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# West Shore

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THE TEST OF FIRE: A ZUNI ORDEAL.—See Page 744.



# West Shore

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

Saturday, June 14, 1890.

WHAT is there about the old silver dollar we have known so long that congress should suddenly place it upon a royal throne and fall down to worship it? Only a few years ago the "dollar of our daddies" was the butt and jest of the country, and now our national law givers are prostrate in the dust before it. Silver is king, and the lesser potentates of the past, iron, cotton, etc., are but shadows upon the curtain of time, dimmed by the effulgence of this royal luminary. The coinage of silver, even free coinage, if confined to the product of our own mines, is something the great majority of the people and press of the United States favor more or less ardently, but the extravagant claims made for that metal and the wonderful blessings enumerated as contained in its royal robe by its eloquent advocates in congress strike the ordinary man as supremely ridiculous, especially in view of the fact that the majority of thinking men gravely doubt the financial ability of this country, even with its unrivaled prosperity and its marvelous material resources, to maintain the value of silver unaided by the other commercial nations of the world. It were better that we approach the question of free coinage more cautiously, that instead of jumping at once to the extreme so eloquently demanded by the radical advocates of silver, we reach it gradually and by safe steps. If the radicals would permit this they would exhibit a wisdom and sound conservatism of which their bombastic speeches contain no trace. As long as it is a grave question whether this country can maintain free coinage the test should be applied guardedly and in a safe manner. To commit the nation to unlimited free coinage, while it may not mean financial ruin on the one hand, certainly can not bestow upon the people the blessings so enthusiastically promised by the worshippers of this newly created king.

Now that the republican party has carried the legislature of Oregon by such a commanding majority it will be responsible for enacting some law that will give us a better electoral system. From one end of the state to the other there is a demand for reform in our rotten political methods. The political corruption of Portland is so notorious and unblushing that even the conservative residents of the rural districts recognize the necessity of a change, while every decent man in the city demands it. So long as the state has no registry law and no law for a uniform ballot these corrupt political methods will prevail, and every close election will be decided by fraudulent voting and bribery. The voters of other towns are as much interested as those of the city, for every illegal or purchased vote in Portland nullifies the vote of some honest elector in another precinct. The first great step to be taken is the passage of a good, strict registry law, one that will absolutely prevent all but legal voters from going to the polls, and with this should be an official ballot and isolated polling places, such as are the essential features of the Australian ballot system. To this reform the men elected to the legislature from Multnomah county are personally and positively pledged, and they can not fail to accomplish it unless they are opposed ignorantly by members from other districts, who do not realize that the political corruption of Portland affects all portions of the state alike.

Investigation is being made into the Lower California filibustering conspiracy by the department of justice through a special agent. The San Francisco *Chronicle*, which first exposed it, has prosecuted investigations of its own and claims to have secured possession of letters, maps, diagrams and a full list of recruits who were to compose the expedition, which it offers to produce before the proper authorities. The movement is supposed to have been in the interest of the Mexican Land & Colonization Co., an English enterprise, whose valuable concessions in Mexico will probably be revoked if it be proved that the company was connected with the lawless project. The United States cannot permit its soil to be used for the assembling of an expedition hostile to a friendly neighbor, especially when it is done in the interest of foreign capitalists, and the *Chronicle* deserves much credit for the active part it has taken in exposing this conspiracy before it had progressed far enough to cause serious trouble to the government.

More miles of railroad will be constructed the next twelve months with Portland as a starting point than from any other city in the United States.

WEST SHORE's cartoon on the evil effects upon the industries of the United States of unrestricted immigration from Europe has aroused considerable discussion by the daily press. Some go so far as to deny that one producer can ever be an injury to another, and that the great cause of industrial disquiet is the increasing number of non-producers that are living upon the sweat of the laborer's brow. While it is shallow to deny the fact that unrestrained immigration of ignorant and cheap labor is most harmful, for its evil effects are visible on every hand and are recognized even by these objectors in their own opposition to the Chinese, it must be admitted that class distinction and privileges founded upon a condition of society that permits one man to enjoy the fruits of another's labor are a more fundamental cause, existing the world over. However, it was an evil peculiar to America WEST SHORE was pointing out and one which can be remedied by the exercise of power we as a people possess under the present conditions of society. The other evil is world wide and fundamental, rooted in centuries of usage, and can only be cured by an upheaval that shall completely overthrow society as now constituted and construct a new basis for the mutual relations of human beings. Such a revolution can only be effected by many generations of education, which shall bring the people far nearer than they are now to that equality which is its essential feature. To be sure, from time to time, a little pruning may be done, a few branches may be lopped off and even a few roots cut, but any effort prematurely to completely uproot this growth of centuries can but result in utter failure. To return, then, to practical measures, WEST SHORE repeats its advice to the toilers of America to shut off the stream of cheap labor flowing into this country from whatever land it comes.

Bismarck says the masses of Germany and Russia are being educated too much, and, in consequence, are becoming dissatisfied with their inferior condition. His idea is that there should continue to be a small portion of the people who should receive the education and do the thinking and governing—and, only incidentally, of course, enjoy the wealth and comforts of life—for the "masses." He says the people of Russia do not yet know what they want, and must be ruled with a rod of iron. It may be that the slaves of Russian imperialism do not know what they want, yet they do know what they do not want, and it is to get rid of this they are agitating. Education is not hurting the masses, but it is the classes that feel its—to them—evil effects. It destroys the foundation upon which rests their claim to superior privileges. And right here comes in the broad distinction between imperialism and democracy. The former requires an

ignorant, servile mass that can be managed by force and unquestioned authority, like a band of cattle, while the latter, to be a true and successful democracy, requires education and intelligence among the masses, the fountain head from which authority springs.

Two hotel waiters in San Francisco, having had a falling out about a woman, and having fallen upon each other, adjourned to the rooms of the Golden Gate "athletic" club, otherwise a prize-fighting pen, and so belabored each other that one of them was killed. This scientific contest "for points" has gotten the surviving principal, the seconds and the officers of the club into trouble—temporarily only, no doubt—since they have been arrested on the charge of murder. It is a mystery why the decent element of San Francisco does not suppress these prize fighting clubs by an enforcement of the law that is broken every time such a contest occurs.

Those citizens of Portland who have not heard Mr. Locke Richardson in any of his Shakespearian readings have missed a fine intellectual treat. Never before have the works of that great master of English literature been so rendered in this city. Mr. Richardson will read "Merchant of Venice" June 14, and "As You Like It" June 21, at the high school, and those who wish to enjoy a mental feast should go to hear him.

A few of our militia generals and colonels—political ones—might offer their valuable services to China to conduct campaigns against the Formosa rebels, as the general and one colonel of the last unsuccessful campaign have been beheaded for their failure; and if they should fail and lose their heads, why, the governor is still alive and the woods are full of the same kind of material.

It is only a few months since the last volume of the census reports of 1880 was issued, and now the enumerator is after us again, seeking even more information than before. It will be close upon the dawn of another century before the exact number of Americans who have bunions on their left little toes will be duly tabulated for the information of the corn doctors.

The citizens of Portland have undertaken their usual celebration of the Fourth of July, and extend a cordial invitation to the people of the northwest to visit the city on that day.

It is almost as amusing as studying the pattern of a crazy quilt to read the "intelligent" comments of the eastern press on the late Oregon election.

## SHEEP HUSBANDRY IN THE INLAND EMPIRE.

THE business of raising sheep and wool is among the most important industries of the Inland Empire. The number of hands employed is not large, but the capital invested and the importance of the product command a good deal of attention. The wool interests contribute very materially to the general prosperity of Oregon and Washington.

The sheep business of Washington is conducted almost exclusively east of the Columbia river and south of the Spokane. In Oregon the plateau between the Cascade and Blue mountains, the Grand Ronde valley and Powder river valley are the home of the sheep. The rich farming sections like the Walla Walla, Yakima and Kittitas valleys are not destitute of sheep, but there the business is on a more modest scale, though, perhaps, not less profitable. It is not characterized by such pronounced migration between summer and winter pasture that constitute a great factor in the prosecution of range sheep business. In those and other farming sections sheep are raised and cared for very much as they are in the east—the animals take care of themselves almost entirely in the summer time, and in winter they are fed in some sheltered corral. Of course there are all phases, from the farmer with his small

flock carefully watched and tended, to the sheep owner with his thousands of head that oscillate between the valleys and the mountains, compelled to get their own living or starve. In speaking of the sheep business in this region, however, it is generally understood that the handling of large numbers of animals on the open range is referred to. The industry is the same in Idaho and Montana, except such modifications as the more rugged character of the country and the difference in climate impose on it.

The sheep man's unit is the band, which may contain any number of animals from 1,500 to 3,000. The only reasons for limiting the size of the band are economy and practicability in handling. With each band of sheep is a herder with his one or two dogs. The herder should remain with his sheep throughout the

year, guiding them to fresh pastures and protecting them from the wild beasts and other thieves that love mutton and pelts, and, if necessary, obtaining fodder for them in winter.

On embarking in the business, if a man has not considerable capital to start with, he usually secures an interest in some herder's band. Two or three small owners often combine their flocks into one band for a season, but the natural increase, in such cases, renders separation necessary after the first year, else the band would be too unwieldy for proper handling on the range. Some men own 10,000 or 12,000 head. These are put in bands of the size indicated above, and each band has its herder. The whole keep as near together as the condition of the range will permit, but they often spread over a number of miles of territory.

Starting from winter quarters in the valleys the herders press their bands toward the mountains early in the season. For a few weeks before shearing time (usually about the first of May) the sheep get good feed in the vicinity where they winter. But when shearing time comes the bands are taken, if possible, to some available point near a railway and a shearing station is erected. This consists of a corral for confining the sheep, with an apartment in which the animals can be easily caught. Adjoining this apartment is, sometimes,



HEAD OF A MERINO RAM.

a small enclosure with a canvas roof and a few boards laid on the ground for a floor, in which the shearers perform their work, though they often work without shelter and with canvas on the ground to keep the wool clean. As many sheep as are likely to be sheared during the day are kept in the main corral, and from time to time, as the shearing progresses, the small pen is filled from the main yard. From that pen the shearers take the animals, set them upon the board floor and deftly remove the fleeces, after which performance they are marked on the side with tar or black paint and released. Many thousand sheep are sheared at one station. At one point near Sprague more than 100,000 were sheared last season.

Many stories of the performances of sheep shearers are strong competitors of the traditional fish yarns.

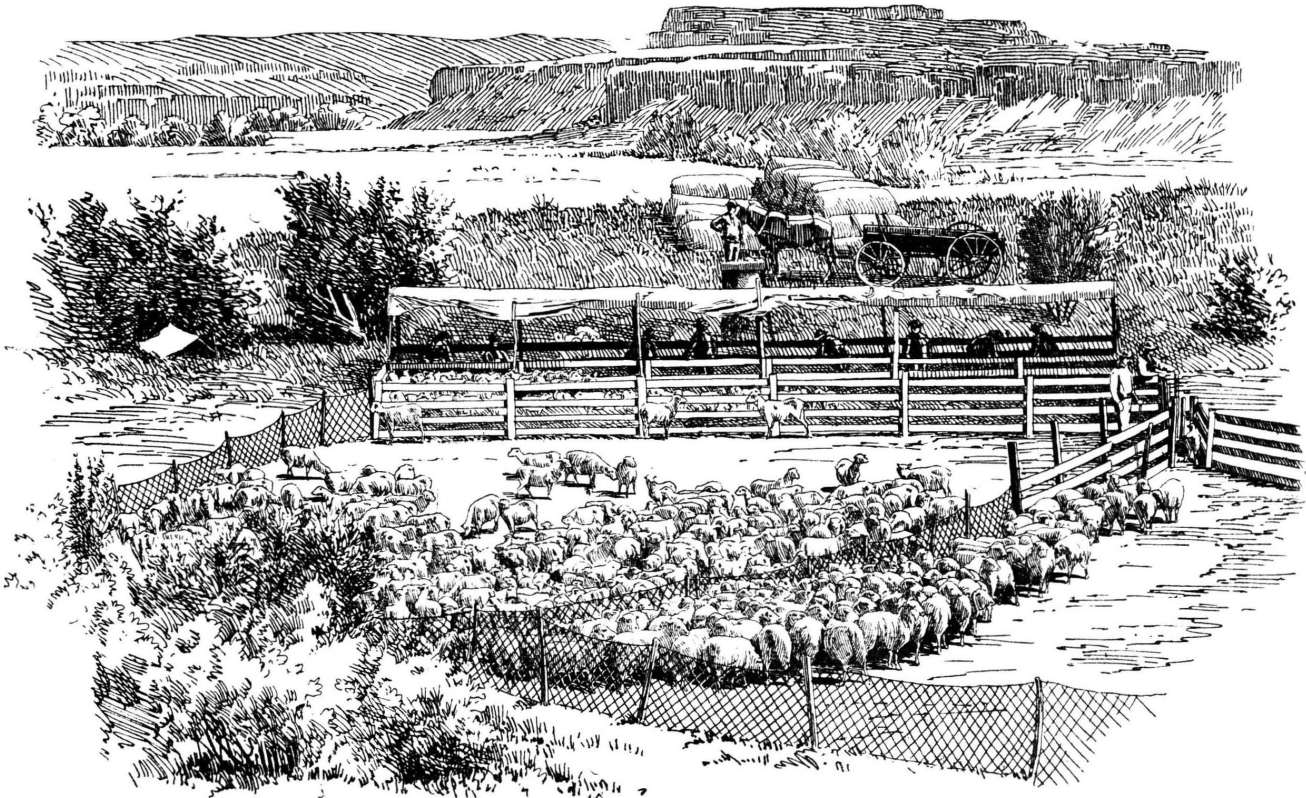


Ordinarily one man will shear from fifty to 150 sheep a day, there being a great difference in the growth of wool, which makes it very easy to shear some sheep while others require more time. Under proper encouragement some shearers will admit having shorn anywhere from 200 to 300 animals between suns. There are, however, well authenticated instances where one man has shorn 200 in one day, catching his own sheep and tying his fleeces. Several shearers work at one station, and the season lasts two or three weeks, beginning about the first of May.

