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West Shore

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

L. SAMUEL, Publisher.

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With blushing cheeks and lips the same,
As burning with the rose's flame,
The winsome maiden comes to tell
Us Lent was pretty Pleasure's shell.

West Shore

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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PORTLAND, OREGON, N. W. Cor. Second & Yamhill Sts. SPOKANE FALLS, WASH., Corner Main & Stevens Streets.

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

Saturday, April 5, 1890.

PORTLAND has much to expect the present year in the way of substantial and valuable improvements. Work will be in progress upon an imposing city hall that will cost about \$500,000, on a chamber of commerce building to cost fully one-half that sum, on a library building costing about \$100,000, on a grand union depot for the accommodation of the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and Northern Pacific, the cost of which will exceed \$1,000,000, upon a third iron bridge across the river, and upon a large number of costly and ornamental business blocks, factories, residences, etc. These are, however, rather evidences of the great prosperity of the city than promoters of it. The increase of its railroad facilities and its contributing support by the construction of new branch lines by the roads centering in the city, as well as new roads from the city itself, will be the most important features of its industrial progress. One of the most influential of these projects is the extension of the Hunt system of railway from the Walla Walla country through the Klickitat region and down the Columbia river to Portland, making the latter point the chief business office and general center and head of the entire system. An extension to Gray's harbor will soon follow, giving Portland direct connection by a road of its own with that fertile region and shipping port. A second project, already under way, is that of building a railroad between Portland and North Yakima, giving the city direct connection with the productive region of Central Washington, as well as the valuable timber and coal of the Cascade mountains through which the road will pass. The value of this line to the city, giving, as it will, connection with whatever road may cross Washington to Puget sound, can not be overestimated. Still another project well advanced is the extension of the lines of

the Union Pacific to Puget sound. A bill is before congress granting the company a charter for a bridge across the Columbia at Vancouver, for the construction of which arrangements have been made, and there is little doubt of its passage. The route has been surveyed and the work of construction will be commenced just as quickly as possible after congress authorizes it. Agents of the company are making arrangements for terminal facilities in such cities of the sound country as the road will reach, and it will not be long before that region and Portland will be bound together by another tie. There are other railroad projects centering in the city, including the extension of the Southern Pacific to the sound, but none of them are sufficiently developed to be declared a work of the present season. A most important project is that of a semi-monthly line of steamers between Portland and the ports of Japan and China, which will begin operation the first of June. The effect this will have upon the trade of the city can not fail to be very great, and with the powerful Union Pacific behind it the line will play an important part in the trans-Pacific trade. No city on the Pacific coast, not even San Francisco, has the railroad advantages of Portland, and the Oregon metropolis will soon rival the city at the Golden Gate in marine transportation as well. It is less than seven years since the first train from the east entered Portland, and now this city is the greatest railroad center on the Pacific coast, with better immediate prospects of more than any other. The citizens have reason for their faith in the continued and increasing prosperity of the metropolis of the Columbia basin.

War to the knife in the republican camp, little knots of men gathered on street corners, in hallways and within the sacred walls of the private office, knowing nods and winks, the oft repeated "We've got 'em," have been the leading features of Portland life the present week. To-day the primaries are held, and the forces that have been marshaling and maneuvering will join battle and not cease the struggle till the going down of the sun. If the result shall be purer politics in Portland, which means purer in Oregon generally, every honest man, of whatever political persuasion he may be, will have cause to rejoice. If the struggle shall force the nomination of good men for the legislature, and these in turn shall be instrumental in securing the much needed reform in our election laws and system of balloting, the occasion for rejoicing will be still greater. There can be no permanent overthrow of political bossism without a radical change in the state electoral system. That is what the next legislature will be asked to give us, and only men should be sent there who are known to favor the measure and who will demand it.

Evidently the Portland daily press agrees with the Oregon supreme court that we ought to have as many pluguglies here as possible to set an example of manly courage and chivalry to the rising generation; else why so much space devoted to fistic gossip and accounts of brutal prize fights, both in the local and telegraphic columns. The objection urged against the *Police Gazette* and other sporting papers of like ilk is not that any particular issue is specially immoral, but that they tend to educate the youth of the land in the direction of crime, immorality and brutality. But this, in a somewhat less degree, is also the effect of the undue prominence given prize fighting in the daily press. Against the sporting paper there is some protection. Legislation in some states, notably our own, has put them under the ban. They can be kept out of the hands of the rising generation. But against the daily paper there is no defense. It is a necessity everywhere, and no matter how much the man of family, the substantial business man, who gives the paper its chief support, may object to this class of matter, he is powerless to protect his children from its demoralizing influence. Every boy in Portland old enough to read is deeply interested in prize fighting, and that interest has been created by, and is fed and stimulated by, the daily press of the city, for the great majority of them have no other source of information on the subject. The almost universal desire of the respectable class of citizens is that the newspapers give less news of that kind in their telegraph columns and more of a more desirable sort, and in their local columns boom Portland for things more advantageous to the city than prize fights.

In the selection of Mr. Chas. F. Clough for mayor, Spokane Falls has done wisely. Mr. Clough is a typical representative of the brains and energy that have made that wonderful city what it is, and is just the kind of man to be at the head of its city government. A few years ago Mr. Clough went to the small city of Spokane Falls, a young man with brains, energy and business capacity and enterprise for his capital, and is now said to be worth a quarter of a million dollars, the result of operations that have enriched a great many others as well. He will give to his official duties the same careful attention that has made his business career so successful.

The annual meeting of the Oregon Press Association will be held in Portland, August 14th and 15th. It is the general desire of the members of the association that every publisher in the state join it and participate in its benefits. The secretary is E. C. Pentland, Independence, Oregon. The membership fee is \$1.00 a year.

"THE PORTLAND."

ONE of the finest hotels in the United States has just been opened to the entertainment of the public in Portland. An engraving of this large and ornamental structure is given in the center of this number of WEST SHORE, so large and accurate in detail, both in its architectural features and coloring, that a description of it is unnecessary. To the right rises the imposing front of the Marquam grand opera house, now under construction, the theater portion being already completed and in use. The hotel faces the rising sun, and from the windows and towers can be seen a landscape such as few such houses can boast of. Looking across the city and its suburbs, the



CHARLES E. LELAND.

eye takes in the green valley of the Willamette, the course of that stream and the mighty Columbia, and the forest-clad Cascades, crowned with the snowy heights of Hood, St. Helens, Rainier and Adams. If such a sight as that, seen in the light of the early morn, does not give the tourist a sense of pleasure and aid the fresh air from the mountains to give him an appetite, Manager Leland's bountiful and seductive table will be powerless to cure his dyspepsia.

The manager of "The Portland" is Mr. Charles E. Leland, a gentleman of long experience in the management of large hotels catering only to the highest class of patronage. He is a member of the family of Lelands so celebrated in American hotel circles. Under his charge "The Portland" can be nothing but a house that will reflect credit upon the city and attract thousands of tourists that have hitherto been repelled by the lack of just such an institution.

No greater manifestation of the perversity of human nature has ever been shown than the incidents attending the invasion of Oklahoma, the Sioux reservation and the Cherokee strip. For half a dozen years settlers hung on the outskirts of Oklahoma, ever and anon making a raid into the forbidden territory, only to be summarily driven out by the soldiers stationed there. So persistent were they in organizing these invading parties and in lauding to the skies as a second "land of promise," a region that afterwards proved to be far inferior to the average land of the United States, that they earned the title of "Oklahoma boomers." It is a safe assertion that had they come farther west and settled upon government land open to occupation, they would have been well established in a good home of their own, in a better climate and possessing land with a better soil than Oklahoma can offer, long before that region was open to occupation. But forbidden fruit is always coveted, and this is the reason why the boomers neglected the better thing they might have had for the taking and strove to gain the worse that was forbidden them. In the Sioux reservation last year this was repeated, and again this spring in the Cherokee strip. On the last page of this issue is an engraving, showing the disappointed boomer on the home trail. All his bright hopes have been crushed. The iron hand of the military has been laid upon him, and he has collapsed. He went in with a rush, jostling and racing with others as excited and eager as he, but now he is coming out again with a dejected air and a dilapidated outfit. If he only knew it—and it is his own fault if he does not know it—the northwest offers him free more than he can ever hope to gain by "booming" in the Cherokee strip or anywhere else. But the chances are that he will hover on the outskirts of the promised land until finally he can enter it in safety, only to learn, what he ought to know now, that the land is not worth the trouble. Let him come to the northwest where he will find in reality what his hopes only see in Cherokee.

May 1st is the date set for the inauguration of the eight hour system wherever the unions feel strong enough to carry it into effect. One of these strongholds is Portland, where already considerable friction has developed between the unions and contractors. Bricklayers, plasterers and carpenters gave notice some time ago that after May 1st they would work but eight hours a day, and claim that this notice is sufficiently definite and has been given a sufficiently long time in advance for contractors to make their estimates upon buildings accordingly. This is undoubtedly true, provided the contractors are willing to accept eight hours for a day's work. The increased cost of building will fall, in the end, upon the

owner of the property, and he will, through the contractors, make a vigorous opposition to the movement. In some trades, undoubtedly, eight hours are more exhausting of strength and vitality than are ten hours in other trades. Beyond question it would be better for the laboring class physically, and even intellectually were the increased leisure properly employed, to work but eight hours per day. It is equally beyond dispute that the price of all commodities must advance to maintain the equilibrium. Were it possible to make eight hours a day's work in all trades and in all places at the same time, conditions would soon be adjusted to the new situation and the final outcome would be that the workman would get just that much less for his work, either by the reduction of his wages or the increased cost of everything he purchased. To adopt the system in a few trades only and in selected localities throws the burden upon others than the workingmen, and the natural result will be a vigorous opposition. Unless there be an amicable settlement of this question before the first of May, building operations in Portland will be seriously interfered with.

This issue of WEST SHORE contains a double page engraving of "The Portland," the new hotel just thrown open to the public. This mammoth hotel was built by a stock company, the stock holders being a number of the citizens of Portland who went into the enterprise for the public good. Such an hotel has long been needed, and as it could only be secured by the investment of a large sum of money, the citizens took the matter in hand. From being last among the cities of the northwest in the matter of houses of public entertainment, Portland has quickly jumped to the first place. Nothing to rival this magnificent hostelry can be found in this region, and it will no doubt stand without a rival for a long time. Tourists will now say that Portland possesses the best hotel in the northwest, not the worst as formerly, and the undesirable reputation the city has gained in this respect will gradually fade away.

