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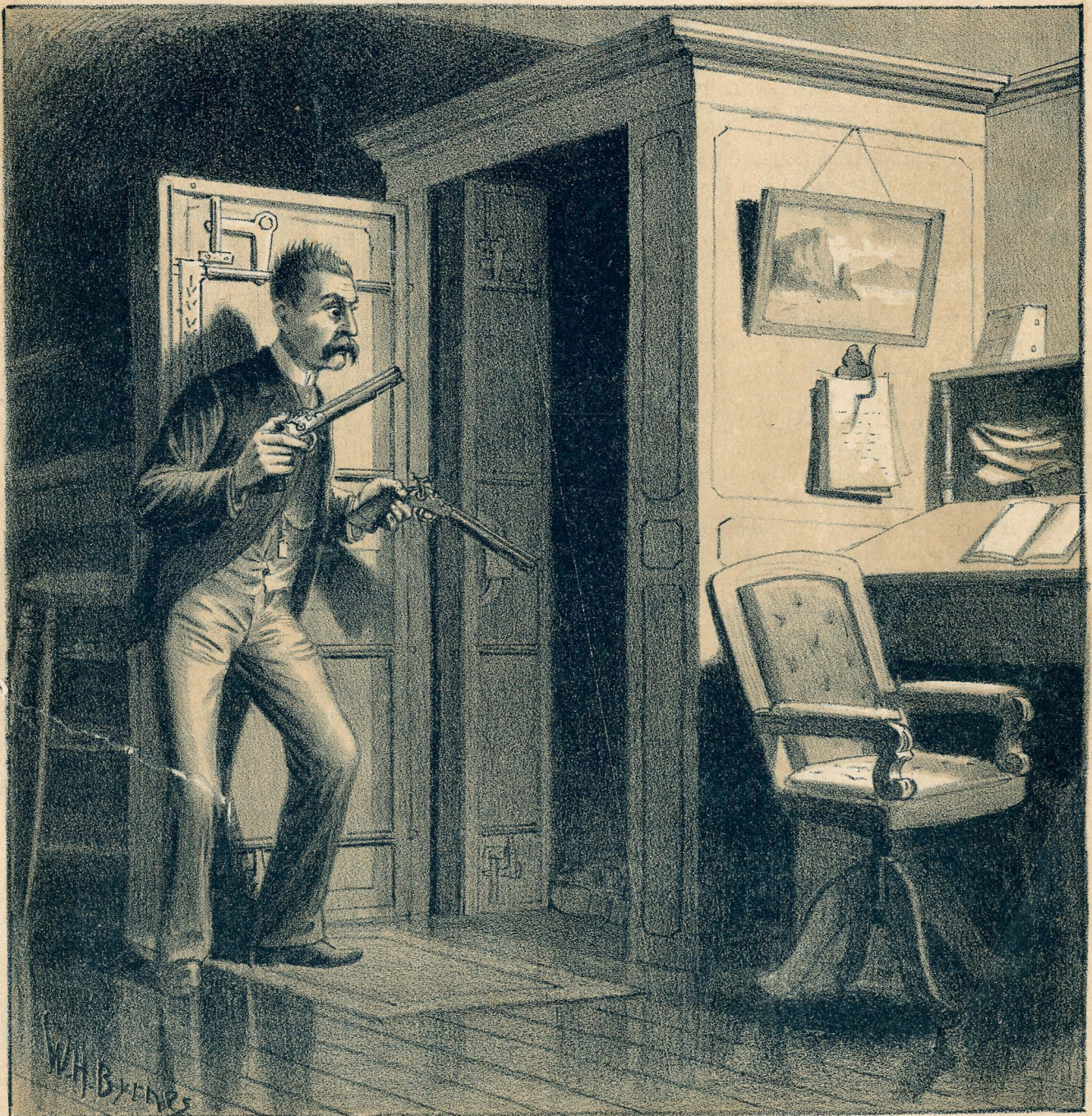
West Shore

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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"Catching up a pair of pistols that had not smelled powder for five years"---See "Whalen's," Page 141.

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

Saturday, February 1, 1890.

CONGRESS has been asked to increase its annual militia appropriation from \$400,000 to \$1,000,000, and there is little doubt but that the proper action will be taken. Heretofore the money has been apportioned according to population, which has resulted in giving the lion's share to those populous and wealthy states the least in need of it, and doling out to the states less able to properly support a serviceable militia the scant portion of the lesser animals. A more judicious use ought to be made of the money. Those states upon the border of the nation, which should be the best equipped to repel invasion, and which will be the chief sufferers in the event of a foreign war, should be specially considered, and enough apportioned to them to render them adequate assistance, irrespective of their population. It is safe to assert that Oregon and Washington to-day maintain a larger militia organization in proportion to their population than any other state in the Union, having about 1,500 men each, or one to each 300 of population. California has as many as both of them, but has also more than their combined population. These three states border the entire coast line on the Pacific, exclusive of Alaska, and should receive special attention from the government. Were Oregon and Washington to be considered simply in the light of their population, their share of the appropriation would be very small in comparison with such populous and geographically less important interior states as Illinois and Iowa. Our senators and representatives should make a strenuous effort to have this matter equitably adjusted in the appropriation bill, so that the money may be apportioned in such a way as to best accomplish the desired end of placing the nation in a condition to repel invasion.

In January *Arena* Henry George suggests a way of disposing of the "rum power" in its relation to poli-

tics. Its political prestige, he claims, is *solely* due to restriction. His argument is, take away all restriction and liquor becomes so cheap the political saloons can not be maintained, and consequently the traffic will have no object in securing legislation, nor will it try to fashion politics, from the town caucus to the United States congress, to its own liking. He admits there might be more drunkenness for the time being, but he cites incidents in France and elsewhere to show that the cheaper the article is the less it is sought as a medium by which to compliment each other. To remove all restriction, then, would be to eliminate the saloon from politics. As to making people more temperate, Mr. George concludes this can be done by the bettering of social conditions. He is doubtless right here, but many will differ from him in his concluding that poverty is the source of drunkenness among the poor, and that to make us all comfortably poor or comfortably rich would be to give us wings! One thing may be said in conclusion: In removing all restriction we would take the responsibility off the government and place it upon the individual, where it ought to rest with the weight of a millstone!

At Olympia the merry autograph album went round, and numerous solons, eager to "put themselves on record," inscribed their names upon the party-colored and delicately perfumed pages. It has since transpired that these legislative souvenirs are the property of ladies not recognized by respectable people, and who exhibit the signatures of their "dear friends," the solons, with great satisfaction. The solons all seem to know this, and are sorry they are "on record," but just how they obtained their information and just where they were while obtaining it, is a secret not to be divulged.

A correspondent takes exceptions to the comment made by the WEST SHORE upon the existence of the color line in the G. A. R., and states that in the Portland incident referred to the colored soldier was excluded for other reasons than because of his color. The truth of this is accepted upon his statement, but it is unfortunate for the G. A. R. that the general public acquired the impression at the time that the source of contention was the color of the individual.

Candor seems to be one of the virtues of the lawgivers at Olympia, and, being a virtue, it is well to speak of it, since the credit side of the account should have some entry other than "P. and L." The resolution to adjourn asserts that the legislature is costing the state \$1,000 a day for nothing. If "to know thyself" is the acme of wisdom, then are these men solons indeed.

It transpires that the Union Pacific has already surveyed a route between Portland and British Columbia, and will begin construction immediately. The bill before congress granting a bridge charter across the Columbia near Vancouver, is in the interest of this line, and it is believed by those best posted that between Portland and Seattle the surveyed line of the Seattle & Southern will be used, while from that city to the international boundary a line was selected last fall by an engineer of the Union Pacific. Both the Northern and Union are preparing to build lines to the Canadian road and to ports on the lower sound, and some energetic railroad work in Western Washington may be looked for as soon as weather will permit.

Strange as it may seem to those who have supposed that California's climate was one of ethereal mildness from one end of the state to the other, the greatest fall of snow and the most serious railroad blockades in the west have been within its limits. The line of the Central Pacific was closed in the Sierras for a week longer than the Union Pacific in the Blue mountains in Oregon, and the Southern Pacific line, in the mountains at the head of the Sacramento valley, is still closed, the continued storms having rendered futile all efforts to open it to the passage of trains.

Talk about the climate of Oregon! T. O. Hutchinson, of Myrtle Creek, has sent the WEST SHORE a photograph taken by him of a group showing five generations from great-great-grandfather William Rose—brother of Aaron Rose, the founder of Roseburg—aged 85, to little Roscoe B. Bolsinger, aged four months. The group also includes the father and mother of the baby, a grandfather, a grandmother, two great-grandmothers and a great-grandfather. The old people appear hale and hearty enough to wait for another generation.

Editors who steal from the editorial columns of other papers, presume upon the insignificance of their own publication to shield them from detection. If a thought be worthy reprinting in its entirety, it should be credited to the publication in which it first appeared. However, it is of but little use to call attention to this form of piracy, for an intellect willing to masquerade editorially in the literary garments of other minds is of too low an order to be benefited by homelies upon the iniquity of theft.

The "hold-overs" and "one-termers" at Olympia are at loggerheads. The former want to hold for two terms and the latter want them all to go out together. As the question of a successor to Senator Squire is

mixed up in the contest, it has become quite "a pretty howdy do" all round, and is—to the politicians—of far more importance than that of legislation. When senators are elected by direct vote of the people, legislatures may attend to business, but it is too much to expect of them as it is.

The sensational headlines employed by some papers in announcing the fact that two or three small retail dealers of Tacoma had failed or absconded, did more harm to the reputation for truth and generosity of the papers themselves than to the object of their spleen. Tacoma is enjoying unexcelled prosperity, as is the entire Puget sound country, and the failure of a few dishonest or incapable business men is no indication to the contrary.

Chicago anarchists charge the police force with a plot to injure their good name by hiring men to proclaim rabid anarchistic sentiments in public. This is on a par with the charge that the victim of the celebrated Phoenix park murder had himself taken off to throw discredit upon the Irish cause, or that absurd affair at West Point, where a colored cadet was gravely charged with tying himself up and slitting off his own ears.

And now an Oregon paper has tried its hand at cave making. This style of newspaper fraud has not even the merit of originality to commend it. The editor who tries to make a sensation by writing a fictitious narrative of this sort simply demonstrates that in his own skull there exists, where the bump of good newspaper sense ought to be, a cavity that would put his supposititious cave to the blush.

A mortgage filed in Pendleton, Oregon, to the Farmer's Loan and Trust Company, secures bonds to be issued for an extension of the Hunt railway system from Pendleton southwestward to Heppner. It is the general belief that the real object is to continue the line southwesterly through the state to California connections.

The two female globe trotters have returned to New York. Just what they have done to old Mundus has not yet developed. If the usual vernal equinox does not occur at the proper season, it would be well to appoint an international committee of investigation.

Speaking of a contemporary, a Walla Walla paper says: "There are many intelligent people who do not yet know of this publication." For a notice intended to be complimentary, this contains a great deal of unconscious sarcasm.

The death of Gen. Mariano G. Vallejo removes from earth a man whose name is prominent in the history of California. He was born in Monterey, in that state, in 1808, his father having come to the province in 1774 with the exploring expedition of Capt. Rivera. He was of Spanish lineage and of a family of soldiers. He entered the Mexican army in 1823, and from 1829 to 1835 was commandant of the presidio at San Francisco. Having received a land grant in Solano county in 1835 and being made director of colonization on the northern frontier, he founded the town of Sonoma and became for many years the leading figure in the province. From 1836 to 1842 he was Commandante General of California, being succeeded by Governor Micheltorena. Prior to the American conquest he advocated annexation to the United States as against the proposition to establish a French or English protectorate. When the Bear Flag war broke out Vallejo was captured and imprisoned for a month at Sutter's fort by order of Lieut. Fremont, but was released by Commodore Stockton. After the conquest he became a citizen of the United States and for many years took an active and liberal part in the affairs of state. He was a member of the constitutional convention and of the first state senate. The town of Vallejo was named in his honor, Benicia receiving his wife's name. General Vallejo died at his home in Sonoma on the 18th of January.

Roosevelt comes to the conclusion that political assessments can not be stopped so long as the men controlling offices desire them to be made. A gentle hint that money is wanted, followed by a continuous series of persecutions of those who did not pay, until in sheer desperation they opened their purses, were the tactics employed in New York, and probably elsewhere. The letter of the civil service law was not broken, and there seems no way of making a law strong enough to stop the practice. Even were a law passed entirely forbidding the making or a contribution to campaign funds by an employee of the government—if, indeed, such a law were constitutional—it could be easily evaded, since a "friend" of the clerk could contribute, and the clerk could be "officially" persecuted until the friend appeared with his financial sop. Roosevelt says that the worst feature of the whole thing is that this blood money generally sticks to the fingers of the blackmailers, instead of going into the campaign fund, for the benefit of which it is nominally levied. Boss Tweed's celebrated question, "What are you going to do about it?" still awaits an answer.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the board of directors of the Northern Pacific, held in New York on the 21st of January, it was decided to

extend the line of that road from Seattle to the international boundary, to connect with a branch line from the Canadian Pacific, with branches to Bellingham bay and other points on the east shore of the sound. An immediate survey was ordered, and the lines, which will aggregate nearly 200 miles, are to be built the coming summer. The importance of this to the country through which the lines will pass, and to the sound ports that will thus be made common terminal points of that great system, is evident, while no less apparent is the advantage that will be gained by the company by thus grasping the traffic of that region in advance of other transcontinental lines.