When the fleeces have been stripped off the journey to the summer range in the mountains begins. If the feed is good along the way progress may be slow; the

duration in the mountains. In October the higher elevations are forsaken, and the bands begin their return to their winter quarters. Their speed in returning is governed by the same conditions that govern the spring migration—the abundance, or dearth, of food. Winter quarters are selected with reference to the shelter afforded from possible heavy storms and the proximity of food, both hay and pasture.

The sheep herder has a lonely time of it. He has his tent and a few cooking utensils. The earth is his couch, and, when migrating between winter and summer range, he wraps himself in his blanket and lies with his flock and his dog in the open air. A camp tender accompanies two or more bands, whose duty it



A SHEEP SHEARING CAMP NEAR SPRAGUE, WASH.

sheep man does not voluntarily forsake good pasturage. But if the country is occupied by settlers and the pasturage destroyed the sheep have to travel rapidly in order to reach good food before starving. Four or five miles a day are usually traveled by a flock in good feed, and three times that distance if going through a section that is under cultivation. On reaching the mountains the custom is to remain in the foothills for some time and to ascend to the higher parts in midsummer. The tops of the mountains are covered with snow till late in the season, so that when the plain below is baked in the sun and vegetation withered there is plenty of moisture and spring ver-

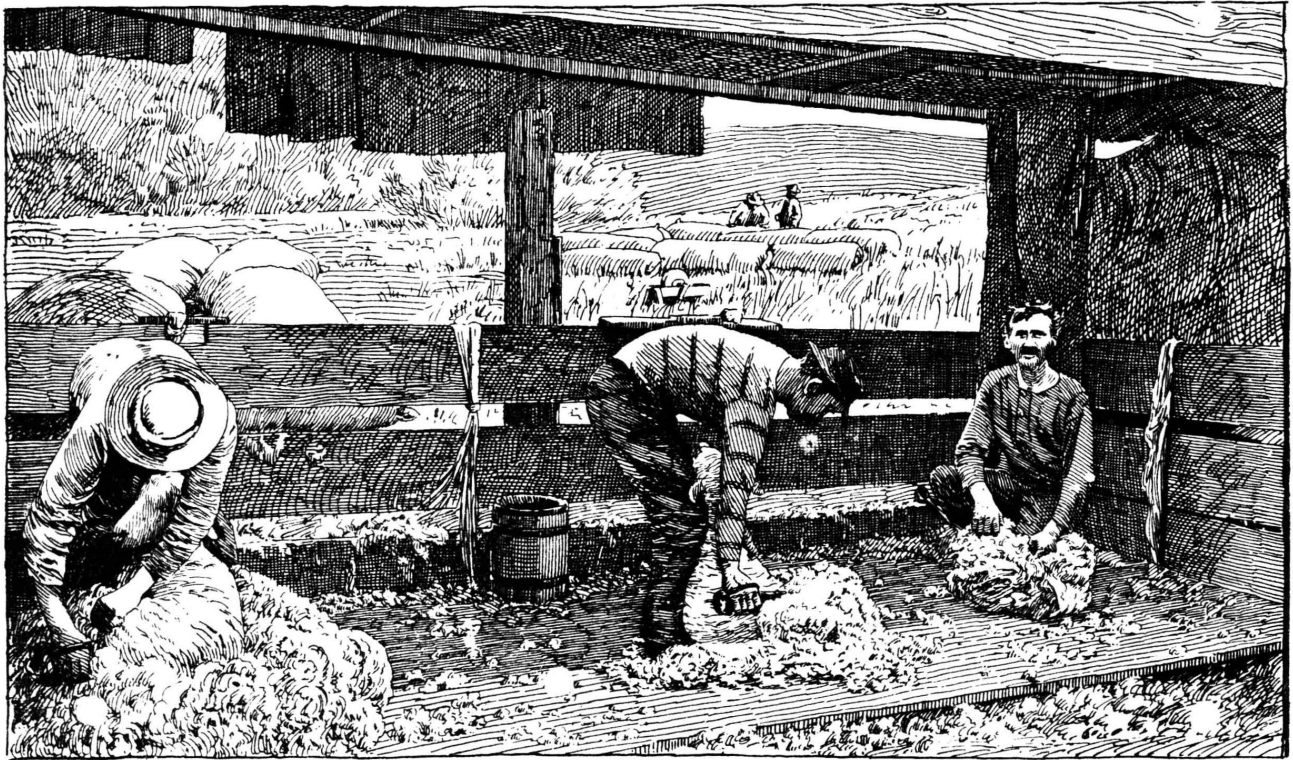
is to furnish the herders supplies and convey the camp equipage from place to place as the flocks may shift their feeding grounds. In the mountains the camp tender resorts to pack animals to move supplies and camps. The herders have only to look out for their bands of sheep; the camp tender must supply provisions and see to moving the herders' quarters. A herder gets about \$30 a month besides his supplies. As might be expected, some of these fellows are not æsthetic. They share their meals and their beds with their dogs "share and share alike." Others will be found intelligent and well informed men. Their tents are kept neat, their food is skillfully prepared and they



live very decently and comfortably. One may find under their pillows a few standard books that are read and studied during the watches in the mountain or prairie solitude. There are as distinct individualities among the shepherds of the ranges as in any other walk of life.

Most of the bands that winter on the Snake river go east to the mountains of Idaho for summer pasture. South of the Snake they go to the Blue mountains. Farther north, in Franklin, Adams, Lincoln and Douglas counties, they go to the Colville mountains. Along the eastern border of the state the Cœur d'Alenes offer the most attractions for summer range. The Cascades on the west and the Blue mountains on the east are the summer resorts of the flocks of Eastern Ore-

gon. "What are the greatest difficulties met in conducting sheep from range to range?" was asked of an experienced sheep herder at Sprague. "The farmer and his shot gun," was the prompt reply. Then the gentleman told how farmers would sometimes band together, load their rusty fowling pieces and advance on an approaching flock of sheep with a mighty show of indignation and the evident intention of slaughtering the innocents. He once met a company of forty farmers on such an errand. In such cases discretion is the better part of valor, and the herder finds it expedient to choose another route. However, single handed objectors are not considered a serious obstruction to the course of the grazing band. The diplomacy of the herder is fully equal to that of the rancher.



THE SHEEP SHEARERS AT WORK.

gon. The available sheep range is rapidly disappearing as the country becomes settled. Pastures very materially shrink in area from season to season. The great antipathy toward the sheep man is another difficulty. Sheep feed much closer than any other grazing animal, and, as a consequence, neither horses nor cattle can get a living where sheep have been. In unfavorable seasons, when every foot of grass land is valuable, the sheep have decidedly the advantage, and they incur the hatred of the other stock owners. Sheep men are by no means bashful either, and the farmers sometimes suffer by their feeding down pasture that the farmer regards as justly belonging to his own few cows or horses. The sheep incur enmity all around.

The man who can make the biggest bluff is most successful.

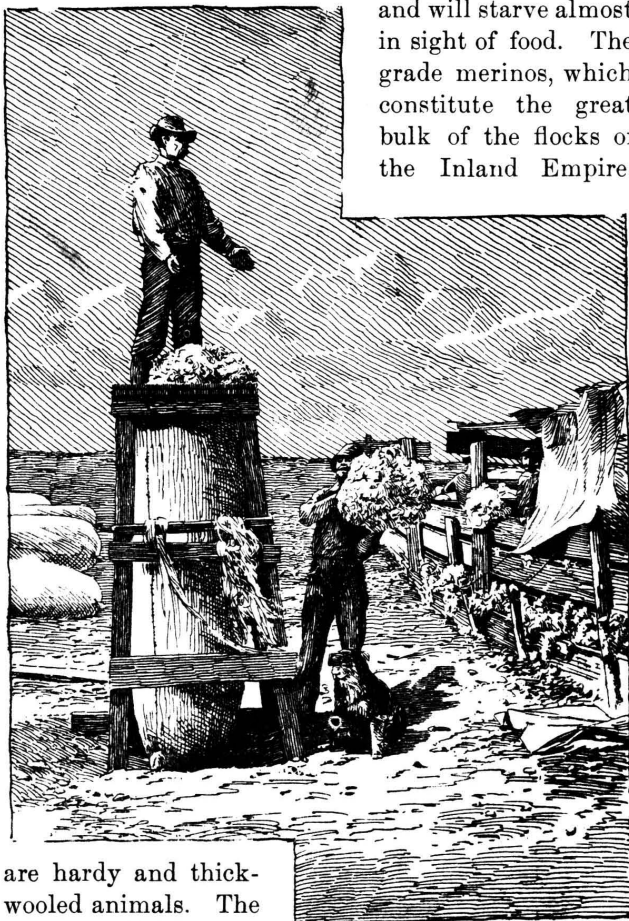
There are other difficulties, however, encountered by the flock masters. Renegade Indians often like to steal sheep as they do cattle and horses. These depredators are not warlike braves, but plain thieves. Coyotes belong to the same category. They will steal sheep if the herder is not watchful. In the mountains cougars sometimes create trouble. But all these depredators do their work sneakily, and they slink away on the appearance of the herder. The cougar will fight if wounded or cornered, and if he has half a chance will come off victorious. If sheep are put in a corral nights coyotes will not trouble them there.



The brutes are too shy of traps to leap the fence, but if they can crawl through a hole in the enclosure they will not hesitate to kill sheep. All these matters the herder has to look after. The most vigilant flock masters, however, suffer some losses, the average being about five per cent. for the whole grazing season.

In winter time the object of the herders is to get their bands where bunch grass may be obtained if the snow is not too deep, and at the same time to be near succor if the grass is covered beyond the reach of the sheep. While in good condition sheep will dig industriously for grass, but when their vitality is low they

give up very easily and will starve almost in sight of food. The grade merinos, which constitute the great bulk of the flocks of the Inland Empire,



SACKING THE WOOL.

are hardy and thick-wooled animals. The long-wooled varieties do not thrive so well in stormy weather because the wool parts and exposes the sheep to the elements to a degree that is sometimes disastrous. The fleeces of long-wooled sheep also hold rather too much sand to make them very desirable among wool buyers.

The range sheep industry in Washington is on the wane. This is not considered an unfavorable symptom, but rather hailed with delight by the other stockmen and the general farmer. The sheep business depends for its prosperity on the vacant grazing lands. As those lands are occupied and cultivated, the sheep

and other grazing animals are driven away and so, while the sheep interests suffer, the country really becomes richer by reason of the cultivation of the soil that formerly grew only bunch grass. Thousands of sheep are annually taken from this region to Montana, where the farmers are not yet pressing the stockmen. Still the industry in this section is an important and profitable one. Every year new men are embarking in it and few are forsaking it. While the country is rapidly becoming settled, and the area of range land is being restricted in the same degree, it is not at all probable that sheep husbandry on a large scale will ever entirely disappear from the extensive bunch grass lands of Washington and other parts of the northwest. The losses of the past very unusual winter are variously estimated at between twenty-five and forty per cent. However, this has not shorn the sheep business of its attractions, and the bands start out this year on a fair basis and with good prospects of retrieving the misfortunes of the flock owners.

#### ACROSS THE DUNES.

Across the moaning ocean sea fogs roll  
To kiss once more to life the sun-parched hills;  
The breakers roar aloud; the fog bells toll;  
A lonely sea gull's cry the cold air fills.

Across the sandy dunes where lupins, sweet  
With golden glory, storm and wind defy,  
And bunch grass waves and tangles 'neath the feet,  
A man plods wearily and stops to sigh,

And looks with hungry eyes beyond the haze.  
The veil of mist he tries to penetrate.  
What secret drear is in that famished gaze?  
What yearning burns that soul insatiate?

A solitary house the landscape breaks,  
And at its door stands one with sorrow worn.  
In solitude she waits for death, and aches  
Her heart and soul, with grief and longing torn.

What fate has made their pathways cross again?  
And yet, though near, their eyes may never meet.  
One step he takes. Ah, God! the cry restrain!  
His face is turned away—his steps from her retreat.

