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December  
1890

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# West Shore



1890

HOLIDAY  
NUMBER.

ALL Type, Printing Material, Presses, Inks, etc., used in producing this elegant number of "West Shore" were obtained of the Printers' Supply House of PALMER & REY, Portland, Oregon.





SOME great and wise people never saw a copy of West Shore, though they lived to a ripe old age—Methuselah, Moses, Solomon, Socrates, Cicero and a host of others—but they never had a chance. Now-a-days it is different, and a man is neither great nor wise who fails to take the brightest and handsomest literary journal published on the Pacific coast, and the peer of any illustrated paper in the country, as a comparison of this elegant holiday edition with Christmas numbers of other publications will fully demonstrate. Even St. Nick himself has been beguiled by it and has ceased his task of filling the pendent stockings till he shall have perused its entertaining pages. West Shore not only pleases the eye, but it appeals to the mind as well. It covers a wider range than any other illustrated journal. It especially gives information of great value about the Pacific northwest. Its short and incisive editorials, its rich and original humor, its excellent poetry, its unparalleled department of "Fact and Fancy," its cartoons, its large landscape engravings, its multitude of illustrations of western scenes and topics of current interest, and its frequent supplements, all render it a most desirable family journal, whose place can not be supplied by any other publication in the world. Its subscription price is \$1.00 less than that of any of the colored cartoon and humorous papers, none of which can compare with it in its range of subjects and general value as a family journal.

#### WEST SHORE FOR 1891

Will be as great an improvement over that of the current year as that has been over all previous volumes. A number of new and interesting features will give it additional and constant interest, some of which deserve special mention.

#### PRIZE CONTESTS.

There will be a number of prize contests, of a purely intellectual and artistic nature, about which will cling no flavor of gambling. West Shore offers no prize for *guessing*, but for the display of mental activity and genius. The initial prize contest is now in progress (see advertisement on another page), and though the prizes are valuable and worthy the highest effort, they are less in number than will be offered for future competition. Variety and permanent value are the considerations in selecting prizes. Look out for announcement of these contests from time to time. They will be varied in their nature so that every subscriber will find one or more that will specially interest him.

#### SPECIAL EDITIONS.

A special Midsummer number will be issued in June, and a Christmas number in December, both of which will excel in beauty and contents this elegant number. All subscribers will receive them free, though they will be sold at twenty-five cents a copy. The improved facilities for executing art work West Shore will enjoy in its new building, now nearly completed, will enable it to surpass all its previous efforts in that line.

#### SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

In addition to the department of original humor, which contains verse, paragraphs and sketches by the leading literary and art humorists of the country, and that of "Fact and Fancy," wherein the gifted Ella Higginson casts such a spell upon all who read her poetic paragraphs or strong, vigorous comments, there will be other special departments, arrangements for which are being made. These will be so conducted as to interest every reader.

#### BOUND VOLUMES.

The numbers of 1890 will be bound in leather and cloth in two volumes. This is rendered necessary by the change in size made in August. Each volume will be complete in itself, with index. A few volumes of 1889, 1888 and 1887 can be supplied.

#### MEMORANDUM OF PRICES.

Subscription, per year. \$4.00	Bound Vol. 1888 or 1887. \$3.50
Bound Vol. 1890, Jan. 1 to Aug. 15. . . . . 3.50	A reduction of 50 cts. made on each additional volume when more than one is ordered, or when a bound volume and subscription are ordered at same time.
Bound Vol. 1890, Aug. 15 to Dec. 31. . . . . 2.50	
Both of above. . . . . 5.00	
Bound Vol. 1889. . . . . 4.00	

Address WEST SHORE PUB. CO., Portland, Or.





HOLIDAY

West Shore

1890

*THE DAWN OF CHRISTMAS DAY.*

The winds are dead, and ah! how still!  
The stars are large; a silver blade  
Yon homeward sailing moon has made  
Upon the sombre, wooded hill.

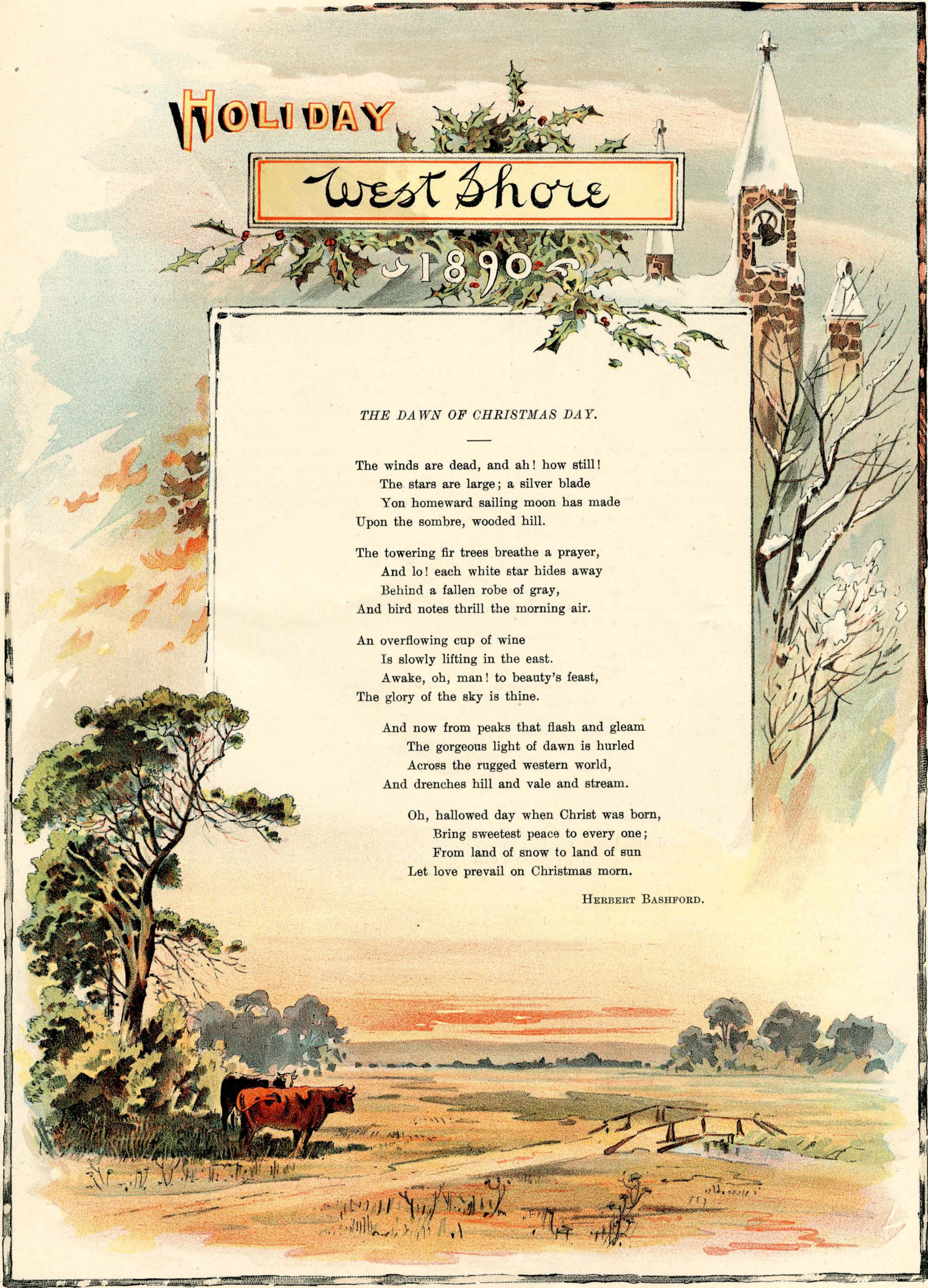
The towering fir trees breathe a prayer,  
And lo! each white star hides away  
Behind a fallen robe of gray,  
And bird notes thrill the morning air.

An overflowing cup of wine  
Is slowly lifting in the east.  
Awake, oh, man! to beauty's feast,  
The glory of the sky is thine.

And now from peaks that flash and gleam  
The gorgeous light of dawn is hurled  
Across the rugged western world,  
And drenches hill and vale and stream.

Oh, hallowed day when Christ was born,  
Bring sweetest peace to every one;  
From land of snow to land of sun  
Let love prevail on Christmas morn.

HERBERT BASHFORD.







III.

O, he was mighty tickled at de Cain we was a-raisin',  
 An' de snow was on de groun' an' de moon was in de sky,  
 An' ober all creation was a lubliness amazin',  
 An' all de little stah's was a-crowdin' an' a-gazin',  
 Fo' to see de bran new yeah wif his train ob days pass by.

V.

Well, de yeah he kep' a-goin', an' he still was bright an' cheerful,  
 Aldo he'd been deserted by more 'an half his train.  
 Dar was some dat thought Miss April was a pow'ful sight too teahful,  
 An' some days said dat Augus' wif her heat an' dus was feahful;  
 Dey pitched der luggage in de kyart an' went kitin' down de lane.

VI.

But de po' ol' yeah, he jes kep' on a-drivin',  
 An' he tried wif all his might to be drefful good an' kin';  
 By hook an' by crook, an' de berry bes' contrivin',  
 He kep safe all de pa'cels dat was always a-arivin',  
 Till der wa'n't a single day lef to push de kyart behin'.

VII.

An' now de po' ol' yeah am a-slowin' up his hosses,  
 De wheels ob his kyart cain't hardly turn roun';  
 He's gwine t' leab behin' 'im all de bu'dens an' de losses,  
 An' let de folks atten' to der trials an' der crosses—  
 O, de clouds am in de sky, but der's res' in de groun'.

WILLIAM ZACHARY GLADWIN.

## A CARD.

Christmas eve the dull sky was roofed with leaden clouds. A noticeable hush seemed to voice, as it were, a snow storm. Snow birds came flocking from everywhere—little homeless creatures welcoming the coming storm. Along after dark flakes began falling and the ground was soon white with winter's bloom. Next morning, when I looked forth, my eyes beheld a forest of pearl. The trees had grown old in a single night, as if from the fright of the storm. At midnight the wind blew and awoke me, when I heard the trees moaning, and gazing through the window I saw a tall elm, which grew near, throwing his limbs about as would a wild man his arms. But a blue sky followed this night of storm, when the stars one by one melted into the blaze of the sun as he, next morn, pressed his warm kiss of light upon the world's white cheeks. It was a happy Christmas. The spirit of a Nazarene, who, when he fell asleep, woke up the world, seemed to possess all hearts, whose good will overflowed all speech.

On the first of December a friend and I fell out, and it seemed at the time we would never be able to fall in again. Time went on—never knew him to do otherwise; that is why so many people are behind time.

On Christmas day I kept thinking of my estranged friend; so I made up my mind to send him some token to let him know if our friendship were dead its memory still lived. Now, what should I send him? The value of a gift was not the consideration. Its appropriateness was far more important. There was danger of destroying the delicacy of our mutual estrangement, which formed the ground of hope for a reconciliation. After awhile I took a blank card and wrote on it:

*Though I need blessing more, God bless my friend.*

I signed this card and sent it to my friend. The day after Christmas I met him. He said: "How do you do?" I said: "Pretty well," though I

seldom do so. The tears came into my friend's eyes and we parted without saying a word more than our greeting.

In a few days he wrote me a letter, saying he *had* planned to get even with me. "Now, the debt of our offense is settled. You have taught me that a little generosity and kindness to a foe is more powerful to overcome him than would be all the hatred of the world." I read this and then thought how grateful the world ought to be that it has had one disinterested lover, the influence of whose example grows in power and magnitude with each returning Christmas.

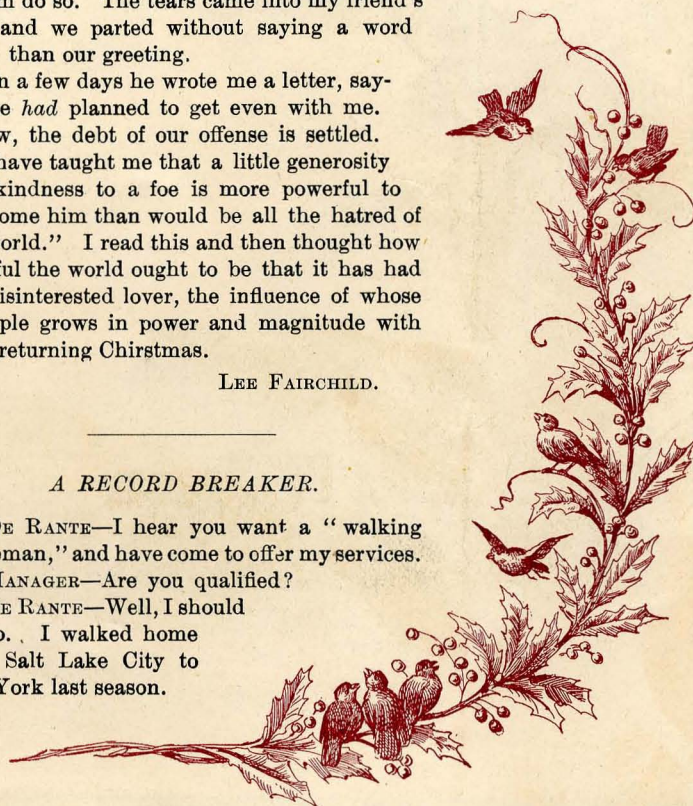
LEE FAIRCHILD.

## A RECORD BREAKER.

DE RANTE—I hear you want a "walking gentleman," and have come to offer my services.

MANAGER—Are you qualified?

DE RANTE—Well, I should say so. I walked home from Salt Lake City to New York last season.

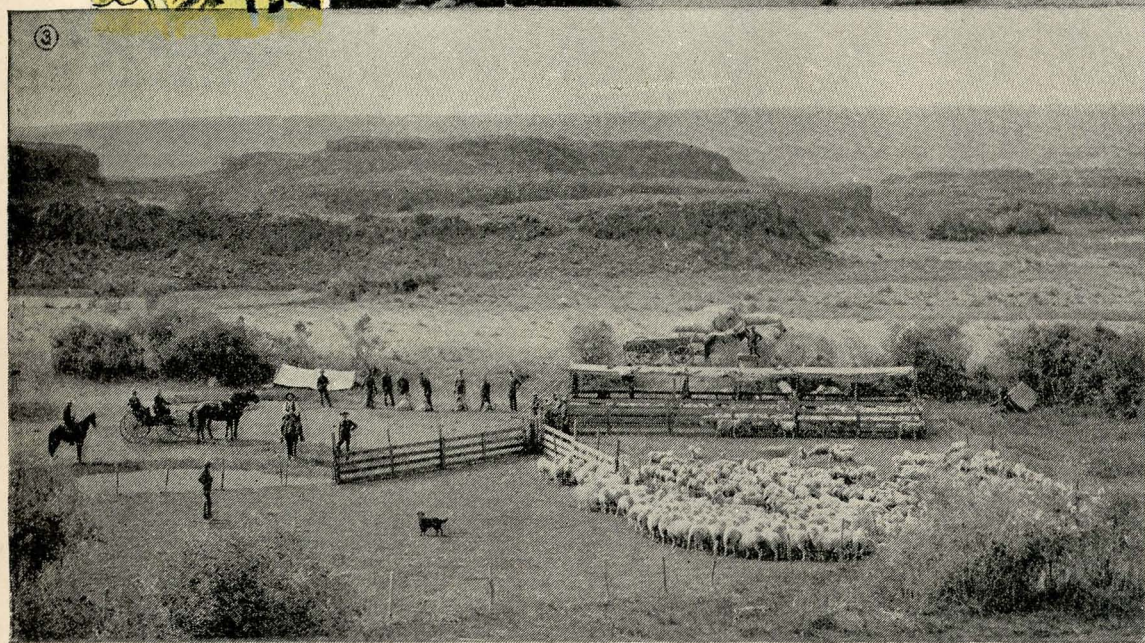
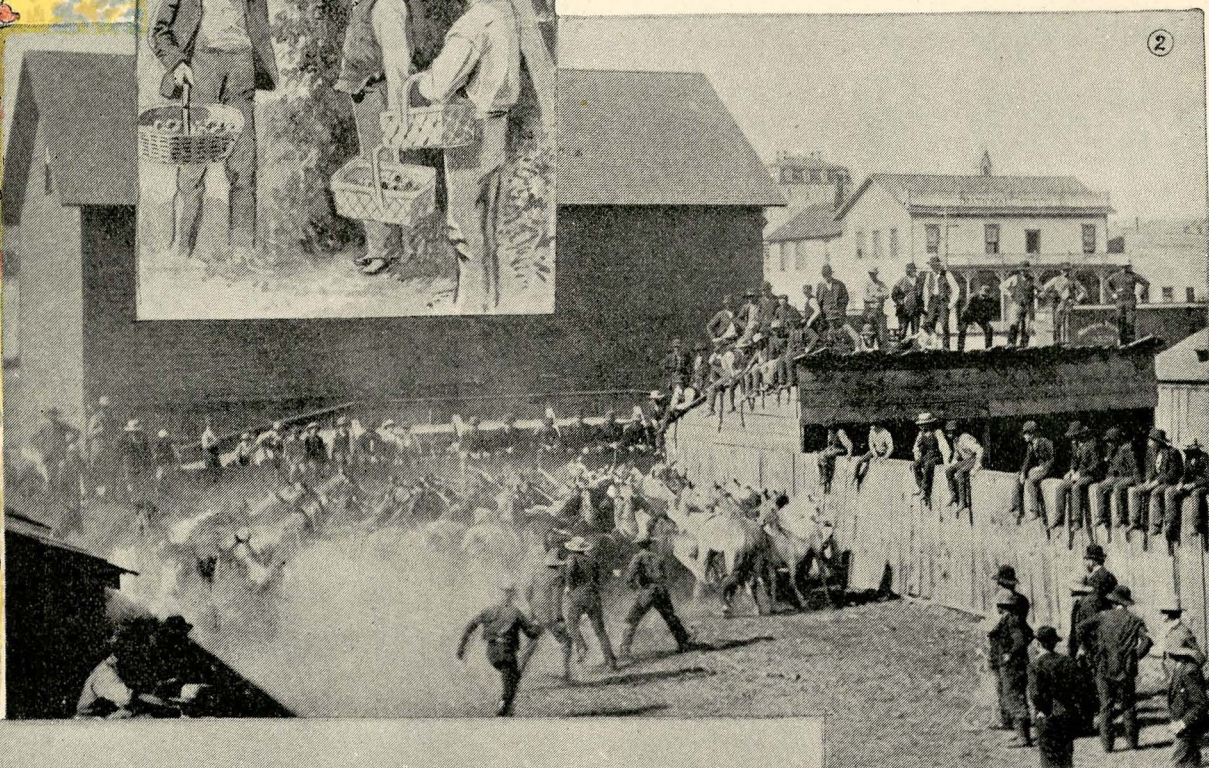




# INDUSTRIAL SCENES IN THE NORTHWEST.



Varied and valuable are the resources of the great empire comprehended under the sweeping title of the "Pacific northwest," embracing the four large states of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana, and most rapid is the work of their development. The products of the soil, the water, the forest, the mine are being poured into the lap of commerce in an ever-increasing stream, which already repre-



sents a total value far into the hundreds of millions, and will, in a few years, be many times greater. Millions of dollars are being annually invested in the development of the unparalleled resources of this region, and the progress being made surpasses that ever before witnessed in the history of the union. There is space here for simply a brief review of the leading industries that have furnished subjects for the accompanying engravings.

