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Saturday, January 18, 1890.

A STRONG effort is being made in South Dakota by the single tax men to prevent the sale of school lands, as provided for in the constitution, and adopt the policy of leasing. This is based upon the single tax idea that the rental value of land belongs to the people, as represented by the government, a theory which a great many people are not yet willing to adopt, still the suggestion is a good one. The lands now belong to the state as a gift from the nation in trust for the benefit of public education, and the only question that should be considered is: How can the trust be managed to best secure the object for which it was made? If the lands be sold, the original purchase price represents all the benefit the schools will receive, and any increase in their value will inure to the holders of the title, who will pocket the increased rental value. Will it not be better for the school fund if the lands be rented than if they be sold? There seems to be no question about it. Of course if it be proposed to use the purchase money itself, instead of the interest received from its investment, there will be a larger sum immediately available for school purposes, at the expense of the future. But such a proceeding would be so improvident and unbusinesslike that to do so would be a betrayal of the trust. Why not, then, lease the lands, the rental increasing as the land becomes more valuable? Undoubtedly some portions of it will become of enormous value, and it is better that the public school fund should receive the increase, rather than the pockets of private individuals. These remarks apply as well to Washington and Montana as to the Dakotas. Washington already has a practical example of this in the school section near Tacoma, which should be an object lesson that ought not to go unheeded. If the school lands are properly handled they will in time yield a revenue that will support a system of public education superior to any in the older

states and such a thing as levying a state tax upon the people for school purposes will be unknown. Oregon's great mistake in the matter of school lands should be a warning to all new states.

A most impracticable bill has been introduced in the senate at Olympia seeking to punish people who are careless with firearms. The object sought is right enough, but the form of punishment borders on the ridiculous. It proposes as a penalty that the careless individual who injures another be debarred of the privilege of carrying arms in future, and if he simply discharges a gun prematurely he must deny himself the luxury of being a perambulating arsenal for five years. The utter impossibility of enforcing such a penalty while the person is at liberty to go wherever he chooses ought to be apparent to any man of sense. This is an effort to cure the least harmful phase of the weapon habit. It is the weapon in the hands of the man who uses it intentionally, though often without great deliberation, that does the most deadly work. There is no reason why men pursuing the peaceful walks of civil life should carry weapons at all, and the privilege of doing so simply permits those who make crime a business and those who needlessly carry weapons and use them in the heat of passion or in a causeless fright, to constantly menace the lives of others, and fills our jails with criminals. The privilege of bearing arms guaranteed by the constitution never included or intended such a state of affairs as exists to-day. What we need is a statute denying this privilege to every one not specially authorized; and its rigid enforcement would not only cure the mild malady of a careless handling of weapons, but the more fatal one of their use with murderous intent.

Those adherents to the belief of the direct management of the details of mundane affairs by the Almighty, and who can see his hand in every accident that occurs to persons violating their ideas of Sunday propriety or to every saloon or ungodly theatre, may be able to explain why the Catholic church at Sierra City, Cal., was destroyed by a snow slide and the Presbyterian church in Brooklyn, N. Y., by a wind storm a few days ago. Either denomination may be able to account for the disaster to the other, but how about both of them?

Roseburg has taken hold of the project of a railroad to Coos bay in earnest. At a public meeting held there on the ninth a committee was appointed to solicit stock for the Roseburg & Coos Bay railroad and to take general charge of the project. It is confidently expected that actual construction on the road will be commenced this year. Steps were also taken to organize a board of trade.

"The Story of Johnstown," is the title of a book now in preparation by J. J. McLaurin and soon to be published by J. M. Place, proprietor of the Harrisburg, Pa., *Telegram*. Its title shows the nature of the work, which will be the only complete and absolutely correct story of that great catastrophe that will ever be written. This, however, is not its chief claim to public attention, but the fact that the net proceeds are to be devoted to the assistance of printers, orphan children and aged men and women who suffered by the flood. As this class received but little aid from the great donations made for their benefit by their generous-hearted countrymen, this new fund for their relief will accomplish much good. Mr. Place and his enterprise have received the endorsement of Governor Beaver and others, and there is every reason to believe that the fund will be properly applied, and not as was the general relief fund, be distributed upon the biblical theory that "to him that hath shall be given and he shall have abundance, while from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath." If ever that idea was carried out literally in this world it was in Johnstown, to the general disgust of the nation. In this new movement the rich will be set one side and the orphan, the aged and the infirm will be cared for. The book will be sold by subscription.

It is reported that many vessels are being fitted out to engage in sealing in Behring sea the coming season, upon the theory that the expiration of the lease of the Alaska Commercial company leaves an open field for everyone to slaughter seals who may choose. This is a mistaken idea, as the eager sealers will learn. The secretary of the interior will not permit the animals to be miscellaneously slaughtered in any event, and Behring sea will no doubt be more closely guarded than ever. There is, also, another little matter these sealers would do well to consider. A bill is before congress which, if passed, will make it unlawful for any person except a native of Alaska, to kill seals. The disposition of the government to preserve these valuable animals from extermination is manifest, and reckless sailors will find it anything but plain sailing in Behring sea.

Fearing possible legal complications, the Northwestern Exposition Co., of Tacoma has reincorporated, with a capital stock of \$125,000. If it be proposed to hold in that city an exposition approaching the one in Portland last year, and to erect a building as well suited to the purpose as that of the North Pacific Industrial Exposition, they will find that \$125,000 will have vanished long before that object has been attained. The experience of Portland might be studied with profit.

Senator Teller has introduced a resolution abolishing the secret session when considering the presidential nominations. The only senators who will oppose it are those who, under the guise of protecting grave affairs of state from public contamination, maintain these secret sessions because they are ashamed to let the people know for what frivolous or personal reasons they vote against the confirmation of nominees not agreeable to them. If the secret session be abolished there will be less foolishness and cantankerousness in that august body of millionaire politicians.

If it is true that England has called upon Portugal to apologize for the conduct of her agent in Africa, and Portugal has called upon German engineers to lay torpedoes in the Tagus river, it would be a good stroke of common sense for Portugal to apologize. Any nation that has to call upon foreign engineers to help her lay torpedoes would make but a sorry defense against an English fleet, and should not only apologize to the latter for her conduct but to the whole world for pretending to be a nation.

Representative Clark has introduced at Olympia a bill requiring the name of every writer of a paragraph in a newspaper to appear under the paragraph. This matter received a thorough discussion when California adopted her new constitution, and it would do Mr. Clark good to get some of the old newspaper files and read them.

A New York writer in the *Chicago Advance* says that twelve persons lost their lives in that city by electric wires and there is a great commotion about it; and that during the same time 2,000 lost their lives by reason of the saloon and nothing is being done about it. He says it is politics. Is it?

Having bulldozed helpless little Portugal, England may now take a position on the barnyard fence, and after looking carefully to see that there is no other rooster about, flap his wings and crow lustily.

The office seekers of San Francisco who were as eager as the tombstone agent who called on the widow of a few hours, received a merited rebuke from Governor Waterman.

In view of the financial experience the new states are having wouldn't it be well for Idaho and Wyoming to take a long breath before they make the plunge.

A bill is before the Washington legislature to encourage the destruction of blue jays; but the jay hawkers will still be permitted to run at large.

The editor of the *Valley Record*, of Ashland, Oregon, has been sentenced to fifteen days in the county jail and to pay a fine of fifty dollars for contempt of court for publishing an editorial criticism of the judicial system of the county. While the article in question was in very bad taste, wretchedly ungrammatical and displayed both ignorance and a desire to make a sensation, it did not contain matter that reflected sufficiently upon the judge to justify him in considering it a contempt of court. Judge Webster stated, in passing sentence, that such utterances have a tendency to bring the judiciary of the country into popular contempt and thus weaken the respect of the people for law and its administration. That is true enough in the abstract, but in order to have this effect they should be made by a person holding a position in the community that gives his opinion weight and in language which impresses one with the truth of the charges rather than with the shallowness and ignorance of the writer. Had the judge given this feature of the matter sufficient thought he would have passed it over without dignifying the editor with an official notice of his screed. So long as an "education" as a printer's devil combined with the financial ability to buy a handful of type enables any adolescent who may feel so inclined to "start" a newspaper and inflict his weekly assault upon the Queen's English upon a suffering community, so long will such senseless lucubrations find their way into print, and what little harm they may be capable of is increased ten fold by according them such notice as enables their author to pose as a martyr and continue his attacks with a color of justification.

This is a railroad-building age and Americans are pre-eminently the railroad builders of the age. Not content with the most wonderful transportation system the world has ever seen, American genius transcends the by no means circumscribed bounds of the United States and seeks to gird the whole continent in every direction with iron bands. The suggested railway to Alaska, and even across Behring strait to Russia, is not less probable than many present enterprises were a few years before their consummation. Still more likely of becoming a potent commercial agent during the life time of the present generation is the scheme for building a railroad from the United States through Mexico, Central and South America to Argentine Republic and Chili, which is reported to be receiving the attention of the pan-American congress now in session in Washington. A trans-Andean line between the oceans, with termini at Santiago and Buenos Ayres, is already nearing completion. The South American republics are anxious for internal development and the United States is anxious to obtain their important trade. In maritime commerce the United States is

weak. It would not be at all surprising if the prospective advantages of a great international, inter-American railway would induce the interested governments to give tangible form and hearty support to such an enterprise. Its construction would be a matter of but a few years if properly handled. This is a stupendous undertaking and one worthy of American genius.

The silver question is likely to receive considerable airing this year. Such economic questions as are involved in the tariff and the money problem savor too much of the dismal science to readily become popular, and it requires a deal of agitation to get them before the people on their merits. Thus no harm will result from continued discussion. As these matters are held before the public they become familiar and the glamour which demagogues or honest partisans may impart will finally drop from them and the essential features, which will stand out in their true light. The latest contribution to the modernized silver question comes from an eastern man, John J. Knox, and it may be termed a modification of the Windom plan of issuing certificates on deposits of bullion. In three important particulars it differs from the Windom plan. Mr. Knox would leave the present coinage law as it is to act as a self-adjusting balance wheel to the plan. He would prescribe and limit the power of the secretary of the treasury in the matter of determining the quality and price of the receipts of bullion. Finally, the details would be so arranged that the very questionable feature of making the government a party to bolstering up the silver industry—completely demonetizing silver and then lending such potential aid to increase its value as a commodity—would be lost. However, Mr. Knox's plan is far from a complete solution of the question and the present congress still has a very knotty problem to wrestle with.

It is wonderful how fatally accurate in his aim is the blundering fool who goes out in the mountains hunting and mistakes his companion for a deer. If but a portion of his victim's head is in sight he plugs it with unerring aim, while a deer might walk before his rifle in security. Every amateur deer hunter should be required to give \$1,000 bonds that he will not shoot his associate sportsmen.

The interstate commerce commission have recommended to congress a number of amendments to the law shown to be necessary by the practical experience of the past two years. One of these is most radical, being no less than the extension of the law to common carriers by water transportation. They desire the long and short haul clause to remain as it is.

THE TACOMA THEATRE.

TACOMA in many things shows an enterprise and faith in the future that commands the admiration of every one at all acquainted with the facts, but one of the greatest exhibitions of this may be seen in the elegant theatre which was dedicated to Thespis Monday night last.

Recognizing the need of such a building a number of enterprising gentlemen organized the Tacoma Theatre Co., and secured a site at the corner of St. Helens and Ninth streets. Arrangements were made with J. M. Wood, of Chicago, whose fame as a theatre architect is as wide as the Union, for a design of such a structure as would combine beauty of architecture, solidity of construction, adaptability to the ends sought and elegance of appointments. All these features are most happily blended in this edifice. The building was erected under the supervision of George B. Evans.

On Ninth street it has a frontage of 67 feet, and on St. Helens 174 feet, the other sides being 120 and 165 feet respectively. On the St. Helens street side are seven stores, one in the corner and three each on either side of the porte cochere, their fronts being solid stone and plate glass. There are office rooms on the first, second and third floors, and in the gable of the fourth floor a room 28x32 feet.

The main entrance, on Ninth street, is in the form of a gable projection and opens into a vestibule, fourteen feet deep by twenty-one feet wide, with the box office just opposite the entrance door. The box office is in the form of an East India pagoda set into a recess in the wall, with a comfortable settee on either side, upholstered in embossed leather. The front of the pagoda is in beveled plate and cut glass. Just back of the box office is a roomy office for the manager of the theatre. The floor of the vestibule is in imported tile, the side walls wainscoted below and finished above with papier-mache and bronzes.

