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A party of men and women from New York City made a raid upon Boise City a few days ago and located 16,000 acres of land in the Payette valley under the desert land act, and then hurried back to their eastern homes. In order to do this they all committed perjury by being witnesses for each other and swearing that they were personally familiar with and had frequently passed over land they had never set foot upon and probably never saw. This is but one instance of many flagrant violations of the spirit of the desert land law, a law which congress will probably repeal this session, by which hundreds of thousands of acres of fine agricultural land have fallen into the hands of speculators. The perjury committed in this case is so apparent that it is to be hoped the department will make an investigation and punish the offenders. At all events let us have no more gobbling up of the public domain under any such blanket laws as the desert land act.

One thing the new census will teach us, and we will not have to wait ten years for the report in order to find it out. It has already shown us that there are thousands of people in this country so ignorant that they have no idea of what a census is; that there are thousands who can not speak our language, make no effort to learn it and do not try to have it taught to their children; that there are human slaves in the iron and coal regions so degraded that they are not known by names but are designated by numbers only, like the inmates of Russian dungeons; in fact that this nation is taking into its system a putrid mass that will sometime break out in a horrible disease that will be hard to cure. The body politic must adopt a hygienic diet if it wants healthy blood to flow through its veins again.

The pioneers of Oregon held their annual reunion in Portland this week. Reunions of these noble men and women remind us what a great work was theirs—the carving out of three prosperous states in the distant wilderness of the Columbia. Those who are now coming to this region and enjoying the peace, comfort and prosperity that succeeded the strife, tribulation and privation these pioneers endured and subdued, can not too fully realize what is due them, nor can they show too great a measure of respect to those hardy state builders, now in the decline of life and rapidly passing away. On page 790 is given a portrait of an Oregon pioneer—a centenarian—who was already an old man when he came here forty years ago.

Helena has organized a mining stock board, in other words has established a place where people can gamble in mining stocks. A stock board is not a pro-

motor of mining in any legitimate sense, but is, on the contrary, a leach upon it. Thousands of dollars will be bandied about in the buying and selling of stocks that, were they put into legitimate mining, would add to the prosperity of the state. Stock boards are not promoters of prosperity, but evidences of it, just as a cloud of vultures are evidences of a carrion feast. Stock gambling has been the greatest curse San Francisco has suffered from, and it will always be a curse to any community that permits it to gain a foothold.

The Austrian minister of war says that the peace of Europe is not secure, and in order to clinch it he wants 100,000,000 florins more for the army. It appears to be a hard job to get it tied up to a post where it will be safe. Emperor William thinks that every able bodied German must go into the army in order to fasten peace so that it will not break away from its moorings, and France is trying to get a rope around its horns in the shape of a large increase in her military establishment. These metaphors may be a little mixed, but no worse than are European statesmen on the subject of peace and how to fasten it.

Debates in congress upon the subject of a navy and coast defences have developed three classes of opinion. Some of our law givers believe in a navy, some in coast defences and some in jaw bone. Of the latter class is Senator Cockrell, who has done considerable crowing about the ability of the United States to whip all creation, without even providing that all creation shall courteously wait for us to get ready after the trouble begins.

Years ago a proud potentate drew a line across the map of the world to indicate how much of it he would consider his own. It has been supposed that those "good old times" were gone forever; but it seems not, for we now behold the spectacle of England and Germany drawing a line across Africa and saying, "Behold! This is mine and that is thine." It may prove in a few years that as the Irishman said, "It was nayther av um."

An exchange says that George Francis Train "is the most disgusted globe trotter in the world." As Train is not yet dead, alas! it is hardly the thing to speak of him in the past tense. It would sound better and be nearer correct to say "disgusting" instead of "disgusted."

The democratic party of Illinois has inserted in its state platform a demand for the repeal of the compulsory education law. This is a grave mistake, for the American people are headed in the other direction.

AT THE ARROW'S POINT.

“DO you, then, believe in the possibility of love at first sight?” I queried of my friend, Henry Elvers, in response to some sentiment he had expressed.

“I do,” he replied, with unmistakable emphasis.

“Which means, I suppose, that you fell in love in this summary fashion with your beautiful wife?” I hazarded.

He nodded assent, and his fine eyes darkened with the force of some inward feeling or recollection.

“Bronson,” said he, “let me tell you a story that may shake your skepticism a little on more than one point.”

“I am open to conviction,” I answered, settling at once into an attitude of attention.

“On the thirteenth day of January, 1869,” he began, impressively, “I was standing at the foot of a public stairway in Leavenworth, Kansas. I was a stranger in the place, having arrived only two days previously from the far east, and excepting one or two young men whom I had met in a business way, I had not an acquaintance in the town. I was not in a particularly complacent or impressionable mood at the time, my thoughts being wholly pre-occupied with the business affairs of the Boston firm I represented. I was just arranging in my mind the wording of a dispatch I contemplated sending them when my ear caught the rustle of a woman’s dress and the sound of a light step descending the stairway behind me.

“There was something in the firm, yet light, foot-falls, and the slow, sweeping movements of the skirts, that suggested grace and freedom of movement, and it required an effort on my part to refrain from turning and glancing over my shoulder. Summoning all my gentlemanly instinct, however, I resisted the impulse, and gazed steadfastly out into the street. The next moment there was a slight stumble and a startled exclamation in a feminine voice, followed by a fall, and, turning quickly, I saw, prostrate at my feet, the loveliest woman I had ever beheld.

“To spring forward and lift her from the floor was, of course, the only thing to do, and I did it; and no angel in heaven need have blushed for the thrill of exquisite feeling that ran through me in the brief instant that she clung to me, unable to stand without my assistance. If I may not call it love at first sight, Bronson, you, at least, shall name it nothing baser; for no purer, sweeter feeling ever thrilled the breast of man.

“‘I am hurt,’ she said, simply, in a voice that seemed to vibrate through my being like the softened strains of distant music. As she spoke she sank down on one of the steps of the stairway, and her face, which

at first had flushed with natural embarrassment, grew deathly white.

“‘What can I do for you? May I not summon some one of your friends?’ I asked, bending above her in strangely earnest solicitude. ‘Pray command me, madam,’ I added, ‘for any service you may require.’

“‘Thanks; you are kind,’ she replied. ‘If I may trouble you to call a carriage—’

“Almost ere the wish was expressed I had bounded away in compliance. But, though I scanned the streets in all directions, no carriage could I discern; and as those were the prenatal days of the telephone, there was nothing for it but to walk to the nearest liver stable, several squares distant. This I did, and you may imagine, lost no time unnecessarily in the doing; yet, when I sprang from the carriage, twenty minutes later, I looked in vain for the lady I had left on the stairway. She was gone. I looked anxiously up and down the street, and even searched the stores in the immediate vicinity, but all to no purpose. She had vanished; and the stairway looked so blank, dirty and commonplace that I gave myself a mental pinch and wondered if I had dreamed the whole episode up to that point.

“Detecting a grin hovering around the hackman’s mouth, I promptly paid and dismissed him, and wandered hotelward in a decidedly crestfallen frame of mind.

“During the weeks immediately following I was kept very busy, both in mind and body, for our firm had, through my agency, established a branch house in Leavenworth, of which I assumed sole management. Under such circumstances, I know it would seem from your cynical point of view, that I ought, from sheer force of nature, have forgotten all about so slight an incident as my stairway adventure. But I did nothing of the kind. On the contrary, I never stepped out into the street nor turned a corner without looking for the beautiful unknown, and wondering where and how I should meet her again. That she and I would meet—at some time, in some place—I felt assured; for I knew as well then as I do to-day that in that woman I had met my fate.

“Don’t smile, young man. I was twenty-eight years of age, and had made love, in a light way, to fair women in nearly every state in the union; but this time I had received a home thrust, and the result was a new, simon-pure sensation. That matchless face, with its crown of golden hair, and its haunting, dusky eyes, was ever before me.

“I ventured to make inquiries of only one person—a young man, Stanley by name, whom I had employed as head salesman, and who soon proved himself companionable and worthy of my esteem. He had lived in Leavenworth for years, and was certain

that he knew every young lady of any prominence in the place. When I had described my heroine to him, he thoughtfully shook his head.

" 'I don't know a girl in Leavenworth that comes anywhere near that description,' he said. 'The lady you met must have been a stranger, and probably took the next stage for parts unknown.'

"That was to me a most depressing view of the situation, and my hopes went several degrees lower.

"It was several weeks after this conversation that Stanley prevailed upon me to accept an invitation to attend a dancing party at the residence of a leading citizen of the town. We arrived late, and dancing had already begun; so we stationed ourselves in an alcove and watched the dancers, while Stanley entertained me with bits of gossiping information relating to various persons present.

" 'That little lady dancing with Captain Patton is Miss Villars,' he was saying. 'Her father owns half the river steamers between here and St. Louis, and—'

"Just at that point I caught his arm with a clutch that made him wince.

" 'Stanley,' I said, in suppressed excitement, 'I have found her!'

" 'The deuce you have!' he answered, his gaze following mine curiously.

" 'She is standing in the archway between the parlors,' I went on hurriedly, 'talking with an elderly, military looking man. She is dressed in some thin, black stuff, and her beautiful hair glints in the gaslight like gold.'

" 'Why, bless my soul!' he said. 'As I'm a sinner, you've been raving all this time over Tom Poindexter's wife! You called her a girl, you see, and that threw me off the track. I never thought of Helen Poindexter. She is, certainly, the handsomest woman in town, and not over twenty-three; but—'

" '*Tom Poindexter's wife!*' I repeated, mechanically, while a horrible impulse came upon me to find Tom Poindexter, whoever or wherever he might be, and strangle the life out of him.

" 'Well,' said Stanley, 'nobody knows exactly whether she is his wife or his widow. She herself doesn't know.'

" 'Stanley,' I gasped, 'are you crazy? What, in heaven's name, do you mean?'

" Stanley turned and glanced at me, then slipped his hand through my arm.

" 'Come out, Elvers,' he said; 'you are attracting attention.'

" He drew me away from the crowd, across a wide corridor, into a quiet, little smoking room, at the moment untenanted.

" 'Now,' said he, 'sit down and have a cigar, and I'll tell you, in a few words, all I know about Helen

Poindexter; then, if you are the sensible fellow I think you are, you will put her out of your thoughts at once and forever.'

" 'More easily said than done,' was my thought; but aloud I only said: 'Go on; tell me what you meant about her not knowing whether she is a wife or a widow.'

" 'The tale is soon told,' said Stanley. 'Six years ago, when a mere child of seventeen, Helen Marsh married a handsome scoundrel named Poindexter. He only lived with her a few months, during which time it became known that he was a professional gambler, a deserter from the Union army, and a bounty-jumper. Suddenly, without a word of explanation or farewell to his young wife, he disappeared from the town and the country so effectually that no trace of his whereabouts has ever been discovered, except a vague rumor of his having joined a party of emigrants bound for the far west, who were afterward said to have been massacred by Indians somewhere on the plains. That rumor, however, has never been regarded as well founded, and for six long years Helen Poindexter has not known whether she were wife or widow. It is a terrible position to be in; but she has borne up bravely, supporting herself meantime by teaching, and deporting herself in every way as if her husband were by her side. She is a grand woman, Elvers, and I don't wonder you are hard hit; but, my poor fellow, there is but one way in which you can ever hope to reach Helen Poindexter.'

" 'And that way?' I quickly asked.

" 'To lay before her incontrovertible evidence of Tom Poindexter's death.'

" 'You forget the divorce court,' I suggested. 'He deserted her; she might have been divorced long ago.'

" 'Even so, she might; but she hasn't been, you see. She isn't that sort.'

" 'But if she loved some one else, Stanley, might she not be persuaded?' I asked, anxious for his opinion.

" 'Elvers, old boy, I don't know, of course, just what a man like you might do with her; but I have my doubts. She has not gone through these six years without being loved and sought after by more than one good man; yet she has stood firm, and has held honor and loyalty above all else. Take my advice and keep away from her, unless you are rich enough to employ a detective to find Tom Poindexter's grave.'

