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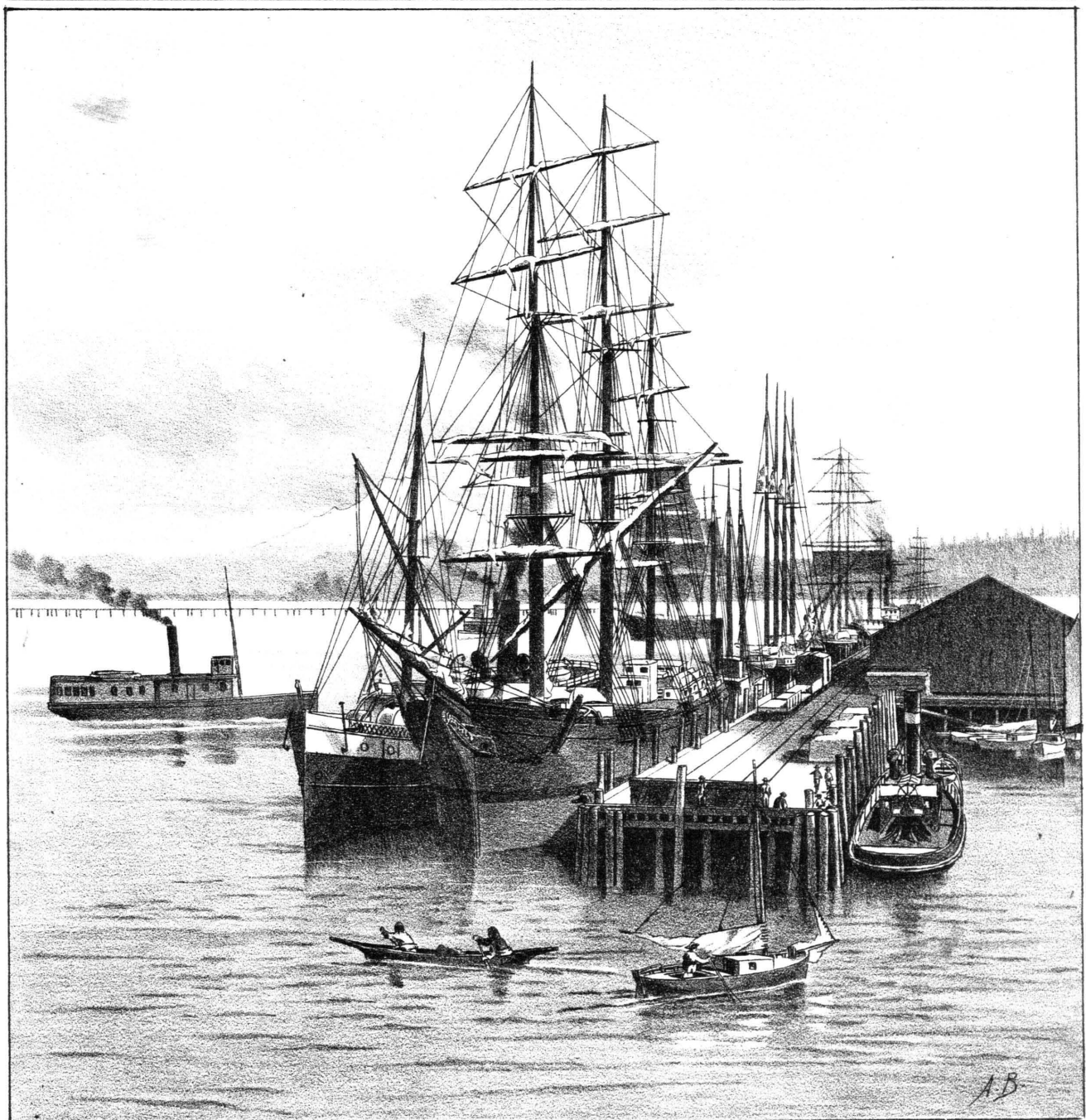
West Shore

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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WASHINGTON—Along the Water Front, Tacoma.—See Page 198.

West Shore

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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

Saturday, February 15, 1890.

A COMMON regard for health requires that in Portland, and all other towns recently flooded, all stagnant water be disposed of and the filth deposited be removed as speedily as possible. A few days of warm weather would breed much disease were these simple and common-sense precautions neglected. There is nothing that will cause an epidemic of diphtheria or scarlet fever quicker than a foot or two of stagnant water in the cellar or back yard. City boards of health should make a careful inspection and compel all negligent persons to take these simple sanitary measures. If they do not, some of them will have a "mysterious visitation of Providence," and will wonder why "God has afflicted" them, but the doctor will not wonder, nor will their more sensible neighbors. Danger that is not perceived by the eyes or ears is commonly unheeded. People who would flee from a runaway horse, even though no actual danger existed, will permit disease-breeding filth to remain until it becomes a deadly menace to the entire neighborhood. Would that we had eyes of the mind wherewith to see the gaunt spectres of disease and death floating in the air. More dreadful shapes these than the substantial objects that daily fill us with fear and from which we so carefully protect ourselves. Let us be sensible and "Providence" will not find it necessary to pay us a visit.

Truly one half the world does not know how the other half lives, and a large portion of the other half may be within daily sight and reach. When such a disaster occurs as that in England, where 200 men lost their lives, and reveals the fact that men work naked like slaves, in the foul and deadly atmosphere of a coal pit, for ten hours at a stretch, for the merest pittance, there is a calcium flash cast upon the inequalities of life that startles us for a moment, and then the

sight fades from view. It is reported that all the leading coal miners of England have formed a federation "to resist the unfair demands of the men," that eight hours in the close and noisome bowels of a colliery shall be a day's work. England's grandeur is built upon much degradation and misery, and if ever this country seek to rival her with "free trade and a fair field," a great mass of our working people will have to descend to the same miserable condition. We have misery and degradation enough as it is, but it is nothing to what it might become.

One of the most cruel acts recently reported was the arrest of a little girl for selling papers by two burly officers of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children," who dragged her to the police station against the remonstrances of an indignant crowd, and handled her so roughly that her clothing was nearly torn from her body. Some society ought to be organized for the suppression of the ruffians these various "suppression societies" employ. Their very virtues are made cloaks for sins as bad as those they would correct.

Oregon has reason to congratulate herself upon the passage by the senate of the house bill making an emergency appropriation of \$75,000 for continuing work on the jetty at the mouth of the Columbia. The work of educating our national legislators up to some faint appreciation of the importance of this great river has been slow, but it seems to have been fairly effective. Now the improvements below Astoria can be pushed without losing the advantage already gained.

Human nature does not change much through the ages. A San Francisco audience, angered by the failure of a prize fighter to stand up and be slaughtered, or a Spanish crowd excited over a bull fight, give vent to the same yells of rage and contempt that echoed from the walls of the Roman Coliseum in the days of Nero, when some beast refused to mangle his trembling victims.

It is said that Judge Boise has expressed the opinion that the law protecting Mongolian pheasants in Oregon applies only to the original stock, and not to their descendants. If that be so, the gun clubs will have to stir their stumps and sew tags on the old ones if they want to save them. A gunner can not be expected to look at a bird's teeth to see how old he is before shooting.

Immigration from Kentucky has set in. Several "moonshine factories" have been discovered in the mountains of Pierce county.

The proposed erection of a new county out of portions of the territory of Spokane and Whitman counties, Washington, finds much opposition in both the old counties, as well as being damned by faint praise in the section supposed to be benefited by the scheme. The city of Spokane Falls is the county seat of Spokane and is located in the exact center of the county; there being four and one-half townships between it and the northern extremity and the same distance to the southern boundary of the county, and there are three townships on each side. Colfax is similarly situated with reference to the territory of Whitman county. Both county seats are conveniently accessible by rail from all sections of their respective counties. It is proposed to segregate two tiers of townships from the southern part of Spokane county and the adjoining two tiers from the northern part of Whitman and combine the four in a new county to be called Steptoe. Latah is to be the county seat in case the bill becomes a law. It is a thriving town and has a good prospect of enjoying healthy growth, but it is not centrally located with reference to the suggested new division. It is advantageously located in relation to the natural features of the country but not for the political division contemplated. It lies within five or six miles of the Idaho line and the people from the larger part of the territory that would constitute the new county would find Spokane Falls or Colfax much more accessible than their own county seat. As the counties now stand they are not too large, and, in view of the prevailing sentiment on the subject, there does not seem to be much likelihood of the new county being made. The change would destroy the geographical equilibrium of the whole region.

It is seldom the WEST SHORE alludes to itself in its own columns, but it feels a natural pride in the great feat it accomplished last week. On Tuesday and Wednesday the streets of Portland were flooded, and on those days sketches were prepared, six pages of engravings were made and a special flood supplement was printed and sent out to all portions of the United States on Friday with the regular edition. Such a feat was never before attempted by an illustrated journal, and its successful accomplishment at this end of the continent, where such things are not looked for, is something of which every resident of the Pacific coast may well feel proud.

Truly every American has cause to rejoice in the official overthrow of the Mormon priesthood in Salt Lake City, and if the stories of official corruption and misrule in that city be but half true, the citizens of that misgoverned municipality, be they Gentile or Mormon, have great reason to congratulate themselves.

The Mormon press claim that notorious fraud was practiced, without which the liberal majority of 800 would have been 500 the other way. If there is any ground whatever for this assertion they should take the matter into the courts. The American people can not afford to permit fraud to be practiced at elections even for the overthrow of church denomination in civil affairs. The chances are that there is but little wool. Fraud is cried by a defeated party so persistently that the shout is expected every time corruption is overthrown. No one will be inclined to believe in its existence unless at least an effort be made to prove it in the courts.

It would be difficult to find an advocate of "Willamette straight" as a beverage in these days. That great health giving liquid resembles what the people of the Sacramento valley call "slickins." If Governor Pennoyer has drunk any of it the past few weeks—and we hope not, for we prefer that he live to serve out his term, having yet received no "reduction for credits"—he must have some doubts about the real virtue of the veto business.

When the *Oregonian* is again tempted to reprint an editorial from the *Waitsburg Times*, it would do well, before giving that paper credit, to ascertain if it be not a WEST SHORE editorial three months old. And, by the way, those editors who borrow their thunder must experience a peculiar sensation when they see it copied by their contemporaries while their original matter is ignored.

Now that the supreme court has affirmed the validity of the test oath in the constitution framed by Idaho last year, there is nothing to prevent that territory from being brought before congress for admission to the union, except democratic opposition for party purposes and Mormon opposition for church purposes. Let us see if these two be enough to defeat the movement for statehood.

Additional reports of the massacre of prisoners at Kara are so horrible that one wonders why civilized governments do not unite and wipe Russian despotism and barbarity from the face of the earth. The next bomb that explodes near the Czar will be followed by an ah-h-h as prolonged as that which accompanies the bursting of a Fourth of July rocket.

The Washington legislature has sent a committee to Vancouver to examine and report upon the school for defective youth. It is a splendid institution, and it is too bad the legislators are all over age.

Now that the "Life of Lincoln" has reached a conclusion popular opinion is ready to express itself. Indeed, it was ready months ago. The book contains a great amount of documentary evidence and reference that is new and extremely valuable to a historian. From that point of view it is the most important contribution ever made to the subject; but as reliable history it is an utter failure. It was written by hero worshippers, and is ex parte to the fullest degree. It was written in the spirit and with the same ideas that prevailed at the close of the war. Had it been published in 1865 it would have been a greater work than now, for then it would not be open to the charge of partisanship and stubborn bigotry in ignoring the mass of evidence that has been produced since that time flatly contradicting many of its most important statements. This is most noticeable in its treatment of General Fitz John Porter, but there are a multitude of other instances. In fact, it breathes the spirit of 1865, not 1890. The "Life of Lincoln" will take its place on the shelf with other books from which may be culled, by the cautious and unprejudiced historian, much that is valuable in writing a history on the subject of which it treats.

Another body of republicans has accepted Speaker Reed's method of obtaining a quorum for the transaction of business. The lieutenant governor of Montana counted the democratic senators who refused to vote as being present, and those gentlemen not only summarily fled the senate chamber, but departed beyond the boundaries of the state, so as to evade the vigilant sergeant-at-arms. So long as legislators consider their allegiance to party paramount to that to the people who have elected them to attend to the legitimate business of the state, so long will such senseless and demoralizing scenes be witnessed. In what does a party's virtues consist that its interests should be paramount to those of the state? As well admit superior allegiance to church as to party. The man who absents himself from a legislative body without leave should have his seat declared vacant.

The "Thunderer" has proved itself to be merely a thunderer devoid of the lightning's flash. With the power of the government to back it, with the open sympathy of the court, with a lavish expenditure of money for the purchase of perjured testimony, it was unable to bolster up its attack upon Parnell and the Irish cause, and has confessed the fact and its fear of consequences by paying Parnell compromise damages and all his costs of suit. Such a spectacle as was witnessed in the combination of a powerful newspaper and the government for such an unholy purpose, to be accomplished by such despicable means, is not possi-

ble in America, and we can but wonder at the mental condition of a people that can keep in power a ministry guilty of such practices.

Boats are a necessity in Portland. About the only means of reaching the business portion of the town six months in the year is by navigation.—*Tacoma News*.

