Free with this number, Supplement, "MOSCOW, IDAHO."

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West Shore

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L. SAMUEL, Publisher.

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WASHINGTON---Looking up Ninth Street, Tacoma.

West Shore

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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The WEST SHORE offers the Best Medium for Advertisers of any publication on the Pacific Coast.

Saturday, April 12, 1890.

EASTERN people are advised to view with suspicion any advertisement, no matter where or how published, that states that situations will be procured in the west for a consideration. Such an advertisement is a bare-faced fraud, and should not be answered even if the amount of money called for be but ten cents. Situations do not go begging in this country, nor are jobs at good wages crying out for some one to take them. A good, square advertisement of some firm that wants a skilled man for some particular branch of business or trade is undoubtedly genuine and may be relied upon, but the advertisement of a so called employment agent or special situation procurer is almost certain to be a delusion and a snare, and the more attractive it is the greater the fraud. The respectability of the paper in which such an advertisement appears is no recommendation, since the publisher does not hold himself responsible for the statements made by advertisers. Fortunes are being made in the west, but they are made by the men themselves and are not given away. It is just as impossible to get something for nothing here as in any other portion of the globe. Men who advertise their philanthropy are rank frauds, no matter what corner of the world they may inhabit. Men who bring a little common sense to bear on the affairs of life will not need this warning, and it is to be feared that those who do not will not heed it; still it is given in the hope that it will save some one a few dollars and that it may serve to diminish the size of the stream of money pouring into the pockets of unscrupulous swindlers.

California sportsman are preparing for the future in a most vigorous way. The game commissioners, officials unknown in other Pacific coast states, have procured 2,000 Chinese quails, and have distributed them throughout the state in a most thorough manner. A few years of protection under the law will permit them to increase to such numbers that they will afford splendid sport to the gunners of that state. They are investigating the question of introducing the Mongolian pheasant by securing some of those handsome birds in Oregon, but have about concluded not to do so. They learn from Oregon farmers that the pheasant is altogether too familiar in his conduct and helps himself to the grain, berries, grapes, etc., with too much liberality. There is a growing belief that it is the farmer and not the pheasant that needs protection. Judge Boise's decision that the law only protects the parent stock seems to make little difference, for the Mongolian pheasant is too vigorous a breeder to be exterminated in a region so large where comparatively so little hunting is done. California will probably not adopt our gaudy-plumaged bird. She will, however, introduce the simon pure wild turkey of the Mississippi valley, which will doubtless thrive well in the foot hills and valleys and will recall to the old pioneer the days of his youth. Oregon might make an effort in this direction also. There are many here who hunted wild turkeys in their youthful days, who will recommend the sport to the hunters of the present generation.

It is gratifying to see that Idaho is taking hold of the question of militia organizations with a spirit that augurs much for its national guard when the state shall enter the union. Under the name of "Idaho Guards," there are now four companies: A at Boise City, B at Weiser, C at Grangeville, and D at Albion; and there are efforts on foot to organize one each at Hailey, Lewiston, Eagle Rock and Bellevue. The adjutant general, Col. E. J. Curtis, is a practical man, who takes deep interest in the advancement of the military. A national guard law has been drafted and will be presented to the legislature at the next session for its consideration, when it is expected that the militia will be placed on a more favorable and permanent footing. In this respect Idaho and other western states and territories are in advance of many of the older states of the east.

Those Iowa farmers who are planting a large crop of potatoes this spring because of the demand that has been made upon them from the Pacific coast this season, will know more about our market another year. A small crop planted, a low average yield and a large increase in population by immigration, raised the price of potatoes very high. The probabilities are that if Iowa farmers sell us any potatoes next year they will have to put the price down pretty low or else prevail upon the railroads to bring them out for nothing.

April 12, 1890 no. 201

The Oregon Railway Extension Co. has filed supplementary articles of incorporation outlining a system of railroads that will center in Portland as the limbs and branches of a tree center in its massive trunk. Fully 3,000 miles of railroad are contemplated and specified, and much of it will be constructed immediately. This work is practically in the interest of the Union Pacific, whose lines are used as a basis, and is really the extension of that road into nearly every section of the northwest. The main line runs from Portland north to the international boundary, at Blaine, crossing the Columbia on a bridge at Vancouver. From this trunk branches are projected down the north side of the Columbia to the ocean, down the Chehalis to Gray's harbor, with one branch to Olympia and another north to Port Townsend, separate branches up Lewis, Cowlitz, Nisqually, Puyallup, White and Green, Snohomish and Skikomish, Snoqualmie, Skagit, and Nooksack rivers, down the Puyallup to Tacoma, and from Seattle to Snake river. In Eastern Washington lines will run from Wallula to Alto, in Columbia county, with a branch to Grange City, from Texas Ferry to the Washington & Idaho line, from Walla Walla via Dixie to Waitsburg, from Walla Walla to Lewiston, and a line from Latah via Cheney to the Columbia at the mouth of the Wenatchie. In Idaho, lines will run from Lewiston across the Bitter Root mountains to Butte, Montana, and from Lewiston southeasterly across Camas prairie to the mouth of Little Salmon river. In Eastern Oregon, lines will be built from La Grande through Grande Ronde and Wallowa valleys and on to Lewiston, from Centreville (Athena), west to the Columbia, from Pendleton to Heppner, from Umatilla to Prineville, with branches north to the O. R. & N. line down both the John Day and Des Chutes rivers, and from Baker City, up Powder river forty miles. In Western Oregon the routes specified are from Portland via Silverton to Salem, and from Portland down the south bank of the Columbia to Astoria, with a branch to Forest Grove. Any one at all familiar with the topography of this region and the railway situation will quickly recognize the commanding position the Union Pacific will occupy when only a few of the lines enumerated are added to those already operated by that company. Portland is already the greatest railroad center on the Pacific coast but with this trunk line to the sound, which will probably be the first one built, except, possibly, the Grande Ronde extension, followed by the line down the Columbia to Astoria and another down the Chehalis to Gray's harbor, she will be beyond all possible rivalry in that respect. As a terminal center of such a grand system of railroads as that now operated and projected by the Union Pacific, Portland must have a most substantial growth and be still more firmly fixed in her position as the great metropolis of the entire northwest.

Oregon City is yearly coming nearer to Portland and more and more a portion of it, so far as mutual interests are concerned. Possessing the finest and most extensive water power on the Pacific coast, lying within fifteen miles of the greatest rail and river transportation center in the entire west, which is also a deep water shipping port, occupying a position where raw materials from all directions can be the most cheaply concentrated and manufactured products the most easily distributed, it possesses remarkable advantages as a manufacturing city, which have been widely recognized and are being extensively improved. The great mills now building there, with those already at work, will give employment to 1,000 people. A large hotel will soon be erected. Probably the greatest new factor in its growth this year will be the facilities for rapid transit between that city and Portland now being provided. An elegant steamer is now under construction, and as soon as completed boats will make trips every two hours. Motor lines are under construction on both the east and west sides of the Willamette, and in a few months facilities will be such that one can pass between Portland and Oregon City at any hour of the day with the greatest celerity. A great manufacturing city is springing up there that will be an important factor in the future growth of Portland.

With this issue is given a handsome supplement showing a number of the residences, business structures and educational institutions of Moscow, Idaho. The city has had a remarkable growth, getting its start chiefly through the exertions of W. J. McConnell, a gentleman who went there from Oregon a few years ago and embarked in an extensive business enterprise, which he is still carrying on. Mr. McConnell has spent considerable time in Washington during the present session of congress urging the admission of Idaho into the union, and it is largely through his efforts that the movement occupies its present favorable position. Mr. McConnell was a prominent figure in Oregon politics and had here a large legislative experience, and is no doubt the best representative the new state could have in the senate of the United States, for which position he is prominently named.

Surveys are being made by order of C. P. Huntington for a line across the Cascades and Southeastern Oregon to the Central Pacific, giving Portland still another transcontinental route.

Portland has completed its subscription to $2,000,000 of bonds of the Hunt railway, and the construction of the road will soon be commenced.

MOSCOW, IDAHO.

ONE of the richest agricultural sections in the great Inland Empire is that generally spoken of as the Palouse country in Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho. This, in general terms, comprises the farming region between the Snake river on the south and the Spokane on the north. That farming region, however, does not extend entirely to the Spokane river. The spurs of the Cœur d'Alene mountains, that traverse the country very irregularly, interrupt the rolling plain and render cultivation of the soil less easy in the rocky ridge south of the Spokane, where the timber is also viewed as a drawback by those familiar with the treeless stretch of fertile land to the southward.

The whole Palouse country is a more or less heavily rolling and elevated plain. The surface is drained to the Snake by the Palouse river, the two forks of which receive a vast number of creeks. Many of these are dry channels during a considerable portion of the year. Whatever moisture they would naturally carry is absorbed by the soil through which they flow and the atmosphere during the dry season.

One of these tributaries to the Palouse is known as Paradise creek. It begins east of the Idaho boundary and leads to the South Palouse. Paradise valley is only a local name for a corner of the Palouse country that is not at all sharply defined. "Hog Heaven" is the appellation once given to that locality by reason of the large herds of swine that at one time fattened there.

At the head of Paradise valley, and less than two miles from the Washington boundary, is the town of Moscow, Idaho. Less than three years ago it was incorporated. Now it has a population of about 2,000, though not that many people live within the corporate limits, which include but a single section of land. It is the eastern terminus of a branch of the Union Pacific running from a junction with its Spokane Falls main line at Colfax. The Northern Pacific's Palouse branch passes within nine miles of Moscow on its way southward to Genessee, and the details are now being determined by that company for building a line to Moscow and to Lewiston, on Snake river, this year. The business activity which is thus drawing the railway companies is also attracting the attention of people in quest of pleasant homes or safe investments.

Moscow is the seat of justice of the new county of Latah. It was made such in 1888, since which time its growth has been very rapid and substantial. The unfailing agricultural wealth of the country provides a safe basis on which to build prosperous industries, while the mines, forests and stock ranges afford ample fields for progress in different lines of business. The energetic way in which the people of the city of Moscow are improving their numerous advantages can but awaken the admiration of enterprising people everywhere. The first grain was sown in that country in 1872, and the annual production marketed in Moscow is about 500,000 bushels. The grain yield of the country tributary to Moscow, it is estimated, will reach 1,500,000 bushels this season, the acreage being larger than ever before and all the conditions favoring an unusually large yield per acre. The capacity of the two flouring mills and two elevators will be taxed to the utmost this year; indeed, preparations are already being made to provide additional facilities for handling the enormous grain crop. There is now one brewery in the town, and steps are being taken for constructing another, at a cost of $15,000. An experienced brewer from St. Paul, who has been searching through the northwest for location, is most pleased with Moscow, and will push the new enterprise. A water works plant is in course of construction, to cost $25,000. Before the end of the summer Moscow will have a water supply second to none. Its electric light plant runs 230 incandescent lamps, and an arc circuit is to be added. The public school building cost $16,000, and six teachers are employed in it. The University of Idaho, now being erected, will make Moscow the leading educational center of the new state. The Latah county court house cost $25,000. The city has two weekly newspapers, two banks, eight churches and three hotels, one of which is probably the best in Idaho. Building materials, such as bricks and lumber, are manufactured at home, and strong inducements are offered for increasing the capacity and adding to the number of the mills now in operation. The business men have an organization to promote the advancement of the city, and they are alive to all material interests.

There is probably no town in the west of the size of Moscow that has so large a volume of trade. The mercantile houses would be creditable to a city five times its size, both for the quality and quantity of stocks carried. It is the distributing point for a large section of country that is rapidly settling up and increasing in importance proportionately. Moscow is the only Idaho town of importance between the Cœur d'Alene mountains and the Clearwater river, and as it has railway communication the products and supplies of the larger part of Northern Idaho pass through that city and make a great deal of business there. Even before the railway reached Moscow it was a trade center of no mean proportions. Local capitalists have taken up the matter of developing the mines in the hills but a few miles to the northeast. A recently organized company has eleven quartz claims, two placers and two mill sites in Howard gulch, about

seven miles from Moscow. A small mill is now in operation there, and its capacity is to be greatly increased this season. The claims are rich, and their development is not a difficult matter. There are numerous other locations that will pay well for working and which are likely soon to be improved. About thirty-five miles northeast of Moscow is one of the richest mica mines in the country—as rich as any in North Carolina. It is owned by the Pecks, of Chicago, who have done very little toward its development, but annually take from it quite a snug sum. However, a disposition to more fully develop this mine is manifested, and it is likely to become the leading mica producer in the United States.