Opposite the box office is an archway with three steps, leading to the outer foyer, 20x24 feet, elegantly carpeted and hung with tapestries. From this a vestibule leads to the circular parlor for ladies in the corner tower, which is twenty feet in diameter and most elegantly and tastefully furnished. The main foyer extends entirely across the rear of the auditorium, from which the balcony is reached by a wide staircase on either end. Near the stairway on the left is the gentlemen's smoking room, a delightful lounging place. Entrance to the parquette is made by three wide aisles, the center one stopping at the railing, and the others continuing to the orchestra pit. The parquette and circle are seated with opera chairs, upholstered with silk plush, and having automatic backs, hat racks, etc., and will seat 600 people.

The balcony is seated with improved and upholstered opera chairs of comfortable widths, and all commanding a clear view of the entire stage. It seats about 250, and affords a fine view of the entire proscenium front, private boxes and sounding board.

There are eight proscenium boxes, four on either side, being in the form of Indian temples or pagodas, standing well out from the surrounding work, so as to command a clear view of the stage, and yet not obstructing the view from any of the side auditorium seats. These boxes are provided with movable, easy chairs, forty in all. The floors are carpeted in moquette and the rails upholstered in silk plush, with polished brass rails above, and low silk plush valances. Just back of the boxes, on the left, is a box parlor, handsomely decorated and furnished, forming a pleasant retiring room from the boxes. The upper boxes on each side are approached by special stairways from the lower floor, just back of the lower boxes.

The gallery is reached by a special stairway from the alley, where are an entrance and ticket office. It has a seating capacity of 350, and is furnished with comfortable chairs. Special attention has been paid to exits. In addition to the main entrance, twelve feet wide, there are two six-foot doors opening into the alley on the right and two into the corridor on the left.

In its appointments it is complete in every detail. There are two drop curtains and an asbestos fire proof curtain, twenty-four complete sets of scenery, two quarter traps, a Hamlet trap, two sectional traps, two sectional movable bridges, and a multitude of other conveniences and appliances.

The dressing rooms are large, well lighted and comfortable, and there are a scene room, 18x30 feet, and a property room. The stage is seventy feet wide and forty-three feet deep, the distance from it to the rigging loft above being sixty feet.

In its interior furnishings the Tacoma Theatre is elegant and artistic, with a most harmonious blending of colors, producing soft and pleasing effects. It shows a display of artistic taste and a disregard of cost that is in keeping with other features of the structure. With its splendid equipment and its seating capacity of 1,200 in a city growing so rapidly and containing such a large proportion of liberal and cultured people, it will draw the finest histrionic talent in the United States, and will combine with Spokane Falls, Seattle and Portland, when they shall have completed similar structures, in forming a strong circuit for theatrical attractions. Mr. John W. Hanna, a gentleman possessing wide experience as a theatrical manager, has charge of the theatre, and under his management the house was opened Monday, January 13, 1890, by the Duff Opera Company, with the charming comic opera of "Paola." The season thus auspiciously begun will be a brilliant one, the leading musical and dramatic attractions having been secured.

KITTITAS COUNTY, WASHINGTON.

KITTITAS county and the Kittitas valley, of Washington, is one of the most promising of the newer sections of the state. It came into public notice only within the past decade during the latter half of which almost its entire growth has been achieved; indeed Kittitas county has had an individual existence less than seven years. It first came into prominence as a stock and agricultural country. The advent of the railroad unlocked it to the world and it is now beginning to show rich deposits of valuable minerals. Late developments tending toward the location of the state capital at the thriving commercial center of Central Washington, Ellensburg, the capital of Kittitas, give special interest to the city and its environments.

The traveler from the east crosses the great plain of the Columbia, and, passing up the Yakima river in a northwesterly direction, threads his way through a narrow, crooked defile several miles long before reaching the smiling valley of the Kittitas. The heavily rolling hills that define the limits of the valley press back from the river and the plain stretches away ten or twelve miles on either hand and nearly forty miles long. Approaching Kittitas from the west one crosses the Cascade mountains through some of the grandest scenery imaginable. On the regular passenger trains breakfast is served while ascending the mountains. Such views of varied natural grandeur as one gets from the window during the breakfast hour make it seem like some wild dream. Then comes Stampede tunnel, nearly two miles long, after passing which the train bowls along down the mountains and down the Yakima to the Kittitas valley. The city of Ellensburg is located near the center of the valley.

Of the few available passes of the Cascade mountains four are on the western boundary of Kittitas county—Cady pass in the extreme northwestern corner, and to the southward, Snoqualmie, Stampede and Natches. The Northern Pacific crosses the range by Stampede. The Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern has located lines by both the Snoqualmie and the Cady and the recently organized enterprise of constructing a road east from Shoalwater bay contemplates crossing the mountains by the Natches pass. Thus the Kittitas country is sure to be well supplied with railroads. To build and operate a railroad in that region, between Eastern and Western Washington involves the expenditure of vast sums of money and only strong corporations will undertake it. But the country possesses such varied riches that their development will warrant the inauguration of enterprises on a scale so vast as to be appalling to more staid communities.

By the building of a railway through the northern

part of Kittitas county the placers to the northward of the Peshastan district would be much augmented in value and the working of quartz properties would be greatly stimulated. The iron and coal lying between those districts and the main mountain range could then also be mined to advantage. That region is rough but its wealth of gold, silver, copper, iron and coal cannot even vaguely be estimated. There are numerous deposits of all degrees of richness, but the prospecting has been very unthorough, and the claims located are no measure whatever of the diffusion of minerals. Of course the character of the deposits can only be determined by sampling the actual products. There is plenty of water and timber convenient to the prospects. The interest now being awakened in that region is certain to result in the investment of much money in the mines and the building up of important mining interests. The extensive coal mines of the Northern Pacific railway company at Roslyn, in Kittitas county, a few miles northwest of Ellensburg, show that that mineral exists in vast quantities and only needs capital to develop it.

The surface of Kittitas county presents various features. Its western boundary being the crest of the mountain range, that part is, of course, mountainous. The northern portion of the county is also rough and not suited to the demands of practical farming. The rough lands are valuable for their minerals, timber, and some areas for stock ranges. There are a number of beautiful and useful lakes in the county, chief of which are Wenatchee, on the northern boundary, an expansion of the river of the same name, Cle-Elum, Kahchess, Kitchelos and Piwallus in the western portion. These lakes are valuable as forming storage reservoirs for the streams that drain them through the dry country below, and by suitable improvement could be made to equalize the flow of water in the rivers still more than they do now. They are at considerable elevations in the mountains. The scenery about them is of the most picturesque and sportsmen are attracted by the game that is so plentiful in those wild sections. The valley of Kittitas itself is one of the finest farming regions of the west. Scarcely one-tenth of the soil is yet cultivated, though most of the area has been claimed, and but few eligible locations remain in the public domain. The population is not dense enough to bring country property to a very high price yet, however, and good farms may be purchased on easy terms. The total number of inhabitants in Kittitas county is less than 15,000, while its area is 2,304,000 acres, fully 1,750,000 of which are arable land. The inducements for manufacturing are growing with the development of the natural resources and the field is a broad and attractive one for the enterprising citizen.

WARDNER, IDAHO.

ABOUT a mile and a half up Milo gulch and the same distance south from the south fork of the Cœur d' Alene river is the town of Wardner, in Shoshone county, Idaho. It is a typical mining camp. The frame buildings of which it is built range on both sides of the main street for a distance of half a mile or more. Two very short streets dug into the side of the hill are the only other thoroughfares of the town. A small stream cascades down the gulch supplying the town with water and finally dropping off into the river at the mouth of the gulch. The recently completed extension of the Union Pacific railway passes up the south fork on the Wardner side and the narrow gauge line of the Cœur d' Alene Railway & Navigation company is on the opposite side of the stream. Wardner is in the heart of the mountains, at a considerable altitude itself and surrounded by tall, rugged hills.

The town of Wardner owes its existence to the mines that cluster about it. These mines are the Bunker Hill, Sullivan, Stenwinder, Emma, Last Chance, Tyler and Sierra Nevada, all but the Emma, Last Chance and Sierra Nevada being owned entirely by Portland capitalists, the ownership of the Emma and Last Chance being shared by Portland and Spokane Falls men, and the Sierra Nevada by Spokane Falls people. These are all good properties in course of rapid development.

The population of Wardner approximates 1,500. The town has a bank, a newspaper, four hotels and the usual complement of mercantile houses and miscellaneous shops. That is, it did have these before the fire that laid waste the business portion of the place the fourth of this month. Two of the hotels, several offices and more than a dozen stores were destroyed by that fire, involving a loss of about \$100,000. Nearly half the town was swept away in three or four hours. The water supply was frozen and the people fought the flames with snow but could not prevent progress of the fire in the frame buildings. The blowing up of two or three structures probably prevented the destruction of the entire town, which at one time seemed imminent. The camp will be rebuilt. Few of the miners employed had houses there. For the most part they belonged to the army of prospectors that overrun a good mineral country. The men work awhile for a grub stake and then go off on their own account, hoping to strike a find that will make them rich. Their places are filled by others with a similar object in view. When work is suspended in one mine or district the men scatter among the others of the camp or region.

Gold was discovered on the present Bunker Hill mine on or about the fifteenth of September, 1885. A

prospector by the name of Kellogg was working in that section and after camping one night in the gulch, he started out to search for his mule which had wandered away a short distance. The animal was busily engaged in getting a breakfast when found, and in moving about the rocks had detached a piece of galena which Kellogg's practiced eye recognized as very valuable. He at once staked out his claim and other locations followed. The camp in the gulch was founded and active work has been prosecuted in the district ever since. This is one of the most promising, and already valuable, localities in the celebrated Cœur d' Alene mining country.

It is now known positively that the Anaconda company will erect its refining works, or something of the same nature, at Three Forks, in Gallatin county. Up to within a few weeks ago an English syndicate owned more than 4,000 acres of land in that vicinity, and this, together with smaller tracts of land belonging to individuals, has been purchased by the company. The terms of the agreement and transfer were made between John R. Toole, representing the Anaconda company, and Duncan T. Hunter, representing the English syndicate. The amount of money to be paid for the land is \$95,000, only \$4,000 of which, however, has so far been paid. The balance will be paid in installments until the full amount is received by the syndicate, the deed in the meantime remaining in escrow in the Second National bank of Helena. When the agreement was first entered into between the buyers and sellers, it was reported that the land was to be used by Marcus Daly as a ranch, but that rumor is now exploded. Besides this colossal purchase of land, the company has also taken under its wing 100,000 miner's inches of Madison river water, which is to be reserved for future use. The presence of J. B. Haggin in the city, about two months ago, was partly for the purpose of making arrangements for the erection of another large reduction or refining works. Since then agents of the company have been casting about for a proper site, and after mature deliberation among the head men, Three Forks was decided upon, because of the proximity of water and coal. Simultaneously with the commencement of work on the new smelter or refinery, will begin also the building of a new town, which, it is said, will be known as either Three Forks or Madison. The area of land already purchased by the company covers a surface of nearly seven square miles, which will be ample room for a refinery, a ranch for Mr. Daly and a town site of no small proportions. As a result of this purchase by the Anaconda those now owning property in the vicinity of Three Forks are holding on to it with the expectation of getting a better price for their land in the near future.—*Butte Miner*.

Plans for a huge dry dock in Tacoma have been prepared. It will be 375 feet long, fifty feet wide at the bottom and eighty feet wide at the top. It will be large enough to float any vessel that visits Puget sound. A location for it has not yet been selected, though it soon will be, and a company will be incorporated. Work on the dock will be commenced in the spring.

There were built 312 miles of railroad in Washington last year, on ten separate lines, making now a total of 1,580 miles in the state. The number of separate lines, more than the total mileage, indicates the great activity displayed in developing a railway system.

ST. JOSEPH'S MISSION.

ZEAL, devotion to duty, self-abnegation and practical results obtained, have marked the career of the missionaries of the Catholic church in their work among the aborigines of America in a far greater degree than that of those of other denominations. No one can read the history of the padres in Mexico and California, the peres in Canada, Minnesota and as far west as the Rocky mountains during the French rule in Canada, or the zealous fathers farther west and north in later days, without a desire to take off his hat in profound respect for the memory of men capable of such devotion to the welfare of others at the cost of all the world prizes and in the face of dangers and privations such as few men willingly encounter. To be sure, other denominations can show men of equal zeal and fortitude, but they were exceptional, as their very prominence shows, while the deeds and spirit that made their names stand out in the missionary history of the country were so characteristic of the Catholics as a class that of the thousands who have labored in that field one scarcely holds prominence over another.