Miss Willard has outraged the sense of propriety and hospitality of the people of the United States by issuing an address to the Pan-American delegates on the subject of their intemperate habits and the beauties of prohibition. Miss Willard's crankiness is rapidly disrupting the great organization over which she presides, and it will soon have to stand aside to make room for the younger, more vigorous and more sensible "National Crusaders" just organized by the seceders from the older society. There will soon be nothing left of the older organization but the cranks pure and simple.

Some one has said it is better not to speak ill of the devil, for fear of possible consequences. The *Western Newsmen* must have had this in mind in issuing its number of December 30, which contained portraits of Dr. Cronin and the men who so foully did him to death; and, though most of those men had been convicted of murder, and were already in the penitentiary, it referred to them as "the defendants." This is carrying caution to the bounds. However, though the title "defendants" may spare their lacerated feelings, it is a misnomer. They had no defense.

The committee appointed by the board of trade of Spokane Falls, to prepare statistics on the subject of a United States assay office, have reported that \$3,583,000 of gold and silver produced in that region would come to the city the first year, were such an office established there. These figures show what a mining center Spokane Falls has become, and are a prophecy of the future when developments have reached a higher state in the numerous tributary districts.

One of the most interesting sights at New York's proposed site of the proposed world's fair is the site of the proposed Grant monument, which the citizen's of that city proposed—to Mrs. Grant—to erect, but have not erected by a great sight, or any other of the sites, real or proposed.

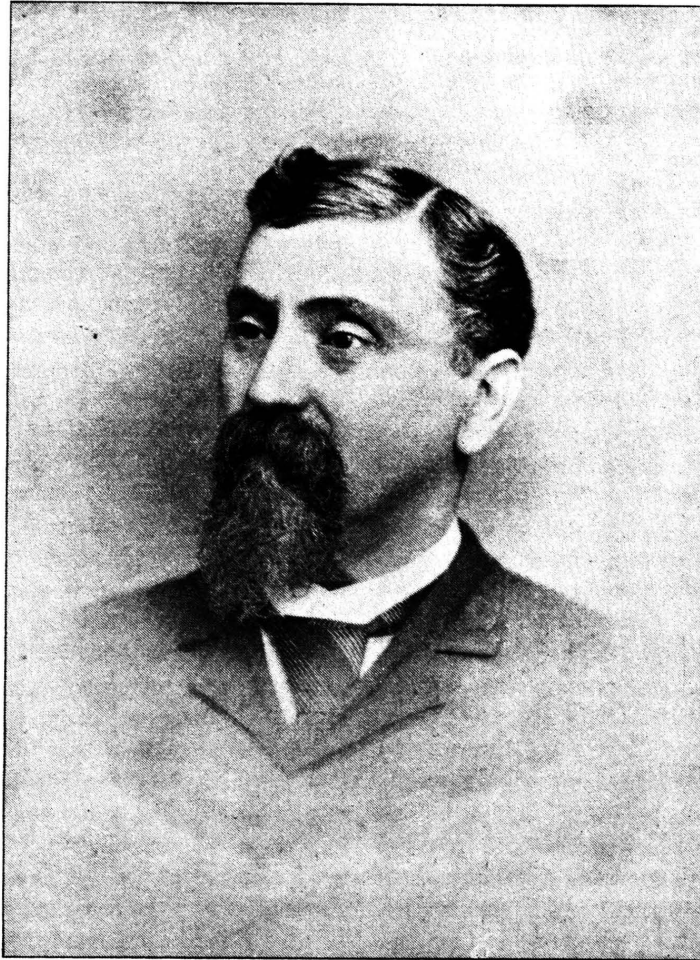
PORTLAND'S NEW POST MASTER.

BY presidential appointment and confirmation by the senate, George A. Steel has been made post master at Portland, and will in a few days assume his official duties. The Portland office is second only to that of San Francisco in its importance on the Pacific coast. Being a great railroad and steamboat center, it is the distributing office for a large area of country. It is especially important in a financial sense, since a multitude of smaller offices make their deposits there of all balances due the department. The money order business is very large. The growth of business in this office the past five years has been truly wonderful, and entirely beyond the comprehension of the department officials in Washington. During all that time the office never had, and has not now, sufficient clerical help, though an increase has been allowed from time to time, amounting to a doubling of the force within the period named. Although this is a fact, the business has increased faster than the number of clerks, and the help now allowed is woefully inadequate to the work to be done, resulting in much demoralization of the service.

If any man can handle the business of the office with insufficient assistance George A. Steel can do it. His long experience in the office under former republican administrations gave him great knowledge of its management, and his reign is remembered by the business men of Portland as marking the period of the greatest efficiency of the office. For this reason there is general satisfaction felt at the prospect of his again assuming the management of that office, so intimately connected with the business interests of the city.

Mr. Steel came of good republican stock, his father being an associate of Lovejoy, Phillips, Garrison and

other leaders of emancipation in the days when it took courage to defy public opinion on that subject and declaim against the great national evil which was subsequently conquered at the cost of so much blood and treasure. He was born in Stafford, Ohio, April 22nd, 1846. In 1863 he came to Oregon, and for years has been known as an able and trustworthy business man and one of the leaders and chief counselors of the republican party. He occupied fiduciary positions in the post office, Oregon Iron Works and Ladd & Tilton's bank for many years. In 1876 he was chairman



GEORGE A. STEEL.

of the republican state central committee, and to his able management of that memorable campaign is due the credit for the three votes of Oregon being given to Mr. Hayes and deciding the contest in his favor, notwithstanding Cronin's famous journey to Washington. The following year Mr. Steel was appointed special agent of the postal department, and in 1879 became deputy U. S. collector of customs for the Portland district. In July, 1881, he was appointed postmaster, and held the position until November 30th, 1885, administering the affairs of the office in a way to win the hearty approval of the community. Upon leaving the office he embarked in the real estate and insurance business, and has been the chief promoter of the construc-

tion of the electric motor line on Second street and out to Fulton Park. In 1886 he was elected state senator for four years, and took a prominent part in the legislative sessions of 1887 and 1889. Mr. Steel is now forty-three years of age, in the very prime and vigor of his matured powers, possessing a vast fund of political experience, both executive and legislative, and is one of the best equipped men in the republican party of Oregon to render it service as a partisan and the state as an enthusiastically loyal citizen ever alive its interests.

ATLANTIS.

The legends of long ago,
True or false, as they be,
Tell a tale of a wonderful country
That arose in the midst of the sea.

A wonderful land of beauty,
Like a rose on the sea's dark breast,
With the waters whispering around it,
Lulling it nightly to rest;

Till mighty volcanic eruptions,
That bellowed from shore to shore,
Startled the land from its dreaming,
And it vanished from sight evermore;

Till the siren waves, with their soothing
songs,
The waves that, the island, kissed,
Sank with the land on their bosom,
And left but the night and the mist.

And, save for the stories and legends
The sea gulls have borne in their flight,
Or the ocean has moaned to some far-away
shore,
It is lost in perpetual night.

* * * * *

In each mind there has dwelt an Atlantis,
On the sea of our mem'ry afloat,
That has fallen from our recollection,
As, out of some music, a note;

Some fair and lovely remembrance
Of our childhood's hours, long ago,
That has fallen away forever,
In the sea with its endless flow;

Till the siren years, with their soothing
songs,
The years that, the thought, had kissed,
Have sunk, with it held to their bosoms,
Into memory's gathering mist;

Leaving scarce nothing behind them—
An intangible, formless thing,
A subtle something that lingers
As the shade from the sea gull's wing;

A shadow, the birth of a moment,
Or some song that memory's sea
Can murmur of time's departed—
What has been, but never can be.

GENIE CLARK POMEROY.

THREE MONTHS' PROGRESS IN FAIRHAVEN.

NEARLY a third of a century ago Bellingham bay was well known among the traders of the lower sound. For some time after their discovery nearly all travel to and from the celebrated Fraser river mines went that way. Towns sprang up, and industries of considerable importance were put in operation, especially about the northern extremity of the bay where Whatcom and Sehome became established. The country was then too new, however, to support a city of importance in that far-away corner of the realm, and the industries flagged and the people for a time seemed to lose their aggressive spirit. Within the past two years the Bellingham bay country has experienced an awakening from its reposeful state, and new energy has been directed to developing the natural resources of the section, and to perfecting means for bringing the products and markets in communication with each other. Whatcom county and Skagit, to the southeast of it, possess mineral and timber wealth of a value and an extent that will surely support a thriving city at the nearest seaport, Bellingham bay.

The illustration in the center of this paper shows the new town of Fairhaven, at the southeastern corner of the bay, as it appeared on the 10th of last September and again on the 10th of December, three months later. It is indeed rare that such evidences of progress crowd into practically the first three months of the history of any town. Last September there were scarcely a score of buildings, all told, within the limits of Fairhaven. Bellingham, which adjoins Fairhaven on the left, is an older town and practically a part of the latter, but so far as their individual existence is concerned, Fairhaven is the one that this remarkable

growth belongs to. From September to December buildings seemed to spring up in a single night. Business blocks along the main streets, and neat residences on the slightly elevated tract back from the water front, went up like magic, and they were no sooner finished than occupied. The heavy forest that occupied the town site melted away in a few weeks, and street grading was prosecuted with vigor to keep up with the rapidly-expanding town. But what impresses one most on learning of the short time in which Fairhaven has reached its present stage of advancement, is the substantial character of all improvements. Most of the buildings are of wood, but they are well constructed and tastefully finished. Brick and stone structures are now being erected. One national and two private banks, with a total capitalization of \$150,000, were started since September 1. A weekly newspaper is published and a tri-weekly will soon make its appearance. An electric light and power plant is ready for operation. A saw mill, with a capacity of 50,000 feet of lumber daily, is turning out lumber for building and another of 150,000 capacity is nearly ready for work. The town has a theater and two hotels, and a third, costing \$100,000, is in course of construction. The new hotel will be of stone, brick and iron, five stories high and completely equipped with all modern conveniences. A public school house and two churches have been erected, and two more churches will be built in the spring. Two or three scores of stores and offices two and three stories high give the business streets a metropolitan appearance. A large wharf gives ample accommodations for handling freight to and from steamers. The work is going steadily on, and some new improvement appears every day. But there has been no attempt to boom

the place. Visitors were not even invited, and there was no effort to advertise the advantages of the location, but the people flocked there and insisted on making investments and establishing houses. The fact that Fairhaven's growth is not the result of land boomers' advertising is an important one, for the people who have gone there have settled with the idea of making their home there, and are not mere speculators and jobbers in real estate. There is probably no town of rapid growth in the country whose people are more sober, industrious and sociable.

Bellingham bay is no obscure place. In a general way it has attracted a good deal of attention for several years. Travelers to that section became impressed with its advantages, and when railroad enterprises were inaugurated to connect the harbor with the unusually rich resources of the interior, the building of towns could not be prevented so long as locations were obtainable. The cause of the prominence of Fairhaven is the Fairhaven & Southern railway, the construction of which was commenced from the Fairhaven end the 20th of January, 1889. Twenty-eight miles of that line are now in operation, to the town of Sedro, on Skagit river. This line is projected eastward, across the Cascade mountains, with the idea of making transcontinental connections in Eastern Washington. A branch line from Fairhaven northward is also projected, and the work of construction will be pushed this year to the Nooksack river, where connections will be made with the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern on its way to a junction with the Canadian Pacific. The road is now in operation through a section unsurpassed in the richness of its resources. This year it is to be extended up the Skagit river to the coal mines being opened by the railway company, and then on beyond to iron, gold and silver deposits. Some of the finest building stone in the country, even superior to the celebrated Chuckanut stone, of which the Portland postoffice building is constructed, lies on the line of the Fairhaven & Southern, and it is being quarried to enter largely into the building of the city of Fairhaven. The opening of the interior country gives rise to the establishment of important industries at the seaport terminus of the railroad, and organizations are being formed to engage in the manufacture of woods and metals and for the promotion of commerce by way of that port. It is a sheltered harbor, and the water, while being deep enough to insure safe navigation at all times for the largest ships, is not too deep for anchorage, which is a trouble experienced in some Puget sound harbors. Fairhaven is coming to the front in a way that insures its permanence.

Butte statistics show that the copper product of the mines about that city in 1889 was 115,000,000 pounds, worth at twelve cents the total of \$13,800,000.

THE CITY OF MOSCOW.