Of first importance in the Moscow country are the grain interests. The average yield per acre of wheat, which is the most valuable crop, is twenty-five bushels. The soil is of that peculiar, deep, ashy nature that characterizes nearly all of the Inland Empire. It is of volcanic origin, and its fertility and lasting qualities are truly wonderful. No artificial fertilizers are used there. The complaint in some places is that the land is too rich for ordinary crops. Year after year crops that usually sap the productiveness of the best of soils are harvested in the Paradise valley and on Potlatch prairie in such quantities as are amazing to the conservative husbandmen of the east, and yet the land does not become lean. Wheat, oats and barley are sure crops and yield in abundance. Corn is grown to a limited extent. Second only to the grain comes the flax of the country about Moscow. There is opportunity for building up vast manufacturing interests based on the flax production of that region, and it is not likely that the opportunity will long be neglected. Mills for utilizing both flax seed and fiber would find a profitable field for operation at Moscow, and cause the development on a large scale of what is now truly an infant industry, though important in its infancy. Flax culture can be made very profitable business in the Eastern Palouse country. It is also excellent fruit and vegetable land, though the fruit raising has been neither thoroughly nor extensively prosecuted. Fruit is seldom produced in any considerable quantities until a country is well settled and its orchards have some age. Enough has been done to demonstrate the adaptability of the soil and climate to all the common fruits, and in some places peaches, apricots, grapes and other tender varieties flourish. All the ordinary vegetables grow and yield well. The surface of the country is rolling. It drains itself, but still absorbs enough moisture during the winter and spring to feed the growing crops during the dry season. It is surprising to any one not familiar with that country to look over an area of apparently parched soil and find vegetation flourishing. But, though the surface may be hot and dusty, beneath there is always moisture within reach of the roots of plants. The soil is loose. It never bakes. Being thus porous and deep, it absorbs a great deal of moisture and yields it up again to the demands of growing crops when the air is dry and the sun hot. Snow falls in winter, but grazing animals generally get a good living for themselves all the year. The summers have warm days and cool nights. The atmosphere is clear and healthful at all seasons.

Latah county has an agricultural fair association that has improved a tract of 160 acres adjoining Moscow for the purpose of holding annual fairs. It has the usual race track adjunct. More than $8,000 have been expended in these improvements. The city has a park comprising an area of nearly four acres which is centrally located and is being improved at the public expense.

The Moscow site is on a slight incline toward Paradise creek. The ground rises to the east and is gently undulating. The business streets are in the valley and the residences occupy the higher ground, from which there is an unobstructed view of a wide range of country. To the east and north spurs of the Cœur d'Alene mountains relieve the rolling prairie. These mountains are rich in minerals and bear an abundant supply of timber. The snow that lingers on their summits most of the year freshens the breezes and supplies moisture for keeping green the hillside pastures where thousands of grazing animals from the Snake river country revel in succulent feed when the ranges below are brown and dry. Moscow's location is attractive. Besides being so related to the adjacent country that it commands an immense volume of business, it is a beautiful residence town. The number of pleasant homes, illustrated with this issue of WEST SHORE, testifies to the fact that it is a city of homes as well as of business. The people are enterprising but in no way imbued with a reckless spirit. Their prosperity is perennial, so there is no disposition to abnormally push matters for fear that the prospects of to-day will be blasted by the developments of to-morrow.

Building operations in Moscow will be lively this year. Last year eighty new residences were constructed in the town and about $100,000 expended in the erection of business houses. This record will be greatly improved upon the present season. Pressed bricks are manufactured in the city, so there is no lack of material for ornamental and substantial structures. The real estate market—that very safe and sensitive index of public prosperity—shows a steady increase of values and a healthy condition all around. Moscow rests upon a solid foundation for growth of a kind that is permanent. It arrests the attention of the most casual observer, by reason of its progressive spirit and its manifest strength.

BUCODA, WASHINGTON.

ON the line of the Northern Pacific railway, forty miles south of Tacoma and 100 miles north of Portland, is the thrifty town of Bucoda. It has a population of about 1,000, and is soon to be incorporated. It may properly be termed the labor town of this district.

The chief manufacturing industry at this point has been the saw milling interest. The Seatco Manufacturing Company employ 150 men. They have a most complete establishment, including saw mill and sash, door and blind factory. They also employ 100 men in their five logging camps. The lumber in the vicinity of Bucoda consists chiefly of the magnificent fir and cedar, so famous in Western Washington. One large eastern railway company is to purchase its construction material here. The special adaptability of of fir to bridge work and for railroad ties is being recognized, and there will be a greatly increased demand for it for railroad work. This point offers a splendid location from which that demand can be supplied, and mill men will do well to consider the advantages offered by Bucoda. The Northwest Coal Company is at present operating a mine here, and are able with the force now employed to take out 500 tons per day. This company owns vast coal beds in this neighborhood. The whole country round about is said to be one bed of coal. This industry will assume vast proportions at an early date. The narrow gauge railway running from Tenino to Olympia is to be made a standard gauge this season, and is to be extended to the coal beds of Bucoda; this road will also be extended to Montesano and Gray's harbor. This will open up a new route of transportation, ensuring for Bucoda an era of growth and prosperity.

Bucoda claims to have even now a pay roll double that of any town along the Northern Pacific line between metropolitan points. Already five veins of coal have been faced, and now a lower vein of good quality is being opened. Bucoda is contiguous to good agricultural districts which most admirably complement her manufacturing facilities. The Hanaford valley and the bottom lands of the Skookumchuck river—a stream more beautiful than its name—are tributary to the town. In these productive lands many kinds of vegetables are raised. They are also productive of wheat, oats and other cereals. The hill lands surrounding the town of Bucoda have a rich soil, and are especially adapted to fruit culture. Fruit, especially pears and prunes, of a most superior quality, yields bountifully. Hops in great abundance can be raised on all the lower districts. Northwest of the town lies Frost prairie, and due west is Mound prairie, which afford excellent pasture and from which considerable hay is already shipped.

Bucoda has one enterprising newspaper, the *Bucoda Enterprise*, five stores of general merchandise, one meat market, one furniture store, one shoe shop, one cigar and confectionery store, a blacksmith shop and two barber shops. Immediate improvements are to be made. Plans are drawn for a hotel; a bank is being constructed, and a large hall will soon be completed. It is safe to predict for Bucoda a period of prosperity and development such as will surprise some of her more ambitious sisters. It enjoys a climate beautiful in summer and mild in winter.

SPOKANE'S NEW BUSINESS BLOCKS.

SPOKANE FALLS is undergoing a great change—that is, it is getting back to its normal condition. Ever since the fire of last August the business district has been almost entirely occupied by tents. The construction of wooden buildings within fire limits was forbidden by law. A large number of frame structures went up in a hurry, and their occupancy tended to scatter the business of the city outside of what had previously been the business center. Nearly all the ground was covered with tents, in which business was transacted under difficulties. A very few bricks one or two stories in height were put up where it was possible to take the time for their construction. Generally these were but the beginnings of massive structures that are now being completed.

The transition that is now taking place is from the tents to the permanent buildings that are being finished. The tents exist only by sufferance, and the first of May is the time agreed upon for their removal. The city is rapidly becoming settled on a permanent basis. The tents will soon all be gone, and their places will be occupied by brick and granite structures from four to seven stories in height, substantially built and of beautiful, modern styles of architecture.

But few buildings of the new Spokane Falls are yet completed. The new Hotel Spokane built by Dr. Burch and H. Brook, the Eagle block built by H. Brook and D. B. Fotheringham, the new opera house just being completed by A. M. Cannon and J. J. Browne (all recently illustrated in WEST SHORE), and the Tidball block by J. G. Tidball, and the Carleton block by Henry L. Wilson and Dr. Essig (in this paper), show the character of business buildings of the restored city. The Hotel Spokane is the largest in the state. The Eagle block is one of the largest, if not the largest, office buildings in the state. It is 62x142 feet on the ground, five stories high, and is supplied with elevator and all modern conveniences. Its cost was $75,000. It is located at the corner of Stevens street

any Riverside avenue. The Tidball is a four-story brick directly opposite the postoffice. The Carleton block is a five-story office building on Main and Howard streets, seventy-one feet on each, of iron, brick and terra cotta, and costing $55,000. It is of the Renaissance style of architecture. There are four store rooms on the first floor, and the remainder of the building is designed for offices. WEST SHORE will present many other of Spokane's notable structures in the coming issues.

NORTH PACIFIC INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.

THIS week WEST SHORE presents the portraits of the officers and executive board of the North Pacific Industrial Exposition. The remarkable success of the fair last year, the first ever attempted upon such an extensive scale in the northwest, has created wide spread interest in the second one to be held this fall. The fame of Portland's exposition has gone throughout the union, and letters of inquiry and applications for space are pouring in from all over the country. The date has been fixed from September 25th to October 25th. Every attractive feature of last year has been improved upon, and great additional space has been provided. It is universally conceded that the leading attraction was the superb music furnished by Senor Liberatti's great military band, and the managers of the fair have displayed great wisdom in again securing the services of that celebrated virtuoso and his band.

The management of the exposition of 1890 is practically in the hands of the same gentlemen who made it such a marvelous success in 1889. The same gentleman is president, Mr. Frank Dekum, one of the foremost financiers of the city. He may almost be said to be the founder of the association since it was largely through his public spirit, energy and personal endeavor that the enterprise was inaugurated and successfully instituted. He is president of the Portland Savings bank and a prominent figure in many enterprises. A large portion of his time and energies are devoted to his duties as the chief officer of the company.

The vice president is Mr. T M. Richardson, a citizen ranking high in the respect and esteem of the people. He is a capitalist interested in many important undertakings, and gives the association a large share of his time with a hearty and unselfish zeal.

The secretary and superintendent is Mr. E. W. Allen, a gentleman of wide experience in the management of such enterprises and one thoroughly embued with zeal and pride in its success. Mr. Allen was for several years the superintendent of the Mechanics' Fair in Portland and was the commissioner in charge of the Oregon exhibit at the great exposition in New Orleans, also one of the vice presidents and managers of that great pan-American institution. To his careful management is largely due the success of the exposition last year, and he is now giving the association the benefit of his ripe experience and unflagging energy.

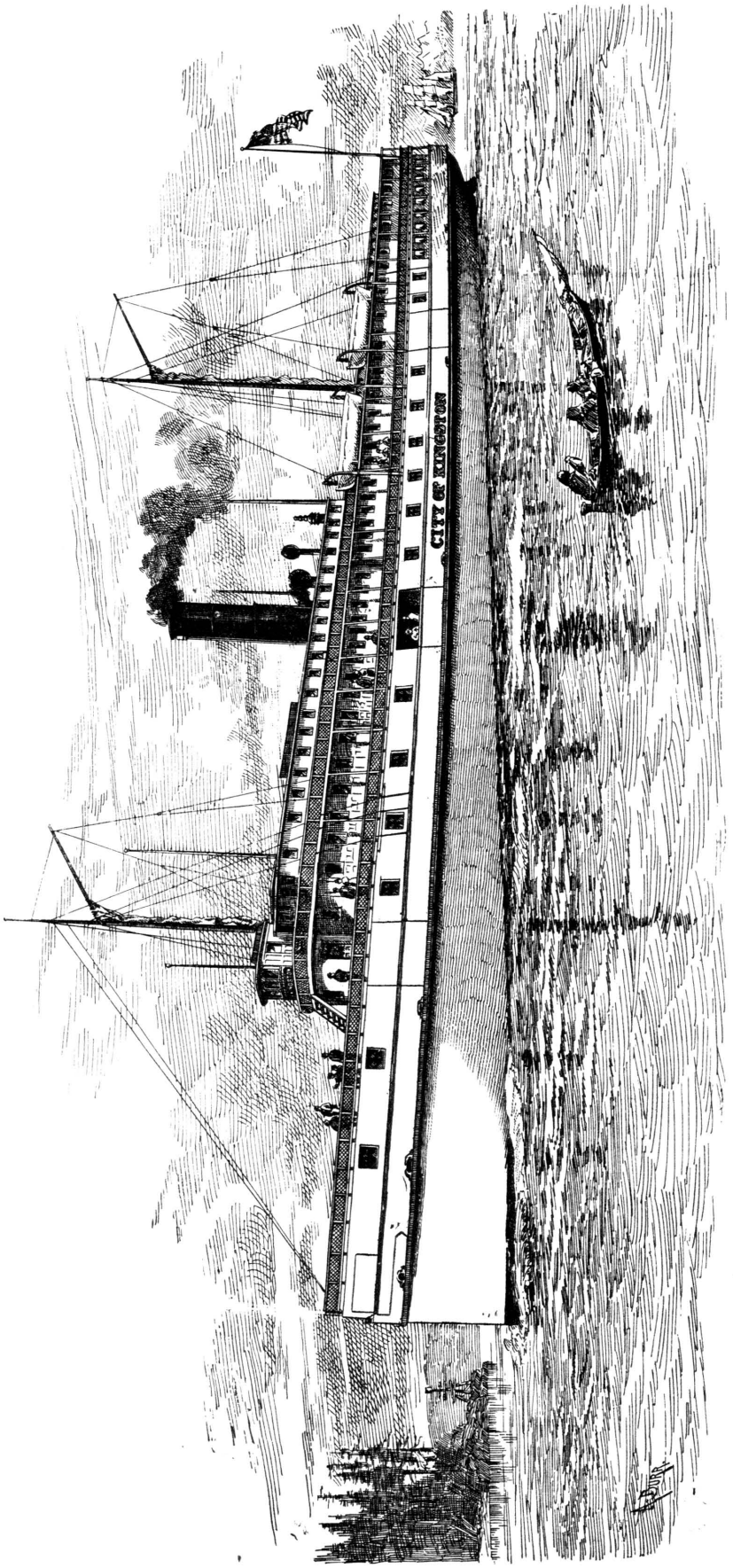
Mr. E. A. King, the treasurer, is one of Portland's younger and most successful business men. He is president of the King Real Estate Association and is interested in other enterprises. The association receives a large share of his attention and is benefited by his advanced ideas and enthusiasm.