"Something told me that Stanley's advice was sound and that I had better follow it; but something else—some inward sense, sweeter and stronger than prudence—drew me to Helen Poindexter, and before the evening waned I had gained an introduction to her, had held her hand for an instant in mine, had reveled in the music of her voice, and read in her

beautiful eyes that she, too, retained some remembrance of our first meeting.

"That was the beginning. What the ending was, three months later, you can conjecture when I tell you that I telegraphed the Boston firm, one morning in May, to send out a man to take my place in the store for an indefinite period, and, as the sun arose above the low-lying eastern hills, I mounted a horse and galloped out of Leavenworth, in so hopeless and desperate a frame of mind that I cared not what became of me. My horse's head was turned to the west, and after three days of merciless driving I came up with a party of emigrants encamped on the banks of the Neosho river. They were bound for the far-off land of the setting sun, and I joined them with the wild hope of being able to leave memory behind me somewhere on the rugged trail.

"I had yet to learn that though a man may leave hope, courage and ambition behind—may chill the warm veins of love and sully the fair face of honor—he can not put memory behind him, nor erase a single burning line from her tablets.

"In those days the first transcontinental railroad was yet in embryo, and the journey through the wilds, by means of the old-time 'prairie schooner,' and the slow motive force of oxen or mules, was necessarily tedious and long drawn out. We were five months on the road. No need, however, to dwell upon the incidents of the journey. Suffice it to say I spent the winter of 1869-70 in Boise City, Idaho, and early the following spring set out with a party of miners on my first prospecting tour.

"But, though my first, it was not my last. I soon developed the disease known as 'gold fever,' in its most malignant type, and prospected with a vigor and bad judgment that was often amusing to more experienced knights of the pick and pan.

"For three years I wandered restlessly about from place to place until it seemed to me that there was scarcely a mountain peak in Idaho that my adventurous feet had not pressed. During all that time but one letter reached me from the east. It came from a Boston business friend anxious to know what had become of me and whether I intended ever to return. I answered it in a dispatch of ten words—

Alive and well. Look for me when you see me.

"After that I was troubled with no more letters. If any were sent they never reached me. As time passed on I grew morose and solitary in my habits. Where at first I had sought the company of fellow miners and prospectors, I now desired only to be alone, and no mountain fastness was too wild or dense for me to venture into, with no other companionship than that of my tough little mustang and my rifle. More

than one old frontiersman shook his head and sagely admonished me that, sooner or later, if I were not more careful, my scalp lock would adorn the saddle bow of some Snake, Shoshone or Piute brave. But I only thought, bitterly: 'Ah, well, who will care when it does?' and went on my way.

"Finally, in the autumn of 1873, I strayed beyond the boundary lines of Idaho and found myself in Wyoming Territory, in the Wind river country, which, for more than a decade past, had been the Mecca of many an adventurous prospector's hopes, and, perchance, a bleaching place for his bones as well.

"One afternoon, late in November, I struck a tributary of Wind river, at that time new and strange to me, and exceedingly wild and rugged in its surroundings. I at once resolved to follow it upward toward its source, for it was a mountain stream, and to my imaginative ear the dash and murmur of its waters were voices calling to me to 'come on, come on,' and lay bare the golden veins that were hidden in its rock-ribbed sides.

"Leading my horse and carrying my rifle, I followed the stream for hours, pausing at intervals to turn over a boulder, examine a gravel bed or pry into clefts between the huge rocky crags that formed the precipitous and ever deepening banks on either side. So engrossed did I become in my researches and my thoughts that I took no note of the passage of time, and failed to reckon distance, until, at last, a peal of thunder rumbled over the mountains and down the gorges, waking the slumbering echoes and recalling me abruptly to a sense of time and surroundings.

"Glancing about me, I was surprised to find that the afternoon was drawing to its close, the sun being low in the west, and already 'waist deep' in a bank of murky clouds that portended a coming storm.

"'Ah, Pedro, my boy,' I said to my patient and sagacious little horse, 'if I mistake not we are in for a wetting. We may as well strike camp for the night right here.'

"But even as I spoke a sense of the wild loneliness of the spot came upon me with a little chill of depression. Far below I could hear the stream rumbling and tumbling along on its turbulent course, but could only see it by going close to the edge of the almost perpendicular banks, which, at this point, seemed to be drawn toward each other by the law of mutual attraction, and to commune together by means of the fringe of willows that nodded and touched at intervals across the gorge. These willows were especially rank and dense in growth at the spot where I had halted, and I looked to them for partial protection from the storm that was close at hand.

"Removing the pack from Pedro's back, I fastened a lariat at the head-stall, and then glanced about for

a grassy spot in which to tether him. A few steps in advance of where I stood was a little hillock, rising not more than ten or twelve feet above the surrounding surface, oval and smooth in outline, and crowned at the summit with a pile of loose stones. Dropping the lariat, I mounted this elevation and sprang upon the stones, with the design of getting a more extended view of the vicinity that I might select the best possible grazing spot for Pedro.

"Scarcely, however, had I gained a footing upon the stones when I felt them begin to sink beneath my weight, and ere I could leap clear of them the hillock seemed to open and swallow them. Throwing my arms out wildly on either side to save myself, I grasped the crumbling edges of the aperture through which the stones had disappeared, and there I hung by tension of muscle and sinew, suspended over—what?

"I knew not. Nor could I form the faintest conception of the nature or extent of the underground opening beneath me. It might be an infernal pit leading into the bowels of the earth! Or an old mining shaft, deep, deep down, with slimy water and poisonous gasses awaiting me at the bottom! A cold perspiration came out upon me at every pore, and my very ribs seemed to contract and crush my heart in a spasm of terror, as, bit by bit, the gravelly formation to which I clung crumbled beneath my hold and fell into the abyss below.

"My lower limbs were hanging in space, and, feel around as I might with my feet, I could touch nothing. Moreover, every motion of my body, however slight, only served to dislodge more of the ragged edge to which I clung, and the opening was widening with fearful rapidity. I tried to listen as the fragments fell, hoping to hear them strike bottom; but a sudden wind, forerunner of the storm, came moaning down the gorge and joined its voice to that of the noisy waters to baffle me.

"My arms and shoulders ached and grew numb with the unwonted strain to which they were subjected, and I knew that in a few minutes more, at most, my hold must relax. Soon everything grew seemingly dark around me, and the roaring of the winds and waters softened and receded, and, strangely enough, took the sound of Helen Poindexter's well remembered voice calling to me in accents of hope and reassurance. I was struggling to cry out in response when suddenly the whole top of the hillock apparently gave way at once, and I went down with it.

"How far did I fall? Well, as nearly as I can tell, about fifteen feet. Quite far enough, in my exhausted condition, to stun me, though I imagine the gravel that went with me and almost buried me alive, had a good deal to do with producing the unconsciousness that overcame me for a time. But my head was

uncovered, and it was the steady drip of rain in my face that finally revived me. I opened my eyes, recalled my extraordinary situation, and, looking upward, saw, far above me, an opening apparently four or five feet in diameter through which a patch of stormy sky was visible, and raindrops were pattering down upon me.

"Slowly, and rather painfully, I drew myself out of the gravel and debris of decayed sticks of wood in which I was partially buried. Then I peered about, endeavoring, with the aid of the light from the opening above, to determine the character and extent of the trap that had so effectually caught me. I soon ascertained that I was in an apartment at least twenty feet square—a cavern, I thought at first, but a few moments' inspection of the place put that theory to flight. The walls were lined with rough slabs of wood and the place bore every indication of having been constructed by the hands of men. I was not long in arriving at the conclusion that I was in an old, deserted dug-out, a species of habitation often resorted to by miners in early days in localities where Indians were troublesome, because they combined cheapness with greater security than was afforded by an ordinary frontier cabin of logs.

"'If it be a dug-out,' I reflected, 'there will be an opening somewhere by which I may once more reach the outer air, for it is not probable that its original occupants adopted my mode of gaining ingress.'

"With this thought I began an examination of the place, and in a short time had made two rather startling discoveries. One was that the entrance, which was on the side next the stream, was closed by a huge slab of sandstone which looked as if it might tax my strength to the utmost to displace, and before making the attempt I would have an hour's work in removing the pile of stones, gravel and rubbish that I had brought down with me, the bulk of which lay banked against the stone.

"Discovery number two was of a ghastly nature, being nothing less than a human skeleton reclining with head and shoulders against the wall in a dark corner.

"Such a find, even above ground in the broad glare of day, has a tendency to unsettle the steadiest nerves. What, then, were my sensations in that vault-like place, with the storm raging above, the rain pouring in through the broken roof, and the darkness of coming night settling down upon me so rapidly that I knew it would be useless to attempt the work of liberating myself before the morning!

"Having matches in my pocket, I gathered some of the litter that strewed the earth floor and essayed to light a fire; but it proved a feeble, flickering blaze, and depressed rather than cheered me, by filling the

place with shifting shadows, and half concealing, half revealing the gaunt outline of my silent, uncanny host. So I soon let the fire die out, but in its brief glow I had discovered a rude emblem carved upon the stone that closed the doorway. I failed to make it out distinctly, but it appeared to be a huge Indian arrow, pointing downward, only the feathered ends being visible, and the rest buried out of sight beneath the gravel. Attaching no importance to my discovery, I retreated to a corner, crouched down and prepared to wear out the long hours of the night. Presently it became so densely dark that I could see almost anything that chanced to suggest itself to my imagination. You can imagine that in my excited state of mind I had a lively time of it. My fancy was rife with speculations about the dead man over in the other corner. Who was he? How long had he lain there? Had he been all alone when the supreme summons came? It would seem so, I argued, from the fact of the entrance having been closed from the inside. Had anyone gone out since his death the stone would have been displaced. He must have closed it himself and then illness must have followed and prevented his liberating himself.

"I conjured up the lonely death scene, and shuddered at the thought that if I should fail to move the stone mine must be a similar fate. The reflection was disturbing, to say the least, and I longed for the light of day that I might begin my task.

"Finally, after what seemed hours of torture, I fell into a troubled sleep and dreamed things that were a fitting sequel to my waking visions.

"I saw two unearthly eyes flaming at me through the darkness, and that fleshless form advanced, receded, advanced again, and finally pausing, pointed at the closed doorway and said, in a hollow, far-away voice—

" 'At the arrow's point!'

"Then a horrid nightmare laid hold of me, and I struggled in a vain endeavor to lift the stone that stood between me and liberty. Tons of weight seemed to hold it down, and strive as I might I could not move it so much as the breadth of a single hair. In that moment I think I suffered the condensed agony of a lifetime.

"But it was of short duration. Something struck me in the face—something hard and cutting—and in an instant I was broad awake.

"The darkness was absolutely impenetrable, but after listening a few seconds I found that fragments of gravel were falling around me, and a familiar sniffing sound from above introduced a new source of peril. Pedro, in his wanderings, had drawn near the hole in the top of the dug-out, and, unaware of danger, was nibbling grass around its edge. His weight was likely

at any moment to bring down the remainder of the roof, himself with it, and then where would I be!

"This new and very tangible danger frightened some of the superstitious nonsense out of me, and in a remarkably short period of time I was at the opposite end of the room making grim overtures to the skeleton. Breathlessly I awaited the crash that I thought must come, but, to my great relief, the sound of Pedro's grazing operations grew gradually fainter with distance, and I knew that for the time being that danger was averted. Thus relieved, drowsiness soon returned and I slept again, only to dream once more that same ghostly dream. Again the dead man transfixed me with a pair of burning eyes, and advanced upon me with arm extended, while from his grinning, lipless mouth came those seemingly senseless words—

" 'At the arrow's point!'

"The tone was one of almost heart-rending entreaty, and, obeying his gesture, I seemed to struggle again with the stone by the doorway. But, as before, I failed to move it, and in the frenzied despair of the moment I once more awoke.

"My frame was convulsed with a nervous chill, and clammy drops of perspiration clung to my face. The storm was evidently over, for a shaft of moonlight was streaming down from above, casting a pale, cold glow around and revealing the skeleton once more at rest in its favorite attitude. I resolved that I would sleep no more, as to do so would probably be to invite a return of that ghastly vision. So, from time to time I arose and stumbled about in the semi-darkness to keep awake, and at last the welcome light of a new day crept in upon the scene of my unrest.