WHEN the county of Latah, Idaho, was erected, a little more than a year ago, from a portion of the territory of Nez Perce, the thriving young town of Moscow was designated the county seat. Though its age was less than a decade, and it had not the advantages of railway or water communication with the outside world, the beauty of its location and the richness of the agricultural resources of the surrounding country gave it a commanding position and obtained for it a very healthy growth. When the new county was formed, and the seat of justice located at Moscow, an additional impetus was given it, and since then its progress has been rapid. The completion of the Union Pacific to Moscow a few months ago also marks an epoch in the progress of the town. The Northern Pacific is now within seven miles of the city, and will, doubtless, be doing business in Moscow within the present year.

Moscow is in the upper valley of the Palouse, near the junction of Palouse river and Paradise creek. The gently rolling country extends for miles in every direction. Beyond the limits of the plain the bunch grass hills roll away to the rugged mountains, which rise in sundry peaks, visible from Moscow, and add much to the beauty of the landscape. The town is only about two miles from the Washington state line, and the physical characteristics of the tributary section are the same as in the famous Palouse country of Washington. It is pre-eminently a grain-raising country, with fruits a close second in importance. The stock interests are also large, but since the construction of the railroads the herders have to give up the plain to cultivation and push back into the hills and mountains with their animals, thus making the rough lands also serve a useful purpose.

The population of Moscow is about 2,500. It has two weekly newspapers, three banks, three hotels, four livery stables, a lumber and planing mill, a brick kiln, a brewery, four grain warehouses, two flouring mills, a cigar factory, marble works, and a number of small shops in the line of manufacturing. A cheese factory is in course of construction. The new court house cost \$20,000. A public school has been built at a cost of \$16,000, and six teachers are employed to give instruction. The territorial university is in course of construction at Moscow, and when completed it will be one of the best appointed educational institutions in the west. A \$16,000 water-works plant is being put in place. Sundry business improvements are being made that will increase the importance of the town in a commercial way. The people are live and energetic in promoting the growth of their town and the development of the territory about them. Moscow is one of the most progressive towns of the rapidly-growing territory of Idaho.

THE SILVER-TONGUED ORATOR.

ON Tuesday evening, January 14, 1890, their died at St. Vincent's hospital, Portland, a gentleman who has for many years held a most prominent position in the politics of the Pacific coast, having occupied the gubernatorial chairs of Oregon and Utah. He was the most widely-known campaign orator on the Pacific coast, and had but few equals in the art of extemporaneous political speaking. Commanding of figure, fluent of speech, keen of wit and possessed of a fund of anecdote and political knowledge, he was a vigorous, effective and popular campaign orator, and few residents of the Pacific coast have not at some time heard his voice raised in eloquent eulogy of the republican party and its principles. So pleasing and persuasive was his style of speech that he was often denominated the "silver tongued orator."

Gov. Woods was a native of Boone county, Mo., where he was born July 30, 1832, and was fifty-seven years of age at the time of his death. He was then enjoying full mental vigor, and many years of usefulness and public benefit were before him when that resistless and insidious malady, Bright's disease, terminated his career. His father, Caleb Woods, who is still living, came to Oregon in 1844, among

the earliest of the pioneers, and George grew up a genuine son of the Columbia state. Early in the fifties he tried the mines of California for several years, and upon his return studied law during his leisure hours, while working on his father's farm in Yamhill county, and was admitted to the bar in 1858, but a short time before the state entered the union.

Mr. Woods at once took a prominent place in the conduct of political affairs, and during the stirring and trying times of the next few years, his voice was heard in every corner of the state, pleading for union

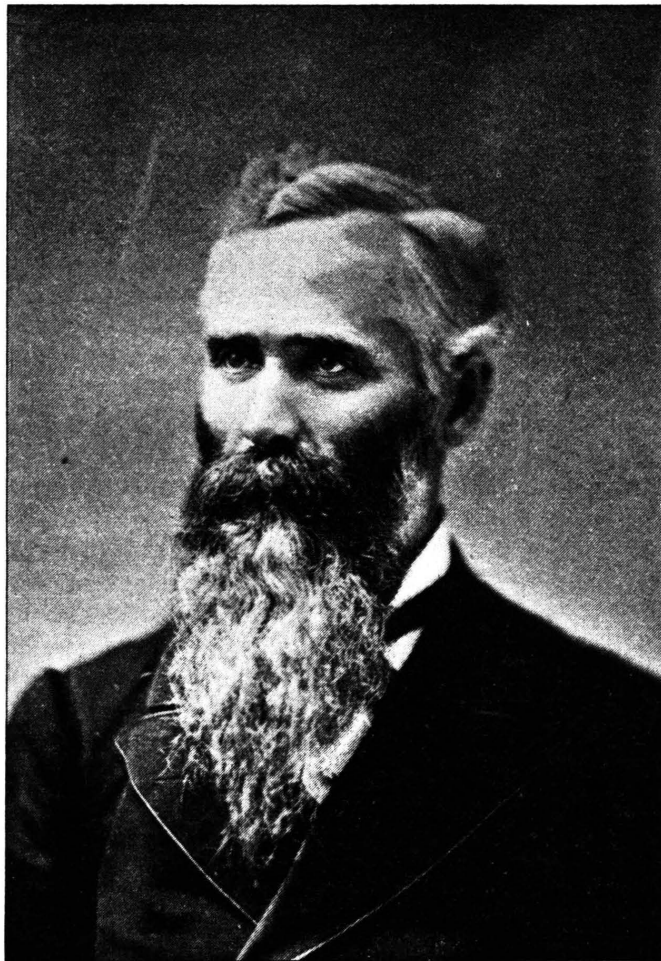
and loyalty. His ability soon carried him to the front rank of his profession, where he has always remained. In 1858 he was the republican candidate for prosecuting attorney in the Portland district, and 1863 was appointed county judge of Wasco county. In 1864 he stumped the state as a presidential elector for Lincoln, and in 1865 was nominated associate justice of the supreme court of Idaho. In 1866 he received the unanimous nomination of the republican party for governor of Oregon, and after a vigorous canvass was elected. Soon after his term expired, in 1871, President Grant selected him

for the important and trying position of governor of Utah, which office he held until 1875. From that time until 1885 he practiced his profession in California and Nevada, returning to Portland the latter year and resuming there the practice of law among his old associates.

The death of governor Woods was deeply lamented by many friends and ardent admirers all over the Pacific coast, and his funeral was very largely attended. The removal from political life of one who has for years been so prominent a figure as was the deceased, always leaves a vacancy which no one living seems able to fill, but the adjustments of time close them up, and he is a great man indeed whose chair remains long vacant. Yet

Governor Woods will long dwell in the memory of those who knew him well, while his name is inscribed upon the pages of Oregon's history forever.

Anxious not to do anything "illegal," the whisky trust has decided to incorporate into one grand company and abandon the simpler "trust" combination. This eagerness to conform to the letter of the law is refreshing. It is done in the "interest of consumers," too, as the secretary of the trust tells us. It is about time to hire a brass band to go out and meet Gabriel.



THE LATE GEORGE L. WOODS.

A WESTERN HOP CENTER.

PUYALLUP, a young city on the Northern Pacific R. R., nine miles east of Tacoma, has attained a wide reputation as a hop center. It is in the valley of the Puyallup river, a stream of considerable size which rises among the melting glaciers of Mt. Rainier, and pursues a tortuous course to the head of that arm of Puget sound known as Commencement bay. In the Puyallup valley are annually produced about 45,000 bales of hops, each bale weighing 190 pounds on the average, and the bulk of the crop is shipped from the city of Puyallup. Large shipments of hops consigned direct to Liverpool are made from Puyallup every year. While its hop yield has made the valley and town known far and wide, there is much more than that one crop, important though it is, to commend Puyallup to popular attention.

When the Northern Pacific railroad was built from Tacoma to the coal mines at Carbonado, some twelve years ago, the town of Puyallup was located, through the efforts of Messrs. E. Meeker and J. P. Stewart, who were large property owners there. Their enterprise has been a very important factor in the growth of the town to its present size. The chief industry of the town for a number of years was a barrel factory. As the country became more thickly settled Puyallup enjoyed a very healthy growth, but during the past year and a half it has made as much progress as during the whole of its previous existence. Its population has doubled, and every branch of business has increased in proportion. The phenomenal growth of Tacoma has brought Puyallup into a position of prominence as the principal suburb of that bustling city. A steam motor line to connect the two is in an advanced stage of construction, and an electric motor road is proposed. One difficulty that has to be overcome is the matter of getting a right of way across the Puyallup Indian reservation that lies between Tacoma and Puyallup and within one mile of the corporation limits of the former. This matter is now being arranged in Washington, and it is expected that right of way will be obtained for another steam motor also, making three motor lines and one standard-gauge railway. Puyallup is also the junction of the Northern Pacific line and the branch going to Seattle.

Puyallup has a full city government, two weekly newspapers, one national and two private banks, with a total capitalization of \$125,000; a public school building, costing \$7,000, which is to be duplicated this year; five churches; a number of large warehouses, and the usual mercantile establishments and miscellaneous shops in a town of 1,500 to 1,800 inhabitants. Among the improvements now assured are a large meat-packing establishment, a saw mill plant guaran-

teeing employment for 120 men, and to have a capacity for sawing 150,000 feet daily, with planing mill and sash and door factory in connection. An electric light and power plant for the city will be operated in connection with the saw mill. This company will construct a railroad southward to its timber, which will open up a valuable section at present having no transportation facilities. A fine hotel, to cost \$35,000, is to be erected this year. This hotel is especially designed for the accommodation of tourists, and it will prove an important addition to the attractions of that locality. Another saw mill, to be located just south of the city, a furniture factory and a starch and glucose factory are in prospect. The city has reached such a stage that it can offer inducements to secure manufacturing institutions and a liberal policy in that regard is being pursued.

Probably the most valuable Indian reservation in the United States, acre for acre, is that occupied by the Puyallups. The Tacoma city limits extend to within a mile of the reservation on one side, and Puyallup, Tacoma's largest and most important suburb, is on the other side. The reservation has an area of about 18,000 acres, three-fourths of which is the choicest bottom land. Included within the reservation is a considerable tract of tide flat, at the head of Commencement bay. The uplands are also rich and particularly adapted to fruit culture. These Indians do not hold their lands in common. Several years ago the reservation was divided and the lands allotted in severalty, but, as now arranged, they amount to about the same as entailed estates, only the succeeding generations of Indians having a right to the soil. Efforts are being made to obtain for the Indians titles in fee simple to their land, so that it can be put upon the market and become available for the uses of civilization. The Indians, however, are more progressive than their race usually is, and they have adopted many of the business habits and modes of life of their white brethren without making a specialty of the evil features. Thousands of bushels of grain, vegetables and fruit, many head of cattle and considerable hay are marketed by the Indians annually, besides the amount necessary for home consumption. There are between 400 and 500 Indians on this reservation, every soul of whom would have more wealth than the average white farmer, if his land had the value on the open market which the ability to transfer title would give it.

While the hop industry is the chief one of the Puyallup valley, the extension of cultivated territory up the river and on the adjacent uplands is giving it a more general prosperity—that is, not limited to the success of any one crop. One of the largest hop growers in the valley reports that the average price for hops, during the past eighteen years at Puyallup, has

been nineteen cents a pound, which gives a profit of from \$175 to \$200 per acre. Experiments, however, have shown that the slightly undulating land in the edges of the valley, with the mild climate, is adapted to the production of superior fruit, and many orchards are being set to apples, prunes, pears, peaches, grapes, etc., and a large acreage is also being reduced to general tillage for the unexcelled market of the sound cities. Puyallup has bright prospects for rapid advancement. One of its best features is its attractiveness as a suburban residence. One evidence of its progress is the fact that Puyallup has just been made a presidential postoffice.

GENERAL OFFICES AND TRACKS AT TACOMA.

THE terminal facilities of the Northern Pacific at Tacoma are so extensive and costly and new ones under construction are of such permanent nature, that the most casual observer must conclude that the City of Destiny will ever be the great Puget sound terminal and headquarters of that gigantic system of railways. On the back page is given a sketch of a section of the water front entirely occupied by the tracks of the Northern Pacific. The ground upon which they rest has been made by filling in the bay with dirt taken from the adjacent bluffs, and represents the expenditure of many thousands of dollars through a series of years. This work is still going on, and will be continued until solid ground is made as far as the first row of piling, which marks the edge of the channel. The opposite margin of the channel is indicated by another row of piling, beyond which are the tide flats that will soon be covered with factories, warehouses, business blocks, etc.

It must not be supposed that the sketch shows all the tracks of the company in Tacoma. On the contrary it is but a fraction of them. Within the city limits the Northern Pacific has nearly sixty miles of track, being more than in all other cities in the state combined, and the necessities of its business are constantly calling for more track room. These tracks lie along the water front, on the tide flats and on the more elevated ground where are the passenger depot and car shops.