She sees him not, nor knows he is no near,  
Although her soul is fainting for his touch.  
Oh, heartless fate that will not heed nor hear,  
At times methinks you ask of us too much!

EMELIE TRACY Y. SWETT.



## THE TEST OF FIRE: A ZUNI ORDEAL.\*

IN the curious old "pueblo," the walled city of the Zuni Indians, a brother and sister were talking by themselves, apart from their youthful playmates; and their conversation was very serious, as was evident from the tone of voice in which the sister said—

"I wish you would not be a warrior, Inhadi."

"Why do you make such a wish as that, Kiawa, my little sister?"

"Ah, because you must suffer, and I may not be with you, brother; and my heart will break to think of you in pain all the long night!"

Kiawa's eyes were full of tears, her soft voice trembled piteously, and she clung to her brother's hand, sitting on a flat stone at his feet, as he leaned against the gray wall of the old pueblo terrace. Below them, white with snow, the plain of Zuni stretched away to the western mountains, where the low, winter sun was sinking out of sight.

Inhadi smiled and clasped the trembling fingers of his little sister with a reassuring touch, as he replied—

"You need not fear for me, Kiawa; I am not afraid. My heart is not so weak as to faint before the hour of trial comes; and when it comes I shall not have to bear my trial without help. The spirits of all my brave forefathers—my guardian spirits—will be with me and uphold me; they will not let me shrink and shame my warrior blood."

Kiawa sighed, but said nothing. Inhadi added—

"They say the Yumas and Mojaves will make war upon us in the spring, you know, and I must win the right to go forth among the Zuni braves and help to save our corn lands and defend our homes. Not be a warrior! Why, if all the Zuni girls could keep back their brothers from the trial of the brave, how long would there be any men to fight our battles and drive away our foes?"

"But you are so young, Inhadi, and they say the trial is cruel," faltered little Kiawa.

Inhadi smiled again.

"I am past sixteen, my sister; and how much longer would you have me wait? My father was not so old as I am when he took his degree; and since he is gone away to the land of our lost others, who never more return, his son must take his place and be worthy of his line. I *must* be a warrior, Kiawa; and you may be sure that I shall bear my ordeal bravely."

The youthful Zuni stood up straight and proud, folding his red and blue serape around him as he spoke, with all the dignity becoming to a "warrior bold," such as he meant to be. And, indeed, it required no small degree of resolution to face the thought of what awaited him.

Among the Indian tribes of the pueblos, of whom the Zunis are perhaps the most important, it is invariably the custom, when a youth desires admission to the warrior's rank, to put him through an ordeal of great severity, the manner of which is varied in the different pueblos, in order to test his courage and his powers of endurance. The young candidate who is not willing to qualify himself by submitting to this test can not hope to hear his name included in the list of fighting men—the nation's roll of honor.

Inhadi, whose father had been a valliant warrior and a man of influence among the people, had applied for his military degree, as it may be aptly termed, in the customary form; and this night he was to undergo his trial and prove his fitness for the rank he claimed.

The sun was setting, and it would soon be dark; the towers of the pueblo cast long shadows across the plains and the sunny terrace was growing cold.

"Come, Kiawa," said Inhadi to his sister. "I must be making ready for the ordeal; it is time."

Kiawa rose, still clinging to his hand, and together they went along the terrace to a narrow doorway, by which they came into a little, stone-paved court; and climbing up a ladder, they stood upon a higher terrace with a parapet along its outer edge, like the ramparts of a mediæval castle. Hand in hand they entered at the low door of a Zuni house—their uncle's house, which had been home to them and their widowed mother since the day when their father had departed, as the Zunis say, "to the land of our others."

The room into which Inhadi entered, leading his little sister, was paved with blocks of stone; the ceiling was of wattled willow poles, upheld by great, smoke-blackened rafters, and the walls were plastered with clay and neatly white-washed. There were two small, high windows, with plates of transparent selenite instead of glass; and the smoky chimney had an arched fire-place, where a fire of "pinone" wood was burning brightly; while two great, bowl-shaped lamps, filled with grease, added, in equal measure, to the brightness and the smoke.

Inhadi's uncle was a wealthy man among the pueblo people, as was evident from the abundance of gay blankets hanging on the walls and spread over the stone bench at one side of the room, the sheepskin rugs upon the floor, the handsome water jars and other decorated pottery, and the fine clothing worn by all his family. The little Kiawa was dressed in a loose-fitting frock of the finest Moqui cotton, with a border of gay stripes, a head mantle of bright-hued fabric, and long strings of shell beads twined around her neck and arms. Her flexible shoes of soft buckskin were completely covered with bead embroidery. Her brother wore, under his fringed and striped serape, a seamless coat of dark-blue cloth, gathered at the waist with a

\* See illustration on front page



red, embroidered belt, short trousers of black cotton-stuff, and long, blue, knitted leggings. A head band of red silk, and red buckskin moccasins completed his attire; and, by way of ornamental finish, he wore a necklace of black onyx beads, and a silver bracelet encircled his arm. This was the costume of a young Zuni noble, and much too costly to have formed the apparel of a poor man's son.

Inhadi's mother and his uncle's wife were occupied in preparing supper, and near the fire sat a youth a little older than Inhadi, with both elbows resting on his knees and his face hidden in his hands, apparently in deep thought or in trouble. Perhaps it was both, in reality; for this was Inhadi's cousin, his uncle's only son, and he also was to stand the trial that night and prove—unless his courage failed—that he was fit to be a warrior of the nation. He looked up and murmured a word of greeting to Inhadi as he entered, then dropped his face into his hands again and said no more. His mother gave him a somewhat dissatisfied look, as she poked the fire and stirred the pot of steaming mutton broth; she said nothing, but it was plain to see that she was not altogether pleased with his behavior. The Zuni women like to see their sons unmoved in the face of their approaching ordeal, of which they know the terror but have yet to feel the pain. But Inhadi's mother met him with a smile.

"Your supper is ready; come and eat, my son," she said. "Your uncle will soon be here, for the hour of your trial is at hand. You are not afraid, my brave boy?"

"No, mother, I am not afraid," returned Inhadi, smiling. "But here is Kiawa, she is dreadfully frightened."

"Nay, my little one, take heart," said the mother, softly. "You must not blow a cold breath on your brother's courage; you will be very proud of him when he has passed his trial and comes forth to take his place among the warriors and to be a man of honor, like your uncle."

Kiawa murmured, with tearful eyes and quivering lips—

"My uncle is very good, and I love him dearly; but, indeed, I do not want Inhadi to be just like him, for then he will not play with me any more."

Inhadi burst out laughing, with boyish amusement.

"Oh, nonsense, Kiawa! Do you think I am going to be fifty years old to-morrow morning? You and I will have many a jolly time together yet," he said, half gaily and half tenderly. "I hope they will make a man of me to-night; but I shall not forsake my little sister, never fear."

Nevertheless, there was reason in Kiawa's forebodings; for, when a Zuni boy has undergone his trial and is made a warrior, he is recognized at once as a

man, and the chances are that he will be married and leave his parents' home. It is not considered creditable for a young man to remain long unwedded after he becomes a warrior, and the Zuni bridegroom does not bring home his bride, but goes to live with her and her people. Therefore, it was nothing strange if the mother sighed a little, too, with all his cheerfulness; and, to hide the momentary sadness of her look, she took off her little daughter's mantle and bent down to smooth her hair, which was cut straight across her forehead like a fashionable "bang." Inhadi's black, straight locks were also "banged" in a similar manner, and hung down to his shoulders from under the red silk scarf which formed his head band and which his uncle had purchased of a Mexican pack peddler.

The aunt, who, as has been intimated, was not in a very good humor, had now finished dishing up the supper, and she rather sourly repeated the summons to Inhadi to come and eat. She did not speak to her own son, and Inhadi, seeing that his cousin did not move, went and laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Attawano," he said, in the expressive Zuni tongue, "Attawano, make your heart glad. Come and eat with me, my brother."

Attawano did not lift his bowed head; but he and Inhadi were the best of friends, and he answered gently—

"Do not wait for me, Inhadi; eat your supper."

"But you must eat with me," insisted his cousin. "Your father will soon come for us."

"I am waiting for him."

"Do you mean," said Inhadi gravely, "that you will go fasting to endure the ordeal?"

Attawano answered, "Yes."

"Then so will I," said Inhadi, quickly.

"No, no!" exclaimed his cousin, looking up. "Why should you fast, Inhadi?"

"Why should you?" said Inhadi, reproachfully.

"What is the matter with you, Attawano?"

"My mother thinks I am afraid," said Attawano in a sulky voice.

"Are you?" asked Inhadi, smiling.

"If I am," rejoined his cousin, with sudden fire, "I hope I shall not show it when they put me to the test. But I am not so brave as you, Inhadi," he said, despondently.

"Oh, pshaw! You are twice as brave as I am. You don't know it, that is all."

"I do not think I am a coward," said Attawano, humbly; "but you know how it is with me when I am hurt. The tears come before I know it. If—Oh, Inhadi, what if I should cry! My mother would never forgive me."

"Your mother will never know it," whispered Inhadi.

"My father will, though."

"But he will never tell," rejoined Inhadi.

For the ordeal, which Attawano had demanded of his own free will, and at an earlier age than was customary, as had his cousin—but of which, unlike Inhadi, it was obvious he was much in dread—was always a secret ceremonial, at which none were present save the members of the military order by whom it was administered. Only those who had been through this ordeal knew the precise nature of the test to which the two boys were about to be subjected; but they knew enough to make them well aware that it was no child's play which was in store for them. They had seen other youthful candidates conducted home in the morning after their initiation, limping painfully, haggard with suffering, and scarcely able to speak, but still triumphant and treated with respect by the grave old warriors—the head men of the nation—who had witnessed their behavior in the trial. The great ambition of a Zuni youth was to so conduct himself throughout the ordeal that no aspersion could be cast upon his fortitude, nor any doubt of his bravery arise, forever after. To be a coward is, in the Zuni code of law and custom, not merely a disgrace, but is looked upon as absolutely criminal. Cowardice in battle is a crime which they punish with ignominious death. Attawano piteously declared he would rather die than give way to any weakness in the presence of the warriors.

"That is what I am afraid of, Inhadi; it is not the pain," he faltered. "What others have borne I can bear; but—if I *should* cry it will kill me!"

To which Inhadi answered briskly—

"That is all nonsense; you are not going to cry! You will be as brave as any when the time is come—I know you, Attawano. Have you fasted all day?"

Attawano nodded.

"Well, that is all that ails you," said his cousin. "You are hungry. Come, you can not expect to be strong if you eat nothing. Come to supper."

Attawano still hung back, saying—

"You know, Inhadi, they say it is the greater honor if one goes weak with fasting and yet stands his trial well."

"And you pretend you have not a stout heart!" laughed Inhadi. "You who would make yourself weak in order to hold out with more honor! Well, I hope you will come to supper, for I shall fast if you do, and I have no yearning after that kind of glory, let me tell you."

Inhadi concealed his own misgivings under this pretense of gaiety; and his cousin was reluctantly persuaded to give up the intention of fasting and join the rest at supper.

A great bowl of meat and broth, strongly flavored with red pepper, stood on the floor in the middle of

the room, and all sat down around it, helping themselves with small bowls and spoons carved of wood and horn, while the women passed around trays of thin, flaky, wafer bread and cakes of corn meal.

While the supper was in progress Inhadi's uncle came in from the meeting of the elder warriors, attired in his robes of ceremony. He had come for the two boys and they arose at once and prepared to follow him; but he motioned them to sit down again and finish their supper.

"Eat enough while you can; perhaps you will not eat much to-morrow," he said, grimly.

The two boys were reminded by this remark that the candidates for martial rank always appeared after their night of trial with black and blistered lips. They looked at each other with apprehensive glances; but Inhadi immediately brightened up and told his uncle of Attawano's undertaking to fast "for the sake of glory." This greatly pleased the boy's father and put his mother in good humor with him; but, after a momentary look of satisfaction, the old warrior said—

"You were wise to talk him out of that notion, Inhadi. You will need all your strength, both of you."

When the young men were ready to depart, each received the Zuni blessing from his mother and a sorrowful caress from the little Kiawa, and the father led them away to present them to the council and take part in submitting them to the cruel ordeal, with much pride in their fine appearance and brave bearing, and with no more compunction than a civilized father might feel when called upon to see his boy through a painful experience in the dentist's chair. In fact, it is more than likely that some of our civilized customs would appear intolerably cruel to the Zunis.

The council chamber of the Zuni "Order of the Bow," to which the boys were taken, was a very large room, and was entered, as are many houses in the Indian city, by climbing up a ladder to the roof and descending by another through the skylight. The walls of the chamber were painted with strange figures of the gods and mythological beings of the Zuni faith. At one end was an altar, and at the other a great, blazing fire upon the hearth, and along the walls between stood ranks of warriors and medicine men arrayed in fantastic and awe-inspiring costumes, each emblematic of the warrior's office.