Fruit is destined to become one of the most profitable sources of wealth, especially in Oregon and Washington. Although the range of fruit products is great, especially in the region lying west of the Cascade mountains, and in certain localities east of them, embracing all those of the temperate zone and such semi-tropical fruits as peaches, apricots, nectarines, figs, tender grapes, etc., the climate and soil are especially adapted to the production of cherries, apples, pears, plums and prunes. In early days Oregon was known as "the land of big red apples," and the title should still belong to her and

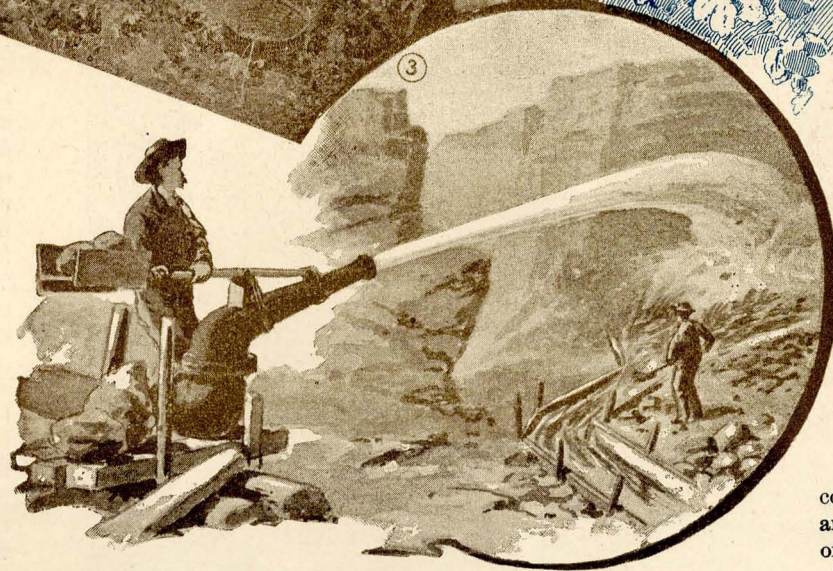
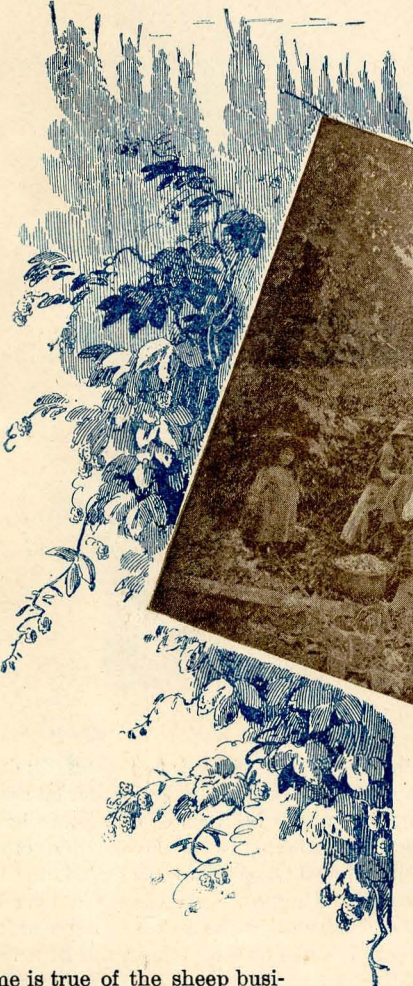
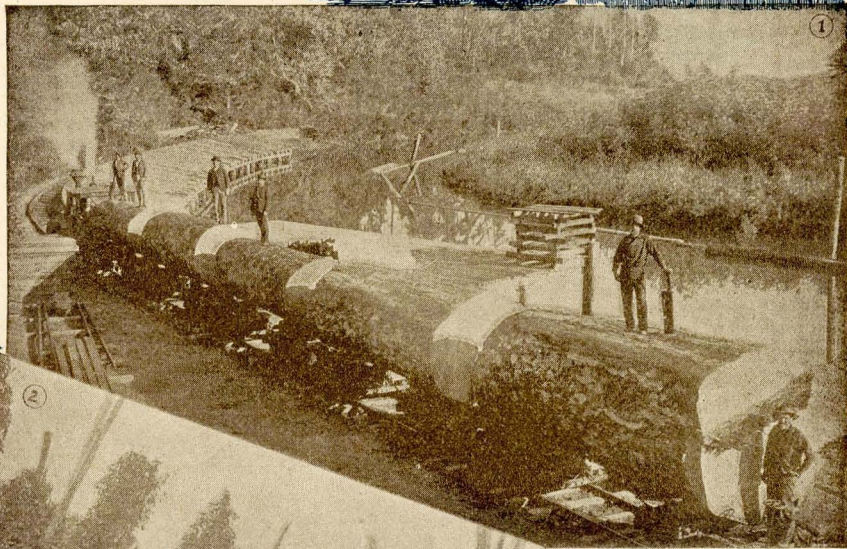
1. A PRUNE TREE IN THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY, OREGON. 2. SHIPPING WILD HORSES AT SPRAGUE, WASHINGTON. 3. A SHEEP-SHEARING CAMP.

her sister states, where the apple reaches a size, flavor, color and quantity of yield unsurpassed. The cherries of the Pacific northwest have no equal anywhere, not even in far-famed California, which state is receiving credit in eastern markets for having produced thousands of tons of fruits that are the product of Oregon and Washington orchards. Pears and plums, too, call for the unqualified admiration of all who see them. It is in the prune, how-



ever, that this region demonstrates its superiority to any other known fruit region on the globe. Its equal has never been seen, and fine as are the prunes of California, they have to give way when they come in contact with those produced in the more humid climate farther north. Thousands of acres have been set out in fruit in this region the past five years, the prune predominating, and in a few years this industry will represent many millions of dollars annually. Grapes, berries, nuts, vegetables, etc., reach a size and perfection seldom equaled, and the production of these is also becoming a highly profitable business.

Horses, cattle and sheep represent one of the great industries that is common to all the states mentioned. The range cattle industry is an enormous one, and represents millions of dollars of value. This business is gradually changing its methods, the range system giving way to the individual. In Oregon and Washington this change has progressed farther than in Idaho and Montana, because the great ranges have been encroached upon to a greater extent by settlers than in the other states; but it is at work everywhere, and ere many years the great range cattle industry will be extinct. This does not mean that there will be fewer cattle; on the contrary, there will be more and of better quality, though raised in small bands by a multitude of owners. The



same is true of the sheep business. The tendency now is in the direction of smaller bands and an improved quality of animals.

The rearing of horses for market has become quite an extensive industry, and in all four of the states is carried on in some localities on the range system. Northwestern horses have in the past few years made a great reputation for speed, endurance and general soundness. Much attention is being paid to the quality of the animals. There are a number of breeding farms where running and trotting horses are being bred and trained, and the various fairs held this year showed that pure blood horses of all the leading breeds were owned here in large numbers. Saddle horses and roadsters are the best paying animals, though there is an active demand for good draught animals. The army finds this region the best from which to draw its cavalry

horses, and even the English cavalry calls upon it for a great many of its best mounts. The small, but hardy, Cayuse Indian pony, once so universal in this region, has almost disappeared, and where twenty years ago the average value of horses was about thirty dollars, they now average over seventy-five.

One of the leading industries is lumbering and it will continue to be for many years to come. There are immense areas of forest lands, capable of supplying billions of feet of lumber annually for a long time. In Oregon and Washington, and extending north into British Columbia, is a

belt of heavy timber, reaching from the ocean to the eastern slope of the Cascade mountains. Here the climate is mild and humid, and the trees have grown to gigantic proportions, especially the fir and cedar. Logs from six to ten feet in diameter are common, and are handled in the mills with ease. The accompanying engraving shows a log fully eight feet in

1. LOGGING TRAIN AT COOS BAY, OREGON. 2. HOP FIELD IN PUYALLUP VALLEY, WASHINGTON. 3. HYDRAULIC MINING IN MONTANA.



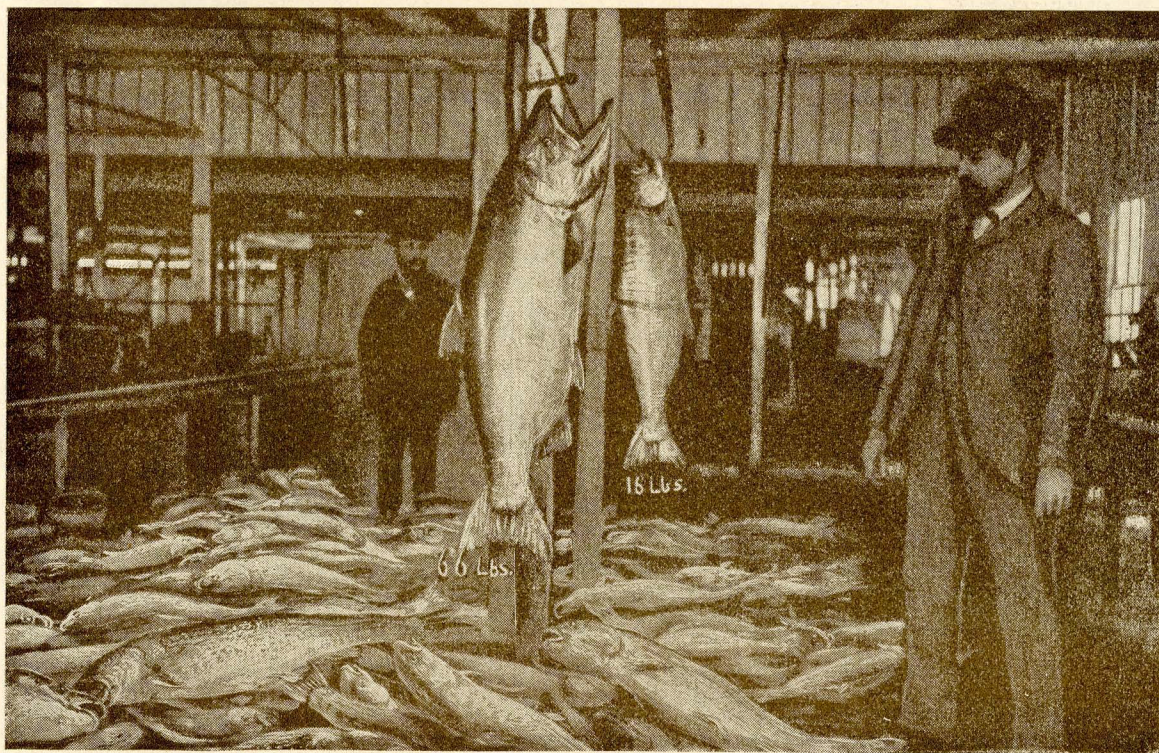
diameter, its height being readily estimated by comparing it with the man standing by it. Such trees grow to the height of from 200 to 300 feet, the fir being taller and tapering more gradually than the cedar. A cargo of lumber was recently shipped from Puget sound containing 809,000 feet, one-half of which was timbers ranging from 16x16 to 24x24 inches thick and from sixty-five to 120 feet in length. Some giant timbers, cut and squared, will be sent from this region to the world's fair, to open the eyes of lumbermen from other states to the nature of the products of our forests and capacity of our mills. The seat of greatest activity is along the bays on the coast, such as Coquille river, Coos bay, Alsea river, Yaquina bay, Tillamook bay, Columbia river, Shoalwater bay, Gray's harbor and Puget sound. Saw mills range in capacity from 50,000 to 200,000 feet per day, though there are a number still greater, and three that approximate 500,000 feet daily, two of them on Puget sound and one on the Willamette.

The predominating timber in the coast region is fir, formerly known as Oregon pine, but now generally spoken of as Oregon fir, or Puget sound fir. It has been found to be far superior for bridge timbers, railroad ties, ship timbers, masts, spars, etc., to eastern pine, as it is tougher and more durable. It is now in great demand for railroad and ship building. The next most extensive timber is the red cedar, which is used for finishing lumber, and from which many millions of shingles are cut annually. In Southern Oregon is the sugar pine, a splendid timber for house work and finishing; also, the Port Orford cedar, a beautiful white cedar in much demand. Spruce is also found in considerable quantity along the coast. Other varieties of coniferous trees are found, but not in great quantity. Maple, oak, ash, cottonwood, laurel, chittimwood and alder are the most valuable hard woods found in quantity. Lumber is shipped to all the Pacific ports of North, Central and South America, the Sandwich islands, Japan, China, New Zealand and Australia, and special lots have been sent around the Horn to Atlantic ports of America and Europe. When the Nicaragua canal is finished, shipping lumber to Atlantic ports will become a great industry. By rail it is sent throughout the entire country west of the Missouri river. The Blue mountains, in Eastern Oregon, the Bitter Root, Cœur d'Alene and Salmon river mountains, in Idaho, the mountainous region in the northern portion of Eastern

Washington, and the mountains of Western Montana contain great bodies of valuable timber, the fir predominating. Saw mills are scattered through this great area, sawing lumber

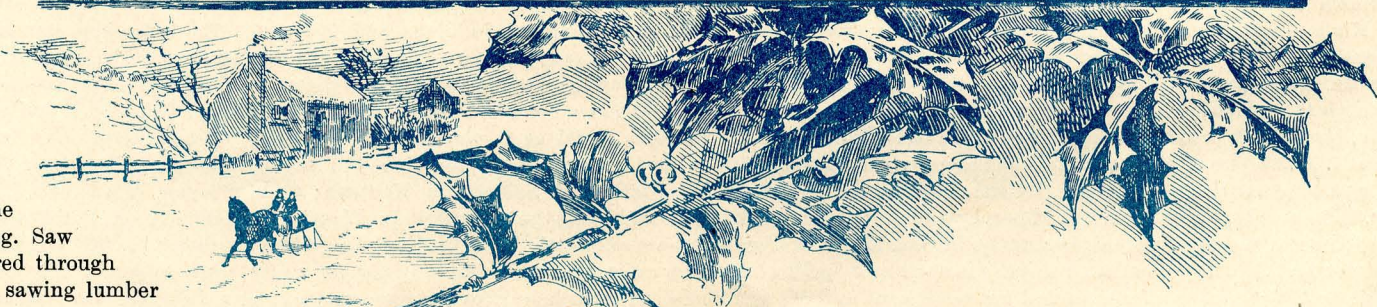
for the local markets, though some of them are shipping considerable quantities further east. It is from these forests the mines of that region draw the immense quantities of timber necessary in their operations. Butte City, large as it is, has a great deal more timber in its mines underground than in its buildings on the surface. There has been great activity the past few years in securing timber lands in the northwest, and the best lands of easy access from present transportation lines have nearly all been taken up. There are, however, millions of acres not now so favorably situated not yet taken, but which the rapid construction of new railroad lines will soon render accessible.

One of the most profitable industries, and one that is growing in importance yearly, is that of hop culture. The climate is conducive to a luxuriant growth, and the rich, alluvial soil of the river bottoms produces a most prolific yield of large and perfect hops. The vines are free from insect pests and other of the enemies of the hop known in eastern yards, and the picking season, in September, is usually favorable for a rapid and safe harvesting of the crop. Hops were first raised in the Puyallup valley,



1. STACKING WHEAT FOR SHIPMENT.

2. RECEIVING BIN IN AN OREGON SALMON CANNERY.







1. A CATTLE ROUND-UP.

2. BURKE, A MINING TOWN IN IDAHO.

Washington, which is still the greatest producer of any single locality, though the largest single field is in the Snoqualmie valley. Nearly every river bottom in the Puget sound region, as well as between that and the Columbia river, has a large acreage in hops. They are also raised in the highest perfection on the irrigated valley lands of the Yakima country, east of the Cascades. In Oregon, the Willamette river bottoms, and those of many of its tributaries, have a large acreage of this profitable vine. The yield in Washington this year was 32,000 bales, or 5,920,000 pounds. Oregon produced about 20,000 bales. The crop is picked chiefly by Indians in Washington, as shown in the illustration of a picking scene in the Puyallup valley.