"Urged by hunger, thirst and anxiety for the safety of the provisions that had lain in the pack all night at the mercy of marauding animals, I seized a rusty old frying pan that lay near and made it do duty as a scoop in my onslaught on the gravel pile.

"Gradually, as I worked and bared the face of the stone, the emblem rudely carved upon its surface was brought wholly into view. It was an Indian arrow pointing directly downward, the spear terminating abruptly at the lower edge of the stone as if its point were broken off or buried in the earth beneath. Near it was a device consisting of three uncouth-looking letters that might, or might not, be of the English alphabet. I was not just then in a mood favorable to the deciphering of hieroglyphics, and lost the least possible time in dragging the stone aside and squeezing myself through the small aperture it revealed. My exit had to be made with caution, as outside there was barely standing room on a narrow ledge of rock overhanging the stream, and it was all I could do to stand erect while I inhaled a full breath of the sweet morning air, and sent up something into space very

like a silent offering of thanks that my curious adventure had, after all, terminated so harmlessly.

"Following the ledge with careful steps it soon led me upward to level ground, and when I emerged from a willow thicket I found myself on the spot at which I had halted the previous evening. Pedro was quietly grazing not far off and my provisions were intact where I had left them.

"It was while sitting on the bank of the stream taking my much-needed breakfast that a strange and startling idea suggested itself to me. I was thinking of the arrow carved upon the sandstone slab, wondering if it had been wrought by the man whose bones had found sepulture in the dug-out; and, if so, what purpose it was meant to serve. Suddenly the curious words of my twice-dreamt dream recurred to me—

"'At the arrow's point!'

"A shudder ran over me as I saw again in fancy the hollow, burning eyes of my dream visitant and heard the anguished tones in which the words were wailed out. Of course it was all a phantasm of my troubled sleep, but—

"Perhaps it was the wild loneliness of the locality that set my brain teeming with weird and restless fancies; I can not say; I only know that ere long I resolved to re-enter the dug-out and try to decipher the characters upon the stone.

"Finding my way back along the ledge into my darksome prison of the previous night, I was soon kneeling before the stone rubbing away the loose sand and making out the letters 'D-I-G.' As they were large capitals my first impression naturally was that they were the initials of a name. But suddenly it flashed upon me that they spelled a word—'dig.' In another instant I had connected the word with those mysterious ones of my dream—

"'Dig at the arrow's point!'

"I began trembling with excitement, and instinctively glanced over my shoulder at the poor, lifeless bones in the corner. Had I received a message from the dead?

"Replacing the stone before the entrance, that I might determine the exact spot at which the arrow pointed when in that position, I drew a stout butcher knife from my belt and began to dig.

"The sandy soil was easily removed to a depth of eight or ten inches; then I struck a flat stone that required some time and effort to dislodge. When it was finally lifted and tossed aside, my heart bounded with the queerest emotion imaginable, for there, in a cavity beneath the stone, lay a tin canteen, such as soldiers, huntsmen and miners are wont to use to carry beverages somewhat stronger than the mountain streams afford. It was red with rust that fell off in great scales as I lifted it. Moreover, it was heavy.

"'Gold!' I muttered, nervously; and true enough, when I removed the bit of rotten cork and emptied the contents into my hat, it was a stream of yellow gold I saw, dust and nuggets varying in size from a pea to a hazel nut—a whole pint of it.

"When I thought I had emptied the canteen, I found there was yet something inside that rattled but would not be shaken out. Thinking of a nugget still larger than any of its fellows, I twisted the rusty tin asunder and found, not a nugget, but a painted bit of tin folded two or three times. I unfolded it, and started to my feet with a hoarse cry of mingled amazement and joy. What I held in my hand was a tiny picture of Helen Poindexter."

"As I turned it in my trembling grasp I found, scratched with some sharp-pointed instrument on the reverse side, these words—

"Boys, I am dying here in the old dug-out all alone, wounded by cursed Shoshones. If you ever come back and find this, I know you will send the gold to my poor wife Helen, at Leavenworth, Kansas. Good-bye,

POINDEXTER.

"For a moment I stood gazing alternately at the beautiful, beloved features and the words that meant life, hope, joy for me; then I sank down and gave way to the first tears my manhood had known—tears born of a happiness and gratitude that could find no other expression. In recollection I had gone back to that May morning four years in the past, when a pair of sweet lips, with my kisses warm upon them, had said to me—

"'No, no; I want no Enoch Arden tragedy enacted in my life. We must part, dear Henry, and you must never come to me again, unless it be to prove to me that my husband no longer lives.'

"I had never sought nor hoped for such proof, and now, here it was, placed in my hands by—shall I say Providence? Could any earthly chance have wrought such a miracle?

"That is all of my story, Bronson, except that I gave a tender and solemn burial to all that remained of the man who had been Helen's husband, and then I hastened back to Leavenworth as fast as available traveling facilities could carry me, and—you know the rest. I leave you to decide whether or not I have reason to believe in 'love at first sight,' and in

"A divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

A neatly printed invitation has been received from the Hoquiam board of trade to attend the celebration in that city on the Fourth of July. This shows the enterprising nature of the citizens and accounts somewhat for the rapid growth Hoquiam is enjoying.

CHENEY AND VICINITY.

Less than a dozen years ago there was nothing to indicate the building of a town where Cheney, Washington, now stands. The country was very sparsely settled. There were no railroads and not much demand for a trading center. The approach of the Northern Pacific led to the laying out of a town on the divide between the Big Bend and the Palouse countries early in 1881 and it was called Cheney, in honor of Hon. Benjamin P. Cheney, of Boston, who was then in the Northern Pacific directorate. The new town was made the seat of justice of Spokane county and for two or three years it enjoyed a rapid growth. The railway company erected the finest passenger and freight stations on the Idaho division of that line—indeed, the finest in the state—to accommodate the large volume of business that developed at Cheney. There was more business done at Cheney six years ago than at any other station on the road between Helena and Portland. Spokane Falls began its growth and the county seat was removed from Cheney to that point. Then Cheney retrograded for a time, but as settlers continued to come into the country and improve the land the industrial and commercial equilibrium was restored and the town again progressed. During the past year it has been unfortunate in the matter of losses by fire, more than \$75,000 worth of property having been consumed within that period. This is a heavy loss in a small city and it tests its recuperative power. But the people of Cheney are undaunted and are courageously repairing the damage. The city was never on a better footing for progress than it is to-day. Its speculative life may be said to have ended when the county seat was removed. Since then the region has become vastly richer, railways have been built through it, and the farms and stock ranches yield a support that will warrant preparations for a steady and substantial growth.

Cheney does not claim to be a mining town, nor a lumbering town, nor a fishing town. But it does claim to be in the center of one of the richest agricultural sections of the west. It is on the main line of the Northern Pacific railroad where the Central Washington, leading from the heart of the Big Bend country, joins it. It is sixteen miles southwest of Spokane Falls, and in a country differing greatly from that immediately surrounding the inland metropolis. A rather imperfectly defined coulee, down which the railroad passes, is moderately timbered with a belt of pine about seven miles wide. On the western edge of this strip, on a gentle slope to the east, is Cheney. To the west lie the rolling hills of the Big Bend. Eastward beyond the timber is the famous Palouse country. Prosperous farmers are tilling the soil on every side of the town. Still there are large areas not at all improved. The wild land bears a heavy growth of bunch grass on which cattle feed the whole year.

If farmers and dairymen looking for locations in the west would go to Cheney and examine the surrounding country, instead of flocking to the booming cities or to the timber region, they would be better suited with the country and would aid materially in the development of those interests that give real stability. The land is rolling, the soil rich, strong and easily tilled. There is plenty of timber at hand for use on the farm and for fuel. A good quality of water is obtained in ordinary wells. The land drains itself, and the natural moisture is sufficient for all crops. Considerable of the acreage within a few miles of Cheney is as yet unimproved, though there is no government land in that vicinity. The prices of real estate, both in town and in the country, are more reasonable than are usually found in localities having the advantages which this section presents.

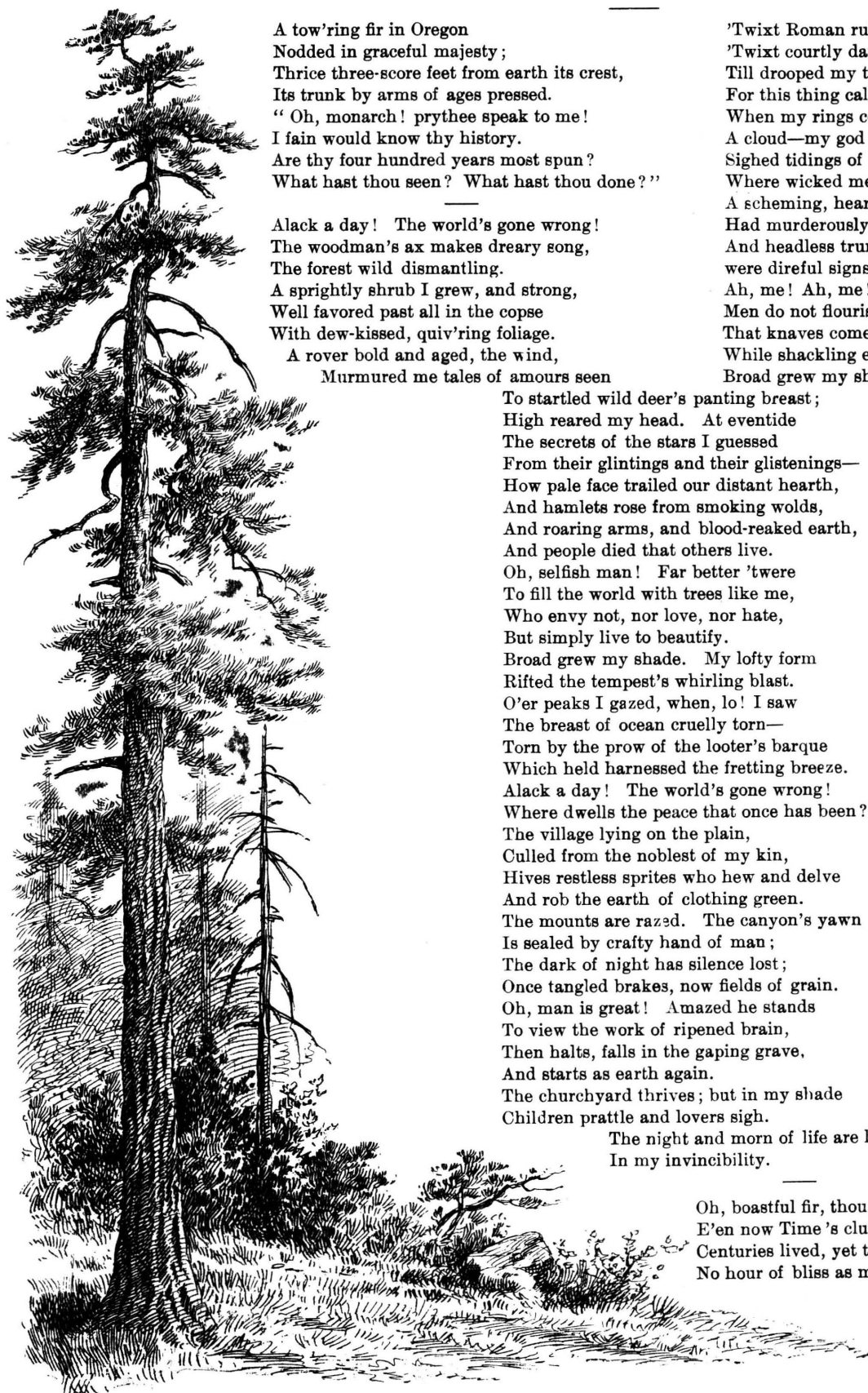
Cheney is the site of a state normal school that is expected to be opened for the reception of students the coming fall. The town has a good public school and four churches. An electric light plant is being arranged for, and water works are also being put in, the supply coming from a small lake a short distance to the northward of the town. These enterprises show that the people have faith in the city. An elevator, with a capacity of 40,000 bushels, and a large flouring mill handle the grain that is marketed at Cheney. A creamery has been erected and put in operation this season, and its success is assured. The town has one bank and two weekly newspapers. There is a very attractive opening for a good hotel at Cheney. The hotel accommodations of the town are limited now, owing to the work of the unfortunate fires that have occurred there. Unless some practical hotel man soon seizes the opportunity the citizens will erect a hotel. Steps have already been taken in that direction.