This is so maliciously false that it ought not to go unnoticed. A generous rivalry between western cities is expected, and it naturally crops out in the newspapers, but such paragraphs go beyond all limits set by reputable journals. The *Tacoma News*—be it said for the credit of western journalism—has gained the unenviable distinction of being the only paper on the Pacific coast that discredits itself and the city in which it is published by deliberate editorial lying of a mean and vindictive nature. Such a course gains friends neither at home nor abroad.

Oklahoma is being repeated on the Sioux reservation. If the desert of Sahara could be brought to America and closed against settlers, there would ever be hanging on its borders a crowd eager to locate upon its windswept sands. There is, to be sure, some fairly good land in the Sioux strip, but there is in the west so much vacant land that is better, that does not have to be waited for, nor fought for nor contested for in the courts, that one wonders at the perversity of human nature which leads men to ignore it and engage in such wild scrambles as are witnessed every time a reservation is opened.

Most cocoanuts have milk in them, and some a kind of milk that needs to be specially accounted for. The anxiety of the Wyoming republicans to have their territory disassociated from Idaho in its consideration by congress is ascribed to the fact that, while in Idaho the Mormons are good—or bad—democrats, in Wyoming they are good—or bad—republicans, and the anti-Mormon clause in the Idaho constitution threatens to create a hegira of the Latter Day Saints from the republican camp in Wyoming. This is how the go-it-alone milk comes in the Wyoming nut.

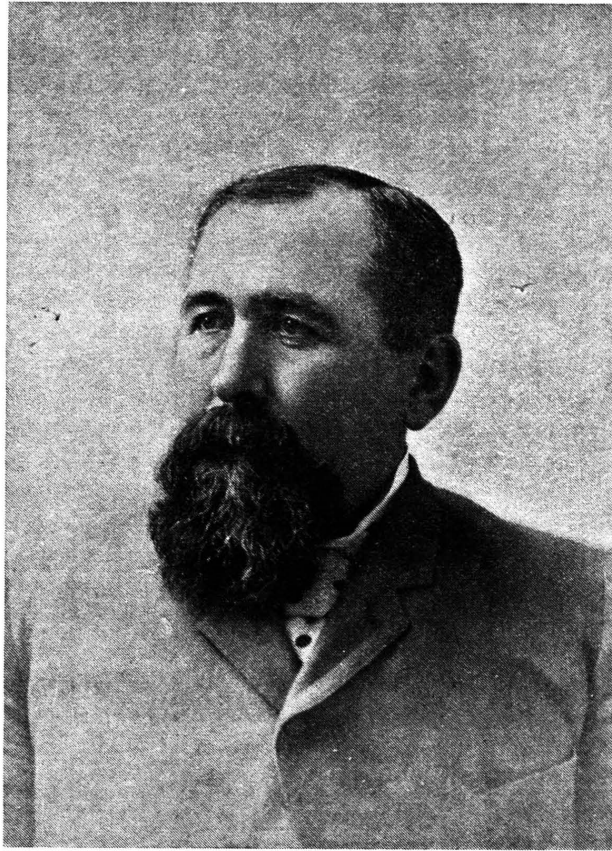
A drunken man rolled off a sidewalk in Kalama, Wash., and was drowned in the gutter, neither he nor his companions being aware that water was strong enough to do any harm. In all towns where such dense ignorance of hydrology prevails sidewalks should be abolished. They are dangerous.

A dispatch says that an express agent who stole \$35,000 at Dallas, Texas, was a "man of exemplary habits." Perhaps he was—for Texas—but in Oregon such habits are discouraged.

A GREAT RAILROAD AND ITS BUILDER.

ONE of the greatest railroad builders of the age is the man who is constructing the line of the Fairhaven & Southern from Bellingham bay, a road destined to become soon one of the most important that terminates on Puget sound. Nelson Bennett first came into prominent notice as the contractor who did such marvelous work on the Northern Pacific when Villard was pushing that great road to completion. He afterwards took other contracts on that and other western lines, but his most celebrated work was the construction of the great tunnel through the Cascade mountains. He signed a contract for that huge undertaking in New York and gave bonds for its completion in twenty-eight months. A less energetic man or one with less systematic business habits would have made a complete failure. Not one railroad contractor in a thousand would have finished the work in time under the almost unsurmountable obstacles he encountered. Immediately upon signing the contract he bought his outfit, which consisted of dummy and stationary engines, saw mills, electric light plants, foundries, machine shops complete, and horses, wagons, tools, food supplies for stock and men, and shipped by rail to the end of the N. P. track at Yakima, eighty miles from the seat of his work and tunnel. He was one month in getting his outfit to Yakima, and from there he had to haul everything by teams the eighty miles. His contract involved a penalty of \$100,000 forfeit, and ten per cent. of the contract price if the tunnel was not finished on time, which meant well on to a half million dollars, if a failure. He started his teams in the late fall from Yakima, over unbroken, basaltic rock roadways, and got along fairly well until he struck the snow in the mountains. He had to have twelve miles or more of snow from ten to twenty feet deep, shoveled out to make a roadway, when a Chinook wind left his outfit in the mud until the approach to the tunnel again required a

mountain of snow to be shoveled away. He was forty miles away from his work when the great thaw commenced. The mud was so bad that wagons would sink to the hub and stop. He brought up a plank, laid it down in front of his teams, and his men would carry the rear plank ahead to lay new plank road, and in this way he made twenty miles. The next twenty miles he used "skids" or mud scows. In these he loaded his outfit, and thence "snubbed" them with rope and tackle, as houses are moved. It took ninety days to reach the east end of the tunnel and cost for actual moving over \$125,000. It was three months



NELSON BENNETT

more before he got machinery to the west end. He had twenty-four months to excavate out of solid rock, or its equivalent, 9,850 feet of tunneling and 600 feet of entrance, the tunnel being 1,100 feet below the surface of the mountain. All this distance had to be heavily timbered up or bridged as the excavation continued, caused by the strata of overhanging rock, which dipped diagonally and dropped from concussion. The falling rock killed a few men before the bridging could be kept up with the work. He built saw mills, felled all the timbers, sawed and squared them. Three shifts of men were kept working night and day. By putting in electric lights the work never ceased, and it was completed seven days ahead of time. Mr. Bennett is a wonderful man of business and

handles a greater variety of enterprises than any other man on the Pacific coast. He has large mercantile establishments in five different towns, all of them managed from his head office in Tacoma, a street car line in Butte, Montana, and a large sheep ranch in the same state, several saw mills, and large mining interests, and is a director in several banks and a number of important corporations. Besides all this he is the founder and manager of the great Bellingham bay railroad enterprise and owner of a large portion of the townsite of Fairhaven and the adjacent town of Bellingham, which has practically become a portion of it. This is now his greatest enterprise.

Recognizing the commanding position and great advantages of Bellingham bay as a seaport and railroad terminal point, also as the base of shipment of the timber, mineral and agricultural products of a region admitted to be the richest and most varied in its resources of the state of Washington, Mr. Bennet conceived the project of building great railroad lines from the bay and of laying out a town that would become one of the great cities of Puget sound. His railroad project is quite extensive and the road is known as the Fairhaven & Southern, Fairhaven being the name of the terminal city on the bay. In the WEST SHORE for February 1, 1890, were given views and a description of Fairhaven, but the town is growing so rapidly and such changes are constantly in progress that no view can remain a correct representation of it but a few days. In the article referred to the railroad enterprise was not mentioned with the detail and accuracy its importance justifies.

The Fairhaven & Southern is projected to run from the bay southeasterly to the great railroad system of the country. The road has already been constructed as far as Sedro, on the Skagit, a distance of twenty-four miles, and work is in progress east of that point. This line will be pushed into the Cascades the coming summer, and is projected to run across Eastern Washington to a connection with transcontinental systems. It will tap the great coal, iron, gold and silver mines of that portion of the state and furnish an outlet for the stock ranges and the vast area of agricultural land. This line will no doubt become the most important and best route from east of the mountains to the coast, as it is short and reaches a fine harbor nearer the ocean than any other. From the junction in Skagit valley a line is being constructed southward to Seattle, where it will connect with other roads entering that city. Perhaps the most important line, however, is the one running north to the Canadian Pacific at New Westminster. This is being built in British Columbia under the name of the New Westminster & Southern, and in Washington as the Fairhaven & Northern. The former is completed to the boundary line, and the latter is partially completed and the balance will be ready for the rails when they arrive about the first of May. This line will give Fairhaven its first transcontinental route, and will give the Canadian Pacific a terminal point on American soil that will play an important part in its overland traffic.

From the above it will be seen that simply from a railroad standpoint Fairhaven has most brilliant prospects; but there are a multitude of other factors that enter into the problem of the growth of a large city there, which will be spoken of in detail in a subsequent article, accompanied by a large engraving of the elegant hotel in progress of erection.

TACOMA'S HARBOR.

ON the last page is given a view of a common scene at the Northern Pacific wharf in Tacoma. This does not by any means embrace the entire water front nor show the shipping facilities of that port. The great saw mills where vessels are loading every day in the year, the huge coal bunkers from which many thousand tons of coal are shipped, the grain ware houses where vessels are loaded for the Liverpool market, are all beyond the limits of the picture. The dock shown is that used by the passenger steamers that ply on the sound and to San Francisco and Alaska, also by the tea ships in discharging cargo for transportation east by the Northern Pacific.

This dock is always the scene of busy life and bustle. There is scarcely an hour when some steamer is not taking on or discharging freight, and often two or three are there at one time, with ocean vessels as well. The commerce of Tacoma has already reached large proportions, and preparations are being made to increase it. Cargoes of lumber, aggregating many millions of feet annually, leave the mills of that city for the ports of every ocean on the globe, while others carry thousands of tons of coal to the San Francisco market. Grain shipments are reaching a high figure and will eventually be one of the greatest features of Tacoma's export trade. Immense ware houses and elevators are being provided for the accommodation of the grain of Eastern Washington and Oregon, which can be brought to Tacoma over the Northern Pacific and the connecting Hunt system, and annually an increased amount of grain and flour will be dispatched to foreign markets from the terminal city. The improvements under way in the harbor of Tacoma are very extensive, and when completed will give that city unexcelled facilities for handling an enormous commerce.

The Northern Pacific is to be congratulated upon the fact that, while other roads have been blockaded by snow storms and land slides, by a combination of good luck and able and systematic management this line was kept open and trains ran practically on time. This was a feat of railroading for which the company should receive due credit, and which was fully appreciated by those cut off from the world by other routes.

San Francisco will soon be protected by two dynamite guns that will keep a hostile vessel beyond a range of two miles. This will protect San Francisco, but what will protect the guns? A vessel three miles out will be in perfect security and can pound away at the guns until they are disabled.

MONTANA'S DEMOCRATIC SENATORS-ELECT.

LAST week the WEST SHORE presented the portraits of the republican senators-elect from Montana, and now gives those of the gentlemen chosen by the democratic faction, who are now in Washington pressing their claims to admission to the senate.



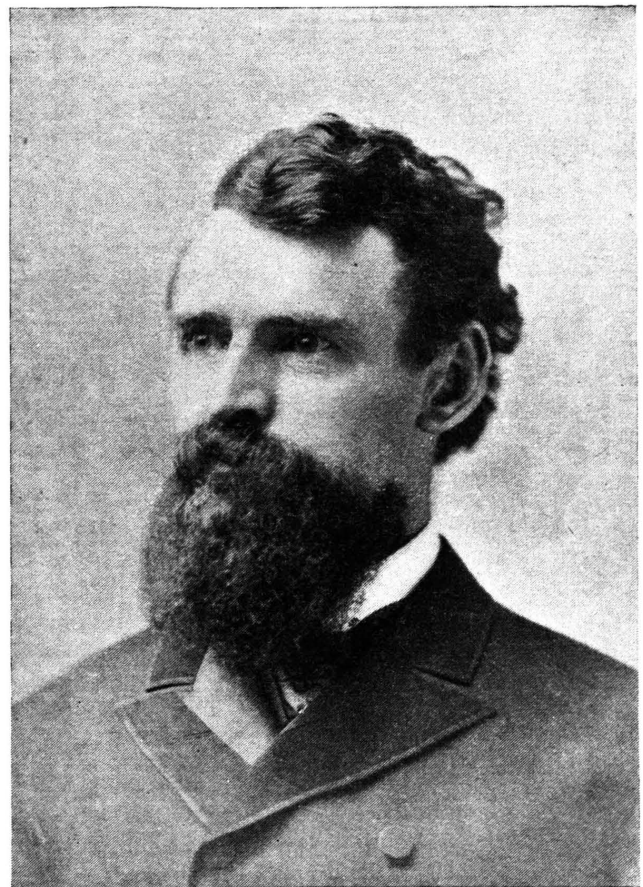
MARTIN MAGINNIS.

They are two of the most prominent and able men in the democratic party of that state, and if successful in proving their right to a seat in the senate will ably represent their state in that august body.

Martin Maginnis was born in Wayne county, New York, October 27, 1841. He was educated at the common schools and Macedon Seminary until the age of twelve, when he went with his parents to Minnesota, where he was an attendant at Hamlin University until the breaking out of the war. He went to the front with the First Minnesota Volunteers, was engaged with that regiment in General Hancock's second army corps in all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, and participated in more than a score of the great battles in Virginia, at Antietam, Maryland, and at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, being several times wounded. He was promoted to the command of a new regiment, and sent to join General Thomas in the Army of the Cumberland, and was engaged in the battles of Franklin

and Nashville. At the close of the war Major Maginnis crossed the plains on horseback from St. Paul to Helena, where he founded and edited the *Helena Daily Gazette*, and was six times elected as delegate to congress. He was the author and promoter of many important measures and was chairman of the committee of territorial delegates, while in the house. He was the orator of the day at the dedication of the Soldier's Home in Washington, May 30, 1879, also at the great reunion on the battle-field of Gettysburg, and also at the Washington reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac. He has resided in Helena since 1866, and was a member of the convention which framed the state constitution. His election to the senate was a proper recognition of his ability and party service.