Nowhere did the Protestant and Catholic missionaries compete with each other for control of the native tribes so closely as in the region of the Columbia river, and for that reason their methods and accomplishments can better be contrasted here than elsewhere in America. There is not space here to go into details, but the universal success of the Catholics and the almost universal failure of the Protestants tell the story. To be sure, the latter ascribe this to underhanded and even morally iniquitous methods pursued by the former, but the careful student finds one no more underhanded than the other in their methods, though he does find one pushing the work with a zeal and forgetfulness of self that the other failed to display, hence the result. In some respects the Catholic religion is better calculated to make its way among intellectually undeveloped people than the Protestant, the latter being more individual and less ritualistic, and lacking those features of ceremony and show that so powerfully impress simple and superstitious minds; but the chief difference was in the personal conduct of the missionaries, the Indians easily observing in the Catholics greater zeal, a higher degree of abandonment of all thoughts of self and personal advantage, and a more earnest devotion to the welfare of the Indians themselves. Most histories of Oregon, coming from Protestant sources, do not convey the ideas just set forth, but a candid and impartial study of the subject impels one to recognize their truth.

On the first page is given an engraving of the old chapel at St. Joseph's mission among the the Cœur

d'Alenes. The first mission in the Oregon country was established by the Methodists in the Willamette valley in 1834, and the second by Dr. Whitman and associates, representing the American Board, in the Walla Walla country in 1836. It was not until two years later that the Catholics appeared, but they worked so zealously and devoted themselves so closely to missionary work to the exclusion of everything else, that in a few years they had practically driven their predecessors from the field. Too much space would be required to give even an outline of their labors, hence only the circumstances attending the foundation of St. Joseph's mission will be related. In 1844 three priests of the Society of Jesus journeyed overland from St. Louis to reinforce the missionaries in Oregon. One of these was Father Joseph Joset, a native of Switzerland, who had come to America the year before. Father Joset founded St. Joseph's mission among the Cœur d'Alene (Pointed Heart or Awl Heart) Indians in November, 1844. The first mission buildings were built on St. Joseph river, a tributary of Lake Cœur d'Alene, entering the southeastern end of the lake. The valley of St. Joseph river is a most beautiful one and contains the largest body of fertile land in the Cœur d'Alene region. In 1846 the valley was flooded by high water and Father Joset abandoned his first location and selected another on the Cœur d'Alene river, about ten miles above its point of discharge into the lake, where the mission is still maintained.

At this point was erected the chapel shown in the engraving. It was under construction in the fall of 1853, when Isaac I. Stevens, in charge of the northern branch of the Pacific railway exploring expedition, passed through that region on his way to assume the office of governor of the new territory of Washington. In his report, published in the executive documents of 1854, he thus speaks of the mission and the chapel:

The Cœur d'Alene Indians are under estimated by all the authorities. They have some seventy lodges, and number about five hundred inhabitants. They are much indebted to the good Fathers for making considerable progress in agriculture. They have abandoned polygamy, have been taught the rudiments of Christianity, and are greatly improved in morals and in the comforts of life. It is indeed extraordinary what the Fathers have done at the Cœur d'Alene mission. It is on the Cœur d'Alene river, about thirty miles from the base of the mountains, and some ten miles above the Cœur d'Alene lake.

They have a splendid church, nearly finished by the labors of the Fathers, brothers and Indians; a large barn; a horse mill for flour; a small range of buildings for the accommodation of the priests and brothers; a store room; a milk or dairy room; a cook room, and good arrangements for their pigs and cattle. They are putting up a new range of quarters, and the Indians have some twelve comfortable log cabins. The church was designed by the superior skill of the mission, Pere Ravalli, a man of skill as an architect, and undoubtedly, judging from his well thumbed books, of various accomplishments. Pere Gazzoli showed me his several designs for the altar, all of them

characterized by good taste, and harmony of proportion. The church, as a specimen of architecture, would do credit to any one, and has been faithfully sketched by our artist, Mr. Stanley. The massive timbers supporting the altar were from larch trees five feet in diameter, and were raised to their place by the Indians, with the aid simply of a pulley and a rope.

They have a large, cultivated field, of some two hundred acres, and a prairie of from two to three thousand acres. They own a hundred pigs, eight yokes of oxen, twenty cows, and a liberal proportion of horses, mules and young animals.

The Indians have learned to plough, sow, till the soil generally, milk cows (with both hands) and do all the duties incident to a farm. They are, some of them, expert wood cutters; and I saw at work, getting in the harvest, some thirty or forty Indians. They are thinking of cutting out a good trail to St. Mary's valley, over the Cœur d'Alene mountains (on the route passed over by me). They need agricultural implements and seed.

Of the condition of these Indians when Father Joset arrived among them a writer says: "The tribe of Indians called Cœur d'Alene, or 'Heart of an Awl,' was, in early times, one of the most savage. Their nature, strong and bold, gave birth, under the influence of superstitious principles and corrupt morals, to a people fierce and wholly given up to actions the most abominable." Governor Stevens's report shows what marvels had been accomplished by Father Joset and his faithful assistants in the ten years of their residence among them. It is enough to say that never have these Indians retrograded from the high standard to which they were raised by the brave and zealous missionary. Of this noble man and his work, a writer in the Catholic *Sentinel* says:

He came to the Rocky mountains a young man fresh from his study, in the prime of life and full of energy. From the day of his arrival he threw his whole soul and life into the work. For him the winter seems to have lost its frosty rigor and summer its heat. He braved the inclemency of the seasons. He has been seen to take long journeys in the extremest cold, and continue it in defiance of the biting breath of the north wind. He has had to make frequent excursions which occupied him day and night, and distances of fifty, sixty, and even two hundred miles, and this through woods and swamps, for there were few roads in those days. It were vain to attempt a computation of the magnitude of good, wrought among the Indians, for God by this veteran missionary. No one can count the souls that have been enlightened, comforted, helped and saved by his assistance. But he had always a strong predilection for the Cœur d'Alenes. It is at their old mission, situated on the right bank of the river Cœur d'Alene, that Father Joset for the better portion of his life has dwelt among his dear friends and spiritual children, the Cœur d'Alenes. It is here in the graveyard a stone's throw from the church, lie many of his flock. There is something so touching about it all. Here near the church which their hands helped to rear, they rest in their last sleep. Here come to pray the children of the departed ones, and their childish voices recite the prayers which were taught them by Father Joset, and which were so often repeated in the same church by their ancestors almost half a century ago.

Father Joset is proud of his Indians, and justly so. Hear again the writer quoted above: "The tribe, which a few years

back made up a race of people the most ferocious and superstitious, is now an example for Catholics throughout these regions. Their quiet life and their morals strike with admiration the very enemies of the church! Who, when they reflect upon what these Indians have been and what they now are, can not feel in the depths of their souls the conviction of the truth of the Catholic faith. Here they behold a people formerly accustomed to wander through the forests after the manner of wild beasts, slaves to the most foolish superstitions and to the most degraded habits, now under the benign influence of religion, living a life virtuous and peaceful. A people who might indeed be destroyed, but could never be subjugated by force of arms, now submitting with childlike simplicity to the guidance of a few missionaries, at the least sign of whose will they are ready to check their rising passions and regulate their lives." Long may these good Indians continue to hear their beloved father's word, to practice his precepts, to be the faithful imitators of his virtues, and like him do all things for the greater glory of God.

There are still to be found some of these old Catholic missions carrying on their noble work among the Indians where the encroachments of white settlements have not driven the natives from their ancestral homes, though none of the original Protestant missions remain; yet none show so plainly the life work of one devoted soul as this mission of St. Joseph.

MORNING AT THE COUNTY JAIL.

ON the last page is an engraving of a scene in the city jail that will be familiar to those whose duties have brought them in contact with that institution at so early an hour. The miscellaneous assortment of guests that were rounded up for the wedding feast, as related in the bible, from the highways and byways, could not hold a candle to the congress of nations that is assembled every morning in the jails of every city in the country, and the breakfast scene in the Portland "skookum house," as shown in the sketch, finds its counterpart in every like house of detention. There is no aristocracy of race or color. The man who enjoys the hospitality of the police department must be willing to do so on equal terms with all kinds of humanity raked in by the drag net of the force. If he does not like to do so, he should have been careful that the pressing invitation of the officers need not have been given. It is probable that he may not relish his first repast within the confines of the whitewashed walls, but the food is clean and wholesome, though some of the attractive forms of service to which he has been accustomed may be lacking, and he comes, in time, to consider it at least worthy of his attention if not hearty patronage.

It is estimated that the sawmills in the Blue mountains will consume 30,000,000 feet of logs this year. There are now eleven mills at work cutting about 200,000 feet of lumber per day, and two others will be put in early in the spring. The first logging railway of that region will also be built.

The Light Side of Life

By Lee Fairchild,

CHILD—Papa, which half of the moon is that?

FATHER (who is somewhat of an astronomer)—The half you see, my child.

“I am making out my will.”

“Why you’re a young man yet, and poor. What have you to leave?”

“My good-will, that’s all.”

PREVENTING A RUNAWAY.

A tenderfoot climbed in the street car in Tacoma and found it about full of passengers. The driver, however, was on the rear end of the car looking out for other passengers. The tenderfoot asked him if he was not the driver. He replied that he was. “Well” said the tenderfoot, “ought you not to be on the same end of the car that the horses are? Are you not afraid they’ll run away?” “Ah” said the driver, “we’ve been feeding them against that.!”

GENEROSITY.

You think me ever happy, gay,
Because I bring your lips a smile
And pass with you a merry while
As Time walks thro’ his cloudy way.

My heart is sometimes heavy, though;
I seldom know my pathway free
From some strange shadow haunting me
As with a voice that whispers, “woe!”

Forgive me, sir; come, let’s be glad;
I will not burden you and sing
Of phantoms and foreshadowing
Of dark events to make us sad.

THE REASON.

“This Tacoma water is very bad.”

“Why do you drink it then?”

“Well, you know, I’m fond of milk!”

WHY HE DECLINED.

IRRITATED DRIVER—If I had some one to hold this team I’d thrash you, you—

BY-STANDER—I’ll hold your team, Mister.

IRRITATED DRIVER—Now I’d accept of your kindness, but I don’t dare risk these horses with anyone, they are so bad to run away!

HE—I sat up last night until ten o’clock entertaining myself.

SHE—You must have gotten very sleepy.

A.—Would you be pleased to contribute a dollar for the heathen?

B.—Certainly; and you are to have the exclusive benefit of my contribution!

A BASHFUL BRIDE.

The bride-groom was trying to decide which road they would take on their wedding tour, the Northern or the Canadian, when the bride gave him the key to the situation by asking the following question, “Which is the more tunneled?”

NOT SO SWEET.

TRANSIENT CUSTOMER—Are these sweet apples?

MR. LUBERG—Yes, dem vas sweet.

TRANSIENT CUSTOMER—I never liked sweet apples.

MR. LUBERG—But dem vas not as sweet as vat I had last veek!

“They’re getting their points down fine in *New York Life*; so fine I have only been able to discover about half of them in this issue,” remarked my friend, as he put on his spectacles.



WITH EASE.

Photographer, sir, will you please
My picture take while thus at ease
I lean upon this easy chair
The while my lover, passing fair,
Sits easily beneath my gaze
With posing such as would amaze
My rival who sits easier
In his content, as sure of her?

Look pretty now—he never took
The negative of such a look;
We’ll have the prettiest picture seen—
What? “Friend you’ve broken my
machine!”



ASHLAND AND ROGUE RIVER VALLEY.

The year 1889 has been one of rapid development for the Pacific northwest. For Southern Oregon it has been a test year, and the results of the test are perfectly satisfactory. For weather and crops it has been the hardest year in the history of this part of the state since the first settlement of the Rogue river valley, thirty-five years ago. The summer last past has brought the nearest approach to a drought ever experienced here—the nearest that it seems possible to occur here, with the favoring conditions of several preceding winters, in which the rainfall was far below the average for the twenty years of record. This we may well call the worst kind of a season possible for the Rogue river valley, so far as can be judged by a comparison with the past, and yet a stranger would suppose from the general prosperity and peace and plenty in the valley that we had experienced at least an average season. The *Tidings* claims that the year just past is one of the best ever known here, in the light of a showing of the good qualities and the resources of our country. To come through a "poor season" in such excellent condition is the best showing a country can possibly make—and it is of value in the record of Southern Oregon—for it is a difficult thing to find a poor crop year in the record. In the valley the aggregate of grain, hay and fruit grown during the year was large—very little below the average, in fact, taking the whole valley—and we have learned that during the very driest season there are fields and meadows and orchards that will yield the very largest crops. This is a very different condition from that in which a drought leaves large sections in other states when it visits them. So we must consider 1889 a year that has made a good showing for Rogue river valley.