Fortunate are the people of the Pacific coast that the storms which make such a severe appearance in print are confined to the mountains, and not, as in the east, in populous districts where they cause great distress and loss of life and property. An unusually mild winter in the east and an unusually severe one west, has led our eastern friends to pity us, but as our storms were chiefly in the mountains, rather to be seen and heard of than to be felt, we have not really earned their sympathy. On the other hand we can now, with genuine cause, pity the people of the recently storm-devastated district.

GRAY'S HARBOR TO QUINAULT RIVER.

IT is my purpose in several articles to give a description of the scenery and objects of interest along a route to and through a hitherto unexplored region of the Pacific northwest, which, when known, can not help but become famous for the picturesqueness and variety of its scenery. I refer to the region of the Olympic range of mountains.

The journey really begins at Hoquiam, on Gray's harbor, where the traveler takes the steady little steamer *Tillie* and enjoys a morning ride of fourteen miles down the channel to Damon's point, at the north side of the entrance to Gray's harbor. Here the distance across the point is about one mile, and from an observatory constructed in the top of the trees you can trace the action of the waters around the point, from where the rolling billows of old ocean whip and lash themselves into foam upon the gradual incline of the sandy plain, the waters at each successive step becoming less turbulent, until the frightful waves have spent their force and are reduced to ripples that kiss the shelly beach of the harbor and retire with a rilling laugh, scarcely disturbing the tranquil bosom of the inside waters.

From this crow's nest almost daily can be seen the ships of commerce laden with merchandise, wafted hither or going out over the bar laden with lumber, the principal export of the Gray's harbor country. When I see the staunch tugs cross out and make for some ship off the bar, waiting her chance to be towed in, I am reminded of the famous fight in our recent war between the war ships, the *Keearsarge* and the *Alabama*.

So realistic is the picture of one of these brave little vessels, built to resist nature's naval armament, plowing through the waters, that I have found myself disappointed, when she has come within shelling distance of a ship, that no port holes were flung open and no fire belched forth.

From Damon's to Point Greenville, a distance of

twenty miles, the beach is lined at intervals of a half mile with derricks built about midway between high and low water, at the top of which the hunter spends his time, during the summer months, shooting the sea otter, the furs of which are amongst the most valuable met with in the marts of the world.

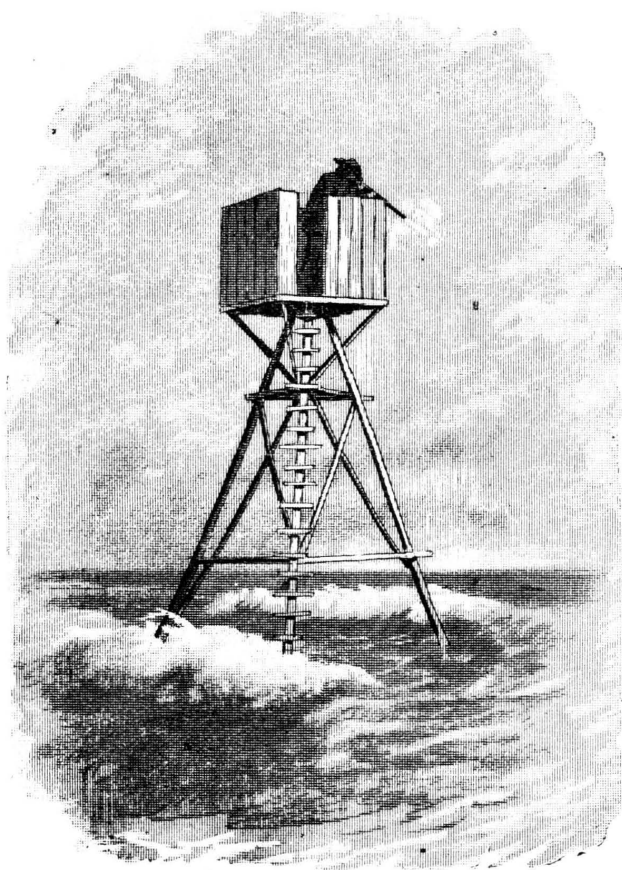
At the "Oyhut," six miles above Damon's, lives a portion of the tribe of Quinault Indians, and there exists the line drawn between the "Tyee" man and his slaves whose ancestors were taken in battle many years ago. True, at the present day they are not deprived of their liberty, but as long as descendants of

both the conqueror and the conquered exist the "Tyee" man will point at his neighbor as the son of his father's slave.

A few miles above lies the wreck of the British ship *Abercorn*, which was laden with 2,000 tons of railroad iron for the O. R. & N. Co., and, two years ago, as was supposed, through the drunken debauch of the captain, was allowed to run ashore; there she lies in the midst of the breakers, the surging billows rushing and rolling over and thro' her iron sides, and freight of steel, now turned topsy turvy, an object of supreme awe—another proof that the handiwork of man availeth but little when brought in contact with the waring elements of nature. There are many other evidences of shipwreck strewn along the beach—here a keel and there a rudder; and some-

times an entire ship's bottom, all gradually disappearing through the sands. But the *Abercorn* is the only one now considered of very much interest by the passer-by.

Six miles above the "Oyhut" the Chepalis river, a stream easily forded at low tide, empties into the sea, while two miles farther on the leading rock, or "Coph Palis," as called in the Indian dialect, stands about a quarter of a mile off shore, and, like Cleopatra's needle, raises its head far above the waves. Upon this the sea otter hunters have erected a small cabin, bolted to the rocks lest the crying waves, whose crests in storm time overleap the roof, should wash it into the sea.



SHOOTING SEA OTTER FROM A BEACH TOWER.

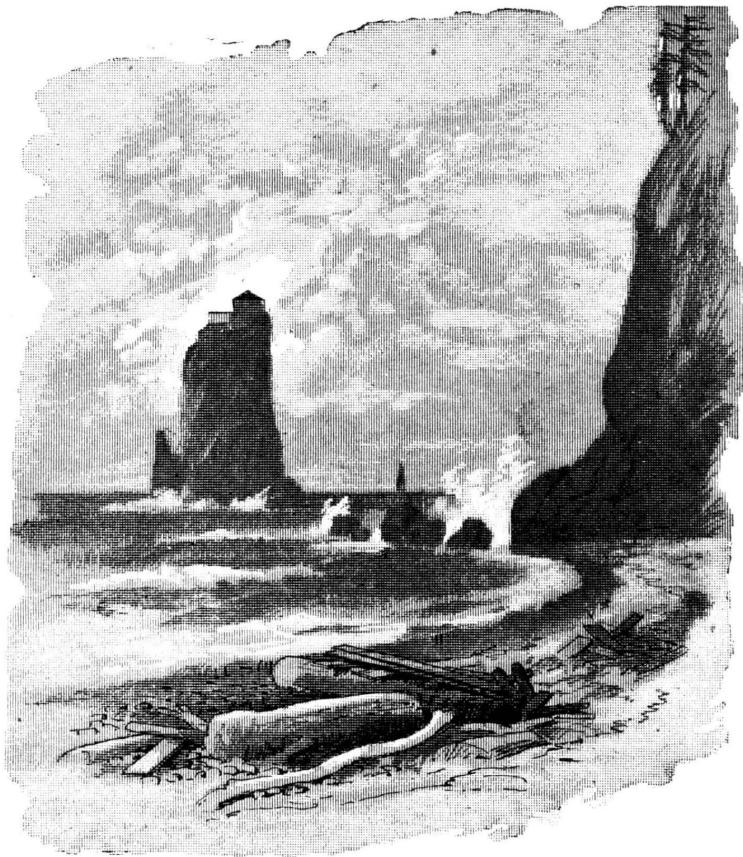
One of the hunters who was caught in a storm and forced to stay on this rock over six weeks, related to me his experience. His canoe had been washed away and not even an Indian could be induced during the whole of that time to come to his relief; time and time again would the waves dash over his house, while he momentarily looked for the dear bolts, at the mercy of whose strength his life hung, to give away. I have seen the waves in spiteful fury lash those rocks, and can appreciate his remark that the crown of the highest prince who ever wore a robe of sea otter fur would be no inducement for another sojourn there during such a storm.

To this point during the summer many of the inhabitants of the Gray's harbor and sound districts betake themselves, lured hither by the grand scenery and succulent fish and game found in the neighborhood; here, within a radius of a mile, no less than twenty-six different species of the most palatable of the crustaceous and finny tribes abound; on the beach, as thick as potatoes in a bed, are the fine razor clams; from the leading rock the halibut is hooked; in pools of water surrounding rocks on the beach, at low tide, are taken the finest flounder and crabs, and in the Chepalis river on one side and Joe creek on the other, speckled mountain and salmon trout, the black and blue bass, the porgy and tom cod, and several different kinds of salmon abound in great numbers, while but a stone's throw back from the beach, in proper season, are killed many elk, bear and deer. From Damon's to "Coph Palis," a distance of fourteen miles, is a beach drive unexcelled by any McAdam or shell road in the world; and here, in the mellow atmosphere of an Indian summer, cooled by a gentle sea breeze, one can revel in the charms of nature's loveliness, forgetting the thorny path of the busy, bustling world. Everything seems created for man's pleasure, and we bend our knee to a higher power in token of its acknowledgement.

From "Coph Palis" to Point Greenville, a distance of eight miles, the beach is strewn with shells and agates, interspersed with huge bowlders, and beautiful mountain streams trickle their way through the sands, quickly losing their identity in the rolling waters of the sea. From "Coph Palis" to Point Greenville is a natural site for a harbor of refuge for ships in distress. Point Greenville on the north already shelters it from the northern and northwestern winds, while on a reef of rock extending a mile or more into the sea from "Coph Palis" could be constructed, at comparatively

small cost, a breakwater to shelter the harbor from other ocean storms.

From Point Greenville to the mouth of the Quinault river is about three miles; the beach is very precipitous, and at high tide the rollers break at the foot of steep bluffs; at many points at great exertion only can teams make their way around projecting rocks, between receding waters and incoming waves. The wildness of the drive and picturesqueness of the scenery are enchanting beyond description, and lure one to repeat the journey, notwithstanding the danger of



COPH PALIS, WITH HUNTER'S CABIN ON ITS TOP.

being caught in the breakers and dashed to pieces against the rocks. At the agency we found half a hundred cottages huddled together, with narrow streets or alleys intervening, interesting from the fact that they are mostly constructed from the wreckage of unfortunate vessels which have foundered and gone to pieces in that vicinity. It is located at the mouth of the Quinault river, a beautiful mountain stream nearly one-third of a mile wide to within a few yards of the ocean narrowing down at its mouth to not exceeding twenty yards; here, also, the swells of the ocean approach within a few yards of the shore before breaking. At the mouth of the river you can approach in a small boat to within a dozen yards of the breakers,

their frosty tops overhanging your head, in appearance threatening you with an involuntary shower bath.