William A. Clark is one of the best known bankers and mining men on the Pacific coast. He has resided at Butte City for many years, where he has great property interests. He also has interests in many other portions of Montana and other western states. His enterprise, good judgment and capital have been important factors in bringing to the front a number of the best mining properties in the northwest. Mr. Clark has long been a leader of the democratic party in Montana, and has earned a right to be chosen by it for the important position for which he has been selected.



WILLIAM A. CLARK.

THE GREAT BLOCKADE.

MANY people wonder why there should be such an apparently endless series of blockades on the railroads of the Pacific coast, in a region advertised as being one where ethereal mildness holds continued sway and gentle breezes blow in from the sea to temper the rigors of winter that would otherwise be felt. Our eastern friends seem to be unable to understand climatic conditions as they exist in this portion of the country. From experience they naturally infer that when the dispatches tell of terrible snow storms in California and Oregon the whole face of nature in this region is swept by the icy breath of the north wind, from which no guilty man can escape. How a storm can rage in one place while but a few miles distant the snow may be falling like a gentle benediction from heaven, or how the railroads in one section may be buried deeply beneath the white precipitation and green grass greet the eye in another, finds no explanation in conditions with which they are familiar.

Radically different are the climatic conditions prevailing in the region from Puget sound to Lower California on the west of the Cascade and Sierra Nevada mountains from those prevailing in those mountains and east of them. In the one snow is seldom seen and the mercury drops below the freezing point but a few times during the winter. The mild winds from the ocean, whose waters are raised to a warm temperature by the Japan current flowing down the coast, blow across the region between the sea and the mountains named, "dropping fatness" from the sky upon a respondent earth. Sometimes this takes the form of copious showers and at others is but an almost impalpable mist that fills the atmosphere with an all pervading moisture. This is in the winter time, the wind blowing from the ocean in obedience to the well known principle that currents of air are set in circulation when a difference of temperature exists between two sections. This rain becomes snow as the wind reaches the higher levels in crossing the mountains, and thus continues on its journey eastward until all its moisture has been extracted. Thus it is that while a warm and gentle rain may be prevailing in the Willamette, Sacramento and other valleys and along Puget sound, only a few miles to the eastward and in the dividing mountain ridges that separate one valley from another, the snow may be falling and drifting in such a way as to completely block all lines of travel crossing them. Sometimes the thermometer sinks low enough to convert the rain of the valleys into snow, and for a few hours—and even a few days—they become one vast field of white. Upon the heels of this may come a few days of warm rain, when the water comes down from

the clouds in a long and steady stream, melting the snow throughout the valleys and from the lower levels of the mountains, the waters filling to overflowing every channel and covering all the adjacent low lands. Such a combination of conditions was what caused the recent heavy floods in every valley west of the mountains. It is but once in many years that such a body of snow is carried away by heavy rains, and the floods of a dangerous character are infrequent enough to render them a novelty to all but the older residents.

The line of the Union Pacific runs east from Portland up the gorge of the Columbia, thus passing through the Cascade mountains, and then farther east crosses the Blue mountains. In both of these chains the snow fall is heavy, and during the succession of snow storms that occurred in January the line was almost continuously blockaded in spite of the most desperate efforts made to keep it open. At the same time snow fell in the valley to an unusual depth, but lay like a white coverlet, without drifting or doing any damage. In a similar way the line of the Southern Pacific leading south to San Francisco was blockaded on the border line between Oregon and California and in the mountains at the base of Mt. Shasta, at the head of the Sacramento river. Here was the worst blockade of all, and defied all efforts to conquer it until the storm had entirely ceased. For a whole month that route remained closed to travel because of snow. The Central Pacific crosses the Sierra Nevada mountains from the Sacramento valley, running through a region where snow falls deeper than is known on any other mountain railroad in the west. For many days the experienced snow fighters of the company struggled against the ever-drifting snow in their efforts to open the line and release the imprisoned trains that had been caught in the snow belt, but were not successful until the storms had entirely ceased. Meanwhile, in the valleys the snow had disappeared under the influence of the warm rains, and the green grass again greeted the eye. A typical mountain railroad scene is the large engraving, "In the Heart of the Siskiyou," in the center of this number of WEST SHORE. One can easily imagine the condition of things there after a heavy fall of snow or a long rain storm converts the streams into resistless torrents.

Snow, however, was not the worst thing the roads had to contend with. The snowslides from the mountain sides buried the track under tons of frozen moisture, but the snow plow was able to clear it away, and the warm breath of the ocean wind could melt it. A more serious and destructive obstacle followed the snow. The heavy rains and the melted snow soaked the ground until it contained all the moisture it could hold; then the earth began sliding down the mountain sides. Terrible as is an avalanche of snow the slipping



THE BLOCKADE—A LANDSLIDE ON THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC, IN OREGON.

away of the earth from the steep side of a mountain, carrying with it trees and rocks, is many fold worse. All through the mountains, especially those in Southern Oregon, where the snow early disappeared and gave the heavy rains full access to the earth, these heavy slides occurred. In many places they choked up the natural outlet of streams and converted them into lakes, which finally bursting through the barrier, rushed down their old channels, carrying destruction to every thing within their reach. Railroad bridges and trestles were washed away in great numbers, and in more than a hundred places great masses of earth and rocks and trees were deposited on the track. In one place on the line of the Southern Pacific, between the Umpqua and Rogue river valleys, such a slide as this now lies on the track to a depth of eighty feet for a distance of a sixth of a mile. A view of this immense earth avalanche is shown in the engraving on the preceding page. To remove such a mass of solid earth from the track is not so simple a matter as cutting a passage through a bank of snow. Besides this the very track and even embankment upon which it was built has been in many cases carried away, either by the slipping of the earth or the violence of flooded streams. In the region just mentioned fully six miles of track have thus disappeared. All this must be restored, the tunnels filled with earth and debris again

excavated and the demolished bridges and trestles rebuilt before the road can be opened to permanent traffic.

On the line of the Union Pacific up the Columbia half a hundred similar avalanches of earth occurred, some of them being composed almost entirely of masses of rock. The work of removing this and renewing the bridges and damaged track has been pushed by a large force of men day and night, and that route is now opened for traffic. Here occurred one of the most terrible accidents that have been known in the west, due solely to the causes just enumerated and not to any carelessness or inherent imperfection in the track. The caboose of a construction train broke through a bridge that had been damaged by the storms and flood, and with its load of human beings was dashed to the bed of the stream below, a distance of sixty-five feet. Ten men were killed and sixteen wounded. Medical assistance was sent at once to the scene of the disaster, and all possible attention was given to the suffering men. Not a little peril was encountered by the relief train going to the rescue. In one place a bridge was considered unsafe, so that the engineer, after making every one get down from the train, backed up a short distance and then headed for the bridge at high speed, crossing it safely, when the journey was resumed. The injured were brought to Portland as soon as a passage was opened up, and are being cared for in a hospital.



THE BLOCKADE—ACCIDENT TO A UNION PACIFIC CONSTRUCTION TRAIN.

LOCATION AND AREA OF WASHINGTON TIDE MARSHES.

At Baker's bay, near the mouth of the Columbia river, are two considerable tracts of tide marsh land. These are, first, those on Wallicut river, 1,650 acres; second, those on Cheenok river, 1,475 acres, making about 3,125 acres on the Washington side of the Columbia river. Around Shoalwater bay are tide marsh lands as follows:

	Acres.
West and south of it.....	1,649
On Bear river.....	979
On Bone and Palix rivers.....	2,509
On and near Naselle and Nama rivers.....	5,500
On Willapa river.....	8,000

There are also several thousand acres of brush and spruce tide or marsh lands on the east side of the bay. The total tide marsh lands of Shoalwater bay are 15,000 acres of open marsh and 5,000 or more acres of spruce marsh.

Around Gray's harbor are many tracts of tide marsh land, as follows:

	Acres.
On its south side, Elk creek.....	600
On its south side, John's creek.....	2,000
On its south side, Redman's creek.....	1,000
O' Larry's, Nuskah's, Metcalf's and Joe's creeks, all on its south side.....	25,000
East side, on Chehalis river.....	29,000
North side, Wiskah river.....	7,000
North side, Fry's creek.....	2,000
North side, Hoquiam river.....	8,000
North side, Grass creek.....	1,509
North side, Humptulips river.....	5,500
West side, near entrance to Gray's harbor.....	500

This makes a total of 73,100 acres of tide marsh land in the Gray's harbor region. Of all this about 20,000 are tide marsh prairie. Something like the same amount is covered with small brush or scattering timber, and the balance is spruce tide marsh, covered with heavy timber.

On the ocean coast, from Gray's harbor northward, are many small tracts of tide marsh land, in all not exceeding 20,000 acres.

At the mouth of Quilleutte river, and on the Neah bay Indian reservation, along Sues river and Wyatch creek, are considerable tracts of tide marsh land.

Tide marsh lands are found on the south side of the straits of Fuca, at Pysht river, Dungeness river, Squim bay and Port Discovery bay. The total at these and other places is less than 2,000 acres.

From Port Townsend southward to Hood's canal, and around all the canal, might be found 2,000 acres.

On the west side of the sound, between Foulweather bluff and the Narrows there are 1,000 acres of tide marsh.

Above the Narrows are 600 acres of tide marsh lands, not including Nesqually.

On the east side of Puget sound the area and location of tide lands may be described as follows:

	Acres.
Pierce County—	
On Nesqually river.....	3,350
On Puyallup river.....	2,500
King County—	
On Duwamish river.....	1,000
Rest of King county.....	250
Snohomish County—	
South of Snohomish river.....	200
On Snohomish river.....	12,090
On Stillaguamish river.....	8,000
Skagit County—	
On Skagit river.....	12,000
On Swinomish flats.....	11,000
On islands.....	2,000
In Samish valley.....	6,000
In Beaver marsh.....	4,000

Other Counties—

Whatcom.....	4,000
Island.....	4,000
San Juan.....	600

These estimates are very small for Skagit county tide marsh lands. The Beaver marsh is east of Pleasant ridge. Only a part, before it was reclaimed, was covered by tide. Some of it is spruce marsh and some fresh water marsh. There are not far from 6,000 acres in the whole tract, including all these kinds of lands. It is now nearly all in cultivation. There are numerous tracts west and north of the Beaver marsh of similar character. Also, on the Samish there are 6,000 acres of nearly open marsh, the improving of which makes possible the clearing and cultivation of spruce and other timber land just back of it and but little higher than the open marsh. In its most extended sense the Samish tide marsh lands may be estimated to contain 10,000 acres. As all these lands are benefited by dikes in front of them, and can not be improved until such dikes are built, many tracts east of the Swinomish may be included, and elsewhere, which are now really protected by dikes or levees, so that in all of Skagit county the total of all kinds of tide lands may be called 50,000 acres.

Some of these estimates are greater than those given years ago, because then the tide marshes covered with heavy spruce timber were deemed almost worthless. Now, when men have learned how to clear this at a reasonable expense, this class of land is considered to be very valuable, and, when cleared, the most valuable of all. In estimates made years ago, only the marshes covered with a light growth or with scattering spruce timber were included. In the larger Gray's harbor and Skagit county estimates here given, more spruce lands are included.

Thus the total area of all tide marsh lands west of the coast range amounts to 120,000 acres. The area of Puget sound tide marshes, including all tracts of spruce tide marsh, in round numbers, is about 100,000 acres, fully one-half of which is in Skagit county. Much fresh water marsh and ordinary river bottom land on Skagit river needs to be protected against the high summer freshets of that river. That is, there are 150,000 acres in that county that require dikes against tides or levees against overflow before their cultivation can be considered fully secure.

Out of the 200,000 acres of tide marsh land in this state, there are not over 100,000 acres of open tide marsh where no clearing was necessary, over one-half of which is west of the coast range of mountains. Nearly three-fourths of the ocean coast tide marshes are found in the Gray's harbor region. They are one-half greater than all Skagit county tide lands.—*Eldredge Morse, in Tacoma Ledger.*

PROTECTION FOR SALMON.