Cheney has a population exceeding 1,500. It is 2,300 feet above the sea and in a climate that is as healthful as any that can be found. Its healthfulness is so marked that it is attracting many people who are in search of healthful and pleasant residences. It will doubtless become a suburban home for many people doing business in Spokane Falls. The distance is not too great to traverse night and morning when the traffic will warrant the running of suitable trains. The homes of Cheney are neat and comfortable, and great pains are taken to keep their surroundings cheerful and beautiful. The streets are graded and lined with good sidewalks. There is not the dearth of trees in Cheney that marks so many western cities. Many new buildings are being erected this year from brick and lumber manufactured at home, and provisions are made for preventing such disastrous fires as heretofore occurred. Cheney offers advantages that are different from those of most western towns, and it is worth the while of any one looking for farms or delightful homes to examine the merits of that locality. The people are intelligent, industrious and enterprising. Still much closer tillage of the soil would produce correspondingly greater results, and a few lessons in this respect from eastern farmers would be of great benefit.

HAULING IN THE NET.

Salmon fishing on the Columbia is at the lowest ebb this year it has reached for many seasons. At the beginning of the season there was a conflict between the cannery and fishermen on the subject of the price of fish, the latter demanding \$1.25 each and the former offering but 75 cents. This lasted nearly two months, during which time the large catches of fish made by a few independent fishermen and by the fish wheels indicated an unusually large run of salmon. Finally, late in May, a compromise was effected at \$1.00, and the fleet of fishing boats began their season's work. Only about 800 boats are on the river, however, being less than one-half the usual number, many fishermen having gone and not so many boats being put out by the owners as in former years. Canneries have not made the usual preparation in the way of cans, and the result is that they are not prepared to handle all the fish that even this small number of boats can catch. The Columbia river pack will be very light this season. On the contrary, the news from Alaska is to the effect that the pack there will be very heavy. The engraving on the first page shows two fishermen hauling in their net and, incidentally, whatever may be in it, preparatory to a sail homeward with their day's catch. Nets are usually 1,800 feet long, and the task of hauling one in and coiling it up in the boat is not an easy one. As a net is worth about \$400, great care is exercised in handling it; and as soon as the fishermen have returned to the cannery to deliver their catch they carefully spread the net out upon drying racks, so that it may not be too soon rotted by constant moisture.

THE TALE OF THE FIR.



A tow'ring fir in Oregon
 Nodded in graceful majesty;
 Thrice three-score feet from earth its crest,
 Its trunk by arms of ages pressed.
 " Oh, monarch! prythee speak to me!
 I fain would know thy history.
 Are thy four hundred years most spun?
 What hast thou seen? What hast thou done?"

Alack a day! The world's gone wrong!
 The woodman's ax makes dreary song,
 The forest wild dismantling.
 A sprightly shrub I grew, and strong,
 Well favored past all in the copse
 With dew-kissed, quiv'ring foliage.
 A rover bold and aged, the wind,
 Murmured me tales of amours seen

To startled wild deer's panting breast;
 High reared my head. At eventide
 The secrets of the stars I guessed
 From their glintings and their glistenings—
 How pale face trailed our distant hearth,
 And hamlets rose from smoking wolds,
 And roaring arms, and blood-reaked earth,
 And people died that others live.
 Oh, selfish man! Far better 'twere
 To fill the world with trees like me,
 Who envy not, nor love, nor hate,
 But simply live to beautify.
 Broad grew my shade. My lofty form
 Rifted the tempest's whirling blast.
 O'er peaks I gazed, when, lo! I saw
 The breast of ocean cruelly torn—
 Torn by the prow of the looter's barque
 Which held harnessed the fretting breeze.
 Alack a day! The world's gone wrong!
 Where dwells the peace that once has been?
 The village lying on the plain,
 Culled from the noblest of my kin,
 Hives restless sprites who hew and delve
 And rob the earth of clothing green.
 The mounts are razed. The canyon's yawn
 Is sealed by crafty hand of man;
 The dark of night has silence lost;
 Once tangled brakes, now fields of grain.
 Oh, man is great! Amazed he stands
 To view the work of ripened brain,
 Then halts, falls in the gaping grave,
 And starts as earth again.
 The churchyard thrives; but in my shade
 Children prattle and lovers sigh.

The night and morn of life are linked
 In my invincibility.

Oh, boastful fir, thou, too, must die!
 E'en now Time's clutching at thy heart.
 Centuries lived, yet thou hast known
 No hour of bliss as man enjoys.

Anon thou'lt tremble,
 totter, fall;
 Thou, too, dost only
 play thy part.

C. J. M.

Fact and Fancy for Women.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

"Love! Love! Love!"
Said the soul one day to the heart;
"Do not soar above—be content to love
Until you and I shall part."
"Ache! Ache! Ache!"
Said the soul next day to the heart;
"Do not ever break—be content to ache
Until you and I shall part."
"Faint! Faint! Faint!"
Said the soul at last to the heart;
"For life is a lie—be content to die,
It is time for us to part."

It is not best for a man to fool around a bright woman, because he is liable to receive some very strong thrusts which he will not be able to parry. A young woman who was earning considerable money as an artist became engaged to be married. Some time afterward her fiancée said to her, while discussing her work—

"You are very talented, my dear, and would become famous in time if—h'm—if a happier fate had not been given you. You must give up all such ideas now that you—er—have me, you know," and he fairly swelled out with pomposity. "I should not want my wife to be famous, you know, nor anything of that sort—I'll attend to all that kind of thing, my dear. You are to devote all your time to your home and to me; in this way you can save more than you can make with your painting, and it will—h'm—be much more satisfactory to me."

The young artist smiled.

"You see," pursued her lover, "I have no patience with married women who paint, or who lecture, or who do anything else to earn money—they always neglect their husbands' personal comfort!"

"What is your income?" asked the young woman sweetly.

"Two thousand a year, my dear, and ample—quite ample for my few luxuries, while women, of course, have no little vices, such as cigars, wines, clubs, etc."

"If I devote every moment to your home, your comfort and you, will you, after paying actual household expenses, give me half your remaining income, to be mine absolutely—to be spent as I may see fit?"

"Why—er—my dear, I never heard anything so preposterous! I couldn't do that, you know. But—h'm—of course, I should be liberal with you—Oh, liberal!"

"Ideas on liberality differ. If I did all that you expect of me I should work harder to earn nothing than you do to earn two thousand—"

"You would earn my respect and love and secure my personal com—"

"Bother your personal comfort—I couldn't live on that! Women like to have money in their own right as well as men, and they usually spend it more wisely. It is a bitter thing to work day in and day out, yet to be made to feel that your work is not worth anything; that you are utterly dependent upon some one else; that you must account for each dollar you spend, as if you were an idiot; that the holder of the purse-strings knows better what you can afford than you know yourself; that he may will everything to you, or nothing to you, as he may see fit, while you—dear heaven! what have you to will to anybody? You work for it, and you earn it—but you never

get it. You are to be a wife, a housekeeper, a homemaker, a mother, a peddler about of smiles and of small comforts for the rest of the family, an angel, a nonentity, but you are never to be *worth* anything; you are even"—and here she laughed mischievously—"to leave the 'famous' act for the lord of the house!"

"Let me tell you," said the astonished lover as soon as he could speak, "that you have the most astonishing ideas—"

"And let me tell you"—and she looked him squarely in the eyes—"that when God made you He made a mean, contemptible and despicable thing, indeed; and if I, after having my eyes opened by this conversation, married you, I should be as bad. Therefore, I have thought better of it, and if I ever really fall in love it will be with a man who does not sneer at my art."

And she left him to his reflections.

Once I grew a beautiful flower; it was rare and fragrant, and I loved it, prized it, was proud of it. But, alas! we are so careless of what we love most dearly! You will scarcely believe it—it seems incredible—but by and by I grew so accustomed to the lovely blossoms and the pure fragrance of my flower that I became neglectful of it; I forgot to water it, to give it fresh air and sunshine, to lean over it and drink the exquisite sweets of its breath, to touch its yearning heart with my lips—I still loved it, you understand, only I forgot the little tendernesses upon which its nature, being knit of more delicate, fragile and sensitive fibres than mine, fed and lived—dear heaven! how easily we forget in this world! Well, one day, with a truly noble feeling of compunction, I remembered my flower and hastened to give it air and sunshine and water. But, lo! it was dead—quite dead; there was not a blossom, not a leaf, nor a breath of life about it. So I set it away, and grieved over it a while—a little while—and then I forgot it. One forgets so easily, you know, and there were so many rare and beautiful flowers blooming for me that I knew it was all nonsense to mourn over one little dead thing, even though my neglect had killed it. But after a while I found that the brilliant flowers have thorns; the red, passionate ones are brief of life and restless of soul; the showy ones, vain, selfish and cold; so, then, in very truth, late as it was, I appreciated and grieved for the flower that was dead. And I went with tears and bitter remorse to the dim, dark place where I had left it—and, Oh, I wonder if any one who reads these lines will understand with what sensations of joy, hope and gratitude I found two tiny, tender green leaves struggling, timidly but with deathless faith, through the dry earth. Neglected, uncared for, forgotten, crushed to the earth, bleeding, fainting, it yet was not dead, and was struggling to arise, strengthened by that never failing faith, that deathless love that God gives only to flowers and to single-hearted women. And, Oh, I did care for it then, and it grew to be the purest and most exquisite good of my life.

* * * * *

I have heard in the vaguest kind of way that once in a great while men peep into these two pages which have been considered sacred to women; and if there be the least truth in the rumor, I wish—I do wish—that every man on this beautiful earth might read this little story of my flower that was not dead; for it was written only with the hope that it might catch the eye and the heart of some man who has, somehow, drifted

out into the wrong path blindly, and is now afraid to go back to the right one lest he find his flower dead. I do so want him who is discouraged to take heart again, for it is more than likely that the tender flower he trampled upon is waiting to spring to life and trust at his touch. But, Oh, let him be sincere—sincere and true.

I have never heard of a society for the prevention of cruelty to insects, but I should like to hear of one. I think it would bring about better results, even, than the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. I have often—not once in a while, but often—seen highly educated and refined women who took strong interest in church and charitable affairs, who would weep over a horse with a broken leg or the imaginary sorrow of the heroine of an emotional play, thrust a pin through a happy, golden butterfly and, in keenest satisfaction and delight, watch the beautiful, palpitating thing throb out its little life—so brief a thing at its best—slowly and in bitter torture. I have seen such women smile triumphantly at the rare specimen they secured. Well, they may smile and they may have their rare specimens, as there is no way to prevent them; but I should think those tiny eyes of tortured entreaty and those golden, drumming wings would awaken them sometimes in the lonely nights and cause them to turn uneasily upon their pillows. A woman who will do such a cruel thing has naturally brutal instincts; she may acquire a fair mastery of them by education, but they will break out at time, and she is not to be wholly trusted. If it absolutely necessary to take the life of an animal or of an insect, for God's sake, take it as quickly and as painlessly as possible; and under no circumstances take the life of the humblest thing that crawls merely for your own gratification or vanity. If you meet a little harmless insect or worm, turn your foot an inch to one side and let it live a trifle longer. Teach your children that it is as sinful to torture an insect as it is to abuse an intelligent horse, or to tell a lie. We have all to one day suffer death, and well will it be with us if we may, when that dread time comes, cry with an unfrightened conscience: "Father! Be Thou as tender to my sufferings as I have been to those of the humblest and lowliest thing that crawls."

