He went in there several weeks ago to prospect, and expects to return to-day. He has been a very successful miner and prospector in this country, and his impression of the new camp will interest all in this section. There are two towns in the new district—Chloride and Weber. Weber is near the Weber mine, situated in a narrow canyon, and in many respects is similarly situated to Burke. There are not many men in this place, and little or no excitement. The excitement is centered at Chloride, about five miles from the lake. Mr. Cromie says it reminds him very much of Eagle in the early days. A great many buildings are being erected, and it is estimated that three hundred men are actually at work in the town. All told there are about five hundred people in the camp. The town can boast of one general merchandise store, which is run by W. J. Shelton, a well known Cœur d'Alener. Saloons, of course, predominate. Cœur d'Alene has furnished two-thirds of the present population. Mr. Cromie had with him a specimen of ore taken from a new strike made in the lower tunnel of the Weber. It is antimony and silver, and will run two hundred and forty ounces of the latter. A new steamer to ply on the lake, owned by St. Paul parties, was to make her first trip Wednesday. Timber is abundant, and a saw mill will soon be turning out lumber. Mr. Cromie states that it is impossible to predict the extent of this discovery. There is no work being done on any of the claims except the Weber, and this is show-

ing up big. The country is located all around and between the two camps, and beyond these claims it is impossible to go on account of the snow. However, he does not think there is much more, if any, snow there than here. The present prospects of the camp are indeed flattering, but its extent and permanency can not be determined until the snow goes off. All mail should be addressed Chloride, via Hope, Idaho.—*Wallace Free Press.*

ASOTIN, W. T.—Asotin, the seat of government of the county of the same name, in southeastern Washington, is an enterprising village on the right bank of the Snake river, at the junction of Asotin creek. It is six miles above Lewiston, Idaho, and enjoys a large trade from the Idaho side of the river, as well as from the surrounding country in Washington. Asotin has moved about half a mile down the river from the original town site and now occupies a position suited to the growth of a flourishing commercial city. The population is now about four hundred. The town has a fine school building, a Baptist church, a good local newspaper, the *Sentinel*, a hotel, flouring mill, and the usual complement of miscellaneous business establishments. A branch line of the Spokane & Palouse railway is projected through the town, and it is likely to be built the coming season. Asotin county is composed of broad and level ridges of rich and productive soil, and between these ridges are canyons and clear, trickling streams. The eastern part, along the hills of Snake river, is especially adapted to stock raising. The average wheat yield of the county is perhaps about twenty-five bushels per acre; barley and oats considerably more. Fruit grows in abundance throughout the county, and most all varieties are grown to complete satisfaction. Along the bars of Snake river the orchards have to be irrigated. A number of orchardists are preparing to irrigate by means of pumps run by steam power. The climate of Asotin county is such that it is favorably adapted to fruit growing and stock raising. To a traveler at this season of the year the hills along Snake river would seem a vast waste of land, but it is wonderful how stock will fatten in spring and summer, and survive the winters and come out in very good order in the spring, with but little, if any, feed.

STOCK IN NORTHERN MONTANA.—The condition of cattle and sheep on the ranges of Northern Montana is better than ever before at this season of the year, and the freedom from loss the past winter will aid the stock men to recover from the severe losses of a year ago. Says the *Great Falls Leader*: "Never in the history of the stock business of Northern Montana were the cattle and sheep interests in a more sound and healthy condition. There is probably more fat beef now on the ranges than ever before at this season of the year. Parties coming in from the ranges in different directions say that it is almost impossible to find a carcass of an animal that has died on the range this winter. For a few days preceding the late light snow, cattle undoubtedly suffered a little for want of water in some sections, although not sufficient to cause any particular shrinkage in flesh. Though the snowfall on the plateaus and prairies of Northern Montana has been unusually light the present winter, the snows in the mountains have fallen to about the usual depth. It is believed by old settlers here that we shall have an unusual amount of snow and rain during the spring and early summer. They say this is almost invariably the case when the preceding fall and winter have been dry. Stock growers say that, owing to the amount of moisture that has fallen during the past two or three months, the grass on the ranges is much stronger and more nutritious than usual. It is the universal testimony of the cattle men that a dry fall

will cure the grass in better condition than a wet one, for the reasons: First, the rains wash out portions of the nutriment from the grass; and second, that in a wet fall the grass is kept growing and full of sap till the frost comes, and these self-curing grasses thereby lose many of their nutritive properties.