Wheat is still the great staple crop of the northwest. It is an ideal wheat country, although climatic conditions are varied. In the great Willamette valley the mild climate is

favorable to winter plowing and seeding, and the copious rains supply moisture to last during the entire summer. Snow seldom falls on it and freezing weather is more rare. East of the mountains the great plain in Oregon and Washington produced not less than 30,000,000 bushels the present year. Here the winters are colder, but snow amply protects the grain. The valleys of Idaho and Montana

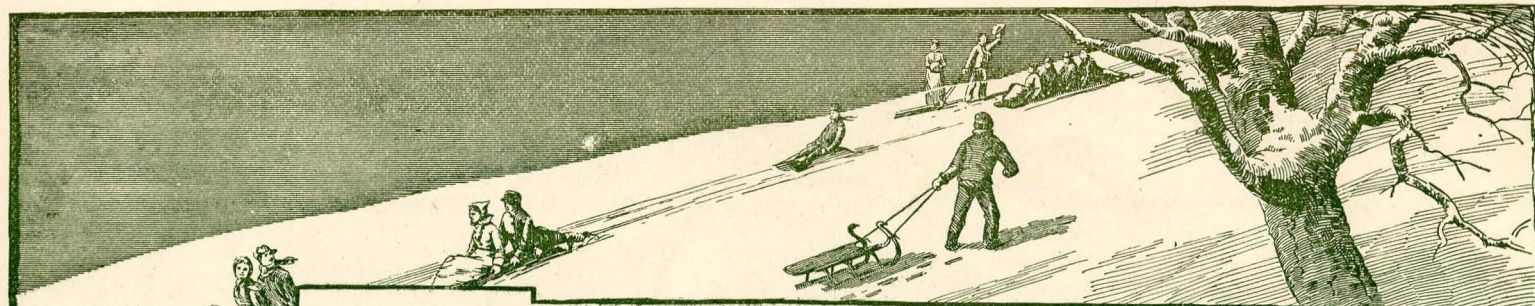
also produce the finest wheat in quantity, though some sections require irrigation, the expense of which is more than repaid by the grateful soil. One feature of farming in this country is especially noticeable. Whatever crop the farmer raises he is almost certain to harvest safely. From June to September scarcely a drop of rain falls, and hay and grain may be harvested leisurely and in security. Grain is usually dry enough to be threshed in the field as soon as cut.

Salmon fishing and preserving constitute an industry approximating \$4,000,000 annually in the value of the output. The Chinook salmon of the Columbia river has made a name in the markets of the world that gives it the lead. So great has been the catch for the past ten years that the fish are noticeably de-

creasing in number, and a hatchery has been started for artificial propagation. Last year 6,000,000 fish were hatched, and this year 4,000,000. Next season this will be more than doubled. It is expected that in this way the supply of fish can be maintained and even increased. Salmon are also caught and canned in all the bays along the coast and in Puget sound. Farther north, in Fraser river and along the coast of British Columbia, the business is also carried on; and the past two years the streams of distant Alaska have been called upon for a large quantity. The shipment of fresh salmon from the Columbia river and Puget sound to Chicago, New York and other eastern markets is becoming an extensive business.

Mining is an important industry in all the northwestern states, and is the leading one in Idaho and Montana. The latter state stands at the head in mineral production in the United States. Mining is divided into two general classes, quartz and placer. In the latter are included all forms of working over dirt containing gold, the result of the action of glaciers and the elements upon quartz ledges through the ages. The most extensive method of placer mining is the hydraulic, where a heavy stream of water is turned with great force upon the bank of dirt, causing it to disintegrate and mingle with the water, by which it is carried through the sluice boxes that catch the precious metal as it passes along. In early years placer mining was the only kind followed. Later the original quartz veins themselves attracted attention, and quartz mining came to be the leading industry. The quartz mining districts the most famous are those of Butte, Helena, Philipsburgh, Virginia City, Castle and Neihart, in Montana; Coeur d'Alene, Wood river, Blackfoot, Silver City, Salmon City, Boise basin and Mineral, in Idaho; Colville, Okanogan and along the Cascades, in Washington; Pine creek, Powder river, John Day river, Santiam and the Rogue river country, in Oregon. New discoveries are constantly being made, and a greater number of paying mines are being developed yearly. All the indications point to the northwest leading the entire union in the mining industry for many years to come. The inducements the Pacific northwest has to offer to capital for investment in these and numerous other industries are very great and should command attention.





## OUR SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

OUR school it give an exhibition Friday evenin' last.  
The folks all come and brung their aunts and uncles. Fast  
As Sammy Witherspoon, the usher, got one person set-  
Tled comfortable, another come, and then another yet;  
And then our brass band come inside and bust right out a-playin'  
"Hail Columby, Happy Land." I think I'm right in sayin'  
There never was such music  
Played before, I know,  
Since Joshua's cornet it upshot  
The walls of Jericho.



They had a heap 'of singin' and a'drove of little  
girls,  
As innocent as angels in white frocks and yel-  
low curls,  
Sung songs of which I didn't ketch the mean-  
in' very plain  
Because they didn't all begin to onct; which is  
the main

Dramatic criticism I hev got to offer, fer, I swear,  
I liked to look at them bright little girls with yellow hair.  
And then our brass band it  
Bust out to play and blow,  
Like Joshua did when he upshot  
The walls of Jericho.

And then they had a dialogue; young ladies figered in it.  
I ain't no crit'cism of no sort to offer—every minute  
I was too busy takin' in the ladies' words and smiles,  
And wished that I was there to rescue Beauty from the wiles



Of villains—but the band bust out  
a-playin', louder than before,  
And loosened lots of shakes; broke  
specs; false teeth fell on the  
floor.  
If Joshua's brass band played  
As loud as urn, you know,  
It ain't no wonder they upshot  
The walls of Jericho.



ALLISON FRENCH.

## A FAIR STRATEGIST.

"I think it's just horrid in you men to  
claim a kiss just because you happen to catch us under a little piece of  
mistletoe," said Miss Thirdseason, as she clung to the arm of a modest  
gentleman and led him about so gently that he was unaware that he was  
being piloted. "You men take advantage of us just because an old heathen  
custom sanctions it. I tell you I am very careful to keep away from it.  
No man ever kissed me yet, and I'd die before I'd let him do it. Oh!  
Mercy! There's the horrid thing right over my head now," and she turned  
her face up and stood paralyzed with fright until the spell was broken in  
the regulation way.

QUILL.

## A CHRISTMAS WISH.

SHE (gazing pensively out at the first snow)—Oh, how I wish I lived in  
Russia!

HE (astonished)—In Russia?

SHE—Yes. I've just been reading that a Russian lover will *sleigh* his  
sweetheart rather than give her up. What glorious men those Russians  
must be.

## SHE COULD STAND THE PRESSURE.

JACK—You could never bring yourself to love a fellow like me, could  
you?

AMY—I don't know, Jack. I might under pressure.

## ONE LITTLE HAND.

I know a little hand petite,  
So tender, rosy-red and sweet,  
So full of nature's subtle art  
That ev'ry motion doth impart  
A strange sensation to my heart.

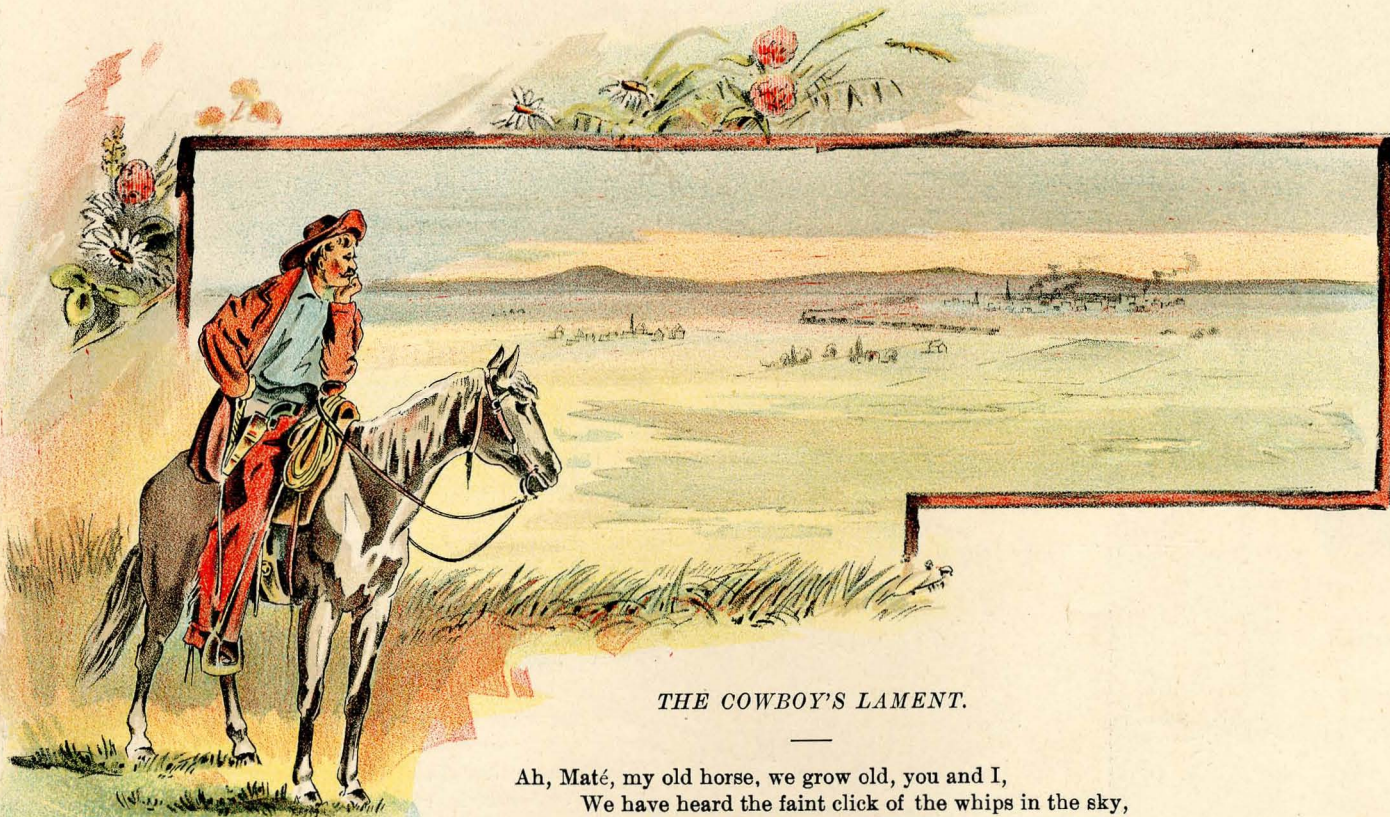
Oft, when I'm sitting all alone,  
I seem to feel it 'tween my own,  
Or mayhap in my midnight dreams  
Its vision comes until it seems  
A sweet effulgence o'er me gleams.

Ah! 'Tis my throbbing heart's delight  
To hold it near with pressure light,  
And watch the diamonds flash and flare  
That seem to proudly nestle there  
Upon that hand so debonnaire.

Full many a heart rests in that hand!  
It has my all at its command—  
One move my cherished hopes might crush,  
But, blame the bluff, I'll make a "rush,"  
So here's the hand—a bobtail flush!

JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.





THE COWBOY'S LAMENT.

Ah, Maté, my old horse, we grow old, you and I,  
 We have heard the faint click of the whips in the sky,  
 The whips of the riders up there, far away,  
 Who ride on the round-up for God all the day.  
 But I know we are ready. Would God we could go,  
 Ere the last of the grand trails are fenced here below,  
 Ere the stock whip is silent, the chaparral torn,  
 The mesquit plowed under and planted in corn!

A CHRISTMAS DRESS PARADE.

"All present," said the Adjutant, on Christmas morning, as his wife gave him a new dressing gown and slippers; "or accounted for," he added, when the bill for them came in on the first of the month.



MY CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

I gave her a ring,  
 My love to declare;  
 'T was the daintiest thing,  
 Not unworthy my fair—  
 Gold with diamonds there,  
 Quaintly chased and embossed;  
 And I scarcely should care  
 To tell how much it cost.  
 In return—well, you see,  
 I have nothing to show.  
 Then she must have scorned me  
 And my loving gift? No!  
 What she gave me was—oh,  
 Far more precious than this!  
 Heart and soul overflow,  
 For she gave me—a kiss.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

'Tis no more than ten years, my Maté, since we rode  
 From the Alamo's banks to where Rio Grande flowed,  
 And with never a fence nor a farm in between;  
 Just the blue sky above, at our feet the fair green  
 Of the prairie; fresh air in our lungs. Not a sound  
 Broke the primitive silence that reigned all around,  
 Save the crack of a whip, or a Colt, now and then,  
 Or the neigh of a broncho.

But then, that was ten  
 Years ago.

Now farms dot the plain; the grand trail  
 Is deserted—those plowboys ship cattle by rail!  
 Where the horns clustered thick, where the whips rang like shots,  
 Rolls the cattle car now, close to city town lots.  
 Where we camped in the night under God's own blue sky,  
 Rolls the smoke of the factory.

So, you and I,  
 My Maté, we are both of us passed in the race,  
 We are played out and useless—there's no place  
 For us here. The steers are all fenced up in corrals,  
 The calves are all branded.

And now we two old pals,  
 Who have ridden the prairie these many years,  
 Who have roped in and driven some thousands of steers  
 In our time, we must step out of file. It is hard!  
 But we go with fair Nature, whom man ever marr'd;  
 We are soil of the prairie, we two, horse and man,  
 When they tear up the prairie, they tear horse and man;  
 When they fence in the prairie, our breath comes and goes  
 With a gasp, for they tie up our hearts with those  
 Cedar post stakes.

But it can't be long till the boss  
 Of the great ranch above will compel you to toss  
 Me clear up from the saddle to receive his own brand.  
 You have never bucked once since I broke you, Maté,  
 But you'll do it for me on that last, solemn day?  
 Yes, you neigh; and I think, good old horse, that you'll go  
 To some paradise fit for a cowboy's broncho.  
 Ah, well! we must wait, till the round-up in the sky  
 Reaches us, and the whip cracks grow loud, then, good-bye.

J. PERCY POLLARD.





*I KISSED HER.*

I.

I kissed her—  
 And if there's any blame it must rest upon the firs;  
 I simply couldn't help it, and it was no fault of hers.  
 The summer sun was shining, the firs bent low above  
 And whispered, "Kiss her! kiss her! ah, kiss and tell your love."  
 And so I kissed her.

II.

I kissed her—  
 And if there's any blame it must rest with the furs,  
 Beneath which we two nestled, with my hand seeking hers.  
 The Christmas sleigh bells jingled, and the furs, so soft and warm,  
 Kept whispering, "Kiss her! kiss her! it won't be any harm."  
 And so I kissed her.

III.

I wonder  
 Which kiss I found the sweeter—I really can not tell—  
 The summer or the winter one? I loved them both so well;  
 Twin dreams of bliss, they haunt me, reminders of a past  
 That vanished all too quickly, too bright, too sweet to last.  
 But ah! I kissed her.

CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

*WISE ADVICE.*

JEWELER—What words do you wish engraved in the ring, sir?  
 YOUNG MAN—"From Henry to Clara."  
 JEWELER—Take my advice, young man, and have it engraved simply  
 "From Henry." Then, if you get it back, you can use it again next  
 Christmas.

*DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT.*

CLARA—How shockingly forward Miss Clark is—she is all the time  
 standing right under the mistletoe. I think she ought to be  
 ashamed of herself.

LUCY—Yes, indeed! Why, she doesn't give us half a  
 chance.

*NOT FLATTERING.*

CHOLLY—Did you ever dream of me, Miss Amy?  
 AMY—No; but I wouldn't wonder if I dreamed of you  
 to-night.

CHOLLY—Ah, how delightful of you!  
 AMY—Yes. I have eaten so much mince pie that I fully  
 expect to have some terrible nightmare.

*THE COMMERCIAL MUSE.*

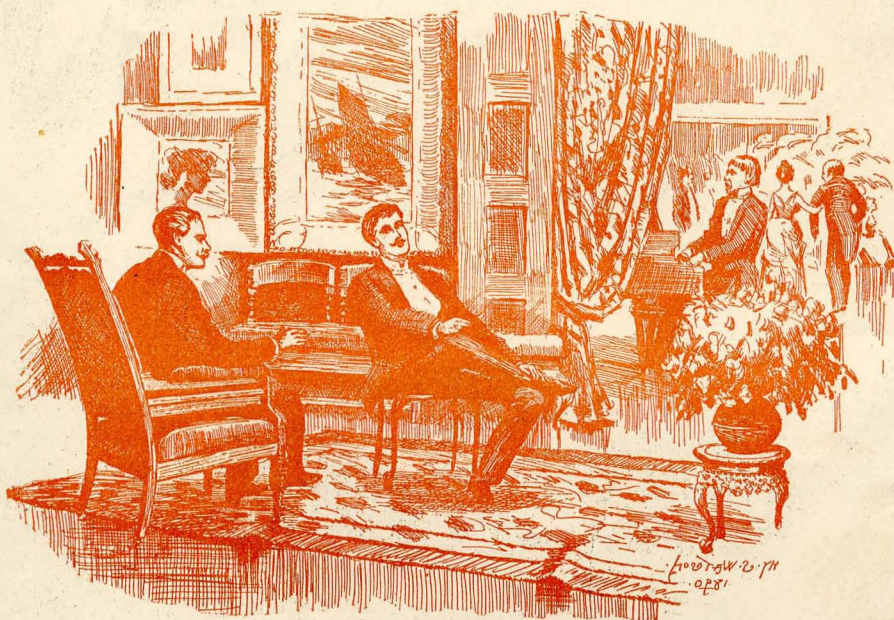
(This poem will appear in all the leading magazines at a cost  
 of \$300 a page).

From that dark land where banks of crystal snow  
 Are swept by blasts from out the Borean cave,  
 To that fair country where the palm trees know  
 The soothing breath from off the sun-kissed wave;  
 From palace halls, by heaven's great bounty blessed,  
 To humble cot, where grim-faced toil was born,  
 Glad pæons rise, and glad hearts fill the breast  
 Of those who wake this joyous Christmas morn.

\* \* \*

But don't forget, in thoughts of gift and giver,  
 That Searchem's pills will regulate your liver.