Ashland people have called the year a "quiet" one, but we find that it has a record of more than \$100,000 worth of building improvements "quietly" made by private parties, to say nothing of the public improvements inaugurated and in progress. During the year there were built in Ashland thirty-four new dwelling houses, and eleven were remodeled and rebuilt or had additions made to them exceeding in cost in each instance the average cost of the thirty-four. This makes us in reality forty-five new houses erected in Ashland during 1889. The aggregate cost, learned from careful statement or estimate in each case, was \$69,800. Of other buildings, there were built the Ashland house brick hotel, \$6,500; the Thompson & Billings office block, \$2,500; the Catholic church, \$2,500; improvements on public school house, \$1,500; and last, but not least, the fine brick opera house block of Mr. Ganiard, still unfinished, \$20,000. Although the improvements aggregate about fifty new dwellings and business houses, at a total cost of \$102,800. To this should be added a large sum for minor improvements, which have been numerous in all parts of town. During the year the electric lights have been introduced, and the finest hotel in this part of the state (built during the last months of 1888, at a cost of more than \$20,000) was opened to the public in February, 1889. This year adds to it a companion piece of architecture in the Ganiard opera house, on opposite corner of First avenue, one of the finest opera houses in the state. There have been noticeable improvements in widening the streets, opening and grading new streets, building sidewalks, etc., and a large quantity of new plank sidewalks on Main street and the Boulevard has been ordered, and is now in course of construc-

tion. For the coming year the prospects are bright for a larger number of new brick buildings in the business part of town than has been constructed in any year in the past, and the structures projected are such as will make a wonderful improvement in the appearance in the business quarter of the city.

The planting of orchards in and near the city has steadily progressed during the fall, and by next summer the acreage will have been very largely increased. Without doubt the coming season will see the inauguration of the fruit and vegetable canning industry here on a large scale. The new water works projected for the city, for which the fifty thousand dollars issue of bonds has been sold at a premium, will be an important improvement of the coming year, and will give the city the best supply of pure water of any town on the coast. The population of the city has kept up its solid and steady growth, as is demonstrated by the comparison of the votes cast at the annual elections for several years past, and the city makes rapid improvement every year as an attractive and desirable place for home seekers. It is eminently entitled to the name of the young "City of Homes" of Southern Oregon, for many people have, and more will have their homes here, even when business interests are located elsewhere. Ashland has made good progress in 1889 and will make greater progress in 1890.—*Tidings*.

THE MINES OF MONTANA.

The year just past places Montana still further in the lead in the list of mineral producing states, as noted in WEST SHORE near the end of the year. Though the official figures are not yet announced, the total mineral output of the state for 1889 does not fall much short of \$50,000,000. Butte alone yields nearly \$24,000,000. The metals produced are gold, silver, copper and lead. The mines of Montana paid \$3,353,250 in dividends during the last eleven months of the year, the Granite Mountain paying the largest dividend of any mining property in the United States, \$2,200,000. The Hecla consolidated mine at Glendale ranks as one of the best producers in the state, the yield for 1889 being 6,191,794 pounds of lead, 226,447 pounds of copper, 581,522 ounces of silver and 1,096 ounces of gold. About 350 locations of placer ground were recorded in Jefferson county during the year. The total shipments of ore from the comparatively new and undeveloped districts of Oro Fino and Zosel, in Deer Lodge county, were in round numbers 4,000,000 pounds. A vast amount of base or smelting ore has been uncovered at Granite, in the lower workings of the Granite & Bi-Metallic mine, which could be more profitably reduced by smelting. This body of smelting ore is expanding, and the *Pittsburgh Mail* states that a rumor is prevalent to the effect that these companies will build a large smelter in the spring. "It seems quite necessary that these mines should have a smelter," says the *Mail*, "and if they should consolidate in the construction of the same, as it is understood they intend doing, it would no doubt be a grand success. The Bi-Metallic company will have their additional forty stamps dropping on ore in the spring, and it is also understood that the Granite people intend putting in twenty more stamps at the Granite mill, making in all 220 stamps that will be dropping on ores of the Granite & Bi-Metallic mines." Messrs. Brantnober & Bennett, who, representing the London Financial and Mining Trust syndicate, recently purchased the Elkhorn Mining company's property for

something like \$600,000, upon their arrival in London, organized a new company with a capitalization of \$1,000,000, and divided into 200,000 shares of \$5.00 each. This news was cabled to Helena together with an offer to Helena men of a limited number of shares. Helena capitalists subscribed to 44,000 shares of stock which had been offered to them at \$5.00 per share, and checks for \$220,000 are on deposit in the Montana National Bank, subject to the issuance of the stock. Forty thousand shares have been reserved for working capital, and the balance will be offered on the London market. This is the first time that Montanians have bought in with London people, and it certainly speaks well for their confidence in the Elkhorn mine that they unhesitatingly paid \$5.00 per share for a one-fifth interest in the mine. The mill is steadily pounding away on ore and producing its weekly quota of bullion with the accustomed regularity that has marked its career during the past three years. The Yellowstone mine, at Castle, has been stocked for \$2,500,000 with 500,000 shares. The stock was put on the market and is selling rapidly for fifteen cents per share. The new work on the Cumberland is now down about seventy-five feet, making the shaft 325 feet. The Castle Mountain Mining Co. is making preparations to sink a winz on the Jude. Chapman & Lewis, the owners of the Great Eastern, are cross-cutting from the shaft to the lead. The faith of the prospectors in the Castle camp has been evidenced this year by the representation of claims. Nearly every claim of any prospective value has been represented. Transportation facilities are very much needed.

The *Victoria Times* thus comments upon the railroad situation in British Columbia:

In the suit of Ross vs. the C. P. R. Mr. Van Horne testifies to the effect that but for the adverse report of Mr. John Ross the C. P. R. would have been extended to Vancouver Island; and that thereby the company would have been enriched \$25,000,000. It is unfortunate not alone for Victoria but for the C. P. that Mr. Ross' report was accepted. It is not that the C. P. labors to a disadvantage in point of competition with other transcontinental lines, for these, especially the N. P., are no nearer the Pacific ocean than is the Canadian; it is because the true terminal point of any great railway should be situate as closely to the sea itself as circumstances will permit. Inland navigation is unsuited for deep water craft. Besides the extra danger attached to inland navigation, there is additional expense in the shape of towage, pilotage and insurance, and such in these days of sharp commercial competition militate to the disadvantage of railway traffic. Vancouver has a good harbor, none better, but she is too far inland. At the best she can be regarded only as a compromise terminal point, a makeshift until the turn of events indicates where the final terminus of the C. P. shall be. We have thought it to be the intention of the C. P. to seek an outlet somewhere in the vicinity of Whatcom, forced so to do by the probability of the Union Pacific coming down the Skagit and striking the Sound at some point opposite the Straits of Fuca. But even admitting that the C. P. should be compelled to seek a terminus in Washington in order to compete against the Union Pacific, the object sought is only partially gained. The Pacific ocean is still eighty or ninety miles distant, whereas, was Victoria the terminus forty miles would be saved, which if not amounting to much in point of a saving of time, cuts at least a respectable figure in the matter of reduced pilotage and towage fees. Victoria is the natural terminus of the C. P. It is not likely that the C. P. will ever change its route across the Selkirks, as was once rumored, and seek the coast by the way of Tete Jaune Cache. The mineral

developments in the Rockies and in Kootenay will justify the operation of this line. That, however, the C. P. may effect a combination with the Canadian Western, and find its way to Vancouver Island via Seymour Narrows is not improbable. The logic of events, we believe, will compel the company to seek the coast by this route. The C. P. certainly will never be content with a terminal point 120 miles inland.

It is reported that a New York broker, as agent of an English syndicate, has made the owners of a majority of the stock of the famous Granite Mountain mine an offer of \$45 a share for their stock. This is on the basis of a total valuation of \$18,000,000, the highest price ever put upon a silver mine. The mine is owned in St. Louis. President Rumsey, of the Granite Mountain mining company, says there is no probability of the property going into the hands of the English syndicate; that the stories to that effect are imaginary, and that the attempt to purchase the stock at \$45 would lift it away above that figure at once.

As an illustration of the fact that the men who own mines in Butte have abundant confidence in their permanence, the *Inter Mountain* has compiled the following statement showing the depth of the shafts in the leading properties of the district. These shafts have been sunk at an expense of from \$15 to \$30 per foot, and the drifts and cross-cuts radiating from them in every direction, and aggregating thousands of miles in length, have cost an amount of money beyond the possibility of accurate estimate. Certainly these vast and expensive explorations from which the base and precious metal is being hoisted at the rate of \$20,000,000 a year indicate the faith of capital in the result of the present work. The depths of the principal shafts in feet, is as follows: Alice, 1,200; Lexington, 1,350, sinking to 1,500; Anaconda, 1,000; St. Lawrence, 1,000; Parrot, 700; Mountain View, 900; Colusa, 800; West Colusa, 400; Silver Bow, 500; Lloyd & Harris, 400; Ramsdell's Parrot, 400; Gambetta, 200; Mountain Chief, 200; Mat, 600; Modoc, 400; Bell, 400; Speculator, 400; High Ore, 600; Diamond, 300; Mountain Con., 600; Mountain, 300; Cora, 300; Buffalo, 300; Magna Charta, 600; Amy & Silversmith, 500; Goldsmith, 300; Wabash, 300; Salisbury & North Star, 100; Gagnon, 700; Butte Original, 500; Original, 400; Clear Grit, 300; Pacific, 400; Grey Rock, 500; East Grey Rock, 500; Rock Island, 200; Poland, 200; Little Mina, 100; Volunteer, 300; Anselmo, 300; Mount Moriah, 200; Orphan Boy, 400; Orphan Girl, 200; Anglo-Saxon, 200; Nettie, 400; Burlington, 300; Tom Haney, 100; Fredonia, 200; Blue Bird, 500; American Boy, 300; Stevens, 300; Morning Star, 300; Clark's Fraction, 400; Belle of Butte, 500; Moose, 300; Shakespeare Parrot, 200; Washoe, 100; Andy Johnson, 200; Glengary, 150; Pollock, 350; La Plata, 00; Blue Wing, 300. In addition to the above mines, nearly all of which are in a state of active operation, there might be given a list of fifty other properties, with shafts having an average depth of 100 feet; but enough has been enumerated to prove that Butte has left the "prospecting" era far behind and has entered upon the era of production upon a basis of ascertained merit.

A great many people are skeptical on the subject of a ship railway, deeming such a means of carrying loaded vessels on land impracticable, and for this reason oppose the scheme of thus overcoming the obstruction to navigation of the Columbia at the dalles. Such a railway as that, though on a more extensive scale, is now nearing completion across the Isthmus of Chignecto, a narrow strip of land joining the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, a distance of seventeen miles.

The steel for the track is the heaviest ever made, and weighs 110 pounds to the yard. There will be a double track upon which a cradle containing the vessel under transfer will be placed. The locomotives, two of which will be used in drawing vessels across the isthmus, are built on the same principle as ordinary engines, but of much greater weight and power. The vessels to be transported will be hoisted by hydraulic power from the basin to the track, and it is estimated that with this power and the roadbed in good condition, a ship of ordinary capacity will be taken from the Bay of Fundy and placed in the Gulf of St. Lawrence in two and one-half hours, though a speed of ten miles an hour is obtainable. During the coming year the Chignecto marine transport railway should be in active operation, and a saving on each trip will be made of 500 miles. This is the only ship railway in North America.

Stimson Bros., representing a large amount of Michigan capital, will erect a large manufacturing establishment at Ballard or Salmon bay, near Seattle. They own 6,000 acres of choice timber lands in Oregon and 15,000 in Washington. They propose to manufacture lumber, shingles, sashes, doors, blinds, etc., on a large scale. They purchased the Chicago mills, at Ballard, owned by Rossman & McDonald, for \$100,000, and have also purchased of the West Coast Improvement Company 210 feet of adjoining land as an additional site, upon which they will erect the necessary buildings for the manufactories named. They also intend to add to the capacity of the Rossman & McDonald mill, so that the output of sawed lumber alone will exceed 40,000,000 feet per year.

Stimson Brothers will put in their own railways at Ballard and extend the present line to North Beach, where foreign shipments will be made. They will also own their own vessels, tugboats, barges, etc., to be employed in the shipment from their large manufactories, and will employ about 1,000 men. The work of building and improvements will be begun immediately and pushed to completion with all possible haste. It is estimated that not less than 1,000,000 logs will be required to carry on the concern in all its branches, and the company had this in view when making their large purchases of timber land along Puget sound and in Oregon, which aggregate 21,000 acres of the best land obtainable.