The Washington legislature has passed a bill for the protection of salmon in the Columbia river, concurrently with Oregon, and at other points along the coast. In general the provisions of the law are that it shall not be lawful to take, or fish for, salmon in the Columbia river or its tributaries, between March 1st and April 10th of each year; and during the weekly close time, viz.: between six o'clock p. m. Saturday and six o'clock p. m. Sunday. It shall be unlawful to catch, kill or in any manner destroy any salmon on or within one mile below any rack or other obstruction erected across any stream or river for the purpose of obtaining fish for propagation. The close season on Shoalwater bay and its tributary rivers, is made from November 15th to December 15th. It shall not be lawful for any pound net, set net, trap, weir, wheel or other fixed appliance for taking fish, to extend more than one-third of the way across the breadth of any stream, channel

or slough; nor shall it be lawful to cast in rivers and streams frequented by salmon or trout, any lime, coculus indicus or other substance deleterious to fish. Provision is made against the construction of dams without the building of suitable fish ladders. It shall not be lawful for the proprietor of any saw mill, or any employee or other person, to cast saw dust, planer shavings or other lumber waste into the Columbia or any of its tributaries, and all other streams and lakes where fish are wont to spawn. Any person exploding cartridges of giant powder, hercules powder, etc., for the purpose of killing or destroying fish is guilty of a misdemeanor. Suitable penalties are prescribed for violation of the several provisions of the act. Justices of the peace have concurrent jurisdiction with the superior court for the punishment of offenders. It is noticeable that Puget sound is not mentioned in the act. A second proposed law on the same subject is Megler's bill for the appointment of a fish commission. It shall consist of one competent person, appointed by the governor, by and with the advice and consent of the senate. The commissioner may appoint three deputies, whom he may remove at pleasure. The commissioner shall give his entire time to the fishing industries of the state, and shall make an annual report to the governor on December 1. He shall be paid \$2,000 per year and actual expenses, not exceeding \$1,000. His deputies shall receive five dollars for each day actually employed, not exceeding fifty days each year. The sum of \$5,000 is appropriated for the purposes of the commission. In this connection, figures of the salmon pack of 1889 are interesting. The total Columbia river pack was 330,000 cases. The total pack for Washington was:

Columbia river.....	130,000 cases.
Shoalwater bay.....	25,000 "
Gray's harbor.....	30,000 "
Puget sound.....	30,000 "
Total for the state.....	215,000 cases.

KARLUK RIVER (ALASKA) FISHERIES.

Dr. T. H. Bean, ichthyologist of the United States fish commission, spent two months—August and September—of the present year investigating the salmon fisheries of the Karluk river, the principal stream of Kodiak island, Western Alaska. In a recent interview had with the doctor our correspondent learned the following facts concerning the fisheries of that region:

During the past season, up to September, 250,000 cases of salmon were put up from the Karluk. A case contains forty-eight pounds. Therefore, the whole catch up to September 5 amounted to 12,000,000 pounds of canned salmon. In one day 150,000 red salmon (*Oncorhynchus nerka*) were taken. The average weight of these fish is about ten pounds. They are taken mostly in seines; no machinery is used, and about thirty men are required to handle a seine, the largest of which are 1,500 feet long, 20 deep, with a 3¼-inch mesh. Dorries and boats are used, also lighters. Numerous steam launches, small and large steamers, and a great many sailing vessels are employed at the canneries. The capital invested is not more than \$4,000,000, and the product is about \$1,000,000 more—the plant and product for one year representing nearly the whole cost of the territory of Alaska. White men are employed to superintend the work of the canneries and to do the fishing. The season extends from June to October. Most all of the fishing is done on the ocean beach, near the mouth of the river. A few fish are caught in the lower two miles of the river. The capital of salmon-packing companies on Kodiak island ranges from \$100,000 to \$300,000. There are five permanent canneries on the Karluk, and, besides these, three different firms obtain their supply of salmon at a distance from this fishery. There

are thirty-six canneries in Alaska this year, eleven of these being on the island of Kodiak. The eleven produce more canned salmon than all of the rest combined.

The doctor says that Kodiak island is one of the finest grazing countries he has seen. There are many cattle and sheep upon it, and these are left out during the winter, showing that the climate is mild. Hay is made, and many vegetables are grown. Cabbages, potatoes, lettuce, etc., are raised in quantities.—*Alaskan.*

GRAY'S RIVER PRODUCTIONS.

Mr. S. Walker made the following report to the Astoria chamber of commerce on the productions and resources of the Gray's river country, on the north side of the Columbia:

By request, I give you a statement of the productions of this valley. You all know that our productions are not consumed at home, but are shipped to and sold in Astoria; and all our supplies are purchased there and shipped back to Gray's river, the river being our main highway. This stream, like all rivers in the state of Washington on the lower Columbia, has a rise and fall of from five to eight feet, due to the tide, and like all rivers running through a timbered country, is obstructed more or less by large trees bearing in from the sides, with their roots on the banks. This causes the channel to fill up on the upper side of them and the stream to become shallow in places. If the snags were once removed, enough water runs in the river to cut it out deep, and it would be one of the finest streams of its size in the country. There are at present two steamboats running two trips each per week, besides various other boats, such as wood scows and sailing vessels; but, on account of the obstructions to navigation, it is very difficult to get our cord wood, stave bolts and hay shipped to Astoria, as the boating has to be done at high tide. We farmers pay the same freight rates from here to Astoria, twenty-four miles, that the Union Pacific charges from Portland to Astoria, one hundred miles.

The following are a part of the productions of this valley for the year 1889.

Product.	Amount.	Value.
Hay.....	2,000 tons.....	\$ 30,000
Potatoes.....	3,000 sacks.....	3,000
Butter.....	10 tons.....	5,000
Beef Cattle.....	400 head.....	12,000
Wood.....	2,000 cords.....	5,000
Stave Bolts.....	1,000 cords.....	6,000
Shingles.....	25,000,000.....	5,000
Saw Logs.....	19,000,000 feet.....	114,000
Total.....		\$186,000

The same amount, or nearly so, in goods is shipped in here from Astoria, consisting of supplies for logging camps, family groceries, mill and feed and lumber for building. Not one acre in ten of our tillable land is yet in cultivation, and our vast forests of timber have hardly been touched yet. All of which is respectfully submitted.

THE KETTLE RIVER VALLEY.

Kettle river takes its rise in Southern British Columbia, a few miles northeast of Osoyoos lake, bends down into Washington in its southeastern course to the Columbia, and, returning to British territory, drains Christiana lake, which acts as a tributary to it, and then resumes its southeastern course through American soil to its mouth. Kettle river joins the Columbia a few miles above Kettle falls in the latter stream and directly opposite the the present town of Marcus. About sixty miles of the river's course, probably half its total length, lies within the United States, and within the Colville Indian reservation, which is likely to be opened by the present congress. The loop in British Columbia flows through what is known as

Grand prairie, one of the richest tracts of agricultural land in the province, comprising an area fourteen miles long and nearly three miles broad. It is cultivated to a considerable extent and grains, fruits and vegetables yield prolifically. The climate is mild and equable, there is plenty of natural moisture for crops and all that is needed to bring it at once into prominence is some adequate means of transportation, which the Canadian Pacific company now seems disposed to furnish. The portion of Kettle river in Washington drains a valley possessing the same characteristics as Grand prairie beyond the border. Settlement has been prohibited because it is an Indian reservation. There would be a large emigration thither if the land belonged to the free government domain. The bunch grass lands at the edges of the valley offer rich pasturage and the adjoining hills are heavily timbered and bear valuable minerals to an unknown extent. Following up Kettle river from its mouth Kettle river falls are about one mile beyond the international boundary. There the stream falls about 200 feet in less than half a mile and presents a most admirable water power. A town has been platted there and given the name of Cascade City. The plat consists of eighty acres. The rich and varied resources of the surrounding territory and the promising prospects of railway communication make that a location of considerable merit just now.

MONTANA HORSES.

A close observer of trotting affairs once remarked that the great campaigners of the future would hail from the western mountain region of the United States. Nothing has transpired to reduce this proposition to a certainty, although there are indications that point strongly to that end. From the standpoint of fashionable lines of blood and speed descent no close comparison can be drawn between the horse interests of the east and those of the country west of the continental divide. The more thickly settled portion of the union has the great bulk of the leading strains of trotting and running blood, and the only comparison that may now be drawn between the products of the above-mentioned sections is that of individual excellence. Kentucky is conceded to be the banner horse-breeding state of the union. Her fields of waving blue grass and streams of limestone water are household words, yet the great secret of the rapid development of her young stock is the system followed of forcing and stimulating the growth by grain feeding. The same is true of the northern breeding states. In competition with the mountain region of the west and the Pacific slope, the east can not raise horses as cheaply. The question of cost of production, however, does not enter into this subject, as it is conceded that where lands are fertile and cheap there horses can be raised to the best advantage. A great portion of Montana is not adapted to horse raising. The most available portions are Gallatin, Deer Lodge, Bitter Root and Prickly Pear valleys, vast plains of arable lands inclosed by foothills and lofty mountains.

Through these valleys course streams of the purest water, and one and all raise crops of rich grasses that rarely fail. Owing to the cheapness of land, each proprietor occupies large tracts, over which the stock rove for miles. This freedom of latitude, together with the clear, bracing air of the mountain regions, develops lung power, bone and muscle. Much of the best forage is found on the foothills, necessitating a certain amount of climbing. The soil on these hills is of a light, gravelly nature, which keeps the unshod hoofs hard and hearty. Montana-bred horses are proverbial for soundness of limbs and feet. In fact, the diseases incidental to these members in eastern bred horses are almost unknown in the Rocky mountain re-

gion. The development is general. A leggy, weedy colt is a *rara avis*. It is a common thing to see yearlings that average fifteen hands, with the substance of matured horses. The ordinary feed on the uncultivated ranges is bunch grass, a perennial that cures itself and is very nutritious. All the most valuable grains and grasses are grown in these valleys for winter feeding, which lasts for a period of two months. As a rule horses run out the year round, as, unlike cattle, they can "rustle" for themselves when snow covers the self-cured herbage. Montana has drawn largely on Kentucky for her breeding material, and from the parent stock has developed a physically superior type of horse. It is only within the past four years that Montana has figured as a breeding and racing state, and in that time has developed *Ranchero*, *Fantasie*, *Montana Regent* and *Spokane*, in addition to a host of other speedy trotters and runners. Montana is in her infancy as a breeding state, and with the many natural advantages favoring her will yet hold high rank as a producer of great horses. The success of the Montana circuit of 1889, whose five members offered a large aggregate of purses for mixed races, has had a highly encouraging effect. At those meetings many of the noted performers of the far west competed, and Montana herself matriculated several ambitious candidates for future honors, whose bone and brawn grew from her soil. The Montana circuit may be regarded as a fixed event. In the natural order of progress still greater results are looked for in the campaign of 1890, and it is possible the attention of eastern breeders and practical turfmen may be more strongly directed toward this mountain country. It should be remembered that the racing establishments of Montana are crude as compared with those of the east, and what speed has been developed over her tracks would, under more favorable conditions, have made a faster average of time.—*Montana Register*.

Until the acquisition of Alaska by the United States it was a matter of wonder where certain wild fowl went when they migrated from temperate climes on the approach of summer, as well as snow birds and other small species of the feathered tribe. It was afterward found that their habitat in summer was the waters of Alaska, the Yukon river and the lakes of that hyperborean region. A reporter recently interviewed C. J. Green, of Norton sound, Western Alaska, and he confirms the statement of Dall and others. "People wonder where the wild fowl come," said he. "They see the sand hill crane, wild goose, heron and other fowl every spring and fall pursue their unwearied way, but like the wind, they do not know whence they come or whither they go. Up on Golovin bay, on the north shore of Norton sound, is the breeding place of these fowl. All the birds in creation, seemingly, go to that country to breed. Geese, ducks, swans and thousands upon thousands of sand hill cranes are swarming there all the time. They lay their eggs in the blue-stem grass in the low lands, and if you go up the river a little way from the bay the noise of the wild fowls is almost deafening. Myriads of swallows and robins are there, as well as millions of magnificent grouse wearing red combs and feathered moccasins. This grouse turns white as snow in winter. You can kill dozens of juicy teal, ducks or grouse as fat as butter balls, in a few moments. The wild fowl and bears live on salmon berries, with which all the hills are literally covered."—*Alaskan*.

A company has been formed called the Cascade Mining Company, with a capital stock of \$500,000, and has purchased the Boston mine in Skagit county, Washington. George and Jack Rouse have contracted with the company to take out 50,000 tons of the galena ore this coming season. A concen-

trator will be put in, and it is calculated that the ore, after being concentrated three into one will assay \$150 to the ton. A marble company has also been organized, with J. F. Wardner as president and a capital stock of \$520,000, for the purpose of quarrying the marble ledge on the Cascade, and will put a force of men to work in the spring. They expect transportation over the Fairhaven & Southern. The Skagit Iron and Steel Company, with the officers of the Fairhaven & Southern as the principal stockholders, has purchased the Conner property just across the river from Hamilton, and will put in smelters near this place as soon as the railroad is built. The wealth of the Skagit has slumbered in the arms of nature unmolested save by an occasional prospector, its importance hitherto known to the outside world and its magnitude unsolved even by its closest observers, all for the want of capital to develop its resources and transportation to carry its products to market. Now that transportation is assured, capital interests itself by looking into the vast resources of the county, and soon great changes will take place which will insure a business prosperity heretofore unknown. The people of this county may well feel proud of their location, for the Skagit is on the eve of an complete transformation, and will soon be the scene of great activity. With her rich farming lands, her extensive timber resources and her mineral deposits developed, Skagit will be the richest county in the wealthiest state of the northwest.—*Logger*.

A strike has been made in the Arctic mine, in Madison county, Montana. At a depth of sixty feet a four-foot vein of silver ore, assaying 100 ounces per ton, was struck, and as a result the mine has increased in value to a considerable extent. Property on all sides of the Arctic that could have been purchased for a song previous to the strike can not now be bought for \$25,000 per claim. The whole country for miles around the mine is being staked and high figures set on the ground. Prospectors and mining sharps from other points are rushing to the scene as though it were a second Black Hills or a Leadville. Great excitement prevails over the strike, as it was always supposed that the country in which the strike was made did not amount to a great deal. The ledge is between well-defined granite walls, and can be traced on the surface for a distance of four miles. At the present depth the ore is of a free milling character, but it is thought it will become baser as depth is attained. About twenty tons have already been taken from the shaft, and as soon as the roads are in better condition a test shipment to Butte will be made.