SEATTLE'S STREET RAILWAYS.—Both the cable and electric railway systems on Front street, Seattle, were opened to traffic about the first of March. Work on the Front street cable line began on November 14th last, and has been prosecuted with astonishing vigor, day and night, since that time. The line runs from depot street, in North Seattle, along Second to Pine, and then turns into Front street and comes through the heart of the city to Occidental square, where a turn-table is located. The road was modeled, in many respects, after the Powell street line in San Francisco. The road is solidly built, double tracked, broad gauge, and is one and six-tenths miles in length. The machinery in the power house is the most complete and modern that money could buy. The total cost of the road is \$350,000.00. There has been much rivalry during the past winter between the cable road and the Seattle Railway Company, which runs on Second and Front streets, taking in exactly those parts of streets which are not occupied by the cable road. The railway company has been converting its plant into an electric railway, and it was expected to complete it by the first of January, but various delays have occurred, and the new system was not in operation until two months later. The simultaneous inauguration of these two enterprises is considered by the people of Seattle to mark an era in the growth of the city.

ADMISSION OF THE TERRITORIES.—The omnibus bill for the admission of North and South Dakotas, Montana and Washington into the Union has been passed by congress and signed by the president. Under the provisions of this bill, the territories named may, by complying with certain stipulations, be admitted by proclamation of the president and have representatives and senators in the next congress. Dakota will be divided on the seventh standard parallel, near the middle, and the delegates of the northern half to the constitutional convention shall assemble at Bismarck, and of the southern half at Sioux City. South Dakota will be entitled to two representatives; the other three new states will be entitled to one representative each. May 14th the people of Washington, Montana and North Dakota shall vote for delegates to constitutional conventions, and on the same date the people of South Dakota will vote on the adoption of a previously framed instrument, known as the Sioux Falls constitution. The people of the three territories (and of South Dakota if the Sioux Falls constitution is rejected in May and it becomes necessary to frame a new one) will vote on the adoption of their respective constitutions, and if adopted, after the president's proclamation to that effect, the governors of each may order an election for members of the legislature and representatives in congress.

MINERAL OUTPUT OF MONTANA.—According to the *Helena Herald*, as near as can be calculated the silver product of Montana for the year, basing the worth of the mineral on the United States coinage value, amounted to \$19,500,000.00. The gold product, figured at \$20.67 per ounce, amounts to \$4,250,000.00. The copper output aggregated about ninety-seven million, seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and this, at the rate of fourteen cents (about an average of what it brought the producers), would be worth \$13,685,000.00. The market price is seventeen cents, and reckoned on this basis, the copper alone

would reach over \$16,600,000.00. Of lead there were about twenty-six million two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and this, at the rate of four cents, an average price for the year, would be \$1,050,000.00. The grand total, at the lowest computation, is \$38,485,000.00. Or, if we figure copper at the market value of seventeen cents, it would be \$41,417,500.00. Taking the whole, however, at what it actually brought the producers, the total output of Montana for 1888 in the four metals, would be: gold, \$4,250,000.00; silver, \$19,509,000.00; copper, \$13,685,000.00; lead, \$1,050,000.00, making a total of \$38,485,000.00.

WILLAMETTE FALLS EXCELSIOR CO.—The first factory to be erected on the west side of the river at Oregon City is that of the Willamette Falls Excelsior Co., recently incorporated as the successor of the small excelsior industry now carried on in that city. Three substantial buildings will be erected, and other upholstering materials besides excelsior will be manufactured. The factory will be located at the foot of the locks and just on the west side of the lower lock. From the factory a slip will be run down to the wharf, which will be built over the locks. A flume will be built one thousand and fifty feet long. This will be open where the water is taken from the locks, then will be closed in, the closed part to be built four feet square. The fall immediately at the mill will be thirty-two feet, the wheels having a capacity of two hundred horse power. The company intends to have its machinery in place and ready to be set in motion in sixty days. Its wheel will probably be the first to turn on the west side. The site selected is an excellent one, well adapted to their use in every particular. With buildings made to suit their needs, they will be in prime shape to meet the demands of their growing trade.