H. L. W.



*NOTHING NEW.*

MOQUE—Seems to be a new strain Yellah is singing.  
 SNARL—Oh, no; he always strains like that when he sings.

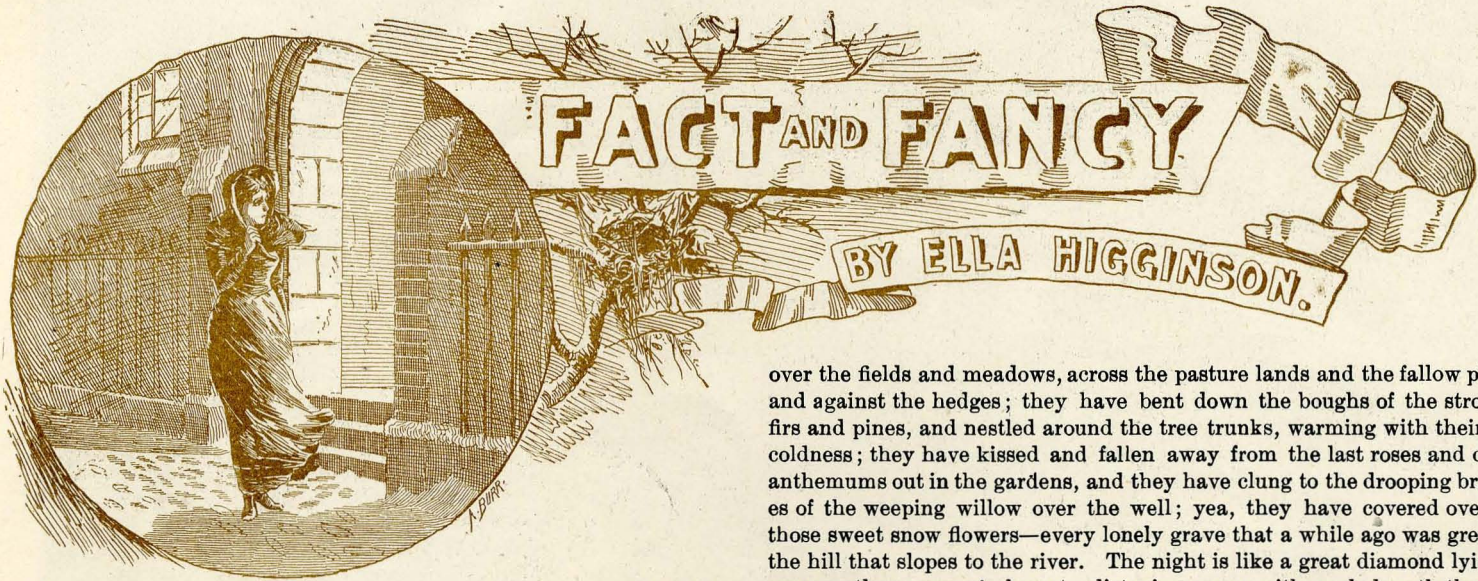


*West Shore*



CHRISTMAS EVE, A REMINISCENCE OF PIONEER DAYS IN THE NORTHWEST.





## CHRISTMAS EVE.

My footsteps crisp along the frozen snow,  
 And horses toss out nostrilfuls of gold;  
 The very stillness seems to reek with cold,  
 While shivering travelers hurry to and fro.  
 Pale stars glance from the violet sky—and slow  
 Comes the vibrating moon, flaming and bold;  
 Christ's holy night sinks downward, fold on fold.  
 I feel the great world's pulses thrill—and oh!  
 Listen! I hear its sad heart beat, beat, beat.  
 Here in this chapel merry children sing;  
 Hearth fires leap red in homes; and glad and sweet,  
 The Christmas bells of earth and heaven ring:  
 "Peace and good cheer" to all—save me alone,  
 Who know no peace because of one lost tone.

The opal is love, and the pure, flaming, unquenchable light that trembles in its heart is passion. Tell me—who is so passionless, so lost to an appreciation of the highest beauty, that he could desire the opal without that pure flame burning in its heart.

I have had a good deal to say in these pages to the young and the frivolous and the vain; and now I shall have my little say—whether they like it or not—to the old and the sad and the melancholy ones of the earth. If you have a grave in your heart, for heaven's sake don't weep over it at Christmas time; or, if you must, then lock yourself in your room where no one may see you. Do not be the death's-head at the feast. This should be a time of peace and good cheer, and because you chance to be old and sorrowful, do not try to lay the black cloak of your grief upon the shoulders of happy people. Once I was at a dinner party where the old and the young were gathered together, and we were merry and light-hearted, indeed, until, suddenly, one old, white-haired man assumed the most God-forsaken expression I ever saw, and said, in a solemn, grave-yard kind of tone: "Dear! dear! I have just had a presentiment that we will never gather together in this way again! I feel that something awful is going to occur." And, indeed, the "awful something" had already occurred—the croaker had opened his horrible mouth and croaked; the death's-head had grinned and the skeleton's bones had rattled at our feast, and all the cheer and jollity had fled, affrighted. What chills of horror danced up and down our backs, and what scared glances flashed from one face to another! Somebody must surely die before another year had rolled round. Which one would it be—the golden-curl'd child at my side, the strong, brave father opposite, the gentle mother, or would it be I? I do not mind confessing that I entertained a wicked, and rather vicious, hope that it would be the croaker himself. Each heart has its own bitterness, and old sorrows, I know, rise up with sadder eyes at Christmas than at any other time; but if, when the bells ring soft and glad on that sacred morn, you can think of nothing but the graves beneath the snow, do not mar the joys of others by letting the shadows of that old grief fall upon them, too. There is beauty even in grief when it is unselfish.

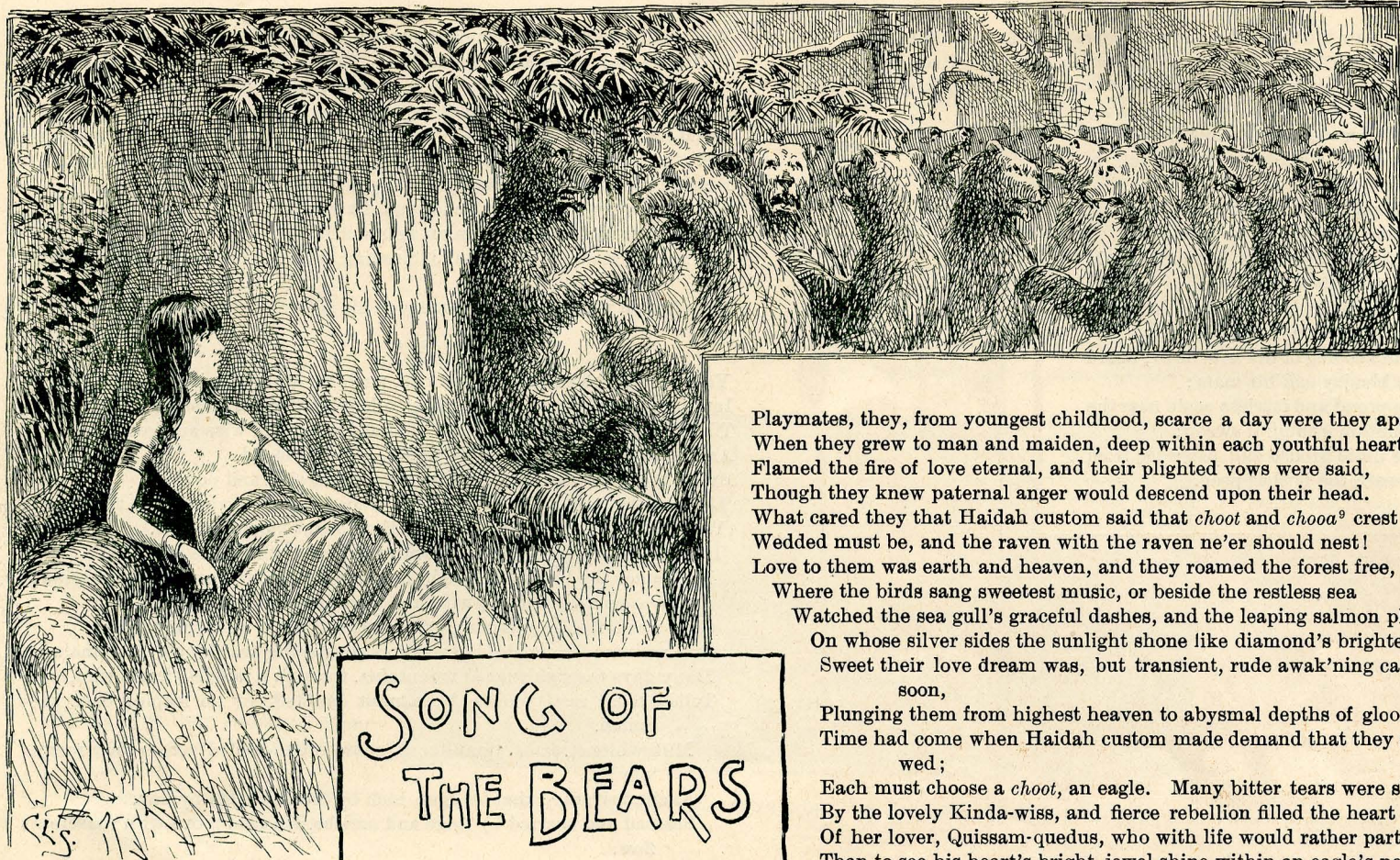
Christmas eve. Outside the night is clear and cold, with a great moon swinging adown the sky and all God's silver eyes watching, watching. The whole day long heaven's white snow blossoms have fallen—sadly and ceaselessly, like the tears of women—and piled themselves into soft banks

over the fields and meadows, across the pasture lands and the fallow places, and against the hedges; they have bent down the boughs of the strongest firs and pines, and nestled around the tree trunks, warming with their very coldness; they have kissed and fallen away from the last roses and chrysanthemums out in the gardens, and they have clung to the drooping branches of the weeping willow over the well; yea, they have covered over—all those sweet snow flowers—every lonely grave that a while ago was green on the hill that slopes to the river. The night is like a great diamond lying on some restless woman's breast, glistening anew with each breath that flutters from her lips; but the night's breath is colder and crueler than was ever the breath of woman, and its heart beats with varied passions, too strong and lion-like to be controlled. Past my window the footsteps go, this way and that way—the footsteps of the countless people who live in my world, and who know the same hopes, ambitions, loves, failures, sins—footsteps of the old and the young, the gay and the lonely, the happy and the sorrowful, the eager and the hopeless. Ah, me! you can read every soul if you only listen to the steps that go past your window. And how they crisp to-night as they press the sparkling snow! And oh! how some of them falter and stumble for the need of a strong hand to guide them—and how often do you and I reach out that hand? I wonder if they haunt you to-night as they go past. They haunt me, for with them are mingled the footsteps of many who are dead, and to whom I might have reached a helping hand. I hear them more plainly than any others. Dead, sorrowful eyes look at me, too, from out the past. Is there not one dead to whom you, also, might have been more kind and tender? Heigho! my room has grown dim and shadowy and the fire is low. The rest of the house is bright and ringing with Christmas cheer; but you and I, love, we will stay here in this quiet place together. Have not all our Christmas eves been so spent, just we two, alone and happy in our great love, heeding not and caring not for the passionate, foolish world about us? Do you remember, dear, how one dull Christmas we were separated, and you wrote me that you leaned out your window in the midnight with the snow falling upon your brow and listened to the glad, soft bells while you thought of me? Come closer, dear heart! Somehow, to-night I seem to want you so—I seem to need you so—my very heart aches to have you closer. It is almost as if I knew you could not come; but you can, love. Come closer—closer yet—



kneel down beside me as you used to do, and lay your cool fingers upon mine and lean your cheek on my breast—it is only so that I understand heaven. Do you remember that your gift to me was always a bunch of white flowers, and how once you could find only one pale rosebud? How I loved you! How I do love you—kind heaven! I have been dreaming, alone in the dark. I have been living again the past, and I had forgot that the snow blossoms are white on your grave, too, this night.





## SONG OF THE BEARS

In the distant North Pacific, near Alaska's rocky strand,  
Lie the islands of Queen Charlotte,<sup>1</sup> like oases in the sand.  
Green those islands are in spring time, green in summer and in fall,  
Greener yet thro' the long winter, when night's shadow, like a pall,  
Hangs above them, and the rain clouds, hovering ceaseless night and day,  
Bathe the land of Haidah with the waters sweet from far Cathay.<sup>2</sup>  
Giant cedars crown the mountains, from whose trunks the Indian forms  
War canoes that ride the ocean and defy the fiercest storms;  
Totem sticks that stand as witness to the crest that marks his line,  
And a hundred queer utensils, carved with many a rare design.  
With his line of strongest sinew and his hook of fashioned bone,  
Once he caught the dark-hued codfish,<sup>3</sup> made the halibut his own;  
With his arrow slew the grizzly, lordly elk and timid deer;  
Often met in deadly conflict foes the bravest well might fear.  
Years have run into the ages since the Haidah in his pride,  
Bravest scion of the Mongol,<sup>4</sup> ruled this region far and wide;  
Now he numbers scarce a hundred, and when years shall count a score,  
Grassy vales of green Queen Charlotte shall his footsteps feel no more.  
In his war canoe of cedar, with its high and carved prow,  
Rides he yet upon the billows, twenty men<sup>5</sup> from stern to bow;  
Twenty long, flat-bladed paddles perfect time to music keep,  
As the twenty Haidah voices roll the bear song o'er the deep.  
Weird that song is, strange its words are,<sup>6</sup> for no white man ever heard  
Language spoken like the bear song, tongue without a written word.  
Where it came from, what its meaning, ancient legend faintly tells;  
Thus the tale, by one related who among the Haidahs dwells.

Many years ago, so many that no language can convey,  
When the fierce and fearless grizzly walked and talked in human way,<sup>7</sup>  
Lived a youth named Quissam-qedus, strong and brave, before whose door  
Stood a carved pole of cedar,<sup>8</sup> which a sombre raven bore.  
Near him lived sweet Kinda-wiss, a daughter of a mighty chief,  
O'er whose high, ancestral totem perched a *chooa* in relief.

NOTE 1—Queen Charlotte islands are three in number, having a length of 156 miles, and are the extreme northwestern portion of British Columbia, lying just south of the lower extremity of Alaska. They were discovered by Juan Perez, a Spanish navigator, in 1774, but were explored and named eighteen years later by Captain George Vancouver, the English explorer.

NOTE 2—Japan is supposed to be the wonderful land of Cathay, spoken of by Marco Polo. The warm Japan current, called *Kuro siwa*, flows northward to the Aleutian islands and is then deflected to the southeastward, passing down the coast of America, giving it the mild winter climate for which it is famous. Winter in the Queen Charlotte islands is a season of continuous warm rain, making luxuriant vegetation, a wonderful

Playmates, they, from youngest childhood, scarce a day were they apart;  
When they grew to man and maiden, deep within each youthful heart  
Flamed the fire of love eternal, and their plighted vows were said,  
Though they knew paternal anger would descend upon their head.  
What cared they that Haidah custom said that *choot* and *chooa*<sup>9</sup> crest  
Wedded must be, and the raven with the raven ne'er should nest!  
Love to them was earth and heaven, and they roamed the forest free,  
Where the birds sang sweetest music, or beside the restless sea

Watched the sea gull's graceful dashes, and the leaping salmon play,  
On whose silver sides the sunlight shone like diamond's brightest ray.  
Sweet their love dream was, but transient, rude awak'ning came too

soon,

Plunging them from highest heaven to abysmal depths of gloom.  
Time had come when Haidah custom made demand that they should

wed;

Each must choose a *choot*, an eagle. Many bitter tears were shed  
By the lovely Kinda-wiss, and fierce rebellion filled the heart  
Of her lover, Quissam-qedus, who with life would rather part  
Than to see his heart's bright jewel shine within an eagle's nest.  
So, one day, in desperation, holding love above the rest

Of all earthly thoughts or duties, fled they to the forest drear,  
Far beyond the reach of kindred, where no human eye nor ear  
Could discover their retreat, or Haidah foot had ever been.

Far upon a rugged mountain, in a lovely, grassy glen,  
By a crystal stream of water, 'neath a spruce tree's spreading boughs,  
Built they love's enchanted dwelling, pledged anew eternal vows.  
Such a life as fabled Eden saw before the tempter came  
Lived these truants, fanning gently love's bright, sacrificial flame.  
Mountains, valleys, far off ocean, lay within their sweeping gaze,



"TWENTY LONG, FLAT-BLADED PADDLES PERFECT TIME TO MUSIC KEEP."

contrast with the snow and ice of Labrador, which lies in the same latitude on the Atlantic coast. Owing to the humid atmosphere the forests of cedar and fir are extremely dense, and the trees are of monster proportions.

NOTE 3—Off the islands are fishing banks where is found a fish somewhat similar to the cod, which has been given the name of "black cod," because of its extremely dark flesh. It is a fine substitute for the true cod and is being caught and cured for market. The Haidahs were very skillful in fashioning hooks, spears and other implements of bone for fishing and hunting, and used them with great skill until the implements and weapons of the white man supplanted them. They even caught 400-pound halibut with their bone hooks.



And they saw the hand of nature wonders work in countless ways ;  
Saw the spring become a streamlet, then to brook and river grow,  
Saw the flowers of warmest summer bloom by lingering banks of snow ;  
Saw at morn the sun's bright fingers tip  
with light the mountain's crest,  
And at eve his flaming chariot roll in  
splendor down the west ;  
Saw the playful squirrel and chipmunk  
gather in their winter's store ;  
Heard the flitting yellow hammer knock-  
ing at his dead tree door ;  
Saw the startled white-tailed rabbit scam-  
per through his brushy gate ;  
Heard the cooing of the wild dove ; heard  
the bluejay call his mate ;  
Saw the proud and fearless eagle near the  
mountain's summit sweep ;  
Saw the timid grouse and partridge from  
beneath the bushes peep.