Should Gray's harbor and the Chehalis river receive the appropriation from congress which they ask, and which they have reason to expect, nothing further need be done to attract capital and labor here. With the best harbor on the coast, surrounded by the finest belt of timber in the world, and other reasons innumerable, the people will flock here in great numbers. Montesano had a steady, constant growth until the population of the town reached fifteen hundred, almost entirely without the aid of manufacturing establishments, but now, as enterprises are beginning to be started, mills to be operated, and others seeking locations here; with the railroad terminus, the shipping facilities of the town, and the continued development and clearing of the excellent agricultural land tributary to the city, it seems a foregone conclusion that Montesano will grow more rapidly than ever, and that the business of the town has a well established backing.—*Montesano Vidette*.

On two or three occasions within the past year the *Journal* has pointed out the advantages that would be derived by the

farmer from the raising of flax in Washington, and to the capitalist in the establishment of a mill at Tacoma for the manufacture of oil from the flax seed, and of factories for the manufacture of linen, tow cloth, rope and oakum, for ship calking, from the various grades of the flax fibre into the commodities named, by artizans, would develop large industrial interests that would become profitable, as it has in Iowa, Illinois and in various eastern states. The *Journal* is glad to learn that the feasibility of establishing a linseed oil mill is being discussed by Tacoma capitalists, and that a corporation looking to that end will be legalized in a short time. It should secure flax seed and distribute it to those farmers of the state who do not now raise it and insure them of an inducement to raise it, and thus secure seed enough to run a large mill at least ten months in the year. This company will also provide for the manufacture of the flax fibre into the material noted, either in connection with its oil mill or through other associated effort, and thus reap the benefits of the entire flax crop.—*Tacoma Journal*.

The great Bear river canal in Utah, for the construction of which \$2,000,000 has been provided, is expected to be one of the most extensive irrigation works in America. To get the river along the side hill along Bear river canyon and out on the plain near Plymouth will necessitate moving 220,000 cubic yards of solid rock, 19,000 cubic yards of loose rock, 1,528,000 cubic yards of earth, and digging 1,200 feet of tunnel. The canal will irrigate 200,000 acres in Salt Lake valley and 6,000,000 on Bear river, increasing the value of the land to \$50 per acre, while fencing, building and tillage are expected to double this valuation in a year. Bear lake is in Southeastern Idaho. The reservoir for this canal covers 150 square miles, and the canal will secure the irrigation of a territory extending to Ogden.

In promptly raising the \$100,000 bonus for the railroad up the Columbia valley from Portland to North Yakima, the latter city did what has been matched but once before in the state—the case of Spokane Falls and the Spokane Falls & Northern last spring, when an equal amount was raised. Surveyors for the new line will be in the field by the 1st of March. The important irrigating canals now being prepared in the valley, and the construction of an electric light and power plant and water works system in the city, in the spring, will place North Yakima a long stride in advance. The town is moving at a rapid and confident pace.

What is known as the old barrel-factory site on the water front in Seattle was recently sold for \$175,000, and it is believed that it was purchased for the Great Northern for terminal grounds. Agents of that company have been in the city for several months, and have made a careful reconnoissance of the whole sound country. It is definitely settled that construction of the line through Western Montana to Spokane Falls will be commenced as soon as weather permits, and will be pushed with great energy. That it will be continued westward to the sound, and possibly to Portland, is a natural inference.

E. A. Grunden, a miner in the Peshastan district of Kittitas county, Washington, has continued work on a small scale all winter, and is producing some good results. The vein upon which he is at work is a true fissure, and a shaft has been sunk a distance of about ninety feet, where the richest rock is found. The last taken out was free milling quartz, averaging about \$80 to the ton. About sixty tons of ore is on the dump, and a small mill will probably be put in operation in the spring. There is every prospect of a big mine being opened there.

NARRATIVE OF DR. GOLDRIMS.

ON the banks of the Mississippi (at what particular point in its long course we need not tell) there stands the ancient village of Greenville, now sadly fallen to decay. Everywhere are seen the mournful signs of arrested industry. Gigantic warehouses, close to the water's edge, are about to topple from their wormeaten foundations into the river. The pedestrian, if he venture to pace the deserted wharves, is in momentary danger of falling through the rotten planks. The cottages are unpainted and weather beaten, and the few villagers who still linger are uncouth and unshaven. But in its present slumbrous condition we love its every drowsy street and alley. It is an eddy, as it were, in the stream of time. The railroads have all missed it, and the decline of steamboat traffic on the river has quenched its once fervent life and activity.

But Greenville was not always thus. A number of superannuated old-timers (who were ruined by the decline in the value of town lots) still gather of a sultry afternoon on the back stoop of Bob Crane's public house and recount to the chance traveler the former greatness of Greenville. When we were there last summer, we delighted to draw these garrulous old worthies on by expressions of lively interest in their individual fortunes.

From this authentic source we drew the details of the following remarkable narrative. There is a sound moral and a solemn warning against conceit embodied in the fate of the hero, which we trust will recommend the tale to serious minds.

"Dr. Goldrims, the celebrated specialist, has decided to locate in Greenville, and establish a sanitarium for the treatment of consumption." So the *Greenville Tribune* announced one Wednesday afternoon, years ago. "The doctor," the editor went on, "has won diplomas at a score of famous colleges in Europe and America. * * * If the doctor comes to Greenville, and we have every reason to believe that he will, he will build up an institution for the treatment of these dread diseases which will be an ornament to our town and a blessing to the entire country, Greenville in particular," etc.

This announcement delighted the good citizens, especially the owners of town lots, beyond measure; for the fame of Dr. Goldrims had spread far and near. And, although the trumpet which sounded his fame so loudly was but a mercenary advertisement in various newspapers, it was generally conceded that the doctor was a great man and should be heartily welcomed. A few doubting Thomases, indeed, observed that it was very singular that a man so eminent in his profession, who had gained such high honors and distinction,

should be content to settle down in such a small, obscure village as Greenville. This objection, however, was quashed by a certain wild-eyed, long-haired wight, who declared positively that "genius is eccentric." This remark had great weight with the by-standers, for he of the wild eyes was a prolific writer of verses, and, moreover, was generally credited with a profound acquaintance with the peculiarities of genius. At any rate, his remark was set down as a pointer for the doctor.

A sleek, comfortable nonentity of a personage, with a chronic smile of self-approval, advanced the opinion that the doctor, having, perhaps, amassed an ample fortune, and, being weary of active life, had decided to retire to the peaceful precincts of Greenville. It was a great compliment, the sleek personage said, that the doctor had chosen that village, from among thousands, for his permanent home and residence.

Every one experienced a delightful sense of protection now that the omnipotent doctor was really coming. Indeed, Dr. Goldrims occupied a position in the popular mind similar to that of a lightning-rod on a house-top. Not that he personally resembled a lightning-rod; on the contrary, he was supposed to have a portly and dignified aspect. But the similarity existed only in the offices of the two, for the doctor, by means of his medical skill, equalled the lightning-rod as a protection against danger.

In due course of time the doctor arrived, and instead of putting up at the Central hotel, as it was popularly supposed he would do, he engaged lodgings at a mean and dilapidated tavern in an unfashionable street. He was below the average height, dressed in a seedy suit of black, and wore a "chimney-pot" hat, which was considerably larger than small men usually wear; the rims were ingeniously rested upon his ears, to prevent the great hat from descending over the wearer like an old-time candle extinguisher. The next most notable feature about his attire was a pair of large, gold-rimmed spectacles of colored glass, through which shone a pair of mild gray eyes. The careless set of his coat and the tie of his cravat were attributed to his earnest medical studies and extensive practice. According to the landlady of the unfashionable tavern, the doctor was forty-five years old and unmarried.

The villagers were a little put out by the insignificant appearance of the great man, until it was remembered that real worth was modest and unassuming, and that the mightiest spirits are frequently embodied in the meanest forms.

Shortly after his arrival the doctor purchased a high, stony hill adjoining the village, and immediately began the erection thereon of a most remarkable building. The masons and carpenters engaged in its construction had never seen or heard of such a build-

West Shore



IN THE HEART OF THE SISKIYOU MOUNTAINS—Portland to San Francisco.— See Page 200.

ing, and, as a sanitarium for consumptives, they considered any barn to be more suitable. As specified in the plans, it had no floor; the walls were sixty feet in height, and there was but one door in the entire building. An engine of twenty-five horse-power was placed in an adjacent shed, from which power was derived to turn an immense wooden drum, twenty feet in diameter. Upon the drum was wound a mile of cotton rope. One end of the rope was carried to the sanitarium, and, through an auger hole in the board walls, it was taken to the center of the enclosed space and passed under an iron pulley, which was firmly fastened to the ground. No explanation had yet been given of these mysterious preparations. The doctor, while directing the work, preserved the most inscrutable silence upon the subject. He always maintained, however, that the building was really designed as a sanitarium for consumptives.

Many speculations were indulged in by the knot of bar-room sages, to whom the workmen reported nightly. The doctor was suspected of being a conspirator, a bandit, a lunatic, etc., but, as the evidence was not conclusive, the case was continued from night to night, with no prospect of its being terminated, when the doctor mercifully relieved the suspense of the community by publishing a letter in the *Greenville Tribune*. This letter I succeeded in exhuming from a dusty file in the old *Tribune* office. It ran thus:

To the citizens of Greenfield and its vicinity:

You have all, perhaps, grown familiar with the peculiar appearance of a large building recently erected upon a hill adjoining the village. In your eyes the structure is a very queer one, indeed, having no windows, as you can all determine by looking that way, and without either roof or floor. As my preparations are now completed, my apparatus in place, etc., I am ready to explain myself and solicit the patronage of the town and surrounding country.

You are all aware, doubtless, that dryness and rarity of the atmosphere are the most powerful natural agencies in the treatment of consumption and kindred diseases. Thus the high altitudes of Colorado and California have acquired a great and merited renown as resorts for consumptives. But it costs a considerable sum of money to go to Colorado or California, and the expenses of living are higher than with us. The majority of us can not afford a pilgrimage thither. Moreover, many of a consumptive tendency or those just entering the first stages of the disease can not leave their shops and offices. Now, if some mode of conveyance was recommended to you, enabling you to visit Pike's peak daily and return, costing but a nominal sum, while exposing you to no danger or inconvenience of travel, and leaving you ample time to successfully conduct your business, you would not be long, I imagine, in purchasing a ticket. This, in effect, is what I propose to do. In my treatment of the disease heretofore I have confined myself to drugs and a rigid sanitary regimen. My success, as you know, has been great. But I am about to take a new departure. In short, I am now prepared to furnish my patients with the "dry climate cure."

Lying above the changeable and vexatious climate of this great Mississippi basin is a current of dry and rarified air, the

same that proves so effective in Colorado and other parts of the mountainous west. Now, I propose to ascend into this curative region by means of a large balloon, secured by a strong, cotton rope, wound upon a drum and operated by an engine. The apparently senseless building, which has been so great a puzzle to you, was erected for the purpose of facilitating the ascent of the balloon. The high walls without windows will prevent the dissipation of the hot air necessary for an ascent. My hot air generator, which I have already placed in position, is of the latest and most highly approved pattern. The balloon is of the best silk, the largest made, and all my apparatus was secured, with an eye to the comfort and absolute safety of my patients.

The doctor now struck into a somewhat ghastly vein of humor:

In conclusion, I will briefly allude to my price list, and, as my balloon is limited by weight, I will charge by the pound. Thus a very fat consumptive, weighing 200 pounds and over, will be charged \$2.00 a trip. Patients of lighter weight and greater degrees of emaciation, will be carried for less. An average consumptive, I have estimated, will weigh 115 pounds, who will be charged but \$1 15 a trip; while patients in the last stages of the disease, and weighing forty pounds and under, I will carry free. I consider two hours daily, at an elevation of a mile, to be amply sufficient for patients in the first and second stages of the disease. I will make as many ascents daily as my custom demands and the weather permits. The trial ascent will take place on the first day of August. Every one is cordially invited to be present. Free to all who desire to ascend on that day.

Very respectfully yours,

ISAAC GOLDRIMS, M.D.

The stir this announcement made was unprecedented in the history of the village. The *Tribune* was obliged to issue a second edition, and its sales were double those of any preceding week.

The first day of August dawned cloudless and calm; a day singularly auspicious for the trial trip of Dr. Goldrims' balloon. At an early hour crowds began to gather in the streets, thronging the housetops and balconies and all positions from whence an uninterrupted prospect of the sanitarium and the sky could be obtained. By 10 o'clock (the hour appointed for the ascent) a black field of spectators surged round the sanitarium, and pierced numberless holes through the board walls through which to regard the preparations going on within. Suddenly the doctor sallied out, and, speaking a few words to the auctioneer, that worthy mounted a box and addressed the crowd in his usual sonorous accents. Dr. Goldrims had commissioned him (he imparted this information in a sort of savage howl) to invite a number of persons desirous of testing the curative powers of the atmosphere of Pike's peak to enter the sanitarium and make the trial ascent with him in the car of the "Rocky Mountain Bald Eagle." This was the patriotic appellation the little doctor had given his balloon. Three times the auctioneer howled forth the proclamation, but, instead of a score of gaunt consumptives stepping forward, but a single man accepted the invitation. This doughty

personage proved to be a member of the Alpine club, who had successfully accomplished the feat of sliding down Mont Blanc on an avalanche. He and the doctor stepped into the car (so the observers at the augurholes informed the less fortunate members of the crowd) and an assistant began to grind out the hot air. Soon the immense golden bag of the balloon rose above the walls of the sanatorium, tugging impatiently at its strong cotton tether. The car was gaily bedecked with flags and streamers, and as a band within the walls struck up a wild, heroic air, the crowd greeted the spectacle with a prolonged shout of approbation. It was observed that the doctor's head appeared to swell (probably with conceit) upon hearing the shout, so that the great chimney-pot hat became an excellent fit.