THE GREAT SUN RIVER CANAL.—An immense irrigation project is on foot in Northern Montana, which promises to be carried to a successful issue. Between Sun and Teton rivers lies a vast area of bench lands, three million acres of which can be covered by a canal from Sun river. The Sun River Canal Co. began work on this great aqueduct several years ago, and now, at an expense of \$200,000.00, has completed two hundred miles of canal and subsidiary ditches. Benton lake has been tapped at an expense of \$40,000.00, and one hundred miles of ditches constructed from it at a cost of \$100,000.00. It is proposed to extend the main canal so that this great area of bench lands can be covered by ditches leading out from it. The soil of that region is a sandy loam, resting upon a subsoil of clay, which holds moisture for the roots of crops. Irrigation will not be necessary at all times, but the rainfall is too light to be depended upon, and successful cultivation requires the means of artificial watering to be at hand if needed. The area to be redeemed will make nearly nineteen thousand farms of one hundred and sixty acres each, supplying homes directly to one hundred thousand people, and indirectly to as many more.

REAL ESTATE IN VANCOUVER, B. C.—One of the most prominent instances of rapid enhancement of real estate values is that of Vancouver, the Pacific coast terminus of the great Canadian Pacific railway, situated on Burrard inlet, British Columbia. Three years ago it was a wilderness. Now it is a city of large and costly business structures and handsome residences. Property then worth but a few dollars per acre is now worth almost as much per front foot on the business thoroughfares. Identified with the growth of the city from its inception is the firm of Rand Brothers, who have handled hundreds of thousands of dollars as agents for other parties in making invest-

ments in and near the city to the entire satisfaction of their patrons in every instance. These gentlemen are extensive dealers in lands throughout the province, and have an office in New Westminster, where they are engaged in large real estate transactions. Persons from a distance who desire to invest in real estate in the province, or are seeking reliable information on the subject, will find it convenient and safe to address Rand Bros., Vancouver, B. C., by mail.

RAILROAD FOR QUILEUTE VALLEY.—A large amount of timber land is being taken in the Quileute valley. A gentleman just from there informs us that a number of claims have recently been filed upon. A party consisting of ten or twelve is in town to-day, en route for that section to take timber claims. There is urgent need for more surveying to be done. Quileute is in the extreme western end of Clallam county, bordering on the Pacific ocean. It has some large and fertile prairies, settled upon by an enterprising and industrious community. It needs an outlet other than by water, more than anything else. Mr. J. R. McDonald, of the Mason County & Gray's Harbor railroad, has recently made a tour of investigation, and we understand that the prospect bids fair for the whole Quileute, Gray's harbor and intervening region to be developed in the near future by a railroad system. Its outlet will be by connection south of Union City with the Port Townsend Southern.—*Port Townsend Argus.*

OAKESDALE, W. T.—Oakesdale is an enterprising little town that has sprung up in the Palouse country within the past two years. It is incorporated, has a population of about five hundred persons, and claims to be the largest shipping point on the Spokane & Palouse railway. It already has five large grain warehouses, and two more will be constructed on the completion of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company's line, which is already graded to that point. The farmers of the vicinity are about to establish a creamery on the co-operative plan, a large planing mill is being built, and sundry other enterprises are on foot. A bank and a flouring mill are among the urgent necessities now. The town is situated in a beautiful valley and is surrounded by sloping hills, which are easily tilled and produce large crops of grain, fruit and vegetables. This town promises to become an important trade center in the great Palouse country.

ENTIRE SKELETON OF A MASTODON.—The complete skeleton of a mastodon, buried about twenty-five feet under ground, at a point which had evidently been a whirlpool or eddy of the river, was found a short time ago on Snake river, near Salmon falls, by two Idaho placer miners. Many large bones are said to have been found in that locality before, but this last discovery was a perfect skeleton, it having, without doubt, been deposited there while the hide was yet intact. It was about ten feet long, and it is estimated that the pile of bones would weigh three thousand pounds or more. The tusks and some of the huge molars and other bones were preserved, but it was impossible to save the skeleton entire, as soon after it was exposed it began to crumble. The tusks were between six and seven feet long.