The use of slang seems to possess a peculiar fascination for some people. It is so expressive; it says so much in so few words. Innately refined people often yield to the temptation of indulging in its use. There is another peculiarity about it, too—it is like sin: a terrible thing in others, but not so bad in ourselves. Other people, you know, do wrong through very viciousness and love of wrong, but we—Oh, dear me! We have a thousand reasons and excuses at the tip of our tongue! God allowed us to be tempted beyond our strength, and all that sort of a thing. Besides, it can not be so wrong when we really did not mean to do wrong, and struggled so against it, and never gave up until—h'm—until our strength failed. Well, it is just so with the use of slang. We do not mean to be coarse, we have no intention of being coarse, and we would be indignant if anyone insinuated that we used slang.

"I can't tolerate Mrs. So-and-So," I heard a woman say the other day. "She uses such utterly utter slang, I always feel that she needs to be sat down upon—slang is so coarse."

Why the world should bother itself about the personal, and, therefore, one would naturally presume, sacred, affairs of prominent people, is not easily understood. What can it matter to disinterested parties that Mrs. Burnett does not live harmoniously with her husband? She has worked so hard and so

conscientiously to give pleasure to others that we might, at least, have the charity and the good taste to respect her domestic troubles, and not be forever dragging her skeleton out of its closet and dangling it before her eyes. It is time that the cheap gossip about people's home life, which not only runs through the sensational papers but even appears in more dainty apparel in better publications, should be frowned down. It is usually untrue and always unjust.

Table Talk tells us how to utilize the little, thin, wooden plates now used so extensively in sending out lunches from restaurants and bakeries. Take two perfect plates; cut one in heart form, gild or bronze it inside and out; fasten it to the other plate by means of small holes, about three-fourths of an inch from the edges, through which are run silken cords. Sketch a pretty design on the upper plate, and the result is unique.

Some people go through life always behind time. If they say they will come at three, they mean half past three; and when they finally put in an appearance they do it leisurely and good naturedly, and are mildly surprised if you insinuate that that you are displeased. When they die, though, their friends will be avenged; because they will probably reach the gates of heaven ten minutes behind time—and find them closed.

A woman of position in London society recently resorted to an original device to decide who should take whom to dinner. The male guests were put up at auction and went to the highest bidder, in imaginary sums, the description of the human wares being hit off wittily by the auctioneer. We may now expect all our Anglomaniacs to follow suit, and some men may feel humiliated to find how cheaply they are held.

As a blind mother would know her own child among a thousand others merely by touching it, so a true woman feels instantly the difference between insinuating flattery which always has an object in view, and the expression of genuine appreciation which never has birth in a heart that is not kind and sincere and generous.

It is a good thing to never envy any one; and it is a still better thing to never get the idea that any one envies you. The first makes you dissatisfied only with yourself; while the second makes every one else dissatisfied with you.

Franklin says: "If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself." Yes: and if you would have a lenient master, and one that will readily pardon all your shortcomings, *serve yourself*.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland was born in 1846. She has taught school, edited a paper, reigned in the white house, and written a book of essays and a novel. She has a clear, clean, well kept look.

The three most popular women in England, according to a vote taken recently, are the Princess of Wales, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Miss Ellen Terry.

Some forgive for the pure good of forgiving, which is divine; but some, alas! forgive because they are not strong enough to stand alone and suffer, and that is sad.



ALAS !

Her eyes were bright as drops
of dew
With starbeams shining in
them,
And tinted with the violet's
hue.

Her lips—ah, you have seen
the rose
Aflame, its kindled beauty
(The dust, a blush) whence
perfume flows?

Her heart was like, I can
not say
Just what; for past regain-
ing
She erst had given that away.

LEE FAIRCHILD.

NOT A GOBLER.

SNOOPER—Do you take me for a turkey, Simeral?

SIMERAL—No; why?

SNOOPER—Then stop trying to stuff me with chestnuts.

A SEVERE TEST.

STRANGER (somewhat inebriated, surveying a plank across a stream)—Shay, young fel! Zhat plank strong nuff t' hol' a fel'?

YOUNG AMERICA—Try your breath on it.

The eternal fitness of things was never better shown than in the following advertisements that appeared side by side on a theater programme:

LEMONADE
SOLD BY THE WAITERS,
5 CTS. A GLASS.

DR. BROWN,
CONSULTING PHYSICIAN.
FEE, \$2.50.

WILL CONSIST OF TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

SUN (to moon)—Hello, Luna, dear! What's the news on the earth?

MOON—Labor people are agitating for shorter days.

SUN—Well, they won't get them while I am running the machine.

A GREAT PRICE.

“ Oh, Lillie, did you notice my new ring—isn't it just splendid? ”

“ Magnificent! It must have cost a snug fortune.”

“ It did.”

“ What was the price? ”

(With a sigh) “ My heart.”

LET THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

LITTLE MAUDE—How can money fly, Mr. Golden? It haint got wings.

MR. GOLDEN—Why, what makes you ask such a question, Maudy?

LITTLE MAUDE—Only 'cause I heard sister Pearl say she'd make your money fly when she got you.

A late date—11:00 o'clock.

Speaker Reed finds plain sailing in congress; at all events he is not “ stuck on the bar.”

S. S. TEACHER—Now, Johnny, why was it Jonah was not digested by the whale?

JOHNNY—Guess it's 'cause he was a brick.

CALLER—Why! What's the matter? You act as though you had lost your senses.

HOSTESS—I have; the senses taker was just here.

A SLOW ANIMAL.

GOSLIN (applying the whip)—I'd like to pass that man ahead there, but I don't think I can with this horse.

DOLLEY—Of course not. That horse couldn't pass a resolution.

CAN'T STOP TO THINK.

SLOWCOACH (from Philadelphia)—Have you ever stopped to consider, my dear sir—”

HUMMER (from New York)—No, sir, never. I do all my thinking on the elevated.

QUITE RANK.

CAPTAIN ROBINSON (indignantly)—Here Jones has been promoted over my head, and I have seen ten years more service than he has. I call it a shame!

CAPTAIN JACKSON—Yes, it is a “ rank ” shame.



MRS. BLESSINGTON BLOODGOOD—Well, Algy, what's the matter now?

ALGERNON BLOODGOOD—Well, aunt, you see I'm to row in the race to-morrow, and Johnson says we must not wear anything that can catch the wind. Do you think I ought to shave off my mustache?

PAT—Workin' now?

MIKE—Yis, lookin' fer a job.

JOHNNY—Papa, what is the cannonization of a saint?

PAPA—Oh, it's sort of making a big gun of him.

“Your shoes are too tight,” they told her; but no,
She treated the notion with scorn;
Till a horrid man trod on her tenderest toe,
And she had to “acknowledge the corn.”

A grave subject—a dead man.

A settled conviction—ninety-nine years.

A maiden effort—the first attempt to “see her home.”

A foregone conclusion—stump of a thoroughbred's tail.

SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT.

SHOE DEALER (facetiously, to customer)—Why, I sell shoes so cheap that I might almost be called a freebooter.

CUSTOMER—H'm! I think you sell them so dear that you might almost be called a robber.

HE SELLS THE BAD ONES.

“You don't keep bad cigars, I suppose?” said Cumso to a tobacconist.

“No, indeed!” was the indignant reply.

“Then that is the reason you worked some of them off on me yesterday.”

STRAUSS'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

You say dot you vish I vould wride you a letter?
Vel, since I haf got to, perhaps I had better;
But vot I shall say in der letter I sendt you
Is vot I can't say, since I vish to gondendt you;
For vimmens mit letters is never gondendted
Unless dey been crossed, vich I gannot, ven ended.
Und, alzo, unless dere's fife bostscripts appended,
I've likewise been told dot dey sure got offended.
Und, alzo, I fear und I dremble mit dread
Unless, vile in writing vot comes in my head
I say, etsample, I drink blenty beer,
Vich I know, if I said, made you look pooty quveer;
At der same time I see dot your temper advance,
Vich of gourse you can't help as you vas demperance.
Den vot I should wride is der ding puzzles me,
Und I scratches my head quvite inzessantly.
Shall I dold you how valking along on der shtreet—
Vile I dink of you only—each berson I meet
Vile I dink of my sweetheart, my head bended low,
I butts 'gainst his vest mit a batt'ring ram blow?
Shall I say mit your name in each song I gompose
I sing it at midnight und vake up der haus?
Shall I say how at “Castro's” your name I bropose
Mit wriders und bainters till all vas put aus?
Vell, hardtly I should not, so better I glose.

ADAIR WELCKER.

“Young Borrowit smokes pretty freely, doesn't he?”
“Yes, entirely so. I never saw him buy a cigar.”

West Shore



F. WALLACE WILLIAMS

ETTE OF THE NORTHWEST.



THE NEW TOWN OF DETROIT.

Puget sound proper is a comparatively restricted area of water. It by no means takes in all of that vast body of water putting inland from the ocean to which the name is ordinarily applied. Admiralty inlet is a much larger body. So is Hood's canal, which is the western arm extending around the west side of that peninsula that is shaped so much like a spear head. The numerous inlets, passages and bays jutting into the land in all directions to the south and east of the Straits of Fuca go by the general name of Puget sound. The sound proper, however, includes only that water between Anderson's island and the mainland to the southward and, with the exception of Budd's inlet, at the head of which Olympia is situated, is the southernmost ramification of the inland sea. Rounding the point from Tacoma the Narrows is passed and then the steamer traverses Puget sound proper for fifteen or twenty miles on its way to the capital.

From the western end of Puget sound an inlet extends due north a distance of about fifteen miles. It is known as Case's inlet. At the head of this inlet, on the west side, is being built the new town of Detroit. It is on an isthmus scarcely more than a mile wide with Case's inlet on the east and the extremity of Hood's canal on the west. Both bodies of water are navigable for the largest craft. The construction of a ship canal across the narrow isthmus is a matter of comparatively small expense, as there are no important engineering difficulties to overcome. The project simply involves the digging of a ditch in which water of the two inlets can mingle. Then the present Kitsap county peninsula will be another island in that famous archipelago.

At Detroit there are none of the hampering influences that often accompany old settlements and are not inaptly termed mossbackism. It is new in every respect. The men who are backing the town are well known and they are above any suspicion of lending their names to bolster up wild cat town sites. The advantageous location of that isthmus for building a flourishing city appealed to these men of large business experience, and they secured the property and laid out the town. A saw mill has already been built and is in operation, a fine hotel is under construction, the site is nearly cleared of timber, streets are being graded and sidewalks laid. A commodious wharf has been built and boats land there regularly.

An important element of strength of the new town lies in the rich resources surrounding it. The country is very new. No development work to speak of has been done. There is a heavy growth of valuable timber extending back from the very edge of the water. Coal and iron are known to exist in the adjacent hills, and measures have already been inaugurated for bringing out the wealth that now lies useless there. There is good agricultural land near at hand. It is a field entirely unworked and it promises abundant profit to those who will assist in its development.

Eastern capital has for the past decade been seeking western fields for profitable investment, and millions of dollars have found employment in the west at rates which greatly increased the earning power. During all the time a majority of eastern men have apparently looked to real estate and building for secur-

ity and profit, and have found a successful realization of their most sanguine hopes. Some few have invested in mining properties, and in seventy-five per cent. of cases where mines were developed in a sensible and conservative manner the results have been satisfactory, and Montana has never had a shadow upon her reputation as a field for mining investment. But the capitalists seem to have overlooked one of the very best of all the opportunities presented for legitimate money making, viz, the building of canals. It is one of the few classes of investment where the profits are absolutely certain. There is nothing Montana needs so much as a judicious use of the water in sight. There is really no scarcity of water for agricultural and manufacturing purposes—the lack is in facilities for its use. Hundreds of thousands of inches of water flow to the larger streams each year simply because the facilities for utilizing it are not there. Ninety per cent. of the agricultural lands of Montana would become valuable under a judiciously managed water system. The average homesteader can not afford to build the ditches required—he has not the means; but where he is able to go into partnership with his neighbors for the construction of a canal he has always found the returns all that he could desire. We commend the subject of canals to the capitalists who are seeking investments. We believe there is no class of improvement in Montana to-day which is better or safer. A good ditch will pay ten per cent. per annum on its cost, and in many cases the returns are double that percentage. There are many places where the canal builder may find a field, and time will prove that no better expenditure can be made by the capitalist, or one from which the returns are more satisfactory. It will pay the man with idle money to investigate the matter.—*Helena Journal*.