The engine began to puff, the drum to revolve, the rope to unwind, and the balloon swiftly and steadily ascended. The trial was a complete success, and the doctor came down smiling with satisfaction. The Alpine club man had never before experienced such a sense of youthful elasticity, except upon the occasion of his famous Mont Blanc adventure.

During the day large numbers ascended in the car of the "Bald Eagle." All were delighted with the purity and bracing quality of the upper air, and one old gentleman declared that he felt so like a lad of twelve that he came near taking a double somersault over the edge of the car into mid-air.

From that day forward uninterrupted prosperity smiled upon the doctor and his novel enterprise. His loaded car made four or five trips daily, when the weather permitted, and usually one after night-fall. On such occasions he lighted a large number of colored lanterns, which presented a strangely beautiful aspect from the village. The fame of the sanitarium spread far and near. Strangers flocked to Greenville in large numbers to be treated by the doctor for lung troubles. The villagers shared indirectly in this success, for the strangers lodged with them and purchased merchandise at the shops, and aided materially in the improvement and growth of the town.

The doctor's enterprise was as great a success financially, and, as his bank account waxed larger, he became noted for his benevolence. Among other charities he donated \$500 to the Y. M. C. A.; a like sum to the Christian Tract society, besides \$15 to poor Mrs. Jenkins, a widow with nine children.

It was an affecting sight to see the little doctor, with spectacles on nose, weighing his patients on a Fairbank's scales, preparatory to packing his cargo for an ascent. He ascended occasionally by moonlight, carrying at one time a string band to a considerable elevation, when the musicians serenaded the villagers in a number of wild and plaintive airs. The music,

descending apparently from "the spheres," excited a pleasantly-weird sensation in the listener.

The doctor realized a handsome sum on one occasion for ascending with a party of scientists into a midnight thunder cloud, while an electrical storm was in progress. Strange to say, no harm came from this hazardous adventure.

I might go on multiplying instances of this kind. I might tell how the doctor rolled in wealth, and, I am sorry to say, became puffed up and conceited upon attaining success (which proved him to be but an inferior mortal, after all), but, as our space is limited, we hasten to recount his melancholy fate.

It was on one of those dim, silent days, in the latter part of autumn, when the idler basks in the attempered rays of the sun, pensively conscious that winter is at hand. A blue, impalpable smoke clothed the landscape with an idyllic, but deceptive, charm. The signal service gave warning, that tranquil morning, of a gale approaching from the northward. They estimated that it would arrive in the latitude of Greenville about noon. As it was not yet 10 o'clock, the doctor decided to make one more trip. The car was quickly laden, and the balloon ascended through the quiet air to the utmost limit of its tether. For some time the party regarded the singularly beautiful prospect spread out beneath them. The earth appeared as remote and immaterial as dreamland, hidden as it was by the veil of dim, autumnal haze. Suddenly the doctor detected a faint murmur to the northward. It was the gale, an hour ahead of time. The signal was given for the balloon to be hauled down, but no answering tug responded from below. Again the signal was given, and again. Evidently, something was out of order about the machinery. Meanwhile the roar of the gale had become distinctly audible, and swift clouds were mustering in the sky. The occupants of the car were in dismay, for at so great an altitude the first blast would very probably part the cable and carry the balloon to the world's end. But we will leave the hapless adventurers poised in mid-sky, and slide down the guy rope, so to speak, to the sanitarium. A group of excited men were assembled there, and the engineer wore a look of blank despair upon his usually grimy face. The shaft of the engine was broken, and Dr. Goldrims and his companions were entirely beyond human aid. A moment later the first cold blast of the "norther" swept over the country. The strong cotton rope snapped like tow-string, and the great balloon scudded away before the gale. About half a mile of the rope descended heavily into streets, and severely wounded a number of pedestrians. The immense golden bag, bobbing up and down, and whirling away in a tumultuous gray cloud, was a sight never to be forgotten.

A man in the village who was regarding the balloon through a telescope at the time of the disaster, declared that he distinctly beheld the countenance of Dr. Goldrims looking over the edge of the car, and, just as the balloon entered a dark cloud, the doctor's great chimney-pot hat descended over the wearer, the rims appearing to rest upon his shoulders! The precise reason for this catastrophe the observer was not able to determine. Very probably the chagrin the little man undoubtedly felt at the disastrous breaking away of his balloon caused him to collapse from his former inflated condition. His head possibly dwindled to the size of a cocoon.

The wind shifted into the east within an hour, and whether the adventurers fell among the Rocky mountains, and were devoured by wild animals, or alighted in Mormondom and met a fate equally horrible, or dropped into the broad Pacific and strangled in the briny waters like a batch of kittens, we have no means of ascertaining. Suffice it to say, the doctor, or his patients, or his balloon were never heard of more.

The main building now being erected at Meeker Junction by the Puget Sound Dressed Beef & Packing Co. will be 140x150 feet. The company is also erecting a boarding house 30x60 feet in size, which is to contain twenty-six rooms. The whole plant will represent an outlay of \$45,000, the ice machinery and refrigerator alone costing \$15,000. The company will employ from twenty-five to thirty men from the start and the number will be gradually increased. This number of men will handle from sixty to 100 head of cattle, 100 hogs and 300 sheep per day. The company will slaughter this number daily, and expects to supply the market throughout Washington with meat. Refrigerator cars will be shipped to Tacoma and Seattle daily filled with meats. Mr. C. T. Uhlman, the manager, speaking of the industry, says: "We shall buy in Washington as far as possible. I do not think there are enough cattle, sheep and hogs in Washington, however, to supply the market the year round. In consequence, we shall have to get some stock from Montana, Idaho and Oregon. In Oregon and Washington together we shall be able to find plenty of sheep. We will not can any meat at first, but pack it in barrels and kits. It looks as though prices are going to rise. A large number of cattle have died in the west as a result of the extremely hard winter. The principal reason for the probable increase in the price of meat is the fact that its consumption in the United States is increasing faster than the production. The raising of stock in Washington is a growing industry. I expect a tannery will be started here soon, as we shall have hundreds of hides each week."

George Chandler, assistant secretary of the interior, gave a ruling that homesteaders who had pre-empted a smaller number of acres than they are allowed under the law, may make a second entry to complete the homestead of land adjoining, before they have acquired a full title to the first tract. The case comes from the land office at Vancouver, Wash. The land commissioner under the last administration cancelled the adjoining farm homestead entry of J. R. Cannon to land in the southwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section 8, township 15, range 11, because he had one homestead entry to land

adjoining. Mr. Chandler reverses this decision. He says it was the evident intention of congress that the "ownership" of the land should be vested in the entryman as soon as he formally complies with the law's requirements. The "ownership" does not necessarily await the complete investment of title.

The Kootenai mining region, in Southern British Columbia, has in prospect the most prosperous season in its history. The discoveries of last year have been reduced to definite bounds in many instances, and everything is ready for development work. Six railroad enterprises, including both American and British, have been projected into that region with a certainty of one or two being completed this year. The Canadian parliament has practically decided to remit all duties on mining and reduction machinery during the coming two years, which is a great aid to the Kootenai region. It is directly tributary to Spokane Falls.

The Idaho North & South Railroad Co. has been incorporated. The object is to construct a railroad, commencing at Nampa, Idaho, running northeasterly through the counties of Ada and Boise, by way of Star, Emmet and Horseshoe bend, on the Payette river, thence in a northwesterly direction, by way of Long valley, Big Payette lake, Lewiston, Spokane Falls and some point on Puget sound; also in a southwesterly direction by way of Sucker creek, Jordan valley, deLamar, South mountain and on to the coast. The capital stock is \$2,000,000.

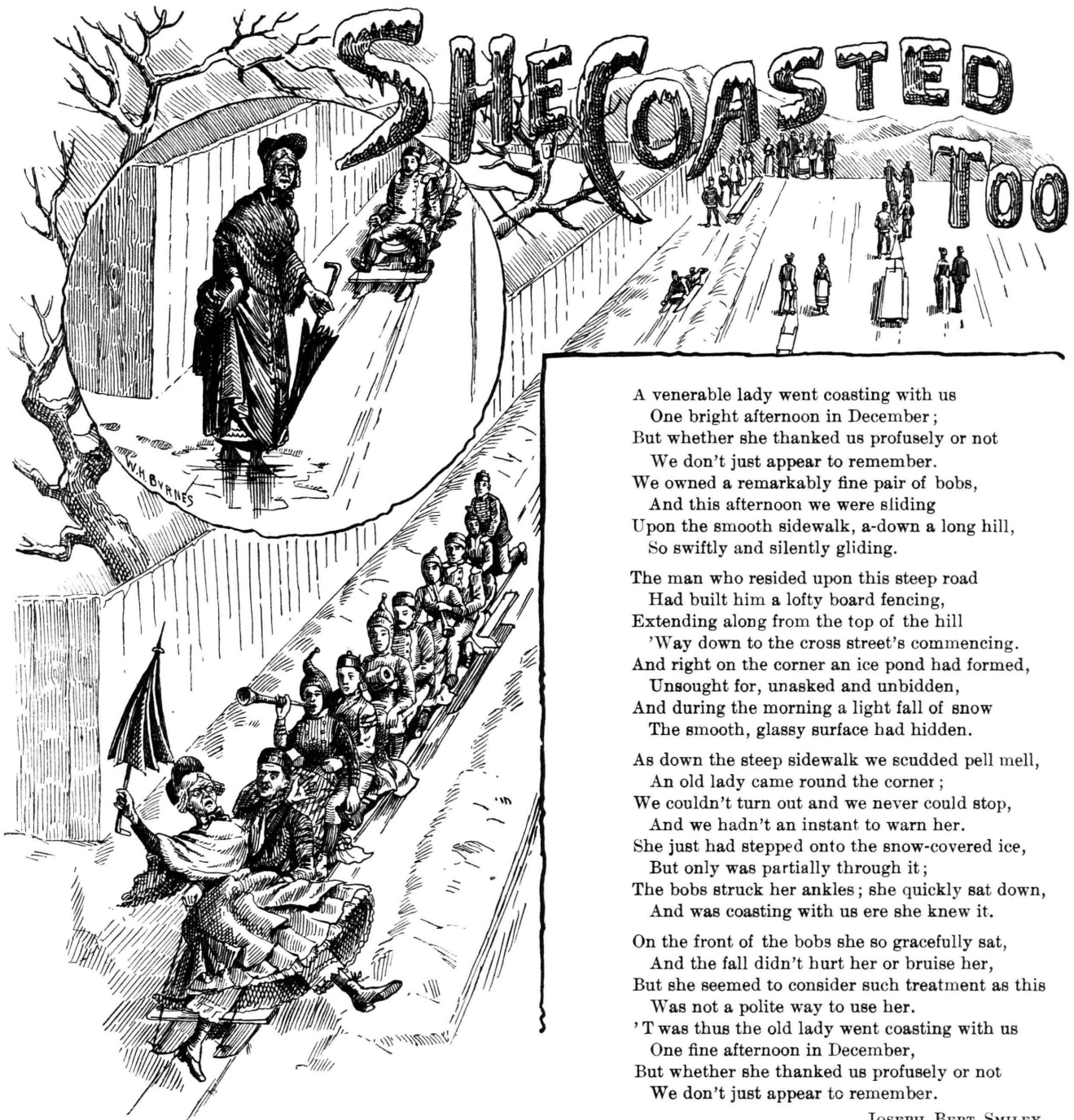
Some prospectors claim to have discovered a wonderful cave along the borders of Lake Chelan, Washington. The size of the cave is not yet known, as it has not been fully explored, but it is thought it will rival in extent the celebrated Mammoth cave of Kentucky. The floor of the cavern is said to be as smooth as marble, the sides encrusted with beautiful translucent forms of quartz, and the dome of the chamber explored, which is fifty feet in height, is garnished with stalactites which reflect the light in rainbow colors.

Wenatchee is the name of a town laid out about a year and a half ago near where the surveyed line of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern crosses the Wenatchee river in Central Washington. The first plat of twenty acres has all been disposed of, there having been no attempt to push it till lately, and eighty acres more are being prepared for the market. It is in a rich and attractive country, and railway communication will make it an important point.

The capacity of the Northern Pacific car shops at Cheney, Washington, is to be doubled. Brick buildings are to be constructed and new machinery put in, so that the shops will employ 1,000 mechanics. Active preparations for the enlargement are already under way. The railway shops are the chief industry of the town, and such an important addition to the working capacity will add much to the prosperity of that burg.

The Roseburg woolen mills were wrecked by the recent flood in the Umpqua. The spirit of enterprise shown by the citizens in building it is a pretty good indication that they will not long let it remain in ruins. Roseburg has started on the forward path in earnest and will not be stopped by a flood.