Mr. William Kapus has been one of the foremost promotors of the enterprise from its first inception, and has put a vast deal of enthusiasm and hard work into it. Of an energetic character, genial disposition and possessing great executive ability, he has been one of the corner posts of the enterprise. Mr. Kapus is secretary of the Oregon Furniture Manufacturing Co., and one of the foremost business men of the city.

Mr. David S. Tuthill, one of the executive board, is secretary of the Columbia River Paper Co., and cashier of the extensive wholesale establishment of Allen & Lewis. He is recognized as one of the most active and reliable business men of Portland and is a great acquisition to the executive board.

The superintendent of the Fat and Domestic Stock Department is Mr. Richard Scott, one of the leading dairymen and stock breeders of the northwest. Twenty years ago he came to Oregon without a cent, and by industry and ability has risen to the leading position he now holds in that industry. No man more competent to manage that most important department could have been selected.

An expedition to explore the Copper river district of Alaska has been sent out by W. J. Arkell and Russell Harrison. Three men, Alfred B. Schantz, D. H. Wells and E. G. Glove, are in charge. They go from Port Townsend to Juneau by the government steamer *Patterson*. There they will take canoes and travel through Lynn channel to Caipah river, and from there to Chilkat pass. There the party will start out on a long journey on foot, of 600 miles, to Copper river. Mount St. Elias will be scaled to determine if it is of volcanic nature. The *Patterson* has been commissioned to wait at the junction of the ocean and Copper river until 1891 for the party. The main object of the trip is to ascertain positively the truth or fallacy of the belief that immense deposits of copper are to be found along the course of Copper river. The regon to be traversed has never been explored, and an immense deposit of copper is believed to exist somewhere along the river of that name.



THE PUGET SOUND & ALASKA STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S STEAMER "CITY OF KINGSTON."—SEE PAGE 459.

Quill Points.

In view of the absurdly light sentence given the Flacks, the jubilation of the *Herald* reads like the deepest irony.

Whitelaw Reid predicts an European war because Phelps called upon Bismarck. It can not be possible that Phelps is the "friend" of any one of the great powers!

San Francisco is breeding riot and bloodshed by her anti-Chinese legislation, and when her hour of trial shall come she alone will be responsible for her sad plight.

One of the Hatfields was left over at the last round up in Kentucky, but one of the McCoy gang took to the trail and has secured him. Thoroughness is about the only commendable feature of those family feuds.

The Puritan club offers $20,000 for a prize fight. The contest ought to be held on Plymouth rock. And, by the way, what remarkably appropriate names these clubs select—"Puritan," "Gladstone," "Audubon!"

Emperor William is said to be such an enthusiastic socialist that he sleeps in a red night cap. His socialism is of long standing. He believes there ought to be a new division—of Austria between himself and the czar.

Germany is endeavoring to uniform her soldiers so that they will be invisible, and as one step has adopted the American forage cap. The impression prevails here that it was not the cap that made so many of our loudest talking patriots invisible in battle.

Emin Pasha apparently feels no more grateful to Stanley for rescuing him against his will than does the heroine of a play when some excited member of the audience jumps upon the stage to save her from certain death at the hands of the villain.

Governor Hill has again shown his hostility to honest elections by vetoing the Australian bill. It is safe to say that he will never again be elected governor of New York. His only chance now is to get the statute fixing a date for an election quietly repealed, so that he can remain governor in the absence of a successor. If he does not understand how this little trick is done, Oregon can lend him a man who knows all about it. It is a last ditch resort, but will work for a little while in first class style.

The democrats in congress protest that they are not defending Mormonism, and even shudder at the thought of polygamy. They are simply solicitous that no one's rights shall be interfered with—especially the right of the democrats to keep out of the union a state that shows symptoms of becoming republican in politics.

Blaine's reciprocity scheme with other American nations will find many strong opponents. The sugar, cattle and sheep interests will combine against it certainly, and probably the silver mining interest and lead producers. Yet, on the whole, there can be no question of the benefit it would be to the nation at large.

Arkell, publisher of *Judge*, has sent an expedition to Alaska to endeavor to discover a brass mine. The self assurance of the New York press during the fight for the world's fair, and since, has so exhausted their supply of that article that they have no hope of finding enough for their future use unless it be in the trackless and almost limitless wilds of Alaska.

At last a general service pension bill has been introduced into congress. Now, if we could only pension those who at some time entertained a thought of enlisting, the ground would be pretty well covered, though, by the way, we are in danger of overlooking those who were prevented from serving because they were too young. Don't forget the boys, for they all have votes now.

The irony of fate is seen in the sad fate of Captain Couch, the Oklahoma boomer. After devoting his time and energies for several years to organizing raids into that forbidden region, and thus doing much to force its opening to settlement, he was so beaten in the race for land when the day of jubilee came that he was compelled to jump another man's claim, and was shot in the leg and crippled for life in consequence.

News that the czar had been poisoned failed to elicit the expressions of horror it otherwise would in the United States were not the latest Siberian outrages so fresh in the public mind. Many a prayer for his recovery was hushed by obtrusive thoughts of his pitiful victims in the prison pens of that fateful land. Nor was there much interest felt in the later intelligence that it was "nervous fever" instead of arsenic that was interfering with the orderly processes of nature in the anatomy of the Russian autocrat.

Lorgnette.

Easter week offered an amusement menu generally good, music and spectacular predominating—Mr. James O'Neill, as the "Count of Monte Cristo," at the Marquam; Jubilee Singers at the Tabernacle; "Michael Strogoff," with Miss Essie Tittell and Mr. French in the leading roles, at Cordray's theatre, and the Geisler concert at Arion hall.

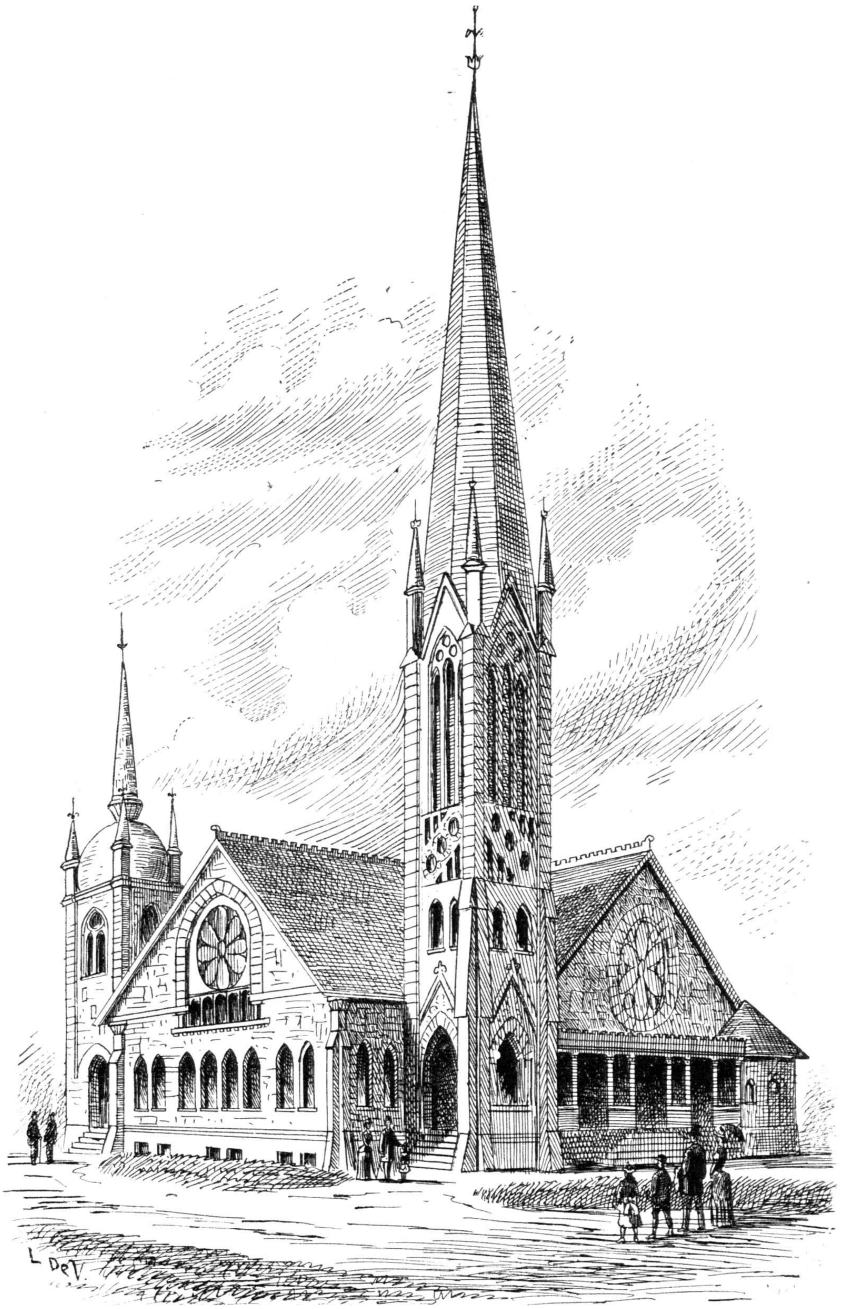
"Once upon a time" there sprang from the brain of Alexandre Dumas—as Minerva did from the head of her father—a creature as impossible as the birth of that goddess. The circumstances surrounding were of a nature in common with the creature. Evidently Dumas little dreamed when he produced the "Count of Monte Cristo" he was to be the founder of a school of improbabilities, wilder even and more impossible than his own creation, but lacking the spirit of genius that permeates and gives life and color to his work. Several heads have since emitted—produced or created can not be applied in these cases—various relations of the "Count." There have been his "sisters and his cousins and his aunts," aye, unto the fourth and fifth generation, until the present "Count" according to Mr. James O'Neill. Candidly, the family does not improve; successive generation has not bettered them; in short, they have advanced retrograde. The present representative has none of the virtues of his great ancestor. Whether he is a modern Robespierre or a socialist is difficult to define. He moves and has his being enclosed in an atmosphere distinctly rufescent. After following his career through five acts, you want five more; your appetite for killing and blood has been so whetted by the wholesale slaughter of the Count as he stalks his way like an avenging nemesis. Comparisons must always be odious, still, when a man bears the name of an illustrious ancestor, even though the only existing resemblance be in the name, he must expect the inevitable. The "Monte Cristo" of Dumas was not a man possessed of an all-devouring craving for revenge; the genius of Dumas was too great to endow a man entirely with ignoble attributes. True is it that he aimed to have retribution fall where it should, but even when it came to the guilty his heart misgave him and made him pity the deserved fate of the men who had so tortured him. His generous nobility is lost sight of in Mr. O'Neill's impersonation. He is like—with a difference—Hans Andersen's "Tin Soldier." When life began with them they were both straightforward and both in love with a girl. The poor little soldier, blown by an adverse wind from the window, went through his dismal gutter and fish experience, to return at last, the color washed from him, but still straightforward and steadfast in his love for the little dancer. His last trial, the ordeal of fire, did not find him wanting. Through it he came—a heart. If any parallel exists between them, it ceases there. Edmund Dantes, blown into misfortune by the envy of Danglars, jealousy of Fernande and stupidity of Caderouse, is not refined by the ordeal of the Chateau D'If, but comes from it filled with an insatiable desire for revenge, in the fulfillment of which, to the end of the play, he gloats numerically. To say the play departs from the novel would be idle. The people bear the same names, and these serve as foils to Mr. O'Neill in forming scenes, some few from the novel, the others from some disordered mind probably. There is enough in the novel to serve as material for three or four good plays, each of them wholesome and with a good moral, neither of which can be said of the present. Of the many licenses, the Zolaism of making Albert de Morcerf the son of Monte Cristo is the worst. In Mr. O'Neill's acceptation of the part, he does well what he has to do. The scenery, which, by the way, is excellent, does the rest. Emmett C. King has a fine stage presence, but lacks the dignity of Alber de Morcerf. Caderouse—Nat. D. Jones—is one of the best sustained characters in the cast. Miss Grace Raven neither looks nor acts the part of Mercedes. In the the first act she overacts and is altogether too stagey. In the fourth act, when she recognizes the Count as Edmund Dantes, she appears to be taken with a sudden attack of ague.