TO SURVEY PIPESTONE PASS.—The board of trade of Butte, Montana, has resolved to ascertain by actual survey, at an estimated cost of \$2,000.00, the availability of Pipestone pass as railway crossing of the main Rocky mountain range for the projected line of the Northern Pacific between Gallatin and Butte. This pass is south of the Elk Park pass, and is consid-

ered a very desirable point for crossing the mountains between Jefferson and Deer Lodge valleys. There is said to be but eight miles of very rugged country through which a road would have to be built through the Pipestone pass, and its elevation is considered far from insurmountable. The survey will determine these points, and if it proves what many claim it to be, the road will probably go through that pass.

METEOROLOGICAL SUMMARY FOR FEBRUARY.—From the report for the month of February of the United States signal service office at Portland, the following summary is taken: Highest temperature sixty-four degrees, lowest temperature twenty-three degrees; mean temperature forty-four and two tenths degrees; greatest daily range twenty-nine degrees; total precipitation one and seven hundredths inches, being six and twenty-three hundredths inches less than the average for February during the past seventeen years. Snow fell to the depth of one inch, but was gone in a few hours. The thermometer was below freezing point (thirty-two degrees) only fifteen hours during the entire month. Cloudless days, six; partly cloudy, twelve; cloudy, ten.

RAILWAY TO GRAY'S HARBOR.—The line of the proposed Centralia & Gray's Harbor railway has been surveyed to Aberdeen. Three routes through Montesano were located, and from there the surveyors went to Mox Chuck, thence to the Wishkah at Aberdeen. The company has made a proposition to Elma for twenty acres of ground, in consideration of which a depot and warehouses will be erected there. A similar proposition has been made to Montesano, and it will probably be accepted. On the harbor the natural conditions for the growth of a large city are so favorable, from Aberdeen to Hoquiam, that the entire tract between those two towns, which are only two miles apart, is being platted. The prospects warrant these preparations for a rapid growth there.

BIG TUNNEL ENTERPRISE.—It is announced that a company, organized for the most part of wealthy men in New York City, with a capital back of them of \$100,000.00, will run a mammoth tunnel in the mountain back of Unionville, Montana, for the purpose of cutting the gold lodes supposed to exist there. Rich "float" can be picked up on this mountain, all over it, but the granite boulders are so thick, and the country generally so rough, that the lodes can not be found by tracing on the surface of the ground. If the scheme materializes, the mouth of the tunnel will not be more than four miles distant from Helena.

RED LODGE, MONTANA.—The new town of Red Lodge, in the midst of the Rocky Fork coal fields, south of Billings, Montana, promises to show as rapid a growth as any of the western towns. A railroad has just been constructed through Red Lodge, and it is reliably estimated that within ninety days the output of the mines in that immediate vicinity will be a thousand tons a day, which can be doubled if the demand warrants it. This coal is of excellent quality, and the Rocky Fork country can supply an abundance of fuel for the whole northwest.

WATERVILLE, W. T.—One of the most progressive of the new towns of Washington is Waterville, in Douglas county. Situated in the heart of the Big Bend country, a magnificent agricultural region now undergoing rapid development, it has all the elements of a good commercial town. Building has

been progressing actively all winter, and a score of substantial business structures and residences are in course of erection. Immigrants are coming into that section rapidly, and accessions to the town's population are numerous.

THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY SURVEY.—The expedition to determine the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia will start for the field of operation in May. Two parties will be engaged in determining the northern part of this boundary, one in charge of Mr. J. E. McGrath and the other under Mr. J. Henry Turner, both of the United States coast and geodetic survey. There will be seven men with each party, and the work will consist chiefly of astronomical observations. The expedition will be prepared to spend the winter in the Arctic regions.