On the bluff above the tracks may be seen the large and imposing building occupied by the general offices of the company on the Pacific coast. This building was erected in 1888 at a cost of \$125,000. It is a most substantial structure of brick and iron, cemented on the exterior walls, having a basement, three stories, an attic and a corner tower, with asbestos felt under each floor. In all, the building contains fifty-three office and store rooms, and nineteen commodious vaults, one connected with each suite of rooms. It is

heated by hot water and the interior finishing and furnishing are very ornamental and elegant. The structure occupies a commanding position that renders it a prominent object from the water front. The offices of the Tacoma Land Company are also in this building.

PUGET SOUND TIMBER LANDS.

THE enormous holdings of timber lands around Puget sound by the large mill companies operating there is summarized by the Snohomish *Eye* as follows: There are in the Puget sound timber districts some pretty large timber owners. From out the great number ten heavy ones might be selected as the leading ones. They own in the order printed, the greatest being the first in the list. Puget Mill Co. of Port Gamble, Port Blakely Mill Co., St. Paul and Tacoma Lumber Co., Tacoma Mill Co., Pennsylvania Lumber Syndicate, Port Discovery Mill Co., Washington Mill Co., Alger & Hawley, Seattle Lumber Co. and Satsop R. R. Co. The total number of acres held by these companies amounts to 620,000. A fair estimate on this immense body of timber is 30,000 feet to the acre or a grand total of 18,600,000,000 feet. In the ten companies mentioned are six who own 548,000 acres of the 620,000. These are all mill companies and operate eight mills, with a daily capacity of 1,235,000 feet of lumber. The question often arises how long will this supply last? The answer is easily made on the basis of the present cut. For the past year the mills in the trust have averaged about twenty days a month or 240 days during the year. This would make the cut for 1889, 296,400,000 feet. The total amount of timber at 30,000 feet to the acre owned by these six companies is 16,440,000,000, being sufficient to maintain the same rate of cutting for nearly fifty-six years' cut. The Port Blakely mill, at the rate of last year's cut, will have sufficient for only about fifty years. The Puget Mill Co. will be cutting on its own timber for nearly ninety years at its present rate. Some of the mill companies mentioned buy a great many logs from outside parties, which extends the number of years indefinitely. At any rate, the present generation of saw mill men need not worry about the supply of logs during their lives nor the lives of their children, though their grand children may have to skirmish a little for good timber.

If warm rains continue a few days longer to melt the unusually deep snow in the mountains, California will experience one of the worst floods in her history. Millions of dollars of property are exposed to the caprice of the elements.

QUILLAYUTE COUNTRY AND LAKE OF THE SUN.

The maps of that district give one a false impression of the form of the lake and of the general appearance of the country. On the map the lake is shown as being almost circular in form, whereas it is much longer than it is wide, being about five miles wide and twelve miles long, and has numerous arms and bays extending in all directions. With two exceptions, the valleys leading to the lake are of exceptionally good land. These two are marshy, and present the appearance of a slough in the eastern country. On the north and northeast of the lake is a range of hills that extend almost to the water's edge. There are three rivers emptying into the lake, and the valleys cover a strip of land of about ten by fifteen miles of rich bottom land, and, in my judgment, it is far richer and more productive than the Puyallup valley, the soil being a rich, sandy loam of from three to four feet in depth. Between the lake and the ocean is a low range of hills, varying from 500 to 700 feet in height. In these hills are openings or prairies ranging from twenty to two hundred acres in extent, and differ from the prairies of this neighborhood in that they are rich and tillable and are covered with luxuriant grass and a short growth of ferns. The timber is mostly spruce, but there is some hemlock and cedar. The latter is large and sound, and among the Indians are these qualities so well known that they go there from great distances to procure it for making their canoes. The canoes are made of a single tree, and are hollowed out in the usual form, and must necessarily be of the soundest and most perfect timber. The underbrush in the timber is the salmon and salal brush, and is easily cleared. The latter, in this country grows to the height of three feet, but in the Quillayute country it attains the height of ten feet. The country is only sparsely settled, but the few who are there have no trouble in making a living. There is any quantity of game in the country, such as elk, bear, etc., and plenty of fish. At this season of the year the elk and bear are near the headwaters of the streams, and after being killed can only be used while the hunter is camped near the carcass, as the timber and underbrush are so thick and dense that a person could not get them down to the open country. In the spring, however, they work down toward the coast, and can be easily handled. The fish are very abundant, and are a peculiar run. There is a species of the salmon much finer as a food fish than the silver salmon, that lays its spawn in the Sun lake and its tributaries. This species is known in no other water. There is also a red fish that is abundant and very gamy. While near the Sun lake I was treated to a dish that is made by the Indians from the devil fish, but I was unable to get the best of it. My stomach was not strong enough, but the Indians consider it a great relish.

The vegetables raised in the valleys are equal if not superior to those of California. They grow to an immense size, and are of good quality and flavor. While prospecting around I met a man named Willoughby, who had been raised in that country, having been taken there when quite young, his father being the Indian agent for the reservation near the Lake of the Sun. Willoughby has explored the whole country and, contrary to the statements of several newspapers, he has crossed the Olympian mountains not only once but four times. He has followed the coast from Gray's harbor to Cape Flattery, Port Townsend and up the sound to Olympia. He has stood on the mountains where he could see the Pacific ocean, the strait and Puget sound. He is one of the best posted men on Northwestern Washington in the state. He told me that prospectors had worked the black sand at the mouth of the Quillayute river and had found gold, and that their researches would be ex-

tended in the spring and with improved machinery. On the east side of the Lake of the Sun he had found float coal, as have also others, and this is a sure indication of a coal deposit and will determine very nearly the nature of the sub-formation of the country. The Indians living along the coast, west of the lake, all have money, and are comparatively well fixed. They obtain their money by killing fur seals that are on the rock and near the shore. They also make considerable money freighting between Neah bay and Port Townsend. There are few trails traversing the country, and it is difficult for one not accustomed to the frontier to make much headway in traveling from one place to another. Hot springs have been discovered in various localities, showing the formation of the country to have been volcanic. Along the shores of this country are very few harbors. There are two places besides Neah bay where vessels can land—one at Flattery rocks and the other at the mouth of the Quillayute river—and then only in favorable weather. At Neah bay there is a good harbor, and at its mouth there is a large island that acts as a protection from storms. Only when the wind is from the northwest are there any rough seas in the harbor, and then it is caused from the swells that come in at the harbor opening from the strait. At such times a vessel can be taken to the leeward of the island, where she can ride in safety. Steps have been taken to have a government survey of the whole country, now comparatively unknown, made the coming season, and if this is done it will enable settlers to take up homesteads in the richest and most productive section of Washington. The mails to the principal settlements are carried only once a week, but an effort will be made at once to have a semi-weekly route established. From Neah bay to the Lake of the Sun is by trail about twenty miles, and the trip is one well worth taking, if only for the pleasure of the hunting and fishing—*A. L. Wilson, in Tacoma Globe.*

YAKIMA IRRIGATION ENTERPRISE.

The recent organization of the Yakima Canal and Land Company, with a capitalization of \$1,000,000, is one of the most important enterprises ever inaugurated for the development of the agricultural resources of Central Washington. A number of persons, experienced in the construction of irrigation canals, conceived the idea of purchasing the lands of the Northern Pacific railroad lying south of North Yakima and easterly of the Yakima river, embracing what are known as the Sunnyside fruit lands in Yakima county, and building an irrigation canal to water them and the alternate sections of government land. Engineers were placed in the field, but it was soon learned that it would be a long, tedious and expensive work to determine a practicable route for the canal; hence all negotiations were discontinued until the engineers should complete their work and make a report. After running nearly 500 miles of grade lines the whole difficulty was solved by adopting the Natchez route. Soon as the engineering difficulties had been surmounted the projectors at once set about making a permanent organization and taking their subscriptions to the capital stock. The canal will cover about 100,000 acres of government land, which has not yet been taken up and which can be claimed by the subscribers to stock, and also an equal amount of railroad land. The estimated cost of all canals and reservoirs, according to the engineer's report, is placed at \$1,000,000. It is estimated that \$105,000 will construct the canal as far as the lands taken up under the desert land act by the subscribers to the stock of the company. Nearly that amount is already raised and construction will begin in the spring.

The course decided upon for the new irrigating canal is thus

described by the company's engineer, J. D. McIntyre: "The Natchez line begins at the Natchez river, about two miles above where that stream mingles with the waters of the Yakima and runs in a southerly direction, around and to the west of the Ahtanum basin; crosses the Ahtanum creek about five miles to the west of its confluence with the Yakima river; follows along the steep sidehill south of Ahtanum creek to Union gap, a distance of about eighteen miles; thence across the Yakima river by a pipe line to the easterly side of the river, at which point the elevation obtained above the Yakima river and above the Sunnyside line is 196 feet; thence along the foot of the Rattlesnake range, in a southeasterly direction, to a point about north of the town of Prosser, a distance of eighty miles, making in all a length of ninety-eight miles of canal. By the adoption of this route the great objection to all lines heretofore run by us or by the engineers of the Northern Pacific land department, to cover the Sunnyside lands, is fully overcome. It is 199 feet higher; its course heads many of the deep ravines encountered by the other lines, and covers over twice as much land as any one of them. I estimated the water in Natchez river in September last, at a time when a great drouth was prevailing. The water, it was claimed by old settlers, had never been so low since their advent in the country, and at that time I found 29,000 miner's inches of water in the stream. There is probably from five to ten times as much water as this in the stream during irrigating season. It has its source in the perennial snows of the Cascade mountains, and, in my opinion, the water supply is abundant and permanent and the title undisputed"

MONTANA FINANCES.

Montana seems to be in splendid financial condition, and will have more money in the treasury than she can use in the absence of a legislature to make appropriations. The assessment list for 1889 shows the following figures:

	No.	Value.
Acres land and improvements.....	4,820,978	\$15,168,682
Town lots and improvements.....	48,317	20,764,556
Horses.....	150,910	5,291,854
Mules and asses.....	1,433	72,732
Sheep.....	1,180,603	2,762,041
Cattle.....	548,322	10,682,041
Hogs.....	9,208	49,940
Wagons and carriages.....	12,215	590,656
Watches and clocks.....	2,359	92,091
Jewelry and plate.....	36	41,959
Musical instruments.....	1,867	159,628
Shares of stock.....		1,481,95C
Merchandise.....		4,745,263
Capital in manufacturers.....		1,164,213
Money and credits.....		6,567,142
Household furniture.....		202,070
All other property.....		9,867,215
Total.....		\$79,376,944

TOTAL ASSESSMENT BY COUNTIES.

Beaverhead.....	\$ 3,128,078 00
Choteau.....	4,155,281 00
Custer.....	4,465,411 00
Cascade.....	4,311,690 00
Dawson.....	1,742,887 00
Deer Lodge.....	7,826,645 00
Fergus.....	2,985,851 00
Gallatin.....	4,320,570 00
Jefferson.....	3,167,714 00
Lewis and Clark.....	15,487,096 00
Madison.....	2,752,651 00
Meagher.....	2,666,802 00
Missoula.....	4,982,716 00
Park.....	3,062,900 00
Silver Bow.....	11,368,572 00
Yellowstone.....	2,802,080 00
Total.....	\$79,376,944 00
Increase over 1888.....	\$11,946,410 00

As mines are not taxed, and represent a large proportion of the resources of the state, many millions ought to be added to the foregoing total to express the actual wealth of Montana.

The cash resources of the state are estimated at \$375,000. The chief items of expense, aside from the legislature and its appropriations, are as follows:

Support of insane.....	\$ 71,900 00
Support of convicts.....	41,131 65
Maintenance of militia.....	84,288 29
Bounty on animals.....	8,270 00
Support of deaf, mute, blind and imbecile persons.....	3,383 00
Total.....	\$158,972 94

This is less than one-half the income, leaving a good margin to go upon.

Gold was first discovered in San Diego county, California, in 1869, by a woman, who found some nuggets in Coleman creek, in what is now known as Julian district. Since then there have been many discoveries, and a large amount of the precious metal has been extracted. The mines of San Diego yielded a great deal of wealth during the past year. Never before has there been such activity and revival of interest in the mining industry. The mountain range from Julian to the Santa Clara gold fields are now filled with prospectors, and valuable locations are reported from time to time. Outside of farming there are, perhaps, more men employed in mining south of the San Bernardino county line than in any other industry. From 300 to 500 are now employed in the mines about Julian, and from the rapid manner in which ledges are being developed twice that number will be employed within the next few months. From \$5,000,000 to \$8,000,000 in gold has been taken out of the Julian district since gold was discovered. If the present rapid development continues as much more will be taken out within the next two years. Recent discoveries in Pine valley, south of the Stonewall mine, have caused considerable excitement. A new camp, called Eureka, has been established, and there are at present 150 miners there, and a large quantity of good ore has been taken out. Four mills will soon be in operation. There are also some rich placers at Eureka which are paying well.

The Lincoln County (Wash.) *Times* says that a year ago there was no such place as Wilbur or Almira. They have sprung into existence in the last few months. They are two of the flourishing towns of Lincoln county, and have many large mercantile houses, a lively population and prospects of continued success.