The Quinault reservation contains nearly 300,000 acres of land, and, notwithstanding there are carried upon the rolls of the agency about 300 names, there are not to exceed one-half that number of Indians living upon the reservation. The lands comprised within its limits are some of the best and most productive in the new state, and it seems hardly fair that so large an area of tillable soil should be set aside for grazing lands for the cayuse of the noble siwash.

The sea otter, referred to as being shot from towers on the beach, must not be confounded with the land otter, of which there are several species, none of which possess the rich and valuable fur of their marine cousin. The common otter of Europe is the *Lutra Vulgaris*, while the American variety, found in the northern regions of the continent, is the *Lutra Canadensis* or *Mallis*. The genuine sea otter is the *Enhydra Marina*, and differs somewhat in appearance from the others, both in form and fur. The common otters are aquatic in their habits, and have webbed toes and a slightly flattened tail, a large, blunt head and short ears. The sea otter lives in the water, and differs from the other chiefly in the more pointed shape of the head and the finer texture of its fur. A singular peculiarity of this animal is the looseness of its skin. The skin can be gathered in folds on any portion of the body in the same way as on the neck of a puppy, and an otter only three feet long, from snout to the

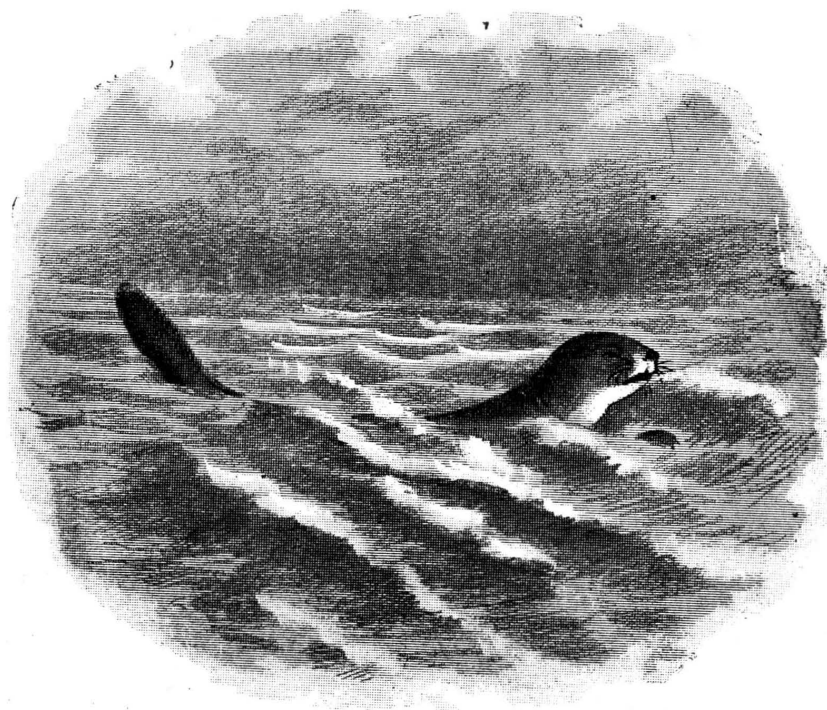
base of the tail, will often have a skin that will measure five feet in length when removed.

Skins of this rare animal are valued at from \$50 to \$125, and extra fine ones of the silver-tipped variety are worth \$150. When properly prepared and worked up into garments, this value is enhanced to \$700, quite eclipsing the seal skin in this respect as well as in beauty of appearance. In both color and texture the fur is exquisitely rich and fine. Shining jet black is the color of the best skins, though the majority are of a dark, rich brown, the inferior ones being of a lighter shade of brown—generally the skins of young animals. A peculiar marking of one variety of sea otter is the little silver-colored tips of hairs flecking the fur, much enhancing its beauty and richness.

The habitat of the sea otter is the North Pacific ocean, on the coast of America and Asia. They were formerly abundant as far south as Lower California, but are now seldom seen south of the Columbia river. An animal of such great value, and occupying so comparatively a limited area, can not hope to escape extermination to such an extent as to render it extremely rare; and this is the fate that has overtaken the otter. In former years they swarmed about the Alaskan islands, and the early Russian traders reaped a rich harvest. The first year after the discovery of the Prybalov islands, two men took 5,000 skins, valued at \$250,000. Cook's inlet yielded 3,000 and Gahkulat gulf 2,000 the first season. It took but a short time

to reduce their numbers materially, and in a few years they abandoned St. Paul island, the member of the Prybalov group where the two sailors made such a remarkable catch, and have never returned, though fur seals still swarm upon its barren rocks. In like manner they have disappeared from all points along the coast, and now but a few are captured annually by the sealing and whaling fleets, by hunters who watch for them along the shore, and by the natives of the Aleutian islands.

In former years otters were hunted in boats, the same as seals are at the present time, but they are now so rare that this style of hunting has ceased to be profitable. Occasionally the sealing boats come across an otter and secure him, but the majority of these animals are shot by hunters, from the beach. Otters are hunted along the coast of



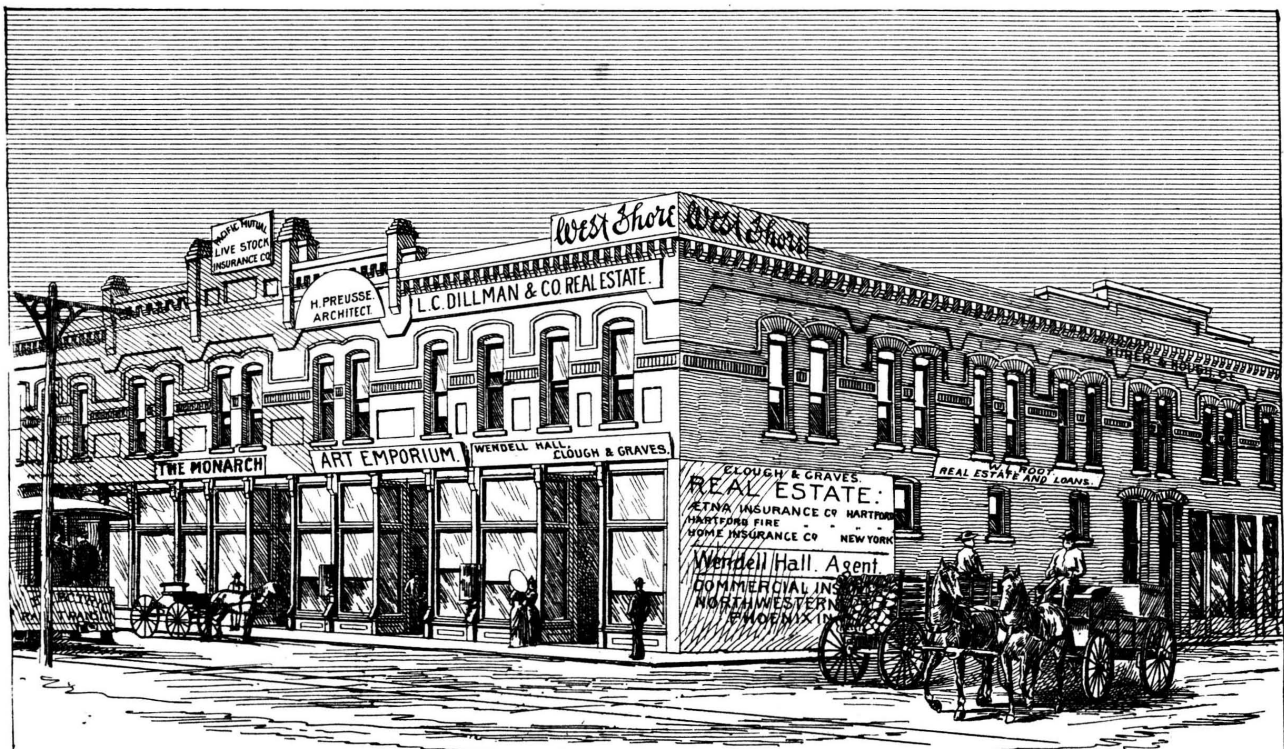
THE SEA OTTER AT HOME.

Washington, between Gray's harbor and the Straits of Fuca, and at no other point is it done as a regular avocation. The hunter patrols the beach, or sits in his tower and watches closely for his game. Only the animal's head appears above the water, seeming like a little black ball at the usual distance of from 300 to 600 yards. It can readily be imagined that none but an expert marksman can shoot at such a target with any hope of success, and, indeed, the most skillful otter hunter often misses twenty shots before he succeeds in putting a bullet into his floating mark; but he can well afford the loss of ammunition and time when success means so much. It would be well for some of our riflemen who boast of four bull's eyes in five shots to try their hands at this style of shooting. Let them put a wooden block four inches in thickness on the surface of the heaving ocean, at a distance of 500 yards, and see how often they could hit it, with a strong wind blowing and the moving breakers confusing their eyes. Hitting the otter with the bullet by no means secures the game, for the hunter must wait for it to drift upon the beach, and this often does not occur until darkness sets in, when it may fall into the clutches of some one besides the successful marksman. There is no way of proving property in a dead otter unless the hunter has kept his eye on it constantly. In good weather the owner of the cabin

on the crest of "Coph Palis" keeps a lookout from his perch for the bobbing heads of otters, and when he has succeeded in killing one he signals to some Indian assistants on the beach, who watch for the game and secure it when it drifts ashore. Most hunters would find this rather monotonous sport, as day after day often passes without a successful shot being made, and the result of a whole season's hunting may be but twenty-five skins.

H. D. CHAPMAN.

Among the substantial improvements to be made in Port Townsend is a tourists' hotel, a large and handsome wooden structure to be erected at an expense of \$100,000, and to be completed as early as possible the present season. Another is a large dry dock to cost \$250,000, in connection with which will be large ship yards. The dock will be located near Hadlock, and will be 125 x 500 feet in size. This enterprise is not yet fully under way, but the prospects for it are quite flattering. The iron works there make that a specially advantageous location for the ship building industry. Already large saw mills exist there, and all the necessary adjuncts can be cheaply procured, including coal. The building of the Port Townsend & Southern railroad will be an important feature in this enterprise.



REAL ESTATE BLOCK, SPOKANE FALLS, WASHINGTON.

Quill Points.

Emperor William accepts the responsibility with the confidence of a boy tackling a steam engine.

Smokeless power has at last been invented in the United States. Now if they will introduce the smokeless cigar for street car use the world can say it is making progress.

Massachusetts courts may refuse to permit women to be notaries public, but no court can prevent some of them from achieving public notoriety, which, it may be said, many deem a more desirable privilege.