"TOTEM STICKS THAT STAND AS WITNESS TO THE CREST THAT MARKS HIS LINE."

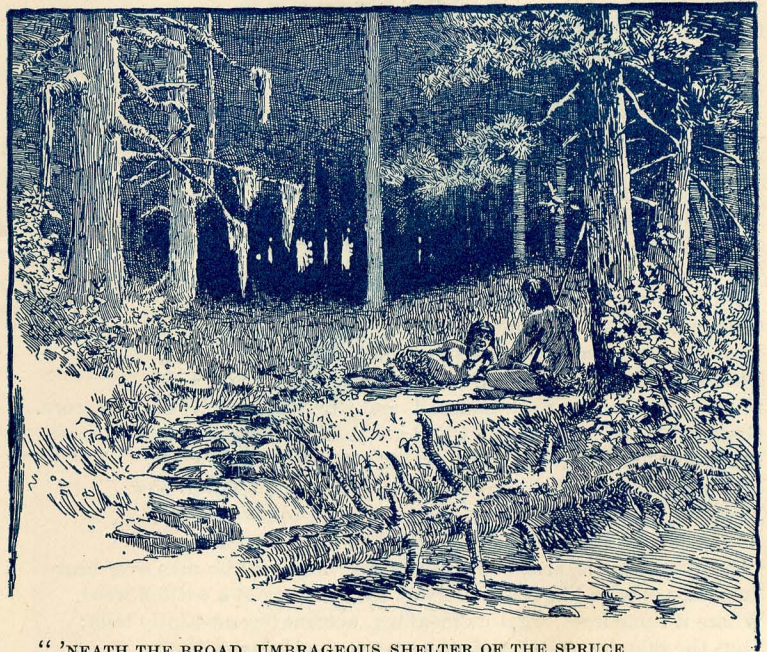
Little cared they for what nature had thus spread before their eyes ;  
Lived they solely for each other ; found their exile paradise.  
Aimless wandering thro' the forest, loving hand clasped close in hand,  
Or on couch of fragrant cedar, by the mountain breezes fanned,  
'Neath the broad, umbrageous shelter of the spruce boughs drooping low,  
Found they joy and sweet contentment that true lovers only know.  
With his bow he slew the wild deer, and from out the shaded brook  
Caught the trout, so brightly speckled, with a rudely fashioned hook ;  
Trapped the grouse with wild vine meshes, woven by the fair maid's hand ;  
Kept at bay the wolf and cougar with his fire and flaming brand.<sup>10</sup>  
Thus the summer passed, but winter's chill and icy breath drew near,  
Filling the bold Quissam-qedus with an agony of fear.  
Then the brave youth sought the village, leaving Kinda-wiss alone,  
Who less feared the gloomy forest than her father's angry tone.  
Two days only was the lover to be absent from her side,  
Two days only were the cravings of their hearts to be denied ;  
But, alas for human planning, their sad parting was for years,  
Years of sorrow and distraction and of agony and tears.  
Quissam-qedus was made welcome as one risen from the dead.  
When 'twas known the absent maiden had been with him, on his head  
Fell the wrath of stern-faced parents, who, to force the maid's return,  
Kept the youth in close confinement ; but, at last, in much concern  
At the maiden's lengthened absence, they released him, and again  
Deep he plunged into the forest, sought the bower in the glen.  
Crimson shafts the sinking sun now cast athwart the glowing sky,  
As in anxious haste the lover to the trysting place drew nigh ;  
But no maiden ran to meet him, no loved voice made glad reply

NOTE 4—The origin of the tribes on the northwestern coast of America is a matter of much fruitless speculation. It is generally believed that they are of Mongolian ancestry, and reached their present home by way of Siberia and Alaska, or were driven by storms or followed the Japan current in their primitive vessels and were unable to return. The Haidah tribe, occupying the Queen Charlotte islands, possess a greater resemblance to the Chinese than the others, and have a much lighter skin. They were far more skillful in carving, manufactures, etc., than the tribes occupying the mainland when the first navigators found them, and are believed to have been much later arrivals from China than the others. The great superiority of the Haidahs and Nootkas, on the west coast of Vancouver island, was noticed by all the early explorers and fur traders.

When he called, and only mountains echoed back his anguished cry :  
"Kinda-wiss! Oh speak, my darling! It is I, be not afraid!"  
Sighed the cold winds in the tree tops, ran a young deer through the glade ;  
But no answer from his loved one soothed his longing, not a trace  
Could he find, though long he wandered, searched in each familiar place.  
O'er the mountains, through the forest, day and night he wandered on,  
Fearing not the savage cougar, heeding not the thunder's tone,  
Scanning every copse and thicket that his weary feet drew near,  
Calling ever for his lost one in an agony of fear ;  
Till, at last, starved, bruised and bleeding, with both strength and courage  
gone,  
He returned with hopeless footsteps to his father's house, alone.

\* \* \*

Year by year he sought the lost one, pushing his determined quest  
Into far and unknown regions that no Haidah foot had pressed ;  
Till, one day, he met a shamin,<sup>11</sup> old and wrinkled, wise and good,  
And related his sad story in a gloomy, hopeless mood.  
By his magic art the shamin, with mysterious skill and pow'r,  
Learned the fate of Kinda-wiss, and traced her wand'rings from the hour  
When she parted from her lover in the distant mountain glen.  
In a tree house she was living, with the bears, where she had been  
Ever since the bear king caught her, and had made her queen and bride ;  
And two sons were living with her, never absent from her side.  
Glad was faithful Quissam-qedus ; his sad heart was light again ;  
And with two brave Haidah warriors sought the bear king's far domain.  
Many days through rugged mountains, through a tangled forest wild,  
Toiled these rash youths, by naught daunted, by no leaping deer be-  
guiled.  
Milk white streams, tumultuous, snow-born, dashed across their rocky  
way ;  
Ancient rivers,<sup>12</sup> that for ages, inch by inch and day by day,  
Seamed and scarred by ridge and crevice, seaward move with ceaseless  
flow,  
There to join, 'mid peals of thunder, vast armadas of the snow,  
Sailing westward, slowly sinking, vanishing beyond recall,  
Stood athwart their narrow pathway, like the Mongol's Tartar wall.



"'NEATH THE BROAD, UMBRAGEOUS SHELTER OF THE SPRUCE BOUGHS DROOPING LOW."

In the canyon's deep defile the snow in drifted masses lay,  
Gathered there through the dark winter, while in summer scarce a ray  
Of the transient sunlight glinted on the canyon's rocky side.  
Yet the lover struggled onward, thinking ever of the bride  
Who had from his loving bosom by the grizzly king been torn,  
And into this icy region by her ruthless captor borne.

NOTE 5—The war canoe is hollowed out of the trunk of a giant cedar, and in the hands of a skilled crew of natives is a safe craft to navigate very rough waters. The Indians often go as far south as Puget sound in them, a distance of 1,000 miles. They are very large and hold twenty men easily.

NOTE 6—Even the Haidahs themselves do not know the meaning of the words in the bear song. They are unlike any known language of the present day, and may be the only, and meaningless link, that connects them with a remote ancestry.

NOTE 7—An idea that appears prominent in the traditions of nearly every tribe on the Pacific coast is that the grizzly bear was once human, or, that in the youthful days of the world the bear and the Indian lived on an equality, or, that the grizzly was one of the pro-





"TILL, AT LAST, HE MET A SHAMIN."

Thirty days they journeyed eastward, till, at last, their eyes desried

The huge cedar where the bear king kept his captive Haidah bride.

Fortune smiled upon their mission, for the bears had hunting gone, Leaving Kinda-wiss and children in the cedar house alone. From the tree she quick descended when she heard the Haidah voice, For the language of her girlhood made her caloused heart rejoice; And her lover's gentle accents woke emotions in her breast, As with tenderness he gently told the story of his quest; Told her how no Haidah maiden, with the eyes of gentle dove, Had been able yet to win him from the mem'ry of his love. Flamed anew love's holy passion in the bear queen's breast; again Quissam-qedus clasped his loved one, as within the mountain glen He had held her to his bosom, while the murmur of the stream Had been music, sweetly soothing, like the music of a dream. Then with Kinda-wiss and children they made haste towards the land Where Pacific's restless waters beat upon Queen Charlotte's strand. As they journeyed through the forest, crossed high mountains, forded streams, Pressing ever to the westward, where the sun god sinks in dreams On the bosom of the ocean, on a couch of burnished gold,<sup>13</sup> Kinda-wiss her sad adventures to her brave companions told.

\* \* \*

On the day when her young lover was to meet her in the vale, She had ventured down the mountain, and soon lost the narrow trail. Now she realized her folly, and her footsteps turned again Up the rugged steep above her, hoping thus to reach the glen, Where the happy days of summer with her lover she had passed; But she wandered till exhausted by her struggles, and at last, In despair, fell forward, prostrate, mid the tangled vines and brush,<sup>14</sup> With all hope fled from her bosom. Softly now the twilight hush Settled down upon the forest, and the gathering shades of night Spread a sable mantle o'er her. Thus she lay until the light Of the breaking morn the warblers of the forest woke to song. Then a sunbeam touched her forehead, as it felt its way along Through the interlacing branches of the salal bush<sup>15</sup> and vine, Turned to amber and to scarlet, like the hue of crimson wine, By the gentle hand of Autumn. Slowly opened then her eyes. O'er her head a huge gray squirrel, looking down in mute surprise,

genitors of the Indians. This legend is especially marked among the Indians living about the base of Mount Shasta, where they believe the king of the grizzlies married the daughter of the Great Spirit, and thus became the Adam and Eve of the Shastas. In the Haidah legend here related the same idea is brought out. It is probable that the Indians have ascribed human attributes to the grizzly because he is the only animal for whose physical courage they have profound respect. By claiming him for an ancestor they can also claim to possess those qualities they so much admire. The tribes possessing these traditions are averse to slaying the grizzly, though they seem to have somewhat recovered from this feeling in later years. It is probable this aversion, like their ideas of the superior nature of animal, grew out of his prowess in battle and their fear to encounter him with the bow

Swept away the happy love dream that had made her slumbers sweet, And in agony of terror quick she sprung upon her feet, Shouting "Quissam, Quissam-qedus! Oh my darling, are you here!" Then her quick ears caught a rustling in the thimble bushes near, And she turned with expectation, when a figure met her sight, That made words of warmest welcome freeze upon her lips. In fright She sank down upon the fern leaves, her sweet eyes by terror dimmed, For the king of the fierce grizzlies, shaggy haired and giant limbed, Stood before her, eight feet tall from claw-filled foot to grizzled head. Gently came the monster forward, and in soothing accents said: "Fear me not, Oh, sweetest maiden, Haidah's fairest budding flower, You shall wed the king of grizzlies, and from this, my happiest hour, Reign as queen above ten thousand valiant bears that own my sway, And your slightest wish or summons least and greatest shall obey."

Speaking thus, the bear king gently took the trembling maiden's hand;

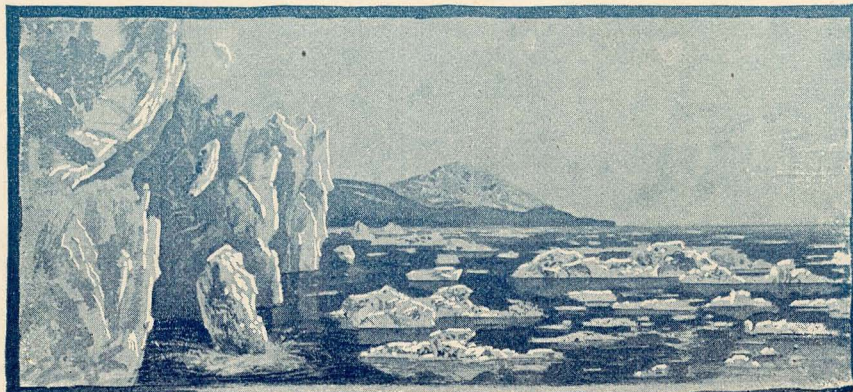
Led her, sobbing, down the mountain, toward the grizzlies' distant land.

Many days they journeyed slowly; but, at last, they reached the tree

Where the ursine monarch lived; and then he issued his decree,

That sweet Kinda-wiss should ever receive homage from the bears.

In a giant hollow cedar, only reached by outer stairs,



"THERE TO JOIN, 'MID PEALS OF THUNDER, VAST ARMADAS OF THE SNOW."



"KING OF THE FIERCE GRIZZLIES, SHAGGY-HAIRED AND GIANT LIMBED."

Lived the bear king and his captive. When her little boy was born, In her heart the mother passion healed the rents that had been torn By the loss of her young lover, and when the last baby came Haidah land and Haidah lover were to her but empty name

and arrow, and that the abandonment of their former scruples on the subject is caused more by the substitution of the rifle for that inferior weapon than any relaxation of their religious ideas. Nor are the Indians alone in their admiration of the bravery and prowess of the grizzly bear, for the flag of the first Americans who sought to conquer California from the Mexicans bore a grizzly for its device, and the bear afterwards became the distinctive figure in the state seal.

NOTE 8—The Haidah tribe is divided into various general families, each of which has a crest to designate it, such as the eagle, or *choot*, and the raven, or *chooa*. Before the door of each house stands a pole with the lineage of the family carved upon it in the form of a blending of all the figures representing the different crests combined in the descent



For the joys of youth forgotten, or the essence of a dream—  
So the mother love makes other joys a fleeting vision seem.  
A sweet song her royal husband made in honor of his bride,  
And the bears, to do her honor, often gathered by her side,  
Singing softly the weird music, that had pow'r to win her heart,  
Like the chantment of the siren or the spell of magic art.

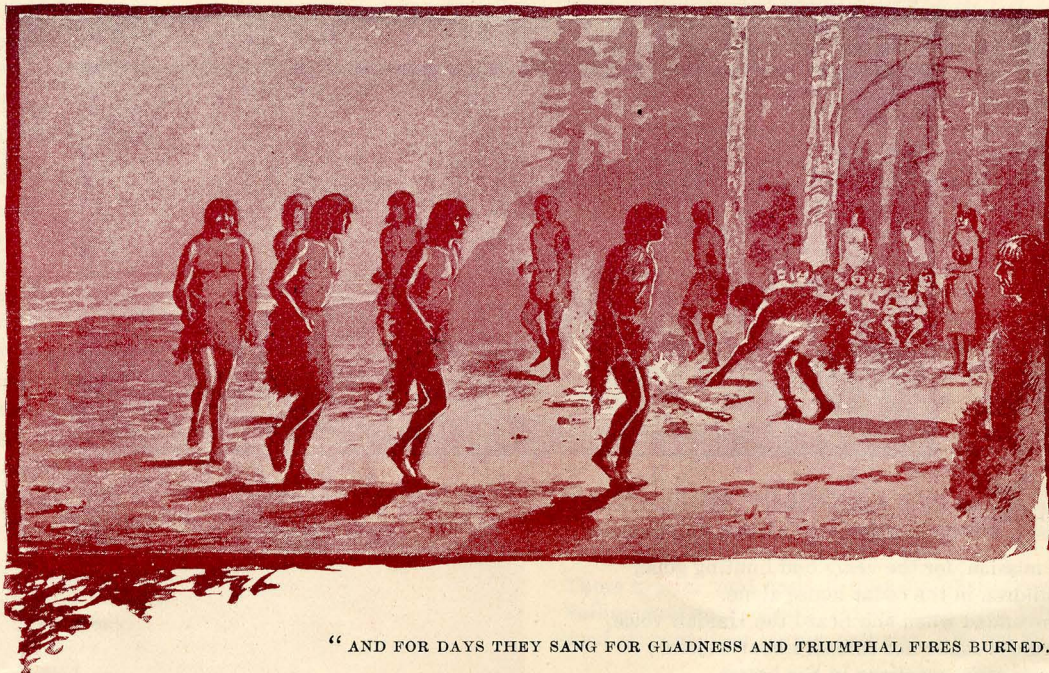
\* \* \*

Great rejoicing made the Haidahs when sweet Kinda-wiss returned,  
And for days they sang for gladness, and triumphal fires burned.  
Then with public pomp and splendor Quissam-qedus took his queen,

And a *chooa* carved in cedar by their cabin door was seen.  
Soon the music of the bear song all the Haidahs learned to sing.  
With its strains a thousand voices made Queen Charlotte's forests ring,  
As their arrows slew the wild deer on the hill or in the vale,  
Or they sang it on the ocean as they chased the mighty whale.

Till the last of Haidah nation has descended to his grave,  
From the war canoe the bear song shall go rolling o'er the wave.

HARRY L. WELLS.



"AND FOR DAYS THEY SANG FOR GLADNESS AND TRIUMPHAL FIRES BURNED."

of the mother, for descent is in the female line, the figure of the ruling crest being at the top of the pole. Totem sticks and crests have been found among the Indians of various tribes from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Cooper speaks of them often, and Longfellow, also, in his "Song of Hiawatha." The Indians of Alaska and British Columbia are quite skillful in carving in cedar, making a multitude of odd devices; but the Haidahs surpass them, as they carve small ancestral columns in stone in a most beautiful style. One of these carved stone totems is worth \$25 in Victoria, the only place where they can be purchased.

NOTE 9—It is against the laws of the Haidahs for two persons of the same crest to marry, even though there be no near relationship between them. As the lovers in the legend were both of the *chooa*, or raven, crest, they were ineligible for marriage with each other.

NOTE 10—The fear wild animals have of fire is well known among the frontiersmen, and this knowledge has saved the life of many a trapper, hunter or wanderer in the mountains. By building a circle of small fires and remaining within them, one is safe from savage animals, even though they prowl about all night just beyond the glare of the light, giving vent at intervals to their savage disappointment. A flaming brand thrown at one of them is productive of far better results than a rifle shot.