The two lads were first led forward to the altar and conducted through a long and complicated religious ceremony, in which their guardian spirits were entreated to stand by them and aid them to endure the coming ordeal; and the god of fire was prayed to consume all hidden cowardice and forever to obliterate every unmanly feeling which might be in their hearts. The night was far advanced before these rites were ended, and it was midnight when a strange cry, like



the hooting of an owl, came pealing through the chamber, and a couple of musicians who were stationed near the altar began beating a huge drum, with a sound like rolling thunder, as a procession of dark figures came down the ladder and filed slowly up the long room, chanting in solemn chorus as they came. These were delegates belonging to the common class of the Zuni soldiery—the “rank and file,” composed of young men who had passed their trial and were qualified warriors, but who had not yet attained to a degree of rank which would entitle them to participate in the preceding ceremonies.

They circled around the youthful candidates, and pairing off into couples, as the rolling of the drum grew louder and yet louder till it filled the chamber with a deafening roar, they marched back down the room and each took up a torch of cedar splints from a pile before the hearth, which he lighted at the fire. The elder warriors and the medicine men, or priests of the martial order, struck up the chant and joined the procession, two by two, and supplied themselves with torches like the rest, all save two, grave, stalwart men—and one was Attawano’s father—who came behind the boys, and drawing their arms back, stood and held them as though they were expected to resist or endeavor to escape.

“You need not hold me, uncle,” said Inhadi, very proudly. “I promise you I will not flinch nor move. I am not afraid.”

He looked at Attawano and was glad to see that his cousin stood unmoved, having evidently braced himself to bear what might be coming. He also said he could stand to his ordeal without being compelled, but as no attention was paid to their protests the candidates accepted this as a customary part of the proceedings and silently submitted. They stood with beating hearts but steady bearing while the young warriors marched back toward them, two abreast, waving the flaming torches in circles around their heads. Some of them were but little older than the youthful candidates, well-known companions of their daily sports, and Inhadi said to himself, as Attawano had said to him, that he would sooner die than permit them to behold a sign of terror in his countenance.

As the foremost couple drew near, one of them whirled his torch as if to dash it into Inhadi’s face, while the other menaced Attawano in the same manner. For one instant Attawano seemed to shrink; but a glance of warning from his cousin’s eye quickly recalled his wavering self control.

The next moment Inhadi forced himself to repress a cry that rose to his own lips, as the burning brand was swept into his face and extinguished by a thrust into his mouth! He was half choked and half blinded—but silent. Attawano, equally taken by surprise,

had made no sound. The two inquisitors passed on and laid their charred torches on the altar, and two others advanced to repeat the same performance. This time the candidates were prepared, and all the warriors ranged in line came forward, two together, and put out their torches in the mouths of these young neophytes.

It was a long line, for the Zuni order of war consists of twelve degrees, or grades of rank, and each grade was represented by a number of delegates; but never once did either of the youths allow a sign of pain or fright to be detected in his bearing. The mystic meaning of this uncomfortable ceremony was explained in the chant, and they understood it to signify that they were thus “fire-tested” and could henceforth be relied upon to withstand the influence of demons who are ever striving to put fear into the hearts of warriors and make them lose their honor. Also, their mouths were fortified against the wickedness of falsehood, which, according to the Zuni code, is almost as vile as cowardice.

When this rite was finished and the last extinguished torch was laid upon the altar, the wild chant was silenced, the drums ceased their beating, the members of the council returned to their former places, while the younger warriors remained in the middle of the room, and the two chiefs who had been holding the arms of Attawano and Inhadi now released them. Attawano stood silent, awaiting what might next occur; but Inhadi straightened up with a defiant air, and smiling at his uncle, demanded, though he could scarcely speak—

“Is that all?”

“No, my son,” said the old warrior, calmly; “there is more to come.”

He led the boys behind the altar and gave a signal to the young warriors who stood waiting. Immediately they dashed at the fire, and partly with poles and partly with their naked hands dragged out the glowing embers and strewed a track of hot ashes and live coals across the entire length of the stone-paved council chamber, from the fireplace to the altar.

Then they ranged themselves in two long rows, forming a line on either side of this fiery pathway, and the war-chief, Attawano’s father, took one of the charred torches and gave it to his son, while the medicine chief handed one to Inhadi.

“Go light these torches again,” he said, “and give them to the braves who stand the first in line—yours to the right, Inhadi, and yours, Attawano, to the left. Then return to the altar and take each another torch, and so come and go till the braves are supplied with torches as before. Go!”

He motioned with his hand toward that smoking track, which the young initiates must traverse with

bare feet, for their moccasins had been removed on entering the council room. The chief appeared to pity them, for he told them, in a low tone, to go and come as quickly as they pleased.

Inhadi started with unhesitating promptness, and if Attawano held back for a moment his cousin's hand upon his shoulder restored his courage instantly. Side by side they sped across the fire-besprinkled space between those ranks of Zuni braves, with whom they were determined to be counted as equals when this night of trial ended.

They put their torches to the fire and placed them, blazing, in the hands of two young warriors, right and left, who began at once to wave them in the air, raising a chant of triumph and applause, for by this time it was apparent that both the candidates were models of heroic young manhood, as judged by the Indian standard. Back and forth they swiftly passed and lit the torches one by one, treading that scorching path as if it had been strewn with roses instead of coals of fire; for Inhadi, at least, had entered into the spirit of these grim ceremonies with all the stoical satisfaction of his race in exhibiting his powers of endurance, while Attawano, if not so stern a stoic as his cousin, had a brave heart and a resolute will of his own.

The Indian boy is human and has only a boy's measure of strength, though he is trained to show a disregard of suffering; and gentle natures may be found, even among the youth of tribes much fiercer than the Zunis, to whom their rigorous training comes as hard as it would come to any boy of any race, no doubt. Of such a nature was Inhadi's cousin, the Zuni prince, son of the war chief though he was, and heir to his father's honors, unless he proved unworthy and forfeited his right of succession to the leadership. The warlike and proud spirited Inhadi, as we have seen, did not despise his milder natured cousin, for he could appreciate the courage of one who shrank from suffering yet volunteered to suffer for honor's sake. As they went through their trying ordeal together it rejoiced him to see how bravely Attawano bore it.

When all the torches were relighted, and all the braves were waving them aloft, as their voices loudly swelled the song in praise of youthful valor, the two candidates presented themselves again before the altar. They were received with honor by the medicine chief, who made a sacred sign upon their foreheads, breathed upon their hands—a Zuni form of prayer and blessing—and proclaimed them to be "worthy and well seen" before the council and before the god of war. Each of them was presented by the war chief with a bundle of arrows as a formal sign of conferring upon him the right to call himself a warrior of the nation.

Then the younger warriors formed in single file and cast their torches, one by one, upon the fire; and

moving on they passed up the ladder and left the council room. When they had all departed the members of the council performed a second ceremonial of prayers and religious exercises, which lasted until the morning sunshine streamed in through the open skylight. At last the youthful neophytes were released, and, weary with suffering, but elated and proud of their promotion, were sent away from the council chamber in charge of their guardian, the war chief. He led them home and bade them go to sleep and "rest their hearts," while he went back to be present at the closing of the council. Hitherto the chief had treated his nephew and his son as nothing more than children, but now he addressed them with the language of respect and the manner of an equal.

While the mothers of the two boys were spreading their sheepskin beds, and preparing a lotion with which to anoint their burns, Kiawa came and stood beside them, with a look of awed commiseration, saying—

"What have they done to you, Inhadi? You are lame!"

Inhadi hoarsely, but exultingly, made answer—

"I am a man, Kiawa! I am a warrior!"

"And Attawano," said Kiawa, pitifully gazing at her cousin, whose face betrayed his suffering more plainly than did Inhadi's, "And Attawano, is he a warrior, too? Poor Attawano!"

"I stood it," said Attawano, faintly. "Did I not, Inhadi? I stood it without a tear—without a murmur!"

His lips were trembling as he spoke, and he faltered in a broken voice—

"Do not blame me, Inhadi—I can not help it now—now it is over! Oh, Inhadi, it was terrible!"

And Attawano dropped his head upon his cousin's shoulder, crying with all his might.

For all that, he was the happiest boy in the whole Zuni nation, for he had borne the warrior's test and none could say he had not borne it well. Inhadi slipped an arm around him lovingly and whispered, as well as he could frame the words upon his blistered tongue—

"Ay, Attawano, you can weep *now*, if your heart is full, my brother; for the weeping of a coward is a shame to him, but a brave man may shed tears without dishonor."

Kiawa added wisely—

"Attawano is brave; I know that very well, even if he does cry. Girls always cry if anything is the matter, yet they are sometimes very brave."

FRANCES WILSON.

Montana's congressman and senators begin to think that President Harrison's son is a Russell-er.



# Mild Summer Night—

I.

Down through the field in the fading light  
The milkmaid goes with her tin pails bright ;  
Stoops by the spring underneath the pines,  
And pushes aside the clustering vines,  
Plunges them into the bubbling pool,  
And holds them, waiting, till drenched and cool ;  
Then rises and goes through the long, wet grass,  
By the narrow path where the cattle pass,  
Cheerily calling, strong and free,  
"So-ook-e! So-ook-e! So-ook-e-e!"



II.

Over the hill where the dying sun  
Lingers a moment when day is done,  
And flushes the west with a flood of light,  
The plowboy goes in the fragrant night,  
Singing and whistling right merrily,  
For his heart is clean and his soul is free ;  
Switching the flowers, and taking no heed  
How far in the distance the horses feed ;  
And they sidle away with a long, slow lope,  
When he calls "Co'p, Fan! Co'p, Bill! Co'p! Co'p!"

III.

Out to the barnyard the farmer goes,  
Where the stream steals thro' and sings as it flows;  
Wearily plodding with soil-worn feet,  
He yet finds something vaguely sweet  
In the low, soft murmur of myriad frogs  
And the noisy welcome of well-kept hogs ;  
He counts them—and one is away or lost ;  
So quick in the trough the food is tossed,  
While the farmer calls loudly and anxiously,  
"Po-oo-e! Po-oo-e! Poo-oo-e-e!"



IV.

Out to the orchard the housewife goes,  
Where the dews fall thickly on pansy and rose,  
Chases the chickens from roost on the trees  
And invites them into the coop, if they please ;  
Counts and recounts them, but one is gone,  
She searches the orchard, the garden, the lawn ;  
Even in the grass that is deep and wet,  
She looks for the place where "Speckie" has set ;  
Rattling the wheat, she calls, coaxingly,  
"Ch-uck-e! Ch-uck-e! Ch-uck-e-e!"



V.

In the little white chamber where all is still,  
And the roses peep in at their own sweet will,  
The young mother sits with a child at her breast,  
Tenderly trying to lull it to rest ;  
Dimpled hands fondle her bosom of snow,  
And wet lips press kisses—while she sings low,  
"O, hush thee, darling, and go to sleep,  
There's time enough—time, dearie—left to weep ;  
O, hush thee—hush—" she croons, dreamily—  
"Hush thee—hush thee—hush thee-e-e!"

ELLA HIGGINSON.



## Fact and Fancy for Women.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

### WHEN THE TIDE GOES OUT.

The waves of the sea are lushing, lushing,  
 Forever and ever about the pier;  
 And, Oh, my God! To lie down and end it—  
 To end it forever and ever, here!

Just to go drifting, drifting, drifting,  
 On the shining waves when the tide goes out!  
 To lie down in peace, forgetting the sorrow—  
 Forgetting the heart-aches, despair and doubt,

Just to lie down in the Sea of Opal;  
 Know but her kisses, drink but her breath,  
 Then to drift out to the passionate ocean—  
 I, passionless—to a glad, sweet death.

Only to drift with the wondering sea gulls,  
 Rising and falling with every wave,  
 With never a passion, and never a longing—  
 Conscienceless—to a sunlit grave.

Then, to sink downward, downward, downward,  
 Straight as an arrow, soft as a star,  
 And lay my soul in the breast of a sea shell,  
 Where the ships sail out o'er the moaning bar.

Did you ever, in a very fever of unrest, stand by a blue sea, and feel that it would be sweet, indeed, to fold your arms and close your eyes and lie down, without one throb, without one regret, in your breast, on the soft, pulsing water, and just drift and drift—never knowing, or feeling, or caring for, anything again? Did you ever think how sweet a thing it would be to rise and fall with every wave as you drifted out, out, out to the ocean? How the sea weeds would tangle round you, and the fishes wonder at you? How the sea gulls would scream at you, and the strong, salt winds lash you, and the white caps break over you? Did you ever grow sick of the world? Of the people who hate you and hurt you—and of the people whom you hate and hurt? Of the lies, the sins, the cares, the burdens too heavy to be borne without dim eyes and moaning lips and stooping shoulders? Then, was it not still sweeter to turn suddenly from all your restless, passionate longings and find a little child's soft arms about you; a mother's trembling, feeble hand leaning upon you for support and comfort in old age, or—still sweeter—perhaps, a strong, firm hand, "more true and tender than ever was hand before," held out to you in peace and comfort? Was it not sweeter than all your mad unrest to turn, with a little, tender song on your lips for some other heart to hear, and take up your burden of life with a new strength and a new courage and a new soul? To come back to your little, quiet home and find the sunshine dancing along your walls, and the birds nestling in your eaves, and ever and ever so many things to be done to lighten other burdens, and cheer other lives, and make gladder other hearts? Aye, dear heart, was it not sweeter to think of bearing it all and living than casting aside your burden, like a coward, for some other shoulder to bear?