BIG BULLION SHIPMENT.—The Boise National Bank has received for assay, at the United States assay office in Boise, the following shipments of bullion from Rocky Bar, Alturas county, Idaho: Alturas (Limited), \$10,055.00; Wide West, \$2,550.00; Kentuck Mining Co., \$4,050.00; Bear Creek Mining Co., \$2,250.00; from Silver City, Oro Fino Mining Co., \$6,790.00; from the Snake river placer mines, \$450.00; total, \$26,540.00. For a winter shipment this is something very unusual, and shows that the bullion output is rapidly increasing.

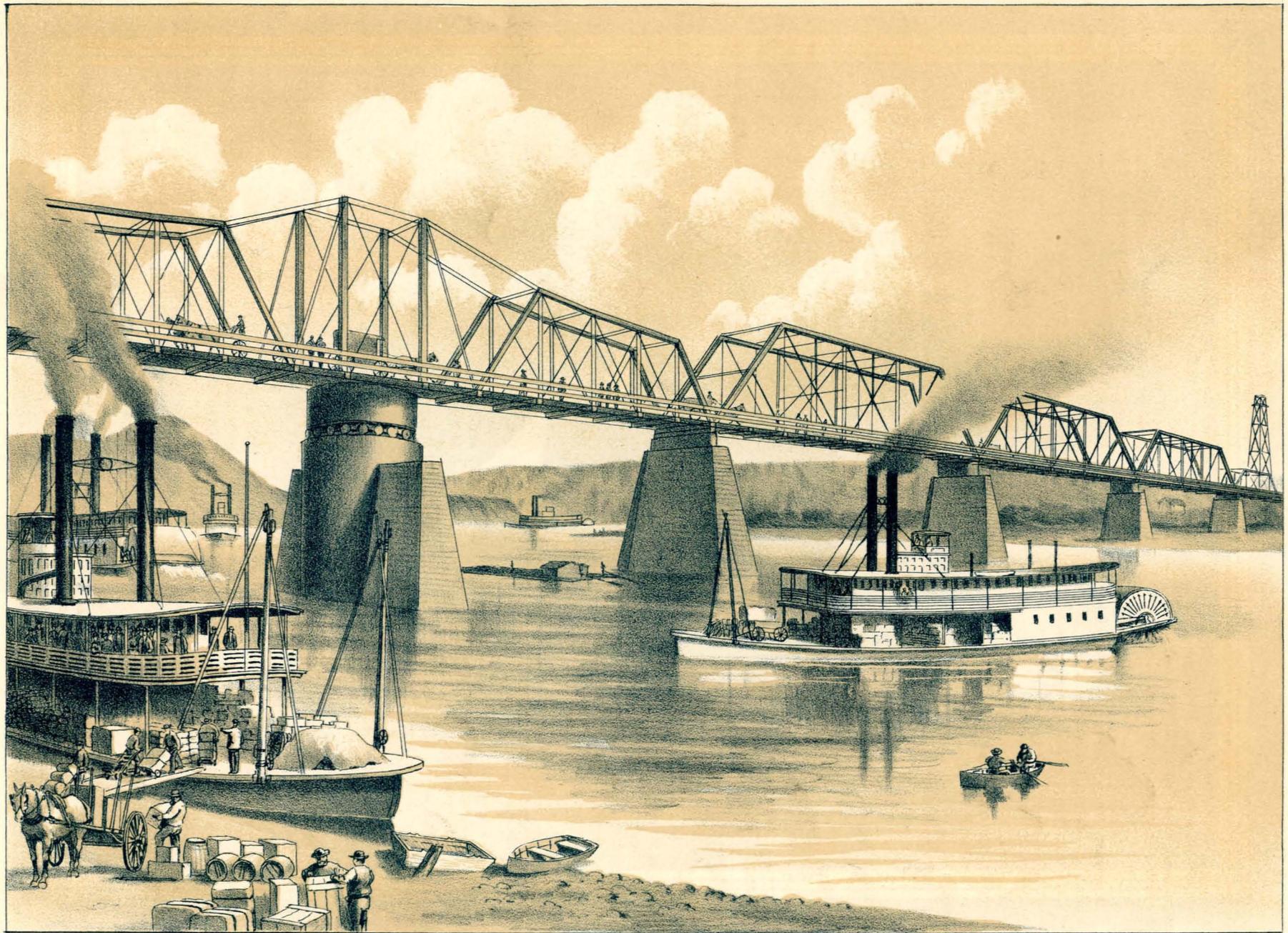
FINE BLOCK FOR SPOKANE.—In the respect to fine business blocks, Spokane Falls is rapidly coming to the front. A six-story brick is now in process of erection, which will be the highest building in the northwest. It will have a frontage of forty feet on Howard street and sixty on Sprague, and will be an imposing structure. The lower floor will be utilized for stores and the upper ones for offices.