The haste with which the government ordered the release of the *Pathfinder*, the re-captured sealing schooner, resembles the manner in which a man opens his hand when he discovers that he has grasped a thistle.

Villard is said to be converting the Oregon Transcontinental into an electric company. With all of Edison's patents he will never be able to give such an electric shock as he did the holders of Transcontinental stock in 1883.

Wonder if we could affect an exchange with the czar—give him all of our democrats who are opposed to compulsory education and take the czar's subjects whose education he opposes. How it would harmonize both countries!

The death of General Milroy calls to mind the fact that he, Fremont and every other general who dared to assert original ideas during the first three years of the war were made to suffer by the military autocrats and automatons above them.

The danger attending the efforts of a drunkard to reform was never more forcibly shown than a few days ago, when four men trying to smuggle whisky into Alaska in a boat during a storm, rashly left their whisky and took to water and were all drowned.

Oxford has beaten Cambridge in the annual boat race. It is too bad that the length of time required renders it impossible for American colleges to send over a crew that will show them what superb educational institutions we have on this side of the water.

Bartholdi is shocked at the idea of Bedloe's island being made a landing place for immigrants. His idea is that the island whereon stands his great statue should be dedicated forever as a hallowed spot. Mr. Bartholdi is delightfully idealistic, but he seems to be

unaware that Americans do not consider the shrine of liberty to be in New York City or anywhere near it.

If, as military critics say, in case of war with a foreign country we would be compelled to throw away our rifles and cannon and use another kind, to substitute for our powder another kind, to discard our book of tactics for another kind, and even throw overboard our regular soldiers and fight with another kind—volunteers—would it not be well for us to begin to get some of these necessary "other kinds" in readiness for use before the trouble begins?

The Pennsylvania idea that the internal revenue receipts be divided among the states for the making of good public highways, ought to receive the endorsement of the drinking roustabout. He might then have an opportunity of gaining back by honest toil "with pick and shovel" a portion of the money he squanders in the saloons. It would be a sort of mutual affair, in which the government acts simply as a receiver and distributor of pool funds for improvident drinkers.

And now it is the state treasurer of Maryland who is short in his accounts. Political bossism does not seem to produce a high class of officials of either the democratic or republican persuasion. Maryland democrats object to ballot reform, so do the New York politicians, and so, also, do the republican bosses of Oregon. Corrupt politics, no matter by which party they are managed, see in the ballot reform movement a serious blow to their power. No better argument in its favor can be asked for.

One count in the general public indictment of lawyers is that for money an attorney will bring all his learning and ability to the defense of a man he knows to be guilty, and to accomplish his object will even seek to publicly disgrace and malign the character of a virtuous woman or an honest man, as was done in the Flack case in New York, and still retain his high position in his profession and remain a respected, if not respectable, member of the bar. Granted that a criminal is entitled to a defense, it does not follow that in order to secure it respectable members of society should be slandered or that honorable men should be, by intimation at least, accused of crimes even greater than that laid to the charge of the man in whose interest this heinous act is being committed. The legal profession is itself responsible for the existence of a general belief that lawyers will do anything for money, no matter how base and despicable it may be.

THE PORTLAND POST OFFICE.

ON the first of April Charles W. Roby, who for four years and four months has held the position of postmaster of Portland, turned over the office to his successor. There is no office in the civil list where so much is expected of the incumbent and so little is given him with which to fulfill the expectation. In nearly every city of the Pacific coast there is loud and just complaint of the utter inadequacy of postal facilities, and in many instances these take the form of unjust reflections upon the gentlemen immediately in charge. The root of the difficulty is the inability of the authorities at Washington to comprehend the rapidly growing needs of the Pacific coast. That our western cities should require a yearly addi-



CHARLES W. ROBY.

tion of from twenty-five to forty per cent. to the working force is so far beyond their daily experience that they fail to grasp the idea. Under such circumstances as these Mr. Roby has worked, devoting to his official duties more hours a day than nine-tenths of the hardest working business men of the city. Under his charge the office has more than doubled in business handled.

Charles W. Roby was born at Stoughton, Wis., April 20, 1850. He was admitted to the bar in 1872, and for ten years engaged in the practice of his profession, holding also the positions of superintendent of schools of La Crosse and of Winnebago county. In 1882 he came to Portland and assumed the position of principal of the Central school, which he resigned when appointed postmaster by President Cleveland.

LORGNETTE.

The entertainments of this week have been of better tone generally than those of the preceding week. At the Marquam the week opened with the jubilee singers from Fisk university; they were succeeded by the California opera company, in the comic opera "Said Pasha." The New Park has had the Keene dramatic company playing "A Broken Vow" and "Pearl of Savoy." At Cordray's, "The Lancashire Lass," with Miss Essie Tittell in the title role.

Lovers of harmony and melody would do well to take the Fisk jubilee singers as an object lesson as the result of patient and incessant labor. Every day they are as rigidly drilled as though they had never appeared before an audience, consequently their voices blend and mingle like the tones of a grand organ under the touch of a master hand. The gradation of the eight voices from the lower to the middle and upper register is made without a flaw; not alone are their vocalisms excellent, but their expression is delightful. Their singing is much better as a whole than as individuals; however, an exception must be made in favor of Mr. C. W. Payne, the tenor, whose rendition of Watson's "Anchored" was very fine. His voice is full and rich and he uses it with perfect control. Near the close of the programme, an individual made himself heard throughout the theater in a request for "The Star Spangled Banner." There are means of informing performers of personal requests, which are in much better taste than airing the desire publicly in a large audience.

The theatre goer who is not particularly fastidious whether the entertainment offered be especially new or original, so long as it does not move slowly and amuses him, found the entertainment on that order in "Said Pasha." The opera is a medley of catchy airs, ranging from "Pinafore" to Gounod's "Faust."

Miss Kate Marchi, as Serena, and Miss Ada Somers, as Alti, do some good work in their respective parts. Miss Somers does not appear to have any middle voice; her modulation is faulty, and in the solo "It's Idle to Repine" she misses the opportunity for a charming legato movement.

Mr. John E. McWade makes a picturesque figure, and uses a good voice with good judgment.

Messrs. Lennox and Felch do some amusing comedy business; if anything there is a little too much of it.

Some of the principals wear attractive costumes, but in no sense can any of them be classed as rich or elegant. The chorus, in the main, does some very good work, considering their number.

THE OVERSEER AT THE SMITHSON RANCH.

IT was Easter morning.

Breakfast over at the Smithson ranch, each man occupied himself as duty or inclination dictated.

Dart Wylie, the overseer, saw a half dozen of the men ride off in as many different directions, and then turned in secret disgust from the gang gathered about the table in the sleeping cabin for a day at cards.

Restlessly he paced about the premises for half an hour or more, then, repairing to the sheds, saddled his favorite broncho and galloped off across the frozen prairie.

It was likely to be a hard day for him, and he wondered if Easter could ever bring peace and joy to him again.

He had been a ranchman a little more than a year and half, and thus far had utterly failed to affiliate with his companions, though to a man they respected him. He could not get used to their ways and manner of looking at things. To him Sunday was Sunday as well on the plains, where no church bell had ever chimed, as in the eastern university, from which (to use his own expression) he had "graduated to become a cowboy." He did not profess to be a Christian, but he scorned the lives these men lived with their drinking and paltry betting on cards and horses. Yet he never reprov'd them, and they simply called him a "tenderfoot" and held no grudge so long as he was a civil overseer. "Poor fellows," he thought, "they have known nothing better, stood on no higher plane." Then he would add bitterly: "Better I had been born to my surroundings."

It was late and the rest had dined when he walked his jaded pony into the "settlement," as the boys called the half dozen ranch buildings grouped together in the lee of a rocky hillside.

The cook had saved his share of the carefully hoarded eggs, and at once began to spread his dinner. These eggs were the legitimate fruit of a few hens bought, at an enormous price, of a "squatter" some fifty miles distant, by Wylie the summer before.

The meal hastily dispatched, the young overseer retired to the tiny cabin built for his especial accommodation. Dropping into a chair, he buried his face in his hands and gave himself up to retrospection.

Some six years before he had graduated from the village school of his native place and entered the state university for a four years' course. His father was not a wealthy man, but he meant to do his duty by his boy—all that remained to him of the wife of his youth. Another wife and other children were his but Dart—Eleanor's child—must have the first and best chance, and the gentle stepmother found no fault.

Dart was a wide-awake youth, a good student, fine looking and winning. Among his classmates was one, a dainty, little, "brown" girl, who completely won the young man's honest, ardent affection. For him the world contained no other maiden so lovely and charming, and, best of all, she seemed to be equally pleased with him.

Dora Hastings was a *petite* creature, with brown, curling hair, brown, curling lashes, brown, liquid eyes and pink and white skin. She had pretty, bird-like ways and a wonderfully innocent, child-like expression.

It was on an Easter morn, as they stood a few minutes alone in the chapel waiting for the rest of the quartette, that he blundered unexpectedly into a declaration of love, and was shyly, but readily, accepted.

"From this time forth Easter shall be to me doubly blessed and sacred," he had whispered as voices sounded outside.

Before the next Sabbath a new student arrived at the university—a man who only wanted a few weeks in special branches, a man with a dark face, half-veiled eyes, color unknown, and sinister expression. No one took much notice of him until he was seen walking with Dora Hastings.

"Do you know him, Dora?" her lover questioned at the first opportunity.

She colored violently, but merely answered—

"Professor Day introduced us."

Dart was not naturally jealous or suspicious, so he soon forgot the matter, until a repetition of the—in his eyes—offence ruffled him decidedly.

"Why, Dora, you must be pleased with that Cresswell, you are with him so often in public places," he said again.

Drawing up her small figure, she answered haughtily—

"Really, Mr. Wylie, if you are going to watch my every movement and call me to account, I think we better separate."

"Oh, Dora, you don't mean it—you can't."

"I can and I do. I hate a man who is jealous and meddling."

"Dora—Miss Hastings, do I understand that you apply those terms to me?"

"Understand what you please," she returned testily, and then began to cry.

Instantly his anger was forgotten, and kneeling beside her he clasped her in his arms.

A reconciliation followed, as a matter of course, he calling himself all manner of hard names.

But the next day she met the dark man at the very same crossing, and they walked for half a mile or more together.

Dart heard of it, but held his peace. The next time that he called at her boarding house she refused

to see him on a plea of headache, yet, pausing to chat with a friend half a block distant, he saw the obnoxious "Chessman" enter the same house, and he did not come out while Dart watched, which was until it was quite too dark to distinguish forms on the street.