Woman was not created to be an ornament to man, nor to be his slave; for a woman to toil out her strength and life is as foolish as it is to idle them away. In the first place, if a man loves his wife tenderly and truly, he will take care of her; so, when she finds that he is putting the love of gain, the greed of wealth, the hoarding up of the almighty dollar above her care and comfort, she may feel assured that he will not be sorely grieved when the grass grows green above her. To be a wife

and a housekeeper is enough for any woman—entirely too much if she be also a mother, because in this case every moment of her time will be occupied with worry and work. As soon as a business man finds himself busy from morning till night he cries out for a clerk. "By jove, now, I must have a clerk!" Then, presently, he must have a book-keeper; then a stenographer, and so on. While, frequently, if you go to his house and pull aside the curtains you will find a pale, faded, patient wife, cooking, sweeping, washing, ironing, scrubbing, cleaning wood work, and caring for two or three children. These are the women who do not know where to draw the line between duty and brutality—for it is brutal for a man to expect his wife to work beyond her strength.

Some half dozen years ago I knew a man who was hard, stern, grasping; who never allowed a dollar to slip through his fingers; whose faithful wife worked early and late that he might not have to spend an unnecessary cent. Many and many a time have I seen her on her knees, cleaning her floor with a brush; I have seen her, too, stand up and put her hands to her back and moan with pain. I have seen her paint her own floors, and paper her own walls, and beat her own carpets, with great, rough hands and red arms bared to the blistering winds. Well, let me tell you how she was rewarded. After years had worn by in toil and care, with never a caress, or a word of appreciation, or a ray of pleasure, this unhappy couple bought a lot in a fine location and builded thereon a beautiful home—one that excited admiration in every breast. It was all finished and elegantly furnished. The lawn was the loveliest in the whole city, with fountains playing upon it from morning till night; the greenhouse was filled with rare flowers—Oh, each time I passed that house I broke a commandment. When it was ready for occupancy the poor, tired, worn-out wife sickened, and on the very night she was to have moved into her new house she gave one long sigh and went home to a land whence there is no returning. In five months her husband had married again, and everything that had been planned with such patient hope and love had to be changed to please the new mistress, while the old one with the broken heart lay with care-lined face and hard, work-worn hands out in Lone Fir cemetery. This was the first picture of its kind that I ever saw, but I have since found admirable copies of it hanging along the walls of life.

On the other hand, we as often find kind, unselfish, hard working men who have light, frivolous, foolish wives, who live a butterfly existence, subsisting on idleness, vanity, selfishness, novels, gaiety and fashionable society—women who contemptuously refuse to soil their hands with housework, and who deem a quiet home-life, love and children unutterable bores and afflictions not to be borne. I have seen men come home after a day's hard work, with weary feet and stooping shoulders and hopeless eyes, to find their wives, reclining and complacent, in airy hammock, novel in hand, with an incompetent girl in the kitchen and an ill cooked meal in the dining room, because, forsooth, they can not afford a reliable "help," and the dainty mistress of the home (who is not, however, a home-keeper) considers it beneath her dignity to do housework. This, by the by, is the kind of woman who asks a merchant to send home a spool of silk, lest some one seeing her carry it should mistake her for a servant or a proletarian.



Heigh-ho! How we long to shake the good husbands out of their shackles and set them down beside the good wives—but, then, that state of affairs would create a heaven on earth, which would not be in accordance with God's plan. It is safe to say that if marriage isn't a lottery, then there is no such institution in Louisiana.

Many women in these days declare that they want to work, and that they are willing to work, if only they knew what to do. Many of these—most of them, indeed—are home women, whose bread-winners have been taken away, leaving them with meager resources and no qualifications for earning a living. I have noticed that if you go to a small town—by this I mean a town of from 2,000 to 10,000 inhabitants—and enquire where you may obtain good ice cream, or good coffee and cake, or good bread and butter, you will be directed to some cheap, and probably vile, coffee house or restaurant, in which unpleasant odors invariably prepare you for what is coming to your table. Now, I believe that two bright and refined women could go to any flourishing town and make money pleasantly and without loss of self-respect by renting a small room, making it cheerful and attractive—cool and dim in summer, warm and cosy in winter—and furnishing good ice cream, water ices, fancy cakes, coffee, chocolate—especially chocolate pudding, with thick cream—and other light delicacies in summer; while in winter might be substituted oysters, beef tea, fine soups, omelettes—everything to be home-made and perfect in flavor and appearance, and attractively served. There is nothing quite so palatable as Puget sound oysters, rolled in egg and cracker crumbs and fried quickly and crisply in good butter, each one being turned separately with a knife. Men appreciate these delicacies and are willing to pay for them. Traveling men, especially, will pay any price for good food. Indeed, the man who wants good things without paying good prices for them is not worthy the name, and the world soon finds him out and steers clear of him. Who would not rather give fifteen cents for good, strong, clear coffee than nothing for muddy water? Such a business might be started very modestly, with one little, quiet, low-voiced waitress—and, by the way, whenever a man speaks lightly or disrespectfully to a waitress, the proprietor should open the door and invite him to leave; in this way better service and better patronage will be assured. But, if you prosper, don't let your business become too large for your personal attention or, when you least expect it, you will fail.

Kentuckians have proven, at last, that the old proverb, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house," is not to their way of thinking, for they not only love Mary Anderson, who has lived so long with them, but also honor and appreciate her.

If, after her marriage, Miss Anderson retires from the stage, as her friends fear she will do, she must be considered a foolish and unwise woman. When God bestows a rare talent upon one of His children, it is for some good purpose which He means to work out in His own way and in His own time. And if to be wedded to both man and art causes—as is popularly supposed in these days—a life of suffering to a woman of rare gifts, then she should either suffer and be strong or not marry. God gives to the millions the gift of love, motherhood and content; but only once in a while does He make it possible for one to be a talented actress and a pure woman.

The *Illustrated American* declares that the girl of the period is maligned; that she does not chew tobacco, smoke cigarettes, gamble, get tipsy, take opium, or indulge in any of the bad

habits accredited to her by the penny-a-liner. It even goes so far as to assert vigorously that her bathing dresses are extremely modest, and not in the least suggestive, but adds—in a pardonable tit-for-tat spirit—that objections might reasonably be made to men's bathing costumes, as they are vainer of their charms than are women, and frequently affect costumes that reveal more than they conceal. Now, will some one, please, invent a modest bathing dress for gentlemen, right away?

The Pacific Coast Literary Bureau is organizing a Woman's Press Club, with headquarters at San Francisco. They hope to have a suitable building furnished with such accommodations as reception, sleeping, dining, bath and reading rooms, and a good reference library. An honorary president will be selected from among the prominent women editors of the Atlantic coast.

The *Congregationalist* opposes the granting of a preacher's license to a well qualified woman simply because she is a woman. Narrow-mindedness and nonsense! A good woman is invariably better than a good man—a fact which the latter is usually proud and glad to acknowledge—and if she is educated and wise, there is no earthly reason why she should not preach.

The stories that Edwin Booth and George Riddle tell of young girls seeking their acquaintance, declaring their infatuation, and begging for interviews, are about on a par with those of certain literary women as to the number of proposals they receive weekly—probably spelled with an "a." The conceit and desire for notoriety in each is nauseating to sensible people.

As a bad woman is infinitely worse than a bad man, so does a shrewd woman excel the shrewd man in a business way. She will cheat you from the "bang" on your brow to the boots on your feet, and all the while she is smiling at you with eyes innocent as violets and overflowing with sweetness—but this is not the good business woman, you understand.

Mrs. Kate Pier and her daughter, Miss Kate Pier, are attorneys at law at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. They entered the University of Wisconsin together, and, by taking a double course, received their diplomas at the conclusion of the first year in the law college. Both women are attractive and accomplished and are very popular in social circles.

A newspaper correspondent tells a pretty story about Mrs. Senator Stanford's publishing a book of poems for a poor poet who could not bear the expense of the publication. Poor, unhappy Mrs. Stanford! Every poet in the land will be turning his hopeful eyes now to her pocket book.

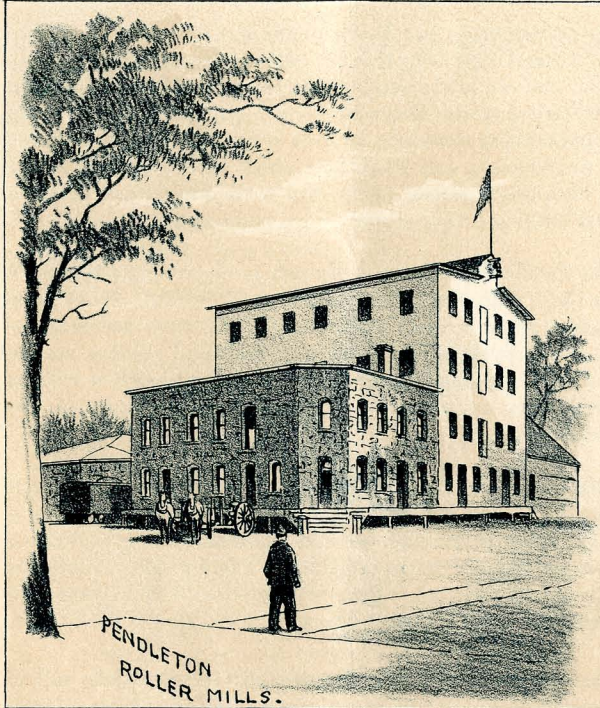
The mayor of Edgerton, Kansas, is a young woman only twenty-three years of age, and has a young baby; but does not allow her official duties to conflict with those at home. No more sneers now at Kansas—the "land of flowers"—if you please.

There is no tie under heaven so strong and unbreakable to hold a man from wrong doing as the pure love of a good woman. Such a tie will in time come to make all sin appear hateful to him.

Men do not like women who reason with them, because, as a general thing, women reason so remarkably well.



West Shore



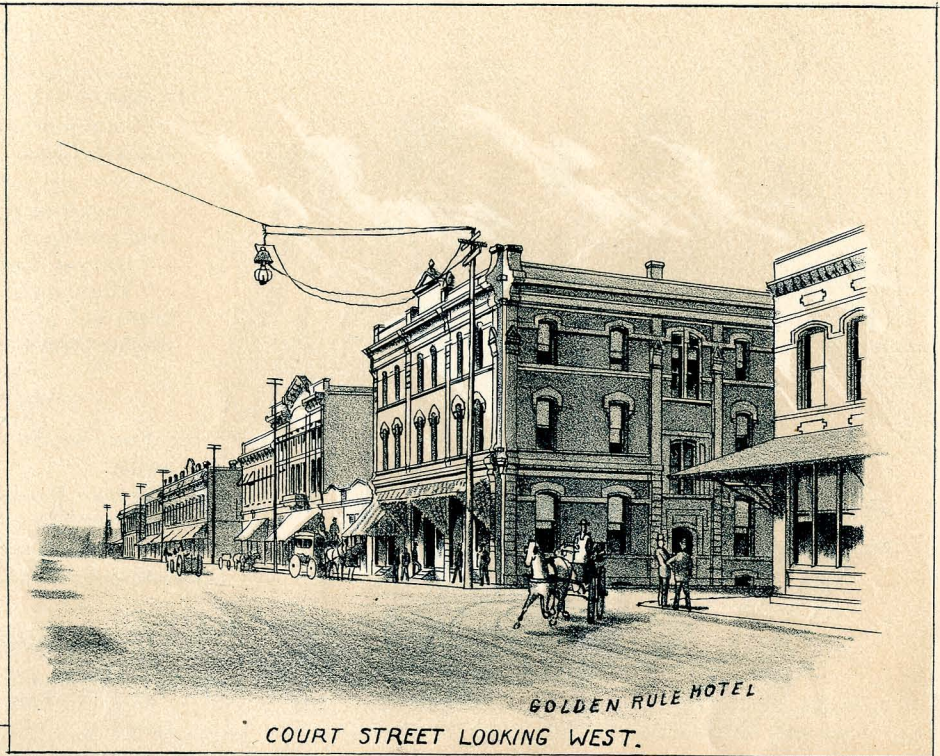
PENDLETON  
ROLLER MILLS.