WATER WORKS FOR JOSEPH.—The Joseph Water Works Company has been incorporated, with a capital stock of \$4,000.00, for the purpose of supplying the town of Joseph, Oregon, with an abundance of pure water. Water will be brought from the head of Wallowa lake to a reservoir near the town, sufficiently elevated to carry the water in pipes to any portion of the town with a strong pressure.

HOTEL FOR DAVENPORT.—A new hotel will be at once erected in Davenport, W. T., and will be ready for occupancy by the 1st of June. It will be a large frame structure, of pleasing architecture, and will cost about \$10,000.00. It is one of the indications of the growth of the town that such a structure should be demanded by the increasing business and travel.

HELENA SMELTER.—With but one stack in operation, the great smelter near Helena turned out two hundred and forty thousand pounds of silver-lead bullion during the first week of its operation. All three stacks are now in use, and the supply of ore is ample for all purposes, coming in from all the mining sections tributary to the city, and from Cœur d'Alene.

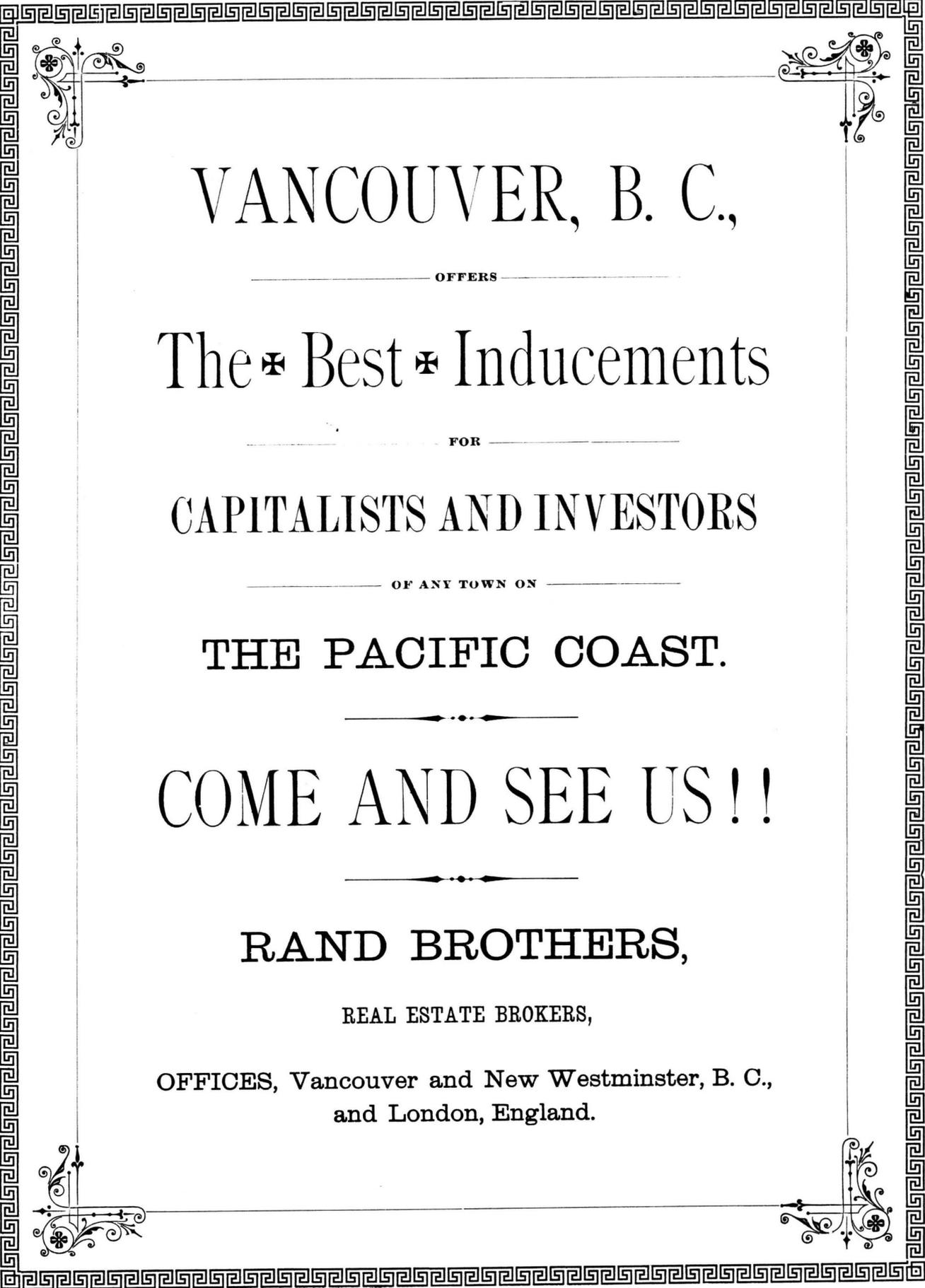
LAGRANDE'S LUMBERING ENTERPRISE.—The large lumbering enterprise recently announced to be located at LaGrande, Oregon, has taken form in the incorporation of the Grande Ronde Lumber Company, with a capital stock of \$100,000.00, the principal place of business being located in LaGrande.



