

Free with this Number, Supplement, "CORVALLIS, OREGON."



AN ILLUSTRATED WESTERN MAGAZINE  
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PRICE 25 CENTS \$2.50 A YEAR

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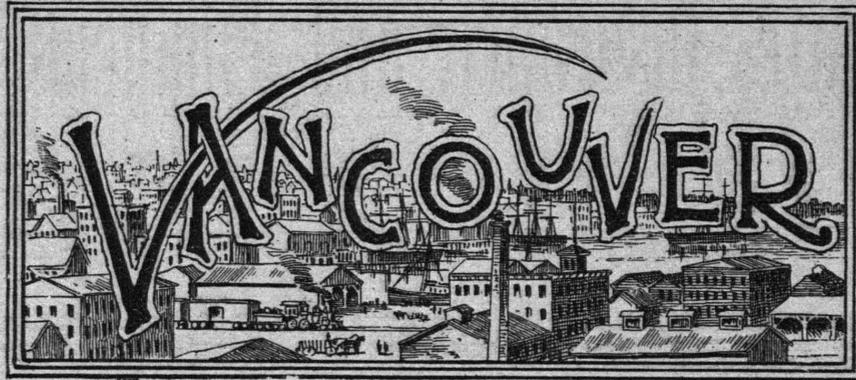
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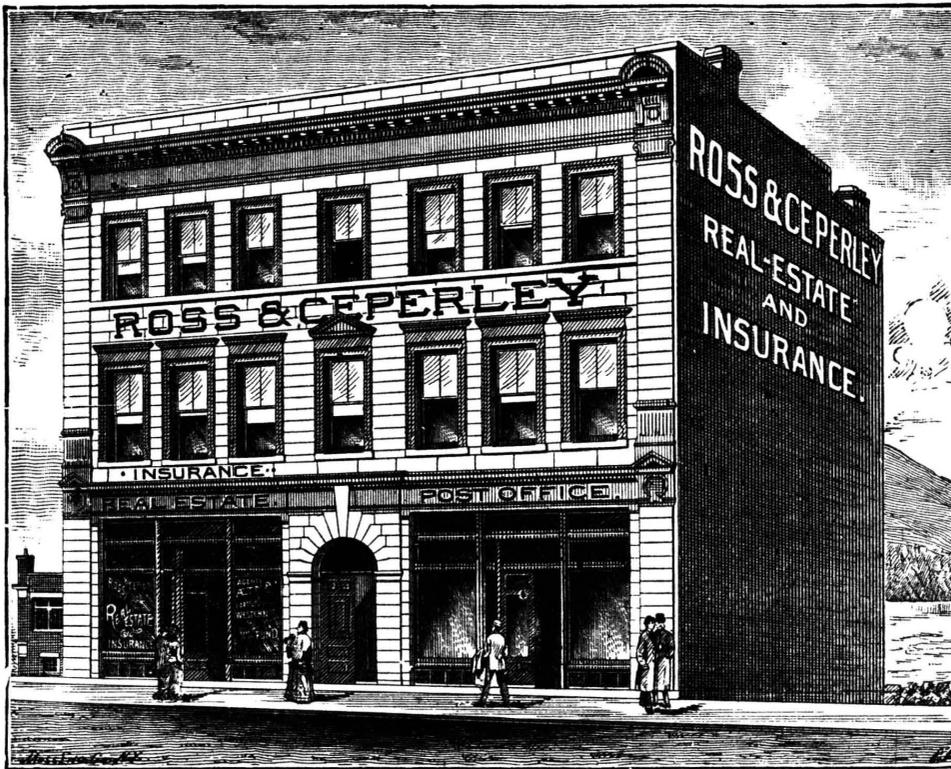
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## BRITISH COLUMBIA,

THE TERMINUS OF THE

# CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

## POPULATION :

1st January, 1886,	- - 600		1st January, 1888,	- - 6,000
“ 1887,	- - 2,000		“ 1889,	- - 10,000
1st May, 1889,	- - -		13,000 to 14,000	

Estimated Value of Real and Personal Estate for the year 1889, (1st January) - - \$13,000,000  
 Amount Expended in 1887 and 1888 for Buildings, Public Improvements, Etc., - - \$ 3,000,000

## INDUSTRIES :

Royal City Planing Mills, Commercial Mills and Sash and Door Factory, Brunette Saw Mills, The Hastings Saw Mill Company, Moodyville Saw Mill Company, Vancouver Saw and Planing Mills,	Vancouver Shingle Mill, Fader Bros.' Lumber Company, Vancouver Iron Works Company, The Canadian Pacific Railway Terminal Works and Machine Shops, The Vancouver San Juan Lime Company, Six Breweries,	Three Boat Builders, Two Daily Newspapers, Carriage and Furniture Factories, Etc., Vancouver Smelting Works erected, Two more Saw Mills, and other Large Works Projected.
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## STEAMSHIP LINES :

The Canadian Pacific Steamship Co., daily to Victoria. Steamer *Premier*, twice every week to Seattle, Tacoma and Port Townsend. Pacific Steamship Co., weekly between Vancouver and San Francisco. China and Japan Steamship Line, every three weeks between Vancouver and Japan and China (with Government subsidy). Steamer *Sardonyx*, between Vancouver and Portland. Steamer *Gladys*, between Vancouver and New Westminster. Steamer *Dunsmuir*, between Vancouver and Nanaimo. Moodyville Ferry Co., between Vancouver and Moodyville. Contemplated Line (with subsidy) to Australia.

 **BANKS**—The Bank of British Columbia. Bank of Montreal. Bank of British North America.

**REAL ESTATE**—Average Price Best Business Property, 1886, - - - - - \$ 30.00 to \$ 50.00 per front foot.  
 “ “ “ “ “ 1887, - - - - - 70.00 to 100.00 “ “ “  
 “ “ “ “ “ 1888, - - - - - 100.00 to 350.00 “ “ “

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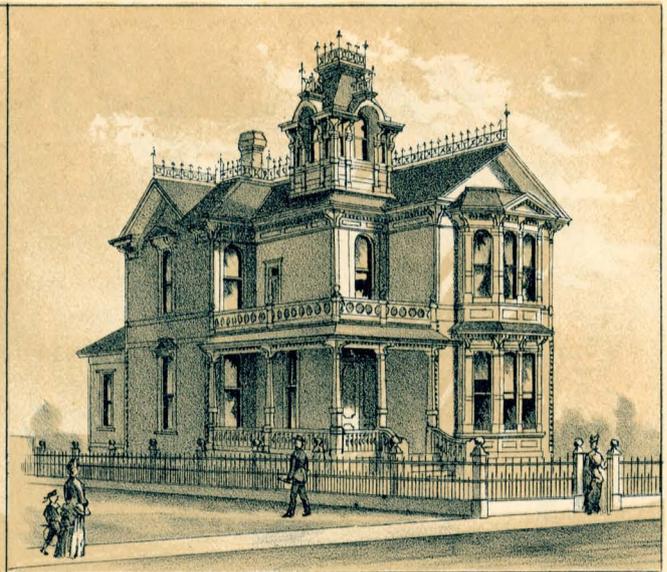
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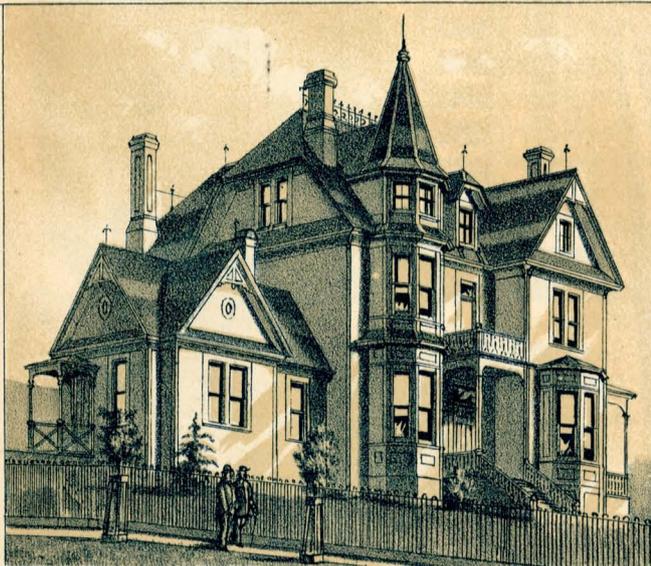
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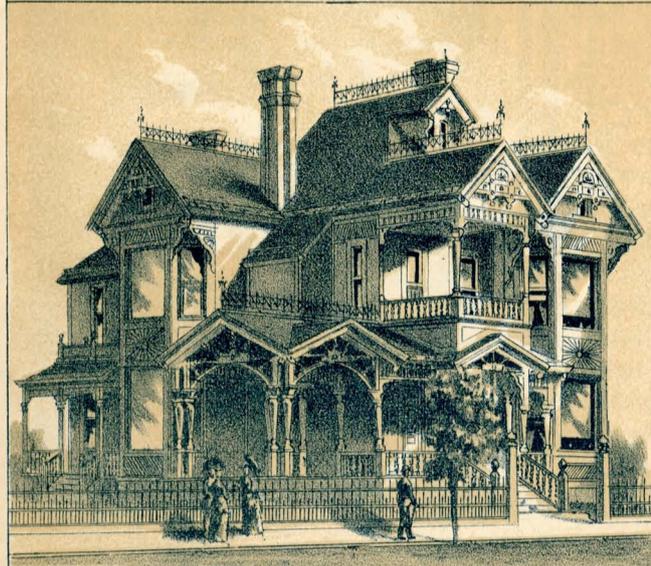
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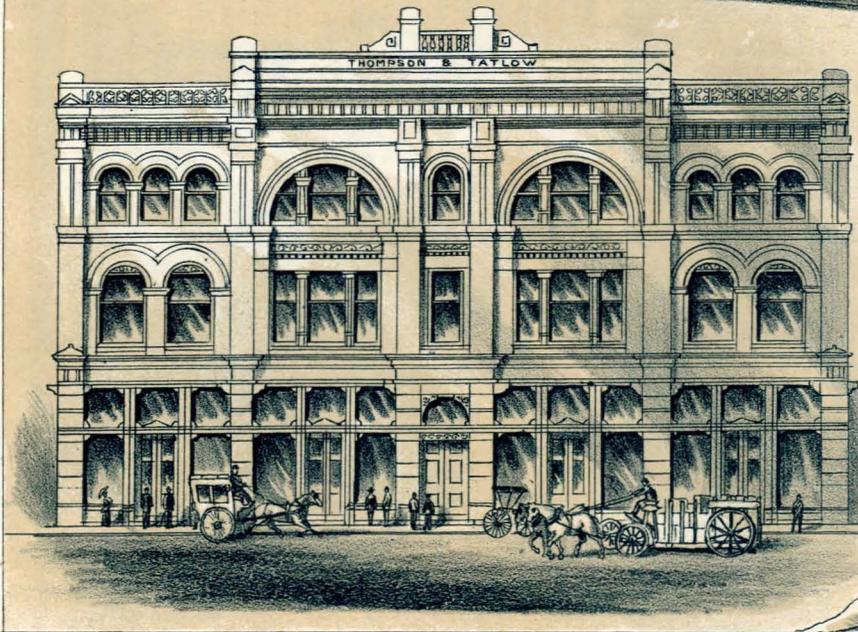
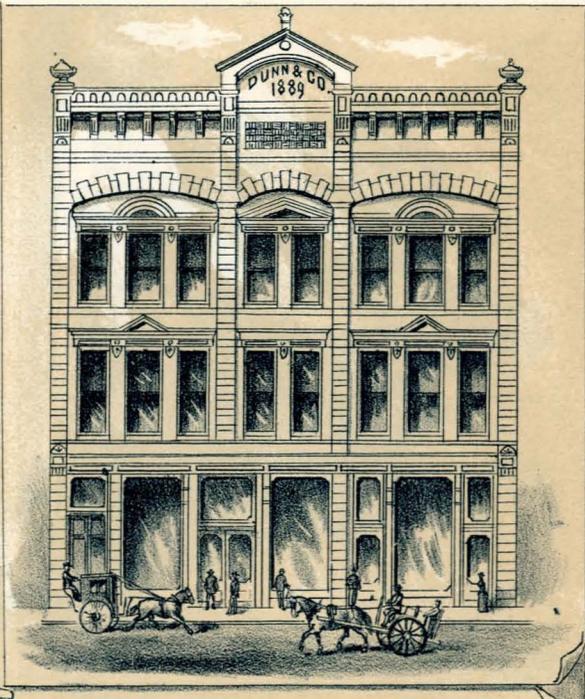
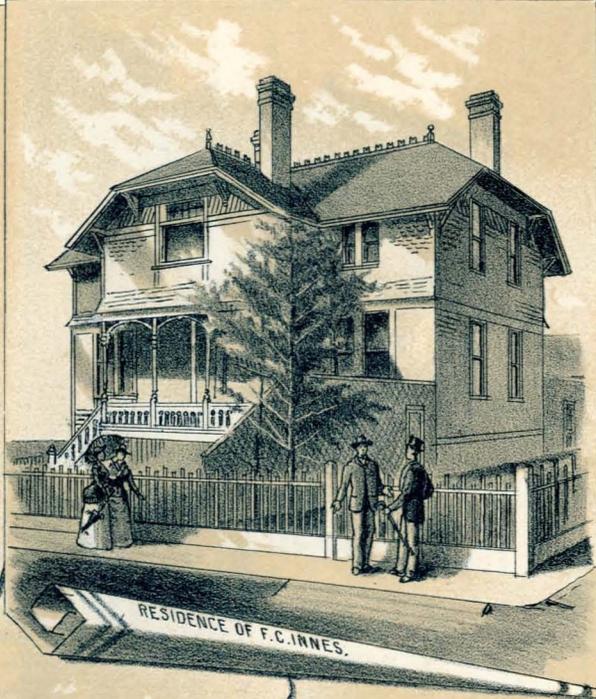


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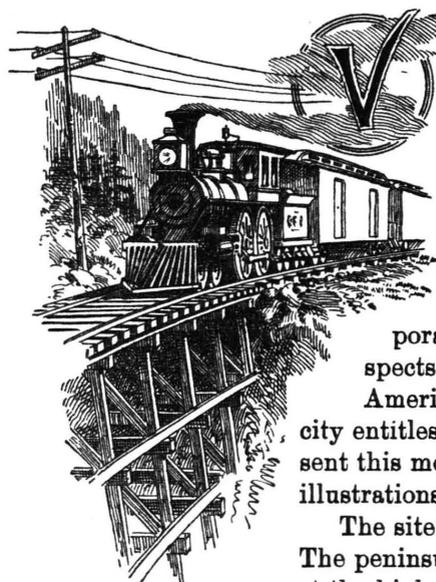
# THE WEST SHORE.

FIFTEENTH YEAR.

MAY, 1889.

NUMBER 5.

## VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



VANCOUVER city, British Columbia, is situated, not on Vancouver island, but on the main land of the province, and in the southwestern corner. The principal part of the city occupies a peninsula, bounded north by the waters of Burrard inlet, south by a small indentation called False creek, and west by English bay, of which the other two are arms. Far beyond the limits of the peninsula thus defined, however, the city is fast extending to the east, and to the south across False creek. The city was incorporated under the name "Vancouver" April 6, 1886, at which time it had a population numbering scarcely six hundred. Now there are within the limits of the corporation between twelve and thirteen thousand inhabitants, and in many respects it is one of the most remarkable towns on the Pacific slope of North America. The rapidly increasing importance of this young and enterprising city entitles it to more than passing notice, and THE WEST SHORE is pleased to present this month an account of its progress, present condition and prospects, with illustrations, which will give an excellent idea of the appearance of the city.

The site of Vancouver could scarcely have been better chosen for a large city. The peninsula on which it is located rises to an altitude of about two hundred feet at the highest point, and from the central ridge there is a distinct descent to the water's edge on either side. This affords the most perfect drainage at all times. Both Burrard inlet on the north, and English bay and False creek on the opposite side, are always safely navigable for the deepest draft vessels, and the first named, at least, is one of the finest harbors in the world. The extremity of the peninsula curves around to the northward (it is really another peninsula formed by an indentation from the inlet known as Coal harbor), leaving a passage at the narrows, or mouth of Burrard inlet, not more than half a mile wide. Opposite the city front, however, the inlet is more than two miles wide, with a depth varying from six to twenty fathoms. This arm of salt water extends inland more than twenty miles from Vancouver, and its two forks afford access by water to a considerable area of rich country, the products of which Vancouver governs. In this respect it serves the commercial purpose of a large river. Then, on the west and south, English bay and False creek afford accommodations for shipping. The capacity of the city for marine commerce can never be outgrown, no matter what magnitude it may attain. Its adaptability to the demands of commerce, the means it has for focusing a large volume of business at that point, and its capacity for expansion, must make Vancouver one of the most important cities of the Pacific coast. The healthful climate and location and altogether pleasant surroundings render it a very desirable residence place, and the control which it exercises over the products of the interior is already making it a prominent manufacturing city. As the terminus of the longest single railway line in the world it has an advantage that places it entirely beyond competition, and to this, as well as to its natural features of excellence, is due its phenomenal growth.

For twenty or thirty years the saw mills of Burrard inlet have been known in the lumber markets of the Pacific coast. Within the past decade, Southern California obtained a considerable portion of her lumber from the saw mills of British Columbia, and lumbering was the only industry of that section that was known

abroad. One of these mills was located on the water front of the present city of Vancouver. For years this rather primitive saw mill, and a few wooden buildings occupied by lumbermen and fishermen, constituted the only settlement there, and it was known by the expressive name "Gastown." Later it assumed a more important position, and was for a number of years, during which it grew to be a town of about six hundred inhabitants, called Granville. When it had become a definitely settled fact that the Canadian Pacific railway would make that point its western terminus, the hitherto insignificant hamlet suddenly sprang into prominence. The railway company, by a grant from the government, secured control of the land upon which the city must be built, and the policy pursued by the company has resulted in establishing a foundation for a giant growth. People from the eastern provinces flocked to the prospective metropolis in great numbers, and it was resolved to entirely reorganize the town. Accordingly, this was done, and the city of Vancouver was incorporated on the date mentioned, the name being in honor of Captain George Vancouver, of the British navy, who discovered, explored and named Burrard inlet, nearly a hundred years ago.

The conditions imposed on purchasers of property in Vancouver are such that no mere speculators can buy the land and hold it, without improvement, for the rise in value which the industry of other people will be sure to bring it. This policy has tended to keep out adventurers and to secure the benefits of the city's advancement to those who have homes there, or to those who are interested in its business affairs. The building conditions accompanying transfers during the past two weeks—the last two weeks of March—bind purchasers to erect this season stone and brick structures aggregating in value \$125,000.00. These buildings will not be all in one locality, but will be scattered over a considerable area. This policy relieves the city of the appearance of being crowded, and encourages expansion in all directions, while the intervening property is, of course, augmented in value. But the city has experienced a remarkable growth to reach the stage that will enable property owners to practice this system. In a town of slow growth scattered business blocks would be unprofitable, and it would be useless to attempt to enforce such conditions as are laid down in Vancouver. But such a transformation has been wrought in a few months here, that there is unbounded confidence in its future growth, and the buildings do not increase in number faster than the business demand for them.

Business men who located in Vancouver three or four years ago well remember the uninviting appearance which the wilderness of that vicinity presented.

Nine-tenths of the present area of the city was a dense, unbroken forest of huge firs. There was but a single street cleared of timber, and a few rude roads led into the gloomy wild. To build a city there was certainly a Herculean task. The timber was removed at a cost of \$200.00 to \$300.00 per acre, and, following the retreating forest, massive structures of stone and brick sprang up, streets were graded, sidewalks built, and large business enterprises inaugurated. Some of the finest business blocks in the city stand on ground that, three years, or even two years ago, was occupied by a howling wilderness. The Canadian Pacific railway was completed to Vancouver in May, 1887, when the first through train arrived from Montreal. That year, also, the Canadian Pacific company put a line of steamships on the route between Vancouver and China and Japan. Those two important projects gave an impetus to the growth of the city, by placing its advantages entirely beyond the realm of speculation, and the advancement the city made was truly marvelous.

A great conflagration, in June, 1886, nearly wiped the young city out of existence, but before the embers died, materials for rebuilding were on their way to Vancouver, and where small wooden structures were before, there arose grand edifices of stone, brick and iron. The fire seemed to be a positive benefit, and in a few weeks all traces of it had been removed and the town presented a vastly better appearance. Under the influence of the large transportation interests which were established there the next year, the building of the city progressed rapidly, and during 1887 most of the city plat was cleared of timber, and a large amount of street work was done. Then it really began to assume the appearance of a city and its natural physical advantages were made apparent.

Since that time its progress has been unhindered by any disaster, and Vancouver now, probably, contains more handsome buildings than any other city of its size in the country. The city is laid out on a magnificent scale, and it is being built up in a style fully in accord with the plan. Its residences, business blocks, hotels and public buildings of all classes would be creditable to any city. During the year 1888, buildings aggregating in value \$1,350,000.00 were erected within the corporation limits. In January, 1888, the city assessment showed a taxable valuation of property aggregating nearly \$3,500,000.00, and the population was then, in round numbers, six thousand. In January, 1889, the total valuation of taxable property was \$6,600,000.00, and the inhabitants numbered eleven thousand. Last year \$85,000.00 were expended in street improvements, making the total mileage of graded streets in the city thirty-six, and there are twenty-five miles of sidewalks. Street

improvements to the amount of \$30,000.00 are now under contract. There are two bridges across False creek and one across Coal harbor. The city has expended \$25,000.00 on sewers and will expend \$40,000.00 this year on its sewerage system. It has a telephone exchange of nearly two hundred subscribers. The fire department consists of two brigades, employing a total of sixty men, with modern apparatus for extinguishing fires. The water works plant, just completed, brings to the city an abundant supply of pure water from the headwaters of the Capilano creek, a mountain stream flowing from the northward into Burrard inlet near the first narrows. Seven miles from the city limits a reservoir with a capacity of fourteen million gallons was made by damming the creek, and from that reservoir the water is led in pipes down the mountain side and under the narrows, which is half a mile wide, to supply the system of mains in the city, and, through them, the consumers. The reservoir is two hundred feet above the highest point in the city, and over three hundred feet above the business and residence portion of the town. This gives an immense pressure without the necessity for steam pumps. The water is free from all impurities and the source of supply is in the mountains beyond possibility of contamination. The laying of the submerged main across the narrows was an engineering feat that required great skill to perform, and it was not until eminent engineers had tried and given it up as impossible of consummation that the pipe was finally laid amid public rejoicing. Though water is now being furnished consumers the system is just being perfected in the city. This water works system cost \$250,000.00, and it is one of the most important improvements, both from a sanitary and a commercial point of view, that has been made there. Seventy-five hydrants, judiciously placed about the city, furnish an efficient means for quenching fires. The system includes thirty miles of iron mains.

Vancouver is lighted by both gas and electricity. The Electric Illuminating Company lights the streets with nearly two thousand sixteen-candle power incandescent lamps, also furnishing lights to private consumers, and it is now arranging to add one hundred and twenty arc lights to the street illumination, each to be of two thousand candle power. The Vancouver Gas Company is incorporated, with a capital stock of \$150,000.00, and has a capacity for supplying sixty thousand cubic feet of coal gas per day. The residuum of coke and coal tar is now utilized, and it is expected soon to manufacture asphaltum and aniline dyes, which will be an important addition to the city's already considerable list of manufactures.

The public schools of Vancouver, like those elsewhere in the province, belong to the provincial govern-

ment. The buildings belong to the government and all current expenses are borne by the province, and the school tax paid by the citizens of Vancouver is not levied on property, but is a per capita tax. The local administration of school matters is vested in a school board, consisting of six members, chosen by popular suffrage, to whom is entrusted the direct supervision of the schools and all matters pertaining to the enforcement of regulations and their general control. It is now a graded common school system, but by the beginning of the next school year a high school will be organized with a suitable curriculum and an efficient corps of instructors. At the beginning of the present school year, nine teachers, including the head master, were employed in the city. Now the corps includes twelve teachers, and fifteen must be provided for the first term next fall. One school building has been constructed this year, and a large central high school will be built next year, for which an appropriation of \$17,000.00 has already been made. The Roman Catholic church maintains a parochial school, which is well patronized.

In the matter of public parks, the city is well provided for. All that part of the peninsula west of Coal harbor, comprising some nine hundred and sixty acres, belongs to the crown, and is leased by the city for a public park. A driveway entirely around this park has been constructed of gravel and shells, and it is much patronized. From some of the elevations on this road the view is one of the grandest imaginable. The precipitous mountains on the north side of the inlet, only six or eight miles away, raise their cragged crest line to a height of over six thousand feet, and carry a covering of snow a large portion of the year. The spurs of the Cascades approach very near the coast; in fact, salt water washes the very base of the mountains in some cases. Seaward, the numerous islands that dot the waters of the Gulf of Georgia are plainly in view, and all the shore lines are very picturesque. Southward, Point Gray juts out from the main land beyond English bay, and to the eastward the main ridge of the Cascades extends across the horizon, rugged and snow-capped. The park itself—Stanley park, it is called—is covered with a wild forest, filled with game of many kinds, which no one is permitted to kill. Besides the road around the park, drives traversing it in various directions are being constructed, making it one of the most charming driving resorts in the country. The city has erected a park lodge, where the keeper resides, devoting his whole time to the care of the park and to protecting its primeval beauty. A small portion of this park is set aside for the athletic clubs of the city and suitably fitted for them. In the eastern part of the city is a tract of one hundred and sixty

acres donated to Vancouver by the government for a park, on certain conditions of improvement, which are being complied with. There is another park of forty acres on the south side of False creek. Three smaller parks in the city occupy a total area of about twenty acres, and are very attractive ornaments. The municipal government recently paid \$15,000.00 for a centrally located market square. The one cemetery is situated on the south side and is owned and cared for by the city.

Vancouver has a well organized police department, which is self sustaining. Saloon licenses are \$500.00 each, and drinking places are kept under strict police surveillance. The city owns and maintains a hospital, which it built last year at a cost of \$10,000.00. It is under the direction of a hospital board of five medical men. The city hall is a commodious building, in which are the headquarters of all the departments of the city government. The municipal government consists of a mayor and board of ten aldermen, elected by ballot, and the usual other officers acting under their direction. An enterprising policy regarding public affairs of all kinds is pursued. The board of trade is an active and strong organization, which is an important aid to the business development of the town. Its members are the prominent business men of the city, and they labor for the best interests of the municipality in everything that comes within the scope of their operation.

The government has appropriated \$23,000.00 for the erection of a court house and registrar's office in Vancouver this year. Heretofore Vancouver has been included in the New Westminster district, and all transfers of real estate had to pass through the land registrar's hands there; but the growing importance of the new city has made necessary the formation of a new district, of which it will be the headquarters. The method of recording real estate transfers in vogue in British Columbia is known as the Torrens system, and it is a great deal simpler than the older and more general mode observed in most places. The registrar is a salaried government official, and the government is made responsible for any flaw in title through any transfer. This does away with all necessity for abstracts, and the purchaser is secured against loss by reason of careless or fraudulent transfers. Besides the land registrar's office, it is expected that the government will soon establish a signal station at Vancouver. The city is of such recent growth that the government is but just beginning to appreciate its importance and to provide accommodations for it. As yet, it has not had representation in the provincial legislature, but it is expected that it will have two or three members in the next sitting of that body.

Fraternal and benevolent organizations are well

represented in Vancouver. There are lodges of Free Masons, Odd Fellows, Good Templars, Knights of Labor, Knights of Pythias, Locomotive engineers, United Workmen, Foresters, Sons of England, and a St. Andrew's society. They embrace a large membership and wield a considerable influence for the good of society. The city has a public reading room, a Young Men's Christian Association, which is contemplating the erection of a fine building on a site that has already been donated, and a Woman's Christian Temperance Union, all of them in a very flourishing condition. There are at present nine church edifices in the city—two Methodist, two Presbyterian, two Episcopal, a Congregational, a Baptist and a Roman Catholic—and preparations are being made to erect several others. Besides these, the Methodists have a Chinese congregation, presided over by a native Chinese missionary, and a Chinese mission school.

The news field is unusually well covered in Vancouver. The *News-Advertiser* is a morning daily of eight pages, which is ably conducted and presents a full quota of the news of the world each morning. The *Evening World* is a publication but a few months old, but it is a vigorous, enterprising and newsy journal, and merits the large patronage it receives. Both papers issue weekly editions. They are clean and efficient exponents of the public interests.

The business institutions of the city are of an unusually stable character. Many of them are branches of old eastern establishments that have long been noted for their security and sagacity. The city has four banking houses, three of which are branches of eastern concerns, and the total capital represented by them is about \$20,000,000.00. Many other business houses are of similar stability. Throughout the entire province last year there were only thirteen business failures, and of these the total assets exceeded the liabilities by some \$26,000.00. Perhaps it would be well to consider a few figures in connection with the volume of business transacted in Vancouver for 1888. During the twelve months, the Canadian Pacific railway brought to the city nearly thirty-nine thousand tons, and forwarded from Vancouver about twenty-two thousand tons of freight. Over five hundred and sixteen thousand packages of merchandise were exported to China and Japan via the Canadian Pacific steamers, and the imports from the same source aggregated over five hundred and seventy-four thousand packages, a gain of more than a hundred per cent. over the previous year. The Canadian Pacific company disbursed in Vancouver, for various purposes during the year, \$648,234.65. The local custom house records show that for the last fiscal year there arrived in Vancouver two hundred and seventy-one marine craft, of a total of one hundred and thirty-

three thousand tons burthen, and cleared two hundred and seventy vessels, of a total burthen of ninety-eight thousand tons. The custom house collections were \$73,462.29, or more than double the amount of the previous year. The total imports increased in value \$74,868.00, and the exports \$121,461.00, over the previous year. The goods shipped to the United States were valued at \$20,087.75, and the shipments through Vancouver from the United States were valued at \$1,380,000.00. The postoffice business last year was about one hundred and fifty per cent. greater than for 1887, the stamp sales aggregating \$11,579.10, money orders \$114,793.99, postoffice savings bank deposits \$28,972.00, and the number of registered letters mailed was five thousand. These figures show specifically what advancement the city made in the lines which are quoted, and when the fact that the mercantile and manufacturing interests correspondingly increased in importance is considered, a definite idea may be formed of the unusually rapid growth which the city experienced; and this rate of advancement has not in the least abated, but rather increased. In another article in this number the value and extent of the manufacturing industries of the city are set forth.