The reports of the mine inspectors of Washington just published for the year ending the first of October show the number of men employed in coal mining in that state to have been 2,513 and the total output for the year to have been 918,343 tons. By mines the output in tons is as follows:

Newcastle.....	76,102
Franklin.....	136,844
Black Diamond.....	105,255
Cedar Mountain.....	9,504
Gilman.....	41,482
Roslyn.....	44,925
Durham.....	22,319
Bucoda.....	26,600
Carbonado.....	195,387
South Prairie.....	45,107
Wilkeson.....	14,819
Total.....	918,343

There is but little doubt but that the hollow ware foundry will be established in Chehalis within the next ninety days. Subscriptions to the stock have been so liberal that a guarantee has been given Mr. Mohl that the full amount would be raised, and he starts to-day for Sheboygan, Michigan, to prepare for business. Although there is a large quantity of porcelain lined ware used in the United States there are but three or four places

where it is made, and the business is highly profitable. Such a manufactory as the one proposed for Chehalis will employ thirty or more men and be the means of disbursing a large amount of money here. Besides this the foundry will use the coal in the hill on the east side of town and thus cause another important industry to be established her. There is also a probability of still another industry springing up in this connection. It has been demonstrated that deposits of the best quality of kaolin exist in this county from which pottery and enameled earthenware is made, having that rare quality of furnishing its own enamel. The manufacture of this ware will naturally follow that of porcelain, and it is even thought that some of the important constituents of porcelain will be found here. We may look for important developments during the next six months.—*Nugget*.

The good snow roads and the new rates on ore shipments have prompted the Nine-Mile mine owners to increase their output, and push it to the depot at Wallace. The Custer company is sending down some of its richest product, and the California resumed exportation during the week. The platform at the depot is full of ore, and the only drawback to be apprehended is in railroad transportation, as the weather is giving both roads a deal of trouble just now. It is probable that several more mines will be added to the ore shipping list before spring if transportation facilities can be secured. A railroad is needed as badly up Nine-Mile now as it was up Canyon creek two years ago. It will no doubt be built in the early spring. The miners running an open cut on the Tuscumbia Fraction between the Tuscumbia and Toughnut on Sunset have struck three feet of solid galena.—Wallace, Idaho, *Free Press*.

The exceptionally dry year just passed has roused the people of the Kittitas valley, Washington, to the necessity for providing irrigation for their lands. While their crops last season suffered for moisture, the waters of Yakima and Cle-Elum rivers flowed by in great volume. These rivers can be made available in irrigating at least 200,000 additional acres, and a proposition has been made by capitalists to construct two large canals at a cost of about \$500,000, the work to be completed within the year, or a forfeiture of \$50,000 will be paid. A subscription of \$75,000 is asked of the farmers and land owners, and it is agreed on the part of the canal company to have one of their canals ready to supply water by the first of June. This enterprise will add millions to the wealth of the valley and will insure the county against any possible failure of crops hereafter.

Oregon City's prospects for cheap and rapid connection with Portland are brightening rapidly. Not only does the Metropolitan Street Railway Company propose to extend its electric line from Fulton Park, but several lines are projected on the east side of the river. The Portland and Oregon City Railway Company has been organized by well known Portland capitalists, some of whom are chief owners of the Vancouver motor line, to construct a road from East Portland to Oregon City by the way of Sellwood and Milwaukie, practically an extension of the other line. Another company has been organized for the same purpose and to continue on to Barlow station. Another boat is to be put on the river, to make four trips daily. All this points to rapid growth of the city at the falls.

North Yakima, Washington, will soon have a system of water works and an electric light plant in operation. The company intend tapping the Yakima river near the mouth of the Natches. The right of way for a portion of the distance is al-

ready secured, as well as ten acres in the northern part of the city for the location of their water power and machinery. A company of capitalists are looking the field over with a view of organizing another irrigation enterprise. Their intention is to tap the Tietan river about twelve miles above its mouth, and bring the water across the divide and cover the Cowitchie, Wide Hollow and Upper Ahtanum districts. This would irrigate about 50,000 acres of as rich land as there is in the state. It is expected that substantial encouragement will be offered the scheme by property holders along the route.

The Northern Pacific is taking hold of the question of navigation on Puget sound with a determination to fully equip itself. The Puget Sound & Alaska Steamship Co., a majority of whose stock is owned by the Northern, has just purchased all the steamboats, wharves, docks and other property of the Washington Steamboat & Transportation Company. Hitherto the steamers of the O. R. & N. Co., now owned by the Union Pacific, have handled the Northern's business on the sound and to Alaska. This move of the Northern will cut into this business deeply and will hasten the day when the Union will construct its own line from Portland to the sound, survey for which has been made and a company incorporated.

The annual assessment of real and personal property in Idaho, for the year 1889, is close to \$26,000,000. This is an advance over the year 1888 of nearly \$3,500,000. An increase of sixteen per cent in a year of drought and great depression of some of our industries, as remarks Governor Shoup, in his annual report, is certainly gratifying. When attention is also called to the fact that lands not patented are not taxed; that among these are farms under the highest state of cultivation, and worth from \$10.00 to \$40 per acre; that our mines are not taxed, and that these represent an annual product of \$14,000,000, and an investment of \$50,000,000, it will readily be seen that not one-third of the real wealth of Idaho is represented on the assessment.—Boise *Statesman*.

Advertisement for bids on supplying 40,000 ties has been made by the Marion County Improvement Co. These are to be used in constructing a steam motor line from Salem, Oregon, to Silverton, and a belt line around the capital city. The work will be a standard gauge and first-class in every particular. For passenger service a combination car and steam motor will be used, but for freight business a regular locomotive will be employed. A large freight business is expected to spring up along the line, as some of the finest farms have been purchased and divided up into small tracts for fruit farms. The belt line will be completed in May, and the line to Silverton before the end of the summer.

A motor line connecting Astoria with adjacent suburban districts is projected. Through the city the line will run on Second, West Ninth, Cedar and Seventh streets. It is the intention of the promoters of this line to build a first class road in all respects; standard gauge first class new steel rails of thirty lbs. weight to the yard, to extend it around Smith's point, and along the shore of Young's bay, along the south slopes of the peninsula, so as to accommodate persons desiring to live there, and to complete at least three miles of said road by May 1st, provided material can be obtained and the weather such as to permit of the necessary grading being done.

The greatest copper mine, the greatest silver mine and the greatest gold mine in the world are located in Montana, being

respectively the Anaconda, Granite Mountain and Drum Lummon. The first is located in Silver Bow county within half a mile of Butte; the second in Deer Lodge county near Philipsburg; the third in Lewis and Clarke county at Marysville. The Granite Mountain is the best dividend paying mine on the continent. It pays \$200,000 per month to the stockholders. The Drum Lummon produces from \$90,000 to \$130,000 per month and pays quarterly dividends of about \$100,000.

From observations taken by George Bennet, at Bandon, on Coquille river, in South Oregon, the following summary of the climatic conditions of that locality in 1889 are taken: Highest temperature was eighty degrees in September and the lowest twenty-six degrees in February. The yearly mean, fifty-two degrees. The rainfall was fifty-eight inches, though in the harvest months of June, July and August, less than one and five-tenths inches fell, July being almost totally exempt from precipitation. These are certainly most favorable conditions for agriculture and dairying.

The Northern Pacific railway company has laid out an addition to the south side of the plat of Spokane Falls. The addition occupies a considerable eminence and is called Cliff Park. On the brow of the hill is a reserve about 600 feet in diameter which is given the city to be used as a site for a water works reservoir, which must be constructed within two years or the land will revert back to the railway company. This is recognized as an admirable opportunity to provide for the future needs of the rapidly growing city in the way of water supply.

The plans are now complete for the dam across the Missouri river near the Black Eagle falls. The dam and head gates will be 1,100 feet in length. The material required includes 1,000,000 feet of timber, 60,000 feet of plank, 100 tons of iron bolts, 3,000 yards of stone filling in cribs, and 300 cubic yards of gate chamber masonry. The company is under contract to provide water power by next September for the Boston & Montana company's copper smelter, which is to be erected at Great Falls.

The Wallace, Idaho, *Free Press* reports that work in Dobson gulch will continue all winter, notwithstanding the fact that there is already more than two feet of snow on the ground. On the extension of the Dobson Jim mine a tunnel has been run a distance of 120 feet and the face shows well. At a distance of fifty feet galena assaying \$16 silver and forty per cent lead was cut. The owners of the mine think they have a fine showing and are pushing the work as fast as they can.

A tin plate manufacturer, of Pittsburgh, has stated before the ways and means committee that with some additional protection the tin mines of South Dakota would soon be able to supply all the tin plate used in the United States and export it to foreign countries as well, and that an industry would spring up giving direct employment to 50,000 people. If this is a fact, then the recently discovered tin ore in Oregon and Washington would soon become highly valuable.

The wonderful discoveries on Sunset Peak are regarded by the Wardner, Idaho, *News*, as among the most important made in any portion of the Cœur d'Alene, and the coming season will be one of much activity in and around Carbon Center. Notwithstanding the great elevation of the mines work is progressing rapidly, and will be continued during the winter, while the amount of ore exposed is truly remarkable.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

BY VELMA CALDWELL MELVILLE,

HE reminded him of a tragedy queen as she stood before him, her face white as the robe she wore, save for the dark flashing eyes, the thread of scarlet that marked the tightly closed lips and a bright spot that burned on either cheek.

"I trust we will still be friends," he was saying, when, with a sudden gesture of scorn, she interrupted:

"Thank you, Mr. Clayton, I would not trust you even as an enemy."

"Blanche, what are you saying? Is this the way you treat me because I have been honest enough to acknowledge that I have been somewhat mistaken in my feelings toward you. I still love you dearly, but fear 'tis more the love of a brother for a favorite sister—"

"That will do, sir; you need not again rehearse that odious speech which you seem to have arranged with such care; and, as I am not in need of either friend or brother, will wish you good-day," and with a mocking bow she walked steadily from the room, leaving him as one suddenly bereft of the power of speech or movement.

His eyes wandered about the familiar apartment where he had spent so many happy hours with beautiful, fascinating Blanche Bird, finally resting on the ring he had mechanically taken from her outstretched hand. In that same room he had given it to her as the seal of their betrothal, less than six months before, on Christmas eve.

He brushed his hand across his forehead, feeling that he must be losing his senses, for here in his fingers was that same silent witness; but Blanche was lost to him forever. He tried to remember what he had said when he first came in, how he had broached the subject. He recollected that for days he had been planning to tell her as gently as possible that he had been mistaken, and that he feared he did not love her as he should to make her life happiness secure in his hands, and yet he knew and she knew that no such thought had ever occurred to him till he had fallen a victim to the wiles of coquettish Olive Older.

When he came in he felt sure that it was folly and madness for him to think of happiness with other than the latter; now he was leaving with the bitter consciousness that the only woman in the world whom he truly loved was as unattainable as the wealth of Golconda.

A dizzy, sickening sensation crept over him as he almost groped his way out into the busy street and on toward his office.

Hours passed and still there was no abatement of the fever tide of remorse that seemed flowing through brain and soul. Dinner hour came, but he had no de-

sire for food; supper he took at a restaurant, and late that night crept like a criminal into his room at the boarding house.

Well he knew that Ollie Older had watched for him all day, but she, of all others, he wished most to avoid. Suddenly the scales seemed to have fallen from his eyes, and he could see how she and an intriguing elder sister had led him on, knowing all the time that he was in honor bound to another. He saw, too, what a dupe and fool he had been. He wondered how he could have thought the girl even pretty beside queenly Blanche Bird; and as for mental endowments, the one was shallow and superficial, the other deep, original and smart; the one, at best, but a toy for man's amusement, the other a companion and helpmeet of whom the best might be proud.

He remembered now what a stimulus Blanche's brave and encouraging words had been to him when success in his profession seemed to mock him, and how cheerily she had promised to "bide his gude fortune." She had believed in him and his ability to succeed when he had lost faith in himself; now she spurned his friendship, and said she would not trust him as an enemy.

No wonder!

But he must do something, he must make one effort at least; he would write and tell her the whole truth; he would tell her he had been laboring under a delusive infatuation, but that it was all dispelled now, and his love for her a more absorbing passion than before; that such another hour of weakness could never again o'ertake him.

He at once executed his purpose, and at midnight lay down to rest with a faint ray of hope shining athwart the dark remorse and despair that had dogged his steps since morning.

Early the following day he dispatched the note, with orders to the messenger to await an answer, then nervously paced his office floor until the boy came leisurely in and handed him—what?

Were his eyes deceiving him?

No, there was no mistake; it was his own letter unopened.

"Whom did you see?" he asked, sharply.

"The young missis in the white gown; met her comin' out the gate as I went in. She asked if Mr. Clayton sent it, and I said ez he did. She jest held it a minute, lookin' whiter'n a snow bank, then said, 'take it back,' 'nd that's all I know, sir."