The Okanogan Mining and Railroad Company has been incorporated in Spokane Falls, with a capital of \$5,000,000. The incorporation's object is to secure railroad connection with the vast Okanogan mining region, to build wagon roads through the district, to build a town to be known as Okanogan City and to generally develop the mines. With the exception of Colonel W. Thomas Hart, who represents the largest and wealthiest mining syndicate in the United States, the gentlemen who incorporated the company are all of Spokane Falls. The company is the outgrowth of six months' work on the part of Samuel I. Silverman, who sold the Fourth of July mine to Helena parties. Extensive reduction works are to be constructed just above the town on the bench of the mountain, in which most of the mines are located. The Spokane Falls gentlemen who have gone into the enterprise have done so with the expectation of making their developments entirely in harmony with the best interests of Spokane Falls, and add another source of trade to that city. One of their principal objects will be to secure railroad connection with Spokane Falls as soon as possible. At the present time there are two railroads headed toward the Okanogan district, the Spokane Falls & Northern and the Washington Central.

Efforts are being made to secure a government survey of a canal from Puget sound to Lake Washington.

NEW WHATCOM, WASHINGTON.

New Whatcom is the name of a town at the head of Bellingham bay that includes what was formerly the town of Sehome and territory entirely enclosing on the land side the city of Whatcom. The new city was incorporated about two months ago. Sehome had previously voted for incorporation, but it was found that the law under which the action was taken was invalid, so the work had to be done again. The question of consolidation of the towns on the bay came up for consideration at this time. The southernmost two towns on the bay decided to combine under the name of Fairhaven, and an understanding was had between the citizens of Sehome and Whatcom looking toward the consolidation of those two in one incorporation. The first step was for Sehome to re-incorporate. This was done under the name of New Whatcom. Now all that remains to be done is for the governing bodies of both cities to act to combine the two municipalities into one, which will bear the name of New Whatcom, as Whatcom was the largest and best known town on the bay and nothing is lost by preserving that name. They are practically one in all material interests, and in speaking of the advantages of that locality New Whatcom and Whatcom are considered together. The "new" has more reference to the inauguration of a new era of growth in the community than to marked political changes or the establishment of a new town.

This consolidation gives a city of about 7,000 inhabitants—the fifth city in the state in point of size. This fact alone is of considerable importance. Then it is a seaport and the strength which the resources of the adjacent country give it is greatly increased by the shipping facilities. Bellingham bay is in nearly a direct line with the Straits of Fuca, so its ports afford the shortest and safest route to the markets of the world from the great Puget sound basin. This fact was appreciated when a considerable commerce was carried on there years ago, but the building of railroads diverted attention from the coast trade which lost its relative importance, though it actually increased very materially in volume. Whatcom had no railways penetrating the interior. Those great avenues of commerce went farther south, and such cities as Seattle and Tacoma were the result. Lately railroads have been aiming for Bellingham bay in a way that points unmistakably to the building up of an extensive shipping business there and the development of the wealth that lies in the hills and valleys of the interior.

The Bellingham Bay & British Columbia Railway is now in operation a number of miles from New Whatcom, and most of the work is done to a junction with the Canadian Pacific at Mission. When this is completed New Whatcom will be the American terminus of the Canadian line and through traffic will constitute an important item of business for the new city. All freight designed for coast points can be much more quickly and safely transported from Bellingham bay than from the present western terminus of the Canadian Pacific, and as time is an important element in modern transportation New Whatcom will command an important advantage in this respect even if it were not a fact that navigation between that port and the ocean is less perilous. The section of mineral and timber land that the Bellingham Bay & British Columbia road will open insures it a large local business—more than enough to warrant its construction without transcontinental connections in view. The Nooksack valley also offers the best of advantages to farmers, and this railway taps it at a central point. Then the Fairhaven & Northern Railway is in course of construction up the coast to New Westminster, in British Columbia, where it will meet the Canadian road and form the third side of a triangle. This line will skirt the entire water front of New What-

com, thus directly reaching the wharves and affording rail transportation to the best manufacturing district of the city. On the south it connects with the Fairhaven & Southern, and it will meet the Canadian branch at Blaine, on the international boundary. With these railways in operation—and trains will be running on them before the end of the present year—New Whatcom will be independent, and the advantages it will command can be scarcely overestimated. The Cornwall road (B. B. & B. C.), it is calculated, will be in running order by October and the Fairhaven & Northern will be completed as early.

There have been settlements along the coast for many years, but there has never before been any well directed attempt to open the interior and to promote the development of its resources. There was no disposition to explore the hills and valleys of the inland country because of the lack of means for carrying on commerce at any distance from the coast. The construction of railways brings a new element to bear on the situation, and one need be no prophet to see that great changes will be wrought by the new agent. The mountains of coal and iron of the best quality will yield their stores to some purpose. The forests will be brought to the factories. The farms will be placed in communication with remunerative markets. Machinery will be introduced into the country and the comforts of civilization will be placed within the reach of the most obscure settler. There is great probability that the mining of the precious metals will develop into an important industry. Gold and silver have been found in sufficient quantities to encourage systematic prospecting, though but little actual work has been done, owing to the remoteness from transportation. The city will, of course, reap great benefit from the progress of the adjacent country; and the whole of that rich area stretching back to the summit of the Cascade mountains will pay tribute to Bellingham bay as naturally as it will produce. And any one who examines the nature of that region can not but admit that its producing powers are unsurpassed.

The safety of Bellingham bay for the deepest draft ocean ships at any stage of the tide contributes to the significance of the railway building now in progress north, south and east from the harbor. It is not difficult to see how much business that has hitherto gone to upper sound ports and to English bay should be controlled at this new candidate for commerce. A brief consultation of the map will determine this point. There is a free channel to the ocean—no narrow passages or dangerous rocks for vessels to pass. It is also the nearest seaport to a vast area of mining and farming country east of the Cascade mountains. One of the most accessible passes of the range lies almost due east of Bellingham bay.

New Whatcom is situated at the northeastern corner of the bay. That which was formerly Sehome has a very distinct slope to the water, while old Whatcom is more level. The streets of the latter, parallel with the water front, meet the similar streets of New Whatcom at right angles. A number of fine buildings appear to good advantage as the town is approached from the water. Some of these are shown in the supplement accompanying this number of WEST SHORE. The Whatcom county court house, not yet completed, will be a magnificent structure of gray sandstone procured almost within the city limits, and its cost will be \$65,000. It will be finished this season. The school buildings are models of their kind. The Sehome school has just been completed. The other two will be finished by October, at a cost of \$15,000 each. The Grand Central, the Sehome and the Bellingham supply better hotel accommodations than many larger cities possess, the first named having just been completed at a cost of \$30,000 and being designed especially for the entertainment of tourists.

The business streets are lined with such buildings as appear illustrated in the supplement. Whatcom creek runs from the charming lake of the same name about three miles back through the center of the town, and just before joining the salt water it forms the picturesque cascade shown in the illustration. This stream furnishes abundant power for running a large saw mill that is located but a few feet distant from the bottom of the water fall.

New Whatcom and Whatcom have five lumber and shingle mills and two sash and door factories. Thus building materials, of wood, are plentiful and cheaper than at any other point on the sound. For this reason most of the buildings are of wood. However, since the opening of a quarry of superior sandstone and the establishment of two brick yards, brick and stone are entering largely into the new structures and a noticeable improvement in the architecture of business blocks is the result. A sense of the liability to heavy losses from fires which wooden buildings present is causing a change to more substantial materials.

New Whatcom has an excellent water service. The supply is obtained from Lake Whatcom, a natural reservoir of pure water at an altitude of more than 300 feet above the harbor. It is a somewhat remarkable body of water. It has been sounded 600 feet and in many places no bottom found at that depth. It is fed by springs. Large numbers of fish thrive in it. The altitude of the reservoir insures as great pressure as can be handled without the necessity for expensive pumping plants. The water is conducted to the city in steel mains. Electric illumination is furnished for public and private use in the city. Last year in Whatcom \$110,000 were expended on street improvements, and a large amount of work was done in Sehome. These figures will be duplicated this year. The streets are graded and planked and are kept in good condition. A sewerage system is now being constructed. A street railway to connect all the towns on Bellingham bay is contemplated and will probably be built before the end of the present year. Two other companies want franchises for street railways, so there will soon be no lack of cheap transportation in and between the towns.

New Whatcom and Whatcom have two daily newspapers, one tri-weekly and two weeklies. Three banking houses are doing business there. The school facilities hitherto have not been adequate to the demands upon them, but at the beginning of the present school year their capacity will be more than doubled, and they will be thoroughly equipped for work. There are nine churches of different denominations. It is more nearly a city of homes than most seaport towns. The pleasant and healthful climate and natural beauty of the location attract many people whose prime object is not business but to obtain a congenial residence place. New Whatcom offers unusual attractions in this line. Lovers of rod and gun find rare sport at no great distance from the city. The scenery is picturesque and there are countless rustic amusements to beguile the time of the tourist.

New Whatcom is now most conveniently reached by water. Connection with outside railroads will be made within four months, so that travelers may reach the city by rail from Seattle on the south and from the Canadian Pacific lines on the north. This must bring closer relations with the outside world and produce marked change in the local growth. There are no safer places for investment in the west. New Whatcom enjoys the unique distinction of having never levied a property tax, the receipts from liquor licenses having been sufficient for all local needs. The interests centering about Bellingham bay make New Whatcom a point of peculiar interest, and its prog-

ress is being watched by live men. This year will determine more important features for that locality than have ever before been focused there.

MONTANA AS A FARMING COUNTRY.

There are some good reasons for believing that Montana will always be a good country for the farmer. Up to this date it has been one of the best America has yet developed, and we believe it will continue as such time out of mind. There is nowhere to be found an agricultural community in such a flourishing condition as the farmers of this state at this writing, and there is a bright hope for an improvement in the business in the near future. There was a time when we entertained serious fears lest with the increase of population and the bringing under cultivation of a large area of land produce would decline to a level of the older states. But our fears in that direction are now entirely dispelled. We find that until there is a great revolution in our water system the acreage can scarcely be increased above what is at present under cultivation, and as the mining industry is multiplying very rapidly there is no possibility of our own state being able to furnish a home supply of grain, fruits, vegetables, etc., for our own people, which is a safe guarantee that Montana farmers can always obtain seaboard prices, with freight added, for their produce. A period will arrive in time when the farm area will be over three times what it is to-day. But this will have to be brought about by a system of reservoirs and long canals, and will be accomplished so gradually that the increase of consumption will be greater than the increase of production possibly can be. This being the case, there is no reason why farming may not continue to be as it is now—one of the safest and best industries of the state. There is no question in the minds of the editors of this paper about the practicability of the reservoir system. But on valleys like the Gallatin, Madison, Jefferson, Bitter Root, Yellowstone, Missouri and Sun River, where the rivers carry a great abundance of water the dryest season, the same system that is now in vogue, of long canals, is infinitely to be preferred. The canals, such as would be necessary to water the valleys, would necessarily be long and large, but they are within the reach of the farmers of these sections if only they will combine together. And by cutting water ways with a capacity to flood all the valley lands nearly every foot of arable lands on these valleys may be watered; as with a river canal for all the low lands, the water from the side streams may be turned aside upon the foothill ranches, and thus water enough will be had to cover most of the country susceptible of agriculture. In early days it was idle to talk of taking ditches from many of our rivers, as it was too great an undertaking for the farmer with limited means. In some instances a number of men went in together and took out water, and to-day are happy, for they plenty of water and the fickleness of the seasons does not effect them. And now that our farming people are all pretty comfortably fixed, and many of them have money to their credit in our banks, and there is no reason why there should be a scarcity of water for farming on any of our valleys through which course our principal rivers. Let stock companies be formed without further delay and the work commenced. Farmers can pay for their stock by contracting to build a certain amount of ditch. The value of their work can be easily estimated by the number of cubic yards of dirt to be moved. By commencing now and prosecuting the work vigorously the majority of our valleys may be supplied with water by next season. There are no chances to take in investments of this kind. Montana agriculture is a permanent and prosperous industry, and he that secures land and water lays broad and deep the foundation of a

fortune; yes, a fortune for himself and a legacy for his children and children's children that will always insure an abundance of life's comforts. It is a shame to allow our rivers to go hurrying down to the sea when we need the waters for fertilizing influences upon our lands. Let the farmers of Montana rise in their majesty and take hold of the proposition with a determination, and our word for it they will never regret it. Those who are so situated that they can not cover their lands with water from our rivers, and whose supply is short, may commence to construct reservoirs. But for those who live on such valleys as are threaded by our rivers the long canal is the project for them to undertake, for this will give them a running stream of water all the year through and one that will never grow less.—*Rocky Mountain Husbandman*.