In "Michael Strogoff" Mr. French redeems himself, and fills the part more acceptably than anything he has attempted at Cordray's. In the third act he is especially good and meets the requirements of the part. As Nadia Miss Essie Tittell is very sweet and winning, but is not her costume somewhat airy? She reminds one of "Red-riding-hood" done in blue. Miss Lawrence, as Sangaree, misses opportunities that a little thought on her part would remedy. Miss Marshall has full comprehension of the lines of Marfa Strogoff, and delivers them in a manner highly creditable. The American and English correspondents of Messrs. Gray and Devlin were made the most of, and were, on the whole, very amusing.

To the lover of unlimited action and the spectacular, Hanlan's "Fantasma," next week at the Marquam, will supply the cravings of the largest appetite. There will be no strain on the nerves due to bad acting. It is a bright and amusing recreation, with any number of especially clever people.

NEW CHURCH FOR EAST PORTLAND.

THE rapid growth of East Portland is making necessary an enlargement of everything affected by an increase in population. In the schools this is first manifested, and then in the churches. The strongest church organization on the east side of the river is the Centenary Methodist Episcopal, which finds its present edifice entirely too small for the needs of the congregation and the various branches of church work. It has decided to build on the northwest corner of Ninth and I streets a handsome structure to cost about $60,000. This edifice will not only be of attractive design, Gothic in style, as shown in the accompanying engraving, but will be most substantial, the material used being fine Albany stone. The church has wisely decided to make the new building commodious and complete in every particular. Besides a main auditorium that will seat 1,500 people, it will have a Sunday school room and provision for other desirable auxiliaries of church work. The building committee is composed of some of the most energetic and practical business men, with the Rev. Dr. Bushong, pastor, as chairman, and work on the edifice will be pushed vigorously.



STRANAHAN & CARPENTER, ARCH. EAST PORTLAND, OR.

CENTENARY M. E CHURCH, EAST PORTLAND, OR.

THE "CITY OF KINGSTON."

ON page 456 is given an engraving of the elegant passenger steamer *City of Kingston*, which is now running on the route between the various Puget sound cities. The Puget Sound & Alaska Steamship Co. purchased this handsome vessel on the Hudson river and brought her around the Horn, making the trip in eighty-five days and twelve hours. The steamer is a screw propeller, 257 feet long on deck and forty-six feet beam, with fifteen feet depth of hold. She has compound, double cylinder engines, with three feet stroke. She is lighted throughout by electricity. Below deck are the dining room and 127 berths. On the main deck are ladies' saloon, smoking room, sixty-four state rooms, etc. She is a very fast boat, having made an average daily speed on the Hudson river of nineteen and nine-tenths miles per hour, and has made a run of ninety-one miles in four hours and thirteen minutes. She is a splendid acquisition for the Puget sound traffic, which is increasing so rapidly that more like her are badly needed. Within a few days after her arrival in Seattle, after being thoroughly overhauled for repairs after her long and rough passage, she was placed on the sound route, and is now making regular trips. The engraving shows her under full headway on the placid waters of that great inland sea.

LONG VALLEY, IDAHO.

SIXTY miles to the northwest of Idaho City, nestled among those grand and picturesque mountains that shoot out from the west end of the Sawtooth range, is one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys of Idaho. Here the scenes are so varied and entertaining to the mind that the time can not be long distant when it will be a great pleasure resort. Tourists will go there to sail on the lake, "wing" grouse and prairie chickens, trail elk and deer in the forests, drive bears from their dens in the dark, gloomy, wooded canyons, and follow sheep and goats to the crags and peaks of the perpetually snow-capped Sawtooth. Those seeking amusement of a wild, romantic nature can have their desires gratified by a visit to Long valley Standing on those grand peaks one can look over most of the valley, spread out before him like a vast panorama, covered with its green grass, dotted with farms, and the north fork of the Payette winding through it like a thread of silver, skirted on either side by timber and beautiful wild flowers. In the upper end of the valley may be seen the Payette lakes, the most beautiful in all Idaho, entirely surrounded by a dense pine and fir forest. They may very properly be considered one lake, being divided only by a narrow spur that projects into it from the mountains. Taken together, they are twelve miles long, by an average of three wide. From the surface of the quiet, clear, mirror-like waters the forests and mountains are reflected, forming a scene grand and beautiful beyond description. In the center, soundings to the depth of over a half a mile have failed to find bottom. In August millions of red fish go from the lakes into the inlets, followed by thousands of trout weighing from one to five pounds each.

The North fork of the Payette, the outlet of the lakes, is a beautiful stream, clear as crystal, and filled with the most delicious of the finny tribe. The valley through which it courses is sixty miles in length by an average of six in width; however, in places it attains a bredth of ten miles. The stream runs through the center of the valley. It produces in abundance cereals of all kinds, vegetables and some of the more hardy fruits. Every portion distant from the river is well watered by smaller streams that issue from the mountains; the land is rich, the hills covered with the very best of bunch grass, and timber for lumber and building purposes is abundant and convenient.

Most of the settlements are on the east side of the river, on its tributaries. At the lower end of the valley is Clear creek; six miles above Clear creek is Big creek; Gold fork is six miles above the latter, and Bowlder five still further up. Lake creek is five miles above Bowlder. Each of these streams is settled on from the point of issuance from the high mountains to the river by industrious farmers. The first to locate land in Long valley were S. M. Sisk and Gilbert Bixby, in 1886, who took their families with them. The former now represents that district in the board of commissioners of Boise county.

Fifteen miles up the valley are the falls, which furnish the finest water power in Central Idaho. A grist mill will be erected there this year. There are four general merchandise stores and two saw mills in the the valley, and three postoffices. The first, at the lower end of the valley, is Alpha, the second Van Wyck, and the third at the extreme upper end, Omego. During the past eighteen months the population has increased from 300 to 1,000, and the assessed valuation of property has more than doubled. The growth of this valley, situated, as it is, has been wonderfully rapid; and there is every reason for believing that it will be much more so for the next two or three years.

James Copeland & Co., have some good placer claims just below the outlet of the lower lake. Besides these, an eastern company has purchased 400 acres of good placer ground, which will be worked by bed rock flumes. There are some splendid quartz properties on Bowlder creek. But little development work has been done on them, although the surface rock is rich both in gold and silver. Lake City placer district is on the east side of the river and twenty miles above Gold fork. There is "float" quartz over all of the adjacent hills and mountain ranges, and it is certain that time will develop many rich districts. These will furnish good markets for everything that the valley can produce.

Long valley and Warrens are connected by a good trail, over which the mails to and from Southern Idaho are carried on horses in summer and on the backs of snow shoers in winter. From the upper end of the valley a good wagon road leads into Boise basin and another into Boise City by way of Weiser.

There are thousands of acres of the finest agricultural land desirable yet subject to location, and there is not a more inviting place for immigrants in search of opportunities for building up good homes for themselves and families. Men with money enough to furnish and improve farms could not find a better country in which to chance their fortunes.

EGBERT W. JONES.

It is announced that the Spokane Falls & Northern Railway Co. is to build a branch line from Colville northeastward to the Metaline mining district, on the Clarke's Fork (Pend d'Oreille) river. The route will be up Mill creek to its head and then across the divide to the Metaline. This will be a very important branch for Colville.

PROGRESSIVE ELLENSBURGH.

ELLENSBURGH, Washington, bids fair to become the educational center of the state. The Presbyterians have an academy there upon which $55,000 are to be expended for improvements. Funds are being raised for the erection of a Baptist college, and the Congregationalists and Christians are also preparing to erect educational institutions in the city. The Baptists will soon begin the work of construction. These institutions, in addition to the efficient public school system of the town, will give it educational advantages rarely equaled in the west.

From all parts of the Kittitas valley this spring come reports indicating that this year will be as exceptional for the farm crops grown as for its hard winter. The deep snow lies on the mountains, and its gradual melting will send fertilizing streams through every part of the valley until late in the season, so that crops will have ample moisture. Under the law recently passed by the legislature important irrigation projects will be established this year, which will place thousands of acres of land in a condition of reliable fertility.

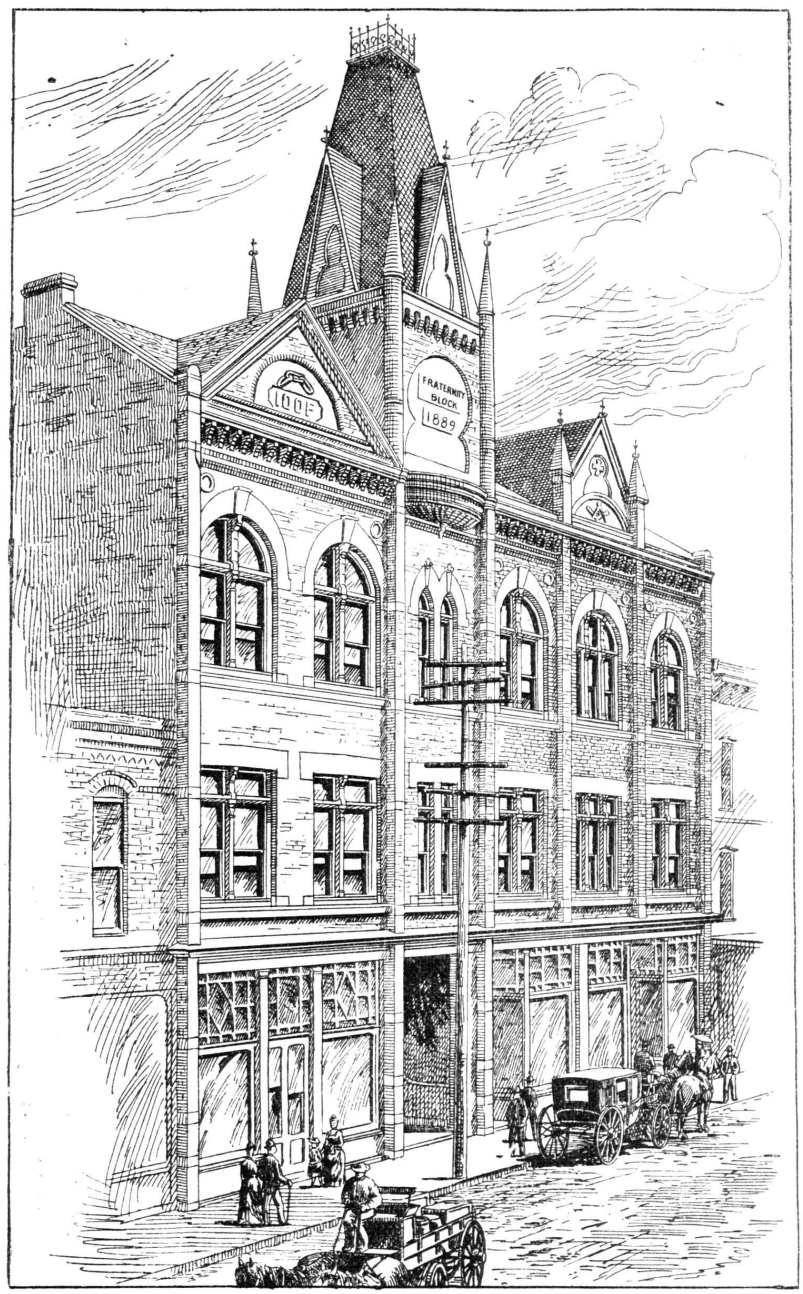
One hundred and fifty thousand head of stock are now feeding on the bunch grass pastures tributary to Ellensburgh. The winter was hard on stock of all kinds, and the losses were considerable, but an abundance of food is assured for the season just opened.