The people of Vancouver take life easier than those on this side of the international boundary. The ceaseless hurry and worry that characterizes so many American cities is almost entirely absent there. The business of the city does not get fairly to moving until about 10:00 o'clock in the morning, and very little is done, even in the mercantile trades, after 5:00 or 6:00 in the evening. The people are genial in social intercourse, and seem to believe in enjoying life as they go. Many tourists are attracted to Vancouver by its society and its pleasant surroundings. It is growing to be quite a pleasure resort. The hotel accommodations are most excellent in every particular. Divertissements are numerous, and seem to have a very popular fascination. Besides the attractions of the city in its parks, drives, fishing, boating, etc., there are medicinal springs not far distant, and the wilds of the mountains may be reached a few miles from the city, where all kinds of game are found in abundance. There is railway and steamboat communication to the numerous points of interest in the interior and about the shores of that far-famed arm of the Pacific which separates the large island of Vancouver from the main land of the continent. A ride through the wonderful archipelago lying to the southwestward of Vancouver, by any one of the several routes radiating from the city, takes one through some of the most curious and beautiful scenery in the world. In two or three places steamers go through passages between rocky islands, which seem scarcely

wide enough to admit two boats abreast. The islands are of various sizes, some of them being mere rocks projecting above the surface of the water, and some so large that farming and lumbering and even mining operations are in progress on them. In almost any direction, when the weather is clear, the uneven line of mountain chains is in the horizon. From the hotel verandas in Vancouver a considerable variety of mountain scenery may be seen. Of special interest are the "Lions," on the summit across Burrard inlet to the northward. The rock formation there closely resembles two huge lions crouching side by side on the topmost peak.

In addition to the great transportation lines of the Canadian Pacific railway and the steamship line to China and Japan, the city has connections with all important points along the Pacific coast. The trans-Pacific steamship line receives a subsidy of \$300,000.00 from the British government, and the boats that have been employed in the service during the experimental stage of the line are soon to be superseded by new ones specially designed for that trade. A steamer leaves Vancouver for Yokohama and Hong Kong every three weeks. Steamers ply between Vancouver and all Puget sound ports, both in and out of the province, and to Portland and San Francisco. Recently a steamship line to Australia, with government subsidy, has been established. It would seem that the city had all the boat lines that could be desired, but its only railroad is the Canadian Pacific. No less than three railroads extending to the southeast are in contemplation, however, to tap resources that at present have no convenient outlet, and to connect with the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern and the Bellingham Bay road, thus getting other transcontinental routes to doing business in the city. The prospect for the immediate construction of these roads is very bright, and they must stimulate a much greater growth than has yet been experienced in Vancouver.

The vast region tributary to Vancouver is still, as a whole, almost entirely undeveloped. Some sections have been prospected with a fair degree of thoroughness, and development operations are in progress, showing that the resources are rich and abundant. The mountainous character of most parts of the province has tended to retard explorations, hitherto confining them almost entirely to strips of country along the coast or on the more important streams that drain that region. Fishing, lumbering, mining, cattle raising and farming exist, but they are all infant industries, and the possibilities which their full development will work are still, in a large degree, a matter of conjecture. Enough has been done, however, to give unmistakable indications of a basis for a rapid growth

that will, probably, equal in importance anything that has taken place on this continent. This is not a mere supposition, for the work is now being carried on, and the results show for themselves. Any one who chooses to study the situation will readily become convinced that its industrial prospects are, indeed, promising.

Reference to the map will show that the country tributary to Vancouver has a wide extent. As the most important shipping point in British Columbia, most of the products of the whole province are drawn in that direction for the local market or for shipment abroad. The lumbering business first engaged the attention of outsiders, and saw mills have been located at favorable points for thirty years or more. The practically exhaustless supply of red fir, cedar, hemlock, white pine, spruce and maple have made the province famous as a land of valuable timber; but its minerals and fisheries have recently come into prominence among its resources. A large portion of the province is densely covered with timber. While the streams are not well suited to towing logs or lumber, the vast extent of coast line renders a large portion of the valuable timber accessible directly from navigable waters. The mills that have been in operation for years have scarcely made any impression on the forests, as yet. The large size of this timber makes it eligible to the markets of the world for special purposes.

The fisheries of British Columbia are one of its chief resources of wealth. The salmon canneries of Fraser river are the best known, though the industry is prosecuted on Alert bay, Rivers inlet, and Skeena, Metlakahtla and Naas rivers. Five species of salmon run in the Fraser river and its tributaries a distance of a thousand miles from its mouth, and fish are caught there the entire year. The annual product of the salmon fisheries of the province is worth \$1,250,000.00. The oolachan, or candle fish, belongs particularly to that part of the Pacific, and is a delicious food fish. It is about the size of the sardine. Its oil is considered superior to cod liver oil for medical purposes, and it always finds a ready market. Herrings equal to those caught off the coast of the British Isles swarm the waters of the straits. Halibut, cod, haddock, anchovy, flounder, whiting, rock cod, crab, etc., are abundant. Dog fish are caught in abundance, and a superior quality of lubricating oil is manufactured from them. Sturgeon weighing from three hundred to a thousand pounds are plentiful in the rivers and estuaries. The streams and lakes abound in salmon trout, mountain trout and a species of fresh water white fish. Fur and hair seal and sea otter skins are a source of considerable profit to British Columbians. Whales and seals are numerous in the

northern seas. The value of the annual product of the fisheries of the province is not less than \$2,500,000.00. The fish curing business is receiving more attention since the completion of the Canadian Pacific railway, and is fast expanding.

The chief minerals of British Columbia are gold, silver, copper, iron and coal. The mining history of the province resembles that of most of the rich mineral fields of the world. With the precious metals, the placers are first worked, and subsequently the quartz lodes are exploited, the latter being the more substantial and lasting. Quartz mining has not been engaged in to any considerable extent yet in this province. The yield of gold and silver, however, is gratifying to those employed in the business, and promises to rapidly increase with the general development which the whole country is experiencing. There are seven or eight mining districts on the main land in which gold and silver mining is regularly carried on, most of the work being done in placers. Recently there have been valuable quartz discoveries in the vicinity of Burrard inlet, and it is probable that Vancouver will itself become the center of an important mining district. A good deal of the work thus far has been directed to the development of iron and coal measures, which are found in different parts of the province. The iron mines are located on Texada island, near Vancouver, where there is a mountain of ore favorable for working, on Rivers inlet and on Vancouver island. The ore is of the best quality, and the output is constantly increasing. There are indications of iron in many places where no mines have yet been opened. Coal exists in large quantities and is quite extensively mined. The collieries about Nanaimo, on Vancouver island, are well known, and their product finds its way to all the large cities of the Pacific slope. There are anthracite coal beds on Queen Charlotte island, near Skidegate inlet. Coal measures exist under the very town site of the city of Vancouver, and there are numerous outcroppings in that vicinity that indicate paying deposits. At Ashcroft, on the railroad two hundred miles east of Vancouver, coal was recently discovered and a shaft sunk between sixty and seventy feet. A cross cut of forty feet each side of the shaft did not run out of the vein, which is a good quality of bituminous coal, and preparations are being made to open and work an extensive mine there. Copper is found on Howe sound, only a few miles from Vancouver, where a mine produces very rich ore, the assays showing fifty-nine per cent. copper and \$87.00 silver to the ton. At other places on the main land and on Vancouver and Texada islands there are locations of copper. The facilities for utilizing the mineral resources of British Columbia were not until recently such as to warrant

very extensive investments for development, but commendable progress is now being made and the indications point to a most prosperous future for that whole country. The introduction of smelters to treat the ores is a very important move for the mining interests.

Comparatively little is heard of the agriculture of British Columbia, and many people will be surprised to learn that there is anything done in that line in the province. It is true that, as a whole, it can scarcely be called an agricultural country. Too much of the surface consists of mountains to make it a popular farming region. Still, there are many valleys admirably suited to cultivation, and the delta of the Fraser river is as fine farming land as could be desired. All the usual crops are grown in great abundance. These lands are only about four or five miles south of the city of Vancouver, so there is no trouble about getting to a good market. The capacity of these lands for the production of ordinary vegetables, grain, hay and fruit, seems almost unlimited. The alluvial soil along the Fraser and its tributaries, the Sumas and Pitt rivers, is cultivated, and there are a number of prosperous farm settlements on both sides of the rivers. It is estimated that there are a thousand square miles of choice agricultural land in the southern part of the province, and hundreds of thousands of acres in the Fraser, Spalumcheen, Salmon, Kootenay, Oknanogan and Columbia districts, that may be utilized for cultivation and grazing purposes. In some places irrigation will be necessary to render the soil fertile, but the larger portion will yield abundant crops without artificial watering. The bench lands in the higher altitudes are unsurpassed for grazing. Along the south arm of the Fraser and in the valleys of the interior, apples, pears, plums, peaches, cherries, strawberries, gooseberries and other small fruits are grown, and in quality and quantity are unexcelled. A large portion of the land in the valleys that constitute the farming areas is prairie or very scantily timbered. These are not great treeless tracts, but small openings convenient to both wood and water. Of course, the choicest locations are the first taken, and subsequently settlers push back on the less eligible lands and make farms there. The construction of the proposed railroad lines through the southern part of the province will open communication to sections now considered too remote for successful settlement, and will furnish an attractive field for tillers of the soil. A tract of forty or fifty thousand acres of fine farm-

ing land on Stave river, thirty miles east of Vancouver and eight miles north of the railroad, has recently come into public notice. It is lightly timbered and the soil is very productive. There will always be a ready market for all the agricultural products that can be raised. The demand for fruit from the northwest provinces will make orcharding an especially profitable business in British Columbia.

Except a strip of country twenty miles on either side of the railway, which was granted the dominion for the railroad, the public lands belong to the provincial government. Both those of the province and of the dominion may be obtained by settlers on much the same terms as in the United States. Land may be bought from the government for \$2.50 an acre, or for a less amount in consideration of residence upon it. But a small per cent. of the total area is yet settled or taken for timber or minerals. There are many good locations unimproved.

The climate of the country west of the Cascade mountains is much milder than that of sections in the same latitude in the interior. The government signal station at New Westminster, only twelve miles from Vancouver, shows a mean annual temperature of forty-eight degrees, the average for January being thirty-four and July sixty-three degrees above zero. The mean annual rainfall is fifty-eight inches, the winter having twenty-three and the summer five inches, and spring and fall about equal amounts. Not much snow falls in the winter time, it being more of a wet season than a cold one. The fields do not lose their green, and flowers frequently bloom all winter. No disastrous storms occur. It is the same mild and equable climate that characterizes the whole Pacific coast, and it is delightful and healthful.

The position which Vancouver occupies, being the gateway through which western exports and imports for the whole dominion must pass, and commanding the patronage of a naturally rich province that is fast being developed, gives it extraordinary advantages. To say that it is profiting by these advantages is but to indicate that the people are intelligent and enterprising, and able to utilize the benefits that lie around them. More outside capital is now being invested in Vancouver than ever before. All kinds of business are experiencing more activity than ever before. Even in view of the almost phenomenal growth that has already occurred in that city, it is entirely safe to say the advancement this year will far exceed its past record.

## A STORY OF THE KLAMATH.

## PART IV.

ENTERING the low, uninviting tent, which Dess was obliged to call home, she threw herself on the rude pallet, which served her as a bed, and gave vent to her pent-up feelings by indulging in a bitter fit of weeping. Bruno, perceiving his mistress' unhappy attitude, and hearing her deep, heavy sobs, approached her, rubbing his great, shaggy head caressingly against her shoulder, evidently endeavoring to soothe her to calmness.

"Poor, poor old Bruno!" the miserable girl said, as she drew the dog's head to her breast in a loving embrace. "You are the only friend I have to love in all the wide, wide world. My life is almost a curse to me now. I wish, oh, so earnestly, that I could die. Oh, Nitia! Nitia! take pity upon me and kill me outright! God will bless you for it, I know He will."

"Does Naoma no want to wed with Chief Watumni?" the squaw asked, while a strange, wicked light shone in her black eyes.

"I will take my life with my own hands, rather than marry him," Dess cried, vehemently.

"Then Nitia talk. Listen! Nitia no longer care what Watumni think," the Indian woman said, bitterly. "He no heart—no good heart. Many moons ago he loved Nitia as he now loves the pale-face Naoma. She good to him—good mother to the little children the Great Spirit took long ago to the happy hunting ground. When he sick, she nurse him; she always his slave; and now he wants a pale-face wife, and Nitia must be her slave, too. What does Naoma say?" the Indian woman added, her black eyes gleaming with aroused jealousy. "Must Nitia be a fool, and miserable, while he is happy in a new wife?"

"No, Nitia," Dess said, rising to her feet and approaching close to the side of the injured woman, "I would not if I were you. I am powerless to help you, I am powerless to help myself; but you can help me, Nitia, and so help yourself," and the girl's round face grew bright with a new-born hope, and her brown eyes sparkled with a new, a happy light.

"What does Naoma mean?" the squaw asked, evidently as enthusiastic as Dess herself. "Let her speak; Nitia is ready to do much."

Dess looked eagerly into the dark, uncomely face before her, fearful that the proposition which she was about to make would only be cast aside as unworthy of consideration. "You can aid me to escape, Nitia," she said, in a low, eager tone, and then almost breathlessly awaited the squaw's answer.

The Indian woman was silent for several seconds, enwrapped in serious thought. Then she spoke:

"Naoma shall go, and Nitia will go with her. She could not stay with Watumni's tribe, after she let the pale-face squaw get away."

In her joy, Dess seized the right hand of the Indian woman and covered it with kisses. "God bless you, Nitia!" she said, earnestly.

"Naoma not talk, not look glad, when Watumni see her. Him smart, plenty smart. Come, now, follow Nitia," and Dess and the Indian woman left the wigwam together, to join the chief and his braves at supper.

Watumni was greatly pleased with his wife's conduct. He was glad to see that she was not angry with him—not that he really cared, so far as her happiness was concerned, but he thought how much more faithfully she would serve her fair mistress, having no ill-feeling toward him or her. He gave expression to his thoughts in words, and Nitia fixed her eyes upon the ground, in order to conceal from him and his braves the jealousy and revenge which issued from their fiery depths. Her face was calm, however, and a smile played around her mouth as she said—

"Nitia love Naoma much. Nitia is glad."

"Nitia's heart is good, and Naoma love her," Dess said, pleasantly, and it was only by a strong effort that she managed to keep her joyous spirits from welling up to her lips in merry, rippling peals of laughter.

If the old chief had ever loved her—and he did, in his coarse, wild way—he loved her doubly now, as he gazed admiringly into her bright, radiant face. Indeed, she had become a favorite with all the savages. They had watched her as she frolicked around the camp fires, with old Bruno at her side; they had laughed to see he laugh; they had felt like playing when they saw her play; and they had listened in mute surprise to the merry old ballads which she had sung to them, though they could scarcely understand a single word she uttered. Then they had witnessed her daring feats as an equestrienne; they had admired the skill with which she handled the rifle; and, having learned to look up to her as one who was by far their superior, it came about that the girl did pretty much as she pleased, and the savages were content to have it so. It must not be inferred that she had ceased to mourn her sad fate in the least degree, or that she did not grieve over the death which she supposed her lover and brother to have met; but she was naturally so gay and light-hearted, that her true nature would assert itself at times, despite her unpleasant surroundings—just as the little brook will purl on, and the little birds chant their merry notes, unmindful of the tears and grief of the vast, cruel world.

Two weeks after the events as described above, Dess and Nitia retired earlier than was their custom,

the latter, as a pretext for so doing, complaining of indisposition. They had already planned their mode of escape, which they knew to be fraught with great danger. Nitia was to leave the lodge first and alone, save for Bruno, knowing that if she should unfortunately be detected while trying to escape, the savages would not be likely to suspect her of anything wrong; whereas, if Dess should be with her, they would immediately divine their purpose. She was to have the horses in readiness, the swiftest in the band, and in twenty minutes from the time she left the tent, Dess was to follow her, and repair to a certain place near the creek, a place with which they were both familiar. This was the plan of action agreed upon, and, when the Indians had been asleep some time, the squaw stealthily crept from the wigwam, with Bruno by her side. Dess found it somewhat difficult to make the dog understand that he was to accompany the Indian woman, he preferring to remain with his mistress. It was a perilous undertaking, but, in her eagerness to escape, she never hesitated for a moment. The wily savage himself could not have crept away more stealthily than she; and though the moon had not yet shown her smiling visage above the treetops, she found no difficulty in reaching the rendezvous agreed upon. She found the squaw awaiting her, agreeably to promise, and in less than half a minute they were ready for the tedious journey that lay before them.

"Let Naoma follow," said Nitia, at the same time plunging her horse into the midst of the rapid stream.

They rode along as swiftly as possible, though it was slavish work for the animals to force their way against the rapid current. Old Bruno did not seem to enjoy the excursion very much, being obliged to pick his way along the rugged shore, but, nevertheless, he did not lose sight of his mistress for a moment. The moon had risen high in the sky ere Dess and her guide emerged from the bed of the stream.

"Naoma must go alone now," said the squaw, reining in her pony. "Go that way," pointing to the south, "and when the sun goes down to-morrow, turn to the setting sun, and before the sun comes up again she will be near her home."

"But you; will you go with me?"

"No, pale-face home not good for Indian woman."

"What! Will you go back to Watumni?"

"No, Watumni kill. Nitia go to reservation. She has brothers and sisters there, and they will keep her. Maybe she never see Naoma again," and a tremor was noticeable in her voice, though her face was impassive.

"This is cruel, Nitia. I thought you would go home to live with me."

"No, Nitia go to her own people. Let the white

girl be brave, and she find her people. She has a good heart and a bright eye, and Nitia love her much."

With this, Dess and her companion clasped hands and parted, each pursuing an opposite direction, and urging their ponies to their utmost speed. It was a rough, perilous journey, but the brave girl never forgot for an instant that her future destiny depended upon this night's work, and she gallantly urged her noble little nag ahead, unmindful of the wild, rugged character of the country through which she must pass. At the dawn of day, next morning, she paused on the slope of a rugged mountain, in order to rest her wearied pony. She looked about her in every direction, uncertain as to the course she was pursuing. She could form no adequate idea as to where she was, nor how far distant she might be from the Indian lodges. She knew only that she must push on for her life, lest the wily savages pursue and recapture her. Ere long, the sun showed his pleasant face above the high mountains, and the girl was over-joyed to find that she was pursuing the proper direction.

Her only fear now was that her horse would not prove equal to the heavy jaunt that lay before him. By the time it was midday, she had reached the summit of the high mountain, the ascent of which had greatly wearied both horse and rider. Nevertheless, she was delighted to know that she was thus far removed from her much dreaded captors, though the vast wilderness that lay before her was by no means an inviting scene. She never halted till darkness had gathered around her; and then, seeing that her horse was about to weaken from fatigue and hunger, she dismounted and prepared to rest for the night. Having tethered her pony, but leaving him saddled and bridled, that she might remount at a moment's warning, she threw herself on the cool, green grass beside her canine friend, and cautioned him to be on the alert for any foe that might approach them, however warily. Bruno, though greatly fatigued, was faithful to the command; but their peace was undisturbed, save for the piercing howl of cayotes and the hooting of a great owl which sat in the top of a tall pine just above their heads.

At the dawn of day, the girl was once more in the saddle, and was being carried away at the utmost speed of her horse, which, owing to his night's rest and the luxuriant grass upon which he had fed, was greatly recruited. Her course was now westerly, and ere noon, as she paused on the summit of a high, rolling elevation of land, she perceived, away beneath her and to the westward, a river, which, owing to the great distance, appeared like a tiny rivulet, flowing through a low, picturesque little valley. Her heart jumped with delight as the thought dawned upon her, that she was gazing upon the little valley of Oak

Dale. Half doubting, yet hopeful, she offered up a prayer to her Maker, that she might once more be restored to her friends, not forgetting to ask His blessing on poor Nitia, who had delivered her from her much dreaded bondage.

It was nearly dark when she emerged from the deep forest that headed the little valley of Oak Dale. As she approached the ruins of the old log hut, which had once been her home, and in which she had been so happy, she alighted from her pony and gazed about in quest of some little article that might have belonged to the lover or brother whom she mourned as dead. The search was ineffectual, and the poor girl seated herself on the damp ground, where she remained, buried in deep thought, for more than an hour. The grief caused by the supposed death of her lover and brother was refreshed in her mind, and she thought how few were the joys life held for her in the future. No one could ever love her as they had loved her—there was no one living that she could ever love as she had loved them. Surely there was some one living at Oak Dale, who could give her the details of their sad death. But who? Suddenly she thought of Harry Randall and his sister. Could it be possible that they, too, had been massacred? She would ascertain, at all events. She arose, threw the saddle from her weary steed and picketed him near by, where she was sure he would fare well for the night.

"Now come, Bruno," she said, patting the dog kindly on the head, "we will introduce ourselves to society at Oak Dale. What will they think of me?" she soliloquized, remembering for the first time the coarse deer-skin garment which constituted her wardrobe. "They'll stare at me in amazement, I'll be bound. Guess there's no one here, anyway, that ever knew little Dess Watson; if there is, they won't know her now, at all events. Heigh-ho, somewhere here is where the old trapper used to live. Guess he and his little family are safe beyond all earthly cares. Wonder who lives in this neat little frame house? It don't look much like the old log hut in which the old trapper was content to live, does it? We'll go in, Bruno boy, and get a mothful to eat, anyway. It has been some time since we tasted food, old fellow, and I'm inclined to think that a piece of bread and butter wouldn't go bad just now." Accordingly, she approached the house and rapped lightly on the partly-open door.

"Come in," some one said, and the girl was surprised, on entering, to behold the old trapper and his little family seated around a cheery fire, apparently in the full enjoyment of life. The strange appearance of their visitor threw Mrs. Kingston and the children into a very panic of fear.

"Great heavens! the Injuns are upon us agin!" the old lady exclaimed, rising to her feet, her fat face becoming perfectly livid in her excitement.

Dess laughed outright as she advanced toward the old trapper, who sat staring at her, his eyes dilated and his face considerably elongated.

"I suppose you have all forgotten Dess Watson, who used to visit you so often," the girl said, extending her little, brown hand.

"It can't be that she's come to life agin?" the old trapper asked, as he arose and took the proffered hand, while he gazed searchingly into her pretty brown face.

"No, no, it's a squaw!" screamed Mrs. Kingston, as she gathered her flock about her, preparatory to leaving the establishment.

Just here old Bruno, who had been impatiently waiting an invitation to come in, entered and advanced to the side of his amused mistress. They all recognized him.

"Why, ole woman, it's Dessie Watson, jest as sartin as I'm Dan Kingston!" exclaimed the old trapper, as he led the girl to a table, and, stooping down, scrutinized her face closely by the light of a tallow candle.

"I'd never 'a' knowed her," said the "ole woman," as she approached the girl and gazed intently at her round, laughing face. "Why, God bless you, Dessie!" she exclaimed, as she folded the girl to her breast in a tender embrace. "Have you been dead, and come to life agin, or what? Why, dear me, I can't hardly believe yet that it's you," she said, recoiling at the touch of the coarse deer-skin garment in which Dessie was arrayed. "Come, take off that nasty, hairy gown and that ugly squaw cap, and let me see if I can see any resemblance to our sweet, bright-eyed Dessie Watson," and the old lady took the candle and almost dragged the girl into an adjoining room.

She was not perfectly satisfied until she had seen her clad in a neat calico wrapper of her own, which, though vastly too large, changed the girl's appearance wonderfully.

"I can scarcely believe it's myself," Dess said, as she gazed at her reflection in the mirror. "I thought I had grown so awfully ugly and black—though, to be sure, I am none too white, am I? I guess I'll have to return to the old deer-skin again, this seems so light, so unnatural like."

"No, never; why, you're jest as purty as a rose, dear child," the old lady said, as she viewed the girl from head to foot. "You hair's jest as curly, an' your eyes jest as bright an' merry as they were two years ago an' over. Why, Lord bless you, dear, it seems as how the grave had give up its dead, to see you back agin. But come, now, I jest bet the ole

man's near crazy to talk to you. An' so the Injuns have had you all this time, when we all thought you dead an' gone. So you got away somehow, did you? an'—"

But Dess interrupted her with a merry peal of laughter. "It is no use for you to ask any more questions, auntie," she said, "I shall not answer a single one until you have given us something to eat. I am nearly famished, and I would be willing to wager a round dollar that Bruno is, too."

"Why, bless your dear little heart!" the good lady exclaimed, as she hurried away to prepare supper for her very welcome guest. "How lucky it is that you spoke of it; I'd never 'a' thought of it—never."

It was broad daylight, and the savages were preparing to devour their breakfast, when Watumni, missing Dess and Nitia, ordered one of the women to go and arouse them. The woman obeyed, but only to return in a short time with the startling announcement that their wigwam was deserted. A howl of rage was raised by the infuriated braves, and they started off in all directions in search of the two women, who they at first believed were concealed somewhere near, among the thick growth of chapparal. The rage of Watumni was fearful to behold, when one of his braves soon returned with the announcement that two of their best ponies were gone.

The savages were soon mounted on horses and sent off in pursuit of the fugitives. Little difficulty was found in tracing them as far as the creek, where, it was clearly evident, they had entered the bed of the stream; but whether their course had been with or against the current they did not know. A party was dispatched in each direction, Watumni going with those who traveled toward the source of the stream; and, in his rage and excitement, he soon had his pony in a foam of perspiration. The ground was still damp where the fugitives' horses had emerged from the water, and a horrid cry of exultation arose among the savages, who were now assured that they were on the right track.

Thinking that the women could not be far in advance, they taxed their ponies to their utmost speed. Presently they came to the spot where the fugitives had separated. They were somewhat puzzled to know how to account for this; but they pushed on, four or five following Nitia, while about the same number hurried in pursuit of the white girl. They were greatly disappointed, as twilight gathered about them, that they had not once come in sight of the fugitive. It was soon so dark that they could no longer see the tracks of the noble little steed which had borne the white captive so swiftly away; but they did not slacken their speed until near the hour of midnight, being

fully convinced that they were in pursuit of Naoma, as they called her, and well aware that she had taken as straight a course as possible toward the little valley of Oak Dale. As the hour approached midnight, they found their animals so much exhausted that they were utterly unable to keep up anything like a decent pace. Angered and dispirited, they dismounted, picketed their ponies and started off on foot, hoping to intercept the white maiden in her flight, feeling assured that she would not pursue her journey after nightfall. They were disappointed in their anticipations, however; for when it was light enough to see, they found that the horse tracks which they had followed the previous day lay before them, still showing signs of a moderately rapid flight.

Watumni was perfectly enraged, and, when once they had approached so near as to look down upon the little valley of Oak Dale, his desperation was fearful to behold. Seeing that the fugitive had outwitted them, the savages, crushed and humiliated at the escape of their prize, returned to the lodges, there to receive the news that Nitia had cunningly evaded her pursuers, and that, as far as they had been able to discern any traces of her flight, she had taken a most direct route for the reservation.

With this information, the whole truth dawned upon the intellect of the old chief. Nitia had become jealous because of his approaching marriage with the white woman, and, in consequence thereof, had aided her to escape. He cursed himself bitterly for having been such a fool as to leave the beautiful Naoma to the sole charge of Nitia. But alas! a still greater humiliation awaited him. Two weeks had not elapsed ere he and his braves were surprised one morning to find themselves completely surrounded by a detachment of troops from the reservation, with Nitia, who had piloted them thither, in their midst. Watumni saw that resistance was useless, but the sight of his wife so angered him that he raised his rifle to his shoulder, and he would have shot her dead on the spot, had not one of the troops approached at that instant and seized the weapon from his grasp.

The Indians were taken to the reservation, but, despite the efforts of the whites, they could not obtain sufficient evidence to implicate either Watumni or Hotiti with the Oak Dale massacre. Watumni insisted that some of the Oregon braves—all of whom had been killed in the war, he said—had acted contrary to the advice of their chief when they made the attack on Oak Dale; and as there was no evidence to disprove the assertion, it was finally taken for truth. There was not sufficient white testimony to criminate them, and they were not aware, at the time, of the existence of a little white captive, who had been in the midst of the fray. Nitia considered herself avenged,

and she would not open her mouth with a word that could possibly implicate her unfaithful spouse as being the leader of that awful tragedy.

Trapper Dan and his wife were very much interested in the story of her captivity as given them by their pretty guest. She minutely related the details of her fight with the savages, how gallantly old Bruno had conducted himself, and how, finding herself overpowered at last, she would undoubtedly have been killed had not the old chief Watumni appeared at that moment and interceded in her behalf.

"After the first few months, I became somewhat reconciled to my fate, and it is likely I should have become quite as much a savage as any of them, had I remained with them much longer," the girl continued; and then she went on to relate how the old chief had made love to her, and that he was going to marry her, for which reason his wife, in her jealousy, had aided her in making her escape. "And now," she added, having concluded her narrative, "I must beg you to give me a description of the frightful massacre at Oak Dale; how you and your family managed to evade the blood-thirsty savages; and how my poor brother and Mortimer Gray lost their lives at their cruel hands."

"Lost their lives!" exclaimed the old trapper, in surprise. "Why, bless yer precious little heart they're jest as much alive as you be."

"Thank God!" she cried, her round face lighting up with an unexpected happiness. "And I have mourned them as dead for so long a time. The Indians told me they were dead, and I had no reason to disbelieve them. God has been most merciful to me, after all. Are they at Oak Dale? I must see them. I can not wait a minute."

"No, Miss Dessie," Mrs. Kingston replied, smiling as she gazed on the glad, happy face of her young friend, "your brother's been gone to San Francisco for some time. Mortimer keeps hisself down to the store most o' the time. He's engaged to be married to jest the purtiest gal at Oak Dale. Mebby you remember her—Belle Randall, Harry Randall's sister."

Had the earth suddenly opened to swallow her, Dessie Watson could not have been more bewildered and agitated. For the first time in her life, her lips refused to utter a word. Her head grew dizzy, and she feared she would certainly faint.

"You're lookin' bad, Dessie," the old trapper said, becoming alarmed. "Mebby, bein' you're tired out, you'd better let the ole woman show you to bed."

"It is almost gone now," the girl said, with a strong effort to arouse herself from the strange, bewildering sensation, which had so nearly mastered her. "I have a favor to ask of you both—a favor

which I suppose you will deem odd and uncalled for. However, I must insist that you grant it, as it is a duty which I owe to myself as well as others."

She paused, and the old trapper, surprised at the sudden change in the girl's manner, and the cold, grating tone of her voice, said—

"Speak it out. Reckon there ain't much that my ole woman an' me can do for ye that we wouldn't—is thar, ole woman?" he added, turning to his wife.

"Guess not. She knows that well enough; at least, she orter."

Dess required no further assurance, and she said: "I want you to keep the news of my return a secret. Not a soul at Oak Dale must know that I yet live. They believe me dead, and it is better that they should continue to think so. I shall write a letter to my dear brother, telling him all, and requesting him to have a home in readiness for me. In less than two weeks I shall join him. Till then I must beg you to afford me a shelter, and to keep my concealment a close secret." She looked up as she spoke, a strange, pitiable expression in her brown eyes, that the old trapper and his wife were grieved to witness.

"Dess, if you knowed how much my ole woman an' me loves you, you'd not try to deceive us," Mr. Kingston said, as he advanced to the side of his little friend, and, stooping down, gazed searchingly into the depth of her sad, brown eyes. "Tell me the truth, for I can read it plain enough in your purty face, an' confess that you love Mortimer Gray better 'n any livin' soul—better 'n your own brother, better 'n all the world."