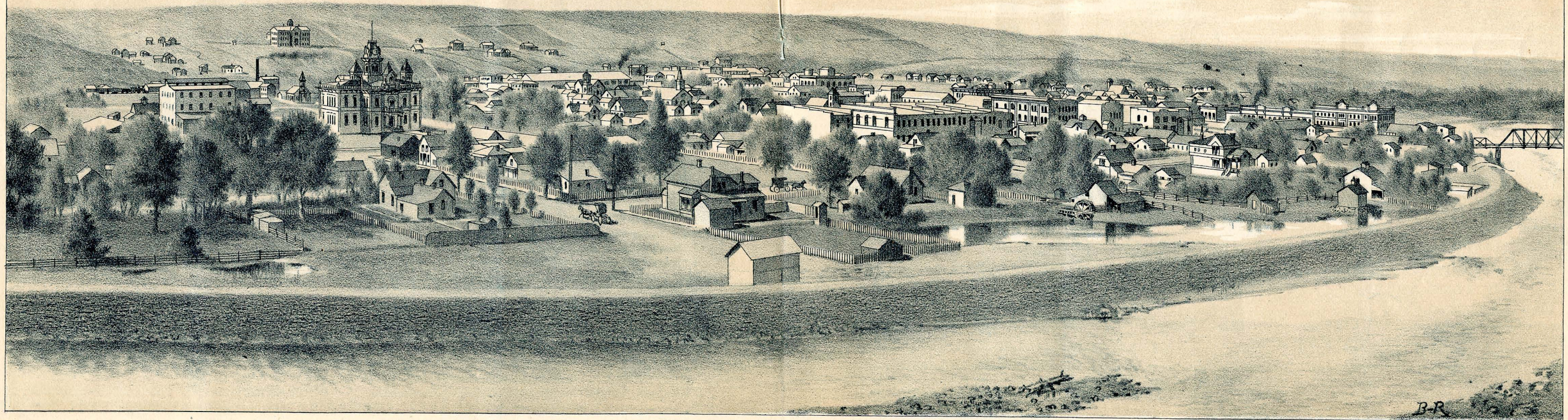
EAST OREGONIAN BUILDING.



MAIN STREET LOOKING SOUTH.  
HOTEL PENDLETON.



COURT STREET LOOKING WEST.  
GOLDEN RULE HOTEL



B-R





AN ACCOMMODATING BARBER—No. 1.

MR. CLOVERTOP—I expect to stay in the city some time, so I'll leave my cup and razor here.

BARBER—All right, sah!

“My husband is a fore-handed man,” boasted a woman to a neighbor.

“All monkeys are four-handed,” the latter replied.

“Get in on the ground floor!” shouted the boomer, and accordingly the tenderfoot bought a lot of ground and it floored him.

“My dear Mr. Layman,” said the pompous bishop, “how are you getting along with your new pastor; has the congregation grown much since his arrival?”

“Groan!” exclaimed the melancholy Mr. Layman, “yes, indeed!”

## IT WAS EVIDENTLY TRUE.

TANGLE—I see in this morning's *Scarer* that poor Binks was run over on the railroad yesterday and killed. Sad, isn't it?

COOLEY—Dear me, is that so? Why, I met Binks just now, and he never told me anything about it!

## THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

A few days ago Meekly, while walking down the street, was oppressed and mystified by receiving a courtly bow from a dignified gentleman in a carriage. For some time he was puzzled to know whether the gentleman had mistaken him for the governor or the head clerk at the hotel; but when he remembered that he had just raised his hat to scratch his head the mystery was solved.

## HAD DOUBTS ABOUT IT.

COLLECTOR—So Mr. Neverpay is out, is he?

SERVANT—Yes, he's out.

COLLECTOR—Are you quite sure that is what he told you to tell me?

“Does that band down on Third street play more than one tune?”

“Oh, yes, they play four or five.”

“That's what I thought; and from the noise I heard as I passed by just now they must have been playing them all.”

## THE PINK OF MODESTY.

FIRST BALLEET DANCER—I suffer so much from sore corns.

SECOND BALLEET DANCER—Why don't you go to a chiropodist?

FIRST BALLEET DANCER (putting on her airy stage costume)—What! And show my foot to a man?

QUIGLY—These publishers of foreign books are regular pirates.

CUTELY—Pardon me, they are far worse than pirates.

QUIGLY—How so?

CUTELY—Why pirates only commit piracy on the sea, while these fellows do it on the whole alphabet.

INTENDING SETTLER—But is Prairie City well watered?

KANSAS—Of course it is. There ain't no other water there but well water.



AN ACCOMMODATING BARBER—No. 2.

MR. CLOVERTOP (next morning)—Hurry up and give me a shave, please.

BARBER (pleasantly)—Well, sah, fact is I cain't find yo' cup an' razah. sah, but (as a happy thought strikes him) s'pose I give yuh a ha'r cut in-stead!

Driven to drink—the cows.  
Down in the dumps—the tailings.  
Reforming an evil—making cigarettes out of cigar stubs.

Tangle had been using some very vigorous language.  
“Don't you know,” suggested Goodman, “that the good book says ‘Swear not at all.’”

“I'm not swearing at *all*,” replied Tangle.

#### HE WENT.

ALGIE—I proposed to Alice Moneybags last evening.

CHARLIE—Did you indeed? And was it a go?

ALGIE—It was. I had to go, in a hurry, too.

#### GOOD ADVICE.

FASTLEIGH—Yes, Bronson, I have made up my mind to give up all my bad habits, get married and settle down.

BRONSON—You will do well to settle down, Fastleigh, but you owe me \$100, and I'd like still more to see you settle up.

#### WITH A SHOE ON IT.

CLINTON—Don't you do anything for that importuna'e fellow. If you give him an inch he'll take an ell.

CHINOOKER—You needn't worry. I'm more likely to give him a foot than an inch.

#### A DETERMINED MAN.

JOHNSON—When are you going to paint that fence for me, Uncle Rastus?

UNCLE RASTUS—Well, sah, I reckon I'll do it Saturday, if de Lawd's willin'; or if not, I'll do it Monday, any way, suah.

#### WHERE TO GET IT.

“I must go down to the hotel awhile to-night,” remarked a Brooklin writer to his wife.

“For Inn-spiration, I suppose,” she replied, sweetly and sarcastically.

#### A USELESS QUESTION.

MR. MONEYBAGS (sternly)—So you love my daughter, young man. What are your prospects, may I ask?

CHARLIE SLIMPURSE—It's no use asking me. You know better than I do what my prospects are.

#### PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

MRS. GRIZZLY—What on earth is that screeching over at Johnson's about?

GRIZZLY—Oh! Johnson is going to sing in a concert Saturday night, and as he's too lazy to practice he has hired Senor Highkey to practice for him.

#### A GOOD START.

MERRILL—How is the new university in your city coming on?

WOOLLEY—Oh, splendidly. The base ball and foot ball grounds are laid out, the bath house built, and we've secured seven athletic instructors. We're going to hire a man to teach Latin and history and all that, and I expect we'll open with a large class next fall.



#### NOT SO BAD, EITHER.

BLATHERS (to Slathers, who prepared to bow and was ignored)—I say, Slathers, isn't Miss Blood like that yacht out there?

SLATHERS—How so?

BLATHERS—Oh, well, if you don't see it! But it strikes me she's something of a cutter.

#### NO SENSE TO KNOCK.

REPORTER—A policeman was knocked senseless a while ago.

EDITOR—Impossible!

#### DEFINING THE WORD.

JOHNNY CUMSO—Pa, what does “primeval man” mean?

CUMSO—Prime evil man? It must be a reference to satan.

#### ESTIMATING THE EXPENSE.

“Do you charge by the acre?” asked Goslin of a bootblack who was shining up a Trenton man's shoes.

“No; I charge by the boot.”

#### THEN IT WAS REFILLED.

“That empty castor reminds me of quail,” remarked the star boarder at the dinner table.

“Why?” asked Mrs. Small.

“Out of season.”

#### VICTORIA'S OPINION.

“It is very wet weather we are having, your Majesty,” remarked Lord Salisbury.

“Not too wet, me lud,” replied the queen. “In fact I don't think hit possible to 'ave too much reign in this country.”

#### HE DID NOT KNOW HOW.

“Now say your prayers,” said the hawk to the Bantam rooster; “for I am going to eat you.”

“Alas, how can I?” replied the rooster; “I am not a bird of prey.”

WM. H. SIVITER.





#### SOUTH BEND, WASHINGTON.

Few towns in the state of Washington are the subject of so much inquiry at present as that of the coming city of South Bend. Its excellent location and proximity to the sea, together with its fine deep-water facilities, and the immediate commencing of the building of a railroad that will connect it with the Northern Pacific system at or near Chehalis, is awakening throughout the Pacific northwest a deep interest in this place. The South Bend Land Company, which had acquired extensive tracts of land in and about South Bend and Willapa harbor and valley, has donated a half interest in all lots and lands it acquired to the Yakima & Pacific Coast railway, as an inducement to build a line from somewhere near Chehalis to South Bend, and from the point of junction with the Northern Pacific to North Yakima. The Yakima & Pacific Coast company has accepted this offer and closed a contract with the land company whereby the railroad company agrees to commence the building of this proposed line not later than the first day of the coming month and to have the line finished and in running order from South Bend to the Northern Pacific line by Christmas of this year, and to North Yakima by the close of next season. By this contract South Bend becomes the western terminus of this railway. Here the shops, round houses, coal bunkers and grain elevators that will be needed at this end of the line are to be located. This railway company has lately acquired large interests in and about South Bend, in addition to the large donation of the land company, amounting in value, it is claimed, to over a million dollars. This company has also procured over 3,500 acres within a radius of three miles of South Bend.

At this place extensive improvements are about to be inaugurated. The South Bend Land Company is about to build a \$15,000 hotel, and grade Water street, and to erect a two-story brick, twenty-five by sixty feet, for the accommodation of the South Bend bank, which has just begun business. In addition to these improvements, a dry goods firm from San Francisco is about to erect a two-story building, twenty-four by eighty feet, and open it with a fine stock of dry goods. The Pacific County bank, which recently commenced business, will occupy a portion of the Logan block, which is to be built at once. An English syndicate has contracted for the erection of a two-story building, fifty by eighty feet. The mill company has underway a two-story building, fifty by seventy-five feet, that is to cost about \$5,000. In the near future the railway company, by its agreement with the land company, is to erect a \$20,000 hotel near the depot. In addition to these improvements, a great number of other buildings are to be erected as fast as the material can be procured. The whole of the island on which North Pacific City is situated, and which lies immediately opposite South Bend, on the other side of the main channel, is to be dyked, at a probable cost of \$20,000. On this island extensive improvements are to be made this summer, among them the erection of a large dock and fine bank building.

The citizens of South Bend have recently organized a chamber of commerce. Through the instrumentality of this body the Western Union Telegraph Company has been induced to build a line from Chehalis to South Bend, the material for which is now on the ground. This board has also raised a

sufficient sum of money to complete and put in good order the wagon road between these two places. It is expected that in the course of a couple of weeks stages will be making through trips between these towns. An agent of the board has also been sent to San Francisco to procure a large steamboat, provided with excellent accommodations for passengers and capable of a high rate of speed, to travel between South Bend and the ports on Shoalwater bay.

A short time ago coal oil was discovered within three miles of South Bend. A sample was sent to the Standard Oil Company, and an agent of that company has been here and examined the ground and flow. If the deposit is found to exist in large quantities, so near deep-water facilities, it will have a wonderful effect in the rapid upbuilding of this place.

#### CATHLAMET, WASHINGTON.

Few towns, for beauty of site, on the Columbia river, will compare with Cathlamet. It is built on the slope and summit of a hill that reaches down to the river. Throughout the town are to be seen many pretty dwellings embowered amid an abundance of foliage. From the summit of the hill, overlooking the town, one of the finest views on the Lower Columbia is to be had. For a long distance may be seen this noble stream as it rolls and meanders on its way to the sea, fringed on each side with hills and plains thickly covered with timber. Looking towards the interior is unfolded one of the grandest of landscape views. Everywhere are to be seen highly cultivated fields, pretty patches of timber and gentle sloping hills covered with forests.

The great natural beauty of Cathlamet is fast bringing it into prominence as a summer resort. Hundreds of people from Portland sojourned there for a time last summer. The old Birnie residence that crowns the summit of the hill overlooking the steamboat landing, is to be converted into a hotel and opened to the public this season. This old mansion, in the days of the late James Birnie, was for many a year one of the chief places of interest along the river. Many pleasant reminiscences are told of the hospitality of this man, and of his friendship for the Indian and early white settlers. At this house were entertained many an officer in the Federal army who afterwards became distinguished. Here General Grant, when stationed on the Lower Columbia, was wont to spend days at a time.

Few places on the Lower Columbia offer such opportunities for pleasant amusement as does the country surrounding Cathlamet. The Elokoman river, which flows into the Columbia close to the town, is well stocked with speckled trout. Good hunting is to be obtained close to the town, and deer and elk are annually killed in considerable numbers. Bear can be found roaming through the thickets and among the hills no great distance, while all kinds of small game usually found in this section of the northwest are very plentiful. This locality, in fact, to the sportsman along the river, has been long looked upon as their Mecca.

On account of the deep water frontage it possesses Cathlamet is destined some day to become a large place. The depth of water off the pier at low tide averages about forty feet. One of the largest canneries on the Columbia river is located there.

Ten million feet of timber were shipped from there last year. The lumber country tributary to the town has long been considered one of the largest along the river. Cathlamet is easily reached by the steamboats trading between Portland and Astoria, both the night and day boats of the Union Pacific company making stops. From the former city it is seventy-one miles distant and from the latter twenty-seven miles.