The mineral wealth of the country about Ellensburgh will be more definitely exploited this year. The Ellensburgh Improvement Company is about to build a blast furnace and work the iron mines near the city. Between 300 and 500 men will be employed. Stove foundries, nail mills and other iron manufactories will follow the opening of the mines. Woolen and paper mills and starch factories are also among the institutions that will find congenial surroundings there.

COLFAX, WASHINGTON.

THE accompanying engraving shows the "Fraternity" block, a new structure erected in Colfax, Washington, for the Masons and Odd Fellows. It is a large, substantial and ornamental structure, and, besides ample accommodations for the various fraternal societies, has room for stores and offices.

Colfax is the county seat of Whitman county, one of the most populous and prosperous in the state, and is situated on the Palouse river at a point that renders it a center for a large area of highly cutivated agricultural land. It has two excellent newspapers, several manufacturing establishments, fine schools, an academy, good churches and a number of large mercantile houses. It lies on the line of the Union Pacific's Palouse system, and is the point of junction of two important lines of that road. It is the largest city in Washington between Snake river and Spokane Falls.



FRATERNITY BLOCK, COLFAX, WASH.

The Light Side of Life

By Lee Fairchild

WHY HEARTLESS.

I knew she was heartless, but what could I do
But love her, though heartless were she?
The reason I knew, and I give it to you—
Her heart she had given to me.

Why is Chicago like a Chinook wind? It's nothing but *fair* if she is.

Some papers, like some men, live on their reputations.

The worst feature about the minority in congress is that they are democrats.

It is usually the man with a scheming brain and a soft muscle who says it's manual energy that wins.

My Seattle friend heard a young lady say "I'm going to fool you," and replied "Now let's see the fool act."

Only those who threw away the honorable bucksaw and went to more questionable and profitable business ever tell about their once having sawed wood for a living.

Little Girl—Papa, who was that pale, sober man in the car?

Papa—That, my dear, is the city's humorist; sitting up late and writing funny things makes him feel bad and cross.

Constant Reader—Well, you said you were going to figuratively annihilate the editor who criticised you last week. I did not see your rejoinder in print.

Editorial Writer—I did; but the editor, in looking over the article concluded there wasn't enough left of the critic for insertion.

A number of amusing incidents have occurred relative to the telephone. The latest happened recently in the city of Portland. In one of the finer residences the telephone is in the dining room and long side of a window facing the street. The lady of the house had just called up a friend for conversation. The friend responded, "hello." Just as the first mentioned party replied "hello" a gentleman was passing the window. Thinking he had been saluted, through mistake, he politely lifted his hat and said "How-do-you-do?"

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

"Will the bishop stand on his dignity?"
"You are not his shoemaker, are you?"

OBEDIENT BUT NOT EDIFIED.

Boss Husband—My word is law and gospel here.
Bossed Wife—Law, but not gospel, my dear.

REPRESENTATIVE OF A STRANGE PEOPLE.

Mr. Bragg—I'm proud of all my ancestors.
Mr. Adam's Son—To what race do you belong, sir?

THAT DEPENDS.

When you are walking with a young lady are you on the right side of her when you are on the left?

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

I have a friend who thinks there is something in a name; so much so that he has changed his.

THE APPARENT REASON.

"Why didn't the Lord make us all black?"

"It would seem he reserved the rest of that material to give coloring to our deeds."

A HINT.

Disgusted Boarder (in hearing of the proprietor)—This is the rarest bit of "well done" steak I've ever failed on, and I would that my great-grandfather (for he was great) had been a greater lover of beef.

PRETTY TOUGH JOKING.

"Say, do I resemble a live man?"
"Yes, somewhat. Why?"
"Well, a fellow down street asked me if I was the man who was drowned in the recent Portland flood."

HE WENT BACK TO SCHOOL A LESSON AHEAD.

Ay, Cupid's pretty so-and-so
He had just whispered to her, and
As he held fast her sought-for hand
She questioned him with, "Must you go?"

His answer was affirmative,
In action fitted to the word;
"I hope another term to give,"
She said—the rest* he never heard

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* But, of course, the rest was his and he is still taking it

Fact and Fancy for Women.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

"If," says *Harper's Weekly*, "a youth sees that his lack of courtesy, for instance, in not offering his seat to a woman in a car is regarded as a matter of course and justifiable, the first and costly step is taken. All other similar courtesies, the nameless graces of deference which make the intercourse of the sexes charming, will naturally disappear, and the distinction of the American vanishes, that every solitary woman seemed to travel under the chivalric protection of every man in the country. This is a distinction worth retaining, because manners are closely allied with morals."

As women gradually but surely work their ways into the business paths, opinions and pursuits of men, just so gradually and surely will men's chivalric attentions to them lessen, not intentionally, but, as it were, unconsciously. It is one of the prices women must pay for the opening up of new avenues in which they may bravely walk and earn their livings side by side with men. Men—the very best and noblest ones—are but human, and I think the good ones are just about as good as they were an hundred years ago, and the bad ones just about as bad—no better, no worse. If they are—as the article quoted from touches upon—growing more lax in little daily attentions and courtesies to women, it is not the result of deliberate intention or willful lack of respect, but of the workings of that many-headed thing known as circumstances. Go out into a dim, quiet wood, and down in the shelter of some sturdy tree, push aside the clinging vines and mosses, and if you chance to find there a sweet, shy violet turning its head away from the glare of the light, you will be filled with rapture, you will thrill with tender reverence for the beautiful thing that is sweet as a dream of heaven. You may learn to love that flower, to shelter it from the winds, to guard it from the cold, to feel a keen delight in slipping away from the cares and the passions of the world to spend a little time with it, you may come to feel that it is a part of your very life, yea, of you, the best and purest part. But suppose that violet has feet and a voice, and that it comes out of its dim retreat and cooly informs you that it is tired of hiding its light under a bushel and that it proposes to be with you always, in the street car, on the train, on the steamer, in your office, on the street, in the legislature, at the crowded postoffice window when the mail is first opened, and even hints darkly as to your favorite club! Just stretch your imagination to that extent, if you can. Don't you think you would grow so accustomed to having it with you always that it would lose a little of its subtle charm, a trifle of its sweetness, its shyness, its rarity? Don't you think it would come to require something of an effort for you to thrill with rapture and tremble with delight at sight of that violet on every corner and in every office? It is very sweet, once or twice a day, to lay aside all cares and indulge in a dream of heaven when you see a violet, but, O, consider! Where would your bread and butter come from if you met a violet at every turn, and had to stop long enough to bow down in reverence before it each time? Well, it is just the same with women, although it does seem cold-blooded to say it.

"It requires only a second of time for a man to give a lady his seat in a car, to yield her precedence at the postoffice window, to lift his hat courteously each time he meets her, to assist her across a crowded street."

O, very true. But when a man must take his mind from business reflections twenty times in one hour to pay some little courteous attention to women, it must grow to be an irksome duty, instead of the pleasure it once was when a woman traveling alone, or a woman forcing her way timidly through a crowd of men, was something seen only once or twice in a year. With all my heart I want to see women work and ferret out new and pleasant ways in which to earn their livings; and it must go without saying that every one likes to see men respectful and courteous to women. But you can not change man's nature, and you will not seem so rare and charming to him if he meets you on every corner and must show you some little courtesy each time, as you will if he only sees you once a day and then in the sanctity of your home. Truths are not pleasant; but, though we often cover them up and smooth them over so their rankling may not be so painful, they are always with us. It does not matter whether you are a working girl, a business woman or a society queen. As long as you respect yourself all men will show you, and really feel for you, respect. So don't go through life looking daggers at the busy men who forget some little courtesy to you. Ten to one, the man who forgets to give you his place at the postoffice window is the one who always carries a flower home to the woman who loves him; while the perfumed, immaculate one who overpowers you with his officious watchfulness for a chance to be polite, is the one who goes home and tilts his chair back while his patient slave-wife does the household drudgery.

The editor of the *Home Maker* advances the opinion that none but a purist can keep up with the constant changes in orthoepy, and relates the tale of a man who came to grief over the word "horizon," as follows:

> My father tells me that when he was a boy the old people said ho-*ri*-zon, but at school he was taught that the emphasis was to be on the first syllable. He always said *hor*-izon, but when my school days came, the dictionary makers had changed back to ho-*ri*-zon. How is a fellow to know how to pronounce, anyhow?

The question will find an echo—but not an answer—in many a heart. By the time a young woman has finished her education and become firmly possessed of a complacent opinion that she knows everything that is worth knowing, her little golden-haired imp of a sister or niece is liable to catch her up on her pronunciation, with "If you please, that word is pronounced so-and-so." At school I was taught to say *pref*-ace, but a few years ago a friend politely informed that the word was pronounced *pre*-face. She was a teacher in a public school, and she was so positive about it that I yielded as gracefully as possible to her authority, forgetting, when I reached home, to consult my Webster. When I had occasion to use the word, I said *pre*-face, and felt "right smart," as they say in Indiana, because I had learned something new. But one fatal evening I used it, so accented, in company, whereupon my twelve-year-old niece dealt me a look of such unmitigated horror that I almost fainted, and was certainly struck speechless in the middle of a sentence. When the guests had departed, the child looked at me with perfect daggers of reproach in her eyes.

"O, Auntie! Auntie!" she exclaimed in the tone I imagine King David used when he cried "O, my son! My son, Absalom!" "What possessed you to pronounce the word that way?"

And I meekly confessed that I didn't know. I have certainly learned by experience that, however modest your opinion

West Shore

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of yourself may be, it is just as well to not accept any one's orthoepy, when it conflicts with your own, until you have at least consulted a reliable compendium. Life is too short, and there is too much hard work to be done, too much good to be accomplished, for us all to be perfectionists. Nor can we all afford to throw away unabridged dictionaries, simply because a new edition has cast the accent in a word from one syllable to another. The other day a lady used the word *vet*-erinary, and a well educated physician who was present immediately re-pronounced it, placing the accent on the second syllable.

"Another new-fangled change, I presume!" she ejaculated in an agonized aside to me, while her face flamed.

It is, of course, best to try to keep up with all reasonable changes. But it is, also, well to remember that to be orthoepist is one thing, and to be a would-be orthoepist is another; and when one meets a woman who is so desirous of making a favorable impression that she says "cahncel" instead of "cancel," one does not so deeply deplore one's own unintentional blunders in pronunciation.

What a happiness it is to know that there are no longer any set styles for arranging the hair. I have seen women with long, slim throats "do" their hair on the tops of their heads, looking about as graceful and well proportioned as giraffes; and others, with short, full throats, loop their hair low down on the napes of their necks—and all because it was "the style." There should be no such thing as "style" for arranging or wearing the hair. It should always be worn in the manner most becoming to the wearer. To say that "bangs" are out of style, when so many women look hideous without them, is absurd. It is just the same with different styles of dress. Of course, it is well to have a proper regard for fashions, as any sensible woman will have; but the exceedingly thin woman who weeps for the bustle she dare not wear, because, forsooth, it is not stylish, is lacking in brains. If a thing is becoming to you, wear it, quietly and modestly, and set the example for some weaker minded woman. What is still more absurd is that there should be such a thing as a "stylish color;" indeed, I know only one thing more absurd, and that is the woman who wears it when God gave her hair and eyes that were not meant to go with it.

"But," said a little, fussy milliner recently, who was vigorously trying to force an unbecoming hat upon a customer, "heliotrope is going to be more stylish this year than last; why, it is going to be the 'rage.'"

"Then," said the lady—you wouldn't have suspected it of her, either, for she was meek and demure looking—"give me any other color under heaven."