"That will do. Put Dick in the phaeton and have him around here in ten minutes."

The shock caused a sudden reaction, and a wild feeling of rage and revenge crowded out all other sensations for the time being. He forgot that he alone had been to blame, forgot the misery and mortification

West Shore



MANAGER JOHN W. HANNA.



A. BURR.

WASHINGTON---Opening of the Tacoma Theatre---See Page 69.

that she must be enduring, and, man-like, felt that she had wronged him by not being willing to receive his overture of peace.

"I will let Miss Bird see that I can live without her. Perhaps it is as well that she did not read it, after all."

Half an hour later Mrs. Dr. Glen rushed into her sister's room, exclaiming—

"Ollie! Ollie! Mr. Clayton has called for you to take a drive. I wonder where he has been these two days? He looks as if he'd had a fit of sickness. Do hurry, child; he seemed so nervous and restless. Here, let me tie your sash."

"Don't fidget, Jen; you know I can not bear to be hurried."

"You're a regular old maid. Oh, where is that cordial? Here, take a little to wake you up; you look dumpish."

Feverishly Frank Clayton watched the door through which the girl would enter, wondering what influence she would exert over him in his present state of mind. His imagination was so filled with a vision of a queenly figure and face of warm, proud beauty that he gave an involuntary start as the petite creature tripped in, her pretty pink and white face twisted into a frown at a refractory glove that would not lace right; but the frown turned to smiles as she raised her eyes to his face, and blushing prettily, said—

"I thought you'd forsaken me, and was just teasing doctor and Jen to let me go home to auntie."

"I—forsake you? Never! And now, which way shall we go? 'Tis a lovely morning for a ride in any direction. The country is beautiful."

She indicated her choice, but it made no difference to him, as, after he had driven slowly past the Bird residence, apparently all attention to his pretty companion, he cared nothing for time, direction or distance.

His anger cooled rapidly after this unmanly proceeding, and his companion's sallies fell on deaf ears for the most part.

"Why, Mr. Clayton!" she exclaimed, at last, with a becoming pout, "You don't hear a word I say or answer a single question!"

"Excuse me, Ollie; I guess I am poor company, but some business perplexities make me absent minded and dull."

Mrs. Glen was surprised to see them home so soon, and more surprised still when Ollie burst into a storm of tears.

"He was just as cross and stupid as he could be!" she exclaimed, petulantly, between her sobs. "Says business bothers him, but I am sure if he cared one bit for me he could afford to forget business for a little while after being gone so long."

"Nonsense, Ollie! Why, you know the doctor is cross as a bear sometimes, when things are going wrong outside. You must not expect it of a man."

"Teddie was never cross to me," wailed the girl.

"Well, maybe you had better give up trying to captivate Mr. Clayton, go back to the country, marry Teddy Sykes and settle down on a farm!" was the sarcastic rejoinder.

Suddenly Ollie sat up, and brushing the damp curls back from her flushed face, exclaimed, tragically—

"Jen, if I really thought Teddie cared for me as I do for Frank Clayton, I would go home and marry him, farm and all!"

Mrs. Glen laughed, mockingly.

"Lucky you don't often take such conscientious spells. But how about Miss Bird, whom everyone says Clayton is engaged to. He evidently can not marry you both. Don't you pity her, if so be you hold the winning card?"

"No, I don't; and isn't it funny? Some way I just feel a kind of spite at her, and if I could do anything to get him away from her—the proud, haughty thing! We drove past there this morning, and I think I saw her in the shrubbery; anyway, there was some one out there in white."

"Good! That augurs well for our side, and you must play your cards as fast as is safe, for the doctor does not remain here much longer; and by next year, when we return, your adored Miss Bird will probably be Mrs. Frank Clayton."

"Never! She shall never have him!" cried the girl, vehemently, adding later, irrelevantly, "Jen, why didn't you marry one of the other kind of doctors? I think these specialists, always on the move, are horrid."

"It may prove a good thing for you, sister mine, if you fail to catch the lawyer," replied Mrs. Glen, dryly.

Days and weeks passed, yet Frank Clayton had never met Blanche Bird face to face since that memorable morning, and now rumor said she was going to Boston to study music and oratory. She had special talent for both; and this going east to pursue them had been a pet scheme of her early girlhood, but she had given it up to wait for Frank Clayton. With herself she had reasoned that as the wife of a poor man the money would do more good than would her accomplishments.

Clayton's attentions to Ollie Older were of so spasmodic a nature that the sisters were alternately in a state of joy and fear. Dr. Glen, growing tired of such "blamed nonsense," left Oakland for San Jose to meet his next engagement, but the ladies still lingered, Mrs. Glen finally declaring her intention of remaining until after the holidays.

One morning, late in August, the city was startled by the news of a terrible railway accident two stations beyond. All who had friends on the train flocked to the depot with white, anxious faces, eager to board the relief train bound for the wreck.

Many others assembled, either from motives of sympathy or curiosity, and among these were Clayton and Olive Older. As they entered the ladies' waiting room the former caught sight of Blanche Bird, dressed for traveling and standing by an open window.

"She must be going away," he thought, but the next moment heard some one outside saying—

"Mr. Bird is supposed to have been on the ill-fated train, and his daughter is going out, I see."

Obedient to the first impulse, Clayton led Ollie to a seat and approached Blanche, saying huskily—

"Blanche—Miss Bird—can I be of any service to you?"

She did not turn her face from the window or look at him. She had no need to, for she could have felt his presence in a multitude. She only shook her head.

A moment he hesitated, but there seemed nothing more he could do.

Later, as he and Ollie stood on the platform, the latter made some light remark, ending with a low, merry laugh. Blanche, passing at the moment, turned and looked her old lover full in the face. He flushed under the steady gaze, almost feeling himself accountable for Ollie's heartlessness.

He was very quiet as they walked home, and a few minutes later was driving alone toward the scene of the disaster.

We will not stop to picture the sight that met the young lawyer's eyes as he glanced over the wreck-strewn, blood-stained ground.

Eagerly he searched for *one* face amid the sea of agonized, horror-stricken ones about him.

"Blanche!" He stood beside her before she saw him, as she knelt on the ground, binding up a fireman's wounds.

"Your father?" he interrogated,

She nodded toward a car where the recognizable bodies were being placed.

"Not—not dead?" he gasped.

"Dead," she repeated, in a strange, cold voice.

Something in her tone and manner made him fear to address her again, but his heart ached as he noted her white, grief-stricken face and the dark lines about the tearless eyes.

The month that followed was a terrible one for Blanche Bird, and at its close she found herself fatherless and motherless. The shock of her husband's untimely death had proven too much for delicate Mrs. Bird and she had quickly followed him.

How Frank Clayton had longed to go to the be-

reaved girl and offer help and sympathy, but this he knew he might not do.

Soon after the town property was offered for sale and Blanche went east with an uncle.

During this time Ollie Older had almost given up hope of winning the young lawyer, so indifferent and pre-occupied had he appeared; but in less than ten days after Blanche's departure Ollie was delighted by his offer of marriage.

The all important event took place quietly—by Clayton's request—in Mrs. Glen's parlor at the boarding house, with only the doctor and a few friends present.

In the spring they went to housekeeping, and Clayton congratulated himself upon having won a pretty and fairly amiable wife in the lottery of marriage, and if there was a secret chamber in his heart which he must forever guard and keep locked, what matter? Others had had like experience and had lived happy, successful lives for all that.

He was a kind, indulgent husband—"a great deal nicer than the doctor," Ollie triumphantly asserted to Mrs. Glen.

It was a cold, wet evening early in November of the second autumn after his marriage that Lawyer Clayton, entering his home, found the family sitting room unlighted and no one to meet him. He had been out of town for a couple of days and had not expected to return until the day following.

"Maybe Ollie is out, or sick; I will ask Kate," he said to himself, groping his way toward the kitchen.

"Oh, is it you, sir? I am so glad!" exclaimed the girl, who sat rocking the baby by the range. "I heard some one, but thought it the milk boy."

"Where is Mrs. Clayton?"

"In her room, sir, with one of her bad headaches. She had it all day yesterday, but was better this morning, so she went down street. When she came back she said it was coming on again and that I must take care of baby and not disturb her till she called me, and she's not called me yet, sir."

"Not yet?" echoed the young husband. "And have you not been to her room?"

"Yes, sir; but the door is locked, and when I called she said something that I did not understand."

"Poor child! how she does suffer from those headaches, and they are growing worse and more frequent."

A minute he stooped over the sleeping babe, stroking tenderly the brown curls, then went wearily up stairs to his own room, which communicated with his wife's by a door, the key of which had long been lost.

"Poor little girl! I will just step in and see how she is. Possibly she will consent to my calling a physician," he murmured, as he softly opened the door, carrying a shaded lamp in his hand.

She lay on the bed, breathing heavily. As he approached, the light fell on her face, and he saw that it was flushed and swollen. A moment later and his eye caught a fancy toilet bottle that she grasped in one hand. With a sudden terror creeping over him he drew it away and held it to his nostrils.

"Great God!" he groaned, sinking into a chair. "It is brandy, and she is drunk—my wife is drunk!"

Long he sat there, his eyes riveted on the distorted countenance. This, then, was the meaning of those frequent headaches.

Many things that he had before failed to understand now became clear to his mind. No wonder they only came on in his absence. It came back to him of coming home once before unexpectedly, and being told by the girl that her mistress did not wish to be disturbed, he had not entered her room.

How long had she had the habit, he wondered, and was it an inherited appetite? If so—oh, wretched thought!—would their boy, too, be a victim?

Sitting thus in the dim light, with only his harrowing thoughts for company, the flushed face on the pillow seemed to fade gradually away, and in its stead he saw that other face, the one he had so long kept locked out of sight in that "secret chamber," and he vaguely wondered if this were his punishment, and if he deserved so much, when he had tried to make amends and she would not hear him. A step on the stairs and a low knock roused him, and hastily moving the lamp to throw a shade on the sleeper's face, he opened the door.

Kate was there, with the baby asleep in her arms.

"Mrs. Clayton is sleeping. I will take him," he whispered, as if afraid of waking her.

"Here is his milk," the girl answered, in the same tone, handing him the nursing bottle.

He nodded and was once more alone with his terrible trouble and disgrace, which the sight of the helpless child in no wise lessened.

He sat, softly rocking and thinking, taking no note of the flight of time until the little one stirred and began to cry.

"He must be hungry," he thought, and whatever else happened he did not want Kate to come to the room again.

Greedily the little fellow drank of the—now thoroughly cold—milk, and immediately fell asleep again, but only for a few minutes this time, and then his cries and pallor indicated severe suffering. Desperate, at last, he went to the bedside and spoke to his wife.

No reply. He shook her gently at first, then more roughly, but it was some time before she roused enough to take any interest.

"Ollie, Ollie! Glen is very sick. Can't you do something for him?"

"Glen—sick?" she repeated, thickly.

"Yes; don't you hear him crying? Ollie, I tell you, you must get up and take him."

She essayed to rise, but failed to stand until the third effort, then, feebly, she held out her arms.

"When did you come home, Frank?" she asked, huskily; then, as a sudden wave of memory rolled over her, she bowed her head and burst into tears.

Silently he stood regarding her and her inefficient efforts to hush the child.

"Shall I go for the doctor, Olive?"

He never said Olive unless in a very stern mood.

"I don't know—how can I tell? What have you given him?" she sobbed.

"I have only given him some of this milk," he answered.

"Was it cold?"

"Of course. Kate must have left it here two hours before."

Ollie was walking the room now, thoroughly sobered and alarmed.

"Then go for the doctor, and call Kate, quick."

Terrible were the hours that followed to the young parents, but morning found the little one quietly sleeping.

What passed between husband and wife that day was known only to themselves, save that she confessed to having acquired a liking for stimulants when a girl, by taking cordials and brandies to make her bright and vivacious.

She must have been full of repentance and promises, however, for Frank seemed almost hopeful at the end of the conference.

During the seven years which we must now pass over, Frank Clayton moved twice to escape the pity of friends and the scorn of foes, for his wife's bacchanalian habits could not long remain a secret anywhere. Servants could not always be bribed to keep still tongues. Besides, Ollie's continual call for liquors at the various drug and fancy stores soon excited suspicion, even if her appearance did not betray her. His friends advised him to leave her, but he turned coldly from them. The unfortunate man's domestic life was one of extreme bitterness, but so far pride had kept him from renouncing the mother of his child.

Long since he had ceased to counsel her or exact promises. The former she seemed unable to remember, the latter to keep. Doubtless she still loved her husband and son, but she loved the demon that was fast destroying body and soul better, and all will power seemed gone.