There is no doubt but that henceforth Deadwood district, thirty-five miles north of Banner, will receive more attention, both from prospectors and capitalists, this year than ever before. Since the discoveries made a few years ago by Boorn, Rhodes, Behr and others, that section has become known as one containing immense wealth in both gold and silver, and the signs point to considerable activity there through the summer. There are many mines in that extensive mineral belt, and the developments that have been made show them to increase wonderfully in richness with depth. Several prospectors will chance their fortunes in that section as soon as the streams and canyons are passable, and some more important discoveries will surely be made. A company represented by Mr. Catlin has already purchased and are now preparing to actively work the placers formerly owned by George Wise & Co. Other mining investors have their eyes on the district, and it would not surprise us in the least to hear of sales consummated any day and machinery ordered. All that is needed to bring Deadwood to the front as one of the greatest of Idaho's mineral districts is a mill. This would show to the outside world the value of her mines and attract the attention of capital in such a manner that more mills would follow. All that is needed is a start in the right direction, and we have good reasons for believing that it will soon be made. Those owning mines in that section will push work with their greatest energy, and develop their mines to the depth of several hundred feet this year. They have a good trail over which to carry supplies. It was constructed to Banner last year via the Clear creek route. This can easily be enlarged to a good wagon road, which would be of still greater advantage.—*Idaho World*.

Acting for the interests of the city, the leading business men of Helena have taken hold of the proposition of building a branch line of the Northern Pacific from this point to the silver-lead deposits at and around Castle mountain with a vim that means success. The attention of the citizens of Helena was first called to the importance of this matter in the columns of the *Review* more than a year ago, and repeatedly since, and it is with a feeling of pride that we are now enabled to say that over \$200,000 of the \$250,000 required has already been subscribed, which practically secures the road for Helena, as it will be an easy matter to raise the balance. The ores produced at Castle are particularly desirable for smelting purposes, and the day is not far distant when Helena will become the ore market of the state. The vast majority of our ores are base, the difficulty being to get lead ores. The proposed branch to Castle will furnish these in abundance, thus not only making it possible for extensive smelting and reduction works here, but would make the railroad a paying institution from the grass roots. Helena is noted for its enterprise and liberality, and it will not be found wanting in this instance.—*Helena Mining Review*.

Two cold storage enterprises have been located in Seattle. W. J. Jennings & Co. have purchased ground of A. A. Denny and will erect a six-story brick building, 108x180 feet in size. It is proposed to make this the Pacific coast headquarters for

an extensive business. The other enterprise is by the Crescent Creamery Company, of St. Paul, which proposes to erect a large cold storage warehouse and conduct also a creamery, butter, eggs and poultry business. Mr. Marvin, the president, says that thousands of men can be employed when the warehouses are built, and that the markets of the east can be supplied with salmon, halibut, cod and other marketable fish at such a rate as will insure large shipments, he having made very favorable arrangements with railroads for handling the shipments.

Word comes from Ottawa that the project for a railway to Alaska is about to take definite shape. Application will be made to parliament at the next session for the passage of an act incorporating the Vancouver, Northern & Alaska Railway and Navigation Company, with power to build a railway from Vancouver or some other point on Burrard inlet or the banks of the Fraser river, by way of Seymour creek valley, Pemberton meadows, Chilcotin plains and the head waters of the Fraser river to a point on Parsnip or Peace river, with branches in a northeasterly direction to Skeena and Stickeen rivers, to the boundary of Alaska.

The "Fairyland of Flowers" is the title of a charming and simple botanical work by Mara L. Pratt. The object of the volume is to make the study of flowers easy and interesting to those who find the text books too scientific and mysterious for their comprehension. Especially for the young is this volume a handy companion in field botanizing. The text is illustrated by numerous engravings, and poems and legends of flowers add interest to the pages. Published by the Educational Publishing Company, Boston, Massachusetts. Price, \$1 00.

Goldendale, Wash, has most excellent prospects of receiving the railroad facilities it has so long needed. On the 21st of May a party started out from there to survey the line of The Dalles, Goldendale & Northern, and the following day the surveyors of Hunt's line to Portland passed through the town. Either of these roads will be a great acquisition, and both of them would find it profitable to pass through a town so prosperous and commanding such a wide area of country as Goldendale.

The Tacoma Mining Company has applied for a patent for twenty acres of mineral ground four miles above Orting, on the south fork of Puyallup river. A vein of silver ore has been discovered there that shows good indications of being very valuable, and the company has decided to develop it.

Arrangements have been made for erecting an opera house in Seattle to cost \$200,000. An effort will be made to complete the theater portion in time for next winter's season, but the main structure will not be finished till next year.

The Northern Pacific railway will expend more than \$500,000 in improvements in Spokane Falls this year. A considerable portion of this will go to the erection of freight warehouses and a fine passenger station.

The town of Montague, in Northern California, has organized a company that will build a fine roller mill with a capacity of seventy-five barrels of flour per day.

The *No Name Magazine* is the name of a monthly published at Baltimore. It promises to be a thorn in the side of "literary rings," real or imaginary.



## THE CITY OF PENDLETON.

Pendleton is the largest town in Eastern Oregon. It has a population of nearly 5,000. It is located in the northeastern portion of the state on the Umatilla river, which rises in the Blue mountains and flows northwesterly to the Columbia. Pendleton is thirty-five or forty miles from the mouth of the river. It is the county seat of Umatilla. It is the southeastern terminus of the Hunt (O. & W. T.) railway, is on the main line of the Union Pacific at the junction of the Spokane Falls division and is one of the largest shipping stations in the Inland Empire.

The city was established before railroads were known in the northwest. In 1869 the town was platted and named after the Ohio statesman, Geo. H. Pendleton. During the early years its growth was comparatively slow, so that in 1880 it had about 700 inhabitants, but five years later it contained 2,300 people and in 1887, 3,500. Now it has nearly or quite 5,000 inhabitants and it is growing fast in size and volume of business. It has two daily papers, one of which issues a semi-weekly and the other a weekly edition, one savings and two national banks, the county court house erected last year at a cost of \$70,000, a public school in which seven teachers are employed, a Catholic school and a private academy. Two school houses to cost about \$15,000 will be erected this year. Four good hotels furnish accommodations for travelers. Eight churches minister to the spiritual needs of the community. In the line of manufacturing the city has two flouring mills, one of which has 300 barrels daily capacity, a foundry and machine shop, a sash and door factory and general wood working mill, two breweries and sundry smaller shops. There are two large storage warehouses and a grain elevator. Pendleton is the largest wool-shipping point in Oregon. Among the institutions which are expected to soon be established there is a woolen manufacturing plant for which superior inducements are offered.

In municipal improvements Pendleton is alive. The streets are graded and lined with good sidewalks. Streets and buildings are lighted by electricity, both arc and incandescent circuits. There is an admirable water service, the pressure for which is supplied by a large reservoir near the city and 200 feet above the point of service. The water is pumped from wells into the reservoir and the supply is never failing. A well equipped fire department guards against disastrous fires. An electric street car line is projected. The city government is judiciously administered and everything is in a flourishing condition.

One of the difficulties encountered in the growth of Pendleton is the Umatilla Indian reservation, which touches the corporate limits on the east. A few years ago the demands of the town were so urgent that congress granted a section of land from the reservation, which was sold at auction and immediately platted. A short time thereafter steps were taken to allot the lands of the reservation in severalty to the Indians, but owing to an unusual amount of red tape and a faulty survey the allotment has not yet been made, though it practically determined that the work will be completed this year. Besides the land that the Indians will thus acquire title to there will be some 150,000 acres that will belong to the public domain and be subject to entry under the laws of the United States. There is scarcely an acre of the reservation that is not tillable land and well watered. Some of it is the choicest of grazing land. It will furnish attractive locations for many settlers and the development of such a rich country must prove of great advantage to the city of Pendleton. The Union Pacific railway runs through the reservation, and the proposed extension of the Hunt system into the Grande Ronde valley will also traverse

this section, so there will be no lack of transportation facilities. The Indians have already made considerable advancement in the arts of civilization, and for the most part promise to make good citizens. The tract of land they now occupy is one of the best in the west for agricultural purposes.

Pendleton is not at a great altitude, its elevation above the sea being considerably less than 1,000 feet, so its climate is much milder than that of many points to the north or south where the elevation and exposure are greater. The summers are warm but the winters ordinarily are not severe. Often there does not fall snow enough for sleighing. Stock on the ranges usually takes care of itself through the winter. The country is rolling and the Blue mountains are not far distant, so all kinds of surface characteristics may be found.

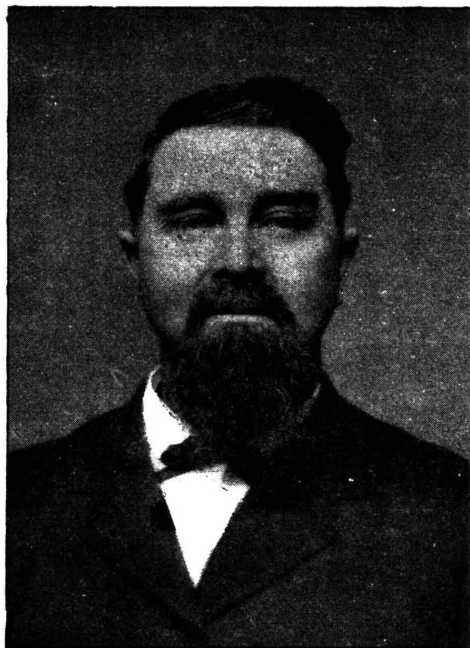
There has never been a failure in crops in the country surrounding Pendleton. It is one of the best grain raising sections in the west and it is also suited to the purposes of general agriculture. There is also considerable mineral in the country tributary to Pendleton. Good coal has been discovered about forty miles northwest of the city, and it would pay handsomely for development. There is an abundance of good brick clay and the local market is supplied entirely by home production. The finest of building stone is also obtainable near the city. Another source of wealth is the timber in the adjacent hills; it makes fuel reasonably cheap and plentiful and the pine keeps saw mills and factories busy converting it into merchantable product. In building the city, however, there has been no disposition to cling to wood at the expense of stability and safety. Many fine brick and stone blocks have been erected and the business streets have a more substantial appearance than in many a place of greater pretensions than Pendleton. Property values are very reasonable. The city is not very noisy about it but is enjoying a most substantial growth, and business has a healthy tone which is the best indication of permanent prosperity.

Articles of incorporation of the Northern Pacific & Idaho Railroad Company have been filed. The company will build a branch line of the Northern Pacific system, extending from the Spokane & Palouse through Idaho to Lewiston and up the Clearwater to Lake Waha, a distance of ninety-one miles. Now that the Northern Pacific has commenced the work of constructing a road to Lewiston, the Union Pacific is also looking in that direction, and the probability is that it will have a line to the Idaho town about as soon as the Northern.

The Northern Pacific has begun work on a new passenger station at Spokane Falls. It will be a two story structure of brick and stone surmounted with a tower. It will be located about five blocks east of the present depot. The Northern Pacific will expend nearly \$500,000 in improvements in Spokane this year.

A vein of coal has been discovered eighteen miles south of Dillon, Montana. A shaft has been sunk forty feet and a drift made on the vein sixty feet, and though the coal is considerably mixed with slate the indications are that a valuable discovery has been made.

The Spokane Falls & Northern railway is now running regular trains to Marcus, on the Columbia river, leaving Spokane Falls in the morning and returning the same day. Marcus is now in a position to enjoy a prosperous growth.



JOHN GAGEN, MAYOR OF PENDLETON, OREGON.

In its anniversary edition, the *Post Intelligencer* thus summarizes what has been accomplished in Seattle in the way of building in that city during the year that has passed since the great fire of June 6, 1889: At the beginning of the work of restoration there was the most serious embarrassment due to the fact that there were neither railway depots nor docks for the landing of building materials. It was full six weeks before arrangements were perfected whereby brick, stone, iron, timber and the thousand and one materials of construction could be received in any considerable quantities. Only persons acquainted with the local situation and the confused conditions, in the sense referred to, will understand or appreciate this. But before materials could be received the work of clearing away building sites was well in hand, and from then until now there has been no cessation of construction work except that due to shortage of material supply, to difficulties of securing labor and to severities of weather during the winter season. These embarrassments have at times been very serious. The prices of brick, cement, etc., have been nearly double the ordinary prices during much of the time since the fire, at times it was very difficult to secure mechanics of sufficient number, or having the skill requisite for particular work, and the season of rain and frost during the winter was unusually protracted and severe. But in spite of all these embarrassments the construction has been something marvelous. Nothing like it has been witnessed on the American continent, except in the single instance of Chicago during the time immediately succeeding the great fire of 1871. Within the year 130 buildings have been constructed of brick, stone and iron, ranging in height from three to eight stories, with a total frontage of upwards of one and one-half miles. Upon the construction of these buildings \$4,593,900 has been expended, and when all now well under way are completed their total cost will reach the sum of \$6,682,700. Within the same time there have been constructed in the burnt district 335 frame and corrugated iron buildings at a cost of \$1,266,400. There have been constructed sixty wharves with a frontage of more than two miles, with coal bunkers, warehouses, etc., at a total cost of \$1,287,448. The

total number of bricks used in this prodigious work of construction is 69,425,000. The use of stone has been proportionate to the use of brick. Of lumber there has been used a total of 86,310,000 feet. The total cost of all this material, with the labor of construction, makes a grand total of \$7,147,798. This, it must be noticed, is the sum already expended. A least \$3,000,000 more will be required to complete buildings now in process of construction, and upon which work is being diligently pursued. It will be seen that within one year there has been accomplished within the limits of the burnt district a general building construction nearly matching the total loss of the great fire, including both the buildings and the merchandise destroyed.