If there was one virtue that Dess Watson loved more than another, it was that of truthfulness. Frankly and unhesitatingly she made her confession, without a quaver in her low, gentle voice.

"You have guessed the truth," she said. "I am not ashamed to admit that I loved Mortimer Gray—that I love him yet. He loved me once, and we were betrothed. I do not blame him for loving Mabel, or for marrying her. She is worthy of him, and I love them both."

The old trapper turned away with a choking sensation in his throat, while good-hearted Mrs. Kingston wiped away a tear that had crept slyly down her red, fleshy cheek.

"God knows I pity you, dear child," she said, earnestly. "Mortimer loved you once with his whole heart and soul. For a long time after he thought you dead and gone, he went about lookin' like a ghost, an' he's never appeared jest the same since. Mebby he loves Belle as much as he did you, an' mebby he don't. That secret's locked up in his own heart, an' I guess no livin' mortal 'll ever know all it holds. 'Pears to me, though, that you're not doin' jest right by him—

or yourself, either—by stayin' concealed. He may love you best; an' if he does, he'd not be actin' right if he married her."

"I can not view the matter as you do, Mrs. Kingston," Dess said, gazing gloomily into the depth of the great fire. "At all events, my mind is firmly fixed, and you will render me a kind service by withholding my secret—at least, until after they are married."

The old trapper was silent. He could not advise the girl, and, though he was grieved to know that she was suffering, he lacked words to express the great depth of his sympathy. At length, in order to divert her thoughts from her new trouble, he branched off, relating all the incidents connected with the Oak Dale massacre, their subsequent pursuit and encounter with the savages, how Mortimer Gray was wounded and how he lay for several weeks disabled, being unable to join the volunteers in their warfare against the savages. Then he relate the incidents connected with the affray in which George Watson had received an arrow wound in the left arm, and how they had subsequently caused the savages, except a small remnant, to yield up their arms and go on the reservation. He told how they had searched for Watumni, and how Hotiti, who had assured them that Watumni was dead, had maintained ignorance as to the fate of the white captive. The narration was a lengthy one, and it was late in the night when the three sought their beds—if not to sleep, to think over the strange events which had happened within the space of a little more than two years.

"It's almost like a story," Mrs. Kingston said, while the old trapper wondered what he could do or say that would make pretty Dess look and talk as she had looked and talked before hearing of the unfaithfulness of the man whom she had loved so tenderly.

Dess, from very exhaustion, soon fell into a deep, troubled sleep, in which she fancied she saw Mabel arrayed in her bridal robe of spotless white. She had never seen anything half so beautiful as Mabel; and oh, how happy, how joyous she appeared! What surprised the dreamer most, was the unnatural appearance of the bridegroom. He was handsome, happy, and there was something familiar in his face; but it was not the face of Mortimer Gray. Surprised and bewildered, she looked about the room for Mortimer, but he was nowhere to be seen. She saw the ceremony performed, the bride and groom congratulated, when she awoke to find herself enveloped in a hot, clammy perspiration, and her temples throbbing and aching fearfully.

It was late next morning when she arose, and, after making a hasty toilet, joined the old trapper and his wife at the breakfast table. She managed to pre-

sent a very cheerful face to her host and hostess, though it cost her a great effort to do so. But Dessie Watson was not the one to grieve over the inevitable, if possible to avoid it; and she tried hard enough to banish Mortimer Gray from her heart, and to be glad that he was happy in a new love. After breakfast, she penned a neat little note to her brother, the sum and substance of which was as follows:

MY DEAR BROTHER:

You must not faint with joy, please, when you learn that your sister, whom you have long mourned as dead, is living, and wishes to come to you at once. Please send sufficient funds to pay my expenses to your home. Remember that I do not want any one at Oak Dale, save Trapper Dan and his family, to know that it has pleased the Almighty to protect me from the fiendish savages. I have much to say to you, but I can wait until I can sit by your side and tell you all. Address your letter to Dan Kingston, and not to

Your loving sister,

DESS WATSON.

"Now Mr. Kingston," said the girl, as she enclosed the missive in an envelope and sealed it, "I will get you to address this letter to my brother, and then you will oblige me by putting it in the office some time to-day."

"I'll do it, Dessie," the old trapper said, taking the pen in his great, rough hand, "but the mail don't go out agin for nigh onto a week. Le's see, to-day's Thursday—no, it 'll not go out agin until next Wednesday mornin'."

So the old fellow wrote the superscription on the letter, and then put it in the inside pocket of his great overcoat, which hung against the wall.

Scarcely had he done so, ere a light rap was heard on the door, and in an instant Dess had darted into an adjoining room, almost dragging old Bruno after her.

"My gracious! If it ain't Miss Randall!" Mrs. Kingston exclaimed, as the visitor entered. "Take a seat, dear, and—dear me, child! I hadn't noticed afore how white you are. You ain't sick, be you?"

"Oh, no, not sick," Dess heard the visitor say, and she fancied her voice was not so low and sweet as it was in the days gone by, "though you know I have not been real well for a long time past," the girl added, with a sigh.

"Yes, I know; but I thought, bein' as you was goin' to git married purty soon, you'd cheer up a bit, an' mebbly git healthier. I'm powerful glad you're goin' to git a good man, Belle. You couldn't 'a' done better 'n to take Mortimer."

"No," Mabel answered; and then, as if eager to change the conversation, commenced talking about something else.

Mrs. Kingston was astonished, a few minutes later, when her youngest boy approached Mabel, and, looking her straight in the face, said: "A squaw and

a great big dog came to our house last night. She had on a cap, and a ugly, hairy gown; an' then she pulled it off an' put on ma's dress, an' made ma get her some supper."

Mabel laughed at the earnest expression of the boy, and thought, as the old trapper ordered the child to leave the room, and when she saw how very red Mrs. Kingston's face had grown, that there was some truth in the little fellow's assertion, and that there was something connected with the story which they would fain keep secret. She dismissed the matter from her mind, however, and soon after took her leave, promising to call again as soon as convenient. The boy was reprimanded for his lack of discretion, and charged never to speak of the "squaw," as he called her, without permission. Dess had been a listener to the whole conversation, and she could not suppress a smile when the boy innocently related to Mabel the event of her arrival; and she almost laughed outright when he referred to her as a "squaw." She joined her host and hostess after the visitor's departure, and the rest of the day was spent in talking over the events of the past two years. The girl laughed and chatted merrily enough, though her head ached fearfully, and her round face was flushed, presenting all the appearance of one suffering from a high fever.

Next morning she was unable to leave her bed, and old lady Kingston went to work administering catnip tea and other beverages, in the hope of inducing free perspiration; but alas! without avail. The fever continued, growing worse and worse, till on the third day the invalid became fearfully delirious. The old trapper, becoming alarmed, saddled a horse and started to Yreka, some thirty miles distant, for the purpose of laying the girl's case before a physician.

He was scarcely out of sight ere Belle Randall approached his residence. She had brought her sewing along, with the intention of spending the day with Mrs. Kingston; and the latter, as she ushered her visitor into the house, was vainly trying to invent some story that would suffice as an explanation for the wild ravings of poor Dess, who lay tossing and moaning most piteously. She could think of nothing, and Mabel saw that, for some cause or other, the old lady was ill at ease, and that there was something bearing on her mind of which she would be only too glad to relieve herself.

"Oh, George! Oh, Mortimer! You are glad, aren't you, that I escaped the cruel savages?" wailed the sick girl, and Mabel stared at Mrs. Kingston perfectly bewildered. "Oh, no, I remember now, Mortimer is not glad. He is going to marry Mabel, pretty Mabel, sweet Mabel. You will love me, won't you, Mabel? I am sure I love you, because you love Mortimer, and because you are going to marry him."

"Mrs. Kingston," exclaimed the visitor, rising to her feet, her fair face almost livid in her excitement, "this house holds a secret. Will you not disclose it to me? Perhaps I am asking too much of you, but you can do no more than refuse to admit me into your confidence."

"Set down, Belle, an' try to calm yourself. I'll tell you, though I promised to keep the secret; but seein' as you're here, an' the poor girl's most likely to die—" here the kind-hearted old lady brushed away a tear that had crept down her fleshy face—"I'll tell you, an' I hope and trust you'll keep the secret, Belle, for her dear sake."

Then she related how Dessie Watson had come in one night about a week previous, telling everything as it had occurred, save how changed the poor girl had become on hearing of her lover's betrothal. That was something she thought important to keep from Mabel, knowing that she was soon to wed the man whom the unfortunate girl loved so tenderly.

"I must see her, Mrs. Kingston," Mabel exclaimed, joyfully, and the next moment she was in the sick room, covering Dess' hot, flushed cheeks with kisses.

"Who are you?" the sick girl asked, gazing up into the visitor's sweet, gentle face with a bewildered smile. "Kiss me again, your lips are so soft and cool. There, that's right; I love you very much, and you must love me, too. Now tell George to come, and Mortimer—no, don't let him come, he must not know. But I love him, and I love Mabel—I love her because she loves Mortimer."

"Mabel's blue eyes filled with tears, and she turned away to hide her emotion. "Do you think she is dangerously ill?" she asked, evidently much alarmed.

"God only knows; I hope not. The ole man's gone to see a doctor. Poor little thing, she talks about her brother purty near all the time. That puts me in mind that to-day's mail day; an' I'll bet the ole man's gone an' carried off that letter Dessie wrote. I'll tell you what you do, Belle, dear; jest set down an' write a line to George yourself, tellin' him that his sister's here sick, and to come immediately. The poor thing may have a dreadful sickness, you know, an' may die, for all we know."

Accordingly, Mabel soon penned a brief little note to George Watson; and the old lady Kingston thought she had never seen the girl looking any prettier or happier than while thus engaged.

"Mr. Watson, dear sir," Mabel read aloud, having finished the missive, "you are wanted at Oak Dale immediately. Your sister, whom you have long mourned as dead, is alive, but very ill, at Mr. Kingston's residence. Come at once."

"That's it," said the old lady, approvingly. "Now, dear, you jest run down to the office, an' in a few days George 'll be here, sure enough."

Mabel obeyed, returning in a short time with a light step and happy face, that surprised Mrs. Kingston not a little, though she said nothing. Next morning, before day, the doctor came. It was an attack of brain fever, he said, but, with care and attention, the patient would undoubtedly recover. All were pleased with this announcement, but none more so than Mabel, who never left the sick girl's side for a moment longer than she could possibly avoid.

"Wonder what the folks 'll think when they see the doctor's been here," Mrs. Kingston remarked, as soon as the M. D. had taken his departure. "They'll come rushing in here at a terrible rate, I'm afraid. Guess we'd better tell 'em we've got a genuine case of measles or smallpox, an' I'll bet they'll steer clear of this locality."

Mabel laughed, declaring it an admirable little ruse, that would certainly afford them the desired result; and it did.

Two weeks later, and Dess had so far recovered as to be able to sit up for a few hours each day. The fever had left her pale and emaciated, but her beauty was not greatly marred. She enjoyed Mabel's society very much, and laughed and chatted with her so merrily at times, that no one unacquainted with the fact would have guessed the sorrow that had entered into her young life.

"You have never told any one that I came to life again after that hideous massacre, have you, Mabel?" she asked, one day, as the latter sat by her side, with a book in her hand, from which she had been reading aloud.

"No, Dessie, I have not, but there is one I must tell, and that very soon," Mabel replied, with a glad light in her blue eyes that did the convalescent's very soul good to witness.

"Wait until I am safely away from Oak Dale first," Dess said, "and then I do not care."

"I can not imagine what your motive for concealment may be, my dear friend; but the one whom it is necessary I should inform of your good fortune and whereabouts is a person who loves you very much, Dessie. He has told me, many, many times, that you were his first love, and that he could never take another woman to his heart and love her as he had loved you, dear."

"Oh, Harry! Poor Harry! I did not think he cared for me in that way. I like Harry very much as a friend—a brother—but not as a lover, Mabel."

Mabel laughed merrily. "It is not of him that I speak," she said, taking the invalid's little, white

hand in her own. "Did you not know that Mortimer Gray loved you, Dessie? Can you not believe that your image is graven in his heart forever?"

"Don't, Belle," the invalid pleaded, with a despairing wave of the hand, "don't try to make me believe that, when I am convinced to the contrary. The old love is but a memory to him now; yet I never blamed him—how could I? I am glad that Mortimer loves you, Mabel, and that you are worthy of him in every respect. You both have my blessing, which is truly and freely given."

"It grieves me, Dessie, to see that you doubt me," Mabel said, sadly. "If there is anything I would shrink from with loathing, it is a falsehood, especially in a case like this. I admit that at present I am betrothed to Mortimer Gray, but though I entertain the highest regard for him as a companion, a friend, I can never, never love him as a girl should love her future husband. I told him all, I had no desire to deceive him, and he as frankly confessed the true state of his feelings toward me. He told me of a love which he had cherished more than life itself; of a little girl whose image was graven in the innermost depth of his heart, and that girl was no other than Dessie Watson. But she was gone, gone from him forever. He esteemed me very highly, he said, and he would willingly devote his whole life in trying to promote my happiness. But can a girl who has ever once truly and devotedly loved, be happy with a love like that, Dessie? I told him, then and there, of a love which I had foolishly allowed to steal into my heart—a love which was as utterly hopeless as his own. He knew all, as well as I knew the true state of his feelings for me. Urged by my father, however, I became his affianced bride. What difference did it make, at all events? Life held nothing in store for me that I valued very highly; but I could see that my promise had not gladdened the heart of the man who was to be my future husband. What I have told you, Dessie, is the truth, as I call on heaven to bear me witness. You have now heard my story, and will you not make me much happier by receiving Mortimer, who loves you as fondly as ever, as your accepted lover?"

"I can not doubt you, Mabel," Dess said, as she raised her companion's white hand to her lips and kissed it fervently. "You have acted nobly, inasmuch as you have adhered to the truth so strenuously throughout all. Poor, poor Mortimer! How he must have suffered; but scarcely more so than you, you dear, dear girl. I hope from the depth of my heart that you may yet be very, very happy. Your love may not be hopeless, Mabel. Some time in the future—"

"Hush, you little goose; don't try to inspire my heart with a hope that can never be realized. I am

now going home for a little while, and perhaps, on my return, I will bring Mortimer with me. Shall I?" and she stooped down and kissed Dess' smiling lips in all the sincerity of her loving heart.

"My happiness is inexpressible, Mabel. You may tell Mortimer to come, if his heart is unchanged."

"You may expect him, then," Mabel said, laughingly, as she left the room.

Almost the first person she encountered on reaching the store was Mortimer Gray. "Come in the parlor, Mortimer," she said, "I have something to say to you, that is of vital importance to us both."

When the two had entered the parlor, she motioned him to a seat, while she threw herself into an easy chair facing him. She hardly knew how to broach the subject, but broach it she must, so she began—

"I have been thinking of late, Mortimer, that the engagement existing between us can not bring happiness to either of us. It is worse than folly for a couple to wed, loving only as we do. With all friendly feeling and due respect to you, I release you from our engagement."

Mortimer was surprised, but his face did not turn a shade paler, and his voice was as calm as usual as he replied—

"I will release you, Mabel. I hope only that I have said or done nothing to offend you. I see you look unusually happy, however, and I am glad for your sake."

"I think you, too, will be more than happy when I have told you all, Mortimer," the girl said, with an arch look. "There is a dear little girl down at Mr. Kingston's, who has been very ill. She is better now, though, and she told me to tell you, that if your heart was loyal, to come to her at once."

The glad light that shown in the depth of the speaker's blue eyes inspired Mortimer Gray's heart with happiness, and, rising to his feet, he exclaimed, eagerly—

"Tell me all, Mabel. There is more—what is it?"

"Be calm, please," the girl said, laughingly. "Give me time, and I will tell you, not all, but enough. Little Dess Watson has come to life again, and is only too anxious for your appearance."

Mortimer waited to hear no more. Seizing his hat, he rushed from the room, and up the valley road, neither turning to look to the right nor the left. Mabel walked out on the porch to gaze after him, just as a horseman dashed up to the house. The next moment George Watson had her frail little hand clasped in his, as he said—

"You wrote that letter, Ma—Miss Randall, I mean. Your eyes tell me that all is well."

"Yes, all is well, Mr. Watson. You must not go to her just now, however. Mortimer Gray just flew away in that direction like a bullet shot out of a rifle," Mabel said, laughing lightly, as she turned to re-enter the house, followed by the newcomer.

The young man was cordially welcomed by her father, and half an hour passed away, in which time they discussed freely the event of Dess' return. A few minutes later, when George essayed to take his departure, Harry would not hear to it, saying, as he stood himself between the young man and the doorway—

"You shall not go a step until you have dined with us. I can imagine your anxiety to see your sister, but just now, if you should rush in upon the happy pair, you might be the means of interrupting a very loving scene."

"Poor Mortimer was fairly beside himself with delight when I told him that his loved one still lived," Mabel said, laughing merrily. "Wait until after tea, and, with your permission, I will accompany you," she added.

Half an hour later, as they were walking up the valley road, the young man said, as he gazed full into his companion's fair face: "You are almost an enigma, my little friend. I can not imagine how you can refer to Mortimer as my sister's lover, when you are his betrothed bride. And yet you seem happy."

"He has always been her lover," Mabel replied, "and now he is wholly hers. I have released him from the unpleasant bondage that existed between us."

"Unpleasant! What do you mean, Mabel?"

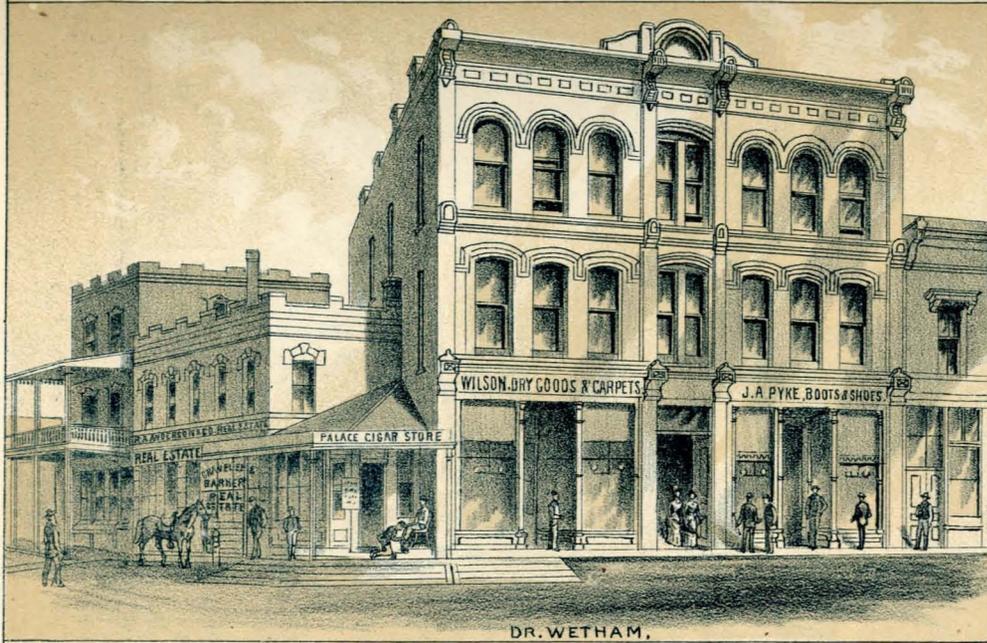
"Simply that we did not love each other. He was honest, and told me the true state of his feelings toward me; while I, on my part, was equally candid. We became engaged, but not happy."

"And I would have staked my life that he alone possessed your heart. I must tell you something, Mabel—I will tell you—and then you can drive me from you forever if you choose."

Impulsively the young man took the girl's white hand in his own; and as she gazed up into his deep, earnest eyes, she was thrilled by the love-light that shone in their depth.

"I love you, Mabel. It is a secret which I never dared to reveal, believing that you and Mortimer loved each other. You are the only woman, besides my mother and sister, that I have ever loved; and, though I know you can never care for me more than as a friend, it has relieved me to tell you, nevertheless."

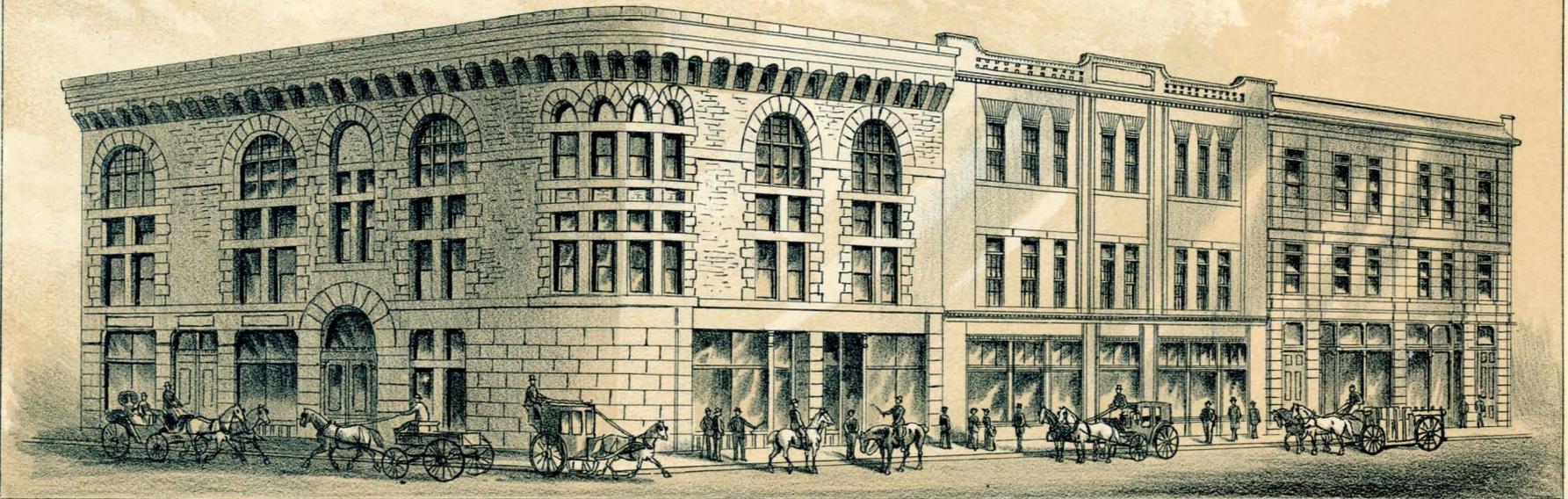
"Oh, George, why did you not tell me this long, long ago, when it cost me such an effort to try to give you up?" Mabel asked, laying her hand, which the young man had suddenly released, on her shoulder.



DR. WETHAM,



A. HOLMAN.



SIR DONALD A. SMITH.

LORD DURHAM.

LORD ELPHINSTONE.

VANCOUVER B.C.



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In his joy, George caught the fair girl to his breast, regardless as to who might witness the happy scene. "Then you love me, Mabel? Oh, my darling! I did not dream, when I came here, that such great happiness awaited me. And you love me, and will be my wife, Mabel?" he asked, fearful that he had not understood her aright.

"I have never loved any one else, George, and I will wed you, and then I shall be a sister to dear, darling little Dess, whom I love so much. Oh, let me go, please; you forget how near we are to Mr. Kingston's," the happy girl said, releasing herself from the young man's ardent embrace.

"So we are, but it makes no difference. I shall introduce you as my future bride, if you will let me," George said, as he took his fiancée's hand and pressed it fervently, as he led her to the door.

As they entered, the scene that met their gaze was a most happy one—Mortimer Gray seated by the side of Dessie Watson, with her pretty little head reclining on his broad, manly breast, while Trapper Dan and his wife looked on, apparently happy in seeing their happiness. Old Bruno was evidently much pleased with the state of affairs, as he lay before the fire, now and then looking up into his mistress' face to assure himself that she was content. We will not endeavor to describe the meeting between brother and sister, who had been so cruelly separated for more than two years, or how cordially George was received by Mortimer Gray, as well as by the old trapper and his wife. But when Dess had kissed and embraced him to her heart's content, Mabel crept slyly up to her side and whispered—

"Haven't you a kiss for me also, just one?"

Dess kissed her tenderly, but was surprised when her brother said, as he took Mabel's little hand in his—

"Allow me to introduce your future sister-in-law, Dessie. Mabel has promised to be my bride, which I hope will be at no distant day."

"Oh, Belle what a sly little minx you are! Stoop down quick, and let me kiss you again and again, you dear little darling."

"And this is the hopeless love you spoke of, is it?" Mortimer laughed, as he clasped Mabel's hand in his own.

"Wall, now, folks, I mus' say things is runnin' mighty cur'ous, somehow or other," the old trapper

put in, stretching his long legs toward the fire. "I'm mighty glad to see you all so happy like. Here, two weeks ago our little savage never wanted to look on Mortimer Gray's face agin, an' now it appears she can't look at it enough. Mortimer was goin' to marry one gal, an' nów he's goin to marry t'other. Mabel, that used to go pokin' about, lookin' like a ghost, is the happiest little mortal I ever see; an' George Watson looks like the world only held one purty pusson, an' that pusson was Belle Randall. It all seems plagued queer, somehow or other. Come, ole woman, give us a buss, jest to start the ball rollin', you know." So saying, the old fellow caught the "ole woman" in his arms, and, despite her efforts, succeeded in capturing the desired "buss," as he called it.

Before dark, the house was filled with people, who, having heard of the return of little Dess, came flocking in, two, three, and sometimes as many as a half dozen at a time, to assure themselves that it was the genuine Dessie Watson, and not her ghost, that had so mysteriously appeared. Among the number were Harry Randall and his father, who were not content to retire until they had heard the girl relate the story of her captivity and adventures among the savages.

"It all sounds like a story, by Jove!" Harry declared, as the girl concluded her narrative. "The way that old chief got smitten with your charms on the day of your strange encounter in the forest, and then that he should have been the means of saving your life on the day of the massacre. Your youth, beauty and daring evidently warmed the old fellow's heart; and he was going to marry you, whether you liked it or not, which so aroused his wife's jealousy that she was only too glad to aid you in your flight."

"Yes, an' the way she came in upon us one night, rigged out an' out like a squaw, an' frightened the ole woman near out of her senses; an' had got to be sech a savage that she positively refused to ever look on Mortimer Gray's face agin," the old trapper added, with a mischievous glance at Dess and her lover, both of whom enjoyed the joke immensely.

We will pass over the few happy weeks following, when Oak Dale was favored with a double wedding; and the couples thus happily united are still living in the little valley.

GENE LECREG.

## NOMENCLATURE OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

ONE of the first things to attract the attention of tourists in the west is the polyglot nature of its nomenclature. French, Spanish, Scotch, English, American, Indian and Chinook jargon names have struggled with each other for the mastery, and in the contest have often become so confused and disjointed as to retire from the field and leave it in possession of a hybrid. The contest has left us many names of a doubtful origin, and, as now spoken and written, of no significance. English names "Frenchified," French names Anglicized, Indian and French names Americanized, abound on every hand, interspersed with purer titles of English, Scotch, French, Spanish and American origin, with not a few derived from the harsh, but expressive Chinook.

In the process of evolution, which is still going on, many names have entirely lost their original significance, and have become transformed into others possessing distinct and apparently irrelevant meanings. Thus "Cowse" creek, named after a bulbous plant of great edible value and much prized by the Indians, is now plain "Cow" creek, and is supposed by the majority of the people living along its banks to have been christened in honor of some frisky bovine of pioneer days. So long as the intensely practical and unimaginative American, with little reverence for antiquity and a high regard for the practicalities of the present, shall continue to occupy this fair land, the names of foreign origin must continue to submit to this process of evolution, though in a less degree than in the past. The extremely off-handed manner in which the early settlers of Oregon and California, especially of the latter state, dealt with the well known names of the country, must have been highly annoying to those who had been accustomed to speak them in their purity. The Argonauts of '49 in California slaughtered the Spanish names even more recklessly than did the white-wagon immigrants of Oregon the Canadian-French titles of the adjacent state. Some of the names they translated, using the synonymous English word; in other cases they preserved the spelling but changed the pronunciation, or kept the same pronunciation with a different spelling, or radically altered both; while in many instances old names were entirely discarded and new ones bestowed.

From this it will be understood why many of our geographical features have several names, and why there is not, and in the very nature of things can not be, any standard authority for either the pronunciation or orthography of many of them. They have "grewed" like Topsy, and like that erratic colored maiden claim neither kin nor parentage. It will be of interest to many to know, as nearly as can be as-

certained, the origin of some of the names of most common use, the reason for their being bestowed, the process of their evolution, if such a change has taken place, and the other titles the same objects have borne in times past. In a more elaborate article, these might be classified according to their origin, but in this brief sketch they will be taken at random, and necessarily a great many will not be spoken of at all.

Let us begin with the names of the states and territories. California is a word of doubtful origin. It first appeared, so far as is now known, in a popular romance which was published in Seville, Spain, in the year 1510. It was entitled "The Sergas of Esplandian, the Son of Amadis, of Gaul," and related many wonderful adventures of that mythical person. In this book occurred the following passage: "Know that on the right hand of the Indies there is an island called California, very near the Terrestrial Paradise, which was peopled by black women, without any men among them, because they were accustomed to live after the manner of the Amazons. They were of strong and hardened bodies, of ardent courage, and of great force. The island was the strongest in the world, from its steep rocks and great cliffs. Their arms were all of gold, and so were the caparisons of of the wild beasts they rode."

This exciting and popular book was universally read in Spain for many years after its publication, and no doubt did much to inflame the young cavaliers with that spirit of adventure which took so many of them to the New World in search of the fountain of perpetual youth, and mythical cities with their stores of silver, gold and precious stones, for which they searched for more than two centuries. Twenty-five years later, Cortez, having completed his bloody conquest of Mexico, and having constructed vessels on the Pacific coast of that country, dispatched an expedition in search of an island "of Amazons, or women only, abounding in pearls and gold," of which the "great men" had told him. The result of this expedition was the discovery of the peninsula of Lower California, to which the historian Gomez informs us was given the name California. There have been various speculations among scholars and geographers concerning the origin of this word, and by some of them the early explorers have been credited with manufacturing it from the Latin *calix fornax* (a hot furnace), or the Spanish *callida fornalla*. If they did, it is the only instance on record where they manufactured a word in such a cold-blooded and scientific manner. The chief objection to this pedantic origin is the fact that the name appeared in its purity, in the passage quoted above, more than a quarter of a century before, and it is highly probable that the name that was to stir the cupidity and enterprise of the

world three centuries later was only an arbitrary creation in the mind of the dreamy old romancer of Seville.