"There is no one else there for him to call on, so she saw him but refused me," he said to himself by way of consolation.

He avoided her for several days, but as she did not seem to notice it he sought an interview.

She was smiling and cordial, would even have been as affectionate as of old had not his manner chilled her.

"Dora, I demand satisfaction," he said hotly, for the green-eyed monster had taken full possession of him by this time.

"Satisfaction? Let me see, that sounds like the challenge to a duel; I am not much of a markswoman, so, if it will suit you, I will say bayonets. The time—to-night, at the ghostly midnight hour."

She laughed and clapped her hands in childish glee.

"Miss Hastings, this matter is nothing to mock at. I am in earnest."

"So am I, Mr. Wylie, and will choose as my second Mr. Cresswell."

"Dora!"

He was on his feet now, his eyes flashing with indignation.

"You insult me; add insult to injury. This will be our last meeting of my seeking. I release you from an engagement that must be odious to you. Good day."

She did not speak or try to stop him, though he was sure he heard a dry sob as he closed the door, but he did not look back.

They only met occasionally after that in class or on some such occasion. He was moody and taciturn, she unusually gay.

"Oh, that woman can be so false!" he groaned aloud when restlessly pacing his room floor—a common occupation with him of late.

"Hang it! I can not graduate under such deuced circumstances. I know I shall fail."

Some one remarked in his hearing a few hours after—

"Guess Wylie's girl's gone back on him. That Crisswell, or Cresswell, or whatever his name is, goes to her boarding place about every day. I'd not thought that of Dora Hastings, though."

"Oh, you can't tell anything about these girls—false as Satan, every one of 'em," was the flattering rejoinder.

Wylie ground his teeth and sat down to write to his father, intending to announce his desire to leave the university at once; but, then, what excuse could he make or reason offer.

"No; I've got to live it out now," he fiercely told himself, crushing the sheets of paper in his hands.

Commencement found him half sick and wholly discouraged. He graduated, but without honors, from the same platform Dora Hastings stepped with honors and winner of the first prize besides.

"She don't care, and therein lies the difference," he muttered.

At the little class reunion and supper following he avoided her until the farewells were being spoken; then for a moment he lightly held her hand while a few cold sentences barely escaped freezing on his lips. She made some careless speech, laughed nervously, and turned away barely in time to keep him from seeing a great pearly tear-drop that splashed right down on the blue ribbon that bound her diploma.

"Heartless coquette!" he almost hissed from between his set teeth.

He did not leave the city until ten o'clock the following day, and as he stepped into his coach he saw Cresswell assisting Dora Hastings into another belonging to another line.

"Thus our ways divide," he said tragically.

When he reached home he found his mother's brother—a cattle king named Smithson—visiting there. His uncle laughed at his pale face and white, soft hands.

"Come out west," he said, "and we'll make a man of you."

"I'll go," said Dart quietly.

Of course it made a sensation in his little world, but he went, taking care that the county paper containing an item to that effect should be mailed to his former *fiancee*.

That was all in the past now, and, as we have said, he had been a ranchman for over a year and a half. He found it was no easy task that he had so hastily undertaken, but still the life had its charms, and it helped him at times to forget. Through the busy "round up" season and on, in fact, till snow came, forgetfulness was obtained through excitement by day and weariness by night; but in the long, inactive winter it was terrible, with little to do but think, think!

Thus it was on this Easter—this anniversary day of their plighted troth—he was almost beside himself as bitter memories thronged his soul. He was tired, too, of this "heathendom," as he termed it. He was hungering for civilization—he was homesick.

Sitting in his cabin, thought became unbearable, and once more he resorted to the saddle, this time taking the wildest, most vicious piece of broncho flesh in the corral. One of the men glancing from the window remarked it to his companions.

"I'm afeard he can't manage him," said an elderly man, uneasily watching the antics of the brute, that from his mad viciousness had gained the title "Thunder and Lightning."

Some of the men laughed, others looked a little grave as again and again the creature braced himself and then let his heels fly high in the air, determined to dislodge his rider; but Wylie stuck tenaciously, and presently they were across the prairie like the wind.

"He ain't no tenderfoot where a hoss is concerned," said one.

"No; but he ain't no ways cut out fer a cowboy," said another.

"Seems ter me he's mightily cut up ter-day fer some reason er ruther," put in a third, and then they resumed their cards and smoking. This was life for them.

On and on the broncho raced until more miles lay between him and the "settlement" than the young overseer imagined.

At last the exciting part for "Thunder and Lightning" was over, and he began to slow down a little, though it is probable had Wylie been situated to look in his eye his knowledge of horse nature, especially broncho nature, would have forbidden his slackening the bridle rein and relapsing into a reverie.

"Getting a bit winded, aren't you, old boy?" he muttered sarcastically, and then began thinking the very thoughts that he had taken this mad ride to escape.

It was all so sudden that he scarcely realized the situation, and a moment later he knew nothing as he lay, his body crushed into a sage bush, his head turned a little aside from violent concussion with a bit of boulder. When consciousness did return a swarthy face was bending over him and some one was shaking him gently.

"Heap hurt—no get up?" questioned the Indian, shaking him a little more.

"Help me up," said Wylie in a dazed manner.

The Indian obeyed, but the young man fell back a dead weight in his arms. Some time passed before he again opened his eyes, and then he found himself lying in a clean, white bed, and a couple of men standing beside him.

"Where am I and what has happened?" he asked.

"You are here at the fort. Your horse threw you, the Indian thought," said an individual whom Dart recognized at once as the commander of the fort.

"Our doctor is away, but here is a gentleman, who chances to be stopping here, who will examine your wounds and see if anything serious is the matter," the man went on.

The gentleman referred to now advanced and began a slight examination, saying, apologetically—

"I am no physician, but still have a smattering of medicine and surgery that is sometimes handy in a pinch."

He was adjusting a bit of plaster on the forehead, and saying: "A narrow escape, sir; had that cut been an inch lower you would have been elected," when for the first time Dart raised his eyes to his face.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated under his breath, then pushed the hands away.

"What is it; did I hurt you?" asked the stranger.

For a moment the youth did not answer, then setting his teeth hard together he shook his head. Evidently the man did not recognize him, and in that moment Wylie had determined to keep still and take what help the other could give. He felt extremely weak, but by morning he would be able to return to the ranch. In that one brief glance he had recognized the face that had come between him and happiness—the face that had haunted him these two years past. And then he wondered if he could not hear some news of Dora (now, doubtless, this man's wife) if he could remain unrecognized. He was hungry to hear of her, no matter whose wife she was.

"How silly and childish I am!" he thought, stealing another glance at the hated face, dark and sinister as ever; and yet, now that he could see the color of the half-veiled eyes, they were soft and kindly. Something of this sort was passing through his mind when a drowsy stupor overcame him, and that was the last he knew for hours it seemed to him—weeks it was in reality.

It was a sunny, balmy morning toward the last of April that, unutterably weak and languid, Dart Wylie awakened to a consciousness of his surroundings, and, even then, where he was and why he was there were a mystery to him, and he was too weak to even wonder over it.

The dark man was still by his side and just back of him a pompous-looking gentleman stood, intently regarding his watch. The dark man said something in a low tone, there was a sound like a sob from back of a curtain at the foot of the bed, and a warning "hist" from the pompous gentleman. Dart was perfectly conscious of it all, but could only turn his eyes wonderingly from the face of one to the other.

Presently the pompous gentleman turned to a stand and poured something into a glass, and then came close to the bedside. The dark man raised Dart's head a little, and the glass was held to his lips; he drank as well as he was able and gained strength thereby. Vaguely he kept wondering if that had been a sob he had heard, and if so from whom could it have come. But this state was short in duration, and he soon slept soundly, but naturally.

It was past noon when he awoke. Quietly he lay there enjoying existence as one does who comes up weak, but painless, from death's door. So far as he could see he was alone, but a movement on the other side of that curtain attracted his attention and roused his curiosity, for, strangely enough, that sob had been the first thing that had come into his mind. He lay there very still, waiting and listening. Presently a small, white hand drew aside the curtain, and a pale, piquant face was turned anxiously toward him.

"Dora!"

He breathed rather than spoke the name, but in an instant she had forgotten all cautions and promises and was bending over him, her tears falling thick and fast.

"Dart, Oh, Dart!" she sobbed. "You are better; you will get well, won't you? Oh, you don't know what I suffered when I thought you must die; and I could not let them go on, or at least I would not, and now do get well. I am so sorry I ever grieved you, but I thought you ought to trust me. But there! they said if you awoke I must not speak a single word, only just give you this stuff in the glass."

Dart Wylie smiled a wonderfully bright smile for a man who had been so lately given up to die, and, after swallowing the draught, he insisted—feebly, to be sure—that the arm that supported his head remain there.

Several days passed before he asked for explanations, either in regard to the past or the present. In answer to his questions, however, she told him that she, in company with her sister and the dark man—the sister's husband—was traveling for the sister's health, and that either by chance or providentially they had decided to remain at the fort over Easter. The Indian who found Wylie brought him there on Easter evening. Her brother-in-law had undertaken the case in the absence of the post surgeon—the pompous gentleman.

"You went to sleep," she said, "and woke up raving with delirium, and, Oh, Dart, you just talked about me and the sad, sad Easter time until I thought I'd die, too. They let me come in the next morning, never guessing that I might know you; but the moment I saw you I just cried: 'Dart Wylie, Oh, Dart!'"

"Then there was a time, I tell you; and they made me go out and stay till I promised to be quiet. But I was not always quiet when you were mourning over my inconstancy, for, Dart, dear Dart, I never was untrue. I had seen Dick Cresswell a few times before he came to the university, and I had some business with him which I could have explained to you only it was to be a pleasant surprise for you, until I saw how jealous and unreasonable you were. It hurt me that you could not trust me, and then I thought I would

teach you a lesson, but things got worse and worse. I thought that last evening that I would explain, or something, but you were so cold that I just could not. Dick and Hetty had known each other at another school, and had corresponded some. He had even been to see her once. When school closed he went home with me to visit her again. Oh, Dart, I have been so miserable, for I never expected to see you again after I read that item about your going west to join the cowboys. I thought then it was because you were so unhappy and angry. Why, I felt like a murderer, or something, and I scarcely knew whom I hated more, Dick or myself, though he never realized his part in the affair till since you have been sick; then he was more anxious than ever to save your life."

All this, and much more to the same effect, passed between the now happy lovers, but it was a long time before Dart thought to ask why Cresswell called on her so often at her boarding place.