One of the best opportunities for the investment of capital in the west is offered by Kittitas valley, where, on the eastern end, there are 20,000 acres of the finest quality of land in need of irrigation, which can be supplied by a ditch from Yakima river. This is an investment that yields a large and permanent revenue.

The several street railroads in San Francisco, chiefly cable lines, represent an investment of upwards of \$12,000,000 and give employment to not less than 3,000 men. They have proved a great success.

British Columbia exported 427,888 tons of coal in 1889, of which 22,894 were mined at the Southern Pacific's colliery at Comox, and the remainder at Nanaimo and Wellington.

Near Farmington, Washington, a granite quarry and an iron mine that is reported to yield very rich ore are to be developed in the spring by local capital.

WHALEN'S.*

BY C. J. MESSER

EVERYBODY in the county knew Timothy Whalen, and, knowing him, it was only natural that everybody should associate the man with the huge factory which covered acres of ground and reached half a dozen stories toward the sky. All day long smoke belched from Whalen's towering chimneys, and at night the machinery still grumbled, the smoke still belched and the thousands of tiny, dingy window-panes glared as though in savage watchfulness, while the monster of which they were a part panted and groaned in its frantic efforts to absorb all the wealth of the world.

"A hard-fisted money grabber," was the sobriquet Timothy Whalen received, not only from his hundreds of employees, but also from the banker and the merchant with whom business brought him in contact. There were no servants at Timothy Whalen's beck and call. His legs were the only means of transportation he owned, and a grim smile often moved his tightly closed lips when the fine equipages of his brother manufacturers whizzed past him, for, in his factory fire-proof vault, Whalen held acknowledgments of money lent to these self-same brother manufacturers.

It was early evening in January, 188—, when Timothy Whalen was leaving his club up town. Although a man of simple habits, Whalen had his club. It was policy, and everything Whalen did was from policy. In fact, at the very time we become acquainted with him, he was arranging in his busy brain the details of a dinner he was to give some visiting foreigners who were in the market for an enormous quantity of the wares he manufactured. So engrossed was he as he hurried down the steps that he did not hear the salutation, nor did he see the mite of a figure which came out from the shadow of the great stone lion crouching on the stone baluster.

He was an aggrieved, disappointed mite who appeared under the street light. He had a round, chubby face—or it might have looked so because of the strings of his cloth ear-warmers being tied so tightly under his chin—great, round eyes and a little snub nose. A bulky, home-made jacket gave to the small body a keg-like contour. For a minute he lingered, gazing after Whalen, then started on a run in the opposite direction.

At the distance of a block he stopped, peered about and shouted: "Marme! Marme!"

A lady walked rapidly toward the child and took his outstretched hands in hers. "Well, Dicky, what did he say?" she asked.

"Didn't say nothin'! He jes' kep' right a-goin'." The child's voice bore evidence of repressed sobs.

"There, there, Dicky; perhaps he didn't hear you," the mother said, cheerily. "Run down to the office now, and come home with Bobby. Don't lisp to papa about the birthday, and we'll manage to surprise him, even if Mr. Whalen doesn't lend us his assistance;" and, kissing the child, she sent him running down town.

Half an hour later Timothy Whalen, his portly figure erect and his hands clasped behind him, was pacing up and down his factory office. In one side of the office was a small window, through which he could see his employees grubbing away for their scanty weekly earnings. Whalen's large mouth was tightly closed, his heavy cheeks were very red, and his small, restless eyes had a flinty look. Altogether, it was a face and figure not calculated to invite confidence.

At the desk sat, or rather perched, Dan Carr, Whalen's clerk. Dan was a slim fellow, with a brown beard. He had a large nose and honest brown eyes. An odd figure he cut, astride the high chair; his coat too small for him and well worn, his pantaloons so short that there was quite a display of homespun stockings above the patched shoes. Dan was just then busily engaged in a two-fold duty. His right hand figured and figured; his left dipped and dipped into a tin pail, from which he was eating his supper.

All of Whalen's men liked Dan. He had a cheering word for every one as he went the rounds of the factory. Once Dan was absent a whole day, and when he returned he looked sad and thoughtful. After it became known that his little baby had died, there wasn't much noisy sympathy expressed, but a quiet canvass found every man a contributor to a neat little sum, which was offered to the clerk.

"I can't take it, boys," Dan had said, his voice husky. "You work too hard for it."

Lord knows how much Dan needed it, and they made him accept it.

Beside Dan, as he worked and ate, stood a boy whose chin came just to the level of the desk top. This boy's eyes were following Timothy Whalen. Great eyes they were, and there was an expression of lively wonder in them. Whenever Whalen looked in his direction, however, the boy crept nearer to Dan, and clung to that worthy's leg. At last Whalen spoke, in a quick, jerky way, still continuing his walk—

"Invoices all made out?"

"Yes," Dan answered, his mouth full.

"Finished the pay roll?"

"Workin' on it."

"Rents figured?"

"Partly."

Whalen walked; Dan figured and munched; the boy stared.

"Got the goods out of the house on High street?" Whalen asked, after a time.

Dan flushed. "I went there—" he began.

"But let 'em stay, hey?" Whalen broke in. "When my rents are due, I want 'em! What right had you to let her stay?"

"Well," said Dan, "the old lady was sick abed, 'n I thought—"

Dan's thought never received utterance, for at that moment the office door was banged open and in rushed Dicky, his cheeks glowing from his run in the cold air. It was but a second before they glowed from another cause, for the mite of a fellow looked up and saw Whalen's scowling face. Slinking back, Dicky caught hold of Bobby's hand and blinked at the manufacturer. Whalen commenced his walk again, muttering. Bobby and Dicky whispered together. Suddenly Dicky stepped out in front of the manufacturer.

"Please, sir—" he began.

Whalen glared; Dan almost choked and hopped half off his perch in his attempt to still his offspring.

"Please, sir," repeated Dicky, "Marme 'n me 'n Bobby wants to s'prise pop—"

Then Dicky stopped. Whalen was glowering fearfully, but after a short pause the boy persisted—

"Marme 'n me— Please, sir, can pop stay to home to-morrow night 'cause it's his birthday—"

"Now you've gone 'n went 'n told pop!" whispered Bobby, indignantly, and the crestfallen Dicky retired behind the chair, all the time looking up tearfully into his father's eyes. Whalen made no answer, but after a while gave a disagreeable, insinuating look at Dan, which look plainly said—

"Can't you keep your children in their proper places?" Then he walked again.

"Why, Dicky!" said Dan, in a low voice, as he caught up the child. His heart was almost bursting, for he understood the extent of the effort his most timid child was making in his behalf. "And to-morrow's my birthday, is it?" Then to Whalen, who had stopped and was staring again: "He ain't old enough to know any better," in a tone of apology.

"Yes I is," persisted Dickey, who, to Dan's uneasiness, seemed emboldened as Whalen did not openly reprimand him. "I got a dog to home. He comed a-Christmas."

"It's a woollen dog his mother made for him!" explained Dan, in answer to Whalen's stare.

"You said Santa Claus brung it!" said Dicky, looking up entreatingly.

Dan stood convicted. He had ruined the joy of his baby to appease the wrath of his employer. Giving Dicky a hug, he said in a smothered tone—

"Santa Clans did bring it. Don't say any more, don't!"

"What do you fill 'em with such nonsense for?" said Whalen, harshly. "They're big enough to work, both of 'em! Now look here!" starting on his tramp again, "I want you to get that woman out of the house to-morrow, if she don't pay her rent. If you have squeamishness about the matter, remember you're working for me, and it's me that's doing it."

As Whalen was about leaving the office Dan got down from his chair—

"Could I have to-morrow night?" he asked. "The children seem to have set their hearts on it."

"If the rents 'n the pay roll's made up the time's yours, I suppose." And out Whalen went.

Dan whistled softly. "Not much hope, dearies," he said, though in a very cheerful tone. "The rent's a day's job, and I'd have to work all night on the pay roll."

But at it Dan went, while the children tore up paper and played they were possessed of unlimited finances, and could have everything they wanted, like Whalen.

Timothy Whalen walked through his great factory. Many were the glances his employees stole at him, but not one dared look up openly. It was worth one's position, almost, to turn one's head. So the men grubbed and gave sidelong glances, and Timothy walked. This walking was something that had grown on Timothy of late. Once was the time, and not very far back, either, when Timothy used to sit in the great arm chair in the office, evenings, while his machinery was clattering; but, to tell the truth—Timothy hated to acknowledge it—he couldn't sit of late without becoming drowsy. This fact occasioned the man much uneasiness, but he wouldn't consult a doctor; so he fought it just the same as he had fought poverty in his early life and competition since he had become wealthy.

Now, Timothy had made the round of the place and was coming back toward the small pen where the men washed and prepared themselves for leaving work, when his ears caught a murmur of conversation. He looked at his watch. It was 9 o'clock, and the gangs were changing. While listening unintentionally, he heard his bookkeeper's voice.

"Too bad, too bad! Sad, indeed!" Dan was saying, in a tone brimming over with sympathy.

"Yes," came in another voice, "she's been a-layin' there five years. Never complains; just has a pleasant word for me when I gits home, but she'll never walk again."

"And can't the doctors do anything for her?" Dan asked.

"Well, I dun know. Doctors costs a sight, and we never had a doctor that knew much. Some folks says she could be helped."

"Why don't ye tell Whalen about her?" said another. "He's got money enough! He might advance ye——"

"You don't know Whalen," in still another voice, after quite a pause.

Whalen, under cover, contracted his lips. No, that man certainly did not know Whalen. He wasn't a philanthropist; he was a business man, and philanthropy and business could not be amalgamated in one person.

His lips were still harder set as he entered his office. So that was the way the men talked behind his back! Well, he had heard them talk before; so, with a shrug and an invective against the man who had suggested using his money for an old woman's hospital, Timothy dismissed the whole subject from his mind. He began walking again. There was an angry scowl on his face which grew more marked when he came up before the great safe door. The door was open. A muttered oath at Dan's carelessness escaped him. There were papers representing a million in that safe. It was true that no one would dare venture into the office. Also true that Dan would probably be back in a few minutes. In fact, the safe was always open, and Whalen knew it, but he was irritable. Moreover, he knew that all the valuables within the vault were under lock and key. Whalen paced up and down once more, then entered the safe. It was not strange that while standing there his thoughts should go back to the first hundred dollars he had ever accumulated; how he had worked, starved! And now he was worth a million!

He unlocked a drawer, took out a paper and examined it. He held the secret of Dan's submissiveness. Of course, Dan could take any evening he chose, but Dan knew better than to stay away without leave. The paper Timothy held was a mortgage on Dan's little home, and, what was more, the interest was just a trifle overdue. Timothy figured how much overdue, and closed his bead-like eyes while he considered the value of the property. Then he took another paper. What a power was wealth! How he had been snubbed and jostled against in early life! Now he could stand alone. He had no actual dependence on any human being. The world might wag as it would, Whalen was proof against reverses.

He had seated himself in an old chair that was always kept in the vault, while he examined the notes and other securities which at that very moment were keeping better men from enjoying themselves. He leaned his head on his hand and gave his grasping imagination free rein; then he was seized

upon by the drowsiness, and, before he was aware of it, was asleep.

* * * * *

Dan came into the office with a whoop, Dicky and Bobby close at his heels. Boom! went the two-foot thick inner safe door. Whang! went the middle safe door; bang went the great outer safe door. Then, locking the office, Dan gave each youngster a hand and ran home to his Alice.

Now, as Timothy Whalen slept in the very snugest fit to a coffin he'll ever enjoy till his time really comes, he dreamed a dream. It seemed to him that, having discovered Dan shirked day after day the duty of tumbling the sick woman's goods into the street, he (Timothy) had hustled up to the house on High street, and was throwing the rickety furniture out of the window, when an officer arrested him. Timothy attempted to explain matters, when the old lady showed a clean bill of sale signed by Timothy Whalen. Timothy was dumbfounded, but that was his signature; so there was nothing to do but vacate proceedings.