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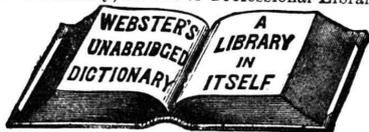
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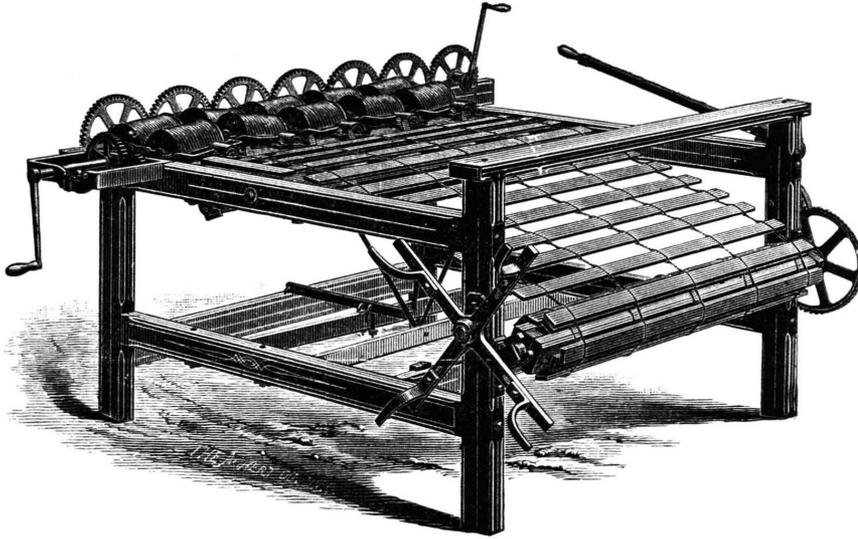
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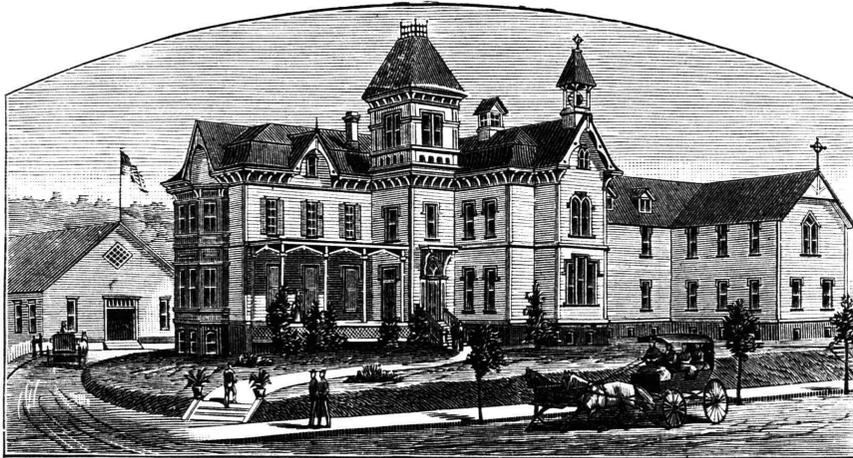
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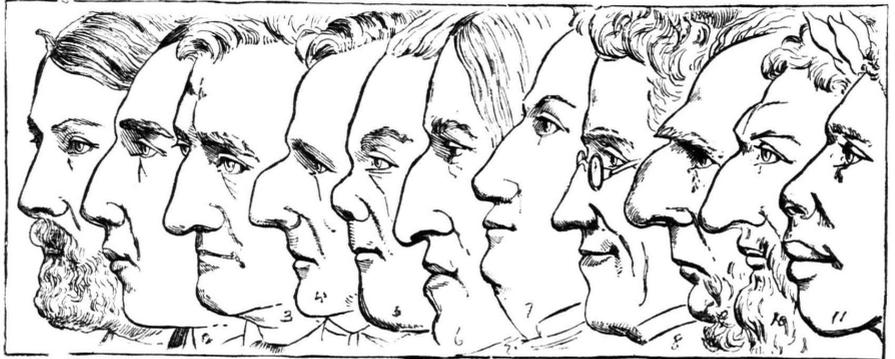
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The prices on the properties we control depend entirely upon the location of the same and the quality of the land. To purchasers who will improve their lots by July 1, 1889, by erecting buildings on the same, we are authorized to allow a