Another word, about which there is even more dispute, is the name of our own state, Oregon. Several more or less plausible theories have been advanced, but to each of which, save one, there are fatal objections. I will give the right one first, and that will help us to detect the weak points in the others. The first time the word Oregon appeared in print was in 1776. Captain Jonathan Carver published in London a narrative of his travels west of the Mississippi river ten years previously, in which he applies the name to a stream which the Indians told him flowed westward from the "Stony" mountains to the Pacific. The existence of such a river had long been known by those hardy French explorers, who had for years traversed the region of the lakes and the Father of Waters, and was indicated on the maps of the period as the "River of the West." On Spanish maps it was noted as the "Rio de Aguilar," "Rio de Los Reyes" and "Rio Thegayo," from incidents connected with several more or less fictitious voyages, the details of which are too extensive to be given here. Whence Carver derived his authority to call the River of the West the "Oregon" is a matter of pure speculation, but he probably supposed it to be the name of the stream from some half understood words spoken by the Indians. That he was mistaken, is certain, because not an Indian tribe from the lakes to the ocean was afterwards found to have that word in its language. Other theories of its origin are founded upon a similarity of sound, and are plausible only to those unfamiliar with the history of early explorations by land and sea. One, advanced by Archbishop Blanchet, is that it had its root in the Spanish word *oreja* (ear), and came from the qualifying word *orejon* (big ear), a name that he assumes was applied to the natives by the early Spanish explorers. This will not stand a moment's examination, as it has three weak points. Up to that time no explorers had landed on the coast of Oregon, the record of no Spanish voyage contains any note of any such title having been applied to the natives of this region, and, finally, the Indians of Oregon did not possess larger auricular appendages than their brethren to the north and south of them. Another theory is that the Spanish explorers bestowed the name because of the wild marjoram (*origanum*) found along the coast. The first objection given to the preceding theory is fatal to this one also, the name having been bestowed by Carver before the Spanish navigators had an opportunity to botanize along the coast. In 1792, sixteen years after Carver's book was published, Captain Robert Gray, in the American ship *Columbia*, discovered and en-

tered the mouth of the river, and named it after his vessel. From that time it was variously called Columbia and Oregon, the former title gradually becoming fixed upon the river and the latter upon the country through which it flows. In its original application, Oregon designated all the region between the Rocky mountains and the Pacific, and between California and an indefinite point to the north, sometimes as far as "fifty-four-forty-or-eight," the southern limit of Russian jurisdiction. After the treaty of 1846, it was restricted to that portion south of the international line, and has since been further limited by the creation of new territories, until now it designates only our own beautiful and fertile state.

The original title given by Vancouver in 1792 to the region extending from California to British Columbia, was "New Georgia," but the discovery of the Columbia the same year by Captain Gray served to fix upon it the title of "Oregon," as has been previously stated. As settlements were made, that portion lying north of the Columbia gradually became known as "Northern Oregon." A convention was held at Monticello, a town on the Cowlitz, in 1852, which adopted a memorial to congress asking for the creation of a separate territory north of the river, to be called "Columbia." This title was in the bill reported to the house of representatives on the 8th of February, 1853, but Richard H. Stanton, of Kentucky, moved that the name "Washington" be substituted, remarking that we already had a District of Columbia, but that no state or territory yet bore the name of the "Father of His Country." The amendment carried, and thus was given to this magnificent commonwealth a name which honors it and is honored by it in a degree which no other state in the union can surpass. With this title, in spite of all efforts of interested parties to have it changed, the territory will soon enter the great sisterhood, just one century after the man who made the name illustrious was inaugurated the first president of a nation whose struggle for liberty his genius and patriotism had crowned with success.

Nevada received its name from the mountains which border it on the west, the Sierra Nevada (snowy mountains), of California, so named by the early Spanish residents of the latter state. The mountains well deserve the title, for I have seen snow on them twenty feet deep, with a crust so hard that a four-horse stage, on wheels, made regular trips across it for days with as much ease as they could have done on a plank road. At other times, when the snow is deep and there is no crust, the stage is put on runners and the horses have snow shoes upon their feet, consisting of thin plates of steel about nine or ten inches square. However applicable the term may be to the

mountains, it does not specially apply to the state, since much less of the "fleecy drapery" enshrouds its soil in winter than many other states of the union. In fact, moisture is the crying need of the Silver State, whose soil possesses all the elements of fertility, and requires only the vitalizing power of water to become one of the leading agricultural regions of the country.

British Columbia was originally called "New Hanover" and "New Cornwall," by Vancouver, the former applying to the southern half. Later, when it was occupied by the Scotch representatives of the Northwest and Hudson's Bay companies, it was christened "New Caledonia." The first official designation was given it in 1858, when the English parliament passed an act to "provide for the government of British Columbia." James Douglas, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose headquarters were, and still are, in Victoria, a man well known to the pioneers of Oregon, was appointed governor. The chief reason why "New Caledonia" was dropped and "British Columbia" substituted, was that there already was a New Caledonia in the large island of that name lying east of Australia.

Alaska comes to us direct from the Russians, though it was spelled "Aliaska" by the Muscovites. They first stumbled upon it, or rather were driven upon it in a storm, while exploring Behring sea, in 1732. Though many official expeditions were made during the next fifty years, and an extensive fur trade was carried on along the American coast, the Russians held for a long time very crude ideas of that region. As late as 1774, they supposed Aliaska to be a huge island, surrounded by lesser ones. In that year a map was issued in a book entitled "Description of the Newly Discovered Islands of the Sea Between Asia and America." Upon this map the coast of America was indicated as running northwesterly from California to the seventieth degree of latitude, which was its extreme northern and western limit. Lying between America and Asia, in that latitude, was a vast sea of islands, the largest of which was Aliaska separated from Asia only by the narrow channel of Behring's straits. A few years later, this geographical enigma was solved by Captain Cook. Aliaska, always so called by Russia, was designated on our maps as "Russian America," until after its purchase by the United States, when the latter title was dropped, and "Alaska," as now spelled and pronounced, adopted.

No two names are more closely identified with Oregon than "Multnomah" and "Willamette," and they are closely related to each other in their adoption by the first white invaders. Both are of Indian origin, notwithstanding the "Frenchy" appearance

of the latter, due, by the way, to the process of transformation alluded to in the beginning of this article. When Lewis and Clarke began their return journey from Fort Clatsop, in the spring of 1806, they followed up the south bank of the Columbia to the mouth of the Willamette, thus discovering the existence of the great river of Western Oregon, whose mouth they had failed to note as they passed down the Columbia the fall before. An Indian village was found on Sauvie's, or Wapato, island, the name of which was Multnomah, which title, however, the explorers understood to be applied to the river instead of the village. Hence the maps of Lewis and Clarke's expedition have the great tributary of the Columbia designated as the "Multnomah." This error was early discovered by the fur traders, and when American settlers entered the valley the name "Wallamet" was in full use as the title not only of the river, but the beautiful and fruitful valley through which it flows. Multnomah, by far the prettier name, was not allowed to vanish from our vocabulary, and when the county in which Portland is situated was created, in 1854, this pleasing Indian word was selected for its title. It is also borne by one of the charming waterfalls which plunge over the basaltic cliffs in the great gorge of the Columbia.

An incident which occurred at the Multnomah village is related in the narrative of the expedition. The Indians refused to give the white strangers food, and Captain Clarke, in order to impress them with his power, entered one of their habitations and cast a few sulphur matches into the fire. The effect was most ludicrous, for the astonished savages, when they saw the blue flames of the burning sulphur, fled in terror of the "evil fire" which the great "medicine man" had made. They begged him to extinguish it, and brought him liberal gifts of food as a propitiatory offering. The food was accepted and the explorers passed on their way, leaving behind them a most wholesome respect for their skill in manipulating the agencies of the evil one and "making medicine" of an entirely new and astonishing nature.

"Multnomah" has descended to us in its purity, but "Wallamet" has been sadly corrupted. All the early pioneers agree in the statement that when they came the word was pronounced *Wahl-am-et*, and in this they are supported by the records of pioneer times and by the diaries kept in those days, as well as by numerous private papers, in all of which the word, though variously spelled, has "a" for its first vowel instead of "i," and ends in "t" or "tt," instead of "tte." In the diary of P. L. Edwards, in which are narrated the incidents of the bringing of cattle from California to Oregon in 1837, the name is spelled "Wallamet." Just how the change in spell-

ing has been effected is uncertain, but though our people submit gracefully to the "Frenchified" orthography, they insist upon pronouncing it as nearly like the original as possible, keeping the accent on the second syllable, with the short sound of "a." Everywhere else in the United States it bears the pronunciation necessary in the lines of Stephen Maybell's famous poem—

They're going to build, I feel it, yet,  
A bridge across the Willamette.

It is one of the first shocks the newcomer's belief in his knowledge of all things receives, when he learns that the French "*Willa-mette*" is the mongrel "*Wil-lam-et*," and ought to be the pure Indian "*Wal-am-et*." Mongrel it is, and mongrel it will always remain, for the hundred thousand who so called it a few years ago are now five hundred thousand, and in a brief period will be a million, and all the geographies and cyclopedias, and all the schoolmams of Yankeedom will not avail to force "*Willa-mette*" upon the future millions of Oregon.

H. L. WELLS.

#### MEMORIAL DAY.

Blow soft, ye balmy breeze of spring,  
Swing low, ye warblers on the wing,  
The kiss of sunbeams we entreat,  
The dew's caress, as nectar sweet,  
Above the mounds on blood-drenched plain,  
Above the graves where lie the slain.

We, too, will bend in rev'rent love  
Each soldier dust and bed above;  
With willing hands our offering strow  
Alike o'er grave of friend and foe,  
Believing each to conscience true—  
The boys in gray, as well as blue.

VELMA CALDWELL MELVILLE.

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**MANUFACTURING INTERESTS OF VANCOUVER.**


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ONE of the most important factors that can be brought to bear on the development of a new region like British Columbia is manufacturing. The existence of rich stores of natural wealth is of little consequence, unless there are some means of reducing that wealth to a commercial basis. Resources become valuable in proportion as they are utilized. Few of the articles of commerce are found, as such, in the natural state. The natural products generally require more or less modification before they enter, to any great extent, into the markets of the world; and the further this process is carried into the section where the raw materials are produced, the more of the benefits of natural riches are retained at home and development is accelerated. The business men of British Columbia are keenly alive to the advantages which manufacturing brings to them, and they lend every encouragement. The nature and extent of the manufacturing interests of the province will compare favorably with those of any other region of similar characteristics and in a corresponding stage of industrial development.

The variety of natural resources existing in British Columbia makes it a good country for the prosecution of nearly all kinds of manufacturing. The woods of the province are valuable and abundant, the mines possess untold wealth of many kinds, and fisheries, farms and ranges contribute to the support which factories must have. Good transportation facilities are a recent acquisition, but they are increasing in response to the rapidly growing demand for them, and no fears are entertained of any hampering influence from that source. Besides the many resources that now enter into the calculations of manufacturers there, new discoveries are constantly being made and the utilization of the vast volume of raw products can not but make a manufacturing region of more than ordinary importance.

As lumbering was the first industry that engaged the attention of British Columbians, its present value is greater than any other. It employs more men and yields a larger annual output, reduced to the stern scale of dollars and cents, than any other manufacturing industry in the province. Saw mills are in operation at various points of advantage along the coast line, on the shores of the numerous indentations, and on two or three of the larger rivers. The total number of mills now in the province is twenty-six, varying in their output from three thousand feet daily, which is the product of a small Indian mill on Naas river, to one hundred and ten thousand feet of sawed lumber. Vancouver is the great lumbering center for the whole region, and it has within its limits and in

the immediate vicinity six saw mills, one planing mill, one shingle mill and two large sash and door factories, the annual product of which is valued at \$2,500,000.00. These mills furnish regular employment to about fifteen hundred hands. They turn out various grades of rough and planed lumber, to suit the demands of the market, and a large portion of the product is exported to foreign countries.

In shipping the lumber, it is found advantageous in many instances not to saw it too small. Besides the large pieces of timber for special uses, a portion designed for boards to be used for building purposes is left in square sticks. Cargoes for long ocean voyages are often prepared in this manner, because the cost of handling the timber, which is an important item to the shipper, in that form is but a fraction of what it would be in the form of planks or inch boards, and all that has to be done in order to convert it into lumber of any desired thickness is to run it through a gang at its destination. A vessel can carry more lumber in this form than in any other, and do it with less risk. The large markets of China and some other foreign ports are prepared to receive lumber in this form, and the custom of merely squaring the timber for such shipments is growing in favor among lumbermen. Most of the consignments, however, are of the usual classes of lumber. The principal foreign countries to which timber is shipped from Vancouver are China, Japan, Australia and the states of Central America, South America and Europe. It is the leading article of commerce with those countries.

While the foreign demand was the first developed and is constantly growing in importance, the recent changes that have occurred in the industrial condition of the northwestern provinces of Canada render the domestic and local markets of scarcely less moment to the manufacturer. A considerable number of the saw mills recently established depend entirely on the local demand for their patronage, and they find it increasing fully as fast as the facilities for supplying it. The farming sections and mining camps of the interior are using large quantities of lumber, and the growing towns along the line of the railway also have a brisk trade in that commodity. The manufacture of sash, doors and blinds in Vancouver is a profitable adjunct of the saw mill business, and it is capable of great expansion. The demand for that class of manufactures is chiefly in the cities, where much building is being done.

A furniture factory, having an annual output worth \$75,000.00, has passed through the experimental stage in Vancouver and received such encouraging support that its capacity is being greatly increased. All ordinary household furniture is made there. The country has an exhaustless supply of the

finest maple, alder, cedar, pine, spruce, etc., that could profitably be manufactured into furniture and machinery. A carriage factory, with a capacity for manufacturing \$75,000.00 worth of carriages per annum, was lately built, and the enterprise promises to be more than ordinarily successful. Among the other manufactories of wood that would find a good field for operation at Vancouver may be mentioned woodenware factories and pulp mills. There is an especially promising opening for the manufacture of all kinds of woodenware, the materials being at hand and the demand for the product being very strong. Cooperage works would also flourish. Any manufacturing institutions that can use fir, cedar, spruce, cypress, hemlock, pine, maple or alder will do well at Vancouver.

There is great need for smelting establishments in British Columbia to aid in developing the mineral resources. A lead smelter of a daily capacity of sixty tons has just been completed in Vancouver, and it will treat ore from mines over six hundred miles distant, as well as from those that are nearer. Efforts are being made to have a large iron smelter erected in the city, a liberal bonus being offered to reliable parties who will inaugurate such an enterprise. Iron and coal are now produced in large quantities within thirty miles of the city, and there would be no lack of patronage for a smelter. Reduction works for gold and silver ores are also needed to encourage the mining of the precious metals in various parts of the province.

The largest manufacturing establishment now in operation in the city belongs to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The terminal works and machine shops of that company do an immense amount of work in building and repairing railroad stock, and consume large quantities of wood and iron. All the iron used could, with the proper means for working, be taken in the ore and put through every process of preparation by local industries. To supply the means for working, which are now lacking, is one of the things the business men of the city have in view. Iron smelters, foundries and rolling mills are sure to be established in Vancouver. There now is a foundry and machine shop in the city, besides the Canadian Pacific machine shops, but none of the iron used is smelted by local industry. The foundries and machine shops do a large volume of business, and it will not be long before the other complements of iron working will be numbered among the manufacturing industries of the city.

The steadily increasing volume of agricultural products is calling attention to the necessity for utilizing them to better advantage than has yet been done. Most particularly is attention directed to the

need for preparing the products of the range for use at home, instead of sending them abroad to be treated by the skilled labor of other people and then returned for consumption near where produced. Wool and hides are the chief articles of this class of goods. Woolen mills should be constructed in Vancouver. They would have peculiar advantages in that the tariff prevents competition from better developed sections of the Pacific slope, and the long haul from the east increases the selling price considerably, and Australian wool can be shipped in free of duty to mix with the home product, thus enabling manufacturers to make a superior quality of goods. Labor may be easily obtained, and the demand will more than warrant the establishment of such enterprises. The entire wool crop, not only of the local ranges and farms, but of all the northwest Canadian provinces as well, will go to Vancouver when it has woolen factories to handle it. In this line of operation Vancouver is almost beyond any sort of rivalry. The superior facilities for obtaining the raw products and for marketing the manufactured articles give it great advantage over other manufacturing places. China and Japan will take all the woolen goods that can be manufactured there.

Tanneries and manufactories of boots and shoes are also among the institutions that would benefit Vancouver and be profitable investments. Tan bark is cheap and plentiful. The northwestern provinces would be glad to send their hides to British Columbia to market, and all kinds of leather goods could be manufactured to advantage in Vancouver. Of course, more or less of this kind of work is done in the custom shops of the city, but large establishments are wanted—institutions that will employ a great number of hands and give the city a reputation abroad.

Another of the staples of trade with foreign countries is flour, and the farmers about Vancouver are raising wheat enough to warrant the erection of flouring mills of large capacity. This will surely prove a profitable field for large mills operating in the foreign trade. Smaller mills will do a flourishing local business, and use buckwheat, Indian corn and miscellaneous grains for home consumption.

Among the more important of the city's industries is the Vancouver Lime Works, which, from a very small beginning in 1887, has grown to be the largest lime works in the province, having a capacity for producing one hundred and fifty barrels of lime per day. The limestone is obtained from the company's quarries on Texada island, and the product is said to be the best in the market.

Vancouver has three breweries, which, in addition to supplying the local trade, are beginning to bottle and ship their product. The city has the usual com-

plement of manufacturers and repairers, such as carpenters, blacksmiths, tinsmiths, etc., but it is reaching out for larger enterprises and more of them. There is no other city in the country of the age of Vancouver that can show the variety and volume of manufacturing that it can. If it had been established thirty or forty years, and the region around the town were thoroughly developed, its list of manufactories would not have special significance. But it should not be forgotten that the city is the result of but three years growth, and that the country surrounding it is just beginning to yield its resources. The manufactured output of Vancouver is now of great importance to the whole province, and what it will be a few years hence, at its present rate of advancement, is very gratifying to contemplate.

With its saw mills, car shops, foundries, machine shops, carriage works, planing mills, sash and door factories, furniture factory, lime kiln and smelter, Vancouver has a very satisfactory nucleus about which to build extensive and varied manufacturing interests. It is attracting capital to those interests and supporting a large portion of its population by them. It draws to the city a class of skilled artisans that gives it a substantial political, as well as industrial, existence. The success which has attended the efforts of manufacturers thus far is one of the best arguments that can be employed to induce others to locate there.

The healthy condition of its manufacturing interests is one of the most important influences that contribute to the general growth of Vancouver. The mere fact that it is an important transportation point would not necessarily secure permanent prominence, and if it were only a commercial city others would grow up with the development of the country, and might eclipse it; but having the by no means to be despised advantages of superior transportation facilities and a large commerce, the building up of extensive manufacturing industries intrenches it in the leading position it has assumed and gives it an impetus for further advancement that could not otherwise be acquired. The effect is observed in all lines of business. There is no hesitation for fear the present prosperity shall prove to be transitory, no distrust of the future. The city does not feed upon the tributary country without giving any return benefit, but it rather becomes an active agent in promoting the growth of the entire region by utilizing the forces that would otherwise remain dormant.

The manufactories of Vancouver are on both Burrard inlet and False creek, where there is ample water front and at the same time direct railway communication. The railway extends across the city and runs along both water fronts. Across the inlet is Moodyville, only three miles away, where one of the largest saw mills in the province is located. At the head of the inlet is Port Moody, another saw mill town. On the south side of False creek are choice sites that are being improved for factories. There is on every side a warm welcome for such institutions, and special inducements in various ways are offered for the investment of capital in manufacturing. Aside from the ordinary business advantages that exist, suitable bonuses of cash, free building sites, or otherwise, are volunteered by the business men.

The large area which the city already covers, and the considerable distance in many cases between residences and offices, shops or factories, render desirable facilities for conveying people between those points. This need has led to the organization of a street railway company, which has obtained a franchise on several of the principal streets and is bound to build and equip for operating this year between three and four miles, traversing the city so as to accommodate as great a number as possible. This road will be rapidly extended so as to compass the whole city. Whether it will be operated by horses, electricity or steam, is not yet determined. It is not to build through a barren suburb to assist in selling real estate, but through thickly populated districts, and it is one of the many evidences of the substantial character of the city.

An important feature of the industrial situation at Vancouver is the protection which is afforded by the Canadian tariff laws. The duties imposed on foreign importations effectually exclude the competition from older settled and better developed sections of the Pacific slope, and the cost of transportation from the east is great, so markets of the entire province at least are at the disposal of Vancouver manufacturers, and that is no small consideration. Then the exceptionally good means for reaching all parts of the world by water and land transportation lines places an unlimited market before them. The variety and richness of tributary resources and the commanding geographical position which the city occupies add features that make this an unrivaled location for most kinds of manufacturing.

## BAB, OR LIVES THAT TOUCHED.

## PART II.

WEEKS passed, and December came in with unusual severity, and there promised a snowy, cold Christmas. Bab had well nigh lost all hope, and the effort to keep up was growing painfully apparent; and to make matters worse, Brother Dunham was a frequent visitor, loading her with gifts and sickening her with his protestations of love, but she dare not resist. In fact, it made little difference now, for she would never be his bride. If worst came to worst there was a tiny phial of "medicine," she called it, hidden away among her belongings, that would quickly lull her to a dreamless sleep and place her forever beyond his power. Christmas was only two days off, and everything was in readiness for the coming nuptials. Mechanically she spread out the white woolen dress with its soft ermine trimmings. "I shall probably wear it, but not as they think," she muttered, as a strange calmness took possession of her. Throwing a shawl around her she sat down by the window and gazed out into the darkness toward the mountains. "They are there, if I can not see them, just as mother is somewhere and I can not see her, but I know she's there," she thought.

"Ole Dunham's come sparkin' agin," giggled Sarah Jane, Julia's eldest child, as she burst unceremoniously into the room. "My, ain't ye most froze? Yer beau was jes tellin' pap that he never knowed it so cold in Utah afore; an' maw, she says kinder sassy like, 'ye orter know, Brother Dunham, fer I guess yer the oldes' inhabitant.'" Sarah Jane giggled again, but Bab never turned her white face from the window or spoke a word.

"Say, Bab, what ails ye? Why don't ye answer me, er git up, er somethin'?"

"I'm sick and can't come, say; be a good girl and wait till I get into bed and then you can tell them I am in bed."

"Pap an' ole Dunham'll be mad."

"I don't care; anyway they'll think I was in bed when you came up if you don't tell."

Sarah Jane sat shivering on a stool while Bab made rapid preparations for the night.

"There, go tell 'em," and once more the wretched girl was left alone for the night.

The family below received Sarah Jane's rather unintelligible story with little surprise, and no one was deceived but the imbecile old suitor, whose anxiety concerning her was ludicrous.

The house was wrapped in slumber when Bab was roused from a half doze, half reverie, by a faint tapping on the window pane. Springing up she wrap-

ped a quilt about her and cautiously raised the sash.

"Ned," she whispered.

"It's me, Miss Bab, to be sure," in the same tone.

"I spose Dick's girl'll be here in time fer the weddin'. I got a letter tother day sayin' she'd be here by Christmas," said Judge Fletcher, of Denver, one morning late in December. "I told you that her father was dead, you remember?" he went on, addressing Pauline, his daughter, who sat idly toying with her teaspoon.

"Of course, I remember that, but you did not say the girl was coming here this winter; you said 'sometime.'"

"Well, ain't this 'sometime?'" and the judge laughed at his own smartness, and continued—

"Poor Dick; he was cranky, thought he'd been called to preach, you see. Preachin', in my opinion, is mighty poor business; never knew but few that had enough left when they died to bury 'em. Dick was smart, and if it hadn't been for his queer notions he might have been as well off as myself." Here the judge looked about the flashily-furnished dining room with an air of extreme satisfaction. His wife, a faded, crushed-looking woman, bowed deferentially as his gaze rested for a moment on her.

"I hope she won't be a nuisance; poor relations generally are," drawled the daughter, evidently thinking more of the living cousin than the dead uncle. "She'll be company for you when I'm gone, anyway, mother."

"Oh, my child, don't mention such a thing; as if anyone could ever take your place to me."

"I used to tell Dick," resumed the judge, not at all diverted from his own train of thought by the unimportant remarks of the women, "that he'd die a poor man if he didn't give over that nonsense; but he was all mother, and you couldn't move a Jennings an iota when they got set. Preach he must, and preach he did, till he preached himself into the grave, and now I'm to take care of his girl; but land knows I don't begrudge to do it. Guess I've got enough for my own chicken."

At this juncture a servant announced a gentleman to see the judge and the breakfast party broke up.

"I wonder if this country cousin is a beauty," remarked Pauline to her mother, later.

"Not likely," replied that well-trained individual. Mrs. Fletcher never contradicted husband or child, and always took the cue for her answers from the inflection of their questions. In this case she knew her daughter would be much annoyed if her cousin did prove to be beautiful, or even pretty, and that she was expected to negative even the supposition.

Mrs. Fletcher was a long-suffering woman, one of

those who, in the presence of their family, never call their souls their own. On this particular morning she had been much touched by her daughter's reference to her future loneliness. Self was so habitually in the background, kept there by those who should have honored her, that a direct allusion to her comfort quite overcame her. The judge referred everything to Pauline. His opinion of woman's capability in general was poor, of his wife's, poorest of all.

"Now, Paul is all father, clean-cut Fletcher," he was wont to say. They had buried a boy some years before, but the judge had not thought worth while to lament long, for he "was all mother—incapable."

Pauline was "clean-cut Fletcher," in body, mind and soul, and shared her father's opinions of her mother. The family belonged to the class of people who, from being plain and poor in the east, go west, "strike it rich," put on a sort of flashy style, buy a public office, and then look down on refined, sensible people with moderate bank accounts. Perhaps there is no other word that so aptly describes them as "snobbish." Pauline was short, stout and plain, but being Judge Fletcher's heiress, "cut a wide swath," as her father expressed it.

Evelyn Fletcher arrived on the twenty-second of December. Pauline's keen, gray eye measured her fine figure and frank face with one glance.

"She's not exactly handsome, but almost," she confided to her mother, later.

"You'll like her, I guess," ventured the latter, not knowing exactly what to say. As for herself, her heart had gone out at once to the orphan, who had already shown her more deference and tenderness than her own child had in years.

"I shall not trouble myself to like or dislike her. I have too much else to think of."

Of course Evelyn could not long remain in ignorance of the great event about to transpire under her uncle's roof; in fact, Pauline had told her all and showed her everything before noon of the first day.

"I am anxious for you to see Harold, he's superb. Mercy! What's the matter?"

"What did you say his name is?" asked Evelyn, with ashy lips.

"Why, Harold Swinton. Do you know him?" There was a sharp, suspicious ring in Paul's voice.

"I have met him. He was kind to papa once, and—and the name recalled old associations." She was herself now, save for a deathly pallor. Her cousin watched her furtively, but she could not tell whether she was masking or not.

Twilight fell early over Denver that Christmas eve. Here and there a belated pedestrian plodded along the snowy sidewalks, while an occasional sleigh dashed through the fast-forming drifts. Windows

were ablaze with Christmas cheer, but few persons ventured out.

"Papa, are the trains running all right, yet?" Pauline asked for the twentieth time, perhaps.

"All in from the east."

"Then, what can detain Harold? He promised to be here last night, sure; and only think, to-morrow at nine—" Here she broke off and began to cry. She would not have cared so much, only that several disagreeable persons had said he would jilt her, and of course no one would make allowance for the great storm.

"It would be greens for that odious Kate Matson, and I only invited her out of spite. She'd have given her eyes for Harold," sobbed the weeping heiress.

"Never mind, love, he may get here yet," said her mother, soothingly.

The great house was one mass of floral decoration, from the east parlor, where the marriage bell swayed gently above a costly Persian rug, to the immense dining hall, where long tables, covered with crystal, China and silver, glittered in the subdued light. There was quite a company of friends from a distance already assembled beneath the hospitable roof, and each in turn, or all in unison, assured the petulant bride-elect that Mr. Swinton would yet arrive in time; but in case he did not, no one could be so ill-natured as to make remarks, when the roads were fast becoming impassable.

Evelyn had been very busy all day and retired early, and Pauline soon followed her example, although neither slept during the entire night. Morning dawned gray and cold. The snow was still falling, and Pauline, peering forth at the first signs of day, shuddered at sight of the white drifts piled everywhere.

"He'll not be here to-day," she muttered; "but why did he not come before? Can she have anything to do with it, I wonder?" and she shook her clenched hand toward her cousin's door. "I'll—stop; she keeps a diary, for I heard her say so. If I can find it—and I will—I will doubtless know all. I've mistrusted her from the moment she started so at his name."

Evelyn, wrapped in a woolen cloak, crouched by the register, alternately weeping or praying all that stormy night through. And it was thus Pauline Fletcher's bridal morning dawned.

It was less than a week before this same Christmas morning, that in a room of the Palmer house, Chicago, a man lounged, smoking a fragrant Havana, while on a stand beside him lay a pile of untouched letters. Dreamily he regarded the toes of his slippers on a neighboring chair back, through the blue

smoke that curled lazily above his head. Some one knocking over a chair in the next room startled him, and suddenly flinging the still burning cigar into the tray, he exclaimed—

“No use crying over spilled milk. The fellows have all got onto the racket, and are bleeding me well; but no matter. When once I have the handling of Papa Fletcher’s dollars I will be independent. It is evidently a deuced bad thing to have it get out that one is going to marry an heiress. By George! but it will come tough, though, to train in double harness, but it is the chance of a life time. ’Taint every bumper can marry a ready made fortune. Wish it were Evelyn or some of the girls more to my taste that is thrown into the bargain. It can scarcely be called an unincumbered fortune. But now for this pile of letters. Eh! this from Nell. Let me see. Business first, pleasure afterward. What’s this?” He held a soiled, ragged-edged envelope critically up to the light, then carefully studied the blurred postmark. “Mailed on the train, somewhere. ‘Miss Nellie Swinton, care of Harold Swinton.’ Well, since Nell is in Europe, guess I’ll open it anyway.” Twice he read the cramped, old-fashioned writing carefully through, then letting it fall on the table exclaimed: “Great Scott! here’s a pretty kettle of fish. Written October 24th and been all over creation, and first finds me on the 19th of December.” In his excitement he arose and began to pace the room. “Less than a week till Christmas and then they will ‘seal’—blast ’em—that little angel to an old blackguard with seven wives already. Well, she must be saved, though the heavens fall, and Harold Swinton fails to marry the heiress.” Here, his eyes chanced to fall upon a medallion attached to his watch chain, in which nestled a tiny curl of golden hair. Raising it to his lips a moment he said reverently: “For Mamie’s sake, I promise to befriend the lone child.” Some other thought must have been conjured up by the trinket, however, as the next moment he dropped it impatiently, and muttered: “Curse the luck! I can’t marry them all, unless I, too, become a Latter Day Saint and move out to Utah. At all events, to Utah I am bound now.” Two hours later he gave one of the servants a letter, asking her to post it, as he had a dozen other things to do. It was addressed to Pauline Fletcher, Denver, Colorado. The girl dropped it in her pocket, and when next she thought of it, it was taken from the wash tub a mass of pulp.