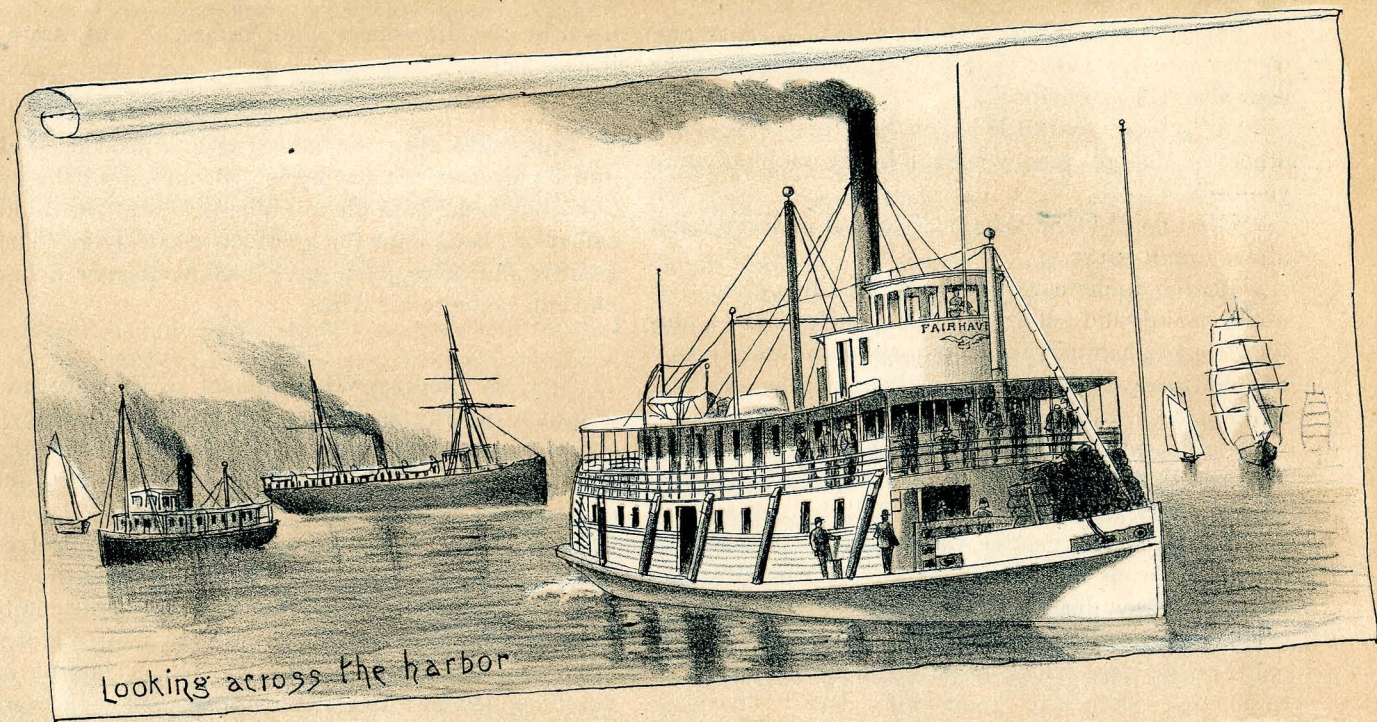
He next called on Hardup, who was behind on a five thousand dollar mortgage. Hardup ushered him in smilingly, but when Timothy broached his business out came the mortgage canceled. Timothy began to sweat. He went to Rusher, who was in the real estate business. Timothy thought he had a hundred thousand in Rusher's concern, but Rusher wanted to send his visitor home in a cab before the lunacy commissioners got on to his old partner's condition. "Why," said Rusher, "you drew out every cent a year ago, and sunk it in the Worthless Glitter mine!" And, what was worse, Rusher showed receipts for the money. Timothy fairly staggered down the steps and to the bank, where, the day previous, he had deposited another hundred thousand in notes. A great crowd was around the bank door. The cashier had gone to Canada, and nothing was left but the marble floor. Timothy hadn't a dry rag on him as he rushed to his factory. It was as he feared. Dan had left the vault door open, and the operatives had cleaned out the safe. A last, faint hope struck Timothy. There was Dan's cottage. He would foreclose the mortgage, and at least have a place to live. As he was hurrying thither, half crying in his agony, the old woman on High street hobbled after him.

"You can get along alone, can you?" she sang, mockingly. "The world may wag on, but you're beyond reverses, are you?"

Timothy covered his ears and ran faster.

"Where is that money that wouldn't help found an old woman's hospital?" came in insulting laughter.

West Shore



FAIRHAVEN, WASHINGTON---Three Months' Growth of a Western City---See Page 134.

Breathless, Timothy ran up Dan's steps; didn't stop to knock, but appeared before the family while they were at tea.

"Here's the man that said we ought to go to work!" cried out Dicky, and he and Bobby began to pinch the manufacturer's legs.

To Timothy's increasing alarm, Dan would not call off the imps.

"What do you want?" inquired Dan, without the least respect in his voice.

"Ain't this house mine?" gasped Timothy. "Haven't I a mortgage on it?"

"Mortgage!" roared Dan. "What's this?" holding up a paper. "I've paid you every cent!" and the clerk kicked the manufacturer out of doors.

Either from the kick or from the generally trying condition of things, Timothy awoke.

Awoke, and rubbed his eyes. One part of the dream was true, at all events. There was not a dry particle of clothing on him. Every one of us can imagine how Timothy felt when he realized there was other than a fictitious value to the contents of the iron boxes. He kept rubbing his head, for there was a queer, deadening smell about the place. He wondered why it was so dark; then remembered the light should come in from the office. Hurriedly walking in that direction, he came up sharply against the closed iron door.

Locked in his own vault! He knew what that meant. He had superintended the laying of the four double courses of brick that inclosed his tomb, and he knew that he might halloo until his palate dropped. No one could possibly hear him. He was the most frightened man that ever stood in two shoes. He fumbled in his pockets for a match. The darkness was terrible. Not a sign of one. For the first time in his life he wished he was a smoker; then he would have matches about him. Dan always carried them. Happy thought! He would ask Dan for one. Starting to carry the idea into execution, he ran against the closed door again. You see he had forgotten his predicament. The dreadful lonesomeness of the place was making him light-headed. He paced up and down like a caged beast. All of a sudden there was a crackle beneath his feet, a flash. His boot had revealed what his hands had failed to find. Dear old careless Dan had dropped a match on the brick floor, and there it lay burning. No man could have grabbed a thousand dollars more eagerly than did Whalen this sputtering thing. In a second the gas jet was lighted and Whalen sat down in the chair. Very kind feelings had he toward Dan as he gazed at the burning jet. He felt sure he would have died in that darkness in less than an hour. Singularly enough the

dream came back to him, and the old woman seemed to repeat—

"You can get along alone, can you?" with that tantalizing cadence.

Whalen groaned aloud. The securities were all right, but what good were they to him. The million, all his own, was now but a mere mockery of power. His breathing was growing harder. He was not a scientific man, and couldn't tell how much oxygen was required to sustain life, but he did know that oxygen or something was giving out mighty fast. Oh, if only a robber would break the safe. Whalen would gladly hand over every penny to be released. If only a rat would gnaw a hole somewhere and let in a little air. "Wasn't dependent, was he?" the old woman seemed to say to him. Then his brain reeled. "Dan! Dan!" he shouted. "Come, quick! Whalen's dying!" and over he went like a log in a dead faint.

Just about the time that Whalen, in his dreams, discovered the bank was broke, Dan was sitting, his slippered feet toasting at the fire in his own little home. Alice was looking prim in the prettiest of print dresses. She was bustling about, singing like a bird, a ripe cherry color on her cheeks. Dan had told her she was prettier than when he courted her, and that was enough to color the cheeks of any loving wife. Dan had his fiddle, and scraped away right merrily. Dicky and Bobby were wrestling in boyish play. Altogether it was a homely scene to be enjoyed.

Of course, they had laughed at the outcome of Dicky's attempt to surprise his father. Suddenly Dan stopped scraping his fiddle and jumped up with the exclamation—

"I can do it!"

Then he began to pull on his boots, the while explaining that he would finish the pay roll that night. In vain Alice's expostulations—go he would. So, giving them a hug all 'round, he lighted his pipe and started out.

Dan belonged to a glee club, and was to sing a solo at an entertainment soon, so, as he tramped along, he rehearsed a few bars—

Nigh to the grave that was newly made
A sexton leaned on his earth-worn spade.

He roared in a pretty good bass.

His work was done, and he leaned to wait
The funeral train through the open gate.

No wonder the few passers stopped to listen to the strong, full tones, which never could come from one having other than a light heart. Dan paid a little attention to the pipe then continued—

Father and daughter, mother and son
Come to my solitude one by one.
But be they strangers or be they kin,
I gather them in! I gather them in!

Dan struck low G on the last note in a way that would have made Glassi, or any other Italian basso profundo chatter with envy. Then he knocked the ashes from his pipe, ran up the factory steps, and soon the gas was flaming in the office.

Nigh to the grave that was newly made,

he began again, as he opened the door of the big vault, took out his day books and carried them to his desk. Then he went back and opened the middle door. No need whatever, mind you, but it was a habit of his. Then open came the inner door. Dan stood and blinked. It was all his job was worth if Whalen should find the gas had been left burning within the safe. Then Dan's eyes became focused, and he saw a human head on the floor. It was presumable that the remainder of the body was connected; so Dan jumped out into the office, and, catching up a pair of pistols that had not smelled powder for five years, he shouted—

"Hold up your hands! Don't offer resistance! I've got you!"

Dan's teeth were chattering with fright, but the inmate of the safe making no audible movement, Dan peeped through the door. Still the head lay there. Dan tiptoed toward it; then, with a cry of astonishment, crouched beside the prostrate body of Whalen.

Dan rushed out again, got some water and bathed his employer's temples. A long time he was at it before Whalen's legs twitched, then his arms, then his eyes opened in the most panic-stricken stare the clerk had ever seen.

"Dan!" gasped Whalen, clutching at his clerk's arm. Then, as Dan got to his feet: "Don't leave me, Dan; don't!"

There was nothing brusque or commanding in the voice, rather an amount of entreaty that brought the water to Dan's eyes. After great exertions on the part of the clerk, Whalen's burly form was deposited in the arm chair of the office.

"What o'clock is it, Dan?" Whalen asked. He was leaning forward, his elbows on his knees, and breathing heavily.

"Half past 10," was the reply.

Whalen shivered. "Shut the safe door, please, Dan," in a labored whisper.

Like one walking in his sleep the clerk obeyed.

"How'd you happen to come back, Dan?" A very feeble query and after a long pause.

"I thought I'd like to spend to-morrow evening with the children," was the hesitating answer.

A deep groan from Whalen.

"There, there, Dan; I'll be myself in a short time. Don't ask me anything now."

Dan went to his desk. Not to do much work, how-

ever. He could not help stealing glances at the millionaire, the most humble millionaire imaginable.

"About the old woman on High street, Dan," Whalen finally said, or gasped.

"Well, I won't turn her out," Dan said, a little stubbornly. "Fact is, her last month's rent is paid up."

"Paid up!" in faint surprise.

"Yes, I took a collection among the men tonight, and——"

Dan was stopped by a terribly deep groan this time. "Give the money back to the men, Dan." Whalen's fingers were trembling like a leaf. "Hand me the rent bills. I'll receipt 'em all."

Dan fell off his high stool.

"You needn't work to-morrow night," Whalen said, as he actually receipted the rent bills. "Go back to your family now, but first see me home, Dan."

Dan gave an arm and escorted his employer to his residence.

"Good-night, Dan," said Whalen, "I'll call on you to-morrow some time, if you've no objections. You've been a faithful man for me, Dan."

So dumbfounded was Dan that he couldn't half explain the matter to Alice. How Whalen came in the safe was what puzzled the clerk, and he scratched his head over the problem even after he had fallen asleep.

Next morning Whalen came into the office. Not the old Whalen, however. This Whalen said "Good morning, Dan," and, moreover, this Whalen put some matches in Dan's match box. At noon a great wagon backed to the factory door. "Turkeys for the men, Dan," said this new Whalen, apologetically. "Better late 'n never!"

If Dan was surprised, how do you think the men took it? That night there was something of a surprise all 'round at Dan's house. In fact, from the appearance of the place it would have been difficult to say who was having a birthday, for there were wool dogs and almost every other style of toy, and the queerest part of it was no one knew where they came from. When the evening was half over the bell rang and Dan ushered Whalen in. Bobby and Dicky opened their eyes and crept behind their father's chair.

"I don't wonder they fear me," said this new Whalen, in an altogether new voice, but they soon became acquainted with him and climbed up on his knee.

Before the guest departed he handed Alice a paper which, on being opened, proved to be the mortgage on the cottage canceled.

Of course, they all wept for joy, Whalen with the rest. From that night Whalen was often a welcome visitor at the cottage. People wondered at the great change in him, but no one save Alice and Dan ever suspected what caused Whalen's reformation.

OUR IDAHO BUDGET.

Ada county, Idaho, has an assessed valuation of over \$3,000,000. It is seventy-five miles in length from north to south, and is, on the average, thirty-five miles wide. More than 600,000 acres of public lands are still open for settlement within her borders, almost every acre of which can be cultivated when water is brought by means of irrigating canals. Ada county, in yield of fruit and vegetables, ranks first in the territory; in hay it ranks second. The completion of what is known as the Ridenbaugh canal, now rapidly nearing completion, will render thousands of acres near Boise City susceptible to cultivation. In addition to the formation of large companies for irrigation purposes, small farming communities often combine in building canals, which cover from ten to two hundred ranches. In Ada county, and, in fact, in all of Southern Idaho, the soil is not productive without irrigation. But, with plenty of water, the most barren and desert spots can be made to produce bountifully. Many enterprises of importance, for irrigating large tracts of land in this county are forming. The New York Irrigating Canal Company have a strong financial backing, and their plan embraces the covering of the uplands around Boise City with water.