NOTE 11—The shamin is the medicine man of the Haidahs and other northwestern tribes, and is believed to possess wonderful magic powers. He fosters a belief in witchcraft to maintain his power over others, and when he is unable by his incantations to cure a patient, he selects some friendless person among the Indians and pretends by his spells to discover him to be a witch that is making the patient sick. The poor wretch is then tortured in a most inhuman manner, often losing his life in the ordeals he is compelled to undergo. This practice is being rapidly broken up where the white influence is strong enough to make itself felt.

NOTE 12—The mighty glacial rivers of Alaska and Northern British Columbia are objects of great wonder and curiosity to the thousands of tourists who now visit the "Land of the Midnight Sun" every year. The great Muir and Davidson glaciers are the ones most commonly visited. These streams of solid ice, between great rocky walls, move constantly downward, presenting a high bluff of green ice to the action of the waves where they meet the ocean. As the bluffs become undermined, and being pushed forward by the moving ice behind, huge pieces break off with a loud report like the discharge of artillery, falling into the water, which is thrown high into the air, and creating huge waves that threaten destruction to all small boats in the vicinity, and cause steamers anchored near to roll as though struck by a tidal wave. These pieces of glaciers, like great, white ships, "vast armadas of the snow," fill the bay into which the glaciers flow and float away to become the icebergs encountered in the open ocean. The surface of the glaciers is covered with hummocks and is seamed and scarred with vast crevasses, and is very difficult and dangerous to cross, forming even a more serious obstacle to such a journey as that taken by the venturesome Haidahs in the legend than even the snow-blockaded mountain canyons.

NOTE 13—The sunsets of the Pacific are remarkably brilliant and beautiful, especially in this far northern region with its clear atmosphere. Particularly is this so where the ocean is dotted with islands that serve to heighten the effect. The following inimitable description of a sunset on Puget sound is from the gifted pen of Ella Higginson:

"Every land may occasionally have a gorgeous sunset; but think—only think!—of a land where each evening from six o'clock until ten in summer and from four to six in the winter the whole western sky and the sea that dances beneath are one flaming, tremulous,

dazzling glow of blended and blending gold, purple, scarlet, orange, green, blue, opal and pearl—shifting, fading, melting, burning, until one's breath almost fails in a very ecstasy of admiration of it! Column on column of amethyst and pearl pile up and stand toppling, ready to fall, in the clouds; and in the far distance of the rainbow tinted tunnel one sees the sun—one great wheel of flaming gold—lay his trembling rim upon the low purple line of the hill whereon tall, graceful fir trees reach upward quiet arms until each fine, spicy needle stands out, clear and delicate, against that luminous background. And many and many a time while the west is lit with sunset fires, into the clear, blue east rises slowly the harvest moon—silver and cool and large—whitening and softening everything before her. Sometimes, too, when there is a mist brooding upon the bosom of these blue waters, all the tinted sun and cloud rays sinking through it touch it to life and vivid color, till it seems one vast distance of trembling thistle-down, blown this way and that by the strong, salt, sea winds. I have seen the laborer, toiling with bared breast and swelling muscles at the huge walls of rock cliffs with pick and mallet, pause and turn wondering, wistful eyes across the sparkling waves to the glory of the dying day; I have seen the true artist stand with dim eye and hushed breath—speechless—awed into insignificance before the painting God has swung before his children. Here is a painting traced on heaven, such as no man can copy and no man can buy. The veriest beggar that crawls on the earth may drink in the glory of this scene, side by side with the king, if he only has the simple love of beauty and of nature's God in his heart. It is free—free—for the gold of earth can not buy the gold of heaven."

NOTE 14—So dense is the growth of timber in the Coast mountains, and so deeply is the ground covered with the decaying trunks of fallen trees, over which runs a tangled mass of vines, and about which is a thick growth of giant ferns, that even a skilled woodsman has great difficulty in making his way through it. The slightest deviation from the trail in such a forest is sufficient to hopelessly confuse one not accustomed to traveling through it, and one feels as completely lost when a hundred feet from the trail as he would were he a mile away. Barriers of fallen timber, ambushed by vines and ferns, rise up to a height of twenty feet, the whole looking dark and formidable in the dim light that struggles through the dense foliage overhead. Added to the anxiety of having lost the trail in the depressing gloom of the forest is the natural dread of unknown dangers, so that one might well lose heart and throw himself down in despair when he had exhausted his physical strength in a vain effort to escape.

NOTE 15—Wild berries of many kinds grow in profusion in the mountains of the Pacific coast, especially in the north, owing to the quickness of the soil in maturing vegetation during the brief summer season in that region. Blackberries, raspberries, blueberries, whortleberries and wild grapes abound, the same as in other portions of the United States. The first two are in great profusion, their long, prickly vines covering the ground like network. There are, also, other berries not so well known elsewhere, such as thimbleberry, salmonberry, salalberry and deerberry, all of which are highly prized by wild animals, especially the bear, who is perfectly happy in a salal thicket or a cluster of salmonberry bushes. The salalberry is about the size and color of a wild grape, and grows upon a bush. The salmonberry somewhat resembles a small raspberry, except that it is a light salmon color. It has a pleasant, acid flavor. The thimbleberry grows upon a bush with large, maple-shaped leaves, and derives its name from the resemblance of the berry to the shape of a thimble. Like the salmonberry, it is of the raspberry species, and is of a dark red color and very pleasant to the taste. The deerberry is of the blueberry family. Tourists to Alaska find the long rows of Indian women sitting in the streets with baskets of berries for sale one of the most interesting and picturesque sights they witness.



## MRS. WILTON'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

"Your Aunt Floy is dead; I do wonder if she made a will!" were the first words Mrs. Selma Gaylord uttered on reading the telegram telling of her sister's death. "It's a long way to California, and if she has given that girl everything I can not afford to make the trip." But she went, accompanied by her son, Lucius—"Lute," as he was called.

"She did die without a will," the lawyer of the deceased told her. "She had spoken about it several times of late, saying she wanted her daughter to have everything."

"Her daughter!" sneered Mrs. Gaylord, "she had none."

"Had none?" repeated the lawyer, "I do not understand; isn't Miss Rose—"

"No, sir, Rose is not her child, not even by adoption. She just took her."

Lawyer Rodgers looked incredulous, and half an hour later, when the lady had taken her leave, exceedingly disturbed. A full hour he and his son—and partner—Reece Rodgers, were closeted together that afternoon, and when the latter emerged from the conference he was pale and trembling. "Rose, my own darling!" he murmured, brokenly.

It was on Christmas morning, in the "land of the sunset," that beautiful Rose Wilton, standing beside the deathbed of Mrs. Gaylord's sister, had cried out in bitter grief:

"Mother, mother! speak to me! only speak to your Rose once more!"

Vainly the woman had essayed to speak or move; hand and tongue were paralyzed. Evidently there was something she much wished to say; and thus she died. In pitiful longing for sympathy, Rose Wilton turned to her aunt upon her arrival, but failed to find it.

Some business detained young Gaylord in San Francisco until his mother had been at the Villa—as the Wiltons' beautiful Oakland home was called—for three days. The morning after his arrival Mrs. Gaylord made much the same communication to Rose that she had the day before made to Lawyer Rodgers. The poor girl had fainted outright, rousing Lute to say something sharp to his mother about "cold-blooded heartlessness."

Upon regaining consciousness Rose locked herself in her room, and in the morning, when one of the old servants went to carry her some breakfast, he found her gone. There was a tiny, tear-stained note bidding them take possession. "The poor Norse outcast will never bother you again," it concluded.

Lute was furious. Already his infatuation for the lovely girl had determined him to win her and re-instate her in the house she had so long adorned. His remarks to his mother were not quite filial, and he immediately availed himself of every means of tracing the fugitive.

The news fell like a second thunderbolt upon her affianced husband, Reece Rodgers, and in consequence he fell ill of brain fever. As there seemed to be no will, the vast Wilton property passed into the hands of the courts, and Mrs. Gaylord returned home, stormily declaring that not one cent should ever go to her son if he found and married that "low creature." Meanwhile, Lute sought his fair cousin in city and hamlet with untiring, romantic ardor; but in vain. Three months elapsed, and completely discouraged, he was giving up the search, when a chance acquaintance told him of a young lady whom he had met at the home of a friend in San Francisco.

"She looks like the picture you have, and is teaching music to my friend's children," he said. Further, he agreed to introduce him at the house. It was all arranged that Lute should see the girl without being seen by her.

"She gives her name as Mary Wilson," the lady told him.

The moment his eye rested upon her he nodded to his hostess. "It is she," he whispered later, and when the young teacher arose from the piano she found herself face to face with young Gaylord. She knew him in an instant, and with a mocking bow swept past him. Not prepared for such a reception he stupidly let her pass, nor collected himself until it was too late to bar her way.

"When she comes next Friday you may have better success," said the lady, to whom he had frankly told the whole truth.

Anxiously he awaited the lesson hour on Friday morning. It came, but no music teacher, nor did she appear the next Tuesday.

"I must find her!" Lute declared, more determined than ever. He now made a business of walking the streets for many blocks around the house of his new acquaintance. He even called in the services of the

police to aid him. One morning one of the latter informed him he had seen a girl strongly resembling the photograph Gaylord had shown him, going in at the basement door of a residence on his beat. The next day he reported seeing her again and was sure it was the same face. Gaylord determined to call upon the lady of the house.

"Give my card to your mistress and tell her my business is important, and that I must see her if possible."

"He looks a gentleman, ma'am," the girl reported up stairs, and the lady sent word she would see him.

Briefly he explained his errand.

"I have a new girl in the kitchen—a very pretty one, too—but she calls herself Annie Johnson," the lady said, quite interested in the little romance. "I will have her come up," she added, and a few minutes later a portiere parted admitting a blushing damsel in brown gingham.

"Rose!" exclaimed Lute, impetuously, starting toward her.

The girl looked at him with great, wondering, blue eyes, a faint smile curving the full, red lips.

"My name is Annie Johnson, sir," she said, with the inimitable music in her voice that had charmed so many men in the Wilton parlors.

"Now, my dear cousin, don't try any subterfuges, please. I don't care by what name you call yourself, you are still my cousin, Rose Wilton," Gaylord said, earnestly.

"My name is not Wilton and I am not your cousin," retorted the girl, somewhat angrily.

"And remember, Rose," he went on, without noticing, "I have sought you every waking hour for over three months, now—ever since that dreadful night we found you gone. Wait," he added,

as she was about to speak. "My mother did wrong, I know it and have told her so; but never mind, now. Come with me and you shall be as my sister Ellice."

"But, sir, I don't understand you. I never saw you before and don't know what you mean about your mother, or my having left one morning."

"Don't know what I mean? Come, Rose, stop this dreadful jesting, or whatever it is, and let us be going. I can insure you a welcome in New York, or, if you prefer to stay in Oakland, the Villa is at your disposal."

"You have made a mistake, sir," persisted the girl, "you have mistaken me for some one else."

Gaylord paced the floor restlessly until he thought of the photograph in his pocket. Taking it out he handed it to the hostess, saying:

"Who do you think is right? Can I be mistaken?"

The lady glanced from the pictured face to the real one. "Annie, I am sure the gentleman is right; two persons could not so closely resemble; indeed, I am sure this is your photograph. If I were you I would own the truth and go with my cousin. You may have been

wronged, but you will repent a revenge that sentences you to a life of labor. Your hands show that you have worked hard since you left your home. See the picture for yourself."

The girl looked pale and frightened as she took the card in her toil-stained hand. Something in her attitude and manner at the moment sent a chill over the young man. "She may not be Rose; she doesn't act like her; but she looks like her; it must be," he said, in an undertone.

"It looks like I might look fixed up in that way," she said, simply, a bewildered look bringing shadows into the beautiful eyes.

"You acknowledge it, then; you will come with me?" he asked, eagerly, the doubt of a moment before vanishing.

"I don't know you, I can not go."

"No, you and I had not met for years until the evening before my mother's unfortunate communication; but I had never forgotten you. You do not doubt my identity, surely, when you recognized me so readily at Mrs. Lane's, less than a fortnight ago."

"Mrs. Lane's?"

"Yes, when you arose from the piano."

"Piano! Why, I never sat at a piano in my life. I can sing the songs my mother taught me, that is all."

"Rose! Rose!"

"My name is Annie, sir."

"Annie here and Mary Wilson at Mrs. Lane's!"

"Mrs. Lane again! Oh, dear!" and then the blue eyes overflowed and the poor girl rushed weeping from the room. Profound silence reigned for a full half minute after her departure, and then Lute asked, anxiously:



"WITH A MOCKING BOW SHE SWEEPED PAST HIM."



"My dear madam, pray tell me what you think?" and he then told her the whole story. When he went away it was with the understanding that he would call again in the morning. Meanwhile the lady related the story to the girl, advising her to go with him. Vividly she portrayed the two paths in life now open before her. "I think," she concluded, "indeed, he as much as said it, that he will make you his wife at once if you will consent. Let me assure you it is love, not justice, that has made him spend months in seeking you out."

When Gaylord came next morning, this worldly-wise woman left the pair to themselves, and when Lute went away the girl blushing told her mistress that she had consented to marry the gentleman.

"I ain't the cousin he's talking about, but if he is willing to take a poor kitchen girl and give her a fine home, I am willing to go. It will be a great thing for me, having no home since mother died."

Ten days later Lute Gaylord and wife registered at the hotel just opposite the building in which Rodgers & Son had their offices. In the early evening, as Reece—the mere ghost of his former self—was riding down the street, he saw the young couple coming down the hotel steps, starting for a walk. As he caught a full view of the bride's face, he suddenly reined up his horse and ejaculated:

"Rose! Miss Wilton!"

Simultaneously the two gentlemen raised their hats, and Gaylord said, proudly: "My wife, Mrs. Gaylord, now;" and then he watched to see her recognize some old acquaintance; but she only stared blankly from one to the other.

At the introduction and entire want of recognition on the part of the lady, Reece grew suddenly dizzy and would have fallen out but for Lute, who caught the reins and steadied him.

"I am better, now," said Reece, faintly, holding out a shaking hand for the lines.

Mechanically the young husband watched him off, and turning to his wife, asked, almost sternly:

"Don't you know him?"

"No, I never saw him before."

"Oh, Rose!"

"I insist on your calling me Annie," she said, haughtily. "I have told you all the time that I am not your cousin Rose, and was never in Oakland before and know nobody here; but I am your wife, now, and you have to use me well."

Lute had another chill—he always had them when he got to wondering whether he had not made a sad mistake. Then there was another fear that was even worse. If this was Rose, the shock his mother had given her had affected her mind, and she was deranged on all matters relating to herself as Rose Wilton. When he spoke next he proposed that they walk toward the Villa. Surely the sight of the beautiful home would move her; and he determined to watch her closely. Very lovely she looked in her stylish suit of white flannel, but every few minutes there would be something in her manner or speech that made him uneasy. She seemed delighted with the Villa, but so far as he could detect there was not the faintest memory connected with it for her.

"And shall we live here?" she asked.

"Yes, but I shall pay rent until the estate is settled. Rose, don't you remember anything about the place?"

"Mr. Gaylord, don't ask me any of those hard questions again, please don't."

"Call me Lute, dear."

"Call me Annie, then."

After that they walked back in almost utter silence, and the past was avoided as much as possible. People knowing Rose Wilton called on the Gaylords at the Villa, but they never called a second time. Annie was an excellent cook and a neat seamstress, but there her accomplishments ended. The fine library, the grand piano and studio were useless to her. Thus a

year passed. If Lute Gaylord suffered for lack of culture and refinement in his wife, and with a secret dread lest her malady take a worse form, Reece Rodgers suffered ten times more. He had never met her face to face since that first evening, and hearing many of the strange stories in circulation a gloom settled down upon him.

"If she were dead I could bear it," he said to himself; "but it is like knowing that her ghost is haunting the old place."

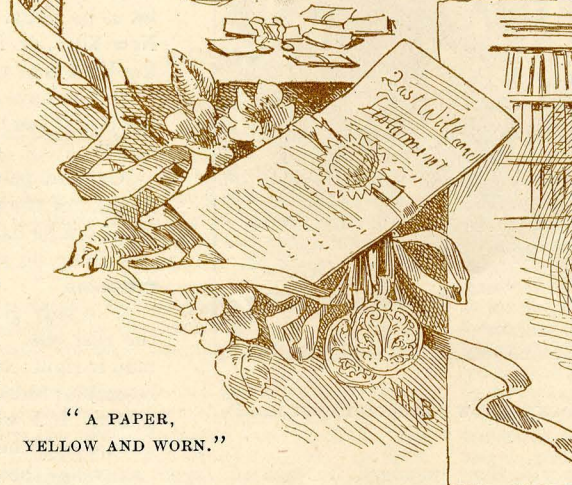
One Friday night, when Lute came home, he told his wife that the Wilton estate was settled and that his mother, himself and sister were the heirs. Annie had been mistress of the Villa a year before she undertook a general house cleaning. She heartily enjoyed it, and somehow she felt that things would seem more like her own if they were moved about. But right in the midst of it all an awkward servant upset a quaintly carved cabinet that stood in one corner of the family sitting room. Over it went with a crash, and something giving way a row of little drawers was revealed. She looked through them curiously. There were papers and letters lying loose and bound in packages, but she piled them neatly away. One after another of the tiny drawers was opened until a curious bit of shining silver caught her gaze.

"Why!" she exclaimed, catching her breath, and picking it up. It was attached to a faded, blue ribbon. "Why!" she said again, her hands shaking as she examined it closely. Then she went to the small trunk in her own room, her only possession before her marriage, and from a tiny box in the till she took a charm precisely like the one found in the cabinet, only it was attached to a pink ribbon.

"I can't understand, I can't understand," she said, over and over. Then suddenly springing to her feet she let both the trinkets fall to the floor, while with hands outstretched in an imploring manner she cried out:

"Can it be? Can it be?"

Growing calmer after a while she put the charms in her box and went down stairs. Eagerly she opened each paper and letter, scanning the lines closely. In the very bottom of the same little drawer where the charm had lain was a



"A PAPER,  
YELLOW AND WORN."