FRASER RIVER GOLD.

Mr. Andrew C. Lawson's scientific report upon the claims of the Lillooet Hydraulic Mining Company, which are situated on the west bank of the Fraser river, about one mile above the town of Lillooet, well known as the old Dickey ranch, and consisting of about 320 acres of bench land at an altitude of 250 feet above river level, will be found very interesting in mining circles. The eastern boundary of the old ranch fronts on the Fraser. Steps are being taken by the company to control a water frontage one mile in extent on the Fraser, and of an average width of over half a mile. It is this block of land which it is proposed to subject to hydraulic mining to recover the gold contained in the gravel of which both the upper and lower benches are composed. Mr. Lawson has carefully examined the location, with the object of proving first, to what extent gold is contained in the gravel composing the benches, and second, to what extent it is adapted to hydraulic methods of mining. In the early days of placer mining in British Columbia, the ground was occupied by numbers of miners who, by the crude methods at their disposal, were taking out gold from the surface layers of gravel at the rate of \$16 per man per day, according to the information furnished by Mr. Smith, M. P. P., who resided there at the time, and who has lived there ever since. At the time of the Cariboo excitement, in 1862, this ground was suddenly abandoned by the miners, who went north, and white men never returned to the district in any force, but the ground has been mined in a desultory way by Chinese, who, not having complied with the regulations of the Mining Act, lost their claims. The difficulty of obtaining a supply of water has been a hindrance to more vigorous work. The past history of this location has gone to show that it contains gold in sufficient quantities to repay work of the crudest sort. Mr. Lawson received the assurance of an experienced placer miner who had carefully prospected the locality, that there was some "color" in every pan of gravel he had washed. The present company have made two trial pits on the lower bench, one of which represents the removal of about 3,500 cubic yards of gravel, yielding \$700—equal to an average of twenty cents per cubic yard. There seems to be no doubt as to the auriferous properties of the gravel in paying quantities. It is thought that this bench contains 60,000,000 cubic yards of gold bearing gravel. This quantity, at only ten cents per yard, represents \$6,000,000. All the conditions of the ground appear, from the expert's report, to be well adapted for hydraulic mining, the gravel composing the benches being stream-bedded and easily washed down and quite free from cemented conglomerate. And the mine being situated on a powerful stream like the Fraser, assists development. The company control 600 inches of water and any pressure can be obtained up to 600 feet. The above records of the mining expert bear out the tes-

timony of Mr. A. McNaughton, of Quesnelle, Cariboo, who has been for thirty-six years in the mines, as to the richness of the undeveloped gold creeks in the Lillooet district, which he predicts will yet eclipse the past record of the great Cariboo country.—*Colonist*.

A glance at a map will disclose that the region north of Gray's harbor is coursed by an astonishing infinity of streams, large and small, betraying at once the rolling character of the country and suggesting its richness and adaptability to agricultural purposes. The entire tract is covered with an enormous quantity of timber, red fir, spruce, hemlock and cedar. Along the Humptulups alone there is a greater aggregate of timber than can be found in the entire state of Wisconsin. It grows in places to great heights, and there is hardly a tree that is not erect, straight-grained and merchantable. Besides this illimitable wealth of lumber the land, when cleared, is arable, the soil being rich and easily worked. The plan that can soon be adopted is this: Clear the timber and sell the logs, at a very substantial profit, to the mills of Gray's harbor. Then till the soil and spend your days happily following the "only pursuit that is sure." The valley of the Humptulups is narrow but very fertile. It is covered with a light growth of vine maple and alder, easily cleared. A number of settlers are now located along the river, as far as the Humptulups falls, about forty miles from the harbor. The stream is very clear and abounds in salmon and salmon trout up to the falls. Above the falls, eager mountain trout fall an easy prey to the wiles of the fisherman. It is a first class driving stream, being easily navigable for logs for the entire distance below the falls. The country back from the bottom land is rolling, and covered with heavy timber. It is not exaggeration to state that the Humptulups country alone, comprising about thirty townships, will support comfortably 50,000 people. It is estimated that at least 2,500 people will settle there during the next year. The resources of the Humptulups country are not altogether agricultural. It is currently stated that there are no precious or valuable minerals there, and that the mountains are notable chiefly for the abundance of barren trap rock. This is untrue. Copper, iron, lead and silver, have been discovered in many places, and the hills are firmly believed to teem with mineral wealth. Lignite coal has been discovered in large quantities; and there are formations of sandstone and slate that promise much for those who are in search of a better quality of coal.—*Gray's Harbor Times*.

One of the richest strikes ever made in Montana was made a few days ago on the old Legal Tender mine near Argenta, an assay on the ore returning 423 ounces silver and 71 per cent. lead to the ton, and the body is reported quite large. The Legal Tender was located in 1863 and was the first producing and paying mine in Montana. The first ore shipped from it was hauled with ox teams to Sacramento, Cal., and shipped by water around Cape Horn to England for treatment. The ore was very high grade, averaging over \$350 per ton. In 1866 the mine passed into the hands of a New York company. They built a smelter at Argenta and commenced working the mine. Bad management, the high price of labor and fuel involved the company. For several years the mine remained idle and was finally leased to J. C. Bray and others of Dillon, who worked it profitably for a time when the ore pinched out. Then it was idle until a few months ago, when it was sold to what is now the Legal Tender Mining Company, composed of business men of Dillon. A force of men were put to work and development work pushed. The new rich strike was made a few days ago in a cross-cut and the indications are that the Legal Tender

will keep up its record as one of the best producing mines in Montana. A large force of men will be put on at once.

AN OREGON CENTENARIAN.

Centenarians are not very plentiful even in this land of wonders, but one who is also a veteran of the war of 1812, is still rarer. Both of these distinctions are combined in the person of James R. Syron, now residing near Sheridan, in Yamhill county, a portrait of whom accompanies this sketch. Mr. Syron was born on Chatham street in the city of New York, September 25, 1789. At the age of five years his residence was changed to Elizabethtown, New Jersey, and later to Newark, where he learned the shoemaker's trade. When he was a



JAMES R. SYRON.

young man he made a voyage to Cuba on the ship *Ann*, under Capt. Inman, then on another vessel to Egg harbor and Barnegat, afterwards navigating the Hudson for a year with his brother John. He served as a soldier during the war of 1812, and in 1816 went to Ohio where he lived thirty years. In 1846 he moved to Iowa, and in 1852, came to Oregon, where he has lived ever since. Mr. Syron married Elizabeth Simmers August 28, 1822, and has had ten children, five of whom are still living. His grand and great grand children number seventy-six, making eighty-six descendants in all of this sturdy man, who has lived a pioneer life almost continuously.

The bonanza copper lead recently discovered by Dennis Deford, in the foothills of the Olympic mountains, is likely to prove a big thing for Mason county. A company—John Soule, David Foote and Dennis Deford—own the extreme west lead of the vein, and have disposed of several claims to other individuals, one claim being owned in Shelton. The company has already begun to develop the find, and are making arrangements to ship the product to the smelter at Tacoma for the present, until smelters and works can be erected on the canal. The mine is about twelve miles west of the canal, and not far from Lake Cushman. Deford has found chunks of copper ore weighing as high as fifteen pounds, and he claims to have traced the lead from a point near the coast, or for a distance of fifteen miles. The foothills are already filled with prospectors, and parties are leaving Shelton in search of gold and silver. Mason county has a greater variety of the precious and baser ores than any other county in the state of Washington. A valuable lead of tin has been discovered by Doc. Simmonds on his farm, at the head of oyster bay, and he has been offered a big price for it. There are both coal and iron in the vicinity of Shelton, as well as excellent fire clay; so this part of the sound will one day be a lively mining center.

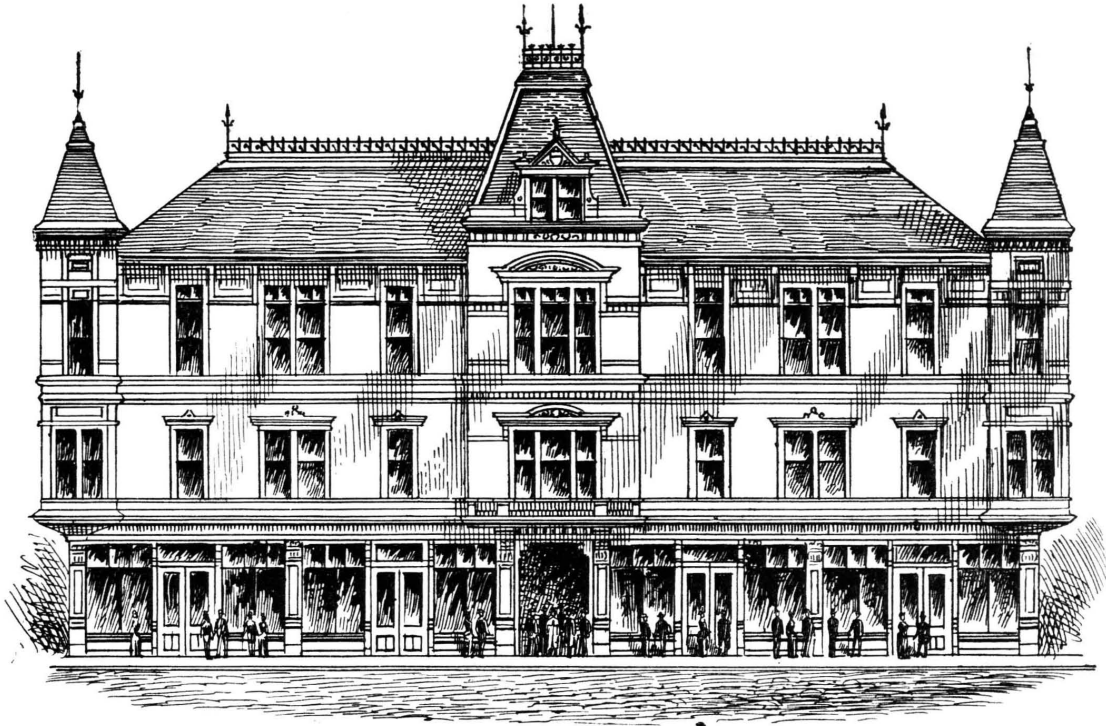
Bishop Junger visited Chehalis, Washington, the past week and completed arrangements for the Catholic school to be established there. The site selected is block six, Donahoe's addition, a beautiful location, commanding magnificent views of the Chehalis and Newaukum valleys. The site was donated by the Chehalis Land and Timber Company, its cash value being about \$8,000. A condition of the grant is that the building shall be erected during the present year. Construction will commence within thirty days. The plans contemplate a building to cost from \$15,000 to \$20,000. The Chehalis Pump Works has been incorporated, a site purchased, the machinery ordered and the building, thirty-five by seventy feet, is being erected. The site abuts on the Northern Pacific Railroad, opposite Jenkins Bros.' machine shops.

Times are lively in Oregon City. Not only is there great building activity, work progressing upon half a dozen factory buildings, but three industries began operation last week. The large fruit cannery commenced its season's work, the woolen mill began running for the first time since the great flood in February washed out the basin, and the large steam saw mill began cutting. This mill will soon turn out 25,000 feet per day.