And, although I had never seen her before, I felt like slipping a diamond medal upon her independent, but lovely and womanly, shoulder.

"What!" exclaimed a lady the other day, with an incredulous look, "do you mean to say you wash your face with soap?"

"I certainly do," I replied, laughing, yet with a sensation of guilt stealing over me at her look of consternation.

"Why," said she after a while, with a long breath, "I haven't touched soap to my face for several years; I thought it made the skin shine."

"Well," I replied cheerfully, although it must be confessed I cast an anxious, if surreptitious, glance into the mirror to discover whether my face did any such ungrateful thing, "perhaps it does, but I would rather have my face shine than to be unclean."

She indignantly protested that her face was quite clean, but I shall always entertain private doubts upon the subject. A face that is washed frequently with soft water and good soap—with the accent on the good—will, at any rate, look clean and natural, although it may not startle the beholder by its infantine downiness. If your skin has a tendency to shine, rub it vigorously and briskly for five minutes two or three times a day with a coarse, soft towel. This will produce a becoming glow, and one will know at a glance that you neither powder nor paint.

The latest production of woman's fertile brain is a pedestrian umbrella holder. This simple invention leaves the hands entirely free, as the umbrella slips into a sheath which, in some way not to be appreciated until seen, fastens by means of innumerable chains and hooks to the dress belt, far back. The invention may be wonderfully convenient to the woman whose hands are occupied with bundles, pocket book and muff, but if she has anything of a "swing" to her gait, one's sympathies must go out to the unfortunate masculine pedestrians, about whose unsuspecting legs that umbrella will surely twine itself on every possible occasion.

If you are a wise woman, and your rooms are of good size, you will have several pretty screens scattered about. Have one or two large ones, covered with softly tinted Japanese embroidery with embossed leather frames, and some smaller ones which do not fold. They give a warm, inviting look to the plainest room, and the sun's rays always find them and bring out all their rich coloring. Besides they are irresistible invitations to little harmless flirtations, and while—of course—you, yourself, would not flirt, you probably have one or to dear friends who would.

Queen Victoria has ordered her baker to make her an American apple pie. As if an English baker could! And even if he did succeed in manufacturing the genuine thing—the apple pies that our dear, old mothers used to draw from the ovens, with smiles of satisfaction on their kindly, care-worn faces—could he give Queen Victoria the American palate with which to relish it?

Better than all the flowery sermons in all the churches in the whole world would it be for the woman who is "in sorrow and is heavy laden," if one true-hearted sister would take her hand, and say: "You suffer; yet be of good cheer. I, also, have suffered, but I have outlived my sorrow. For I found others whose hearts were sadder, and whose burdens were heavier, than mine; and, helping them to forget, I, also, have forgotten."

There are people who are morally, as well as physically, bilious. When you see a man—or woman—who goes around with his nose drawn up and his mouth drawn down, and a general I-don't-care-whether-I live-or-die look, don't waste your time trying to make him happy. It is not a bit of use; his disease is self, with a big "S," and death alone can cure him.

Miss Amelia S. Given, of Mount Holly Springs, Pa., an heiress described as young and fair, has given a free library to the mountain village where she was born. Miss Given's money, so spent, will probably do more in the way of enlightening women than all the money that has been spent in the cause of woman suffrage.

THE COWBOY'S WOOING.

SHE was not to blame if she was pretty, and she didn't care in the least. She would have been just as happy and proud of her acquirements had she been as ugly as old Phœbe, her father's kitchen woman, who was at this moment grumbling over a smoking fire and scolding to herself because the roast would persist in burning on one side while the other was raw. She could ride as well as any cowboy on the ranch, except Billy Brooks, the foreman; could "rope" a calf; jump fences and ditches at a keen gallop, and "cut out" an animal from the herd just like her father and the boys. Unruly steers and crazy cows had no terrors for her, and a stampede at the rodeo, with all its wild scampering of mad cattle and yelling horsemen, was the acme of enjoyment.

She regretted exceedingly that she had been born a girl. In some faint way her mother, whom she had never seen, was held accountable for this; but, being a girl, she did all she could to neutralize the misfortune. She was out in the burning sun until she was as brown as a gypsy, and her hands were nearly like Billy's, only not so hard.

The one cloud of her happy girlhood was the decision of her father, some three years previously, to send her east to school. An unfortunate thing had happened then, just as she prophesied, and had left its mark on her life, as all unpleasant things will do.

She had made a gallant effort to overcome her father's decision, but what could a sixteen-year-old girl do against so stern a parent! Had she been a boy now! Well, if her father had still persisted, she would have mounted old Dan and left the country until her parent relented. But, being only a girl, she was forced to submit, and was packed off forthwith to a place she knew she would hate, her only solace being a cold kiss from her father and a lugubrious, and somewhat tearful, adieu from Billy, whom she liked the best of all her father's men, and who was then only a common rider. Billy might be a little awkward and a trifle bow-legged from constant sitting in the saddle, and might wabble a little in his walk, as all professional horsemen do, but he was a dear, good fellow, all the same, and liked her, which very few of the others did.

Billy had taught her to ride when the sight of a saddle gave her the ague, and had been her steadfast friend ever since she was a tall, green, angular and hopelessly ugly thing of twelve. She would never forget Billy, no matter what happened.

And so she was gone away and her school life began. Then came the cloud. Her aunt, with whom she was living, was wealthy, kind and indulgent, and Jess—her name was Jessica, but no one ever thought of calling her that except her father, when he was very serious indeed—found it really not half so bad as she had anticipated, although she still longed for the western breezes and a free, wild gallop over the trackless, sage brush plains.

She often wrote to her father beseechingly for permission to return, but his replies—few and far between—were not encouraging. Billy wrote several times in his rude, scrawling style, and assured her that old Dan was fat and happy, and that no one was allowed to ride him except for exercise. The mention of her dearly-beloved horse brought the tears to her eyes, and she wrote Billy another and longer letter, begging him to tell her all about the horses, the stock and the boys.

This was in the first year of her unwilling immolation. After the cloud came Billy did not write any more.

In the second year of her exile, and she was then seventeen, she met Herbert Willis. It was at one of her aunt's pleasant little parties. He was a handsome man, a dozen years her senior, just returned from a trip to Europe, a society pet and captivating fellow generally. He sang well, played the piano; could talk politics, nonsense, the latest drama or opera; had a very winning smile and beautiful teeth. He seemed to have plenty of money and had the entree to the best society in the city, and was welcomed, even courted, everywhere.

It almost took her breath away when he singled her out from all those present, and, after a waltz, led her to a seat quite away from the others. She certainly felt flattered, but more scared than ever before in her life. What could she, a wild, ignorant ninny, fresh from the west, say to a man who had been around the world and hobnobbed with kings and princes and marmadukes all his life, no doubt? If she opened her mouth at all she would make some horrible mistake, of course. Silence was her only salvation.

Before they had been seated a minute, however, she learned that Willis had been all over the west—in fact, within sight of her own dear home—and that he was familiar with every detail of the life she had known since childhood. This, to her, was like finding an old friend, and in five minutes she was perfectly at ease with him and was absorbed in a most animated discussion about horses, dogs and the range.

To be sure, there was something about his manner—slightly patronizing, perhaps—that she did not like when she thought it all over, but she did not detect it at the time. He was brilliant and amusing, and if he knew Jess was the daughter of old Dick Thorndyke, one of the biggest cattle kings of the west, he had too much tact to put her on her guard by mentioning it. He saw at a glance that the girl, though young and inexperienced, possessed unusual shrewdness, and might penetrate his design.

This was the beginning. From a casual caller he became a daily one, and ere spring was well begun Jess awoke to the startling realization that she was engaged, and that she wore Herbert Willis's ring.

She wasn't quite sure whether she liked the man or not; knew she didn't love him; longed for freedom again and for home; was angry with herself; wept often and copiously and was miserable generally.

She had not the courage to break off with Herbert, for he was tenderness itself, so the wretched summer passed. In the fall she summoned all her courage and wrote her father all about her trouble and begged to come home. She also, in the extravagance of her girlish grief, wrote to Billy and confessed, because she felt she could trust him as a friend.

The answer from her father was, as usual, stern, brief and to the point. He commanded her to stay where she was; break her childish engagement with Willis at once; return his ring instantly and absolutely refuse to see him any more. Thorndyke also wrote to his sister and insisted on a more circumspect behavior from his daughter in the future. Billy did not write at all.

Jess was quite sure her father's cruel letter had broken her heart, and, in her sorrow, became almost convinced that she really loved Herbert after all. But her father's commands were not to be trifled with.

She met him in the parlor that evening, and, amid many tears, unfolded the dismal tale, at the same time holding out his ring, which that generous person refused to take.

The man was really badly hit, and, for the moment, possibly, believed he loved the wretched little creature sobbing at his side. Placing his arm around her he raised her face—now quite red and swollen from weeping—and kissed her, a favor she had never granted him before.

Then the true character of the man came out. He protested his unswerving devotion; positively refused to break the engagement; declared he would kill himself if she cast him off; vowed he would wait for her for years, and ended with a fervent appeal for pity, mercy and love. And she, in her much-magnified misery, believed all he said, and agreed that the engagement should continue. Emboldened by his success, he hinted at a clandestine marriage, but she became so angry that he skillfully withdrew the proposition.

So matters between them were much the same as before the receipt of her father's fiat, only that his visits at the house ceased, and she only met him now and then by an apparent accident. This state of affairs continued up to the time she left her aunt's for her western home, and at their last meeting Herbert had reminded her of her long given promise and assured her that he should come west within a year.

Now that home and old associations were so near at hand, there was no longer any doubt of her own feelings toward him. What she had half believed all the time was now a certainty. She did not love him in the least, and it was even doubtful if she liked him. She had been foolish—almost criminally so—in allowing the engagement to continue after her father's decisive letter, but she was very young and Herbert had aroused her pity. She did not blame him in the least. She regretted the pain the truth would cause him, but she did not hesitate, and told him pointedly that she had been mistaken in her feelings toward him and that he must release her from the engagement.

She was very tender toward him, for she felt deeply sorry, but she insisted on his taking back the ring, which a year ago he had refused to do, with a decision which he could not shake. At first he pleaded with her, and when this failed he grew angry and threatening. Then her dignity and pride came to her rescue, and she cut the painful interview short, not, however, until Willis had assured her in an angry, menacing tone that he would not release her, and that she should see him again, and that he would yet win her or have his revenge. She laughed scornfully at this, and Willis, with an oath which he did not attempt to repress, picked up his hat and walked out.

A year passed. She heard nothing whatever from him, and the long silence and the active, free and unconstrained life of her western home almost effaced his now hateful memory from her mind. Still it had been an unhappy episode in her girlhood and had left its mark.

He was miles from Jess's thoughts this particular evening as she sat on the hitching post in front of the low house, carelessly swinging her heels to and fro, idly watching the brilliant sunset over the bold and rugged range of mountains forty miles away to the west. Down the road, half a mile away, a couple of cowboys were furiously chasing a refractory bull who refused to rejoin the herd, and she could hear their wild yells plainly, even at that distance. Her father had gone to town that morning, and would not return until the following day. Billy was somewhere with the herd, and she and old Phœbe were the only souls about the ranch.

Jess was in a particularly happy state this afternoon. Old Dan, that trusty though not beautiful steed, had recovered from a two weeks' indisposition, and a favorite shepherd of her own had brought forth a litter of half a dozen thoroughbred pups. Besides this, she and Billy had become friends once more—not as they were once, of course, for they were both older and changed, but still they were very good friends again. For almost a year Billy had acted strangely and had neglected her shamefully. He was very kind and respectful all the time, but he did not ride with her as of yore, and when left alone with her for a moment became oppressively embarrassed and suddenly remembered that he had forgotten something around the corral and left her abruptly. This was not a bit like Billy, and she resented it. But it continued until a few weeks ago, when she took him into her confidence once more and explained that her engagement to Herbert Willis had been broken for almost a year. She had always liked the big, smiling fellow exceedingly, and she was heartily glad when they became good friends once more, for Billy was useful in many ways. He had improved vastly in the past three years. He was much taller, and had grown a respectable, if bright red, moustache. He swore frightfully at times, when he thought himself out of the hearing of the "women folks," and, like all his men, found apparent solace in a semi-annual spree in town. He was the personification of good nature, but he resented a slight, fancied or intentional, with great promptness. He was, in fact, a typical cowboy of the west, much given to spurs, hat and six-shooters; a magnificent and daring rider; and as harmless as other mortals when not rubbed the wrong way.