The visit of the senate committee on irrigation to Boise City last July gave no little encouragement to our citizens that the government would soon render substantial aid in bringing the fertile plains of Idaho under cultivation, as it does now in improving harbors, opening up rivers for navigation, etc. There are certainly as pungent reasons why the government should construct vast irrigating canals to redeem these acres for purposes of agriculture as for the improvement of harbors. To secure sufficient irrigation facilities on the western slope requires so much capital it is difficult to interest moneyed men in these schemes. The government has the means, and it should undertake this work. The simple assurance that a gigantic scheme like building irrigating canals for this country was undertaken by the government would flood it with an industrious and frugal population. It would insure farmers water at a reasonable rate, and bring vast areas, now useless, under cultivation. With irrigating facilities, Boise valley, from the summit of its mountains, east to west, would support 250,000 people.

The winter, so far, in Southern Idaho, has been comparatively mild. The coldest day, so far, in Boise valley was on Saturday, the 11th day of January, when the thermometer at the United States signal service office in Boise City registered 9 degrees below zero. Professor Kurtz, of the signal service, says the average temperature for December, 1889, in Boise City, was 34 degrees. The lowest for December was 12 degrees above. Snow has fallen in such abundance as to insure plenty of water for farming and mining purposes this year. Placer miners are specially encouraged with the outlook. Farmers and business men are unanimous in predicting a good year. The *Ketchum Keystone* of the 11th has this to say about the general outlook:

"The farming communities are now assured of an abundant supply of water for the irrigation of their soil and for all their domestic purposes, and can depend upon raising bountiful crops the coming season, and their fields will be unlike those of last year, which were dried and burned by an excessive drouth. The prospective features of the mining interests of our locality, as well as adjacent mining districts, all seem to forbode a prosperous outcome. The progress made in the development of mining properties has been necessarily tardy and attended with a great many hardships; yet, with all the privations endured by the miners in prosecuting work upon their properties

in the first instance, they have the satisfaction of knowing that their mines are being developed step by step, and that they are receiving their reward from year to year for their patient and untiring perseverance. The early, and no doubt satisfactory, solution of the silver question during the present session of congress will certainly incite a more vigorous prosecution of work on many new mining properties, and at the same time restore new life in the workings of mines that have heretofore been lying idle. The great mining districts lying to the north, to the east and to the west of us, and all having a direct outlet at Ketchum—viz., Clayton, Bayhorse, Bonanza, Custer, Stanley basin, Germania basin, Seafoam, Sheep mountain, Sawtooth, Galena, Smoky, Boyle mountain, Warm Springs creek and East Fork—never looked more promising than at present."

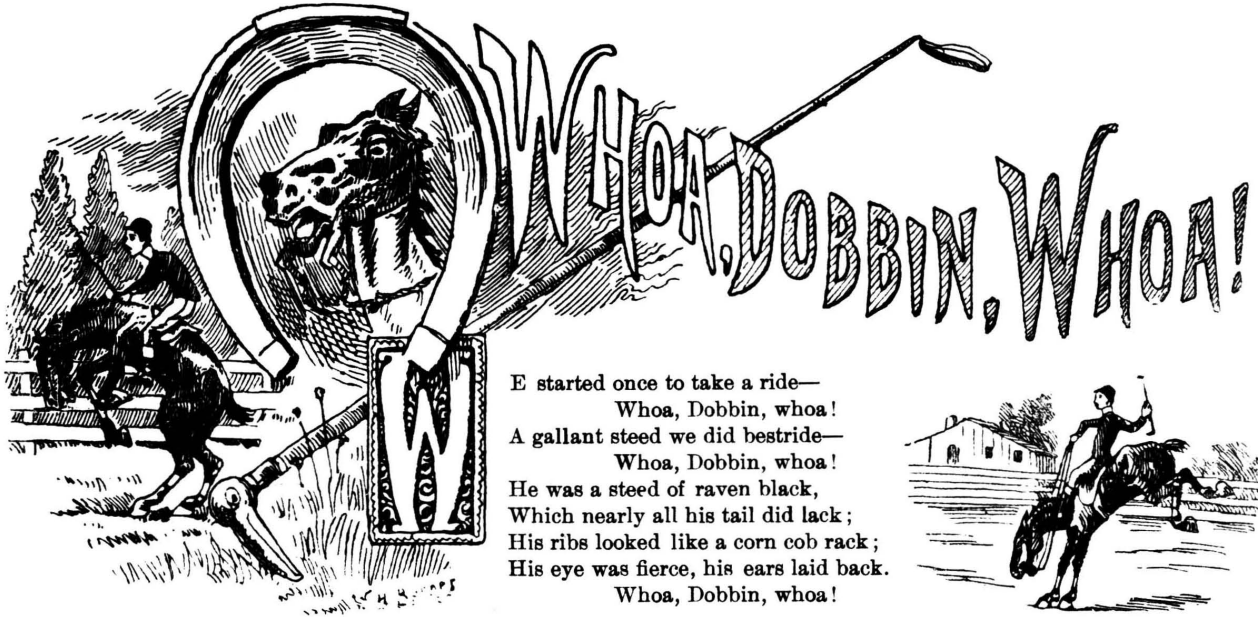
The mining news for Idaho is encouraging. The *Silver City Avalanche*, of the 11th, says that the De Lamar mill, near that place, cleaned up \$30,000 for the month of December. As soon as the capacity of the mill is increased the amount of bullion will be doubled. Captain DeLamar has purchased the interest of the Wahl Bros. in the Wilson mines at DeLamar for \$500,000, and will at once commence to enlarge the mill, so as to reduce one hundred tons of ore per day instead of fifty, its present capacity. Boise county mines are coming to the front with fine showings. The *Idaho World* reports a two-foot vein strike in the Elkhorn mine that will yield \$40 to the ton of free gold. A three-foot ledge is now developed in each of the two raises from the main tunnel, 150 feet apart.

The Pioneer mine, at Quartzburg, makes a magnificent showing. This mine, the largest in the territory, has been developed to the depth of 250 feet, and there is now a body of ore opened up that will keep the Gold Hill Company's twenty-five-stamp mill going for several years. The end of the chute has not yet been reached, and the extent of the pay, although immense as it is now, is yet to be determined to its full extent. The Pioneer is a thirty-foot ledge, all pay ore.

Indications are now very favorable for the speedy admission of Idaho into the union of states. Mormon influence and money will no doubt be used freely to prevent it, but neither will long hinder the admission of Idaho. Both houses of congress are favorable to the admission of our state on proper representation—some from policy, others from principle—and Idaho will probably be admitted during the present session. If not, an enabling act will surely be passed, and we will be admitted by proclamation of the president. J. D. FLENNER.

Hamilton is the name of a new town in Skagit county, Washington. It is on the Skagit river, about twenty-five miles from the mouth, and directly across the stream from the Cumberland coal mines. "Six months ago Hamilton contained nothing but a store and post office and one dwelling house, which was utilized as a hotel. To-day it has two good stores, two hotels, a newspaper, a blacksmith shop, a saw mill, a church, a good school, two livery stables and about twenty-five dwelling houses and a population of about 200. In another six months the change will be far greater as the mining and manufacturing interests will increase ten-fold. Already ground has been broken for the erection of three general merchandise stores, a hardware store, another saw mill, a church, a barber shop, a saloon, a three-story hotel and a gents' furnishing goods store."

Port Townsend has granted a franchise to T. J. Nolton and John Lyle for the construction of gas works, to begin within four months, and to be completed in one year. The company will begin work immediately and put in a \$50,000 plant.



E started once to take a ride—
 Whoa, Dobbin, whoa!
 A gallant steed we did bestride—
 Whoa, Dobbin, whoa!
 He was a steed of raven black,
 Which nearly all his tail did lack;
 His ribs looked like a corn cob rack;
 His eye was fierce, his ears laid back.
 Whoa, Dobbin, whoa!



We stood beside his haughty head—
 Whoa, Dobbin, whoa!
 We patted him, and mildly said
 “Whoa, Dobbin, whoa!”
 He turned, as if in search of food;
 His manner boded us no good;
 We thought he'd eat us where we stood;
 We stepped aside as quick 's we could.
 Whoa, Dobbin, whoa!

Then smiled we, innocent and sweet,
 Whoa, Dobbin, whoa!
 And sprang into the saddle seat,
 Whoa, Dobbin, whoa!
 He fixed on us his fearless eye,
 Then raised his heels so very high
 It seemed as if he thought he'd try
 To kick an air hole in the sky.
 Whoa, Dobbin, whoa!

Then down he came upon all fours—
 Whoa, Dobbin, whoa!
 He didn't kick, then, any more—
 Whoa, Dobbin, whoa!
 But all his feet together came,
 His back shot upward like a flame;
 We 'rose, and then came down again,
 But staid right with him, just the same.
 Whoa, Dobbin, whoa!

The saddle seat seem'd hard and rough—
 Whoa, Dobbin, whoa!
 Our legs were now quite long enough—
 Whoa, Dobbin, whoa!
 He changed his mind, the first we knew,
 And thought he'd run the county thro';
 He started, and away he flew;
 The cold wind thro' our mustache blew—
 Whoa, Dobbin, whoa!



He ran as if he had been sent—
 Whoa, Dobbin, whoa!
 On some important mission bent—
 Whoa, Dobbin, whoa!
 He stopped, and, as before, he placed
 His feet together, firmly braced,
 And quickly then our nose we chased,
 And sat down on the desert waste.
 Whoa, Dobbin, whoa!

He started then, we recollect—
 Whoa, Dobbin, whoa!
 With head bent down and tail erect—
 Whoa, Dobbin, whoa!
 We watched him with but small regret;
 Just what we said we now forget;
 But fourteen dollars we will bet
 That ugly brute is running yet.
 Whoa, Dobbin, whoa!

JOSEPH BERT SMILEY.



The Light Side of Life

By Lee Fairchild,

TOO SLOW.

Mr. L. is a very nice fellow when he gets around to it, but he seems to be in no hurry.

A THOUGHTLESS WISH.

Mr. CROSSWISE—I wish I were dead!

Mr. GOODEYE—Look out, there! There's an electric wire down!

Mr. C.—Thanks! (Goes fifty yards around it.)

THE SIZE OF HIS FRIEND.

"Is there room in the car there for one more?"

"Well, hardly."

"Then you may go in, my friend."

"Do you know," said a poor young man, "that I wish Miss Fanny wasn't so dear; because, you know, she won't marry a limited sum."

A TOTAL LOSS.

FIRST STRANGER—Do you know where Mr. — Well, now, the name's gone out of my head and —

SECOND STRANGER—Left it empty?
They parted in silence.

SCENE: BLIND MAN WORKING A CRANK.

"Jack, what did you give that blind man a dime for, when you are so nigh broke yourself?"

"Do you think I am going to let him see me walk away without giving him anything and leave the impression that I am deaf and have no appreciation of music?"

WHY THEY BLUSHED SO.

WHY do you blush so, little flower,
Or in the sunshine or the shower?
And has good fortune, passing, missed you?
Ah, now I know—the winds have kissed you!

Why do you blush so, pretty maiden,
With sixteen summers richly laden?

Have you sown love and failed
reap it?

The secret's mine and I will
keep it.

IN PORTLAND, OREGON.

"Here's this article of yours, editor, on the winter climate of Oregon; shall we print it to-morrow?"

"No," said he, brushing the snow off his overcoat, "I wish to cull a few bouquets out of that article before I send it out in this weather."

PROBABLY.

Mrs. CARSON—I don't see why Mrs. Sorrow wouldn't feel just as bad without buying and putting on that costly mourning.

Mrs. WISDOM—Probably she would feel worse!"

IN THE FIELD.

VASSAR GIRL (in vacation time)—I wish I were a flower.

Mr. NEWMAN—Why so, Miss —?

V. G.—Well, I would be kissed by the breezes, you know.

SCENE—WESTERN TOWN.

TRAVELER—Stranger, what are these policemen patrolling for on the outskirts of the city?

STRANGER (from a rival town)—They are trying to keep the wolves out and the "boom" in!

HENCE THE REMUNERATION.

Mr. HAYS (who is handed a check for a poem)—Why, I thought you didn't pay for poetry?

CONSCIENTIOUS EDITOR—We don't!

FAVORABLE CRITICISM.

Believe me, but Mr. H. has such an admirable way of saying nothing that it is a delight to read him.

IN A DELICATE WAY.

Mr. C. (to his unmarried friend)—Ah, how do you do? You are still going it alone, eh?

Miss B.—Oh, yes; I like to go it alone, if somebody's with me.

They walk down street together.

EXTREMELY RELIABLE.

Mr. O'BRIEN—You talk as if the Irish can not be depended on for anything!

Mr. ARNOLD—No, indeed! They can be depended on for too many things!

AN UNANSWERED QUESTION.

JOHNSON—I feel just like a blank to-day.

DAWSON—Is that feeling exceptional? (Long silence.)

At a famous resort in Iowa an ex-senator from Michigan was stopping. A lady from the same place thinking "ex" a prefix of honor said to a friend in all earnestness that the people of her district thought so much of the senator they had made him an ex-senator for life. The ex-senator was probably too much of an invalid to enjoy the intended compliment.