The Olympia legislature has appropriated \$100,000 for the completion of the asylum for the insane at Medical lake, Washington, now under process of construction. This will put the building in condition for occupancy, when another appropriation will be required for its maintenance.



A venerable lady went coasting with us
 One bright afternoon in December;
 But whether she thanked us profusely or not
 We don't just appear to remember.
 We owned a remarkably fine pair of bobs,
 And this afternoon we were sliding
 Upon the smooth sidewalk, a-down a long hill,
 So swiftly and silently gliding.

The man who resided upon this steep road
 Had built him a lofty board fencing,
 Extending along from the top of the hill
 'Way down to the cross street's commencing.
 And right on the corner an ice pond had formed,
 Unsought for, unasked and unbidden,
 And during the morning a light fall of snow
 The smooth, glassy surface had hidden.

As down the steep sidewalk we scudded pell mell,
 An old lady came round the corner;
 We couldn't turn out and we never could stop,
 And we hadn't an instant to warn her.
 She just had stepped onto the snow-covered ice,
 But only was partially through it;
 The bobs struck her ankles; she quickly sat down,
 And was coasting with us ere she knew it.

On the front of the bobs she so gracefully sat,
 And the fall didn't hurt her or bruise her,
 But she seemed to consider such treatment as this
 Was not a polite way to use her.
 'T was thus the old lady went coasting with us
 One fine afternoon in December,
 But whether she thanked us profusely or not
 We don't just appear to remember.

JOSEPH BERT SMILEY.

JOHNSON—How short memories people have in Portland. Here I have been living here two years and half the people I have met don't seem to know me.

GRIZZLY—That's nothing, you live here two years more and the other half won't know you, either.

JOHNSON—I say, lend me a dollar till to-morrow?

GRIZZLY—I don't know you, sir.

If the leader of the band that practices nightly above the WEST SHORE sanctum will throw into the music a little more soul and a little less sole he will live just as long and the suffering scribblers will live longer.

A man looking through a short railroad tunnel is like the creator, because he can see the end from the beginning, and this is about the only resemblance so far as a great many men are concerned.

NOT MUCH OF A FLOOD.

STRANGER—Heard you had a big flood in Portland.

PORTLANDER—Not much of a flood. Why the water only got over one bank.

STRANGER—You surprise me! I heard it was in the streets. Which bank did it get over?

PORTLANDER—The Oregon National.

The Light Side of Life

By Lee Fairchild,

HAD HEARD THAT BEFORE.

HE—What shall I call you—dearest?
SHE—Indeed, that's so familiar!

NO WONDER.

“Why didn't you propose to Miss Ainsworth?”
“Because she doesn't *no* anything.”

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

“Now I think Miss Belle no ordinary writer.”
“And I, too! How old is she!”

COMPLIMENTARY ALL AROUND.

CONSTANT READER—Your wit is very suggestive, I think.
WIT—So I see by the original paragraphs in our exchanges.

HEARD IN PORTLAND DURING THE FLOOD.

“The river's f—full (hic) haint she?”
“Yes, and I don't see any banks to you, either.”

ONLY ONE.

MAN—Do you sell tickets for the play?
CLERK—Yes, sir. Which two seats would you like?
MAN—Say, Mr., there isn't but one of me!

SHAM MODESTY.

HE—Why dont you hold up your skirts out of the slush?
SHE—Don't you think I've got any ankles?
HE—Oh, yes, I'd forgotten that.

KEPT HIS WORD.

“Say, Jenkins, I thought you promised not to give that joke away I told you!”
“I didn't give it away, I sold it!”

GIVING HIS SISTER AWAY.

YOUNG MAN—What does your sister think of me?
LITTLE BOY—She says your name is lovely and wishes hers had been yours.

LIKELY.

ADMIRING READER (to the local humorist)—How do you think of so many funny things?
THOUGHTLESS HUMORIST—Oh, I'm a great reader, you know.

IT WAS A WIDE WALK.

A drunken Irishman, staggering along the walk reeling from one side to the other, was overheard to say, “Ayther I'm spredin' meself oir this is a very narrow walk!”

CANDID EDITOR (to contributor)—Keep your eye on that poem, Madam, for it is a trick of prose when given feet to walk away!

(Exit contributor.)

PROBABLY NOT.

JACK—What do you suppose we will have to do in the other world?

JIM—One thing I feel pretty sure of—we won't have to keep up the fires!

“Ah, that's a fine article of yours in the monthly. Say, how'd you manage to get in there?”

“Now if you wont give it away I'll tell you.”

“I promise.”

“The editor is a cousin of mine by marriage.”

Miss Kate Field says that she once took a little liquor in Iowa that made her feel as though she had “swallowed a torch-light procession.” Take a little water now Miss Field; and if it be Tacoma water you will probably feel as though you had swallowed Puget sound!

NOT A LITTLE.

OLD HUMORIST (to young wit)—I see you are being quoted not a little.

YOUNG WIT—That so?

OLD HUMORIST—Ah, yes. You see if you be quoted not a *little*, you are not quoted at all!

DOUBTLESS.

“Do you know there are a great many more things in heaven and earth than we know of? as Hamlet would say in his rustic way.”

“If there aren't there is lots of unoccupied space in either of those places!”

While many a modest fellow this would crush,
It only makes your humble servant—blush!

Mr. Lee Fairchild, who has been for some time editor of the humorous department of the WEST SHORE has taken up his residence in this city. Mr. Fairchild wields a facile and graceful pen. The humorous department of the WEST SHORE has gained national recognition in Mr. Fairchild's hands.—*Catholic Sentinel*.

A WISE FOOL.

“I see you are growing bald; what do you attribute it to?”

“Hard study.”

“Why do you study so hard?”

“Trying to solve the problem of making a living without work.”

A COUPLE OF QUESTIONS.

"Do you know what an evergreen is?"

"Do you think we're strangers?"

Aaron F. Parker, editor of the Grangeville, Idaho, *Free Press*, was married at Weiser, Idaho, on Tuesday, February 4. The name of the fair bride the *Union* was unable to learn.—*Walla Walla Union*.

The name of the fair bride it is fair to suppose is Mrs. Parker.

The Laramie *Boomerang* states that a chinook wind is bigger than a rotary steam plow. True, but we were under the impression that the chinook could do its own blowing.

A VERY BASHFUL ARTIST.

"Strange, but I have never seen that young lady when she was not blushing."

"I have."

"When?"

"One day when she did not expect callers."

"Oh, she's an artist!"

Two or three years ago I attended a temperance meeting at which a few amusing incidents occurred:

When the Methodist clergyman finished his speech (though really it was not a finished speech) the Presbyterian clergyman announced: "The audience will rise while we sing, and maybe that will rest you."

The divine had declared, in the course of his remarks, after having quoted certain passages of scripture: "So we find that God is for prohibition; and, Mr. Chairman, I thank God that he is with us on this question!"

MY DEAR READERS:—I have been afflicted with *la grippe* and have felt too serious to write anything funny for some time. That *la grippe* is a strange influenza, for that is just what it is and nothing more, and whoever has had it has been truly glad that it was nothing more. The more prominent people take it at great length—clean across a continent! I took it about the first one in Seattle. My "mind-cure" friend felt sure that he could have cured me had I only took it on my mind. I was sure it was on my mind and the rest of me too, which I consider is a great deal more than simply my mind. My readers will believe me I feel sure when I say that I am not all mind. I asked my "mind-cure" friend if I was actually sneezing. He said I was not actually sneezing but that I was laboring under the difficulty of an illusion. After I was about ten days old with *la grippe* I concluded I must do something for it, or for myself rather, for it seemed to be getting along as well as could be expected under the circumstances. Accordingly I called at the drug store and laid my case before the clerk and asked him if he could do anything for me. He said he could. I took my medicine home with me and took it to bed with me having taken it in the meantime. I got up next morning feeling and looking like another fellow, but feeling awful, and looking dreadful. After identifying myself (for my brother said it was I) I sent him to the clerk with the information that his medicine had fed me ill fat and the patient poor; and that if he didn't do better than that I should loose my patience if he didn't his! whereupon he sent me some more medicine to cure me of that I had taken. In the meantime my neighbor had taken the same *la grippe* that I had for there is but one *la grippe*, though many take it. I am better now.

PARAGRAPHS.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

The Oil City *Blizzard* says all those who pass through the door to "success" will find it labelled "push." They may call 'em "success" in Oil City, but we call 'em "saloons," out west.

THE DIFFERENCE.

STRANGER (on Puget sound)—There seems to be a strange atmospheric disturbance here. Is it the booming of the sound?
NATIVE (chuckling)—Naw, its th' sound of the booming.

"Semiahmoo Spit"—began a young lady who was reading aloud from a Blaine (Wash), paper.

"Well, what if he did!" exclaimed her grandmother testily. "Pritty soon old people won't have no rights at all! Who was Semiahmoo? Indian chief, I reck'n."

THE OPAL SEA.

In the mid-t of a forest primeval,
With purple hills girt round,
God set one radiant fire-opal,
And named it—Puget sound.

THE GREAT FIVE.

Miss A.—Do you enjoy *Life*, as a rule?

Miss B.—I haven't *Time* to enjoy anything.

Miss A.—Oh, I should *Judge* that you had.

Then they both *Puck*-ered up their lips and laughed. This conversation took place on the *West Shore* of America.

IT IS A FAILURE.

A young lady in Weston, Oregon, dreamed her lover gave her an engagement ring, and thrust her finger into a knot-hole as a substitute, from which, when she awoke, she could not extricate it, until she had aroused the whole family. This dream was doubtless meant as a warning to foolish maidens that marriage is not only a failure, but a delusion and a snare, as well. It is awful easy to get in, but it sometimes requires the assistance of all your relations to get you out again.

AN ORIGINAL PRAYER.

There was once a little girl who had been taught to give expression in prayer to all her little, everyday wishes, troubles, fears, etc. Having an unaccountable fear of dogs, she framed in her innocent mind a prayer which she thought would cover all the ground and be efficacious on all occasions. So whenever she saw a strange dog, she exclaimed, with all the fervency of a bishop: "Lord, God; *don't* let that dog bite me, nor bark at me, nor growl at me—please Lord, *don't!*" until the prayer became firmly fixed in her mind and was earnestly trotted out whenever a dog hove in sight. One night she lay down on the sofa and went to sleep, while her mother was entertaining company. Presently they became aware that the child was restless, tossing her bare arms about uneasily in her sleep, and what was their surprise and consternation when she suddenly exclaimed, in a loud, fervent and very urgent voice: "Lord, God, *don't* let that flea bite me—nor bark at me, nor growl at me—please Lord, *don't!*"



Literature has no show against art. The steel engravings which accompany a manuscript are always available, even when the latter is rejected.—*Puck*.

A WASTE OF WATER.

She stood looking at the sea. "There's a waste of water," she said, finally.

"Yes," he returned, "terrible waste, isn't it?"—*Judge*.

As the twig is bent the boy is inclined to shoot out the door.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Scientists say the earth is really growing larger. If Jay Gould wants it he had better take it now, or it may get too big for even him to manage.—*Texas Siftings*.

NO JOKE ABOUT THIS.

MODLE—What would you say was the most difficult thing to draw?

ARTIST—My salary.—*Time*.

BEGINNING AT THE BOTTOM.

YOUNG MAN—You advertise for a live young man, to help edit your paper.

EDITOR—Yes, sir. But you'll have to begin at the bottom and work your way up.

YOUNG MAN—All right. Just let me know what you want a leading editorial written on to-day and I'll go to work at once.—*Judge*.

UNSATISFACTORY.

THE BUTCHER—Did you tell Mr. Gore that his bill had been running for a long time?

COLLECTOR—Yes, sir.

THE BUTCHER—What did he say?

COLLECTOR—He said, "For heaven's sake let it stand a little while."—*Life*.

PUBLISHER—I wish you would write us a good sea story.

GREAT AUTHOR—But I have never been to sea.

PUBLISHER—I know it. I want a sea story that people can understand.—*New York Weekly*.

DISCOURAGING.

MISS CHICAGO—And you are the artist who painted that beautiful picture?

MR. BOSTON (proudly)—Yes, miss, I did it.

"Now, do tell me what it is?"—*Time*.

A NEW CHEESE.

DINER—Waiter, this is indigestible cheese, isn't it?

WAITER—Yes, indeed, sah. Dat am de pure ind'gestible, jes' in from the fact'ry.—*Judge*.

EDITORIAL ETIQUETTE.

When the editor is writing, do not bother him with talk; If you haven't time to take a seat, go out and take a walk; Do not rudely lean behind him, of his subject making note, Nor stand and view your visage in the shoulders of his coat.—*Life*.

FIRST REQUISITES.

AMATEUR ACTRESS—Why, sir, what other talents do I require to be fit for the stage?

WISE MANAGER—Get married to-night; divorced Friday. Have it well published in the Sunday papers. Then come in Monday and I'll see what I can do.—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly*.

Kate Field was born in St. Louis, but she says that is no evidence that she hasn't the face and fortune to be the world's fair.—*Judge*.

PARADOXICAL.

JODKINS ('93)—Does Mr. Hilton furnish your rooms?

SNODKINS ('93)—Yes, he furnishes the rooms; we furnish the rest.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

NOT FAST COLORS.

WHIPPER—What do you think of young Mrs. Giddy's complexion?