Noiselessly Ned had climbed a post of the little front piazza under Bab’s window. The boy could climb like a monkey, anyway, and his devotion to Bab would have caused him to undertake a far more difficult task than this, had he been ever so clumsy.

“Give me yer traps, an’ come on yerself. I couldn’t git no ladder, but I’ve got a rope.”

“Where am I going, Ned?”

“He’s waitin’ fer ye at Corson’s. I wouldn’t let him come here, though he wanted to fast enough.”

Bab sank into a seat for a moment, quite overcome with this almost despaired of deliverance.

“It’s mighty cold,” suggested Ned, in the same cautious whisper.

“Poor boy!” thought Bab, and, rousing herself, bade him wrap a blanket around him which she handed out. Then, lowering the blinds and striking a light, she quickly dressed and put up a small valise of necessaries. On a bit of paper she wrote—

Farewell father and the rest. I promised mother that I would die rather than become a polygamous wife. Again, farewell.  
BAB.

Beside it she placed the phial marked “laudanum,” after emptying the contents from the window. “It will throw them off a little,” she thought.

Stiffened and benumbed, Ned found it no easy task to accomplish the undertaking on hand; but at last he had the satisfaction of seeing Bab and her valise safely on the way to freedom.

The Corsons were a gentile family, consisting of an old gentleman and his wife, living in the suburbs of the city, and quite a distance from the Leslies. It was with them that Miss Swinton had boarded during her stay in Salt Lake. To them Bab had appealed through the instrumentality of Ned; and they had written the letter received by Harold Swinton, telling of the young girl’s perilous position. Long and anxiously had they waited for a reply. There was nothing else in their power to do. Ned had been most faithful in his inquiries at the house; but his courage, too, was well nigh dead when the “rescuer” unexpectedly appeared. It had been arranged that the boy should tap on her window late at night, in case of news, unless he chanced to see her on the street in daylight.

But for the extreme cold, their walk across the city would have been most perilous; but there seemed to be no one outside of blankets, or at least the fire-light’s glow that night.

“My, Miss Bab, but he’s a fine lookin’ feller,” panted Ned, as they neared their destination.

The girl’s cheeks glowed, partly from cold and partly from another cause. Softly the door opened in response to a low knock by Ned, and the next moment motherly Mrs. Corson had the young girl in her arms.

“Bab!”

“Harold—Mr. Swinton!” She was frightened at her own temerity as his name escaped her lips; but she could not help it, he looked so handsome, strong

and protective, as he came eagerly forward, both hands outstretched in kindly greeting.

"Call me Harold, please. You know I am to be your big brother from this time, henceforth and forever."

She gave him a bright, grateful look through her tears, for she was crying now.

"My poor little girlie! So the brutes were going to sacrifice you, were they? There, don't cry, you are safe now. No man or devil of them shall lay hand on you again, except to reach you over my dead body. I should have been here long before, had I known of this; but Mrs. Corson's letter was chasing about after cousin Nellie, I suppose, and she in Europe."

Was it any wonder, after all the girl had suffered in the past few weeks, that now, as the burden rolled away, she wept like a child? Any wonder that, from that hour, her deliverer was enshrined in her innocent heart as its dearest idol? Any wonder that she trusted him as only a gentle, confiding woman can trust the man she idealizes? He was to be, henceforth, her father, brother, lover, everything. Would he prove worthy of the trust?

They boarded the train in the early gray of the morning, she disguised as an old woman, bent and decrepit, he as a venerable man with flowing white hair and beard. Despite the dangers that surrounded them and the risks they were incurring, they laughed heartily at their own appearance, and good Mrs. Corson said it made her homesick, Harold reminded her so much of her "old father down in Jersey." The young couple bade their kind friends an affectionate adieu, Bab turning back twice to kiss away Ned's fast falling tears. They maintained their incognito until beyond the Mormon boundary.

The snow, which had been falling more or less steadily all the way from Salt Lake City, began to come down and drift about in blinding sheets as their train fairly struck the mountains. Harold, standing on the platform as they left the last valley station, heard the conductor say to a brakeman—

"I tell you what, Bruce, I feel squireamish about this business. In my opinion, we ought not to try to go forward; but that's the order."

"Goin' to be one o' the storms we hear tell on, sure's preachin'," returned the individual addressed, with the good-natured indifference of a man habituated to danger.

"Well, we'll take on all the provisions and wood we can get at the next two stations, for I wouldn't wonder but we'll stay in the mountains till called for," said the superior.

As the young man returned to his companion, he was at first conscious of a feeling of uneasiness. In this case it was quite important that the train should

be on time; but one glance at the beautiful face, with its trustful expression, and he forgot everything else. "Paul will get my letter, and then, of course, know if trains are blockaded. Anyway I'm not to blame, 'tis fate," and he gave himself to the pleasing task of entertaining (he called it), but it was rather completely winning the heart of his innocent charge.

As for Bab, to know that she was safe from the danger that had so long threatened, to sit by this man's side, to hear his voice, to feel his admiring glances and be the object of his tender, well-bred solicitude, was heaven itself to the friendless girl.

Night came, and one and another dreamed peacefully on their impromptu, comfortless beds. Early in the evening, noting Bab's weariness, Harold had made a pillow out of his valise, and bidding her lie down in the seat opposite, covered her with her shawl. With the innocent abandon of a child, she had smiled a sleepy good-night, and, almost unconsciously breathing a prayer, she fell asleep.

Restless and sleepless, her companion thought his own thoughts during all the dreary night watches. In heart, Harold Swinton was not a bad man. We were going to classify him as an average man, but can do even better than that, for there never beat a warmer, kinder heart in human breast; and the sight of sorrow or suffering that he was powerless to relieve almost drove him frantic. This sudden and untimely journey half across a continent to relieve the suffering of a friendless girl was but a sample of his readiness to follow the promptings of his generous heart. True, Bab's image had never faded from his mind, and the task of rescuing so much grace and beauty was far from irksome; but, be it said to his credit, had she been ever so plain, or had he never seen her at all, it would have made no difference, he would have promptly responded to the call. But he was a creature of impulse, weak and vascillating. His pledges of to-day were more than likely to be broken to-morrow.

Sitting there through the dismal hours, he sometimes allowed his imagination to picture a cosy cottage home, with beautiful, loving Bab as mistress; and, for the time being, he was tempted to fling the prospect of a fortune aside, and with it Judge Fletcher's heiress; but those huge debts contracted on the strength of this union stared him relentlessly in the face. Stealthily he drew a photo from his pocket, and critically, coldly studied it, glancing ever and anon from the coarse face, stamped as it was with low cunning and selfishness, to the perfect one opposite, with all its bloom and refinement. A sigh involuntarily escaped his lips.

"Curse the luck," he muttered, "that makes me worse than a galley slave."

A change in the sleeper's position compelled him to readjust the shawl, and in so doing his hand touched her cheek. She stirred, and without waking, softly murmured: "Harold, I'm safe with you, ain't I?"

For a moment he bowed his head, and then whispered reverently: "God helping me, I will be to you what I would have wanted another to be to Mamie, had she lived."

By daylight the storm, which had steadily increased, was a perfect blizzard, and before 8:00 o'clock they were completely blockaded, five miles from wood and water. Breakfast in the dining car was a cold, scanty affair, but good in comparison with the meals following. Water and fuel must be economized, for there was no telling how long they might have to remain in their snowy prison house.

"Never saw the like of this storm," said the conductor gloomily.

"Tush, tush!" said the good-humored brakeman, "there is nothing so bad but it might be worse, man. What's the good of moppin'?"

What this man was to the despondent train men, huddled in forced inactivity in the express car, Harold was to the forlorn, fretful occupants of the passenger coach. "No use being blue, my fellow sufferers," he said, laughingly, as he turned from the stove, in which he had deposited one more stick of the hoarded wood. "We may as well laugh as cry; in fact, we can keep warmer in the former occupation. Can't some one give us a song or story?"

A few laughed, but the majority looked dismal. Carefully flecking a bit of bark from his coat sleeve with an elaborately monogrammed handkerchief, he began to whistle, "Napoleon Crossing the Alps." He was an inimitable whistler, and under the circumstances the air was a decided hit.

"Encore! Encore!" shouted half a dozen, catching the spirit of his remarkable good-nature.

"Home, Sweet Home," with variations, followed, which was received with hearty applause. After that all seemed in duty bound to try to be cheerful.

"How nice it was of you," whispered Bab, admiringly. "You seem to know just what to do at all times."

"Thanks, fair flatterer, but I assure you I deserve no credit. I am perfectly content, and, if there was food and fuel to last, would not mind being snow-bound here with you forever."

"Ah, 'tis you who are the flatterer," she answered, blushing prettily, "but I am glad you are not feeling bad about it. I was just blaming myself for being the cause of your ill-fortune."

But even Harold's spirits were low as night once more closed in upon them. The snow was falling less steadily, but the wind, which howled in mad-

dest fury about the ill-fated train, seemed determined to complete the work of burying it beneath the drifts. Besides, it was growing intensely cold again, and the allowance of fuel barely kept the temperature above freezing. Bab was insufficiently clad, as Harold readily guessed when he saw how she shivered.

"Have you anything in there," pointing to her valise, "that you can put on under your shawl?"

"Nothing," she answered, looking up into his face, and then he noticed for the first time how pinched and blue she looked.

"I, too, am illy prepared for such a journey; but 'necessity is the mother of invention,' you know," and taking off his overcoat, he buttoned it around her.

"No, no," she protested, "you must not, shall not, do it. I will not take your coat," but his strong arms pinioned her weak ones.

"Not so fast, little one."

"But what will you do?"

"I will do very well, I assure you," he answered, wrapping a heavy woolen scarf about his neck and shoulders, and then drawing his charge down beside him, bade her sit close to him, as it was the only hope of keeping from freezing.

No one slept much that night, and the second day was but an exaggerated repetition of the first, colder, more gloomy, and less to eat. The passengers were growing apathetic, and families huddled together in almost wordless misery. About noon the wind subsided, and the able bodied were invited to lend a hand at digging out. It was a well nigh hopeless task, and yet if they could only push ahead for five miles there would be some alleviation. At all events, standing still meant certain death, and there was little hope of help from Cheyenne for several days. Cold as it was, no one needed an overcoat while wielding the shovel; and it was more like quarrying than shoveling, anyway, so firmly packed was the snow. Heroically they worked, taking short turns, but when Christmas eve settled around them they had cleared but a few rods. Bab did not know that Harold ate scarcely anything that night, that he might bring her the more. They ate their scanty rations in their seats now, as there was no fire lighted in the dining car.

Harold compelled his charge to lie down and let him cover her with shawl and coat, and then leaning back in his seat, he covered his face with his hat and fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. And, as he slept, his bride-elect paced her warm, sumptuous rooms; and that other woman, whose life had touched his, fought her terrible battle out alone, and prayed for forgetfulness.

Bab woke with a start in the morning at the first decided movements of her companion.

"Awake so quick, little one? Merry Christmas!" and, bending over her in the early dawning, he touched his lips to her forehead. And thus dawned Harold Swinton's nuptial morn—ditto Bab Leslie's.

"What will you have for a Christmas token, fair Barbara, a snowball or an icicle?" he asked, banteringly, a little later.

She laughed: "A snowball will answer nicely."

"Bab," he said, suddenly growing serious, "won't you give me one of these little curls for my gift?"

She raised her glorious eyes to his face—eyes in whose liquid depths he could read her very soul—and answered, naively: "If you like, take them all."

"And their owner, too?"

He had not meant to say so much, but her dazzling beauty and winsome grace had proved too much for this impulsive man of the world, who had all his life played with hearts. Again she gave him one of her unconsciously maddening glances, and flushed crimson under the look she met.

"You don't—don't mean it," she faltered.

"I do mean it, Bab, my darling, my heart's idol. I love you as I never have and never can love another woman. Say that you love me and will be mine."

For reply, she slipped her little, cold hand in his and whispered; "Yes, Harold."

All that day the work went on, till just at nightfall, when they met a rescuing party from the little mountain village, who had heard their shrill whistle for help; but it was near midnight when the storm-stayed train drew into the snowy little station. Four days later the road was open to Cheyenne. From there Harold sent a letter to Pauline, explaining everything, referring rather blindly to the letter she never received, and ended by saying he would be with her in a week. This duty done, he gave himself up to the intoxicating pleasure of Bab's presence. Arriving in Chicago, he introduced her to a lady friend and instructed the latter to provide the girl with a handsome wardrobe, paying no attention to expense.

And how happy Bab was. She felt that surely her mother's prayers were being answered; and who shall gainsay it? What, but an unseen power, could have influenced a weak, selfish man to so honorable a course as that pursued by Harold toward the young girl whose destiny he held in his hands?

He was deeply infatuated, however, and delighted to see her in the silks, satins, furs and jewels that he lavished upon her—purchased on the credit won by the rumor of his approaching union with an heiress. Men turned on the street to look at the lovely bit of femininity, and women gazed enviously. Unconscious of all this, the artless child enjoyed everything, satisfied if only Harold was by her side—Harold, her heart's idol. But all this must come to an end, and

he had to tell her so one evening when she asked: "Shall we stay here always?"

"No, darling, I am going to send you to a friend of mine who has a school for girls. I am on the road most of the time, and you will be better off there till Nellie comes home." She made no reply, and presently he added: "Besides, I want my girlie to learn music, painting and all that against the day when we have a home of our own and I bring my fine friends to see her." He shut his teeth hard and winced as if his own words stung him.

"I shall like learning those things; but won't I see you often, Harold?" she tried to speak bravely.

"Not very often for a while, dear, but I will come to you when I can; and don't think that it won't be as hard for me as for you."

A few days later Harold bade his beautiful affianced adieu. Almost he repented him of sending her from him as he gazed into her flushed face, with quivering lips and dewy eyes; and she, well she was trying to be brave, lest he think she was unwilling to do what he thought was for the best; besides, he told her she would be safer from detection in the quiet eastern village than elsewhere.

If any questionings arose in her mind, she put them aside as disloyal to him who was dearer to her than life itself. Harold Swinton was a man of wonderful magnetic presence and most pleasing address; and more favored women than friendless Bab had worshipped at the same shrine.

"Young ladies, we are expecting a new pupil this morning; one who is motherless and a stranger in a strange land. I know you will make her welcome."

Madame La Rue said the above in chapel one morning, and it was all the information she vouchsafed of the new pupil, rumors of whose coming were already rife among the girls of Villa La Rue. Madame was a French woman, who had been, in her day, almost as handsome and stylish as Marie Antoinette in hers. But her family had become entangled in political troubles, and at last none remained but herself and two nieces of the pure La Rue blood. Undaunted by danger and adversity, she gathered her few effects together and with the two children sailed for America. On ship-board she made the acquaintance of an influential family from New York, and by their advice and with their help, sought out the little village in Central New York and founded, in a feeble way at first, Villa La Rue, a select school for young ladies. "God helps those who help themselves," and at the time of our introduction to Madame she held the unincumbered deed to the beautiful grounds and handsome, spacious buildings. Villa La Rue was not only a school, but a safe, pleasant home for the young

ladies sent there. It was rather expensive, however, and the most of the pupils were daughters of wealthy parents. There was a certain aristocratic selectness about it that was gratifying to its patrons. Nellie Swinton had herself been educated there. To know Madame was first to venerate and then to love her. She was severity, graciousness and lovingkindness in one, a fair type of the genuine French woman, now almost extinct.

Bab's arrival caused a flutter of excitement, and, of course, she ruled with the power that beauty and supposed wealth command. The natural conclusion arrived at among the girls was that she was the daughter of some bonanza king in the west. Of herself she never spoke, even to Dora Winwood, who from the first was her almost inseparable friend. Of course, she had enemies among the girls, chief among them Amy Mixton, who, until Bab's arrival, had considered herself the beauty of the villa. No one had disputed her, though many preferred Dora's modest, yet stately, appearance. At Bab's request, she was allowed to room alone. On the first evening Madame called upon her, as she often did upon the others, much to their delight. At such times she was a most interesting and vivacious companion, or else a loving, tender friend—almost mother.

"I thought you might be a little lonely, or homesick," she said; nor was she surprised when the girl burst into tears. Then they had a long talk about Utah and her mother, after which Madame kissed her a tender good-night, and Bab lay down thanking her Heavenly Father for the friends he was raising up for her in the hour of her direct need.

Time glided along very pleasantly, and life at the villa was both novel and interesting to the young girl, though night after night she cried herself to sleep from sheer homesickness to see Harold; but no one guessed it, she was so accustomed to masking her feelings. But one day there came a cloud over her bright horizon. In some way Amy Mixton discovered that the young beauty was not an heiress at all, but a truant Mormon girl, friendless and alone, living on charity. The aristocratic young lady was furious.

"Only to think of the imposition!" she exclaimed. "I never supposed Madame would be guilty of such a deception; and we, all belonging to first families, have been duped into associating with her, a low-lived Mormon, daughter of a polygamist."

Dora and Bab were entering the room just as the last words were spoken. "Yes, and there the impostor is," cried Amy. Bab turned deathly white, and stood as if transfixed.

"Amy Mixton, what are you saying. What do you mean?" demanded Dora, indignantly, passing her arm about her friend.

"I am saying, and I mean, that Miss Leslie is not an heiress at all, but the daughter of a polyamist out in Salt Lake City, and is living here on somebody's charity."

"Shame, shame on you, Amy Mixton," cried Dora. "Speak, Bab, and tell them it ain't so, that you were never a Mormon." Still Bab stood, white and speechless.

"See, she can not deny it. Are you satisfied now, Miss Winwood?" exclaimed Amy, triumphantly.

"Speak, Bab," Dora entreated again, but still no sound from the sealed lips.

Gradually Dora's arm relaxed its hold about the girl's waist, and Bab, turning her horrified, beseeching eyes on her face, saw a look there that sent the blood in a quick tide to her own.

"Oh, Dora," she wailed, "don't forsake me, for I love you so."

Quickly the arm was replaced. "Indeed I won't forsake you, my precious friend; but only tell them that it is all false that Amy has said."

Bab was self-controlled now, though terribly white. "Dora, I can not tell her it is all false. I was born in Utah, and my father is a polygamist; but I promised my mother that I would die rather than marry there, and, when they were going to seal me to a man with other wives, a friend of mine got me away and sent me here to school. But—but I never supposed it made any difference where one is born, if only they are trying to be good themselves; and my mother was a good woman."

"But why didn't you tell?" asked Amy, scornfully, "if you are so wonderfully innocent."

There was an ominous flash in Bab's dark eyes, but she answered quietly: "Because my friend and Madame thought I better not. If my father should find me he would take me back there to that which is worse than death."

There was silence for a moment, the tide of sympathy rather tending in Bab's direction, when Amy said, haughtily—

"Well, the rest may condone such deception and disgrace if they choose, but I shall write at once for papa to take me home. I know mamma will be so indignant."

With a sudden wrench Bab freed herself from her friend's encircling arm, and fled like a hunted animal to her room.

VELMA CALDWELL MELVILLE.

To be continued.

## CORVALLIS AND BENTON COUNTY, OREGON.

CORVALLIS is the seat of justice of Benton county, Oregon. It is a city of two thousand inhabitants, and is situated on the left bank of the Willamette, near the mouth of St. Mary's river, and about one hundred miles south of Portland. It is at the head of navigation on the Willamette river, and the southern terminus of the west side division of the Southern Pacific lines in Oregon, where a junction is formed with the Oregon Pacific railway, extending inland from Yaquina bay, on the Pacific coast.

Benton county has an area of about twelve hundred square miles, and extends through from the Willamette river to the Pacific ocean. The Coast mountains traverse the county north and south near the middle, thus giving it widely diversified characteristics. On the western slope there are a number of small valleys that are considerably improved. Chief among these is the Alsea valley, in the southwestern part of the county, which is about fifteen miles long and four miles wide, and is well adapted to general farming, fruit growing, dairying and stock raising. There are located in this valley two grist mills, two salmon canneries, and several small lumber and shingle mills. Coasting vessels ascend the river a number of miles and ply a lucrative trade. The Yaquina valley, farther north, is a similar country, and it has the advantage of being on the railroad, which runs down the valley to the bay. Yaquina is a town of about four hundred inhabitants, situated on the bay of the same name at the mouth of the river, and its shipping facilities as the terminus of the Oregon Pacific railway on tide water make it an important place. It has the best harbor on the coast between San Francisco and the Columbia river, and the nearest harbor to the Willamette valley. The government is improving this harbor to meet the growing demands of commerce. The railway company has a line of steamers plying between Yaquina and San Francisco, and coasting vessels do more or less business there. The only bank in the county outside of Corvallis is located there. A few miles down the beach is the Seal Rock summer resort, which is well patronized every season and is rapidly gaining in popularity. Newport is an incorporated town about the same size as Yaquina. It is a few miles nearer the ocean and is quite widely known as a summer resort. The Siletz Indian reservation takes in a small portion of the northeastern part of the county. The western slope of Benton county is not so well settled as that portion in the Willamette valley, but it contains many choice tracts of farming land and vast forests of valuable timber.

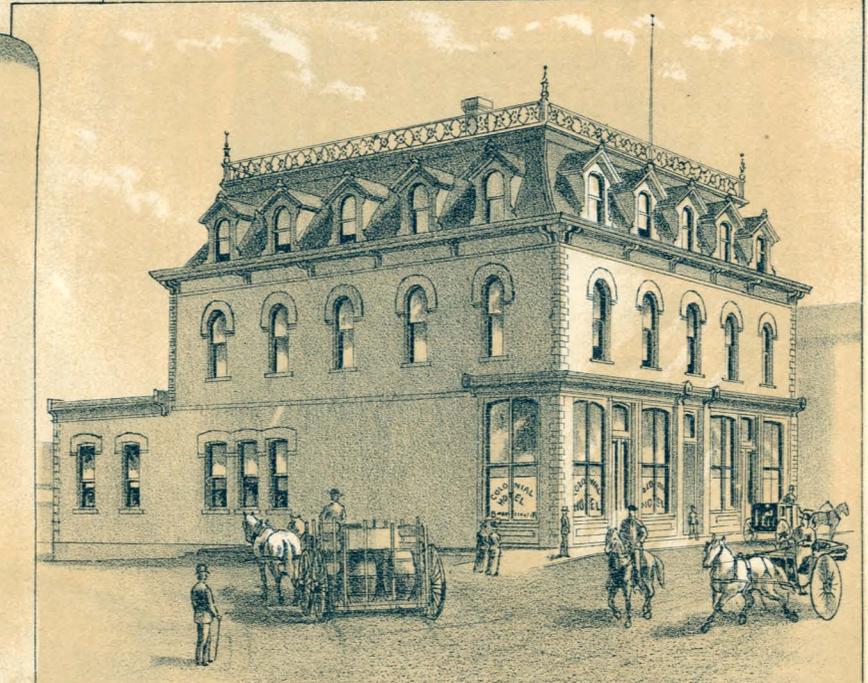
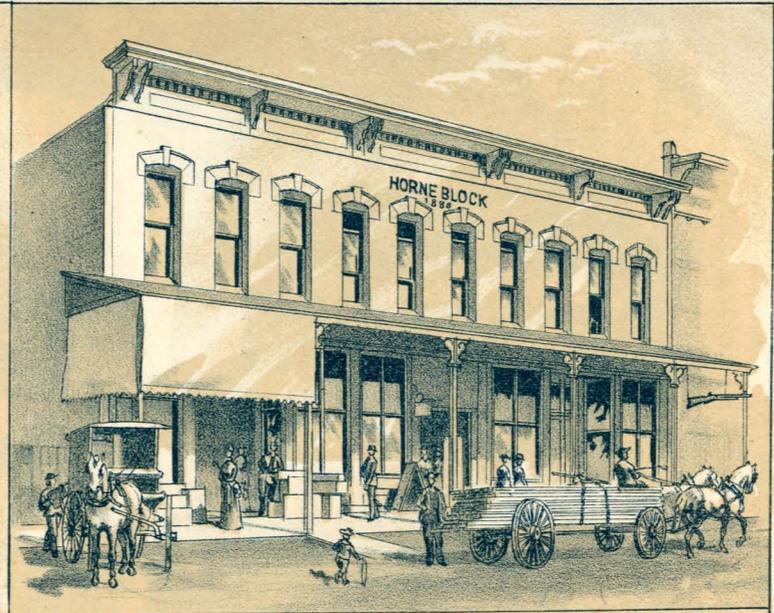
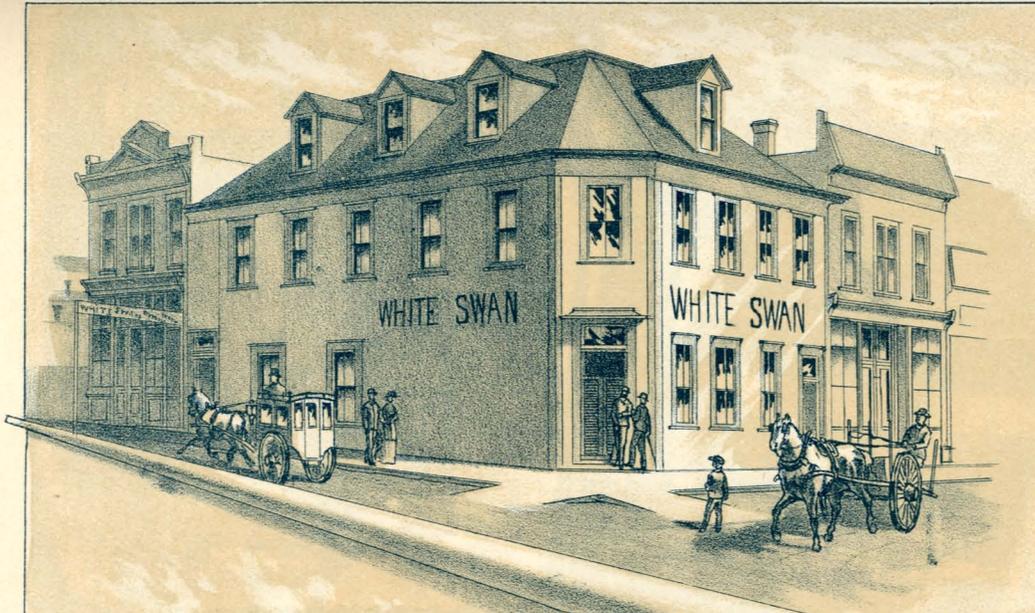
In the Willamette valley portion of the county there

are several sub-valleys, separated by low hills that are not too rough for cultivation. In the northern part of the county are Blodget's and King's valleys, drained by the Luckiamute river. The King's valley settlement is the larger of the two, and includes a considerable area of well developed country. The Mary's river valley is the largest in the county and comprises the country about Corvallis and extending westward into the mountains fifteen or twenty miles distant. Then the Long Tom country occupies an important portion of the southeastern corner of the county. All these small valleys are merely portions of the rich Willamette valley, the divisions between them being somewhat imperfectly defined watersheds trending from the mountains to the river.

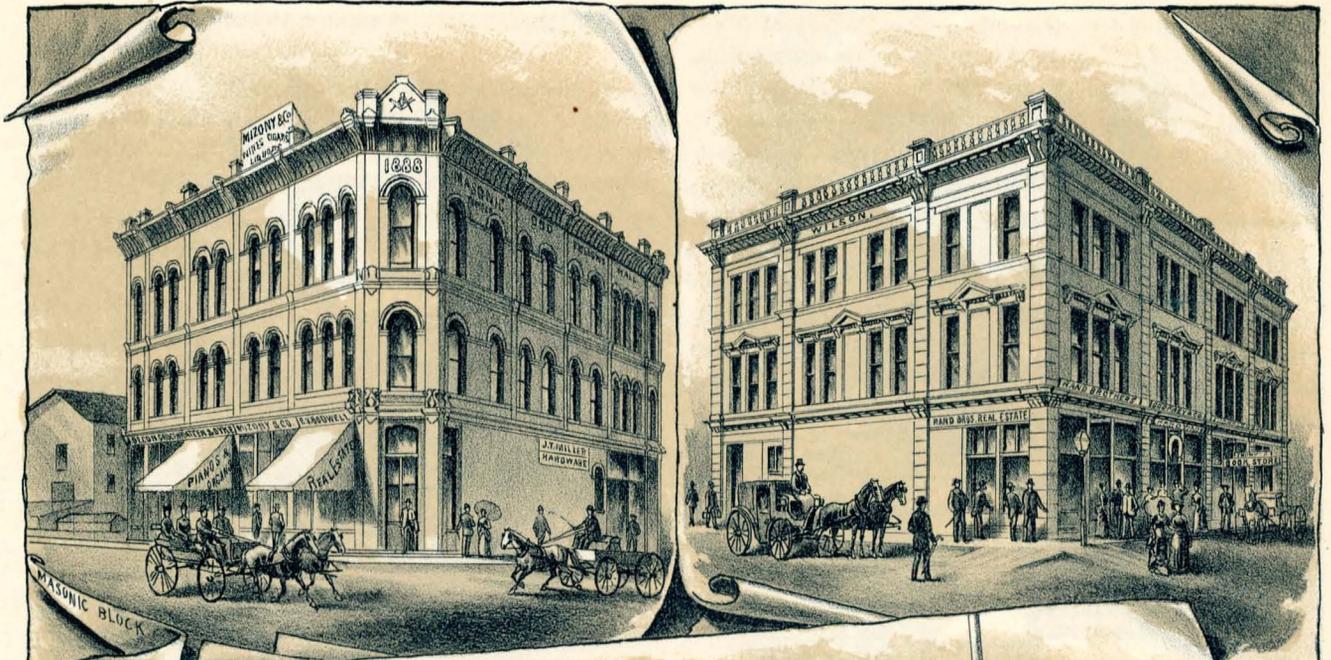
On the Willamette slope the forests decrease as the river is approached. The mountains are, for the most part, heavily timbered with white fir, cedar and yew, and down the slopes are maple, ash, oak, alder and balm. Nearly all localities of medium altitude bear a light growth of oak and maple. All the creek bottoms have ash, alder and balm. This entire list of woods is suitable for manufacturing purposes, such as lumber, furniture, woodenware, etc.

A part of the present town site of Corvallis was taken as a donation claim in 1845. In 1851 it was made the county seat of Benton, and six years later it was incorporated under the state law. It was the original site determined upon for the state university, but in the early '50's it was agreed that if Corvallis would relinquish the university the state capital would be located there. Subsequently, however, it was decided that the question of the change of the location of the capital must be voted on by the people, and, though the result of the ballots was in favor of Corvallis, it is claimed, still the territorial officers, for some reason, declined to remove the capital. Pending this decision, a portion of one session of the legislature was held in Corvallis, which was for that brief period the capital of the state of Oregon. When the state resolved to found an agricultural college it was agreed that it should be located at Corvallis, and it was conducted temporarily in conjunction with a denominational institution already established there. Last year, however, the citizens of Corvallis erected a fine brick building for the college, which was reorganized and more completely fitted for carrying out the design of the state in founding it.