They were removed to Carson, Nevada, now among total strangers, and Frank was not doing well in his business, and life seemed more unendurable than ever.

On this particular evening they had been having a

scene at home, and he had angrily declared his intention of either taking Glen and leaving her, or else of putting her in an inebriate asylum.

Never before had he talked like that to her, and she realized that he was roused to desperation.

Leaving her in maudlin tears, he strode gloomily down the street, his hat drawn closely over his eyes.

"I will do it!" he was saying to himself. "She shall not drag me and my child any lower. She is ruining my every prospect even as she has my happiness. Endurance—"

"Say, there, Clayton!" It was the voice of an acquaintance. "Going to the lecture to-night?"

"Lecture? No, not as I know of; had forgotten it, in fact."

"Well, you must go; 'tis a temperance address by Flora Forrester, the authoress, you know. She spoke several times here a couple of years since at a temperance campmeeting, and the city went wild over her. Temperance was popular for once. It will be a treat. Better go."

"Maybe I will."

Clayton gave the half promise indifferently, with little intention of keeping it, but chancing to pass the opera house as it was rapidly filling up, he allowed himself to drift in with the rest.

His wife's habits were not generally understood among their acquaintances in Carson yet, or his sensitiveness would have forbade him attending such a meeting.

Absently he watched the house fill and listened to the opening chorus and prayer. Then the chairman rose, saying—

"It will hardly be necessary for me to introduce to this audience the well known speaker, Flora Forrester," turning, as he spoke, to the woman who had just mounted the steps from a rear dressing room. A burst of applause greeted her as she came forward, bowing with simple dignity.

"Blanche Bird! Great heavens!" were the smothered exclamations that burst from Clayton's lips, and then he sat like one stunned, gazing fixedly at the graceful, womanly figure before him.

She did not seem changed, only riper and more lovely, and her soft, white dress reminded him of the one she had worn on that last morning. A bunch of purple pansies, nestling in the lace at her throat, was her only ornament. He remembered that she always wore them of old, and that he used often to call her "Heartsease."

Breathlessly he listened for the first sound of her voice. It fell low, but sweet and clear, carrying him back to the time when it had been the sweetest music on earth to him; and then—God pity him!—looking at the perfect woman, he thought of his wife.

She was speaking in an earnest tone, but he listened without knowing what she said. It was enough to hear her voice and see her.

Strange that this one hour of heaven had been forced upon him to make the hell of his daily life more unendurable! But hark! What was she saying?

"One word to husbands, if there be any here who have wives addicted to the fatal cup. Most of you start in horror at such a suggestion as you think of the pure woman who makes your fireside bright, your home a haven of rest and safety; but let me tell you there are, in this fair land, wives and mothers descending to the inebriate's grave. Not many, comparatively speaking, thank God, but some, and to the husbands of such I would say, stand by that sin-stricken woman until the coffin lid closes over her ruined life.

"As a rule women are more faithful to wrecked partners than are men, but there should be no difference. If I were the wife of a drunkard, I would stand by him until death's grasp was upon him, and then follow him down, as it were, into the very gates of hell, pleading a merciful father to fulfill the promise, 'Ask and ye shall receive.' His soul should at least be wafted out on the wings of prayer, and then I could but leave the rest with God.

"I knew a woman who left such a husband because the climate where they lived did not agree with their child. How much better to have let the little lamb go, to be carried in the Savior's bosom, than to let her husband die, as he did, alone, with no wife's prayers to rise like incense before Jehovah.

"What I have already said to wives, I now repeat to husbands, 'What God hath joined together let no man—or anything—put asunder.' You took them for better or worse, chose them from among all others, now stand to your vows. You have no right to shirk because your task is an unpleasant one, because it has turned out for 'worse' instead of 'better.'

"If it be your life work to bury ambition and pride and fill up the time by counsel, entreaty and prayers over an inebriate wife, do it, leaving the results with Him who 'knoweth the end from the beginning.'"

Frank Clayton was weeping silently when she finished, but there had arisen in his soul a mighty purpose, a determination to follow her advice, though it led through sorrow and disgrace. Nor did he regret this resolve or his firm adherence to it, when, a year and a half later, he stood beside the earthly remains of his once beautiful wife. There was no remorse; he had been true to his marriage vow.

Twice had winter's snow and summer's flowers alternated above the grave of fair, frail Olive Clayton, when the following paragraph met the eye of Lawyer Clayton—

The popular young authoress and temperance advocate, Miss Blanche Bird—better known to the public as “Flora Forrester”—has purchased the home of her childhood, a fine old residence in Oakland, Cal., where she will in future reside. She is engaged on a book of poems, soon to be issued, under the title of “Minor Chords.”

Three times he read it through, then letting the paper drop, murmured—

“If I could only see her and talk with her once more. She has been the good genius of my life, and now if I might but call her friend.”

There was a premature sprinkling of gray among the chestnut locks on the head that bent so wearily forward.

“When I have a little more time I mean to go back to the old place, and maybe she will let me tell her how she helped me in the hour of my sorest temptation,” and he went.

“After many years,” he mused, as he entered the gateway, “but how familiar it all seems.”

“Will Miss Bird see a stranger, unannounced?” he asked of the servant who answered his ring.

“She sees everyone,” was the prompt, confident reply, and a half minute later he stood face to face with his early love, and in the self-same apartment in which they had parted.

“Frank!” she gasped, rising and advancing a step with outstretched hand, then her arm fell by her side as she murmured, “Mr. Clayton.”

“Blanche, Blanche! for heaven’s sake, don’t refuse to listen to me, to let me tell you how much I owe to you. I know my love is hopeless, and I will not trouble you with it; only let me call you friend.”

She had sank back into her chair and he knelt like a suppliant at her feet, with bowed head. Timidly she extended a white, jeweled hand and laid it on his shoulder.

“Frank,” she said, for the second time.

“Oh, tell me that you do not despise me, Blanche. I have suffered so much, but she is gone now, and I never wronged her. I tried to do my duty, as you said. Say that you will be my friend,” he persisted, pleadingly.

“I am, have ever been, and will ever be your friend, Frank Clayton,” she answered, gently.

“Blanche, my faithful one, do I hear you aright? Say it over again; I must be dreaming.”

“There is no need. Do not all these years of hopeless constancy prove my heart unchanged?”

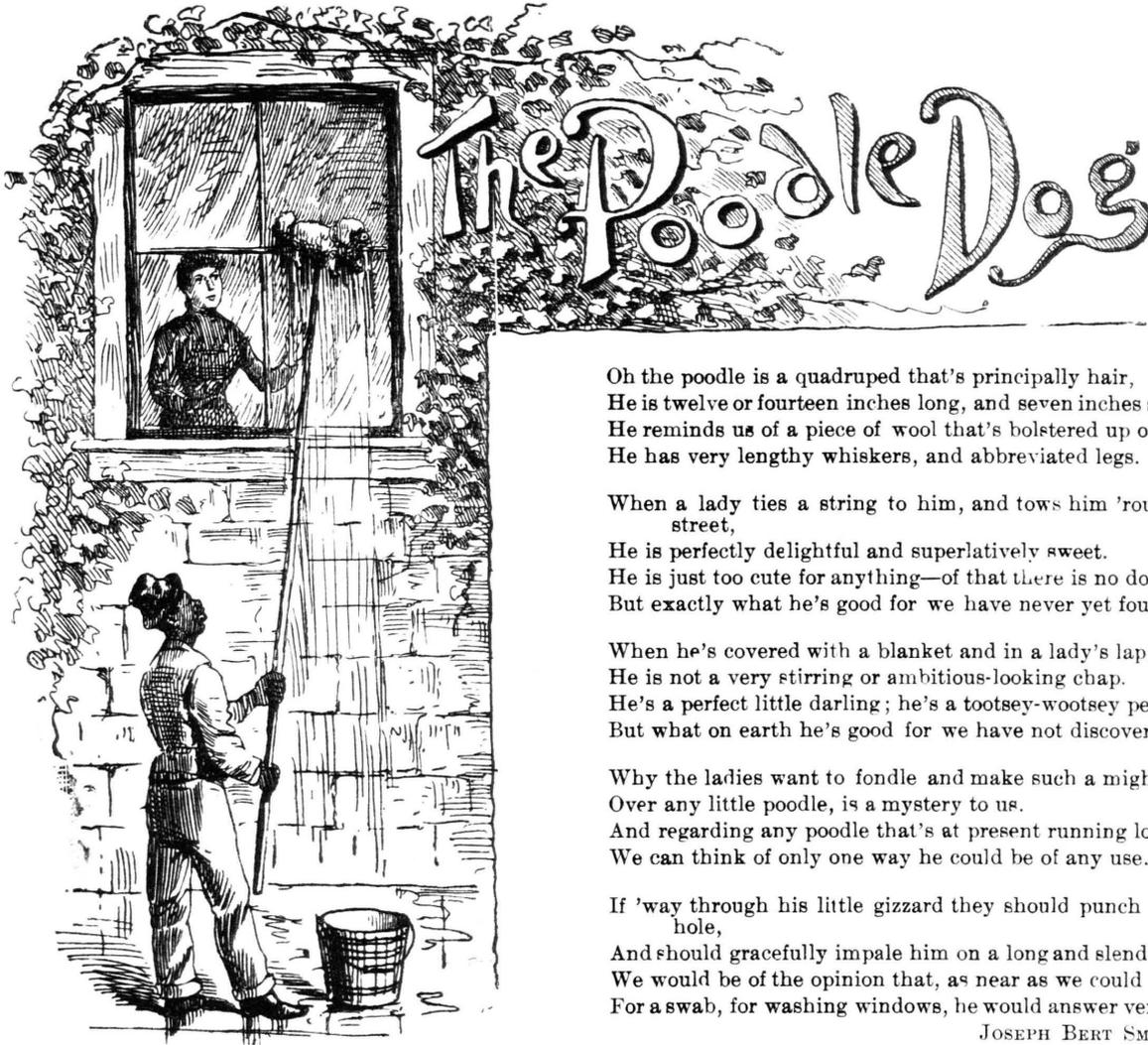
And again they plighted their vows, “After many years.”

Tacoma has a new industry, a starch factory, which is nearing completion on Jefferson street and will begin operations soon. It is under the control of eastern parties of experience in this line of manufacture.

A larger tree than any previously known in the sequoia forests of California is reported as having been discovered in Tulare county recently, near the headwaters of the Kaweah river. Fred W. Clough and Westley Warren went up into the Sierras on an expedition, and in the region named found an unexplored and almost impenetrable wild. In one place they were obliged to cut a trail for nearly a mile in order to get through the chaparral that blockaded the mountain pass. Mr. Clough says that on the top they discovered a tree of sequoia species, which he believed to be much the largest on the continent of America. Mr. Warren, who has seen the large trees of Mariposa, those of the Big Tree grove in Calaveras county, and all the big trees of the Coast range, says there is no place in California a tree that approaches in size that on the Kaweah. The men had with them no rule, tape line, or measure of any kind, but Mr. Warren measured the tree with his rifle, which was four feet in length. He found it to be forty-four lengths of his gun in circumference at a point as high above the ground as he could reach. This would make a total circumference of 176 feet, or sixty-six feet greater than the “Father of the Forest,” the largest of the celebrated Calaveras grove. The top of the tree had been broken off, but it is still of immense height. This monster tree stands in a small basin near the Kaweah, and is surrounded on all sides by a wall of huge, rugged rocks. There is so much brush in the vicinity that the valley in which it stands is almost inaccessible.

Messrs. C. D. Rand and E. E. Rand are two of the most widely and favorably known business men of British Columbia, and have for a long time been doing business under the firm name of Rand Brothers. Their head office is in Vancouver, where they have two offices, and they maintain branch offices in New Westminster, B. C., and London, England. As financial and insurance agents and dealers in real estate they have been connected with many of the most important transactions in the province. They recently negotiated the largest sale of mining property ever made in British Columbia, and they pay special attention to this class of property. Some of the most promising quartz lodes in the world are there waiting for capitalists to develop them, and those seeking such investments would do well to communicate with these gentlemen. The same is true of both city and country property, timber lands, manufacturing sites, etc. They have made investments as agents in Vancouver property amounting to a great sum, and have never made a bad bargain for those who have relied upon their judgment.

Last week the final papers of the treaty between the United States and the Cœur d’Alene Indians were signed at the old St. Joseph mission (see illustration on first page). By the papers there signed the purchase price of the land, on which stand Spokane Falls, Farmington and other cities, as arranged by the Indian commission that came out from Washington in March, 1878, was agreed to by the Indians, and also 220,000 acres of the Cœur d’Alene reservation, was sold for \$250,000, as arranged by an Indian commission last August. The land ceded to the government is a twelve-mile strip on the north side of the reservation, and lies altogether in Kootenai county, Idaho. Most of it is mineral and timber land, although there are some fine meadows. It is the choicest portion of the reservation, and embraces most of the reservation land lying around Cœur d’Alene. A portion of this cession lies on the opposite bank of the Spokane river from the town of Post Falls and is very valuable land as it controls a large portion of the water power privileges. The papers have been sent to Washington for ratification.