"Why, Dart, you see it was very foolish of me, but I wanted to have a present for you at commencement time, and as soon as Dick came I remembered that he painted portraits; so I immediately arranged with him to have mine done for you by the end of the term, and, of course, I had to sit for it out of school hours. He did not know whom it was for, though."

"Oh, Dora! And you were planning such a delightful surprise for me and I acting like a brute, or fool rather, all the time. Can you ever forgive me, my long-suffering darling?"

"But I was to blame, too," she answered, smiling through her tears.

"All's well that ends well,' they say, but I have suffered terribly and so have you, I know, and all for my confounded jealousy," he said in disgust.

When Wylie was able to return to the ranch the little party at the fort bid him adieu and continued on their way.

The story somehow got to the men at the "settlement," else they would never have been able to account for the great change that had come over the "boss," and the rough, honest fellows genuinely rejoiced with him, almost bowing in veneration before the bit of paste board from which smiled out Dora Hasting's pretty, piquant face. In the early summer one of the other men received the appointment of "Overseer at the Smithson Ranch," and Dart Wylie went east to claim his bride.

"If we value things at what they cost us, we ought to prize this picture more than any of our other household goods," Dora said laughingly, yet with tear-gemmed eyes, as they hung it in place in their pretty parlor.

"But for that portrait you would never have been the wife of a cowboy from the wild and woolly west," he answered banteringly; then, with sudden gravity, he drew her to him, and kissing her tenderly said—

"Do you know, dear, that Easter will always be to me the gladdest day in all the year?"

VELMA CALDWELL MELVILLE.



Who's ever blithesome, light and free,
And active as a boy can be;
Who revels in his youthful glee
And makes my life a joy to me?
Her little brother.

His hair is soft, like velvet moss;
Of long, slim neck there is no loss;
His ears are large and outward toss;
He wears a grin stretched way across—
Her little brother.

When at their front gate he has been,
I've asked him: "Is your sister in?"
To entertain me he'd begin
By widening his blithesome grin—
Her little brother.

The time when I first knew him, he
Was ten years old, and seemed to see
His mission on this earth to be
To shadow and keep track of me—
Her little brother.

I never took her anywhere
And reveled in her charms so fair,
But that I saw the bristly hair
And flapping ears a-grinning there—
Her little brother.



I have a picture in my mind
Of summer night, with starlight kind,
Out strolling, when I turned, to find
A-clamping, 'bout a rod behind—
Her little brother.

I fear he'll climb the golden stair
With flapping ears and bristly hair;
I think there'll be, some morning fair,
A funeral, and he'll be there—
Her little brother.

JOSEPH BERT SMILEY.

SEASONABLE DEFINITIONS.

All fools day—365.
Good Friday—He's dead now.
An equinox—A drawn prize fight.
March weather—St. Patrick's day.
Springtime—When you sit on a bent pin.
Writing for recreation—working over old jokes.
The last of the season—An empty pepper box.
Keeping Lent—Not returning a borrowed umbrella.
Springtime of love—When the old man comes in.
Gaining a color of title—Writing your deeds in blood.
Making most of a bad thing—The biggest distillery in the country.
An Easter cross—An angry woman—cross herself and a cross to her husband.
Great bar-gains in real estate—The mud left on the Columbia river bars by the flood.

HE WAS THERE.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—Have that editorial of mine on the evils of prize fighting double leaded. And, by the way, our account of the fight was not correct. If Mr. Johnson can't be more careful you must detail some other man. If they had been allowed to go on Finnigan would have licked the life out of him.

THE COLONEL'S CARRIAGE.

MR. NEWRICH—Col. Rapier has a very fine carriage. I confess I envy him.
MRS. NEWRICH—Well, dear, surely we can buy one like it. Do you know where the colonel got his?
MR. NEWRICH—Yes; at West Point.

SHE HAD TO PAY FOR IT.

ALGERNON—Oh, Arabella, I must have something as a keepsake. Give me a lock of that beautiful hair.
ARABELLA—No, sir, I will not; I'd have you know that my hair costs money.

A SOFT ANSWER.

VISITOR—What are you painting?
ARTIST (sarcastically)—Can't you see?
VISITOR (sweetly)—Yes, I see it is a flower. Have you decided what to call it, yet?

People who wonder why the dude always stands in the theater exit and ogles the ladies in exactly the same way, will cease to wonder when they learn that he goes by mashinery.

The Light Side of Life

By Lee Fairchild,

MISS B. (hinting for Mr. C. to leave)—I should think you would take cold out here.

MR. C.—Yes, if you were the wea'her I might; good-night.

A friend of mine made a very favorable criticism in favor of Sol Smith Russell. It was that Mr. R. was the best of his kind and that there was no one like him.

A DELICATE MATTER.

JACK—Say, Bill, you remember that little bill you—

BILL—Oh, don't mention it!

THE WHY.

DULL EDITOR—I can't see through this squib.

CONTRIBUTING WIT—Your gaze probably stuck upon the point and could go no farther.

EXPRESSED HIS OPINION TOO SOON.

"Mrs. Giver gave me the prettiest valentine you ever saw."

"I don't believe it. What was it?"

"Her daughter."

* SHE—How did you like Sol Smith Russel in "A Poor Relation?"

HE—First rate; but it's the only thing I've ever seen in a poor relation that I cared a cent for.

IN HIGH SOCIETY.

LONDON—Well, James, the wealthy, pretty Miss Jennie offered me her hand the other day.

JAMES—Did you take it?

LONDON—Yes. You see she came into the car, and as the car started up she started down and offered me her hand which I took as being the last opportunity.

WHY HE TOOK IT.

EDITOR (to associate)—Why did you accept this spring poem?

ASSOCIATE—Well, sir, the blamed poet (for who does not blame him?) walked in here with that poem in one hand and a revolver in the other, and said I must take the poem or something worse. I told him I didn't wish anything worse than the poem and took that.

Portland and Seattle are not the only cities in which street railroad accidents occur. On a road in St. Louis at a corner the track first makes a curve to the left and then to the right. When the car was nearing this corner, once upon a time, a

* "She" is Mr. "He's" wife who has a number of poor relations.

man entered, and as he was preparing to pay his fare the car turned to the left and the man sat down in a lady's lap; he got up (of his own accord) and as the car turned to the right he sat down in another lady's lap while making an apology to the first unoffended lady. He then arose with the query on his lips: "I wonder if the ladies designed the construction of this road?"

The following bit of verse was written for *Time* as a reminder. When it arrived at the publication office, I infer the editor urged upon the management the necessity of accepting Mr. Munsey's proposition. It runs as follows, till it runs out:

Dear editor of *Time*—if dear you be,
And sure, methinks, you have been dear to me—
For now a twelve-month I've been buying *Time*
To catch a glimpse of my accepted rhyme;
But do not haste to print my poem true
As it will keep awhile, I think, don't you?
And when you print it you need not remit,
Since I myself, I'm sure, have paid for it.



INFORMATION ON TIME.

She held her watch and at me cast
A look and said, "I think I'm fast;"
I glanced at mine—her's was ahead—
And, "yes, I think you are" I said.

NEW CHART OF ALASKA.

Superintendent Mendenhall has just issued from the office of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey a new chart which embraces the whole of Alaska, the Behring sea, part of the Asiatic coast, and part of the Arctic ocean, to include Wrangel island, Point Barrow and the mouth of the Mackenzie river.

This chart is issued at an opportune time, for it exhibits the shutting in of the Behring sea by the Alaska peninsula, and the extraordinary chain of the Aleutian islands. The line of the boundary agreed upon between Russia and the United States in 1867 is laid down, and the remarkably large area of the cod fishery is clearly intimated, but not fully exhibited, because the soundings extend over less than one-half of the Behring sea, and at their western limit the depth of water reaches only seventy fathoms. In many other places the old navigators record their catching cod, but their locations are not accurately given.

The latest soundings in the deep areas of the Gulf of Alaska are exhibited where depths reached 3,820 fathoms within 100 miles of volcanoes of the Aleutian chain 5,670 feet high. Close under the St. Elias range the depths reach 2,200 fathoms about sixty miles from shore, and fifteen miles south of the shoal soundings on the Davidson bank the depth reaches nearly 1,600 fathoms. The latest geographical and hydrographical information has been collected along the whole coast of Alaska and through the Aleutian islands, and also through the interior, although nine-tenths of the country is *terra incognita*.

A few corrections of names have been made. The St. Elias range supplants the wholly inappropriate St. Elias alps; Alaska peninsula replaces the fanciful Aliaska peninsula, and Fairweather ground has been obliterated. Behring's first anchorage of 1741 under the northwest point of Kaye island is indicated by Behring haven in the bight north of the island, and still further honor is done to his discovery by naming the enormous glacier northeast of Cape Suckling the Behring glacier. The wonderful old navigator made the landfall of Mount Elias when he was distant about 120 to 150 miles to the south and westward. Cook and Vancouver gave him credit for his discovery, but a book reviewer in a recent number of the *Nation* shows his bitterness by trying to decry his ability and his manhood.

Besides the great area of the cod-fishing banks of Alaska—four times the area of all the cod-fishing banks around Newfoundland—the rivers of Alaska as far as the Yukon abound in the finest salmon; in fact, the fisheries of this coast exceed in extent and value all the fishing grounds of Europe and the eastern coast of North America. Far-seeing men have long appreciated this immense source of wealth. In an official communication upon the subject of the fisheries by Professor Davidson, the Coast and Geodetic Survey has published a bulletin to exhibit the products of the Alaska waters. In another official communication, used with great effectiveness by Representative Morrow, Davidson has given the length of shore line of this territory as over 26,000 miles, and this does not include the minor meanderings of the shore.

With the data given on the present map those persons who are anxious to distinguish themselves in exploration can see at a glance what a vast field there is for discovery and research, and the prospectors can learn what general lines of communication by the great rivers are open to them. The map will be of interest in the discussion of the boundary line between British Columbia and Alaska, from the head of Portland inlet to the one hundred and forty-first meridian, near Mount St. Elias, and thence to the Arctic. Two coast survey parties are

now in the far north on this meridian line; one on the Yukon, about 100 miles below the English Fort Reliance, and the other on the Porcupine river, near the Rampart house and inside the Arctic circle, where they are now seeing the sun just coming over the southern horizon for a short time near midday. The chart is on a large scale and is printed in two light colors.

