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# West Shore

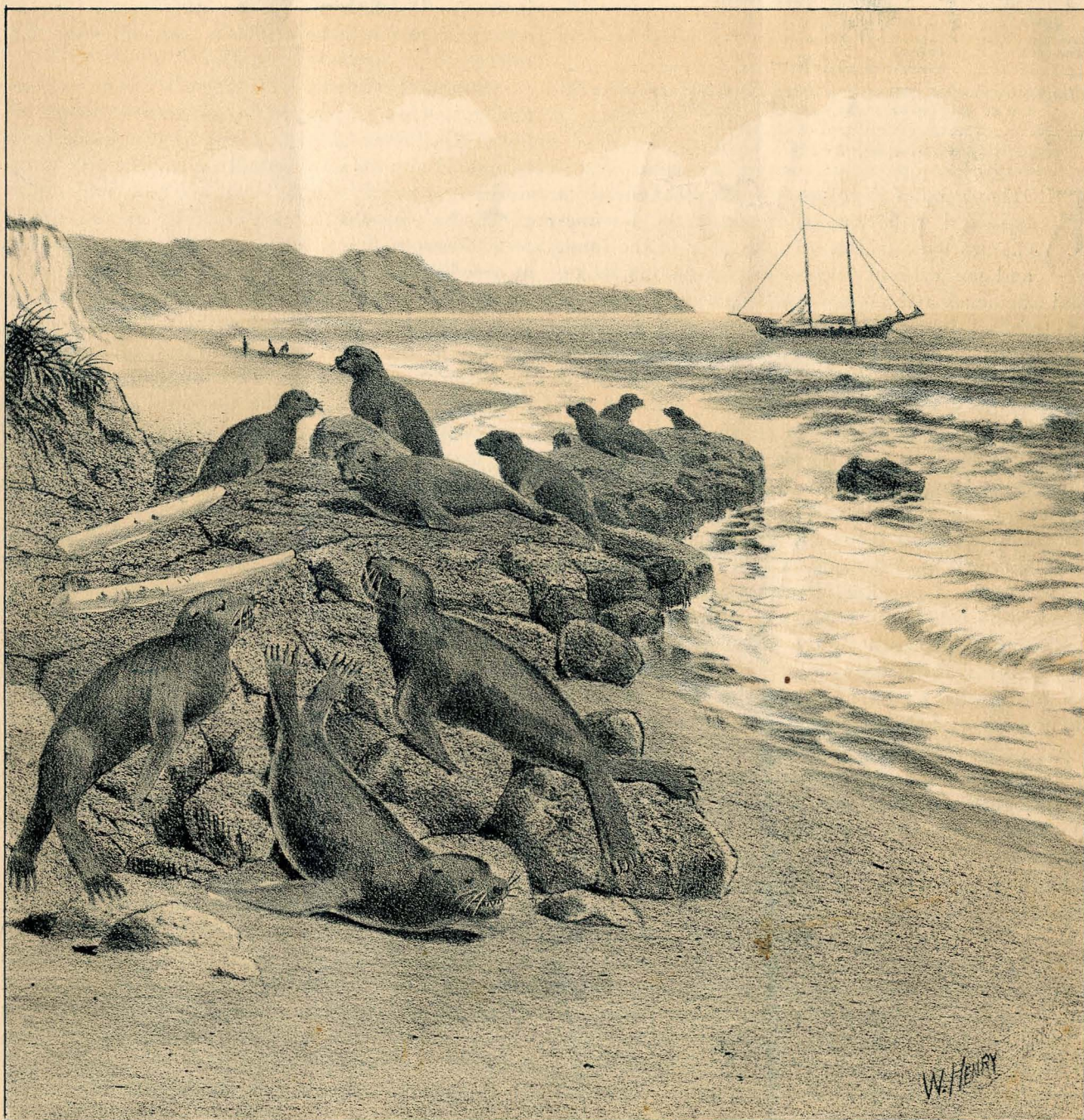
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NUMBER

209



ALASKA—A Seal Rookery on St. Paul Island—See Page 708.

# West Shore

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L. SAMUEL, Publisher,

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

Saturday, June 7, 1890.

FROM one end of the country to the other the air is burdened with cries of discontent by the mechanics who do the manual labor of the land, and not without reason. Strike follows strike, and when each and all are settled, the great cause of the trouble still remains. The trouble with us is that we protect our manufactured products but not the men who make them. European goods are kept out of our markets by a high wall of tariff they can not surmount, but a steady stream of cheap labor is permitted to flow into our labor markets and crowd out the intelligent American mechanic, the man who is the head of a family, who rears his children in a spirit of patriotic love for their country and infuses them with the true spirit of Americanism. It is upon these the perpetuation of our free, democratic government by and for the people must depend. Thousands of men are coming to America yearly whose only idea of liberty is personal license, who have not the faintest conception of what a government by the people means in its broadest and truest sense, who do not even learn to speak or read the English language, who form a mass of ignorance and political corruption that, swayed by demagogues and bribe givers, threatens to overthrow the virtue of the ballot as a means of ascertaining the true will of the people in the matters of government and public policy—nay, even does do it in some localities.

Why do we want more labor in America? We already have enough to develop our resources as rapidly as it can be done to advantage, and we already have more than can be thoroughly Americanized and converted into healthful and safe members of the body politic during the next generation. To be sure, we receive many very desirable men and women from Europe. It is possible in every community to point to

some whose coming to this country has been a blessing to it in some particular, while thousands of industrious immigrants can not be said to be objectionable in any particular save their ignorance of American institutions; yet, if the bars could be put up for a generation, it would give the heterogenous mass now composing our population time to become assimilated, infused with true Americanism and be converted into loyal, patriotic citizens of a country they have learned to love as their own. Then, if we need more aid to develop our wonderful resources—and there does not seem a possibility that we shall, for as a people we are increasing in numbers at a remarkable rate—we can again take down the bars with a reasonable degree of safety.