The State Agricultural College is one of the most important institutions of Corvallis. The college building cost \$26,000.00. The experimental farm consists of one hundred and eighty-four acres of excellent land adjoining the corporation limits, the college occupying a slight elevation overlooking the city from the west. The institution has accommodations for



· BUSINESS BLOCKS OF J. W. HORNE · VANCOUVER · B. C. ·



·VANCOUVER·B·C·

about three hundred students. The faculty at present consists of eight members, and the curriculum does not by any means ignore the classics, though the distinguishing feature is the particular prominence given to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in accordance with the law of congress granting aid to experiment stations in connection with state agricultural colleges. The annual income of this college from all sources is \$32,000.00—\$15,000.00 from the government, \$10,000.00 from the interest on its government land sales, and \$7,500.00 appropriation from the state. The government of the college is vested in a board of regents, consisting of the governor, secretary of state, superintendent of public instruction and the master of the state grange, who are ex-officio members, and five others who are appointed by the governor subject to the confirmation of the senate. In apportioning the patronage of the college, one free scholarship is given for each member of the legislature and one to each county at large; for all other scholarships a tuition of \$5.00 per quarter must be paid. The college is now under good management and is doing efficient work. Many additions to its present means for instruction are, however, contemplated for the near future, among which are the erection of a military drill hall and shop for instruction in iron and wood working and buildings for the use of the experiment farm, and the purchase of animals for properly stocking the farm. It has an excellent start and very gratifying prospects for a rapid growth. The influence of this institution will be wide and constantly increasing.

The Benton county court house, with one exception the finest and most expensive in the state, is just receiving its finishing touches. It is a large three-story brick structure, erected at a cost of \$68,000.00, and is an ornament to the city and a credit to the county. The basement is made of a superior quality of gray granite, which is quarried near the city, and the bricks were also manufactured at home. The interior is finished in fir, white pine and redwood in their natural colors. The city is now making preparations for the erection of a school building this season, to cost about \$25,000.00. This will give Corvallis better public buildings than any other town of its size in the northwest.

The city now has two public school buildings, in which two hundred and eighty-five pupils are regularly taught by five teachers. Six teachers will be required next year. The annual expenditure for school purposes is about \$13,000.00. The churches of the city are Methodist, Southern Methodist, Congregational, Presbyterian, Evangelical, Christian, Episcopalian and Roman Catholic. There are two lodges of Free Masons, one of Knights of Pythias, one of United Workmen, one of Odd Fellows, one of Good Templars,

a Grand Army post, Woman's Relief Corps auxiliary to G. A. R., and a Woman's Christian Temperance Union. A free reading room is supported by the citizens. The city has a telephone exchange and is connected by telephone with Philomath, a village of about three hundred people seven miles west of Corvallis. An efficient water works system furnishes water for general consumption and for fire protection. It has two iron tanks, with a capacity of thirty thousand gallons each, erected seventy feet above the ground, and ordinarily the pressure from them is all that is applied to the pipes, but in case of fire pressure is supplied direct from the steam pumps. The volunteer fire department consists of one engine company, one hook and ladder company and two hose companies, well disciplined and equipped.

The assessed valuation of Corvallis property is \$793,000.00, and of the county \$4,557,370.00. The county has twenty-seven hundred horses and mules, nearly ten thousand cattle, nearly fourteen thousand sheep, and thirty-two hundred swine. These are the figures taken from the assessment roll, and they bear about the same relation to the actual number and valuation as the assessments throughout the state—only a fraction of the true value.

Corvallis has two private banking houses, one of which has a branch establishment at Yaquina. Both are doing a prosperous business, that is gradually increasing in volume. Financial matters throughout the county are in a very healthy state. Two weekly newspapers are published in the city—the *Gazette* and the *Times*—and one semi-weekly—the *Leader*—all of them being enterprising local journals. A board of trade, recently organized, is doing vigorous work in promoting the interests of the city. The citizens are moving in concert to push their locality to the front, and are already attaining gratifying results.

Some of the enterprises which have contributed to the growth of Corvallis and placed it in a position for future advancement deserve special mention. One of these is the Willamette Valley & Coast railway, a concern conceived and inaugurated by Corvallis men and capital. This road is now operated by the Oregon Pacific company under its construction contract with the Willamette Valley & Coast Company, and it is generally known as the Oregon Pacific. It was started twelve years ago, but several years passed in making the preliminary arrangements and constructing the line from Yaquina bay to Corvallis. From that point, in accordance with the original design, it was continued eastward, and it crossed the Willamette river at Albany and pushed for eastern connections beyond the Cascades. The line is now completed nearly a hundred miles east of Corvallis, and the coming summer it is expected to complete the track

across the mountains, so that it will be in operation in Eastern Oregon next season. It is generally understood that the Chicago & Northwestern Company is behind this enterprise and that the eastern connection will be with that great railway system, which will render it entirely free from any possible handicap from any other transcontinental lines. Corvallis is looking forward to the completion of this road with assurance that it will inaugurate a new era for the region. It will make that one of the prominent objective points for immigrants from the east, who would never think of visiting it as it lies now, a little removed from the through lines of travel. The general offices of the railroad are in Corvallis and all its funds are handled there.

A few years ago, when the Villard influence was at its highest in Oregon, the plan of connecting what was the west side division of the Oregon & California railroad, which already had its southern terminus in Corvallis, with the main line of the road at Junction was formulated. The route was surveyed and active preparations for constructing the track were begun. The company even went so far as to get out bridge timbers and drive piles for bridges, and then came the collapse of the Villard schemes and this project was dropped. Lately, however, this matter has been revived, and the newly organized board of trade of Corvallis has taken hold of it with a good prospect of accomplishing the object in view. A strong petition has been gotten up and extensively signed by the citizens of Corvallis and vicinity, and it is also being circulated in the towns on the railroad this side of Corvallis. This plan having been so nearly consummated before, and the conditions being so ripe for it now, it is considered a practical certainty for the near future. With this enterprise completed, Corvallis will be on another through transportation line. The distance to Junction is less than thirty miles, through a rich country not difficult to build in. The thriving village of Monroe would be touched by this line, and passing as it would through one of the richest farming sections in Oregon, a lively business would be sure to result. Since this road has come into the possession of the Southern Pacific Company it has been placed in first class condition, and everything seems to be ready now for an extension to connect with the main line between Portland and San Francisco. It would afford two roads directly to Portland from Junction, but the navigable river lying between them would prevent any friction of business. The west side of the Willamette valley would then have the same advantages that the east side has long enjoyed, and the term "Willamette valley" will soon come to mean more to visitors in the west than the land bordering the east side of the river.

Entirely aside from prospective increase of transportation facilities, however, Corvallis is well provided with shipping facilities at the present time. From that city to tide water, via the Oregon Pacific, is only seventy-five miles, which is scarcely more than one-third the distance to the ocean by the nearest other route, and then it is much nearer San Francisco, to which market much of the export produce of the whole Pacific slope goes, even for shipment to foreign countries. The immediate result of the operation of the Oregon Pacific was to reduce the tariff on produce from the Willamette valley to about one-third what had ruled before. This influence has continued to the present time, and will prevail in the future, and the benefit to the shippers of that region can be estimated in cash to the farmer. This change was not brought about by a ruinous cutting of rates, but simply by the advantage of the most direct route. The Oregon Pacific maintains a line of river steamers operating in conjunction with the railroad, so its influence is felt along the Willamette for a considerable distance. The Oregon Railway & Navigation Company competes for the river business to connect with its transportation lines at Portland. With such a strong corporation as the Southern Pacific also in the field, it may be seen that Corvallis by no means fares poorly in the matter of transportation advantages by both rail and water. The river always stands as a regulator of freight charges, and the competition of other lines is a sufficient guaranty against extortion on goods not subject to the influence of the boat lines.

In the line of manufacturing, Corvallis has a flouring mill, run by water power, obtained by means of a ditch leading out of Mary's river a short distance above the city, a saw mill, a planing mill, a furniture factory, two breweries and a foundry and machine shop, all run by steam power. There are six large warehouses for storing grain and wool. There ought to be large establishments for the manufacture of woodenware, furniture, wagons and carriages, plows, harrows and other farming implements; also fruit and vegetable dryers and canneries, cheese factories and creameries. There is a good field for a large flouring mill plant at Corvallis, so that instead of sending the wheat out of the country, it could be shipped in the form of flour, and the refuse retained at home where there is a market for it.

It seems surprising that the minerals about Corvallis are not worked to any extent. There are indications of rich iron ore very near the city; indeed the track of the Oregon Pacific railway in the city is ballasted with a fair quality of iron ore. All through the hills to the westward there are strong indications of rich iron deposits, and it is strange that there have been no attempts at mining. Excellent bricks are

made in the two brick yards near the city, and potter's clay is found in abundance in many places. Corvallis offers great inducements for men of capital to build up manufacturing enterprises at that point, and they are well worthy the consideration of investors.

The plan of bringing water in a ditch from some point up the Willamette river to furnish power for factories is now taking form with the board of trade. That stream has a quite rapid fall, and it would not be very expensive to lead a portion of its water in a large ditch with sufficient fall for a fine power at Corvallis. The flouring mill has already demonstrated the plan to be a success, and all that has to be done is to enlarge on that project to meet larger demands.

Benton county has by no means reached a state of full development. Its agricultural resources, which are chief, are susceptible of great growth, and it needs many more people than it now has to till the soil. The land is very productive. No section of the west excels this county in the abundance and variety of its farm products. The climate is mild and healthful, with the same pleasant features that characterize the climate of the Willamette valley in general. The summers are dry and the winters moist and extremes of temperature are unknown. The climate of the portion west of the mountains is a little more moist than in the valley, and vegetation is green there the entire year. Sometimes there is snow in the valley for a very brief time in winter. During nearly half a century that Benton county has been cultivated there has not been a single failure of crops and the ordinary yields are proverbially large. All the common grains, vegetables and fruits are raised, and even the more sensitive grapes and peaches are successfully grown. The fruit interests could easily be quadrupled by the establishment of curing facilities. There are large quantities of cultivable land still unoccupied on both sides of the mountains, but the western slope has fewer settlers than the eastern, because it is a newer section and has not the modern conveniences of the valley. In the foothills on the east side, as well as on the west, there is a great deal of government land open for settlement. But it is not necessary to go into the rough country to get land for farming. For grazing purposes, the foothills of the mountains contain the choicest lands; but for cultivation the more level surface down in the valley is preferred, and such farms may be obtained in good locations near market for from \$10.00 to \$50.00 per acre. Improved farms, of course, cost more than the wild lands. Many of the land holders now own hundreds of acres more than they can use, and they are now manifesting a disposition to cut up these large tracts and dispose of the surplus land to immigrants seeking homes in the west. This section does not

offer very strong inducements to mere speculators and adventurers, but it has superior attractions for home seekers, and it is that class of people more than any other that is becoming interested in Benton county.

Though Corvallis was one of the first settled towns in the northwest, it has been under the disadvantage of being somewhat removed from the main lines of travel, and while other points of no more merit have experienced a lively growth, it has plodded along more modestly, and is but just now reaching out for the patronage that will bring it increased prosperity. It is swinging into the line of enterprising cities of the country and making itself known abroad. But it is not inviting outsiders to locate there merely to help those already there. Its citizens are taking the initiative and are organizing enterprises for home improvement that will make that locality much more attractive even than it has been. As indicating the enterprising spirit that has been awakened, the new court house erected by the county, the proposed construction of a fine public school house and a city hall, the former of which is already assured, the establishing of an electric light plant to light the city, the projected water power canal, the organizing of a board of trade for the special purpose of promoting the city's business interests, and many other things might be mentioned. It is one of the most pleasant localities, both for residence and business, that can be found. Corvallis is surrounded by a truly smiling land, and it promises to move forward with a rapidity that will surprise itself.

The stranger riding through Benton county is captivated by the smiling appearance of the country. It is not an unbroken plain. The gently undulating surface rolls away in the distance and is covered with a luxuriant growth of crops or patches of woodland that come into view. The mountains to the west make a jagged horizon, Mary's peak being the most prominent elevation. The snows of that peak feed the stream that joins the Willamette at Corvallis, Mary's river. Across the valley to the east the Cascade mountains are plainly in view, and the snow-clad summits of Mounts Hood, Jefferson and the Three Sisters are prominent features of the landscape. The Willamette winds through the valley, bearing an important part of the commerce of the region. The atmosphere is clear and invigorating. As a representation of the more modest harmonies of nature, this locality is rarely surpassed. The view from the summit of Mary's peak is both grand and beautiful, a vast stretch of valley, river, mountain and snow-covered peak greeting the eye until the distant horizon terminates the scene. Especially at the sunset hour are the landscapes enchanting, and will repay one for the labor of reaching that high altitude.

## J. W. HORNE, ESQ.

THE fact that the city, as a whole, presents the leading characteristics of its citizens, finds no better illustration than in Vancouver, B. C. It is a wide-awake and progressive city, and is such, not only because of its unrivaled location, but because its principal men are possessed of a spirit of enterprise and thoroughly imbued with confidence in the great destiny of their city, and are united in their efforts to promote its general welfare. In the front rank of these is J. W. Horne. He located in Vancouver at an early stage of the city's history, when it existed only on paper, and when nothing but a few board shanties, scattered among the huge trees and stumps, marked its present site. He identified himself with its progress and growth from the beginning, and being a shrewd, far-seeing business man, he made very choice selections of property and erected business buildings thereon. His faith in Vancouver's greatness from the first was unbounded, and now that he has made a large fortune, none begrudge it to him. He is the largest individual property owner in Vancouver, and has built several large business blocks on Cordova, Granville and other streets, views of some of which are given in this number. He is one of the city aldermen, a commissioner of Stanley park, a director of the Northwest Investment & Loan Company, president of the American Building & Loan Association, and a director in several other companies. He is a public spirited gentleman and is now estimated one of the millionaires of the Pacific coast. He is a very prominent member of the Masonic fraternity, and is just the stamp of man a place like Vancouver wants. Mr. Horne's career contains such important lessons that it would justify a much more extended account than can here be given. He was born in the city of Toronto, Ontario, Nov. 3, 1853. When ten years of age his father died, leaving him the eldest of a family of five children, with small provision for their maintenance. At this early age the young lad found it necessary to go out in the cold world and engage in the struggle for a livelihood. He at once went to work at anything he could find to do, and spent his evenings in diligent application in studying such books as he could obtain, until he managed to become quite proficient in the common branches. He always had the idea that education did a great deal to make the man, and many times did he spend the whole night in poring over his books and absorbing their contents. At the age of fifteen he apprenticed himself to learn wood carving, mechanical draughting, etc., in the town of Whitby, Ontario, and subsequently learned book-keeping and engaged as a shipping clerk, acting as agent for various concerns,

Some time after, he started in the insurance business on his own account, and succeeded well and was raised to the position of inspector for the companies he represented. He was always very eager to go west to some new country and grow up with its progress and prosperity, and in the spring of 1878 he took Horace Greeley's advice and went to Southern California, but not liking that country, in the fall of the same year he removed to Winnipeg, Manitoba. There was a prospect of great activity in Red river country at that time, and Mr. Horne opened a shipping and land broker's office in Winnipeg, and was appointed by the Northwest Navigation Company agent for the Red river steamers plying between Grand Forks and Winnipeg. He established a branch office and a bonded warehouse at Emerson, on the international boundary, and also secured the appointment of inspector and valuator for the Northwest Loan Company, which did a large business throughout Manitoba. In March, 1881, Mr. Horne made another westward move to the present town of Brandon, where nothing marked its location but the grade stakes of the Canadian Pacific railway. He bought the land which he thought would make the best business street, subdivided it into lots, grading and making sidewalks at his own expense, and erected several business buildings, which established it as the principal business street of the city, out of which he made profits for himself. He had great faith in the future of the town and did a great deal to build it up. He was elected one of the first city aldermen and chairman of the board of public works, and the government appointed him a provincial justice of the peace, and he became one of the most prominent men, being a director of a loan and investment company and of an insurance company. He also did a large money brokerage business while located there. His next westward move was to Vancouver, when there was nothing to indicate the present growing metropolis. He had unbounded faith in its future, and events have more than confirmed his judgment. Mr. Horne is a self-made man. His success is due to his own efforts. He has established a reputation for business sagacity that gives him great influence in the city and province. He has an honorable career.

## E. V. BODWELL, ESQ.

ONE of the men to whose business acumen and enterprising spirit the city of Vancouver owes much of its prosperity, is E. V. Bodwell, Esq., who was recently elected president of the board of trade. Mr. Bodwell came of United Empire loyalist stock of the American revolution period, and was born in Ox-

ford district, Ontario, in 1827. He was brought up and educated in Canada, and in early life followed farming. At the age of twenty years he entered public life, and after passing through all the municipal offices of his native district, was counsellor-reeve and warden of the county of Oxford. Resigning his seat in 1874, he was appointed superintendent of the Welland canal. In 1880 he was sent to British Columbia as accountant and paymaster of the western division of the Canadian Pacific railway during its construction by the government, and when the road was completed and handed over to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company Mr. Bodwell was located at Victoria, B. C. In the spring of 1887 he left Victoria and established himself in Vancouver, where, with his family, he has since resided. He is engaged in the real estate business, and takes an active interest in public affairs. Mr. Bodwell declined the nomination for mayor in 1888, and again this year, although it was tendered him with the unanimous consent of the candidates in the field. He is interested in various business and social enterprises, being prominently connected with mining and fishing companies and the Vancouver Street Railway Company recently organized, and a trustee of the Young Men's Christian Association. He has been a lifelong total abstainer and a diligent worker. When in politics he was a leading reformer in Ontario, and being a fluent and forceful speaker and a man whose long experience in public affairs gave weight to his utterances, he took a prominent part both in and out of parliament. At the last annual meeting of the Vancouver board of trade Mr. Bodwell was chosen its president. He is universally respected as a man of honor and high principles, and he wields an important influence in the community.

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#### PASCO JUNCTION, WASHINGTON.

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**A** YOUNG TOWN in southeastern Washington that has recently come into prominence as a candidate for the capital of the new state is Pasco, the seat of justice of Franklin county. It is situated in the broad plain of the Columbia, near the confluence of the Columbia and Snake rivers, and is at present the point of junction of the two lines of the Northern Pacific railway, one coming to Portland by way of Tacoma, and the other by way of Wallula and the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company's line, and the main line to the east. The Northern Pacific was in operation there in 1881, and when that great transcontinental route was completed, in 1883, Pasco became an important junction on the line. Two years later a few blocks were platted near the rail-

way station but were not put on the market, and last month the old plat was withdrawn and a new one filed, embracing a larger area and better planned for the accommodation of a city which was manifestly destined to grow there. Lots have been on the market, however, since last November, and a large number have been sold and now have business or residence buildings on them.

One of the great advantages of the town is its central location. This is the chief argument used to secure the state capital. All travel between Eastern and Western Washington must go through Pasco—that is between the settled portions east and west of the Columbia river. It is claimed that there are no feasible routes for crossing the Cascades other than are now occupied, hence no likelihood that roads will be built to divert travel from Pasco. Being at the junction of the two great rivers of the northwest it is also centrally located with reference to the regions for which those streams afford transportation. But it does not depend entirely on its transportation lines to support it. It is located in the center of a rich country. The land immediately around the town is a very quick soil. It is particularly adapted to the growing of such products as water melons, sweet potatoes and semi-tropical fruits. This land is covered with a growth of sage brush that is easily removed. Farther back from the river are bunch grass benches covering a vast extent of country, those lands making fine stock ranges in a wild state and excellent farms when cultivated.

In order to render the soil about Pasco fertile water is necessary. With water it can not be surpassed for almost any of the purposes of farming. Being on the bank of the Columbia river there is an inexhaustible supply of water at hand, and means are being devised for raising and distributing it over a large tract. Before this scheme is consummated, however, a system of artesian wells will be tried for irrigation. The first of these is now nearly completed and it is expected to furnish water enough to render a considerable tract fertile. Two or three of these wells are already in operation in Eastern Washington and there seems to be no reason why they should not be successful in the Pasco country. The expense of drilling them is borne by the territorial government, so it does not become a burden to local tax payers. With a good irrigation once established no country will produce better crops than that portion of the Columbia basin.

To the southwest of Pasco is the Horse Heaven country and to the eastward the famous Eureka Flat, both of which are tributary to Pasco as the best shipping point of that locality. The vast volume of products from along the fertile valley of Snake river are

floated down stream to Pasco for shipment to Portland or the cities of the sound, and special arrangements are now being made to foster this trade. The Northern Pacific has just completed a new steamer in its boat yard at Pasco to ply on Snake river to connect with its railway lines which touch the river at that point. The Oregon & Washington railway taps the Eureka Flat country, and is also drawing toward Pasco the produce of a portion of Umatilla valley, in Oregon. Lately a new company filed articles of incorporation under the name of the Pasco, Goldendale & Columbia Valley Railroad Co., to build southwesterly from Pasco to Portland. The natural features of the country render Pasco accessible from every direction, and it is the point of transfer between cars and boats. This enables it to reap some measure of benefit from the traffic that continually pours through the place.

The population of Pasco is about five hundred. The population of the county is nearly twelve hundred. The occupation of the people in general is farming and stock raising. Only a very small portion of the government lands of the county have yet been occupied, but considerable attention is now being attracted to that region and many are settling there. The Northern Pacific will soon erect in Pasco

a large hotel, a round house, coal sheds and a brick kiln of large capacity. That company now has a ship yard there. It maintains two immense bridges, one across the Columbia and one across the Snake, the latter of which cost \$1,500,000.00. The company owns considerable property in Pasco and is interested in promoting its prosperity. The town has one newspaper, the *Headlight*, which was started a year ago last February and is having a flourishing growth.

Though Pasco is in a treeless region fuel is not expensive. Coal is shipped in by rail at reasonable rates and wood can be had in abundance up the Columbia river and floated down at a merely nominal cost. The sage brush that grows so abundantly there also makes good fuel. In winter time the mercury rarely sinks to zero, and but little snow falls. Sometimes several inches of snow will remain a day or two when a Chinook wind will melt it away in a few hours. The climate in general is dry. Pasco is so thoroughly protected from devastating winds that the tenderest fruits thrive there without any artificial protection. The city plat occupies about two square miles and is slightly undulating. With the development of the agricultural country tributary to Pasco, the demands of commerce will make it a live city, and it will improve all its advantages of position.

#### BELLINGHAM BAY.

One broad, blue sweep of dancing, sunlit sea,  
 Fleck'd here and there with blown sails, white as foam.  
 Here, warm lights die and restless sea-gulls roam,  
 And winds steal in from ocean wantonly.  
 Southward, the chaste Olympics, snow-washed, free,  
 Gleam through the purple mist; eastward, the dome  
 Of all the Cascades guards our western home.  
 Here, wild birds pour their souls out, mad with glee,  
 And, downward dipping in the blue wave's crest,  
 Fling opalescent drops from wings and breast;  
 From cool, marsh-meadows, where lies dim the light,  
 Soft-tonéd frogs make sweet the solemn night  
 And violet-scented morn; and ebbs and flows  
 The tide forever, with its joys and woes.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

## Northwestern News and Information.

ASHLAND, IN ROGUE RIVER VALLEY.—On the main line of the Southern Pacific railway, about half way between Portland and San Francisco, at an altitude of two thousand feet above sea level, is situated the thriving city of Ashland, with a population numbering nearly three thousand, occupying a commanding, healthful and attractive site at the head of Rogue river valley. The valley proper, including adjacent foothills and lesser valleys connecting therewith in Jackson county, comprises an area of arable land, adapted to agriculture and fruit growing, of perhaps one thousand square miles. It is watered by the Rogue and Applegate rivers, Bear, Big and Little Butte, Antelope, Ashland, Wagner and Evans creeks, and numerous smaller streams. Among the natural resources are valuable water powers in numerous places, great belts of the finest fir, sugar and yellow pine, cedar, oak and other varieties of timber; marble, limestone, kaolin, granite, sandstone and other building stone, coal and iron, and quartz and placer deposits of gold and silver. Since their first discovery in 1852, the placer mines of this region have yielded \$25,000,000.00. Quartz ledges which show rich prospect have been discovered, but want of capital prevents their development. Last year Jackson county produced more gold than any other county in Oregon. The valley comprises a great variety of soils and situations, adapted to the growth of all kinds of vegetables, grains, grasses, and every variety of fruit usually produced outside of the tropics. The immediate vicinity of Ashland, owing to altitude and local and general climatic causes, is particularly adapted to the production of the finest quality and most abundant crops of peaches, pears, apples, prunes, apricots, almonds, as well as grapes and the small fruits and berries. The profits already realized from young orchards, three to six years old, are so great that a statement of the facts always seems incredible to strangers. It is true that over \$20.00 worth of peaches, at three cents per pound, have been picked here from single peach trees eight years old, and that \$30.00 worth of apples at one cent per pound have been picked from a single tree. Last year the owner of a peach orchard containing about one thousand trees three years old realized a net profit of over \$100.00 per acre from his peach crop, and at the present writing, May 1st, 1889, the prospect assures double that yield from the same orchard. Five acres planted in peach and other fruit trees in the vicinity of Ashland, properly cared for and cultivated, will, after five years from planting, afford a comfortable living for an ordinary family. Fruit dealers in Oakland and San Francisco, California, offer better prices for Ashland peaches and apples than are paid for fruit of the same varieties grown in any other locality on the Pacific coast. An extensive fruit cannery, that will take a portion of this year's fruit crop, is now under contract and will be in full operation by the 1st of August. Ashland is supplied with an abundance of pure water from the never failing mountain stream known as Ashland creek, which comes rushing down over the rocks and falls in its granite bed from Ashland butte, having an altitude of seven thousand five hundred feet, only ten miles away. This mountain stream affords ample water power along its course through the city at every few hundred feet to drive the heavy machinery of the mills every day in the year. It has already been utilized to propel the machinery of one saw mill, two planing mills, two flouring mills, one woolen mill, one

newspaper and printing establishment, the wheels and dynamo of the electric light and power company, and various other industries of lesser importance in the city. Water taken from this stream near its source will be distributed the present year throughout the entire city by means of a system of water pipes, which will give to every inhabitant on his own premises the purest quality of water to be found anywhere for domestic and other uses. This water supply is to be followed at once with a system of sewerage that will make Ashland the cleanliest, as it is the most healthful, city in Oregon. Besides fine fruits, pure water, a desirable altitude, a variety of soils and minerals, and the most healthful situation, Ashland is becoming famous for its hotel accommodations and health resorts. In addition to two or three very good old time hotels, there has been built and completed within the last year a fine, large, three-story frame hotel building at the railroad station by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, substantially and elegantly furnished, and it is under the supervision of one who knows how to please and gratify the tastes of the traveling public. Also "The Oregon," a handsome and commodious three-story brick hotel, centrally located in the city, recently opened and first class in all its furnishings and appointments. Also a third new brick hotel, now in course of construction, located in the very heart of the business center of the city, which will be open to receive all comers within the next three months. The city is lighted with arc and incandescent electric lights, and the company, composed of home capitalists who own and operate the electric light system, have in contemplation the transmission of their surplus water power to other portions of the city for manufacturing and other purposes.

HOMES IN NORTHERN MONTANA.—A correspondent of the *Helena Journal* contains much interesting information concerning the wonderful transformation in process all along the Manitoba line through the Milk river valley, on the Upper Missouri plateaus, and the country around Fort Benton and Great Falls. The writer shows that in Northern Montana is a great empire abounding in magnificent possibilities and offering free homes to a hundred thousand families. Several colonies have already established themselves on the bench lands which stretch out from Great Falls toward the Belt mountains, and there is room for many more. A very important question has recently been settled, that an abundance of most excellent water can be found within a reasonable depth upon the bench lands between the Missouri and Teton rivers. It has been a question with many who profess to be thoroughly acquainted with the country, whether water could be obtained upon them without great expense. To determine this question, Mr. W. S. Storking, a well known farmer, stock raiser and business man of Benton, working under the auspices of the board of trade, employed a couple of men and set them to digging on the bench lands about five miles from that city, on the line of the Manitoba. At a depth of sixteen feet a good flow of excellent water was found. Thus this problem is solved in short order. At Box Elder, between Fort Benton and Fort Assiniboine, nine families have located ranches and more are coming. A town site is now being surveyed by Mr. Frederick Davis, of Grand Forks, Dakota. A hotel, livery stable and some other buildings will

soon be erected as a starter of the new city. There is a large body of excellent farming land in the immediate vicinity of the place, all of which will soon be occupied by the incoming immigrants. Considerable grain has been put in, and there are other evidences of a permanent settlement. Box Elder will be quite an important place in the very near future. About twenty miles east of Assiniboine, at the confluence of Clear creek and Milk river, there is a large settlement called Toledo, which will doubtless be the base of supplies for that region. One farmer there put in one hundred and fifty acres of grain, while many others seeded a less amount. Another promising town is Chinook, eight miles east of Toledo. This place is about a mile east of Dawes, the present station, but the station, it is understood, will soon be removed to Chinook. A free wagon bridge has been built across Milk river to open connection between Chinook and the Fort Belknap Indian agency. Major O'Hanlon, the enterprising post trader at Belknap, sowed one hundred and fifty acres, and a Mr. Burns seeded three hundred acres. The Indians around the agency also put in much grain. Over one thousand acres were planted in grain and vegetables around Chinook this spring, and not a rod of irrigation ditch will be dug on Milk river, at Box Elder, or at Benton or Great Falls, or in all the northern country this year. At Glasgow a board of trade has been organized, which is doing good work in attracting settlers. They have already a drug store, livery stable, and the usual proportion of residence and business and other signs of thrift and permanence. A year ago this country was a howling wilderness, given over to savage beasts and Indians. To-day it is the home of hundreds of industrious, energetic, enterprising men, who are forming little communities, the centers of a population which in a few years will number half the voting strength of the state of Montana.

THE SOILS OF IDAHO.—The soils of the territory might, with propriety, be classed in six divisions, as follows:

First—The high mountains, with their steep and rocky declivities. This soil, although it contains all the mineral elements necessary to support vegetable life, is deficient in vegetable matter.

Second—The high plateaus and timber belts. This soil is also a sandy loam, and contains all the elements necessary for the production of the cereals.

Third—The valley soil proper. This soil is also a sandy loam, resting for the most part upon a gravelly bed, and is only a few feet in depth. The first settlers chose this soil on account of its warm, productive nature, and on account of the facility with which it could be irrigated.

Fourth—Alkali soils. This soil occurs in small patches, low down in nearly all the valleys which border upon the larger streams. It is almost identical with the last-mentioned soil, with the exception that it contains an excess of sodium or potassium. It is easily known from the other soils by the native flora it produces, which are greasewood and saltgrass. When dry it is covered with a whitish or brownish crust, which contains muriate of sodium and potash. This soil is worthless in its natural condition for agricultural purposes, but by flooding for one or two years the salts are liquified and washed away. Then it will produce fair crops of cereals, but orchards or timber do not thrive even then.