British Columbia Southern is the title of a company which is seeking a charter from the provincial legislature to construct a railway across British Columbia above the international line. It will start from the eastern boundary of the province at the Crow's Nest pass coal fields, which are among the richest in the world, and it will be the means of developing them, (no small matter in itself) and of supplying the smelters in the Kootenay district with cheap coal, which means increased profits to mine owners. After leaving the coal fields and traversing about twenty miles of timber country it will take the Upper Kootenay valley and will there be cut at right angles by the Upper Kootenay river, a fine stream which is navigable for steamers for a distance of 150 miles, and which penetrates a country rich in mines, timber, cattle and a considerable amount of agricultural land. Thence it will run through the Mouyea pass, in the Selkirk range, by an easy route through a mining and timber country to the Lower Kootenay river, which again cuts it at right angles, and, with the lake, is also navigable for large steamers for a distance of 120 miles, that opening up, what Dr. Dawson believes, will be one of the richest mining districts on the American continent. From there it will pass to the Columbia river, which again cuts it at right angles, and is navigable for 200 miles. From there it will pass through a rich mining district (at present completely cut off from easy communication with the outer world) to Rock creek and the Okanogon country, where it again meets a navigable water highway, cutting it at right angles and opening up a stretch of eighty miles of a fine wheat and cattle country. From there it will pass by the Similkameen valley to the Chilliwack and southern bank of the Fraser river to the coast, thus giving railway communication to the whole of that rich district. The charter is opposed by the Canadian Pacific, which does not want any other good road through the southern portion of the province; but that company is not all powerful in British Columbia as in the dominion government, and will not be as successful in heading of this company at Victoria as it was the Spokane & Northern at Ottawa.

The *Colville Miner*, speaking of mining matters in that district, says—

The tunnel on the 600 foot level in the Old Dominion is going in at the rate of 100 feet per month. This work has progressed in this manner since June, and has reached a depth of over 700 feet.

The Clugston creek mines are being vigorously pushed in development work. The Dandy iron mine has 200 tons of merchantable ore ready for shipment. The smelter will receive the entire output of the Clugston creek district, which will aggregate fifty tons of iron each day. The Tenderfoot, which is a galena proposition, will send out ten tons per day as soon as the road is completed to the mines.

The Daisy mine, twenty miles west of Colville, the leading mining property of the summit district, is now looking first-class, and there is a wholesome rumor afloat that it will soon be shipping ore to the smelter. It is a safe estimate that the Daisy can deliver twenty-five tons of \$60 ore each day. There are two other properties in the same district that are looking

handsome, and will, doubtless, be doing as well as the Daisy within six months.

The Bonanza mine, fifteen miles north from Colville, is working a force of twelve men, and turning out each day from thirty to forty tons of ore. This is largely in excess of the amount the teams working under contract are able to convey away from the mine. About twenty-five tons of ore are taken from the Bonanza to the smelter each day, netting to the mine owners \$15 per ton.

Klamath county has, in common with the rest of Eastern Oregon, suffered from the hard winter of 1889-90, and has at the same time been greatly and permanently benefited thereby. Nearly the entire country, excepting the mountains, is now free from snow, grass growing finely, stock doing well, with every indication of spring having come to stay. Some of the large bands of stock contiguous to the Cascade mountains are not so fortunate, and losses among them will continue for some time, but this is the exception. The past winter will result beneficially to Klamath county; grass will grow without limit, crops will be immense, and water will be abundant to the benefit of stockmen and farmers. Klamath county did not suffer from the drought of last summer, but from the light snow fall during the two preceding winters that fell upon frozen ground and which melted and ran away without penetrating the ground. This was the cause of crop failures last season. With the thorough saturation of the soil from the past winter, Klamath county will offer great and lasting inducements to intending settlers and investors. The past dry experience can hardly occur again—as two light winters with their snows cast upon the frozen earth will not, in all probability, occur successively again very soon. The extent and character of soil, unlimited water power, grass hills and mountains, the excellent and abundant supply of timber, will each contribute to the prosperity and development of Klamath county, and the near future will witness such improvement and developments as will exceed the expectations of the most sanguine.

The Wallace, Idaho, *Free Press* says the Cœur d'Alenes have produced more value during the five years since the discovery of ore there than any other mining district in America at that age. The lead-silver product is estimated at \$8,000,000, of which about \$4,000,000 were yielded last year. Eight millions are considered a safe estimate for this season. It took Leadville, which is often cited as the richest camp, nineteen years to produce \$10,700,000. "We have here in the Cœur d'Alene," says the *Free Press*, "nearly caught up with Leadville in five years, and were all our mines, that are ready for shipping ore, worked, the product would exceed that of Leadville even at the present time. Therefore, we can predict a great future for the Cœur d'Alene, and when we grow as old as Leadville now is we expect to have over \$200,000,000 to our credit instead of \$158,000,000 as Leadville now has."

The erection of a large smelting plant is practically secured for Spokane Falls. Negotiations for eighty acres of land about four miles down the Spokane river from the city are about completed, and it is announced that the construction of buildings will begin immediately upon the consummation of the real estate deal. A syndicate of New York capitalists is pushing the matter, with the avowed intention of treating ore before the end of the summer. This will be the largest smelting and reduction works west of Omaha. When work is begun on the plant a motor line will be built from the city down to the site. The extension of the Spokane & Palouse railway will bring

here the Salmon river ores to mix with those of the Cœur d'Alenes and the upper country so as to make smelting cheap.

About twenty miles north of Colville is a somewhat isolated region, called Deep creek country, which is highly worth the attention of the immigrant in search of a tract of good farm land surrounded with a wealth of grazing country. The stream of Deep creek, a Columbia river tributary, follows a northwestern course through a hilly country, and occasionally the waters spread out over a large area of flat land. This land, when drained, is the finest in the world for raising hay, and the hills sloping off on each side of the valley are well adapted to the raising of grains, vegetables and fruits. There are few settlers in this region where a large and prosperous population could lay the foundation for ultimate fortune.—*Colville Miner*.

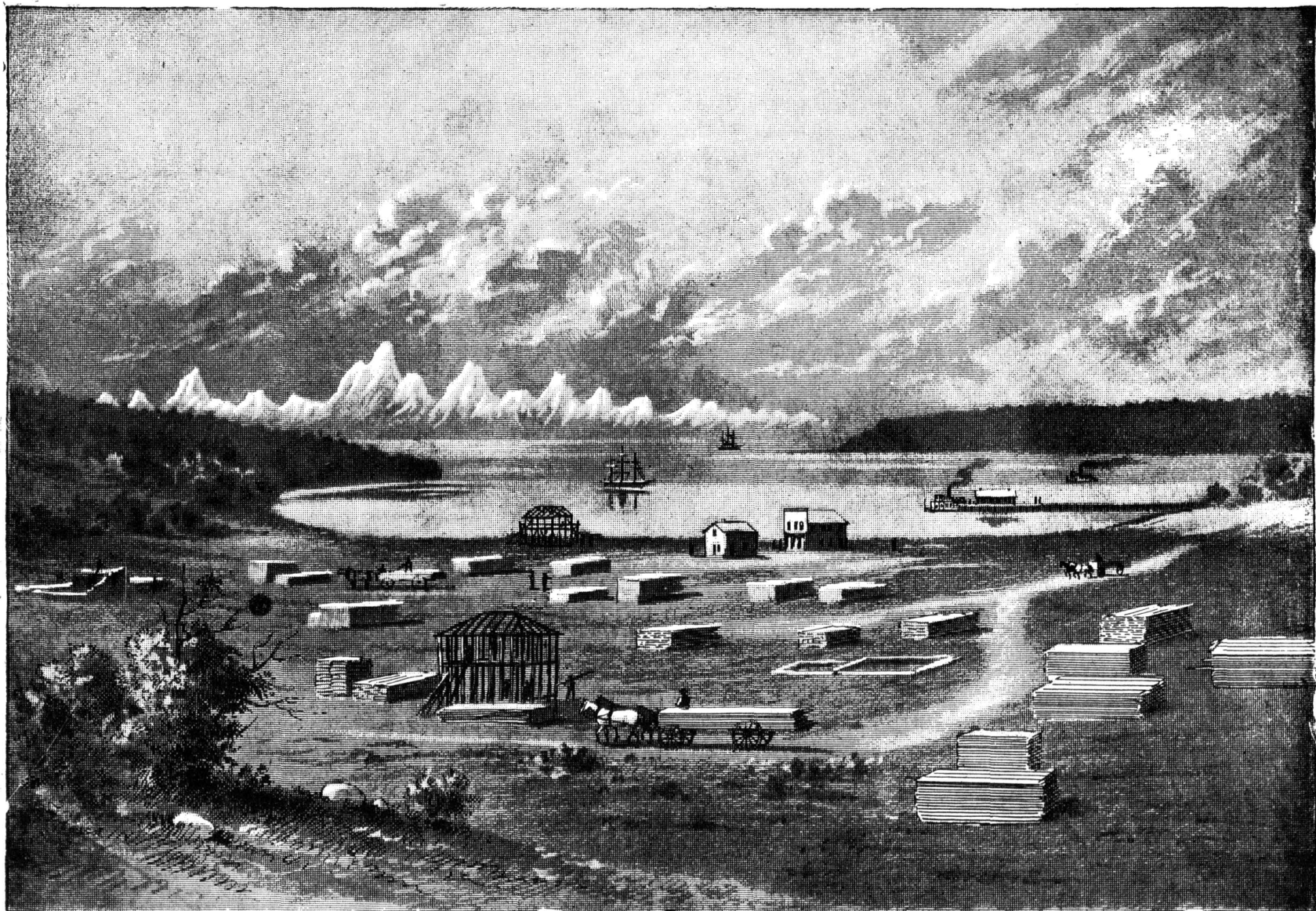
The Port Townsend Bay Oyster Company has been organized, the purpose of which is to develop in the Bay of Port Townsend the propagation of oysters. Individual members of this company have filed oyster claims on about 110 acres of the bay for this purpose, as prescribed by the state laws, and they are going ahead with the planting and development of these claims. The corporation is stocked at \$200,000, with William Payne, Russell Glover, C. P. Wakeman, E. S. Campbell, B. H. Burgess, R. A. Ballinger and A. W. Lloyd as trustees. This industry is as yet undeveloped there, yet the sound offers as fine opportunities for the culture of shellfish as any body of water in this country.

It is now understood that the Northern Pacific (Spokane & Palouse) extension to Lewiston, Idaho, will diverge from the Palouse line at Whelan, a station five miles north of Pullman junction, in Washington, thence going to Moscow, and Lewiston, Idaho. It has not yet been officially announced that this route will be chosen, but its merits are such that there is hardly a question about it. The road will thus tap a rich country that is developed to a considerable extent. It is expected that the line will be constructed this season. This will render that attractive city, Lewiston, independent of river navigation for outside communication and place it on a basis for rapid growth.