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Instead of spending \$50,000 this year in giving away sample copies to readers throughout the U. S. we have decided upon the following novel contest for the purpose of advertising and getting our publication talked about from one end of the country to the other. We have taken an ordinary quart measure, filled it with Western yellow corn, sometimes called horse tooth corn in the East, poured the corn into an ordinary quart fruit jar, such as is used for preserving fruit, sealed it securely and deposited it with the Second National Bank, Jersey City. It cannot be opened or counted until May 29th, 1889, and no person now knows how many grains of corn the jar contains.



The following 3395 Presents will be GIVEN to the 3395 persons making the best guesses of the number of grains the jar contains:

1 present to the Subscriber guessing the correct number,	\$2,500
1 present to the Subscriber guessing nearest the correct number,	1,500
1 present to the Subscriber making the next best guess,	750
1 present to the Subscriber making the next best guess,	500
1 present to the Subscriber making the next best guess,	250
5 presents to the 5 Subscribers making next best guess, \$100 each,	500
10 presents to the 10 Subscribers making next best guess, 50 each,	500
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50 presents to the 50 Subscribers making next best guess, 10 each,	500
100 presents to the 100 Subscribers making next best guess, 5 each,	500
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SEND YOUR GUESS with name and address plainly written on a piece of paper the size of a postal card, and it will be recorded on our books at once. No charge is made for the guess, but in order to introduce our old and well established publication, **THE AMERICAN FIRESIDE AND FARM** into new homes, we require that each one answering this and sending a guess shall become a subscriber to our publication for at least six months, and send us 30 cents in postage stamps, postal note or silver, or 50 cents for one year's subscription, which entitles the subscriber to two guesses, or one dollar for two years' subscription, which entitles the subscriber to **FOUR GUESSES**.

The Jar will be opened and grains counted May 29th, 1889, by a committee chosen by the subscribers. All presents will be paid in checks on above Bank, and all names and addresses published in JUNE NUMBER.

Should no one guess the correct number, then the one guessing nearest will receive the first present of \$2,500. Should two or more persons guess the correct number, then the one whose guess is first received will receive the \$2,500, and the next the \$1,500, and so on.

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\$12,000 CASH. On February 15th we gave away \$12,000 in cash, and a list of the subscribers receiving presents will be found in the March number. We now have one hundred thousand subscribers, and want and expect to have double that number before May 29th. We therefore make this **SECOND GRAND OFFER OF \$12,000 IN CASH PRESENTS.**

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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.

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