Fifth—The sagebrush soil. This soil, although discarded by the earliest settlers, is now conceded to be equal, if not superior, to any other, and happily it is the most plentiful. Anything which grows in a temperate climate will succeed in this soil. Instances are within our knowledge where nine tons of hay to the acre have been produced in a single season. Three

crops can be harvested in a season. This soil is of a very fine texture, composed of mineral ash, silicate and vegetable mold, and is of unknown depth. In sinking an artesian well at Nampa this soil extended with but little variation for sixty feet. The great Snake river plains, containing millions of acres now lying idle awaiting the industry of man, are of this character. For the successful cultivation of agricultural products in Southern Idaho irrigation is resorted to. Instead of this being a drawback to the farmer it is really an advantage, as it increases the yield by more than one hundred per cent. per acre, while the expense is not great. A ton of hay or a bushel of wheat can be raised by means of irrigation for one-half the expense that it can in the eastern states. Canals are now being built from the Boise river, which, when completed, will supply water to irrigate about two hundred thousand acres, extending from Boise south to Snake river.

Sixth—The basaltic formation (lava beds, so called). This section has the appearance of a recent lava flow, upon which, in many places, a light soil has accumulated which produces a very nutritious grass, which springs up in the month of February, or as soon as the frost is out of the ground, and when the hot weather of summer approaches it is ripe, and remains in a dry condition. It is the same as grows on the plains, where it makes a splendid winter pasture. Stock subsists and even fattens upon it.—*Nampa Progress*.

KLICKITAT BOILING SPRINGS AND SUNKEN LAKE.—Thinking a description of some of the peculiar and somewhat unique and wonderful characteristics of Honey lake valley (in Klickitat county, Washington) might interest some of your readers, I will tell what I saw on a trip to the east end of the valley. Honey lake, a body of water which in the past occupied an area of several thousand acres, sank from sight in the month of June, last, and remained out of sight up to within a week or two past, notwithstanding two streams about the size of the Klickitat are constantly discharging their waters into its bed. At present it is very coyly coming into sight again. The lake took its name from the great deposits of honey dew in the early settlement of the valley. But at present I would more particularly call attention to the boiling springs, a number of which rise near the border of the lake on the northeast side. These rise out of a level plain not less than a mile from the surrounding hills, in a vast tract of alkali as white as though covered with snow. There are quite a number of these springs, and they extend for three or four miles along the border of the lake, when it is at its largest extension. Each spring has some peculiar characteristic of its own. The largest one throws out a volume of water four feet wide and four inches deep, as clear as crystal, and boils with such energy that the water comes up a foot above the still water around, and jets are constantly spurting much higher, and the roaring, hissing and sputtering was so loud that our team would not willingly go near. If this is the place discovered by the emigrant Dutchman when he so urgently requested Hans to drive on for God's sake, for his satanic majesty's dominion was not a mile away, one can hardly wonder at his fears. If some of our Klickitat bacon manufacturers could import this spring it would effect a great saving of fuel. I felt of the water of this spring six or eight rods below where it issues from the ground, and found that it was hot enough for scalding, and I was told the water where it came from the ground was hotter than water can be made artificially. Here is a nut for philosophers to crack. The other springs, a number of which rise near this large one, are of different degrees of heat, from boiling to cold. In one place a cold and a hot spring are near enough together that by

lying down one hand can be placed in one and the other hand in the other. A large volume of steam rises from the head of the spring and for a long distance along the stream its course can be readily traced by the rising vapor. I was told by my guide that in the past an overheated dog one summer day came running up to the pool at the head of this spring and plunged in, and could not, or did not, get out alive. I was also informed that for persons troubled with rheumatism it has an excellent sanitary effect to take sweat baths. The stream gives off a sulphuric odor.—*Correspondent Columbia Chronicle.*

**LANDS OF MONTANA.**—Montana contains, in round numbers, one hundred and forty-six thousand square miles, or ninety-three million four hundred and forty thousand acres. It has been roughly estimated that one-third of this vast area is mountainous, one-third agricultural and one-third grazing lands. But more recent experiments in farming, says the *Fort Benton Press*, have demonstrated that much of the land heretofore regarded as unfit for profitable cultivation may be classed among the best agricultural lands in the territory. These lands are found at the base of the Rocky mountains, in the narrow valleys reaching far up toward their snowy peaks, and on the sides of the spurs and detached groups forming a part of the great chain which runs through the western half of the country, and upon the higher bench lands. Counting these as agricultural lands, a fairer classification would place not over twenty million acres as mountainous or uncultivable. This would leave seventy-three million four hundred and forty thousand acres as purely agricultural and grazing lands. Though all these lands are covered with a luxurious growth of grasses, and constitute a great range of territory, it does not follow that they are all susceptible of profitable cultivation, for they are not. But, as has been stated, recent experimental farming in the territory has conclusively shown that large areas of what have heretofore been considered as purely grazing lands will produce most excellent crops of cereals under average climatic conditions. We refer to the great reaches of plateaus, or bench lands, as they are generally called, in Eastern and Northeastern Montana. Estimating these lands as more profitable for agricultural purposes than for grazing, it will be found that Montana has at least forty-five million acres of land which may be classed as agricultural. Hence the several divisions would appear as follows:

Purely mountainous.....	20,000,000 acres
Purely grazing.....	28,440,000 "
Purely agricultural.....	45,000,000 "
Total.....	93,440,000 acres

These figures are largely at variance with those given by Mr. Robert Strahorne, fifteen or twenty years ago, after running over the country on a bronco between Virginia City and Deer Lodge, but we submit the proposition to every candid man who understands the capabilities of Montana soil from Glendive to Missoula, and from Fort Buford to Oneida, if they are not approximately correct. Mr. Strahorne gave Montana but sixteen million acres of agricultural land. We have that amount in the great northern reservation, which Mr. Strahorne never saw and of which nothing was known when he made the estimates that have been so largely quoted by the eastern press during the past few years. There have been taken up under the pre-emption, homestead and desert land laws somewhere in the neighborhood of ten million acres of agricultural lands in the territory. Of this amount, according to the report of the territorial auditor for the fiscal year 1888, there are only three million seven hundred and forty-one thousand four hundred

and fifty-nine acres under cultivation. Therefore it is not surprising that Montana is still shipping flour, bacon, lard, eggs, butter, cheese and vegetables from outside sources of supply to meet her home wants. And she is compelled to do this, because over four-fifths of her population is engaged in mining, horse, cattle and sheep raising, and in mercantile and other business pursuits. These facts show that Montana is not only a great country, but is the best country in the union for the farmer. It holds magnificent possibilities for the tiller of the soil, and Northern Montana, with its eighteen million acres of free lands, capable of supporting homes of one hundred and sixty acres each for one hundred and twelve thousand five hundred families, invites the home seekers from the east.

**NUGGETS OF GOLD.**—The term "nugget" is applied to a lump or mass of gold of unusual size or weight. These nuggets are found, more or less, of greater or less value, in all gold fields. The largest nuggets ever discovered have been found in the gold fields of Victoria, Australia. The largest nugget, the Sarah Sands, weighed two hundred and thirty-three pounds, and was found in the Ballarat diggings. The so-called Welcome nugget, weighing more than one hundred and eighty-two troy pounds, was found at Bakery Hill, Ballarat, in 1858. Another, the Blanche Barkley nugget, weighed one hundred and forty-six pounds, and only about six ounces was quartz. The largest California nugget was found at Carson Hill, Calaveras county, and weighed one hundred and eight pounds, four pounds of it being rock. The first piece of gold found at Coloma, California, was worth fifty cents, and the second \$5.00. Since that time one nugget has been found worth \$43,000.00; two, \$21,000.00; one, \$10,000.00; two, \$8,000.00; one, \$6,500.00; four, \$5,000.00; twelve worth from \$3,000.00 to \$4,000.00; and eighteen worth from \$1,000.00 to \$2,000.00, have been found and recorded in the history of the state, according to the best historical authority. In addition to the above, numberless nuggets worth from \$100.00 to \$500.00 are mentioned in the annals of California gold mining during the last thirty years. Big nuggets are very fine things to show, but after all it is the fine gold that shows up and makes the bulk of the crop from the gold fields of Montana, California, Australia and other countries and localities producing that metal in abundance. From the date of the discovery of gold in California to the present time, the yield is not far from \$1,214,000,000.00. As a metal producer, Montana to-day heads the list by a lead of several million dollars over any other state or territory in the union (including gold, silver, copper, iron and lead), and ranks next to California, or second on the list, in production of gold. Montana commenced to be mined for gold along in 1862, twenty-seven years ago, and the estimated yield of the territory for 1889 is \$40,000,000.00. Alder gulch, about thirteen miles long, is credited with a gold output of \$60,000,000.00, and Last Chance gulch, in which the city of Helena now stands, \$2,000,000.00. One of the largest nuggets ever found in Montana was forked out of a flume box in Nelson gulch and thrown among the bowlders, where it was left for three or four days. The miner who threw the supposed rock out remarked at the time that it was a very heavy piece of rock, and curiosity afterward led him to search for it. He finally found it, a lump of virgin gold, weighing nearly forty pounds.

**TACOMA TERMINAL FACILITIES.**—President Oakes, of the Northern Pacific, has organized a terminal company for the purpose of providing terminal facilities for his road in Tacoma. The intentions of the company are best stated in the language of Mr. Oakes: "A terminal company has been formed and

will expend \$6,000,000.00 in improving the terminal facilities of the Northern Pacific in Tacoma. All that the ingenuity of man can devise toward making the terminal facilities here as perfect as possible will be done. The officers of the company consist of Northern Pacific officials. There will be \$880,000.00 expended this year, \$1,000,000.00 next year, and \$1,000,000.00 the next year, and the remainder the fourth year. The bay at this point will be filled in below the bluff to the curbing already put in, and more tracks will be laid to accommodate the coal traffic. The yard directly opposite the headquarters building will also be extended to the outer line of curbing, and tracks laid to accommodate miscellaneous freight. The work of sluicing away the bluff will be carried on much more rapidly hereafter. We have ordered a large pump, and it will accomplish twice or three times as much as the pumps now in use. We have expended over \$200,000.00 at this point and will expend more than that much more. We will also fill in the flat at the head of the bay and extend our tracks there. About \$500,000.00 will be expended on the new car shops, freight house and round house. A new passenger station will be built next year. The shops will work between five and six hundred men, and will be the next largest on the line of the road, those at Brainerd alone exceeding them in size. They will be the counterpart of what we call the Como shops, at St. Paul, only they will be provided with more and heavier machinery. The shops are intended as repair shops for passenger and freight cars and locomotives. They will be equipped with machinery for all classes of work, and we will run a foundry in connection. As to their capacity, they would be able to turn out from ten to twelve new cars per day. The Northern Pacific bought fifty acres at the head of the bay, and that is where the shops will be located, and we will also build two round houses there, one of which will be built at once. It will be in the form of a segment of a circle, and will contain twenty-two stalls. The other will not be built until later. Three coal bunkers will be built, each of the capacity of the Carbon hill bunkers, about five thousand tons. Each of these bunkers costs about \$180,000.00. They will be located on the 'boot,' where the saw mill is being erected by the St. Paul and Tacoma Lumber Company. We will build these elevators one at a time."

**THE GRAY'S HARBOR RAILWAY.**—The route now projected by the Puget Sound & Gray's Harbor road will extend from a point in Mason county, at the lower entrance to Little Skookum bay, to Kamilche, thence to Summit station, thence to Elma, about one and one-half miles from the Chehalis river, and down across the Satsop to Montesano and the Chehalis. The road is now completed and in operation from the eastern terminus on Little Skookum bay to Summit, a distance of fifteen miles. Kamilche, while it has been the terminus of operations on the road, will be abandoned, and the real terminus will be five miles east, the road being already completed to that point. The reason for the extension of the road is that deep sea vessels can not reach Kamilche, and they can the actual terminus, the name for which has not yet been given. As soon as the survey is completed active construction of the road will be begun, and it is confidently expected that cars will be running to Montesano by September 16th. The route from Summit station to Montesano is a very feasible one and contains but about four miles that are at all difficult of construction. Trestle work for a total length of one mile will have to be built on each side of the Satsop river, and the river proper will be crossed by a single span bridge one hundred and sixty feet in length. The people of Montesano have donated to the company seventy acres of land on the Chehalis river that will be used for the

construction of terminal and storage warehouses and a depot. A plat of ground four hundred feet square, within the boundaries of the city, has been turned over to the company, and upon this will be constructed the Montesano depot. The rolling stock of the new road will be ordered without delay, and every appliance that will insure prompt and efficient passenger and freight service will be provided. That part of the road which is now completed has been excellently built, and the remainder will be constructed in as substantial a manner. The road, which is standard gauge, is already provided with three locomotives, a combination passenger coach and a number of freight and flat cars. When the road is finished the run from Puget sound to Montesano will be made in two hours. A steamboat, called the *Montesano*, to run in connection with this road, has been launched and her machinery placed in position. It will be operated on the Chehalis between Montesano and points on Gray's harbor. It will run as far as Peterson's point, on the south of Gray's harbor, which it is expected to make a popular summer resort. There is said to be here the finest ocean beach of any place in the northwest.

**CANADIAN NATIONAL PARK.**—The national park of Canada, close to the Rocky mountains on the eastern edge of British Columbia, is fast becoming as popular as the Yellowstone park, situated about five hundred miles southeast of it. Last year it was visited by a large number of persons, and already it has six hundred and fifty permanent residents. These, however, form only the nucleus of the very large population which is bound rapidly to settle there. As for visitors, they are sure to flock there in tens of thousands as it becomes more widely known, now that the Canadian Pacific railroad not only skirts it but lands visitors at the entrance of a spacious, five-story hotel, from which diverge roads and bridal paths in many directions, leading to the various attractions of the park. This Canadian national park is certain to become one of the most famous and popular breathing spots on the continent, for its natural attractions and beauties are unrivaled, while the work of improving is rapidly advancing. From the last report of the superintendent we learn that bridal paths are now being constructed up the sides of the mountains, from the tops of which magnificent panoramic views of picturesque scenery are beheld, and that many miles of carriage roads have been built to various places of interest. Among these roads that to the Devil's lake is specially worthy of mention, for it is so good that the nine and a half miles can be covered in an hour. Then two permanent bridges have been built over the Bow and Spray rivers. The Bow river is a splendid stream, three hundred feet wide, and at this bridge it flows at the rate of twenty miles an hour, till within half a mile of its celebrated falls it suddenly drops seventy feet before dashing over. At these falls, too, is a cave of great interest, to which entrance is gained by an improvised tunnel. There, also, are hot and sulphur springs, and baths can be obtained both in sanitariums and in a natural basin. The finest fishing can be had in the big lake adjacent. Then Bow river is much frequented by pleasure parties who sail or steam up and down above the rapids. The government is trying to vary the seeming monotony attending the pine trees, which form the flora of the present landscape, by transplanting twenty thousand trees of numerous varieties that flourish in the northwest, but beyond that the future improvements will be confined chiefly to road making. Indeed, this grand park, of which fifteen thousand acres have already been surveyed, requires no other improvement. It is sure to become a favorite resort of lovers of the grand and beautiful, as well as of those in search of health and recreation.—*Victoria Times*.

**IDAHO'S MINING OUTLOOK.**—The placer mining season in Idaho is advancing much better than was expected. The snow fall last winter was much lighter than ever before known, but the lack of snow is redeemed by rains, which were almost incessant throughout Southern Idaho the latter part of March and fore part of April. Many claims were being worked the first part of April, which is nearly a month earlier than usual, and the earlier start is of no little importance to the miner. Along the bed of Moore creek, between Idaho City and Boise City, mining operations were in full progress through the month. The Payette river being lower this year than ever before, several men are making good wages cleaning out the crevices in the granite bottom and panning the dirt. The quartz mines are attracting the most attention from mining men now. Two or three companies are trying to buy the Elkhorn, which is a fine piece of property. On Willow creek, near Idaho City, a valuable quartz claim is being opened up. Some rich finds are reported from the Gambrinus district and development is being pushed there. The cross cut from the Crown Point shaft at Banner, at the depth of four hundred feet, has encountered a very heavy stream of water or a large reservoir. Some headway was made with the pumps, but, being compelled to shut down for a few hours, it again rose to its former height. Whether the water is draining the vein for a great distance, or whether an immense reservoir has been tapped, the pumps will prove of insufficient capacity to perform the work required of them. As it is, the starting up of the mill has been delayed a month. The crushing of thirty-six tons of gold ore from the Washington yielded \$6,193.63, or a little over \$172.00 per ton. That was better than the owners expected. A ten-stamp gold and silver mill, a saw mill and hoisting works are on the way from Denver. The mine improves with every foot of development, and is considered by mining men one of the best properties in Idaho. As a gold and silver quartz mining territory, Idaho is gradually climbing to the top. The operations of the London Company, at Graham, in Silver mountain district, during the past two years, it was feared would have a depressing effect, but, so far, they have not. The enormous sum of \$1,375,000.00 was spent on roads and the purchase and erection of a twenty-stamp silver mill before the mines were developed. To secure a mine of sufficient size, it is calculated by miners that a tunnel will have to be run to tap the veins at water level. This tunnel would have to be over two thousand feet long, and on the opposite side of the mountain from the mill.

**SHOSHONE AND LOGAN COUNTY, IDAHO.**—The town of Shoshone is pleasantly located on the Little Wood river, at the junction of the Wood river branch of the Oregon Short Line railway. Owing to its being the nearest railroad point to the great Shoshone falls and famous caves, Shoshone has become a special favorite for the pleasure seeker and tourist. Logan county is essentially an agricultural district. The dark, rich soil sustains a high degree of cultivation, and the varieties of vegetables, tame grasses and small grains find their natural element here, and the heavy yield of crops surprises even the most credulous. Many settlers have planted fine fruit farms, and experience has proved that not only small fruits, but apples, plums, pears, peaches, etc., do remarkably well. The inexhaustible supply of water and nutritious grass makes Logan county a paradise for stock. Large numbers of cattle, horses and sheep are annually raised, and heavy shipments are constantly being made, not only to neighboring, but also to distant markets. The excellent railroad facilities at Shoshone offer every inducement to the stock raiser. Stock trains are run eastward on passenger train time, and the rates are only a small

advance over many points much nearer east. Over one hundred and seventy-five car loads of stock were shipped from the neighborhood of Shoshone during the past year, which is a most encouraging indication when the new and undeveloped character of the country is considered. The mineral wealth of Logan county is equal to the richness of the soil of the valleys for agricultural pursuits. Many mines have been developed, some of which have proved the most valuable in the territory. Gold and silver have been found in paying quantities, especially the latter, while the baser metals are present in great abundance and of superior quality. One of the chief advantages of the mines in that section is that they require but small capital for their development; consequently the poor man who has a taste for mining can have an opportunity to work his own claim, which is impossible in many places where the precious metals can only be secured at an enormous expense. This locality is in the great silver bearing region of Idaho, which has gained a world-wide reputation. Millions of dollars worth of silver and lead are taken annually from the mines, and the output is so rapidly increasing that there is little danger of overestimating the vast wealth in the hills.

**SOIL OF NORTHERN MONTANA.**—In an article showing why irrigation is not necessary to make the soil of Northern Montana fertile, the *Fort Benton Press* says: "The subsoil, instead of being composed of sand or gravel, is a tenacious clay, which holds every drop of rain that falls upon the rich surface loam. The top of the ground may be dry, but an examination shows moisture a few inches below the surface, which increases as the wet subsoil is approached. This moisture is given up to the penetrating roots of plants as it is needed to perfect their growth. Deep plowing—not less than ten inches—is required for these lands, and for reasons apparent to every cultivator of the soil, better crops will be produced the second year than the first. On level lands surrounded by, or adjacent to, gently sloping hills, the farmer is assured of good crops of cereals or vegetables in ordinary seasons. Ordinary seasons are those in which there is an aggregate snow fall of a foot or fifteen inches during the winter and the usual rains in May and June. The great valleys and broad plateaus of Northern Montana are from one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and fifty miles from the crest of the main range of the Rockies. Its rains come from every point of the compass, while those which fall in other portions of the territory almost invariably come from the southwest. This may appear strange to the uninformed, but it must be borne in mind that we are speaking of a territory over seven hundred miles in length and in which widely different climatic conditions exist, as well as a great variety of soils. Hence, it will be seen that it is quite possible Northern Montana may possess a climate and soil as distinct from that of Western or Southern Montana as the soil and climate of those portions of Montana are different from those of a country seven hundred miles to the north, south or west. This fact is mentioned simply to show that the characteristics of the soil and climate of any given section of Montana can not be correctly judged by those of any one locality in the territory." During the months of May, June and July, the growing time of the year, the rainfall in Northern Montana, according to official records, is about nine inches, while in Eastern Washington, where are some of the finest grain fields in the world, the rainfall for that period averages about one-third that amount.

**MINING ON THE YUKON RIVER, ALASKA.**—A miner returning from the Yukon river reports, in the *Alaskan*, that the first attempt to prospect the bed of Forty Mile creek was made last

spring by two Norwegians, and their discoveries were astonishing. Shortly before the coming of high water, in May, they removed the ice from a section of the river, uncovering the bed about twenty by eighteen feet. The ice was three feet in thickness, and the task was Herculean. They then carried fuel from a canyon two miles distant and built fires in the hole until they had thawed out several inches of the bottom in a space about eleven by fourteen feet. They scraped up the thawed gravel and washed out over \$2,100.00 worth of nuggets, when they were stopped by high water and the opening of the summer. The job occupied about two weeks' time. There are sections of the creek where the channel bed can be uncovered by diverting the water, but on account of the frozen condition of the banks at all seasons, it will always be difficult. There were about one hundred and twenty miners scattered along the river last season for a distance of sixty or seventy miles. The miners there get no mails or any information from the outside world, except when the steamers of the Alaska Commercial Company make their annual trip up the Yukon to the fort to take in supplies and collect furs. The fort is eighteen hundred miles above the mouth of the river, and only two or three steamers reach it during the summer. The great drawback to the successful prosecution of mining in the Yukon country is the long and extremely cold winter, limiting the time when it is possible to work the mines to the three months beginning the 1st of June and ending the 1st of September. During the summer we have almost continual daylight, and it is light enough to work every moment of the time between June and September, and a company working a large force could, by dividing it into reliefs, prosecute the work during that time. But at present there are no companies on the ground, and all operations are conducted individually. No attention is paid to diggings that would pay enormously in a favorable climate, and nothing but the cream of the richest is or can be taken by present methods.

CLIMATE OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.—Last July the senate passed a resolution directing the transmission of reports prepared under the direction of chief signal service officer upon the climate and climatic conditions of Oregon and Washington. These reports, together with illustrative charts and letters from General Greeley, have recently been published, and in view of the immigration to the northwest will be found of general interest. The rainfall on the Pacific coast is the heaviest in the United States, ranging from seventy to one hundred and seven inches annually, but this enormous fall covers only six per cent. of Oregon and Washington. On the other hand, the area where less than ten inches fall is less than five per cent. of the whole. Wheat can be grown in nine-tenths of these two states without irrigation, owing to equable rainfall. Agricultural operations are more fruitful with smaller rainfall than in some sections of other states with considerable larger precipitation. Remarkably equable temperature conditions are also obtained, the entire range of the mean annual temperature over this territory from forty-five and one-half degrees at Fort Colville, in Northeastern Washington, to fifty-four degrees at Ashland, Oregon, in three hundred miles of latitude. Along the Coast range the temperature in summer varies only slightly, from fifty-six at Port Angeles, Washington, to fifty-six and one-half at Port Stevens, Oregon. During the winter months the mean temperature of more than half these states is above the freezing point, and on the Coast ranges between forty and forty-five degrees. General Greeley says: To summarize, Oregon and Washington are favored with a climate of unusual mildness and salubrity. While the immediate coast regions have very heavy

rainfalls, yet such rains occur during the winter months, December to February, and in all cases the wet season gives place gradually to dry seasons during July and August. While a preponderating amount of rainfall is during the winter, yet spring, early summer and late fall are marked by moderate rains at not infrequent intervals. These climatic conditions favor, to a marked extent, the growth of most cereals and other important staples.

MINERAL OF TEXADA ISLAND.—Dr. Bredemeyer, Ph.D., of Vancouver, is an assayer and mining expert whose opinion is held in high esteem by mining men. He says he has made over one hundred and twenty assays of ore from Texada island, four or five of which are really first class, particularly the ore from the Golden Slipper, Vancouver, Blue Bell, Victoria and Eureka claims. The ores go from \$12.00 to \$600.00 per ton, and contain nothing of value but gold, all in pyrites. In the specimens examined there has been no free gold to be seen, though they say it has been found in very small specimens in the new district of the lake. The ores from Texada, Dr. Bredemeyer says, should be reduced by either roasting or the Russell leaching process. By the first the cost would be from \$9.00 to \$10.00 per ton, while by the leaching process the cost would be \$6.00 to \$7.30. By the Russell process the extraction of gold would be about five per cent. higher than by roasting. Dr. Bredemeyer is of the opinion that as the Texada prospectors get down from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet, the find will turn out to be a lead and silver ledge. All the indications point in this direction, and a four-foot vein of lead has already been discovered. Surface croppings show thirty to forty per cent. in lead, and six to twenty ounces in silver to the ton. Younge's pay streak contains thirty-four per cent. in iron and about \$12.00 gold to the ton, so it would seem that almost every metal, both base and precious, can be found on the island, and everything can be utilized. Gold, silver, lead and iron having been shown to have an existence on the island, it should be the duty of home capital to take Texada in hand, and keep the profits arising from her mineral richness in the province, instead of allowing everything, like the iron, to be shipped to the United States and there made up.—*Colonist*.

UNION COUNTY MINES.—The mines of Cornucopia, Union county, Oregon, are in a very promising condition this spring. Twenty-two men were employed during the winter prospecting the Red Jacket mine. The adit started last fall is a little over five hundred feet, and will be extended about one hundred and twenty-five feet more before it is expected the main ledge will be struck. During the process of work on this tunnel, a number of small veins of ore were encountered, the most extensive being about one foot in width. Three shifts are kept at work, and the adit will be pushed forward to completion as rapidly as possible. In the main workings of the mine, some fifteen hundred feet of drift and tunnel have been run. The ore vein varies in width from three to seven feet, a good proportion of which is free milling, returning an average value of \$900.00 per ton, while that of all the ore is close to \$100.00. Five raises have been started on the ore body, and a low estimate of the amount of ore in sight places it at one thousand tons. The mill of the company was started Monday, and the twenty stamps will be kept constantly at work for months to come, unless some unforeseen accident intervenes. At Sanger, in that county, there were fifty men employed during the winter, and work, both at the mines and mill, has been vigorously pushed. The mine at Sanger is on a good paying basis, and the monthly returns must prove extremely satisfactory to the owners.

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

**IMPROVEMENTS AT VANCOUVER, B. C.**—Since the material for the long descriptive article on Vancouver was gathered, only a few weeks ago, much improvement has been made, to which we desire to call attention briefly in this place. This constant growth and development is a marked characteristic of the city, and renders it impossible to give a description of it which will not fall far short of the truth in a very short time. The population has increased so rapidly that it can now safely be set at fourteen thousand people, and a steady influx continues at a rate that will add several thousand more before the end of the year. One of the most important features of the city's advantages is its foreign steamship lines, to which reference was made. The line to Japan and China has been subsidized by the British government to the amount of \$375,000.00, and by the Canadian government \$125,000.00. The same subsidies have been granted by both governments to the line between Vancouver and Australia. Mention was made of the many localities where coal could be procured, several extensive coal measures, some of them already producing largely, existing within easy and cheap access, but another important one should be added. At Banff, on the line of the Canadian Pacific, anthracite coal is now being mined and much of it exported to San Francisco. It is expected that a large trade will spring up with Australia in machinery and other manufactured articles where soft wood is used, and that Vancouver will at no distant day manufacture largely this class of goods.

**CHENEY A NEW PHENIX.**—Cheney, one of the most prosperous towns of Eastern Washington, has just been refined by fire in the same manner that nearly every town of any consequence in the west has been at a certain stage of its growth. As a rule, when a town is first built it consists of frame structures, generally cheap affairs and dangerous to adjacent property in case of fire. As the town grows they bring in an income from rent far in excess of their actual value, and the cupidity of their owners can generally be relied upon to keep them standing as a menace to better buildings adjoining until the dreaded fire sweeps

them away. If happily they are thus disposed of without destroying other more valuable property, then the town may congratulate itself, for in their places fine brick structures will spring up and the town will begin a new era of prosperity and progress. Such is the situation in Cheney. The fire which swept the business part of the town, though it caused considerable individual loss, was a great benefit to the town at large. Real estate in the burned district is rated higher to-day than it was before the fire cleared it of these dangerous incumbrances. Arrangements are being made for the erection of several fine brick blocks, and the increase in business, population, taxable property and general prosperity will be very marked the next few months. The citizens have just voted to bond the city for money to construct a complete system of water works, and the Holly company has already begun the work of construction.

**TIDE PRAIRIES OF GRAY'S HARBOR**—A correspondent from Gray's harbor, Wash., writes as follows of the tide prairies of that section: "But very few, if any, of the hundreds of people now arriving here from inland states know anything about our tide prairies, and for their benefit this article is written. First, they are not a mud flat as many suppose, but they are genuine prairies, built up on the one side by the deposits of the ebb and flow of old ocean, for how many millions of years no man knows, and on the other side by the washings of decayed vegetation from the hills and uplands ever since the hills have stood; the two, mixing their deposits and washings together, have grown up an alluvial formation which is not, and can not be, excelled for richness in the now known world. These prairies extend from the water's edge back to the uplands and up the various streams, and are only covered by water at high tide, and even in its wild state grows a nutritious grass, which, if not fed down, reaches far above the head of an ordinary man. But when old ocean's salty brine is fenced off by dykes this land shows its mettle; it laughs at five tons of timothy to the acre, one hundred bushels of oats, six hundred bushels of potatoes or fifty tons of beets or rutabagas is no burden whatever, and year after year it seems to increase in fertility; it has no wear out, drouths do not affect it, but it toils on year after year, and as sure as the farmer puts in the seed and keeps it clean from weeds he is sure of a rich harvest."

**A NEW MINING DISTRICT.**—A new mining district has been discovered in Jefferson county, Montana, twelve miles from Pony and about thirty-eight miles southeast of Boulder, which has created considerable excitement. The place where mineral was discovered is said to be a fine farming country, and bears no indications of quartz. The discoverers are old prospectors, who feel that they have a fortune within their grasp. While walking through the country they observed a cropping of quartz from a foot to four feet in width. By prying a pick in the ground nearly a foot from the grass roots, ore was found that looked very rich in copper and silver. This is marvelously rich, being equal to \$3,847.00 per ton. The two prospectors have made seven locations, the one with the rich ore being called the Parnell. Since the discovery a tunnel has been run in about twenty feet, and when in fifty feet it is expected to cut the vein. Another claim, called the Gilmore, has been developed somewhat, in which genuine ochre ore has been found six feet from the surface. The ledges in the district pitch to an angle of forty-five degrees, running north and south. Since the news of this discovery has been made known, many prospectors have rushed to the scene, many striking out before they knew the location of the find; but the fact that such a place existed was sufficient to spur them to action.