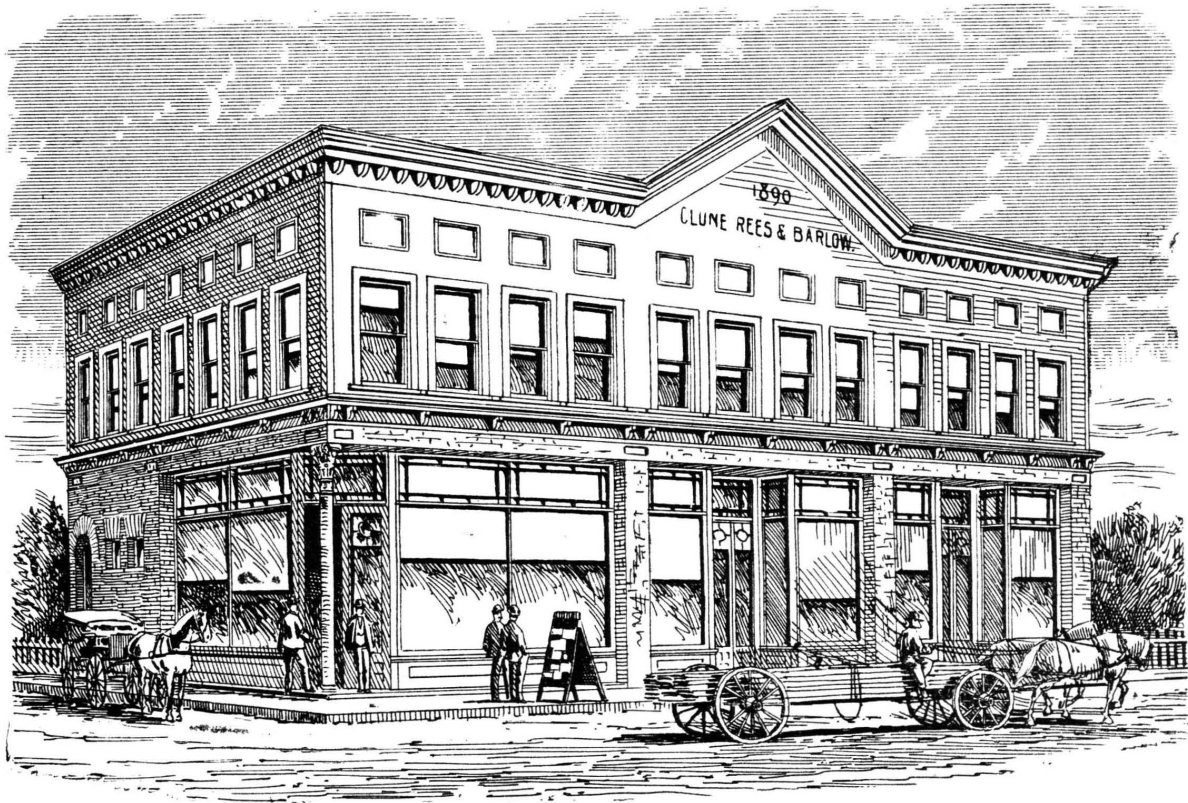
The great iron works enterprise at Kirkland, near Seattle, has been incorporated as the Great Western Iron & Steel Co., with a capital stock of \$1,000,000, which may be increased to \$5,000,000. The incorporators and trustees are Peter Kirk, Walter W. Williams, Leigh S. J. Hunt, A. A. Danny, Jacob Furth, H. A. Noble, Charles T. Tyler, General Russell A. Alger and Edward Blewett.

Livingston, Montana, has incorporated a street railway company with a capital stock of \$750,000. There has also been incorporated the Livingston Fire Clay and Brick Company, with a capital stock of \$100,000. This company will make brick and other articles from a deposit of excellent fire clay near that city.

A national bank has been established at Slaughter, Washington, with a capital stock of \$50,000. It will erect a two-story brick building.



BOSTON & DETROIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY.



CLUNE, REES & CO'S BLOCK.

BUILDINGS IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION AT DETROIT, WASHINGTON.

BROWN—Did the landlord see the leak in the roof?

MRS. BROWN—No; but he saw the pane of glass Johnnie broke.—*Life*.

"Clara," said he—"Clara—"

"Thomas," she whispered, "I do love you; but aren't you mistaken? This is Friday night, and I am Sarah—*Harper's Bazar*."

FOND MOTHER—Heavens! George, be careful. Don't let baby swallow that gold toothpick.

BACHELOR UNCLE—Don't worry, Jane, my dear; it's only gold plated.—*America*.

"Wanted, a new American poet," says a contemporary. Oh, we have him already. He lives in every city and ward, every county and town of this blessed country—and so does she.—*Judge*.

RUSH NO. 2.

STRANGER (in western city)—Hello! Must be a big boom here. I see all the people are rushing to real estate offices. Trying to buy lots, I suppose?"

RESIDENT—"No, sir. The boom is just over and they are trying to sell 'em."—*New York Weekly*.

LONG WINDED.

HOLWORTHY (entering late)—How long has Dr. Vox been preaching?

SEXTON—Twenty-two years, sir.

HOLWORTHY—I guess I won't go in, then.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

NOW HE OWNS MANY BROAD ACRES.

"Do you consider marriage a failure?" asked the summer boarder of a farmer who had taken him in.

"Young feller," replied the husbandman, impressively, "I've been married four times, an' every time to a woman who owned a farm 'jinin' mine."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

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 Real estate, and especially business property, has
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 ulation means at least 800 per ct. on investments.
 Men of nerve and brains, I invite you to come and
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The repertoire of the Madison Square Theater Co. which comes to the Marquam Grand during the week of June 30, has been fixed as follows: Monday, Jim the Penman; Tuesday, Saints and Sinners; Wednesday matinee, Jim the Penman; Wednesday evening, Captain Swift; Thursday, Aunt Jack; Friday, Jim the Penman; Saturday matinee, Aunt Jack.

MAGAZINE EDITOR (to sub)—You'll have to leave out your literary notes this month, on account of the pressure on our art department.

SUB—Another portrait of Lincoln?

EDITOR—No; three new soap advertisements.—*Life*.

A P DELIN EDW HOLMAN
DeLIN & HOLMAN,
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Mr. Hayman with pleasure announces the engagement of

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Under the direction of Joseph Brooks.

Presenting the new American comedy, illustrating social, diplomatic and political life in Washington, called

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California Express Trains run daily between
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LEAVE		ARRIVE	
Portland.....	4:00 p. m.	San Fran.....	7:45 a. m.
San Fran.....	7:00 p. m.	Portland.....	10:45 a. m.

Local Passenger Daily, (Except Sunday).

LEAVE		ARRIVE	
Portland.....	8:00 a. m.	Eugene.....	2:40 p. m.
Eugene.....	9:00 a. m.	Portland.....	8:45 p. m.

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

The S. P. Co's ferry makes connections with all regular trains on the East Side Division from foot of F street.

West Side Division--Bet. Portland and Corvallis.

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LEAVE		ARRIVE	
Portland.....	7:30 a. m.	Corvallis.....	12:25 p. m.
Corvallis.....	1:30 p. m.	Portland.....	6:20 p. m.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of the Oregon Pacific R. R.

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LEAVE		ARRIVE	
Portland.....	4:50 p. m.	McMinnville..	8:00 p. m.
McMinnville..	5:45 a. m.	Portland.....	9:00 a. m.

Local tickets for sale and baggage checked at company's up-town office, corner Pine and Second streets.

Through Tickets for all points in California and the East, can be procured at City Office, No. 184, corner First and Alder streets. Depot Office, corner F and Front streets, Portland, Oregon.

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THIRD AND YAMHILL.

Opening of the Summer Season. New Dramatic Company and Musee-Theater Dramatic Company. Week commencing Monday, June 23,

PYGMALION AND GALATEA.

Strong caste of characters. The Musee—The wonderful Steens & Master Eddie Abbott. Songs, Dances and Refined Specialties.

Every Saturday Children's Day. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 1:30 p. m. Admission—Musee, 10c. Seats in Theatre, 10c, 20c and 30c, according to location. Box Seats—Matinee 25c; Evening 40c. Seats reserved six days in advance without extra charge at box office and W. B. Allen's Music Store, 214 First street, telephone 600.

Doors open daily at 7 p. m. Musee performance commences at 7:30. Theatre performance at 8:30.

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Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The Restaurant the finest in the city.

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Fast trains over "The North-Western Line." C., St. P., M. & O. Ry., now run as follows:

CHICAGO DAYLIGHT EXPRESS.—The only 14-hour daylight train between the Twin Cities and Chicago, leaves

Minneapolis..... 7:00 a. m.
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(Dinner in Dining Car) and arrives Chicago at 9:45 p. m.

This hour of arrival in Chicago gives connection with more night trains out of Chicago to the East and South than trains of other lines.

CHICAGO VESTIBULED LIMITED, in 13½ hours, leaves

Minneapolis..... 6:50 p. m.
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This is the only complete vestibuled train between the Twin Cities and Chicago, and connects with all Fast Line Trains leaving Chicago in the morning for the East and South.

Trains of Northern Pacific Railway connect in St. Paul and Minneapolis Union Depots with through trains over "The North-Western Line." If tickets cannot be secured from the agent at your station, over "The North-Western Line," call on or address

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

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

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Ellensburg, the county seat of Kittitas county, is a town that takes its growth since four years ago. Its population is about 5,000, half of whom came the past year. Its resources are, first, agricultural; second, stock, the tributary ranges now feeding 150,000 head. Its minerals well developed are gold, silver, copper, lime, marble, but the greatest is iron in untold quantities, all kinds, ore assaying from 40 to 80 per cent.

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Manufactured only at First and Main.

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Suburban Trains leave Jefferson Street Depot 7.45 9.20, 11.45 a. m., 2.15, 4.40, 6.20, 8.35 p. m.

Return Tickets, 10, 20 and 25 Cents.

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The Leading and Only First Class Restaurant, Ice Cream and Oyster Saloon in the City.

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

Columbia.....	Monday	June 2
State.....	Friday	" 6
Oregon.....	Tuesday	" 10
Columbia.....	Saturday	" 14
State.....	Wednesday	" 18
Oregon.....	Sunday	" 22
Columbia.....	Thursday	" 26
State.....	Monday	" 30

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SAN FRANCISCO TO PORTLAND

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

State.....	Sunday	June 1
Oregon.....	Thursday	" 5
Columbia.....	Monday	" 9
State.....	Friday	" 13
Oregon.....	Tuesday	" 17
Columbia.....	Saturday	" 21
State.....	Wednesday	" 25
Oregon.....	Sunday	" 29

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

RATES OF PASSAGE,

Including meals and berths

Cabin, - \$16.00. Steerage, - \$8.00
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No freight will be received on morning of sailing, except fruit and vegetables, and these will not be taken after 9 a. m.

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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.

A man cannot "rest assured" just because he has taken out an insurance policy on his life. He is compelled to hustle in order to keep up his payments.—*Texas Siftings*.

MR. GILTEDGE—Old Wheatpit is a self-made man, and he is the most vulgar, inflated person I know of.

MRS. GILTEDGE (thoughtlessly)—Oh, my dear, you forget yourself.—*America*.

REASSURING.

WIFE (from adjoining room—suspiciously)—John, what makes the baby so quiet?

JOHN—He's playing with the fly paper, my dear—don't worry. It keeps him quiet and amuses me.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

SNODGRASS—Say, Snively, my portrait is in the newspapers.
SNIVELY—What disease have you been cured of?—*Judge*.

"Johnny, you go out and shoo that horse out of the garden."

"Well, I ain't no horse shoer."—*Light*.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

PROPRIETOR (astonished)—Whew! Three hundred subscribers in one mail! I wonder what is giving our paper such a boom?

MANAGING EDITOR (gleefully)—I killed our funny man's jokes on death by electricity.—*Texas Siftings*.

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 135,000 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 special information, address

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

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