Oh the poodle is a quadruped that's principally hair,
 He is twelve or fourteen inches long, and seven inches square.
 He reminds us of a piece of wool that's bolstered up on pegs,
 He has very lengthy whiskers, and abbreviated legs.

When a lady ties a string to him, and tows him 'round the street,
 He is perfectly delightful and superlatively sweet.
 He is just too cute for anything—of that there is no doubt;
 But exactly what he's good for we have never yet found out.

When he's covered with a blanket and in a lady's lap,
 He is not a very stirring or ambitious-looking chap.
 He's a perfect little darling; he's a tootsey-wootsey pet;
 But what on earth he's good for we have not discovered yet.

Why the ladies want to fondle and make such a mighty fuss
 Over any little poodle, is a mystery to us.
 And regarding any poodle that's at present running loose,
 We can think of only one way he could be of any use.

If 'way through his little gizzard they should punch a little hole,
 And should gracefully impale him on a long and slender pole,
 We would be of the opinion that, as near as we could tell,
 For a swab, for washing windows, he would answer very well.
 JOSEPH BERT SMILEY.

IT WAS THE OTHER FELLOW.

GRIZZLY—My toe hurt like thunder last night.
 TOOTLEY—That so! what was the matter with it?
 GRIZZLY—Wasn't anything the matter with it.
 TOOTLEY—Thought you said it hurt you.
 GRIZZLY—No, it didn't hurt me. It hurt that young dude
 that's been calling to see my girl.

SAME OLD THING.

It is announced that a new volume of poems entitled "Minor Chords" will soon appear. We fail to perceive anything new in that. It's the kind we have been getting right along. If the poet can show us how to get a major cord or even a full cord, he's the man we are looking for.

THE PORTER KNEW.

PASSENGER (to pullman car porter as he hands him a valise)
 —Be careful of that, now, there's something in there for my little boy I don't want broken.

PORTER (smiling knowingly)—Oh, yes, sah, I's allus cafful ob gemmen's baggage. Dey mos' allus has somefin in em to take on the road.

NOT SATISFACTORY.

"You like me well?" I asked in hope,
 And took her hand within my grasp,
 And made her fingers close and ope
 In gentle dalliance by my clasp.
 A blush suffused her pretty cheek,
 Though mirth lurked in her eyes of blue.
 "Of course I do," she said, "I think
 It wrong to like you sick; don't you?"

H. L. W.

NO HOPE FOR HIM.

TOOTLEY—What makes Johnson look so dispirited. Has he got the grippe?
 GRIZZLY—No, he hasn't got it; he's got into it.
 TOOTLEY—Into it?
 GRIZZLY—Yes; into his landlady's grip. She's going to marry him.

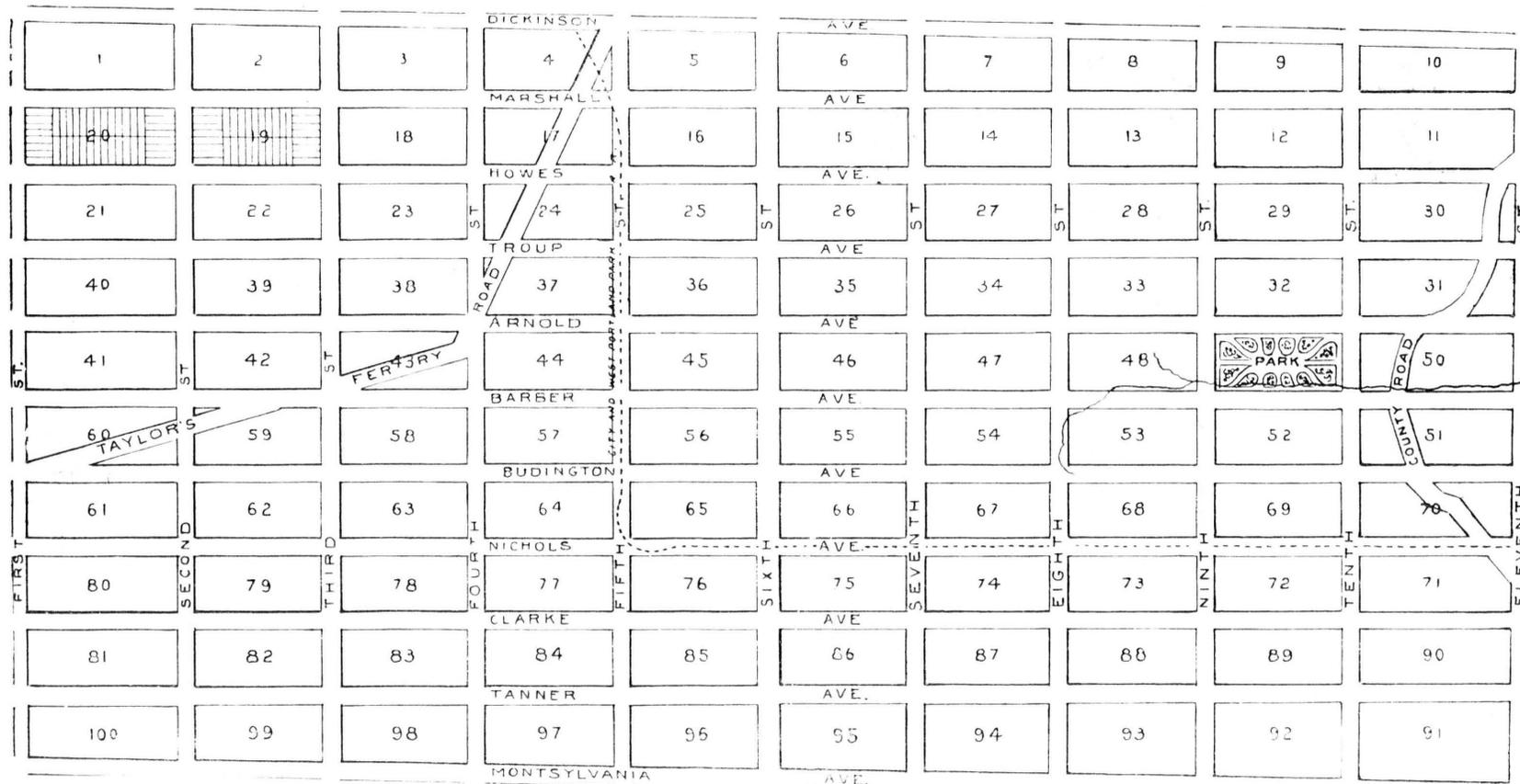
NOT A FAILURE.

JONES—Well, I hear Jack is gone at last. Poor fellow! Drinking was his worst failing.
 SMITH—Failing! If he ever made a success at anything it was at drinking.

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Eugene.....	9:00 a. m.	Portland.....	3:45 p. m.

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

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McMinnville..	5:45 a. m.	Portland.....	9:00 a. m.

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 Boy—No, sir, but that slim chap over there does, an' he'll treat, if ye ask him.—*Time.*

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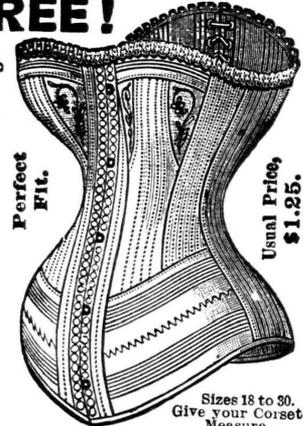
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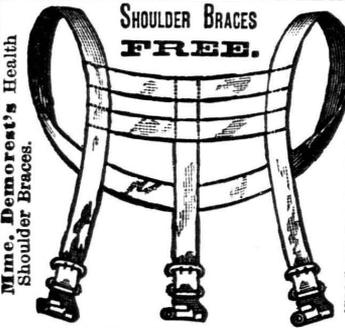
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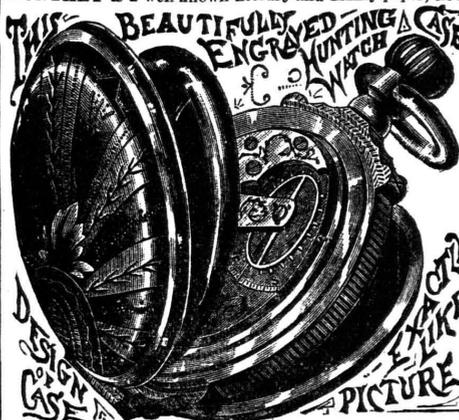


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Daily Lines of Steamers to all parts of the Sound!

The Fairhaven & Southern Railroad, of which Fairhaven is the deep-water terminus, is now running daily trains into the interior 28 miles to the immense coal and iron fields of the Skagit river, and is being rapidly pushed both east and south to transcontinental connections. The Fairhaven & Northern is building to a connection with the Canadian Pacific railway. Fairhaven is the actual deep-water terminus of all transcontinental lines. Three banks, one of them a national, are already established. Electric lights in operation. A system of water works is under construction, drawing its supply from Lake Pad-den, a beautiful lake two miles distant, capable of supplying a population of 5,000. Four saw mills and two shingle mills

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.

Fairhaven has more actual resources at her very doors than any other place in the west, and therefore offers splendid opportunities for investments, with positive prospects of rapid increase.

In the Copper Cliff mine, Sudbury, Canada, it is said, more nickel is being produced than the entire market of the world calls for, at current prices. A little branch railway off the main line of the Canadian Pacific railway, four miles in length, leads out the mine, which opens into the face of a crag of the brown, oxidized Laurentine rock, characteristic of this region. The miners are now at work at a depth of about three hundred feet below the surface. As fast as the nickel and copper bearing rock is hoisted out it is broken up and piled upon long beds, or ricks, of pine wood, to be calcined, or roasted, for the purpose of driving out the sulphur which it contains. The roasting process is of the nature of lime kilning or charcoal burning. Each bed of ore requires from one to two months to roast. When roasted, the rock goes to the principal smelter, a powerful blast furnace "jacketed"—in mining phrase—with running water, to enable it to sustain the great heat requisite to reduce the crue, obdurate metal to fluidity. The dross of the molten mass is first allowed to flow off, and afterwards the nearly pure nickel and copper, blended together in an alloy called the "mat," or matte, is drawn off at the base of the furnace vat into barrow pots and wheeled away, still liquid and fiery hot, to cool in the yard of the smelter. The mat contains about seventy per cent. nickel, the remaining thirty per cent. being mainly copper. When cool, the conical pot loaves of mat can easily be cracked to pieces by means of heavy hammers. The fragments are then packed in barrels and shipped to Swansea, in Wales, and to Germany, where the two constituent metals are separated and refined by secret processes which are jealously guarded by the manufacturers. So jealously is the secret kept that no one in America has yet been able to learn the process, although one young metallurgist spent three years at Swansea, working as a common laborer in the refining factories in order to procure it. At present there are produced daily at the Copper Cliff mine

about ninety pot loaves of mat, each weighing near 450 pounds, an output which yields an aggregate of more than 4,000 tons of nickel a year.

Thomas F. Oakes, manager of the Northern Pacific, James B. Williams, of Stamford, Ct., Henry Stanton and George S. Baxter, of New York, and George H. Earle, of Jersey City, have incorporated the Livingston and Cokedale railroad company. The road will commence at a point about four miles west of Livingston, on the Northern Pacific railroad, and thence up Eldridge creek to Cokedale, a distance of three miles. The capital stock is \$300,000 in 3,000 shares of \$100 each.

During 1889 buildings worth \$100,000 were erected in Colfax, Washington, chief of which was the finest block in the Palouse country, erected by the Odd Fellows and Masons at an expense of \$40,000. The town is a railway junction and eastern regular trains arrive at the depot daily. Substantial progress has been made in every direction and Colfax is on an excellent basis for enjoying a prosperous growth this year. It is the Whitman county seat.

At Warrens, Idaho, about forty men will remain in camp and work all winter at getting out ore for shipment to reduction works in the spring. A four-foot ledge was recently struck in the Silver King that is very rich in gold. The Little Giant mine is yielding very good results, too.

The discovery of a fourteen-foot solid vein of blacksmith coal is reported from the new town of Hamilton, on the Upper Skagit river, Washington. This is said to be the only coal of the kind yet discovered on the Pacific coast. It is owned by "Bonanza" Mackey of California.

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West Shore



Morning at the City Jail---See Page 73.