SNAPPER—I'm afraid it won't wash.—*Puck*.

It is the aim of every professional thief to keep himself "unspotted" from the world.—*Texas Siftings*.

CHINESE MAXIM.

Never judge a man by the umbrella he carries. He may have just left an old cotton one for it at the restaurant he last patronized.—*Judge*.

NOT THE LANGUAGE FOR HIM.

"Let us learn French, Goslin. What do you say?"

"Cawn't do it, Dolley. 'Tisn't English, you know."—*Harper's Bazar*.

SOMETHING OF A SPRINGER.

LARKIN—A man in Pennsylvania has a rooster trained to jump four feet high.

GAZZAM—A spring chicken, evidently.—*Harper's Bazar*.

COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT.

TANSY ('93)—The *Lampoon* doesn't look into its box at Foster's very often, does it?

PICKLES ('93)—Yes; why?

TANSY ('93)—I put some jokes in it about a month ago, and they haven't been published yet.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

A certificate of incorporation of the Farmers' Transportation Company was filed in the office of the auditor of Walla Walla county a few days ago. The objects of the company are to construct, maintain and operate a railroad on the north side of the Columbia river, in the state of Washington, from opposite Celilo to a point on the big eddy of the Columbia, and to extend said railroad westward to a point opposite The Dalles, and further extend it westward on the north bank of the Columbia to a point opposite Astoria. Also to extend the road westerly to a connection with another system of railroads. The company also have the right to construct and operate telegraph lines, steamboats, wharves, warehouses, and do all other things necessary to conduct their business as a railroad company. The principal office is established at Vancouver, Wash. The capital stock is \$1,000,000—10,000 shares of a par value of \$100 each. Existence of the corporation is limited to fifty years. The incorporators are H. D. Chapman, F. H. Taylor, Max Baumeister, W. Byron Daniels, E. S. Hidden, all of whom are named as trustees, and such board of trustees shall manage the affairs of the company for the first three months. These articles of incorporation are amendatory to the articles of the Farmer's Railroad Navigation and Steamboat Portage Company, of Walla Walla, which were filed by B. L. Sharpstein, J. E. Bingham, F. W. Paine, D. W. Small and Max Baumeister on December 7, 1885. The object of the original corporation was to construct, maintain and operate a railroad and railway for transporting steamboats, barges, vessels and other water crafts on the Washington side of the Columbia river, from a point opposite the Dalles to a point opposite Celilo.

A milling corporation with a capital stock of \$60,000 has been formed in Port Townsend, where its principle office will be located. In addition to manufacturing lumber from the na-

tive timber, the company will import California redwood in large quantities, and manufacture it into finishing lumber for interior purposes of business structures and dwellings. The incorporators represent a capital of nearly \$1,000,000, and are the most progressive citizens in the country. The gentlemen interested are Charles Picard, L. B. Hastings, O. C. Hastings, D. M. Littlefield and W. I. Hastings.

Salem business men have organized a company for the purpose of canning fruit and vegetables on a large scale, and all the stock was promptly subscribed in that city. A factory of a capacity of 25,000 cans, and giving employment to 200 hands, will be built at once, and will be ready for work as soon as the first vegetables are ready for use. The advantage and necessity of taking care of the immense fruit crop of the country surrounding Salem is fully realized, and with the large driers already there and this new cannery, that city will become the leading fruit center of Oregon.

The East Side Mill Company has been incorporated in East Portland by E. E. Squires, A. W. Berry, and W. J. Pritchard, with a capital stock of \$15,000. The manufacture of sash, doors, etc., will be the chief business of the company.

Dallas, Oregon, is organizing a board of trade. A motor line between that city and Salem is much discussed and is not one of the improbabilities of the near future. From all indications Dallas means to grow.

Business men of Independence, Oregon, have filed articles of incorporation of the Independence Water & Electric Light Co., capital stock \$40,000.

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Monmouth, Oregon, is to have a newspaper, the *Democrat*.

THAT IS WHERE THE TROUBLE COMES IN.

Among the things that "never will be missed," enumerated by an exchange, is the high hat in front of us at the theater. The exchange is right. It never will be missed; it will always be there.—*Boston Courier*.

AN INSULT.

GUEST—I gave my order an hour ago. Waiter, what does this mean?
 DIGNIFIED PARTY—That's an insult, sir. I'm no waiter.
 "What are you here for, then?"
 "To see that the guests are promptly served."—*Texas Siftings*.

TOO TRUE.

Though drinkers at men who are abstinent scoff,
 The fact can be easily shown,
 That men very seldom are "pretty well off"
 Who often are "pretty well on."
 —*Boston Courier*.

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NOT TO-DAY.

FIRST CHERUB.—Come on skating.

SECOND CHERUB.—Can't; fell in yesterday.

FIRST CHERUB.—Didn't you get frightened?

SECOND CHERUB.—No; kept cool.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

ABSENT-MINDED.

SMITH.—Hallo Jones! Haven't seen you for a month. How is Mrs. Jones?

JONES (promptly)—Nicely, thanks. (Thinks a moment.) Oh no, excuse me! She died three weeks ago!—*St. Louis Life.*

Nothing in this life is as beautiful as it appears in anticipation, except love, which is infinitely more beautiful and perfect.—*Texas Siftings.*

WHY SHE MOURNS.

"Why is Miss B—wearing black?"

"She is in mourning for her husband."

"Why, she never had a husband!"

"No; that is why she mourns."—*From the German.*

"Your son was here yesterday and had that picture taken."

"That's like him."

"And he said you would be around to pay for it."

"And that's like him."—*Life.*

THEY LOOKED ALIKE.

MRS. A.—Is it you or your brother!

BOBBY—No; it's me.—*Texas Siftings.*

SIZING HIM UP.

"Smithers says you're not his equal."

"He's a lying sneak. I am."—*St. Louis Life.*

IT IS ALWAYS SUMMER THERE.

CENSUS TAKER (to middle-aged female)—How old are you, madam?

FEMALE—I have, ahem, seen nineteen summers.

CENSUS TAKER—Have you always lived in the tropics?—*Time.*

THE COURTSHIP OF THE FUTURE.

SHE—Charlie, I can no longer conceal my passion for you. Do you love me in return?

HE—You must ask pa. He knows more about such things than I do.—*Texas Siftings.*

If some poets "learn in suffering what they teach in song," how they must have suffered!—*Time.*

MY FIDDLE.

My fiddle? Well, I kind o' keep her handy, don't you know?

Though I ain't so much inclined to tromp the strings and switch the bow

As I was before the timber of my elbows got so dry,

And my fingers was more limber-like and caperish and spry.

Yet I can plonk and plonk and plink,

And tune her up and play,

And just lean back and laugh and wink

At every rainy day.

My playin's only middlin'—tunes I picked up when a boy—

The kind o' sort o' fiddlin' the folks call corduroy:

"The Old Fat Gal" and "Ryestraw," and "My Sailor's on the Sea,"

Is the cowtillions that I saw when the ch'ice is left to me.

And so I plunk and plonk and plink,

And rosum up my bow,

And play the tunes that make you think

The devil's in your toe.

That's how this dear old fiddle's won my heart's endurin' love!

From the strings across the middle to the screechin' up above—

From her apert, over bridge, and to the ribbon round the throat,

She's a woin, cooin' pigeon, singin' "Love me" every note!

And so I pat her neck and plink

Her strings with lovin' hands,

And list'nin' clost I sometimes think

She kind o' understands.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

PEDDLER—Can I see the lady of the house?

SERVANT GIRL (who has just had a spat with said lady)—You can see me. I guess I am the only lady in this house.—*Boston Courier.*

A TERRIBLE LOSS.

"They say Mrs. Smith took on terribly at Smith's death."

"Yes, poor thing! she could scarcely be reconciled to his loss."

"Did she get much insurance?"

"No; it was a total loss. All his policies had lapsed."—*Judge.*

WORSE YET.

SHE—I hear poor Charley Goodenough has shot himself. Did he lose his money?

HE—No; he married a woman with a mission.—*Life.*

A GO.

"I hear that Harold asked you to marry him in the conservatory last night. How was it?"

"It was a go, papa."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, I told him to go."—*Time.*

NOT A PILLAR.

IN CHURCH—Gabson (to his friend Blukins). Yes, quite a respectable looking congregation. By the way, who is that old fellow nodding?

BLUKINS—Old man Japple.

GABSON—Stands well in the church, I suppose. I dare say he is one of the pillars.

BLUKINS—Oh, no, not one of the pillars for you see he is only a sleeper.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

IN MID OCEAN.

STEWARDESS—Madame, I've attended to you the best I know how, supplied every want, but you are still unsatisfied. What do you want now?

SEA-SICK LADY PASSENGER—I want the earth.—*Boston Courier.*

Forepaugh said as he was about departing, "Please notice that I'll get there ahead of P. T. Barnum."—*Judge.*

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

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(Tread softly ye who pass),
Who lived till sixty without a paper
And then blew out the gas.—*Ex.*

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in operation fail to supply the demand for lumber. A \$100,000 hotel being constructed of brick and stone is up to its second story. Several brick buildings are already occupied and more are being erected. An Iron & Steel company, with a capital of \$2,000,000, has organized to work the ores of the Skagit mines. Its furnaces, rolling mills, etc., will be located at Fairhaven. The Chuckanut stone quarries are located one mile from Fairhaven. The Portland post office is built of this beautiful stone, and large quantities of it are being shipped to Tacoma, Seattle and elsewhere. Valuable minerals have been discovered in the Cascades on the line of the Fairhaven & Southern and prospecting is now being actively prosecuted.

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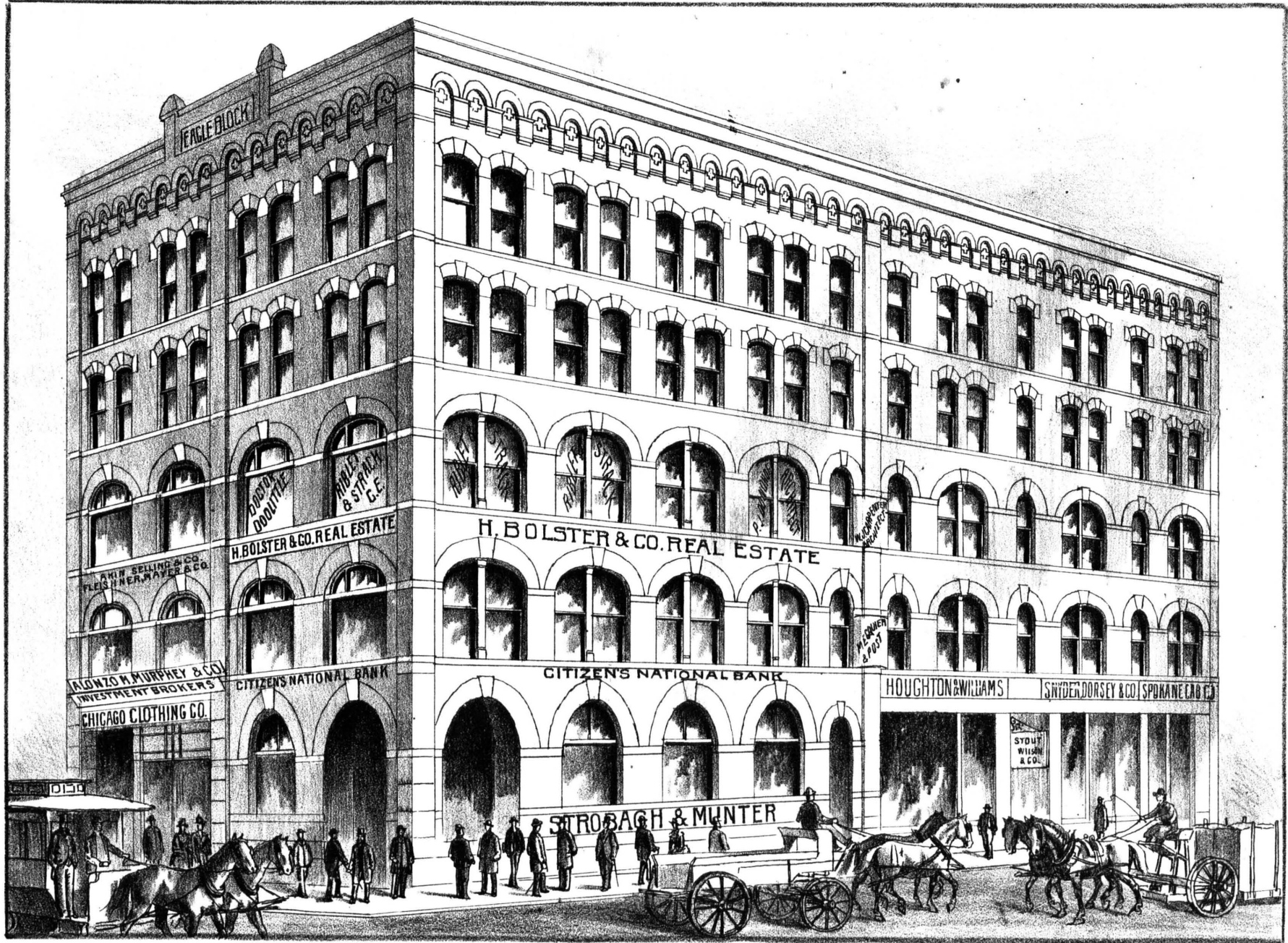
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