Just now Jess was anxiously awaiting his coming, for he had promised her a scamper of a mile or two on old Dan's back to give that steed a little exercise, and if he lingered much longer it would be too dark. She was still kicking her heels against the post and beating an impatient tattoo on the pole with her brown fingers, when a horseman appeared far down the road. He was riding at a free galop, and was the recreant Billy, of course. She watched him for a few moments until he came near enough for her to decide that it was not Billy, after all, and then her interest in him ceased. Supper would be ready in half an hour, and unless Billy appeared almost instantly their ride would not materialize. She was too vexed to pay any attention to the approaching stranger until he road directly up to her and reined in his panting horse. Then she glanced up at him and sprang down from her perch instantly, with a cry she could not repress. It was Herbert Willis—Herber as smiling, handsome and debonair as ever through all the white dust that covered him.

She watched him leisurely dismount and tie his horse, with a white, scared face. Then he came forward, doffing his hat and extending his shapely, jeweled hand. She hesitated a moment and then gave him hers.

"Jessie!" he exclaimed rapturously. "My little sweetheart!" at the same time striving to raise her hand to his lips.

She snatched it away angrily, and all her usual self-possession returned.

"Mr. Willis," she said, "I told you a year ago that all this was ended."

"But you did not know what you were saying," replied Willis. "I never accepted your foolish decision, and I never will. I love you too well to release you, and I feel that your love is mine in spite of your cruel words."

"You are mistaken," she cried quickly; "I don't love you in the least, and I was only a foolish girl when I gave you that promise. I don't love anybody, I think."

Willis brightened. "Then let me teach you," he exclaimed. "I have come a thousand miles for a sight of your sweet face."

"You've been a precious long time on the road," she said cruelly.

"I have been sick for months in a New York hospital," he replied solemnly. "I have been very near to death's door, Jessie."

Jess's sympathy was at once aroused by this pitiful tale, and she expressed her profound sorrow.

"Why didn't your friends take you in?" she asked innocently.

"They are dead," he replied solemnly, with a dramatic air. "I have had a great sorrow since I last saw you, Jessie. You are all I have now to love."

Jess was up in arms again as soon as the now thoroughly hateful subject was mentioned.

"Mr. Willis," she cried vehemently, "I will not have you talk to me like that any more. I will be your friend, if you wish, but nothing—absolutely nothing—more."

The man smiled half mockingly, and came quite close to her. He had had a wide and varied experience with women, and felt comfortably sure of his power and ultimate success.

The sudden western twilight had come on while they were talking and the moon was just peeping over the corner of the house behind them. The boys were late with the stock; supper would be late, and Phœbe would scold, but Jess felt that this affair with Herbert must be settled once and for all even if she missed supper entirely.

"Jess," he said, bending over her so close that she could feel his warm breath on her cheek, and sinking his voice to a low, passionate and tremulous tone, "I have loved you well and truly ever since we met, and I have been loyal and faithful. You must not cast me off, dearest. I am all alone in the world now except your own sweet self, and you will love me after a little. I will teach you."

He was working on her sympathies now, and because she felt sorry for him and believed his woeful tale of desolation, she repressed the sharp reply which almost forced itself to her lips and remained silent.

Her silence emboldened Willis. It was to him a sign that her resolution was weakening. He had seen other women far more proud and stately than Jess yield to his soft and eloquent entreaties, and he felt that victory was within his grasp. So sure was he that he slipped his arm around her and endeavored to draw her head down on his shoulder. She struggled violently for a moment to free herself, and her beautiful hair came down all about her shoulders. Willis had never seen her look half so lovely as at this instant in the hazy semi-twilight. For the moment he was certain that he really loved her and would willingly marry her if she had not a cent in the world and thus wreck all his chances of future independence. Stooping quickly, he pressed his lips to hers and held her so close that she almost panted for breath.

This was too much for Jess.

"Let me go!" she cried angrily. "Let me go! How dare you! Oh, I hate you—I hate you!"

"I won't let you go," he replied; "I—"

"Yes, you will," interrupted a rude voice, and two big hands caught him by the shoulders and flung him violently against the pole. "You'll let her go, mister, I guess, if she wants to."

"Billy!" cried Jess hysterically. "Oh, I'm so glad!"

Willis, whatever else he might be, was no coward when it came to a trial of strength, and he was violently angry. Recovering his balance almost instantly, he sprang forward and struck at Billy full in the face. Billy was anticipating the blow, and promptly closed with him. His superior weight and strength gave him a slight advantage, but Willis was active and skillful. In a moment the struggle brought them almost over the terrified girl. Then she saw in the pale moonlight something bright and flashing in Willis's hand. He struck Billy once, twice, and the latter loosened his hold and staggered back a step or two. She was too dead with horror to cry out as Billy fell to his knees, swearing and struggling desperately to draw his revolver, and it was almost a relief to her when a blinding flash, instantly followed by another and another, told that, weak and stricken as he was, he had finally succeeded.

She closed her eyes and must have lost consciousness, for when she opened them again she heard the faint echoing of a horse's feet galloping madly far down the road, and Billy lay flat on his back in the dust, at her feet, quite still. Old Phœbe was yelling vociferously in the kitchen and vowing that the Indians were upon them from all quarters, and that they would surely be scalped, while two of the boys who had been busy at the corral were hurrying forward, alarmed by the three rapid shots, which to them always spoke of trouble.

And this—what was this, warm and sticky all over her hands and dress, and even on her face? It was blood—Billy's blood—which had spurted all over her when Willis's cruel knife had struck him. And Willis, the coward, had murdered him—her best and only friend—and then had fled when the harm was done. Dropping on her knees in the deep dust, she raised Billy's heavy head in her arms, and, pushing back the long hair, kissed him almost before the very eyes of the two approaching cowboys.

Hastily they carried him into the house and summoned the shrieking Phœbe. That estimable old creature was a capital nurse, and proved exceedingly useful, as soon as she could be convinced that there were really no Indians around. She even forgot that the roast was still in the oven and probably burning on both sides, while she stood by and directed the stripping of Billy to the waist. Two wounds were visible, one in the left arm and one in the breast, from which the thick, almost black, blood was slowly ebbing, so close to the heart that it made Jess deathly sick and faint, and she hastily left the room. Phœbe, however, had served a whole season in the south as a hospital nurse, and had seen too many legs and arms sawed off to allow a trifling matter like this to effect her nerves. She gave her orders quickly and coherently, and in a moment one of the boys was stumbling about in the kitchen in search of hot water and a towel, mildly swearing to himself at his own awkwardness, while the other was rapidly tearing one of Phœbe's own aprons into long strips for bandages.

Phœbe herself had not been idle. From some dark and remote corner of the room she brought forth a big, black bottle which smelled like brandy, and, hurriedly filling a glass, held it to Billy's white lips. He coughed and almost strangled, but this, although it made the blood flow faster from the cuts, was a sign to her that he was still alive. Then she washed and dressed the wounds with the dexterity of a professional nurse, and declared that the boy wasn't hurt so bad after all, though, to be sure, he had lost a powerful sight of blood. She ridiculed the idea of riding the necessary twenty miles and back for a doctor, and declared she was as good as any doctor in the land, which was, doubtless, true. Then she had recourse again to the black bottle, and, after tasting it generously herself to make sure it was really brandy, gave Billy another glassful. This had the desired effect, and in a few moments he opened his eyes. He looked all around the room apparently seeking something which he did not find, and then closed his eyes wearily and groaned.

"He'll have to have 'nother dose," remarked Phœbe, filling the glass and again satisfying herself that it was really and actually brandy. "Sing'lar how much stim'lants a human bein' can dissolve when there's loss of blood like this. I bled once from the nose for four days and four solid nights, and they gave me, I know, a gallon of strong sperrits, and it never had no effect at all—no more than so much water."

Billy feeby rebelled against the third stimulant, but Phœbe was firm. She was right, too, for in a short time he was able to talk. All the answer he would give to their anxious inquiries concerning his injuries was:

"Some feller from the city was insulting Miss Jess, an' I hit him a crack out by the hitchin' post. Then he slapped his frog-sticker into me somewhere, an' when I got out my gun I was so blind like that I couldn't see him nor Miss Jess nor nothin', so I fired up straight into the air so's to be sure to miss Miss Jess, an' then—I don't remember nothin'—no more'n when a 'kiuse' steps into a gopher hole an' dumps you onto your head."

He would vouchsafe nothing further in explanation, and put an abrupt and decided veto on the proposition of one of the boys to mount the fleetest horse on the ranch and overtake the would-be assassin.

At this point Phœbe interposed and ordered the attendants to cease talking. She then poured out a fourth glass, which Billy absolutely refused. She promptly turned about half of it back into the bottle and drank the rest herself, remarking that her nerves were badly shook up, what with the fright about Indians and other things that she felt like a little "stim'lant" would do her a power of good, though, to be sure, she didn't "no how make a habit of it, and was against it on principle."

After this she sailed serenely into the kitchen to finish the long delayed supper, and did not complain a bit when the roast was found to be nearly raw on both sides.

Another year passed. Billy fully recovered from his wounds and resumed his duties, but there was a great change in him. He refrained from swearing except on rare occasions, and had been known to refuse a drink several times. He was moody and, sometimes, really sour to all except Jess; and he made long and frequent excursions to the neighboring towns always alone. The hearty good fellowship between himself and Jess, so auspiciously begun, was not resumed. He greeted her always with a pleasant word and smile, but it ended there. Billy was not the same Billy, and none felt it more keenly than did Jess.

"Oh, I'll find him," he had remarked to one of the boys some months ago; "I'll run across him sometime, sure. Then he better look out. I'd a killed him that night, blind as I was, but for fear of hittin' Miss Jess. I won't take no mean drop on him, but him and me'll settle then."

Those who knew Billy knew this to be no idle threat. He meant every word he said, and should the two men ever meet, one or both must die unless some special power intervened. His frequent trips to town were for the purpose of learning everything he could concerning the whereabouts of his enemy, for some instinct told him that he would hover around the country, or, at least, return after a while.

One evening Billy was busy around the lower corral, some distance below the house, and once more old Phœbe was stewing and fretting over a smoking stove in the kitchen. So engrossed in his work was he that he did not notice the rapid approach of a horse, or, if noticing it, thought it to be one of his own men, until it pulled up almost at his elbow, with an ejaculation of surprise. Then he looked up.

The horseman was Herbert Willis.

With an oath Billy sprang forward and caught the animal by the bit, at the same time pulling his heavy revolver from its case. With an action equally sudden, Willis threw himself from the saddle on the opposite side.

"Don't shoot, for God's sake!" he cried. "I have no revolver."

With a quick kick Billy released the horse which sprang away, and the two men stood facing each other, one cringing before the weapon in what appeared to be the most abject terror, the other pale as a sheet but cool as an ice berg.

"You devil!" exclaimed Billy, "You d—— scoundrel! You dare to come around this house after all that's happened? I ought to kill you as I would a cayote, and I will!"

"Would you murder an unarmed man?" asked Willis beseechingly.

"No, I wouldn't," replied Billy. "You shall have a fair chance, though you tried to murder me."

Still keeping the shuddering wretch covered with his weapon, Billy produced another and threw it at Willis's feet.

"Pick it up," he said. "You'll find it loaded, and as good a gun as was ever pulled. I've carried it a year for you."

Willis hesitated a moment.

"Pick it up!" commanded Billy. "I swear it's your only chance, for me or you has got to pass in right here. If you don't pick it up I'm going to kill you anyhow."

Willis stooped and seized the weapon with trembling hand. One glance at it told his experienced eye that every chamber was loaded, and that it was a superb weapon. He was considered an excellent marksman in Europe, but he knew the man in front of him was a dead shot, and knew if he escaped death it must be by some trick. He hated the man intensely and would joyfully murder him if the opportunity came. His selfish and wholly mean spirit could not appreciate the generosity of the man who scorned to take him at a disadvantage even when he knew, as he did, that he deserved death at his hands. He hated him all the more for it. He had put his head in the lion's mouth by mistake, and now nothing but an accident would save him. Would that accident come?

"Are you satisfied?" asked Billy calmly. "Then step back a little. I don't know much about your styles of fighting, but I'm bound to give you a square shake. We'll shoot together when I count three, and afterwards, if you ain't dead, shoot as fast as you can, for I shall. Now, then, one—"

A piercing scream interrupted him, so close at hand was it, and he turned instinctively, to catch a glimpse of a white muslin dress fluttering almost at his side. Then Willis shot at him. The opportunity had come.