"EAGERLY REECE RODGERS CAUGHT AT THIS ONE."

paper, yellow and worn. She opened it, and the first line that met her eye was: "Last Will and Testament of Florence T. Wilton." It was an old document, signed in New York, and the date was more than sixteen years back. It bequeathed one-half her possessions to her "beloved daughter, Rose Wilton," and the other half was to be equally divided between Lucius and Ellice Gaylord.

House cleaning suddenly lost its charm for the mistress of the Villa, and, donning one of her prettiest suits, she took the two charms and the yellow document and started for the office of Rodgers & Son.

Reece was in his private office alone. He arose when he saw his visitor was a lady, and pushed forward a chair; but when she threw back her veil he started back as if she had struck him a blow.

"Rose—beg pardon—Mrs. Gaylord!"

The lady in question was not accustomed to doing legal business, and as a usual thing, she was extremely diffident; but to-day she was another being.

"Please sit down, Mr. Rodgers, I have something to say to you."

"After all this time, Rose?" His voice quivered with pent-up emotion.



"Sir, I am not Rose Wilton."

"Not Rose Wilton!" The young man was on his feet in an instant. "If you are not Miss—or were not—Miss Wilton, where is she?"

"That I can not tell,"

"Well, who, may I ask, are you?"

"My name was Annie Johnson. I have never claimed to be Rose Wilton, but my husband insists to this day that I am. I have never been able to explain the mystery; but to-day I think I have found the explanation," and she took from her handbag the two silver charms with their soiled ribbons. "This one," she said, holding up the one with the pink ribbon, was always about my neck when I was very small, and my mother told me that somewhere in the world I had a twin sister, looking exactly like me, with the same kind of a charm tied about her neck with a blue ribbon; and here," taking out the other one, "is the very one, I believe."

Eagerly Reece Rodgers caught at this one.

"And you think?" he queried.

"I think Rose Wilton is my twin sister. I have never told even Lute about this sister, because my mother never spoke of her but a few times, and I have hardly thought of her. It seems my father died at sea, and mother was sick and discouraged with the two of us to care for. How she came to give my sister away I don't know. Wasn't there something of this kind told Miss Wilton that made her run away?"

"Yes, Mrs. Gaylord, and may heaven reward you for coming here to-day. Rose Wilton was my promised wife, and the news of her flight nearly cost me my life. I was still weak when you came here a bride. You remember my speaking to you on the hotel porch? Well, I never doubted that you were Rose, you look exactly like her; and the fact that she could go away and marry another for the sake of the property has almost driven me mad."

"Would you have married her, rich or poor?" Mrs. Gaylord asked, watching him with a keen eye.

"I would," he answered, solemnly and emphatically.

She put her hand into the satchel and fingered the yellow document a moment in uncertainty, then pushed it deeper down and snapped the clasp with a sudden decision.

"May be you could find her."

She would not have liked to own it, but she was glad that Reece and Rose were engaged, for she had supposed that if her husband cared so much for his cousin she must have cared for him. Now she knew it could not be so. She was tenacious of her own right to the man whose name she bore, and besides, she knew now that she loved him and wanted him to love her for herself and not for the sake of the woman she resembled.

"I will advertise in every newspaper of any note in the state," mused Reece, "and spend every dollar I have before giving up the search. See the time I have lost, thinking you were she."

When Lute Gaylord came home he was completely astonished at the change in his wife. She reminded him of a butterfly just escaped from the chrysalis state.

"House cleaning has done you good; you seem changed, somehow," he said.

As they sat together after tea, she drew her chair close to him, and putting a hand in his, asked:

"Lute, do you love me the least bit as Annie, or only as the picture of Rose?"

"Why, my dear, what a question! You are Rose, and I am surer of it to-night than ever before."

"But if I could prove to you that I am not, would you care for me at all?" she persisted.

Looking into her beautiful face, he answered: "I can not imagine what you are aiming at, but I love you, whether you be Annie or Rose."

Then she told him what we already know, but not a word about the will.

It was Christmas morning at Castle Garden, a clear, cold Christmas morning, just eighteen years before the day on which Rose Wilton saw the woman she had called mother, die. A ship had just landed, and its load of emigrants swarmed up, jabbering in almost every known tongue, or moved in wretched silence. Children moaned and cried, and for the most part

their mothers were too discouraged or indifferent to notice them. A lady belonging to the Castle Garden mission moved about among them, apparently quite at home. Not so an elegantly attired and noticeably stylish woman who watched everything with a smile half sarcastic, half amused. Plainly she was there for her own amusement. Nothing else would have brought the fastidious and wealthy relict of the late Judge Wilton into Castle Garden on Christmas morning. Mrs. Markham, superintendent of the mission, was an old friend and classmate, and of her many friends not one did the fashionable widow care more for, albeit, the world called Mrs. Markham eccentric, because she chose to follow in the footsteps of Him "who went about doing good."

"See there," said Mrs. Markham, pointing to a drooping, girlish figure, holding a lovely babe on either arm. "I must speak to her if I can make her understand; she is Norse, I think." Some one claimed her attention just then and she turned away.

"Just for fun," as Mrs. Wilton afterward explained, she approached the young mother and spoke to her. The latter only shook her head, indicating that she did not understand. Then the widow held out her hands alluringly, and instantly one little stranger put out its dirty, dimpled hands.

"You darling!" she cried, ecstatically, a vision of a little one sleeping in Greenwood coming between her and this beautiful Norse infant. For the moment she forgot her own elegance, forgot the baby's squalor, the mother love in her soul carrying every other consideration before it. The pale young mother smiled a wan, forced smile, and turned away, ostensibly to look after her satchel. A portion of the living mass engulfed her and Mrs. Wilton saw her no more, and when Mrs. Markham found her she was patiently awaiting the mother's return; but she never came. Had the ground opened and swallowed her up she could not have disappeared more completely.

"A Christmas gift straight from heaven, Floy," Mrs. Markham said that evening, as the two friends sat discussing the strange occurrence and admiring the beautiful child—now doubly sweet in its clean garments.

"Its skin is like a rose petal," said one; "and her hair like fine spun gold," exclaimed the other.

"And then her eyes and cunning ways," added the widow.

About the little one's neck they found a faded blue ribbon, on which a curious silver charm was fastened. And so in time it came about that the dainty Norse maiden became the sunshine of the great old Wilton mansion, and possible heir to half a million.



"ONE LITTLE STRANGER PUT OUT ITS DIRTY, DIMPLED HANDS."

Lute Gaylord listened without interruption to what his wife had to tell. She watched his face closely to detect the emotion that swayed his soul. At first he looked nothing but surprise, and then an expression of relief, it seemed to her, took its place. When she was done and had exhibited the

charms, her husband bent and kissed her fondly, saying:

"I am glad you are Annie."

Then he, too, began to plan how Rose might be found. Suddenly he exclaimed: "I believe I have a clue!"

"What is it?" she asked, eagerly.

He told her of the young music teacher at Mrs. Lane's. "You remember I insisted you were she? Well if there are two of you, I suppose that girl was Rose Wilton. That has been one of the things that has puzzled me most. I will see Rodgers immediately."

There was a long consultation between the two men, resulting in their early departure, accompanied by Annie, for San Francisco, the next day. Gaylord went alone to Mrs. Lane's and asked concerning the young music teacher.

The good woman fairly beamed. "I am so glad you came, the whole thing has been such a mystery to me. Yes, Miss Wilson, as she calls herself, came back to me after seeing the notice of your marriage to Rose Wilton. She said she did not understand; she knew she was the true Rose Wilton, but she considered it a merciful providence that had saved her from further persecution. She said she would rather beg than ever meet one of your family again. She has some other grief than the loss of mother and money, I think. Indeed, I am quite sure it is some disappointment in affairs of the heart, as my nephew has been trying to win her; but she tells him she has no heart to give. Can it be possible, Mr. Gaylord, that she loved you?"



"No, my dear madam, but the man to whom she was engaged is here in the city with me, as is also her twin sister—my wife."

Mrs. Lane was delighted. "Indeed," she said, "I have grown to love the girl as my own, and nothing could please me more than to see her rosy and happy again."

"Where shall we find her?" Lute asked.

"She rooms on Sutter street—but stay! I will invite her here this evening, and you bring your wife and friend."

Reece Rodgers could scarcely restrain himself and wait for the long afternoon to pass. Annie was nervous and timid.

"Maybe she will scorn to own me because I have not had the advantages she had," said Annie. Lute patted her head reassuringly, and Reece hastened to say that was not Rose's way.

"And maybe she will hate us for living at the Villa," the young wife went on.

"Don't borrow trouble,"

Lute laughed. "She'll likely be happy to find a sister."

Evening came at last, and found Mrs. Lane's music teacher seated in that lady's cosy boudoir. She wore a simple black dress. Not a bit of white relieved it, save the handkerchief in her lap; but the dainty frill of black lace only made the snowy throat gleam whiter, and lent an added charm to the pale, delicate face. The queenly head, with its coil of golden hair, reclined wearily on the crimson head rest of the chair. The hostess was so full of excitement she feared she would betray her secret. Presently the door bell rang, and a moment later the servant handed Mrs. Lane a card

"Only a mutual friend or two; you won't mind if I receive them here? Show them in, Jane."

Rose Wilton was feeling unusually homesick and weary, so she barely roused herself to smooth out a plait or two and settled back. She had been a society belle too long to fear any of the people she was likely to meet among Mrs. Lane's intimates. The door opened and Jane ushered in a gentleman. Rose raised her eyes, gave a little hysterical scream, and the next moment was sobbing in Reece Rodgers' arms.

"I have found you, at last, my darling; how could you doubt me so? Do you know it came near killing me?"

Mrs. Lane waited to hear no more, but slipped out to entertain her other guests in the parlor.

"Oh, Reece, I did not care for anything so much as the loss of your love. I knew you ought not to marry a nameless, penniless girl, and it was for love of you, partly, that I ran away, and partly to escape the insults of that dreadful woman. She did not seem to care at all that mother (I shall always call her mother, for she was true to me) was gone; and her son followed me here. Wasn't it dreadful?" the trembling girl sobbed.

"Well, darling, there has been a good deal of mystery, but everything is clear, now," and briefly he explained matters.

"My sister in this house!" she cried, in astonishment, "and he thought he was marrying me?"

"Yes, love; but he seems quite content with his wife as Annie, now."

Presently they remembered the others were awaiting them, and sacrificed the joy of being alone to the rightful demands of others; besides, Rose was anxious to see her sister, the woman, too, who had been instrumental in bringing all this joy to her. The meeting in the parlor can better be imagined than described. Annie's doubts and fears fled at the first kiss

from her sister's lips, and the tie between them from that moment was one of great tenderness. Their likeness to each other was so great that but for Rose's pallor and the difference in their costumes, Lute could not have told which was his wife.

It was a very thankful, happy party that took its way back to Oakland the day following. Reece urged an immediate marriage, but the girls opposed it, and Rose availed herself of the lady's right to "set the day."

"All the great events of my life came on Christmas," she said.

Very strange must have been her emotions as she once more set foot in the Villa. She laughed and cried, and Annie did whatever she did.

"Wasn't this room yours?" Mrs. Gaylord asked, leading the way to a sunny room with a bay window.

"Of course it was; how came you to know?"

"I guessed; and something seemed to tell me not to let it be disturbed. How glad I am that it is as you left it."

Under Rose's tuition Annie became quite a society woman, and now that the mystery was explained and so much romance connected with it, "the twins," as they were soon popularly known, became quite the rage. Rose learned many useful home arts from Annie.

"You see, I am to be the wife of a comparatively poor man, and must understand housekeeping," she said.

Annie turned her head away to hide a smile. Of course, they were much occupied over the trousseau and the thousand and one things women have to attend to when there is a wedding in prospect.

It was Christmas again. The Villa was in festal array. The bride was lovely in her filmy, white robes, and people said Mrs. Gaylord looked almost as well in her pale pink costume. Reece Rodgers was a happy man—so was Lute Gaylord. The latter's sister Ellice was present, notwithstanding her mother's indignation. Mrs. Lane was, as she termed herself, "mistress of ceremonies." Lawyer Rodgers, senior, hid his chagrin that his son should marry poor.

Among the wedding gifts was a long, narrow box, and opening it, Rose read: "From Annie," on a slip of paper. Beneath lay a worn yellow document. In surprise Rose opened it and read, with wild, incredulous eyes, the words:

"Last Will and Testament of Florence T. Wilton."

Her surprise was no greater than was that of Reece and Lute; but

of them all, the latter and his wife were the most genuinely glad. When he came to think of it, Lawyer Rodgers remembered that the deceased had never said she had not made a will, but had said she ought to, as she wanted Rose to have everything.

The Villa was ample enough for both couples, and the sisters begged to remain together, so it was settled that they all live there.

"My Christmas gift," the fond bridegroom whispered, the evening after the wedding.

"Why, that is what mamma always called me."

VELMA CALDWELL MELVILLE.

#### DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

TEACHER—Well, Johnny, what do you expect to get for Christmas?

JOHNNY—Expect t' git a lickin'. Dad allers licks me on Christmas sos he won't hev t' buy no presents. Sez bad boys don't git no presents.



THE MEETING IN THE PARLOR



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Also Embroidered Silk Suspenders, Newest Shapes in Neckwear, White and Colored Silk Handkerchiefs, Cuff Buttons, Scarf Pins, etc. All country orders receive prompt attention. A deposit must accompany each order.

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Popular Clothiers and Hatters.

{ 161-163 FIRST STREET,  
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All visitors at the Portland Industrial Exposition this fall undoubtedly were greatly interested in the elaborate display of Fine Carriages exhibited by STAVER & WALKER (a portion of which is shown in the above illustration), who are the leading dealers in Fine Carriages and Harness on the Pacific Coast.

Their Carriage Repository in the New Market Block contains a complete stock of “Everything on Wheels,” from the medium priced Carts, Buggies, Phaetons, Surreys, etc., etc., to the elegantly finished Cabriolets, Coupes, Rockaways, Victorias, Landaus, “Premier” Wagons, Windsors, Warwick Surreys, Tuxedo Wagons, and, in fact, all the latest novelties in the carriage maker's art. The Carriage Repository of STAVER & WALKER is the only place on the Pacific Coast where can be found a complete assortment of wheeled goods of all grades, styles and prices, as well as a fine stock of Harness, Robes, Whips and Horse Goods and Carriage Furnishings of all descriptions.

It will certainly be of interest and profit to all parties desiring a vehicle of any description to call upon or correspond with STAVER & WALKER, New Market Block, Portland, Oregon.

As all their vehicles are specially built for the Pacific Coast trade, under their own specifications, by the largest and most reliable factories in the United States, while by shipping in car load lots direct from the east, they are enabled to save the purchaser a large item in the matter of freight, while, as STAVER & WALKER contract for a large number of vehicles each year, they are necessarily in a position to quote lowest prices, and being on the ground they at all times look carefully after the vehicles purchased from them, and attend to the wants of their patrons.



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WHOLESALE TRADE LAST YEAR,  
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We are selling in **MOUNT TABOR VILLA**

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We Solicit Inquiry when we shall be pleased to give full information.

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Men's Overcoats \$7.00 to \$30  
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PICTURE FRAMES, ARTISTS' MATERIALS,

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## HOLIDAY INVITATION.

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I cordially invite my friends, patrons, and the public in general to visit my establishment for everything in the Jewelry line. My stock includes Jewelry of every description, Watches and Clocks, Silverware, Bronze Goods, Diamonds, Precious Stones, Etc.

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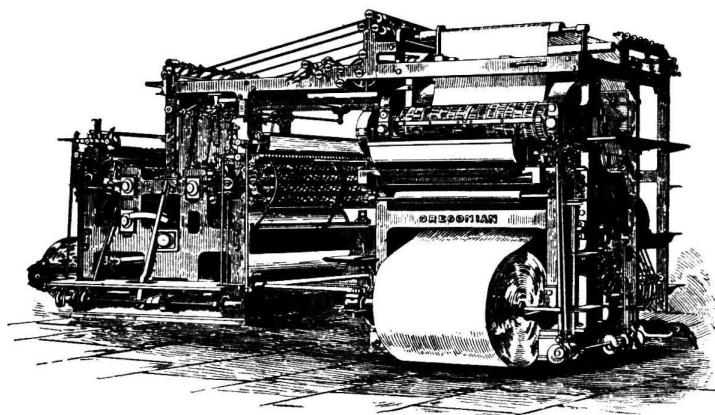
First and Morrison Sts., PORTLAND, OR.

COUNTRY ORDERS SOLICITED.



## A GREAT PAPER.

One of the leading institutions of the Pacific northwest is the *Oregonian*, published daily and weekly in Portland, and circulating widely throughout this entire section. It stands at the head of the daily press in undisputed supremacy, and has done so continuously since pioneer times. No other newspaper approaches it in power, influence and all the essentials of a great metropolitan daily. On the fifth of this month it entered upon the second half century of its existence, at once the patriarch and the chief of that great region once known as Oregon and now embracing three prosperous states. An examination of its files, which may be found complete from the first issue, shows that in its infancy it was marked by that virility and ability that it has continuously displayed, and which has kept it above and beyond all genuine rivalry. The *Oregonian* has always been ahead of the times, in its own particular field, and is today unrivaled by any paper in the United States, with the same population to draw upon for support. In all its appointments the *Oregonian* is a great newspaper, using illustrations of subjects of local interest freely, stereotyping its forms and printing them upon the latest pattern of perfecting press, which prints eight full pages at a time and both pastes the sheets together and folds them ready for delivery. The accompanying cut shows the new press, to be placed in the new



NEW PRESS FOR THE PORTLAND "OREGONIAN"

building, which will print twelve pages at one time, the paper being fed from a continuous roll, as shown in the engraving. This machine will print 24,000 complete *Oregonians* in an hour, thus enabling the paper to hold its columns open for the latest news and still run off a large edition in time for the morning mails.