**SNOHOMISH COUNTY MINERALS.**—The Sultan river mines, by present routes of travel, are within twenty-five miles of the town of Snohomish, on Puget sound. In a straight line they are less than twenty miles distant. It would be safe to say that over \$100,000.00 in gold dust has come from those mines. Possibly two or three times that sum has been derived therefrom. Nearly all the mineral wealth of the country is to be found to the eastward of the line of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern railway as located north and south through the country. That is, this road forms what may be termed the western boundary of the mineral wealth of the country. It is from fifty to sixty miles from the roadway eastward to the summit of the Cascade mountains, which constitutes the eastern boundary of Snohomish county. As one goes eastward the crops of sandstone and coal become less frequent, but the coal, where found, is of an older formation and better quality. As the coal formations disappear they are replaced by true mineral veins, the various combinations of silver with less valuable metals taking the lead. Since these metals were deposited, the surface of the country has been less disturbed by volcanic agency than any other county on the east side of Puget sound.

**LATAH COUNTY, IDAHO.**—Mosco, the county seat of Latah, has the territorial university, eight church buildings of the various denominations, a \$20,000.00 court house, and a \$12,000.00 school house. Latah county has fifty-eight school districts and fifty-eight school houses. There are upwards of two thousand scholars enrolled. There are one thousand three hundred and fifty boys and seven hundred girls. It has twenty-five townships, some of which are mountain and valley land. It has ten villages. Moscow is the largest, having the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company's railroad terminus, and Genesee has the Northern Pacific branch terminus. Moscow is an independent school district and an incorporated town and is the county seat. Compulsory education is the law. Latah county has a population of about ten thousand. It has about \$2,300,000.00 of real and personal property. It is purely an agricultural county, with fine stock raising. The average yield of wheat per acre is forty bushels. The general productions are wheat, oats, barley, flax, vegetables, peaches, pears, plums, apples and small fruits. Winter lasts from four to six weeks; long spring and fall, with cool nights. There is pure mountain water in abundance.

**WHIDBY ISLAND.**—On Whidby island, in Puget sound, there are about six thousand acres of tide and peat marshes, not one-half of which is under cultivation. To accurately state the amount of land under cultivation would be a hard task. It is easier to estimate the amount of grain and produce raised. The yearly average is about one hundred thousand bushels of wheat, oats and barley, about fifty thousand bushels of potatoes, and probably five thousand tons of hay for sale, besides what is fed on the farms, and as all the farmers are stock raisers, the stock consisting mostly of horses, cattle and sheep, it takes a vast amount of feed to carry them through the winter. There is a great deal of excellent unimproved farming land, but it belongs to large land holders or is held for speculation by non-residents. It consists largely of alder and spruce bottoms and peat marshes. There are thousands of acres of land that if slashed would be valuable for sheep pasturage. There is no government land to be had.

**THE BRENTS COUNTRY, WASHINGTON.**—West of Davenport a few miles is a stock men's paradise; that is, scab land twelve miles wide and twenty miles long, extending southward from

the Columbia river. On the west side of it is the Rocky canyon, and on the edge of the prairie adjoining are Brown's buttes, great natural mounds covered with bunch grass. Here is the eastern edge of the Brents country. The Columbia river forms its northern boundary, the Grand Coulee its western, and its southern is the scab lands of Crab and Wilson creeks, about the middle of township twenty-four. It comprises the north-western part of Lincoln county and the northeastern part of Douglas. There are over twelve hundred square miles of land, chiefly prairie. The general slope is southward, away from the river. There are no streams of importance flowing north, from Rocky canyon to the Grand Coulee, a distance of more than forty miles. So near is the divide to the river northeast of Sherman, that a tunnel two or three miles long could be so made as to tap the river and flood the country below, for the country below is lower than the river.—*Wilbur Register.*

**BAKER CITY IMPROVEMENTS.**—The material progress made by Baker City during the past year shows no signs of abatement. The most recent enterprises which have been undertaken are the construction of a fine hotel that is to cost about \$40,000.00, and a system of street railways. The hotel is being erected by Warshauer brothers, who recently purchased a tract one hundred feet square on the north side of the Arlington block, and who expect to have the hotel open for the accommodation of the public by the 1st of January next. Mr. Kennedy, who owns the Arlington block, will also erect a handsome four-story hotel on that ground, as previously contemplated by him before the other project was started. A franchise for a street railway has been granted by the city council, and it is expected that the system will be constructed and in operation within four months. These evidences of enterprise and growth are gratifying to those who know what magnificent resources the city possesses, and will do much to recommend it to the favorable consideration of those who are seeking a location for business or a place to invest their means in property or industries.

**GOVERNMENT LAND IN OREGON.**—The following is the number of acres of government land that remains unclaimed in each county of Oregon:

Benton .....	68,800
Clackamas .....	143,000
Clatsop .....	252,000
Columbia .....	107,000
Coos .....	325,000
Curry .....	175,000
Douglas .....	300,000
Jackson .....	175,000
Josephine .....	145,000
Lane .....	300,000
Linn .....	448,000
Marion .....	220,000
Multnomah .....	28,000
Polk .....	54,000
Tillamook .....	663,000
Washington .....	49,000
Yamhill .....	53,000
Total .....	3,461,800

**RAILROADS ACROSS THE CASCADES.**—A reconnoissance of the country between Goldendale and Pasco discloses the fact that there is no engineering difficulty in the way of the construction of the proposed line between those two points. No grade higher than one hundred feet to the mile will be necessary, and there will be but little rock work. An effort is being made to consolidate the Pasco, Goldendale, Vancouver & Portland with this road, as both companies have the same object

in view—to construct a line from the Columbia river near Portland, through the Klickitat region, to a junction with the Northern Pacific at Pasco. T. H. Ogilbe, a well known engineer, has commenced the survey of a route through the Cascades from Yakima, but in whose interest he declines to state. It is stated that he is seeking the shortest line between Portland and Spokane Falls. It would seem that at least one of these projects should result in giving Portland a new and more direct connection with that portion of Washington lying between the Cascade mountains and the Columbia.

**KETCH'S PATENT CAR BRASS.**—A new and important industry has been founded at Port Townsend. A company has been incorporated, of which A. A. Plummer, secretary of the Port Townsend Iron Works, is president, to manufacture Ketch's patent car brass for journal bearings for the axles of railway cars. The patent consists of the reinforcement of the composition by a backing of iron, rendering the journal stronger and more durable, and preventing the delays and accidents caused by hot boxes and broken journals. These journals have been in constant use for three years on the line of the C. C. C. & I. railroad, and have demonstrated their durability to be from two to three times that of the ordinary journal. The company at Port Townsend will at once erect works for the manufacture of these brasses and is prepared to make contracts with railroads to supply car journal brasses by the year, by the mileage run or by the quantity. The inauguration of such an enterprise in Port Townsend will be of much benefit to the city, and calls attention to the great advantages it possesses for a wide diversity of industries.

**ANOTHER RAILROAD TO YAKIMA.**—A scheme is now on foot for the construction of a railroad from Umatilla Junction, Oregon, to North Yakima, in Washington. The survey was made several years ago, and it is estimated that the road will cost about \$3,000,000.00. The distance is about a hundred miles. From Umatilla the line will cross the Columbia river and pass through the Horse Heaven country, thence on to North Yakima. It has not been decided whether to cross the Yakima river at the entrance to the valley, and go up through the Sunnyside country, or to parallel the Northern Pacific through the Yakima Indian reservation. The intention is to occupy Natches pass, and to develop the rich coal fields at the base of the Cascades in that vicinity. The total length of the proposed road will be about one hundred and fifty miles, and besides the valuable timber and mineral resources which it will tap, there are about two million acres of tillable land that will be immediately tributary. Portland and Omaha capitalists are understood to be supporting this enterprise.

**THE POPULAR NORTHWESTERN.**—Certainly the highest point of ease, luxury and comfort in traveling has been reached in the famous vestibule trains of the popular Northwestern route between Chicago, St. Paul and Omaha. This celebrated line has always been in the lead in providing new comforts and conveniences for its patrons, and was the first to introduce the elegant, comfortable and safe vestibule trains, which have proved such a blessing to the traveling public. A more complete railroad system than that of the Northwestern, it would be difficult to conceive, and the passenger service, under the efficient management of T. W. Teasdale, general passenger agent, excels that of any other road in the western states. Tourists will find the Northwestern the best connecting line with the transcontinental routes either at St. Paul or Omaha.

**MANUFACTURES AT ROSEBURG.**—Roseburg, Oregon, is making a special effort to increase its list of manufactures. The *Plaindealer* says: "The business houses in Douglas county ship into it every year between \$50,000.00 and \$100,000.00 worth of machinery and farm implements, and from \$30,000.00 to \$50,000.00 worth of manufactured furniture, a like amount of leather and manufactures of leather, as much of woolen goods, as much of iron, and perhaps not less than one hundred tons of canned fruits and vegetables, and not an inconsiderable amount of watches, clocks and jewelry." The citizens are offering inducements that are worthy the attention of manufacturers. A water works company has been organized and the city council has granted it a free franchise for thirty years and agreed to pay \$1,000.00 a year for city service. The company has accepted these terms and will proceed at once to the erection of the plant. The new woolen mill is completed and in operation, which is the first large manufacturing institution for the city.

**NEW WATER SUPPLY FOR HELENA.**—The board of trade of Helena, is contemplating the construction of a large canal to convey water from the Missouri river for its water service. The old water supply has been outgrown and it is found necessary to seek a new one, and to that end engineers have been looking over a route to the Missouri and making estimates of the cost of conducting water from that source. Though the distance from the river is only about twelve miles, it is found necessary to traverse a route of nearly forty miles in order to get the proper grade near the city. A minute survey of the course will be made and steps will at once be taken to carry out the plan. The estimated cost is \$1,000,000.00. Besides the supply of water which will be furnished, the canal will be valuable for floating produce, and on the outskirts of the city the water will be turned into Ten Mile creek and be valuable for irrigating the thousands of acres of dry lands in the valley.

**N. P. LINE FROM BOZEMAN TO BUTTE.**—The engineers of the Northern Pacific have selected the Homestake pass in preference to the Pipestone for their line from the Gallatin valley to Butte, as it is eighty feet lower and the route will be six miles shorter than by the latter pass. The distance from Bozeman to Butte by this route will be ninety-eight miles, less than one-half that by way of Helena, and it will be of great benefit to both places in cheapening the rate paid on the transportation of coal and produce. A large portion of the coal used in Butte comes from the mines about Bozeman, and any reduction in the cost of getting it to the mills will benefit both the producer and the consumer. It is quite probable that by a further extension from Butte to some point on the main line farther west this route will become the trunk line, thus saving considerable distance over the present route by the Mullan pass.

**SPOKANE FALLS & ROCKFORD RAILROAD.**—A company has been organized in Spokane Falls as an auxiliary to the O. R. & N. Co. for the purpose of constructing a line from that city to connect with the latter road at Rockford. The incorporators are A. M. Cannon, E. J. Brickell, Charles J. Smith and William J. Kennedy. It was at first proposed that the Washington & Idaho, which is the name of the company building the extension of the O. R. & N. system into the Cœur d'Alene mines, would also construct this branch of twenty-two miles from Rockford, the point of junction, to Spokane; but it seems to have been deemed wise to incorporate a new company. The completion of this line will give Portland independent connection with Spokane over the lines of the O. R. & N. Co.

**ELLENSBURGH STREET RAILWAY.**—A franchise has been granted to John V. Moffatt for the construction of a system of street railways in the city of Ellensburg, Washington. Mr. Moffatt is to build one and one-half miles within the first six months and put that much of the system in operation. When the system is completed, the line will run from the depot up Third street to Anderson, and lines will run on Second, Third Fourth, Fifth, Eighth, Water, Main, Pearl and Pine streets. The inauguration of this enterprise is another evidence of that spirit of improvement which has done so much to build up the city. Ellensburg occupies a position of great natural advantages, and is blessed with a class of citizens who are doing their utmost to improve them, and the result is that the city is growing at a rapid rate. It is certainly destined to be one of the leading cities of the new state of Washington.

**PORTLAND SMELTING WORKS.**—The Portland Smelting and Refining Company has finally filed articles of incorporation and broken ground for the erection of the buildings. The location is in the town of Linnton, a northern suburb of Portland. The work will be pushed as rapidly as possible to completion. The smelter will be on the south side of the tract purchased by the company, and about nine hundred feet back from the wharf, where coke and other supplies will be landed. There will be a double track tramway from the wharf to the smelter, on a trestle over the railroad track and the county road, and the Northern Pacific will put in a spur leading to the dock. Lumber for buildings is already on the ground and active operations will soon be under way.

**VANCOUVER ON THE COLUMBIA.**—Vancouver, Washington, is enjoying an unusual degree of prosperity this spring. Three saw mills, one sash and door factory and one grist mill are now running, with another saw mill of seventy-five thousand feet daily capacity nearing completion. The V. K. & Y. railroad, completed for ten miles, is bringing in daily a large amount of logs. A street railway is being constructed rapidly up Main street from the P. & V. railway landing. The saw and hammer are heard on every hand. All these go to make up a busy scene, very encouraging for the future of that truly beautiful city. Besides all this, home seekers and immigrants are daily added to the population, until the cry for more houses is heard constantly.

**KOOTENAI TRANSPORTATION AND RAILWAY COS.**—Articles of incorporation of the Kootenai Transportation Co. and the Kootenai Railway Co. have been filed in the office of the secretary of Idaho. The object of the companies is to furnish transportation to and from the mines of Kootenai county, Idaho. The former company will operate a line of steamers on Pend d'Oreille lake and river, and the latter will build a railroad sixteen miles long, from Chilco, on the Northern Pacific, to Gray's landing, on Cœur d'Alene lake, and another eight miles long from the latter point to Marshall and Webber. The principal place of business of the railroad is named as Cœur d'Alene City. The incorporators of the two companies are substantially the same.

**MORE GOLD ON THE SANTIAM.**—A fine gold ledge was recently discovered near Upper Soda, on the Santiam, in Linn county, Oregon. This is what many have been looking for, as it has been known for a number of years that there is a deposit of gold in that locality much finer than California has ever produced. There has been a constant wash and deposit in the and along the south fork of the Santiam. This fact is well

known, and there has been a great deal of prospecting along the banks of the river, all investigation increasing the evidences of as rich gold as has made the southern extension of the Cascades, the Sierra Nevadas, famous.

**TO BRIDGE SNAKE RIVER.**—A proposition to bridge the Snake river, so as to give the people of Cassia county, in Southern Idaho, an outlet to the railroad and markets to the northward, is being agitated. Logan county, which lies just across the river from Cassia and would be benefited by the trade of that growing region, offers to give \$5,000.00; the Union Pacific, it is understood, will give \$5,000.00, and \$5,000.00 can be raised in Cassia county. It is probable that the bridge will be constructed below Starrh's ferry, and not far from the great Shoshone falls. It will be a great advantage to the stock men and settlers on the south side of the Snake.

**NEW LUMBER ENTERPRISE AT TACOMA.**—A company has been organized by A. J. Littlejohn, S. M. Nolan, John F. Hart, John E. Burns and E. N. Ouimette, of Tacoma, to construct and operate a huge saw mill that will cost \$100,000.00. It will be located on the tide lands adjoining the St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber Company's mill, and arrangements for its erection are all completed. Tacoma is rapidly acquiring a saw mill capacity that will soon give it a daily output as large as all other points on the sound combined.

**RAILWAY FROM THE COQUILLE VALLEY.**—The Southern Oregon Railway Company has engineers at work locating a line from the Coquille valley to Coos bay, Oregon. The object is to reach deep water from the Coquille valley. Boats will be operated on the river in connection with the railroad, which will have good shipping facilities on Coos bay. By this means the products of the Coquille will be better able to reach market.

**SUMNER MANUFACTURING CO.**—In speaking of the organization of the Sumner Manufacturing Company we inadvertently classed it among the new industries of Tacoma. The company has erected a building and put in quite an extensive plant for the manufacture of sash, doors, blinds, stairs, etc., at Sumner, in the Puyallup valley, and has begun operations under the most favorable circumstances.

**NEW OREGON MINING DISTRICT.**—A new mining district, known as the North Keystone, in Curry county, Oregon, was organized at a miners' meeting held at Paradise bar, March 12, at which suitable laws and regulations to govern the miners were adopted. Each miner is allowed a claim fifteen hundred by six hundred feet, and no Chinese will be permitted to locate there.

**NEW FLOURING MILL AT FORT BENTON.**—Eastern parties are erecting a roller process flouring mill of a daily capacity of seventy-five barrels at Fort Benton, Montana. It will be in operation by July. This will be a great convenience to the farmers of Fergus, Cascade and Choteau counties and will aid greatly in increasing wheat raising in that locality.

**DIVIDENDS OF MONTANA MINES.**—Dividends are reported from Montana mining properties for the first quarter of 1889 as follows: Boston and Montana, \$200,000.00; Granite Mountain, \$400,000.00; Hecla, \$45,000.00; Montana Limited, \$41,250.00; Parrott, \$18,000.00; total, \$704,250.00.

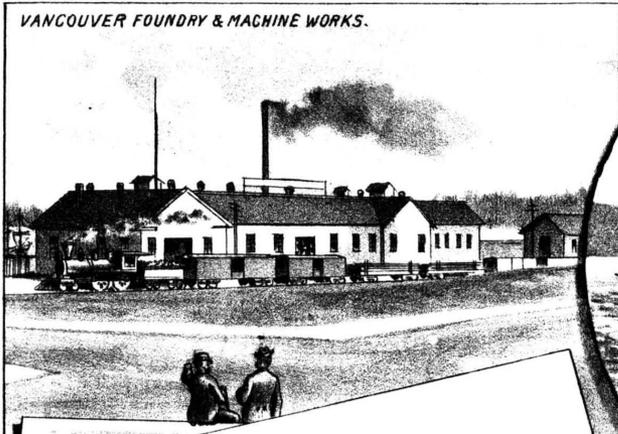


E.V. BODWELL.

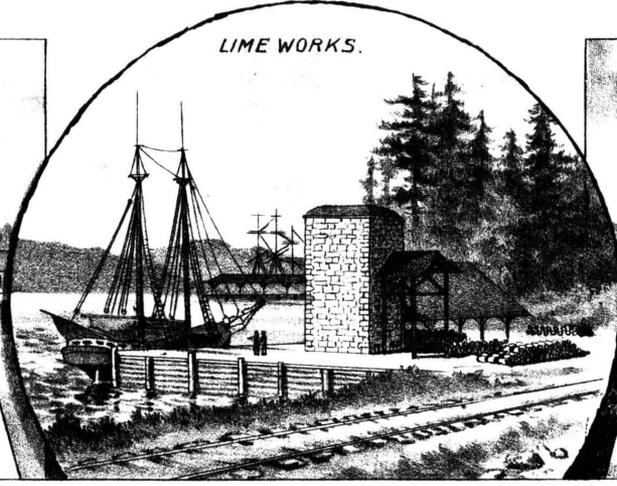


J.W. HORNE.

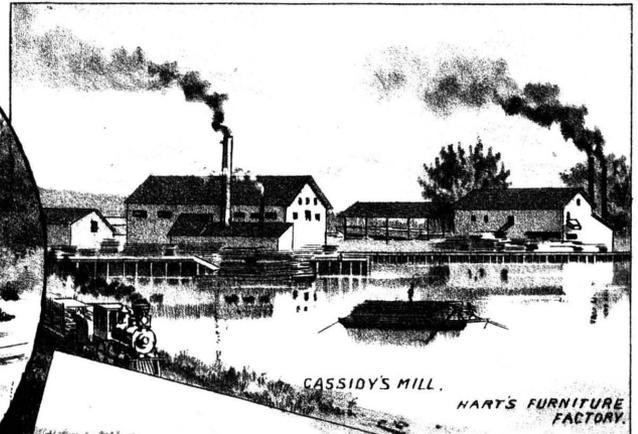
*(SEE PAGE 268.)*



VANCOUVER FOUNDRY & MACHINE WORKS.



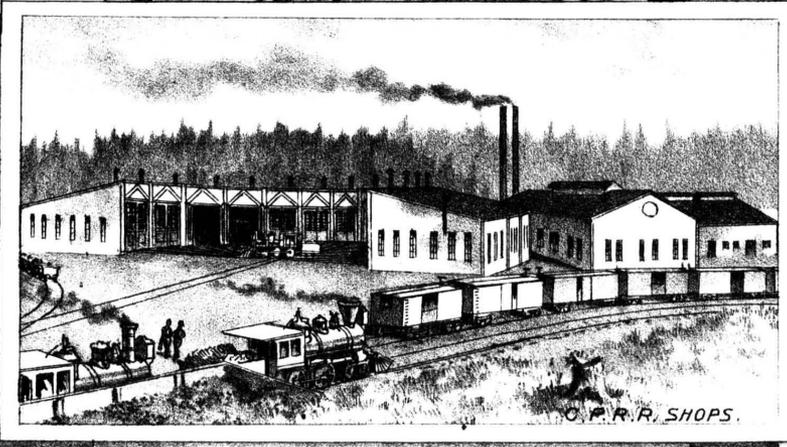
LIME WORKS.



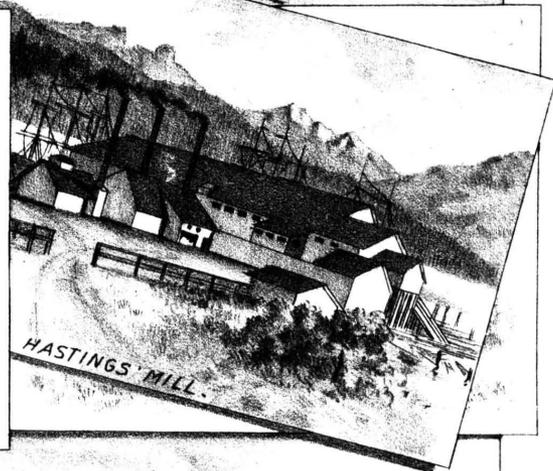
CASSIDY'S MILL. HART'S FURNITURE FACTORY.



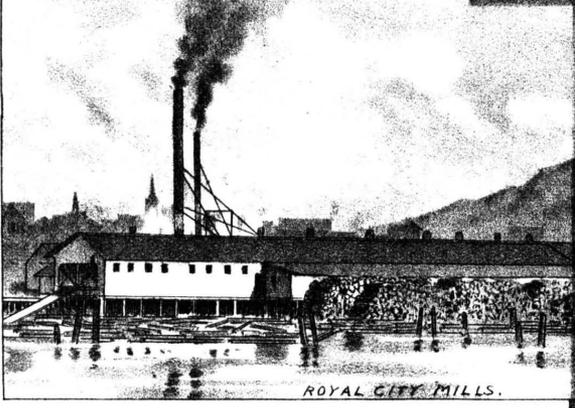
COMMERCIAL MILL.



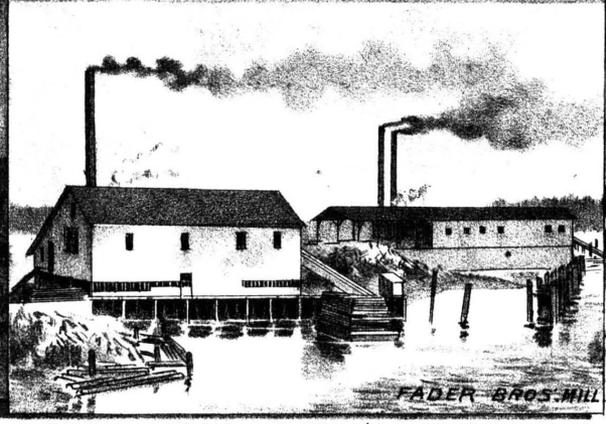
O.P.R.R. SHOPS.



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And Finishing Lumber of all kinds.  
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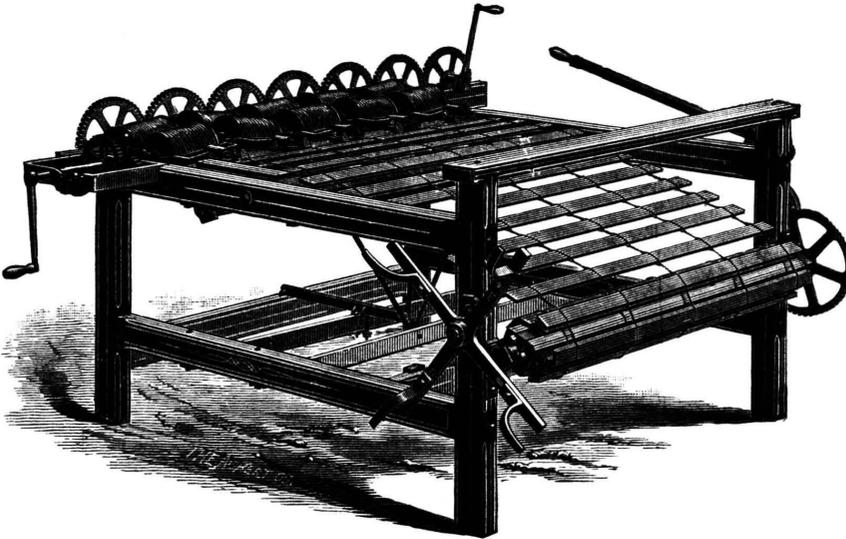
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	28		11	
29		27	12	10
30		26	13	9
31		25	14	8
32		24	15	7
33		23	16	6
34		22	17	5
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PRICES RIGHT AND TERMS EASY.

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Made for Professor Selwin, Director of Geological and Natural History survey of Canada.

	Sulphur Spr. 150 F.	Potash Spr. 120 F.
Temperature of Spring.....	150 F.	120 F.
Specific Gravity.....	1001.18 (60 F.)	1001.00 (60 F.)
Grains per Imp. gallon at 60 F.—		
Chloride of Potassium.....	1.722	1.414
do Sodium.....	31.296	23.313
do Lithium.....	undl.	undl.
Sulphate of Soda.....	33.061	28.749
do Magnesia.....	.147	.168
do Lime.....	14.840	16.729
do Strontia.....	undl.	undl.
Carbonate of Lime.....	4.347	2.562
do Iron.....	very small.	very small.
Alumina.....	trace.	trace.
Silica.....	4.634	4.102
	90.048	81.200

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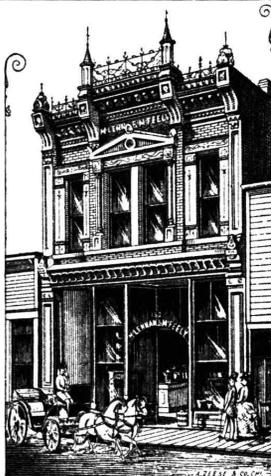
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Five Railroads or Branches and Feeders Diverge from this Point.

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

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

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

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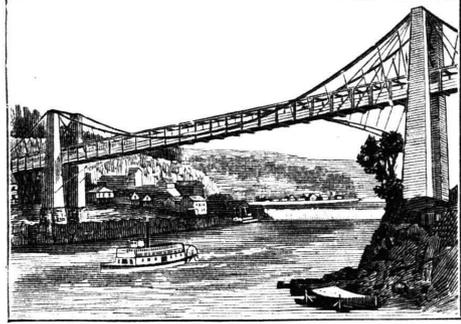
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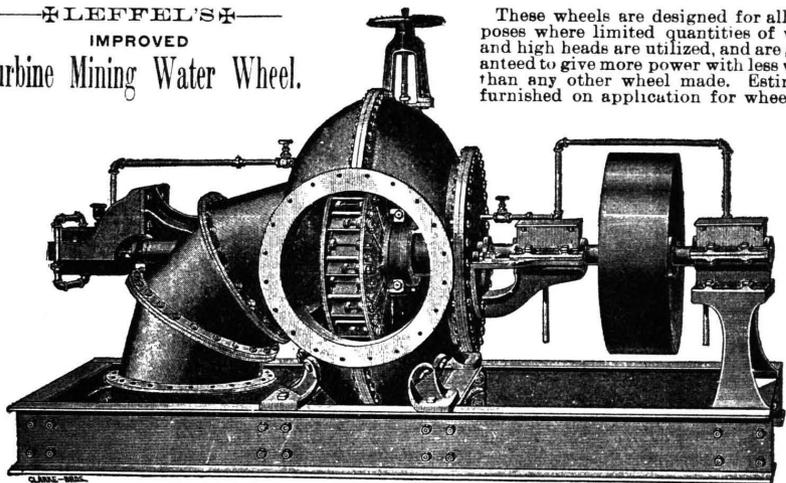
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Benton County <sup>AND</sup> <sub>THE</sub> City of Corvallis,

EMPHATICALLY THE HEART OF THE VALLEY.

CORVALLIS,

The County Seat of Benton, is a thrifty city of over two thousand persons, on the west side of the Willamette river. An \$80,000.00 court house, the finest in the state, and a \$25,000.00 public school building, to be completed this summer, speak for the public spirit of her people. A city of churches, three newspapers, a city hall, first-class water works, flouring mills, lumber and planing mills, etc., etc. Also a first-class electric plant will be in full running order before June 1st, 1889.

THE STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

Is located immediately west of the city, with a farm owned and controlled by the state of more than one hundred and sixty acres, this college being under the direct supervision of the state of Oregon. The annual appropriation to this institution is \$32,500.00, it being the recipient of the Hatch fund from the United States government. The importance of this college, under its present management, to the City of Corvallis, Benton County and the State, can not well be over-estimated. Corvallis, with the beauty of her scenery and her many substantial advantages, offers great inducements to good citizens seeking homes. The terminus of the West Side R. R. (three passenger trains daily), ninety miles from Portland, thirty miles from Salem, and only sixty miles from the Pacific ocean and Yaquina bay, the finest summer resort on the coast.

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Has an area of three thousand two hundred and seventy-five square miles, with a coast line of forty miles. It contains several good harbors, the most important of which is Yaquina bay, the terminus of the O. P. R. R. At least one-third of the total lands of this county are susceptible of the highest cultivation. There is an abundance of cedar, oak, fir and hard woods. The county is perfectly watered with living streams. Apples, pears, plums, prunes and all kinds of small fruits attain their highest excellence. Wheat, oats, barley, etc., etc., yield enormously. Game of all kinds known to the Northwest presents great attractions to the sportsman; also trout and other varieties of fish. In fact, Benton County and the City of Corvallis present as many of the real advantages to those who desire homes under favorable circumstances, and upon reasonable and living terms, as any other county in the United States.

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### REFERENCES:

First National Bank, Port Townsend; Bank of Columbia, Columbia, Tenn.;  
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## “GARDEN OF OREGON.”

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

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

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

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

### COME TO SALEM,

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



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

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

THE OREGON LAND COMPANY.

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

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