Harrison river, so named by Collector Pracht, will no doubt be made the subject of exploration and survey within a short period of time. It is one of the large rivers of Alaska, taking rise in the ice fields near the headwaters of the Yukon; and what has been misnamed Dry bay on the old charts, is really the estuary and delta of this river, which after cutting its way through the coast range, sends out a volume of glacially muddy water, which discolors the blue of the Pacific for thirty miles off shore. The difficulties presented by the absence of any harbor whatever at either of its three mouths, its habit of spreading out over the great expanse of level country or tide flats, and the volume and rapidity of the stream where it crosses the uplands, have deterred all but a few daring spirits from attempting its navigation from the ocean upwards, while from the headwaters down, except at certain seasons, it is impossible for even a skillful Indian navigator in his canoe to venture upon its rapid, roily current. At one point in its passage through the Pacific coast range it passes through and underneath an immense glacier or ice field for a long distance. Near its headwaters, where the Chilcat trail crosses it, the river is known to the natives as "Aalsek."—*The Alaskan*.

It is claimed that genuine anthracite coal has been discovered in Cowlitz pass. Thirty-two claims have been filed, covering 5,200 acres. The mines are situated on Summit creek, a tributary of the Cowlitz river, within the boundary of Lewis county, seventy miles from Chehalis, and outside of the Northern Pacific land limit. The projected Yakima & Pacific Coast railroad, if it takes the Cowlitz pass, as contemplated, will cut right through these claims.

A corporation has been formed to build a toll road into the Olympic range from Hood's canal, in Jefferson county, Wash., reaching the iron mines on the Dosewallips and terminating at the foot of Mount Constance.

Work will soon be begun on the Seattle & Montana, the western portion of the Great Northern system. Work is already progressing at Assinaboine on the extension westward of the main line in Montana.

The Moxee Company, of North Yakima, has taken a contract to deliver 1,000 tons of baled alfalfa this summer at \$18 a ton, which will be cut from a field of 250 acres.

Active railroad construction work is progressing both at Centralia and Olympia.

The Butte & Boston Mining Co. will erect a 400-ton smelter at Butte City.



OLD CHOCOLATE'S JOCOSERIOUS CHAT.

Hammerin' makes suffin' mo' en soun'.  
 A-meny dat he'p make laws he'p break um.  
 Honesty am good, an' laikwise am a padlock on de do'.  
 De oldah de man de less he risk bein' foun' out we'n he lies.  
 Ef yo' tie a hahd knot in a hurry yo' ull wish yo'd tuk yo' time.  
 Ef yo' know w'at toe do wid yo' han's an' feet swimmin' er easy.  
 De fastah a nag kin trabble de mo' dar am dat ud laik toe drive um.  
 A nabah's pig may grunt loudah en yo'n, but yo' pig's grunt er mo' laik music.—*J. A. Waldron, in Judge.*

DECORATION DAY, 1890.

The gray of cloud and blue of sky  
 Blend in no finer harmony  
 Than does the tender memory  
 Of those who gave themselves to die  
 For what they deemed the right and good,  
 However it was understood.—*The Journalist.*

Answer to correspondent: An iron gray horse has no more metal than any other horse.—*Atchison Globe.*

Now the boylet with his hooklet  
 Goes to catch the pretty troutlet,  
 Leaving schoolet and his booklet,  
 Ere his schoolet hour is outlet.  
 And when homelet in the evelet,  
 He goes with his fish so scantlet,  
 Then we hear a big loud grievelet,  
 As his mother spanks his pantlet.  
 —*Kelso Courier.*

A BAD LOT.

EVANGELIST—Friend, are your lines cast in pleasant places?  
 POET (sadly)—No; in the waste-basket, mostly.—*Puck.*

FOR SIX CENTS.

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Headquarters for PORT TOWNSEND, the Key City of the Sound. We handle the gilt-edge property in this rapidly growing city. MANSFIELD, Portland's Beautiful Suburb. Two motor lines make it the most accessible of Portland's suburbs. Lots for \$100. on installments of \$5.00 per month, or \$95 cash. We own Mansfield and will soon advance lots to \$150.

We are in a position to make good our guarantee of 10 per cent. interest per annum on all investments made with us. Send your name and receive a fine copy of the weekly *Real Estate Review*. and keep posted on this great northwest. If you have property to sell, or want to buy, call on or address HUGHES, BROWN & CO., the Reliable Firm of Portland.

# PORT ANGELES NORTHWESTERN TERMINUS

Of the Great Union Pacific System.

## Gateway to British Columbia and the Alaskan Trade.

To be connected directly with Victoria, capital of British Columbia, sixteen miles distant—a city of 30,000 population. Beautiful Townsite. Finest Harbor in the World. For further information inquire of

**The Oregon Land Company,** HOTEL PORTLAND.

# DETROIT, WASH.

Occupies the same position in the new state of Washington that Detroit, Michigan does in that state. But the Detroit of this coast has great advantages over its eastern namesake.

## Vast Mineral and Timber Resources

Are already tributary to Detroit, Washington, and still there are 25,000 square miles of unexplored country back of it—a veritable empire in itself. Detroit has three different ways of reaching the ocean with the largest vessels afloat—by way of Hood's canal, the main Sound, forty-eight miles of railway connects it with Gray's harbor. The eastern country will be reached by the Southern Pacific railroad, which is now located and whose

## Trains will be running into Detroit in less than 6 Months.

Lake Mason, a splendid body of fresh water at an elevation of sixty feet above Detroit, is only two miles and a half distant, and will be in its corporate limits within five years. The proposed navy yard is only nine miles from Detroit and will be connected with it by rail—four miles and a half of it already constructed. Detroit is certain to be a city of considerable size.

The great town builders, A. M. Cannon and Paul F. Mohr, of Spokane, are interested there. Now is the time to invest.

**CLUNE, REES & CO., Sole Agents,**  
 "HOTEL PORTLAND," PORTLAND, OREGON.



CUSTOMER—Look here, sir, you cheated me when you sold me this parrot. You said he was an extraordinary bird, and yet I find that he can't even say "Pretty Poll," or "Polly wants a cracker!"

BIRD DEALER—Yes, sir; and that is the very reason that I called him an extraordinary bird—*Light*.

"I shave myself."

"Then you must save quite a penny in the course of a year."

"Well, no. You see it costs me a good deal for salve and court plaster.—*Yankee Blade*.

**Two Trains Daily Between Portland and Spokane Falls.**

Effective May 11th, 1890, the Union Pacific System will establish two daily trains between Portland and Spokane Falls. Pullman Palace Sleepers and Reclining Chair Cars will be run between Portland and Spokane Falls without change.

This new arrangement will afford both local and through passengers additional and unsurpassed facilities. Tickets, detailed time of trains and general information can be obtained upon application to any ticket agent Union Pacific System.

T. W. LEE, Gen. Pass. Agt.

**POWERFUL, INDEED.**

MRS. EASTLAKE—I hear that a powerful revival is in progress at the Methodist church.

MR. EASTLAKE—It may well be called powerful. Why, two members of the choir have been converted!—*Puck*.

**DISCOVERING A NEW POET.**

MISS LENTILS (in Boston)—I have just discovered a poem in this magazine which I can't understand.

MISS BEANS—Oh, how nice! Let's organize a club immediately.—*Munsey's*.

**THE ✠ UMATILLA ✠ RESERVATION**

Will Soon be Thrown open to Settlement, according to the Associated Press Dispatches.

**READ!** WASHINGTON, May 5.—There is every prospect that the Umatilla Indian reservation in Oregon is to be opened to settlement. The lands were allotted five years ago, and a survey of a surplus of 185,000 acres commenced about three years ago. Subsequently it was discovered that many mistakes had been made in the survey, but which have now nearly been corrected. Congressman Hermann says the survey will likely be completed within two weeks, and there will probably be a great rush and the Oklahoma scenes be repeated.

*The City of Pendleton, the Grain, Stock and Wool Producing Center of the Inland Empire.*

The largest city in Eastern Oregon; the reservation to be sold lies contiguous to and on the east and south of Pendleton. Pendleton has splendid water power. Is the junction of all the railroads entering Eastern Oregon. Two transcontinental lines, the Northern Pacific and Union Pacific, compete for its trade. Extensive agricultural regions, stock country and mining districts tributary to the city. Population. Jan. 1, 1880, 700; Jan. 1, 1890, 5 000. Only a steady growth; we have enjoyed (?) no boom. Colleges, academies, public and private schools. Churches of all denominations; wholesale and retail business houses; flouring mills; machine shops; fine hotels; electric light and water works. There are two national banks and one savings bank. Investments can be made in Pendleton which will net a return annually from twelve to twenty per cent. We have for sale improved property increasing in value all the time and paying from ten to fifteen per cent net. The appraisers have already been appointed. When the reservation is opened good judges claim it will double Pendleton's population. Suppose it does? Lucky holders of real estate will reap the harvest. If you have \$100, \$1,000 or \$10,000, invest it in Pendleton. You can't possibly lose a cent, and you have ninety-nine chances out of a hundred of doubling. If you desire further or more especial information, address

**The JACKSON-DICKSON CO., Cor. Main and Webb Sts., Pendleton, Oregon.**

**CHEHALIS, WASHINGTON**

On the Northern Pacific Railroad, midway between Portland and Seattle, and directly in the center of Western Washington's finest farming country, only 65 miles from the Pacific ocean by the Willapa harbor route,

**IS A WELL-BUILT TOWN.**

Has a \$10,000 school house, a \$20,000 bank building, and other improvements to correspond with the dignity of the county seat of Lewis, one of the richest counties of Washington. Chehalis will be a manufacturing and shipping town of 20,000 people in five years from now. For detailed information, address

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CHEHALIS, WASHINGTON.**

**CHEHALIS, WASHINGTON**

**NORTHWEST LOAN AND TRUST CO.**  
No. 50 First St., PORTLAND, OREGON.

**CAPITAL, \$150,000.**

**DOLLAR SAVINGS BANK.**

Savings deposits received in sums of \$1 and upwards, and interest allowed thereon. Accounts kept subject to check. Drafts drawn on New York, San Francisco and European points. Loans made on Real or Personal Security. This company is also authorized by its charter to execute trusts of every description; act as Assignee, Receiver, Guardian, Executor and Administrator, or in any other fiduciary capacity; assume the care of real estate, collect rents, interests, dividends, etc.; receipt for wills and keep them safely without charge.

OFFICE HOURS—10 a. m. to 3 p. m. 7 to 8 p. m. Wednesdays and Saturdays.  
G. B. Markle, Pres. J. L. Hartman, Treas.  
W. G. Dillingham, Secy.

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Designated Depository and Financial Agent of the United States.

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Letters of Credit issued available in Europe and the Eastern states.  
Sight Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers sold on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, San Francisco and the principal points in the northwest.  
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Collections made on favorable terms at all accessible points.

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OF PORTLAND.

**CAPITAL PAID IN, \$200,000.**

**Transacts a General Banking Business.**

Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers sold on San Francisco, New York, Chicago and the principal points in the northwest. Drafts drawn on China, Japan and Europe. Makes collections on favorable terms.

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Cashier, - - - D. F. SHERMAN.

FRANK DEKUM, D. P. THOMPSON, H. C. STRATTON,  
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**PORTLAND SAVINGS BANK,**

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PAYS INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS.

**Loans Made on Real or Personal Security.**

Acts as Trustee for individuals, corporations or estates pending litigation or settlement.

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THE PORTLAND NATIONAL BANK. Transacts a general banking business. Wm. Reid, president. Wm. Lowe, cashier.

OREGON & WASHINGTON MORTGAGE SAVINGS Bank, 51 First St., Portland, Or. Pays interest on time deposits. Wm. Reid, president.

MEYER, WILSON & CO., SHIPPING AND Commission Merchants, New Market Block, Portland, Or. M.W.&Co., S.F. W.M.&Co., Liverpool.

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Transact a General Banking Business.

Interest allowed on time deposits.  
Collections made at all points, on favorable terms.

Letters of credit issued, available in Europe and the eastern states.

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Exchange sold on London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort and Hong Kong.

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MAPS OF

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(LIMITED)  
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Head Office 73 Lombard St. London.

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68 and 70 Front Street,

PORTLAND, OREGON.



# West Shore



In this the antique and well-noted face  
Of plain old form is much disfigured;  
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,  
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,

Startles and frights consideration,  
Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,  
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

—King John, Act IV., Scene II.