Now is the season when the thoughts of those so situated as to be able to keep chickens turn in that direction. Such people will be glad to know where they can procure a supply of eggs of the best breeds of fowls and not be compelled to use the mongrel eggs to be found everywhere. J. M. Garrison, Forest Grove, Oregon, will supply promptly, at reasonable rates, warranted eggs of any of the leading strains.

The Rocky Mountain Telegraph company, which is now completing its line from Great Falls to Missoula, Montana, will extend its wires on to Spokane Falls, where it will make connection with the Postal Telegraph and thus get communication with the whole coast country. The Rocky Mountain has a prosperous business in Montana. This will give Spokane Falls three telegraph companies.

One of the attractions of the new hotel, "The Portland," will be the rooms of the Oregon Land Co., which will contain much of great interest to guests of the hotel. Every tourist should make it a special point to drop into the office of this enterprising company, where he can see a great deal of Oregon in a very few minutes.



THE TOWN OF SAN DE FUCA.

Puget sound is a wonderful body of water, abounding in deep harbors and surrounded by a variety and quantity of natural wealth superior to that to be found in any other portion of the globe. It naturally follows that, as these great resources are developed and as population increases, many towns and cities should spring up, all of them possessing considerable resources to ensure their growth, and some of them being so situated as to ensure their becoming cities of no mean importance. The first of these to reach important size were those contiguous to the territory first developed, such as Seattle and Tacoma, but others are now claiming attention.

It is generally admitted that farther down the sound, somewhere in the region opposite the Straits of Fuca, a large city will spring up, since there is the point where railroads and ships can the most easily, cheaply and safely unite. So general is this belief and so strong is the desire to learn as much as possible on the subject, that a description of the location and surroundings of the new town of San de Fuca will be of great interest.

Whidby island extends down the sound from a point about twenty miles north of Seattle to a point directly east of Victoria, a total distance of thirty-six miles. In width it varies from one to nine miles, and, with the small island of Caamano, comprises Island county, one of the richest agricultural and timber districts of Washington. Directly opposite the center of the Straits of Fuca is Penn's cove, on the eastern side, but separated from the straits by a narrow isthmus less than a mile in width, most of which is covered by water at high tide, and the highest point of which is but twenty feet above the water. This was once a channel separating the upper and lower halves of the island, and can very easily be made again a channel by constructing a ship canal at a comparatively light expense. Penn's cove, now known as San de Fuca harbor, is a magnificent, land-locked, deep water harbor, about four miles long and one and one-half wide, more sheltered than any other of the numerous harbors on either side of the sound.

On the north side of the cove, looking south, is platted the town of San de Fuca, on the beautiful site shown in the engraving on the preceding page. The mountains seen in the distance on the left are the beautiful Cascades. The canal will enter the cove on the right. The beauty and natural adaptability of the site for a large city are easily seen in the engraving. There are no high bluffs to obstruct access to the water, nor high hills to be overcome.

A proper understanding of the situation can not be had without giving careful study to the conditions, and the best aid to this is an accurate map of the sound country. By consulting such a map it will be seen that all other harbors accessible by rail from the east side are either too far north or south, while San de Fuca lies directly opposite the entrance from the ocean, and is the most easily, cheaply and safely reached of them all. All that is required is the opening of the short canal through the low barrier between Penn's cove and the straits. The harbor can be easily connected with the railroad systems of the mainland by a railroad down the island, crossing to Fidalgo island by a bridge about 500 feet long across Deception pass, and thence by an easily constructed bridge across shallow water to the mainland, or by going to the mainland direct near the mouth of the Skagit, utilizing Big and Little Hope islands.

This project of making Penn's cove the central terminal point of railroads reaching Puget sound is by no means a new one. When Jay Cooke was controlling the Northern Pacific railroad enterprise, his engineers made a thorough examination of the sound country, and drove their terminal stakes on

Penn's cove. The friends of that enterprise acquired 20,000 acres of land in this vicinity, which they still hold. The engineers were of the opinion that where the proposed canal is located was once a navigable passage, and that such a channel can again be created at a small expense. This being done, Penn's cove could have no possible rival as the most desirable and advantageous point for a general railroad terminus and point of interchange of land and water traffic. Financial embarrassment took the Northern Pacific out of Jay Cooke's hands, and the managers of that road were compelled to select for the terminus the harbor most quickly and cheaply reached. But Penn's cove possesses to-day all the natural advantages recognized in it twenty years ago by those able engineers, and all that is necessary is to bring them out to render them operative and powerful.

This work has been undertaken by a number of well known business men, nearly all of Portland. The San de Fuca Ship Canal and Railway Company has been incorporated by John Marshall, Theodore Wygant, H. C. Walters, F. K. Arnold, Lee Hoffman and W. A. Bantz for the purpose of opening this canal and constructing a railroad the entire length of the island. The route of this road has already been selected, and the company has purchased many desirable tracts of land at various points along the route, as well as a large portion of the townsite of San de Fuca, and proposes to develop its property immediately. The bare announcement that a company composed of such energetic and financially able men had been formed to do this work caused the property in that town to assume a value in the eyes of men who understand the situation, and some of the choicest has already been purchased at a high figure as compared to former sales, but very low as compared to the prices it will bring even a few months hence.

San de Fuca is not merely a speculative town, for without any connection whatever with the mainland the railroad on the island will so develop that remarkably fertile region that a town of 5,000 people will quickly spring up and be supported by it. This alone makes property there possess a high prospective value, which developments will speedily convert into a reality.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the manufacturing, ship-building and other advantages to be found here. All that can be, or has been, said of any other city on the sound in this respect applies with equal, or stronger, force to San de Fuca. It requires but the developments undertaken by this company to bring them out. The first work will be to open up the resources of the island by the proposed railway and to provide at San de Fuca all the shipping and commercial facilities for handling the resultant business.

There is not now a bank in Island county, or any other of the adjuncts to business that this company purposes to at once provide. Arrangements have been perfected for the erection of large saw mills there, and for brick yards to utilize the excellent clay to be found there for building material for the city.

Though the completion of the canal will add enormously to the value of all property in the vicinity of Penn's cove, it will also be a boon to vessels going to ports further south on the sound, as by passing through the canal and Saratoga passage, east of Whidby island, they will escape the rough trip down Admiralty inlet, which often causes much delay. In view of this fact congress may authorize the construction of this canal as a necessary improvement to navigation on the sound, in which event it would be free to all without payment of tolls. From either point of view, either as a public improvement or a private enterprise, the San de Fuca canal is a necessity of the immediate future, and as such will undoubtedly materialize.

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

Local Passenger Daily, (Except Sunday).

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

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LEAVE		ARRIVE	
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Corvallis.....	1:30 p. m.	Portland.....	6:20 p. m.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of the Oregon Pacific R. R.
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LEAVE		ARRIVE	
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McMinnville.....	5:45 a. m.	Portland.....	9:00 a. m.

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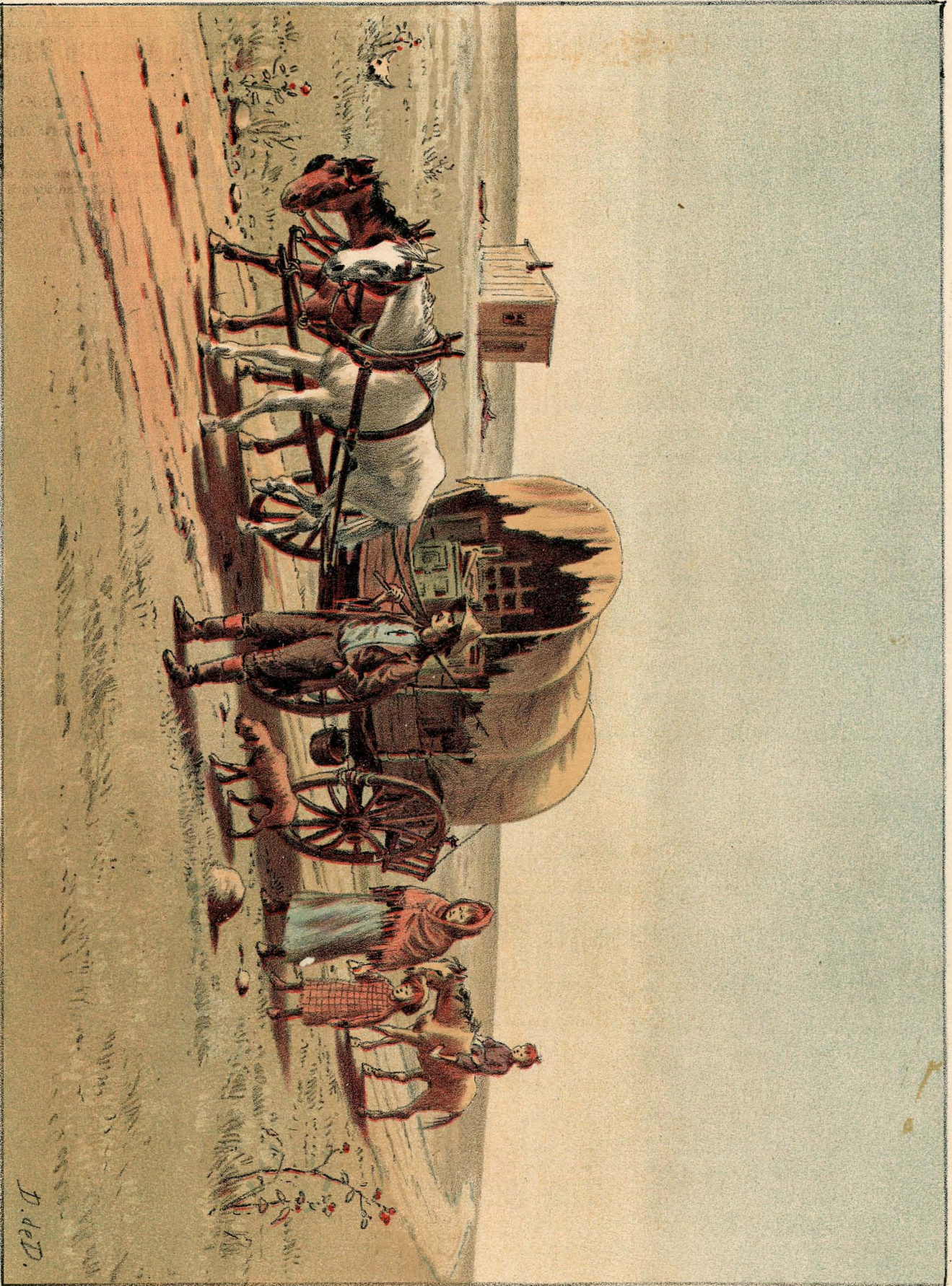
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The Boomer on the Home Trail—See Page 421.