A FEW QUERIES.

Is it proper for Mr. Arkell to say, "I, *Judge*," in company?
Is it safe to infer that our esteemed exchange, that does not "clip" anything, is wholly original in its make-up?

Has our Portland contemporary which explains its jokes no knowledge that most of its readers carry telescopes, and can see the star-of-a-thought across a continent?

Is it not time we should, as readers, give editors of certain papers to understand that this is the earth, and not *hades*? That if their papers were just lowered a little they would find a more appreciative public, one that is tried by fire? But to bring some men to their senses would be to bring them so far they would, by the time they got there, be too thoroughly traveled and altogether out of their senses!

Who was it sounded the depths of his reputation when he sank to the bottom of the sea? (You need not answer this question. Indeed, it was hardly safe to ask it).

ORIENTAL.

The De'il the Chinaman essays
To thither scare, they say,
With such a racket as doth raise
What he would scare away.

On China New Year's the Chinese make such a display of fireworks as would do justice to a Fourth of July celebration. They so bombard the ear of night as to take the very forts of slumber. It is stated this is their method of driving away the devil. But I should think to accomplish such a feat all a Chinaman need do would be to quietly show himself; unless it be the Chinese devil is all ear and no eye.

RESIDENT—So you think of ending your days on Puget sound, do you?

WIT (with the la grippe)—Well, I feel now as though I might!

The Boston *Courier* says: "Advice, says a philosopher, should come to us like a gentle fall of snow. Very true, but most of us receive it as if it were a shower bath touched with ice."

Now will the editor please accept our thanks as a delayed New Year's gift?

"Is hell a place?" is the question in Philadelphia. What is Philadelphia but a place?

On *Time*—Thomas Nast.

Behind *Time*—Well, a number of its contemporaries.

When a man buys a Boston *Record* he becomes a missionary, simply because he is one cent out.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Should one be sent out as a missionary with only a Boston record?

The *Norristown Herald* says a man discharged his physician. The man probably did himself well!

This is a fine bit of sarcasm: One lady was arguing the merits of her friend. The other was disposed to discredit them. Finally the befriending lady said; "Well, we must allow that whatever he is he is self-made." Rejoined the other: "Pity he didn't let out the job!"

HE WAS A YOUNG MAN OF MEANS.

LITTLE INNOCENT (to her sister's beau)—Ou's worf ho' lots, mamma ses, 'es 'ou wouldn' be worf nothin'.

It is estimated that there is about one in Chicago to every four hundred in New York.

"It's a cold day when I don't run," said the stream, without using a slangy expression, either.

I WALKED AWAY WITH IT.

I called with a friend to see the large bear on exhibition at the Tacoma the other day. A number of gentlemen (as compared with the bear) stood looking at the great prisoner of the forest in chains. We desired to have the bear get up and show himself. Wherefore I stepped up to a man running a wheelbarrow hard by and asked him how we might induce the beast to rise. He told me if I would go into the bear's department he would probably get up! This same laborer also informed me that this same bear was then older than he was some two years before and that doubtless time brought changes to beast as well as to man. By this time I had stolen the attention of the crowd from the bear and walked off with it, thinking that perhaps some of the wittiest fellows in the world are handling the spade and shovel.

THE FAIRY'S STORY.

It never snows but my heart is glad. To see the flint of the clouds blown into flowers, as it were, by the breath of winter begets in me such wonder! It seems to me I shall be glad to have it snow in heaven, so the angels do not take cold. Nature is so prodigal! The artistic winds, gathering the frail material of the snow-flake, construct so many pieces of statuary as weary the delighted imagination if it attempt to trace them. Yet, when the sun admires them with too warm a gaze they melt away and a thousand master-pieces flow into the crystal streams.

But there is no prettier picture in all Nature than a snow-storm. A solemn stillness pervades the air. It is nearing evening. Darkness with shadowy feet stalks westward. Lo! flakes of snow light up the dusk of the twilight hour, and night comes drifting earthward broken into little stars. No trumpet of thunder jars the elements. No forked tongue of flame fills the cloud-walled temple of storm with dread eloquence. But the snow-storm comes so noiselessly! Do you wish to know what a fairy told me about the snow? It came to me one evening while I stood gladdening my gaze with the soft white splendor of the snow as it rolled away like a foamed sea over the undulating prairie and melted from view on the azure shores of the cloudless blue. It looked like a picture I had seen in a dream soon after a little blue-eyed neighbor girl had died. "Who are you?" I asked. "I am a fairy," answered the strange being before me. Its hair seemed made of shadows tinged with moonlight. It walked upon the air and set gravitation at naught. "I will tell you a story of the snow" began the fairy. Its voice was softer than the song of the babbling brook and its words seemed fragments of music. "I wish you would," said I. "Tell me a continued story."

"In winter," said the fairy, "the clouds feel the breath of the north and suddenly fear seizes them and they turn white, for fear has this effect on whatever it possesses. In every drop of water, of which the clouds are, there is lodged a star-beam, such as you have often seen in the drop of dew when it looked like a little globe of silver. So, when fear seizes the clouds, the star-beams expand and the frightened drops of water are fashioned into little stars which folk call snow-flakes. Things must have names, you know, so that mortals may flatter themselves they know them." The fairy smiled, threw some snow-flakes in my face and vanished.

Development work on the chloride group of mines on the south side of Lake Pend d'Oreille, in the Idaho panhandle, will be pushed next season. A twenty-stamp mill is to be erected there by the Spokane Falls owners of the mines, and it is expected to be in operation by the 1st of June. The contract for the delivery of 3,000 tons of ore at the mill has already been let. Work is being prosecuted on a valuable lode near Chewelah, on the Spokane Falls and Northern railway, with a prospect of developing some rich producers. The lead carries gold, silver and copper. Offers, both from Spokane Falls and from Butte parties, insure the operation of the mine on a paying basis. It is probable that most of the ore will be delivered at the former place as the difference in freight rates makes that the better market. Men are at work all winter in the Summit district, also near Chewelah, making preparations for getting out a lot of galena when the spring opens. Enough ore is reported secured for keeping the new forty-ton smelter at Colville in continuous operation. It has both wet and dry ores, silver, lead and iron. Some new purchases have recently been made by the parties interested in the smelter. It has been determined to erect a mill on the Black Bear and War Eagle properties in the Okanogan region in the spring. All of these enterprises are in the country tributary to Spokane Falls, and they give some indication of the rapid mineral development in progress in that region.

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The activity of real estate in Astoria has attracted a great deal of attention to Oregon's chief seaport. Persons desirous of knowing about property in that city should address the Clatsop Land Co. The managers are A. R. Cyrus and H. C. Hardman.

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 THIN PURSE—Very empty. And you?
 FAT WALLET—"Strapped," as usual.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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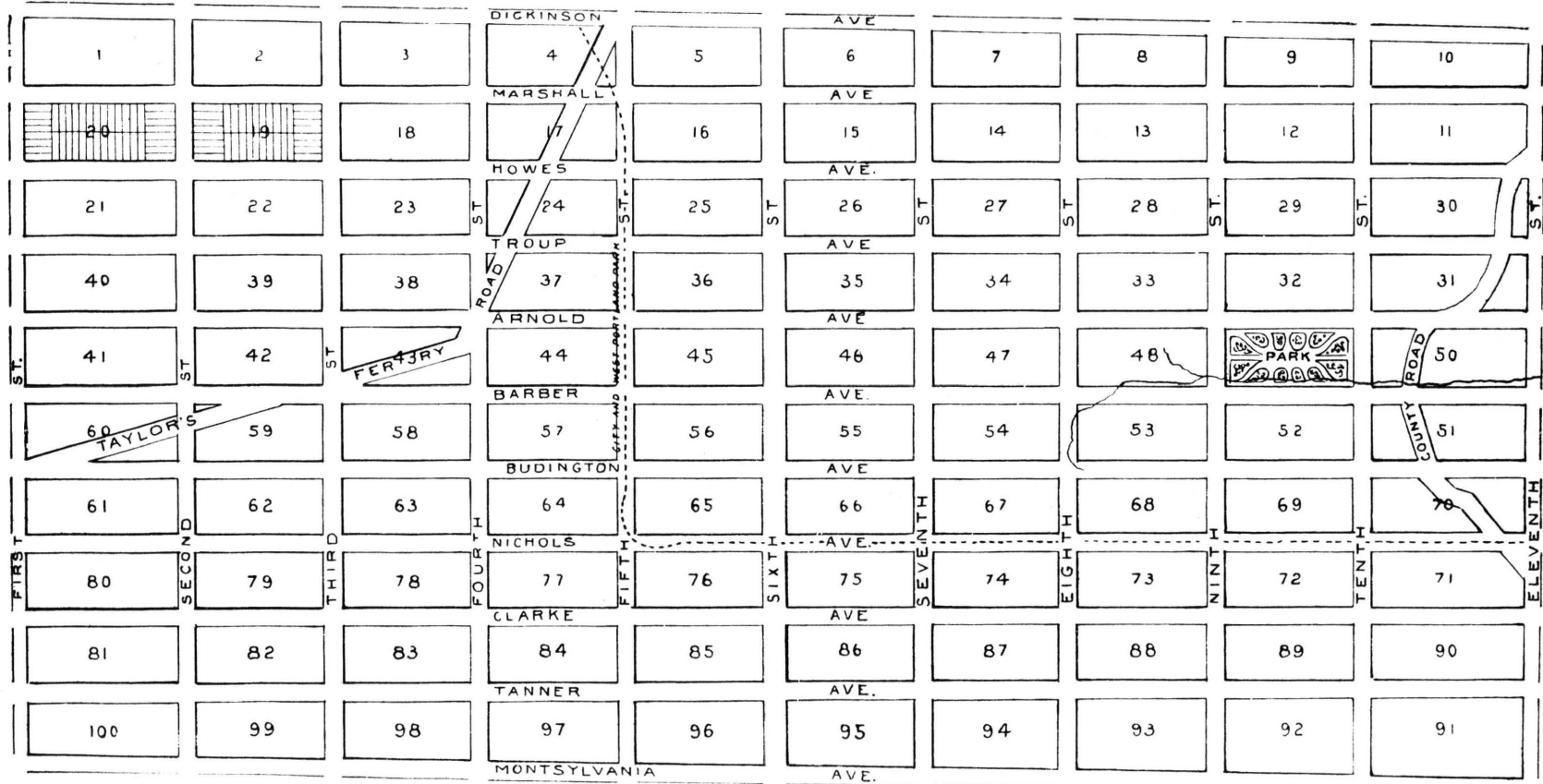
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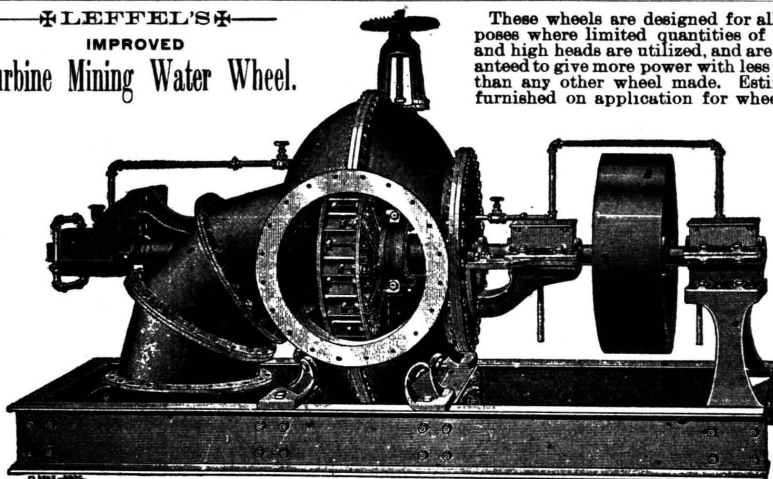
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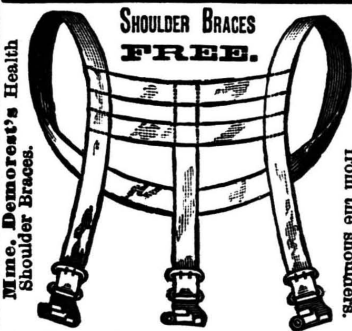
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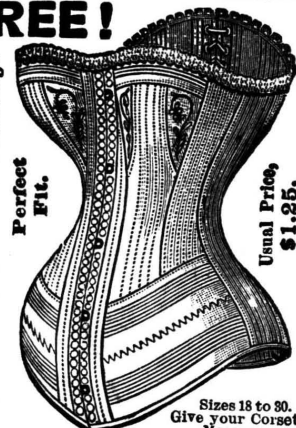
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Ellensburg, the county seat of Kittitas county, is a town that takes its growth since four years ago. Its population is about 5,000, half of whom came the past year. Its resources are, first, agricultural; second, stock, the tributary ranges now feeding 150,000 head. Its minerals well developed are gold, silver, copper, lime, marble, but the greatest is iron in untold quantities, all kinds, ore assaying from 40 to 60 per cent.

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