The new building, now in course of construction on the northwest corner of Sixth and Alder streets, is shown in the engraving on the last page. It is a solid and imposing structure, 100 feet square and eight stories high, surmounted by a lofty tower. It will be built of red sandstone and pressed brick, with iron columns, steel beams, terra cotta partitions and casings, and cement and tile flooring, and will be completely fire-proof. It is expected that it will be completed by the end of next summer. When done this will be one of Portland's chief architectural ornaments.

In its new building, with its new and improved equipments, with its record of long, faithful and valuable service, the *Oregonian* will be still more firmly established in its position of leader of the northwestern press. The growth of this great paper has been consonant with that of the metropolis. Portland has made no greater progress in the fifty years since the *Oregonian* was founded than has the paper itself, and it is safe to predict that whatever of prosperity and growth may come to the city in the future, its great daily paper will always be found in the lead and pointing the way onward.

## A GOOD REASON.

HUSBAND (hastily)—Here comes Miss Mullins, Effie; put all your presents away.

WIFE—No, I want her to see how generous you are.

HUSBAND—But most of them are things I gave her when I was engaged to her and got back when it was broken off.—*Munseys*.

## MATRIMONIAL ITEM.

A.—Miss Rapid has married young Goldbug.

B.—Well, she will make something out of him.

Do you think so?

Yes, she will make a poor man out of him in a very short time.—*Texas Siftings*.

## HOW SMART ARE YOU?

If you are pretty bright you will stand a good chance of winning a prize in the **West Shore Word Contest**. The five persons sending in the largest lists of words made from the phrase "ILLUSTRATED WEST SHORE," will receive the following prizes in the order of the length of their lists, the longest list taking the first prize.

## LIST OF PRIZES.

FIRST PRIZE—A scholarship in the Portland Business College, or the Salem Business College, the leading business educational institutions in the Pacific northwest, good for either the business or short hand courses, and available at any time during the year 1891. Value, \$60.00.

SECOND PRIZE—Superb freehand crayon portrait, size 25x30, executed by the well-known portrait artist, Mr. E. W. Moore, at his studio in Portland. The winner of this prize can have his own portrait made, or that of any relative or friend. Value, \$50.00.

THIRD PRIZE—An elegant oil painting of Safrano Roses, executed by the celebrated floral artist, Mrs. J. T. Hayne. This is a most beautiful picture and is valued at her studio in Portland, at \$40.00.

FOURTH PRIZE—Full set of Chambers Encyclopedia, with the American additions, bound in sheep and consisting of eight quarto volumes, of about 800 pages each, illustrated with wood engravings and colored maps. This is the most practical and valuable encyclopedia for constant use yet published. This is a new set, procured from J. K. Gill & Co., book-sellers, Portland. Value, \$30.00.

FIFTH PRIZE—A copy of the new edition of Webster's International Dictionary. This is the only authorized edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and has just been revised and enlarged, making it the only complete and standard work in one volume. It is indexed and bound in sheep. This work is sold by J. K. Gill & Co., Portland. Value, \$10.50.

## RULES GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

No one will be permitted to compete whose name is not on our subscription list for at least three months of 1891.

All words beginning with the same letter must be grouped together, and the groups arranged on the list in the alphabetical order of the initial letter of each group, the total number of words in each group being noted at the bottom of the group.

Only words that can be spelled by using the letters contained in the phrase "ILLUSTRATED WEST SHORE" will be counted, and no letter can be used in the same word more times than it occurs in the phrase. This permits the use of s three times, e three times, t three times, r twice, l twice, and all the others only once each in any one word.

Proper names and geographical names will not be allowed; but adjectives derived from proper nouns, when having a distinct significance, such as "herculean," will be counted.

Only English words, or fully anglicized foreign words, such as appear in full faced type in the dictionary, will be counted. This includes all compound words given separate paragraphs and definitions, but excludes all words printed in italics. Instead of italics the latest edition of Webster uses this mark || to designate foreign words. All words so marked are excluded.

Two words spelled alike, though having different meanings, will be counted as one word.

All forms of the verb, but only one form of the noun, will be allowed.

Prefixes and suffixes will not count as separate words.

The latest edition of Webster's dictionary will be the authority for settling all questions.

If two lists contain the same number of words, preference will be given to the list first received at this office.

The contest closes January 31, 1891, and all lists must be in this office on that day, and the name of the contestants be entered on our list for at least three months of the year 1891 to entitle them to enter the competition.

The result of the contest will be published immediately in WEST SHORE and the prizes held subject to the orders of the winners.



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SILVER  
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NOVELTIES

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JEWELRY.SILVER  
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WHOLESALE

AND  
RETAIL.

A gentleman representing eastern parties is at Corvallis arranging for the location there of a large fruit evaporating and canning establishment. It is the intention to invest about \$20,000 in the business, and he is endeavoring to induce the citizens of the town to take half that amount of stock. That the enterprise would pay handsomely is beyond question, and the prospect of this new industry being inaugurated is considered good.



With sword and buckler, shield and lance,  
The knight of old did arm him for the fray;  
But here we see, with fascinated glance,  
The all-prevailing conqueror of today.

Blessed is she among women whom nature has endowed with the beauties of face and figure, and twice blessed is she to whom has been added the priceless dowry of those undefinable graces of mind and person that compel admiration, respect and love; for then she becomes a queen among women and holds in willing captivity those over whom she elects to rule. There is much of these divine gifts inherited by every woman. Unequally as nature has bestowed her favors, she has left no one entirely unprovided for; nor, on the other hand, has she so perfected her work that art may not enhance the beauty and effect of her labors. By art, then, every woman may bring

out and make the most of the gifts of nature. Nature intended all woman to be beautiful and perfect and by the power of her beauty and perfection to hold dominion over man, but, by reason of many undiscovered and remote causes, she has not been able to fully perform her task. It is proper, then, that art should step in and, as far as possible, carry on the work that nature attempted to do, as near the original design as can be done. For this purpose the resources of art have been exhausted to so clothe the figure in beautiful, harmonious and attractive garments as to most ably supplement the work of nature herself, and add to that charm which is at once the joy of woman and the admiration of man. Everything that the demands of beauty, convenience and comfort require, in the greatest variety and profusion, can be seen at the mammoth establishment of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Store, corner of First and Taylor streets, the famous beauty and fashion bazaar. Every effort is made to supply the latest novelties and fashions in all lines of goods, and one who can not find there what she wants must be, indeed, difficult to please.

The capital stock of the Sea Haven Land Co., of Sea Haven, Washington, is \$1,000,000 instead of \$100,000 as was erroneously stated two weeks ago.

An effort is being made to organize a board of trade at Montesano, Washington.

Articles have been filed with the secretary of state incorporating the Hotel Tioga company, with a capital stock of \$15,000. The intention of the company is to erect and maintain a first class hotel at Long Beach, Washington. Portland parties are the promoters of the enterprise. Long Beach has long been a favorite resort for a summer outing, and now that ample and first-class hotel accommodations are to be provided, it will doubtless take the lead as a fashionable summer resort.

YOU DO YOURSELF AN INJUSTICE

IF YOU PURCHASE ANY

**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!**

BEFORE VISITING

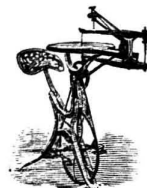
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Lathes,  
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Derby Club Skates, 50c to \$5.00 per pair.

Tool Chests, filled with choice Tools, \$5.00 to \$25.

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On the Willamette-Columbia peninsula, from whence the great two million dollar steel bridge to the Washington side of the Columbia river is now being constructed. This sort of a holiday present, unlike others, does not wear out, and increases in value with every recurring year. For full particulars address

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105½ First Street, PORTLAND, OREGON.



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**CLOUGH & GRAVES, REAL ESTATE INVESTORS.**  
 CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.  
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**Union Pacific System!**  
**STEAMSHIPS.**

Portland to San Francisco,  
 Leaving Steamship Wharf, Portland, at 10  
 p. m., as follows:

Oregon.....	Tuesday	Dec. 2
Columbia.....	Friday	" 5
State.....	Monday	" 8
Oregon.....	Thursday	" 11
Columbia.....	Sunday	" 14
State.....	Wednesday	" 17
Oregon.....	Saturday	" 20
Columbia.....	Tuesday	" 23
State.....	Friday	" 26
Oregon.....	Monday	" 29
Columbia.....	Thursday	Jan. 1

Baggage must be checked either at Ash street during the day, or by the U. C. & B. T. Co. No unchecked baggage will be received on the steamers.

**PORTLAND TICKET OFFICE,**  
 FIRST AND OAK STS.  
 GEO. S. TAYLOR, City Ticket Agent.  
 C. S. MELLE, T. W. LEE,  
 Gen'l Traffic Mgr. Gen'l Pass. Agt.

San Francisco to Portland,  
 Leaving Spear Street Wharf, San Francisco, at 10 a. m., as follows:

Columbia.....	Monday	Dec. 1
State.....	Thursday	" 4
Oregon.....	Sunday	" 7
Columbia.....	Wednesday	" 10
State.....	Saturday	" 13
Oregon.....	Tuesday	" 16
Columbia.....	Friday	" 19
State.....	Monday	" 22
Oregon.....	Thursday	" 25
Columbia.....	Sunday	" 28
State.....	Wednesday	" 31

The Company reserves the right to change Steamers or sailing days.

**RATES OF PASSAGE,**  
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 Cabin, - \$16.00. Steerage, - \$8.00  
 Round Trip, unlimited, - \$30.00  
 No freight will be received on morning of sailing, except fruit and vegetables, and these will not be taken after 9 a. m.

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 Is the line to take to  
**ALL POINTS EAST AND SOUTH.**

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 [NO CHANGE OF CARS]

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**PULLMAN Drawing Room SLEEPERS** of Latest Equipment.

**TOURIST SLEEPING CARS.** Best that can be constructed and in which accommodations are **FREE** to holders of First or Second Class Tickets, and

**ELEGANT DAY COACHES.**

A **CONTINUOUS LINE** connecting with **ALL LINES**, affording **DIRECT** and **UNINTERRUPTED SERVICE.**

Pullman Sleeper Reservations can be secured in advance through any agent of the road.

**THROUGH TICKETS** To and from all points in America, England and Europe can be purchased at any Ticket Office of this Company.

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 No. 121 First Street, }  
 Cor. Washington, } Portland, Oregon.

**POETS OF THE PACIFIC COAST.**

Under the title of "Poets of the Pacific Coast" WEST SHORE will in January begin the publication of a monthly department, in which will appear the best four or five poems submitted each month for competition for the prizes mentioned below. There are on the Pacific coast many writers of graceful and touching verse to whom is offered no suitable means of publication, no journal whose literary standard is sufficiently high to give these poems the endorsement their merit deserves. For this reason WEST SHORE has decided to act as a medium between these writers and the cultivated public who would be pleased to have the poems thus placed before them.

The poems will be printed the last week in each month, and the entries will close on the twentieth of the month. Thus, all poems received between December 20 and January 20 will be entered in the January competition, and so on to the end of the year.

The judges will be persons of literary culture not connected with WEST SHORE in any capacity. The name and address of each writer will be published at the foot of the poem. All mss. should be endorsed "Entered for competition" in order to avoid mistakes. Competitors are requested to be careful in giving their names and addresses. Unused mss. will be returned.

The following prizes are offered each month, making twelve first prizes during the year 1891:

**FIRST PRIZE.**—A volume of one of the standard poets twelve-mo. size, handsomely bound in full padded leather, with full gilt edges. The prize winner may designate his choice of the following volumes: Dante, Milton, Scott, Burns, Moore, Wordsworth, Browning, Poe, Jean Ingelow, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Browning and Favorite Poems, a volume of choice selections from all the poets. These are all new books, specially issued as elegant gift editions, and are from the shelves of Stuart & Thompson, the well known book sellers of Portland. The volumes will be endorsed by the editor as having been given for the first prize in the WEST SHORE poetic contest for the month for which it was awarded. In addition to this a biographical sketch of the writer will also be given.

**SECOND PRIZE.**—A subscription to WEST SHORE for six months, to be sent to any address.

**THIRD PRIZE.**—A subscription to WEST SHORE for three months, to be sent to any address.

**GRAND PRIZE.**—In addition to the monthly first prize, at the end of the year the poem that shall be decided to be the best sent in during the entire year will receive an elegant copy of one of the great classic poems with illustrations by Dore, and the portrait of the writer will be published, so that those who have read the poem may have the additional pleasure of seeing the face of the one who has contributed to their enjoyment.

No one shall be eligible to compete who is not a resident of California, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, Alaska, Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Utah or Arizona. Any person winning a prize will be barred from competing during the remainder of the year except for a prize higher than that already won, and winners of a first prize can only compete for the grand prize thereafter.

Respectfully,  
 WEST SHORE PUB. CO.

**STUART & THOMPSON, STATIONERS**

105 FIRST ST., PORTLAND, OR.

**Holiday Gift Books and Art Novelties.**

**Fine Leather Goods, Christmas Cards and Souvenirs.**

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**Chicago Vestibule Limited**, in 13 1/2 hrs., leaves Minneapolis at 6.50 p. m.; St. Paul, 7.30 p. m., and arrives in Milwaukee at 7.25 a. m.; Chicago, 9.00 a. m. This is the only complete vestibule train between the Twin Cities and Chicago, and connects with all Fast Line trains leaving Chicago in the morning for the East and South. Trains of Northern Pacific railway connect in Minneapolis and St. Paul union depots with the through trains over the Northwestern Line. If tickets can not be secured from the agent at your station, over the Northwestern Line, call on or address

W. H. MEAD, Gen. Agt.,  
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VIA  
**Southern Pacific Route.**

**SHASTA LINE**

Express Trains leave Portland daily.

LEAVE	ARRIVE
Portland...8:00 p. m.	San Fran...7:45 a. m.
San Fran...9:00 p. m.	Portland...9:35 a. m.

Above trains stop only at the following stations north of Roseburg: East Portland, Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Albany, Tangent, Sheds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving, Eugene.

**Roseburg Mail, Daily.**

LEAVE	ARRIVE
Portland...8:00 a. m.	Roseburg...6:00 p. m.
Roseburg...9:00 a. m.	Portland...4:00 p. m.

**Albany Local, Daily (Except Sunday)**

LEAVE	ARRIVE
Portland...5:00 p. m.	Albany...9:00 p. m.
Albany...5:00 a. m.	Portland...9:00 a. m.

**PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS.**

Tourist Sleeping Cars for the accommodation of second class passengers attached to express trains.

West Side Div.—Bet. Portland and Corvallis.

**Mail Train Daily, (Except Sunday).**

LEAVE	ARRIVE
Portland... 7:30 a. m.	Corvallis...12:10 p. m.
Corvallis...12:55 p. m.	Portland... 5:30 p. m.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with the Oregon Pacific B. R.

**Express Train Daily (Except Sunday)**

LEAVE	ARRIVE
Portland...4:40 p. m.	McMville... 7:25 p. m.
McMville...5:45 a. m.	Portland...8:20 a. m.

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TIME TABLE—AUG., '90.

PORTLAND.			
ARRIVE		DEPART	
† 6 36 a. m.	† 1 45 p. m.	† 7 25 a. m.	† 3 40 p. m.
† 8 40 "	† 3 15 "	† 9 20 "	† 5 20 "
† 10 40 "	† 4 50 "	† 11 00 "	† 6 20 "
† 11 45 "	† 6 07 "	† 12 30 p. m.	† 8 35 "
	† 7 45 "	† 2 00 "	

\* Through Mail Oregonian R. R. points. Suburban Trains—† Oswego; † Riverside. Saturday night leave 11 30 for Oswego.

Ferries connect with all trains for Sellwood and Milwaukie. Excursion parties for Spring Brook or Camp Washington at reduced rates.

R. KOEHLER, E. A. BOARDMAN, Manager. A. G. P. A.

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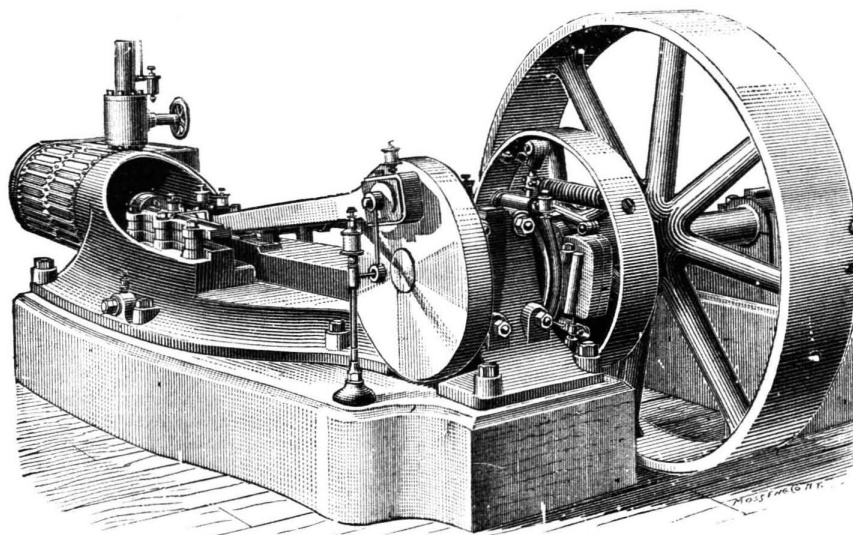
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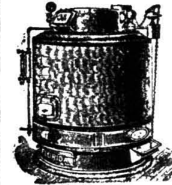
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Four Lumber Mills, capacity every twenty-four hours 600,000 feet	800,000
Hotel Fairhaven, brick, stone and iron, five stories high	150,000
Four Churches and one School Building	50,000
Electric Light, Arc and Incandescent, best plant in the State	50,000
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Four Banks, two National, capital	800,000
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Scores of two and three-story frame business blocks, costing each \$5,000 to	15,000
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Improvements to Coal and Iron Mines	200,000
Two more Churches	25,000
Sisters of Peace Hospital	50,000
Five Miles more of Street Improvements	200,000
University of Fairhaven	150,000
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