The bullet passed his head so close that he reeled a little. Again Willis fired, but his aim was unsteady now, and Billy escaped.

"Why, you can't shoot a little bit!" exclaimed Billy. "Le'me show you."

"Don't; Oh, for God's sake, don't!" screamed Jess in accents of the wildest horror. "If you love me, Billy, don't kill him."

Billy paused with his weapon aimed straight at the wretch's heart, but he did not shoot. Jess threw herself in front of him and raised her clasped hands and white face up to him.

"'Twould be murder!" she cried. "Don't do it."

Billy gazed at her fixedly a moment, while a black scowl passed across his face.

"D—— ye both!" he cried savagely, throwing his revolver at her feet. "I've been stabbed and shot at by that villian over there all for your sake, and you've lied to me. You told me you'd done with him and didn't love him no more, and yet he comes sneaking 'round to meet you here, and runs onto me instead. Why didn't you tell me the truth? Oh, I'll spare you this time, mister, 'cause she begs your life, but God nor the devil won't save you if ever we come together again—no, nor not even she!"

"Billy, Billy!" sobbed Jess, "Listen to me."

"I don't want to hear," he cried imperatively. "I won't hear. You and him can talk it out, and he can thank you for living, 'cause he'd been a corpse by now but for you. S'long. Shoot me in the back if you want to, mister. It's like you."

"Wait," whispered Jess, in a tone which brought Billy to a standstill, savagely angry as he was.

Turning away from him she rushed up to Willis, who still held the cocked revolver in his hand, uncertain what to do, but relieved because Billy's weapon was on the ground.

"Jess!" he exclaimed, trying to make his trembling voice sound thrilling.

"You wretch!" she replied. "You fiend! You murderer! How dare you come here in the face of all that you have done! I hate you! I abhor you! I loathe you! I—I—! Fly at once or Billy shall kill you. He will if I tell him to, won't you, Billy? Be gone at once, sir, and never come back, for if you do I'll have my—my—I'll have Billy kill you as he would a rattlesnake!"

Willis looked at the excited and hysterical girl, and then at Billy, whose face was a blank of open-mouthed astonishment. Then he glanced at the girl again, as if hardly willing to give up the game even yet.

She stamped her foot in rage.

"Your gun, Billy!" she cried. "Get your gun and make him go away!" Billy complied with astonishing alacrity.

"Now, mister, there's your broncho. Git!"

"The game is up," said Willis. "I'm off for the states. Good-bye."

He then mounted his horse, rode up to Billy and politely returned the revolver, with thanks.

"You are a better man than I," he remarked, "and I hope you will make her happy."

"Ride on," responded Billy. "I don't like you."

Bowing low in the saddle, Willis struck his spurs into the horse and galloped rapidly away, thankful beyond measure to escape with his life. He went directly on to New York and thence to Europe, and may be seen now flitting about from one gay capital to another, petted everywhere. He has never returned to the west.

The two stood gazing at each other for fully a minute before either spoke. Billy even forgot that he had such a thing as a tongue. He didn't know what to do or how to do even that. Standing up as a target for Herbert Willis was rare amusement compared to this. Being stabbed was preferable. Even old Phœbe, with her horrid decoctions, was no worse. Clearly something had to be done. It would never do for two young people to stand there forever gaping at each other, and besides, Jess was looking very poorly and drooping. The girl was suffering from a relaxation of the terrific excitement she had undergone. She was the first to break the silence, however.

"Billy," she said weakly, "Billy, I think I'm going to faint."

"Now, don't do that, Miss Jess," responded Billy, springing to her side. "There ain't no water nearer than the house, and I wouldn't know what to do. Let me hold you up, if I might be so bold."

He summoned all his courage and put his arm around her. Jess rested her beautiful head against it—she was not tall enough by a foot to reach his shoulder—and sighed once or twice like a contented child.

"Jess," said Billy, after the danger of the fainting fit had passed away, "Jess, you and I've been good friends ever since you was a little bit of a girl, only here lately I've been different 'cause I was mistaken. And, Jess, I've been more than a friend, if I might be so bold to say it. I've loved you, Jess, always, I guess, and I love you now."

"Why didn't you tell me so a year ago?" replied Jess.

"Confounded fool!" ejaculated Billy, as he slapped his thigh with his disengaged hand and savagely kicked a bunch of sage brush.

GEO. P. WHEELER.

For several months the large boot and shoe manufactory of Thorsen & Moldstad, doing business at Tacoma, have been desirous of changing their location, and received tempting offers from Latona, Puyallup and Kent, but coming to Slaughter to look the field over, the gentlemen were so favorably impressed with our location and surroundings that they at once made our leading citizens a proposition to remove the entire plant here immediately. One or two of the leading citizens immediately started out with a subscription paper, and inside of three days the entire amount of the bonus asked was raised. Yesterday Messrs. Thorsen & Moldstad came over from Tacoma and signed a contract which assures Slaughter a boot and shoe manufactory capable of turning out 400 pairs of well finished shoes every twenty-four hours. The contract for the erection of the building, 24x80, will be let to-morrow, and as soon as it is completed the machinery will be moved over from Tacoma. It will require seven cars to haul it. The factory will be located on Mr. Buckley's land, not far from the shingle mill. When the factory is run to its full capacity, 125 men will be employed, but at the start the force will necessarily be small. The importance of this enterprise for Slaughter can scarcely be overestimated. It will be the means of bringing other manufactories into our midst.—*Slaughter Sun.*

The combined out put of the Granite, California, Stemwinder and Sierra Nevada mines in the Cœur d'Alenes is seventy tons a day of concentrates, all of which go to Omaha for smelting. Fourteen thousand tons of ore are to be shipped from the Poorman this season to Omaha over the Northern Pacific via. St. Paul, that company making the same rate as the Union. The Morning mine is the best prospected in the Cœur d'Alenes. Five tunnels pierce the mineral bed and enough ore is in sight to run the 120 stamp concentrator for ten years.

The Spokane & Eastern railway company has been granted a franchise to run a railway line into the city of Spokane Falls. The proposed line will run between Spokane Falls and Liberty lake, sixteen miles east of the city, where it is designed to establish a charming summer resort. Eastern capital is behind the enterprise, which will be pushed to an early completion. Within the city limits the motive power will be electricity, and outside steam will be used.

The Oregon & Washington Territory railway has made arrangements for operating the stub of the Northern Pacific extending from Pasco to connection with the Union Pacific at Wallula, and through trains will hereafter be run from Pasco to the Walla Walla country over the Hunt lines.

The Cliff Park addition to Spokane Falls, recently platted by the Northern Pacific railway company, has, with some other property, been sold to a syndicate of Spokane and eastern capitalists for $800,000.

An electric light and power plant and water works are being constructed at North Yakima, Washington. The water pressure will be supplied by two double pumps, each with a capacity for pumping 1,250,000 gallons daily.

One of the principal objections—in fact the only really valid objection—to granting the charters applied for by the Spokane & Northern railroad in British Columbia, was that the roads built under them would divert the trade of the mining country from British Columbia to the United States. There was force in this objection, and those who had the granting of the charters gave to it all the weight its importance demanded. But we see that retaining the duty on mining machinery will have precisely the same effect. The following extract from the *Kootenai Star* of the 15th inst. puts the retention of the duty on mining machinery in a new light. Our contemporary says: The Kootenai Mining and Smelting Company, or which is the same thing, the great Blue Bell or Hendryx mine, has had a professional expert to examine the property with reference to erecting a smelting plant for the reduction of their own ores. He recommends that one with a capacity of 350 tons of ore per day be put in, and the question is: Where shall it be located? should the duties be removed from mining machinery it will undoubtedly be erected at the mine. If not, however, the probabilities are it will be taken to the American side of the boundary, between there and Bonner's Ferry, in order to avoid the Canadian tariff duties. This will most certainly be the case if the measure for smelting in bond should be adopted by the American congress. The Blue Bell people will gain more than this one advantage by locating south of the border—at Bonner's Ferry, for instance. They will there be in connection with the branch of the Northern Pacific from Kootenai station, and also with the Great Northern through line from Great Falls, Montana, to Spokane and also the Pacific coast. The latter road will run through extensive mineral districts where some valuable mines have already been discovered, and could bring ores to the smelter during the winter when navigation on the Kootenai river was closed.

Here we see the working of the duty on mining machinery from a practical point of view. The heavy duty will prevent the smelter being erected near the mines, and will cause the ores to be transported across the line, and there is no doubt that the rest of the trade connected with the mines will take the same direction as the ores. The metal, too, after it is smelted will reach the market by American channels, and the result will be to make part of British Columbia virtually American territory. This is the evil which the opponents of the charters desired most strongly to avert. But it appears that if the duty is retained their labor will have been in vain.—*Victoria Colonist.*

The recent organization of a strong company in Spokane Falls for the purpose of working the old channel placer beds on the north side of the Cœur d'Alene river in Northern Idaho is an important incident for that rich mining region. The company has a capitalization of $500,000 and it starts out assured of accomplishing what is undertaken. There have been a number of failures on this ground because of insufficient capital. If the present enterprise does not secure all that it is expected to it will not be on account of lack of capital. The main object is to conduct the water from near the head of Prichard creek to any desired point above the old channel from five to six and seven miles below where it is taken out of the gulch. A part of the way a flume, a relic of the Cœur d'Alene Water Supply Company will be used. This has been purchased by the new company, together with all the water rights, privileges, etc. This flume extends from the supply point at Sullivan to the mouth of Bear gulch at Ravin. From this point, for four and a half miles down Prichard creek, a twenty-two-inch pipe will be laid. At the placers a head of between 300 and 400 feet will be obtained. The old channel has been worked and gauged for a distance of six miles, showing a width of from 100 to 300 feet and a depth of from twelve to 300 feet, the gravel requiring strong power to dislodge it. The average yield it is estimated, will be about $45,000 per acre.

The Portland Pressed Brick Co., has been incorporated and has elected J. H. Smith, president, E. T. Johnson, secretary, and Robert Alexander, superintendent. The company has purchased twenty-five acres of land at Smocks, seventeen miles south of the city, on the line of the P. & W. V. railway, on which is a very deep deposit of fine, clear clay, which is practically inexhaustible, where they will establish a plant and sheds covering two or three acres of ground. They have already on the ground two machines for pressing brick, which furnish a pressure of 40,000 pounds to the square inch and a capacity of 50,000 bricks per day. The bricks are made from clay which has been dried, run through a crusher and sieves till it is as fine as flour. Twenty per cent. of the bricks made will be perfect and suitable for pressed brick fronts. About fifty men will be employed, and a stock of clay, dried in the summer, will be stored in sheds, so that work can be carried on all winter, and the company expect to have 5,000,000 brick on hand next spring, so that there need be no more delay in building operations early in the season on account of the scarcity of brick.

Sprague, Washington, appears to be on the edge of a boom. Property has increased in value about twenty-five per cent. in the past sixty days. Such important enterprises as the construction of large shops by the Northern Pacific and the extension of a branch road from that point, the construction of a street railway and various municipal improvements give the city a very progressive air.

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Those who give the subject any thought whatever, can not fail to be impressed with the fact that Portland is growing southward at a rapid rate. Steam cars and electric motors on both sides of the river are giving easy and quick connection with outlying districts where land can yet be purchased at a price within the means of every industrious man. Especially is this true of the town of Minthorn, which offers a fine opportunity for the man of moderate means to secure a comfortable and beautiful home.

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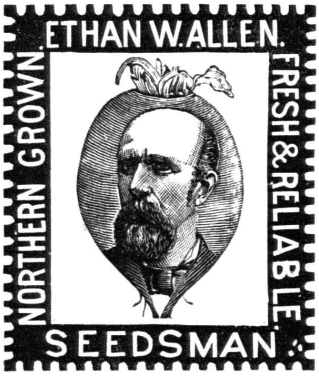

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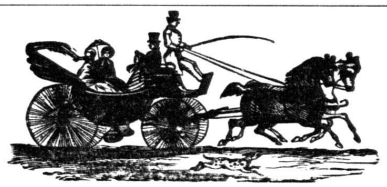

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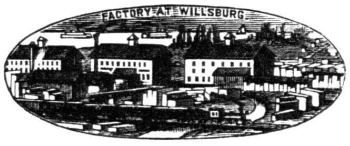

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