Granted that to stop all immigration is an extreme and somewhat impracticable measure—though we have done it from China and can, by the passport system, do it almost as effectually from the rest of the world—yet we can certainly stop the most undesirable portion by proper legislation carefully carried into effect. There is, however, a necessary measure that can at once be taken that will have a wonderful effect in purifying the politics of this country. The naturalization laws can be repealed entirely, or so modified that a man can not become an American citizen until he can read and write English, can explain our system of government, can tell who George Washington and Abraham Lincoln were and what they did, and has been here long enough to feel that this is his country and that he has an interest in perpetuating its free institutions unsullied. “America for Americans” should be the motto of every loyal citizen, provided the word “Americans” is intended to include every man who believes in true American principles, is anxious to conserve our democratic institutions and loves the country in which he lives, regardless of what corner of the earth may have been his birthplace. Strike, then, if you will, you discontented bone and sinew of the land, but strike where your blows will count not only for yourselves but for your children yet unborn.

Michigan university, at Ann Arbor, is rapidly acquiring the reputation of being the most disorderly and poorly governed institution of the kind in America. Every few days the telegraph is burdened with an account of a riot by students at a theater, a prize fight, a circus or parade of some kind. A dozen years ago the trustees dismissed an entire class because some of its members had been guilty of an act deserving dismissal and the class declined to divulge their names. This heroic measure had a wonderful effect for a few years upon the discipline of the university. Now, it seems, the government of the school has fallen into less competent and weaker hands, and the uni-

versity is becoming a disgrace to the state and the nation. An end should be put to such conduct as the students are credited with even if every one of them has to be sent home and the doors of the institution closed.

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Senator Ingalls is a brilliant man, and says many things that sting like darts and have about the same effect as pouring acid upon healing wounds. Upon every possible occasion he waves the bloody shirt and tears open the gashes of the civil war. His latest exploit was to prostitute Memorial Day by a speech of rancorous bitterness because the day before a few confederate flags had been displayed at Richmand upon the occasion of the unveiling of a statue of General Lee. What would Senator Ingalls and his equally uncharitable applauders have? The people of the south fought four years, with desperate valor, under the confederate flag, and they were less than human if they did not ever hold it in tender regard. That they love to see it upon fit occasions—and the unveiling of a statue to their great military hero was certainly such—does not indicate that they are not loyal to the union or that did the need arise they would not fight as valiantly for the stars and stripes as they did for the stars and bars. If the soldiers of the south were so lost to lofty sentiment as to cease to have a tender regard for the flag they followed on so many bloody fields, we might well mistrust their loyalty. But as it is, they now are, beyond doubt, a portion of the nation that can be relied upon when the trial comes, and it would be well for the country if these chronic fault finders would turn their attention to other things.

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The election is over in Oregon, and though the pot has not yet ceased to call the kettle black, the masses of our citizens are again settled down into the grooves from which they were temporarily shaken. A sigh of relief has gone up on every side that the great day devoted by free American citizens to fraud, chicanery, treachery, bribery and corruption has gone, to come not back again for at least two years. It is a sad thing to see otherwise honorable citizens engaged in the work of prostituting the manhood of others, more so, even, than to see the degraded mass of unworthy citizens selling their votes for the price of a meal of victuals. Thank heaven, it is over! And now if the legislature will give us a registry law and the Australian ballot system we may congratulate ourselves that Oregon politics will never again reach such depths of corruption.

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The election last Monday confirmed the position of Oregon as a firm republican state, notwithstanding

the republican candidate for governor was defeated upon false local issues and the treachery of men who have enjoyed high honors at the hands of the party they so basely betrayed. The majority of Mr. Hermann is larger than it was when he was last elected to congress, showing both his own great strength and the weakness of his opponent, and the majorities of the republican state officers is also large and decisive. A difference of 10,000 votes for governor is the result of a campaign of pure demagogism, aided by the blackest party treachery even Oregon's rotten politics have ever known, by which those guilty of that conduct have earned the contempt alike of all honorable men of both parties.

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The sixth of June was the anniversary of the great conflagration in Seattle. The transformation which has been wrought in the year that has passed since the entire business portion of the city was laid in ashes is simply marvelous. With finer business blocks, with new railroad and steamboat lines, with a great accessions to her industries and population, Seattle stands to-day even a greater city than she gave promise of being before the hot breath of fire swept over her. She is a living monument to the vitality of our western cities, and has justified all the confidence ever expressed in her future greatness.

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A million dollars have been subscribed for the university of Chicago, whose chief object will be to make more Baptists. Of this sum John D. Rockefeller gave \$600,000, which goes to show that though riches may keep their possessor out of heaven, he can use them to assist others to get in; this proves that it is not the riches that close the gates, but the possession of them.

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The Illinois state prohibition party platform endorses woman suffrage, free coinage of silver, retirement of national bank circulation, election of senators by the people, the Australian ballot system, service pension, Sabbath law, government control of railways and telegraph lines and a few other things; in fact, almost everything except prohibition.

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In this number is given a detailed account of a winter sealing voyage to Behring sea, duly attested as to its authenticity. It will be somewhat of a surprise to both the government and the Alaska Commercial Company to learn that the sealing preserves are being thus raided during the winter season.

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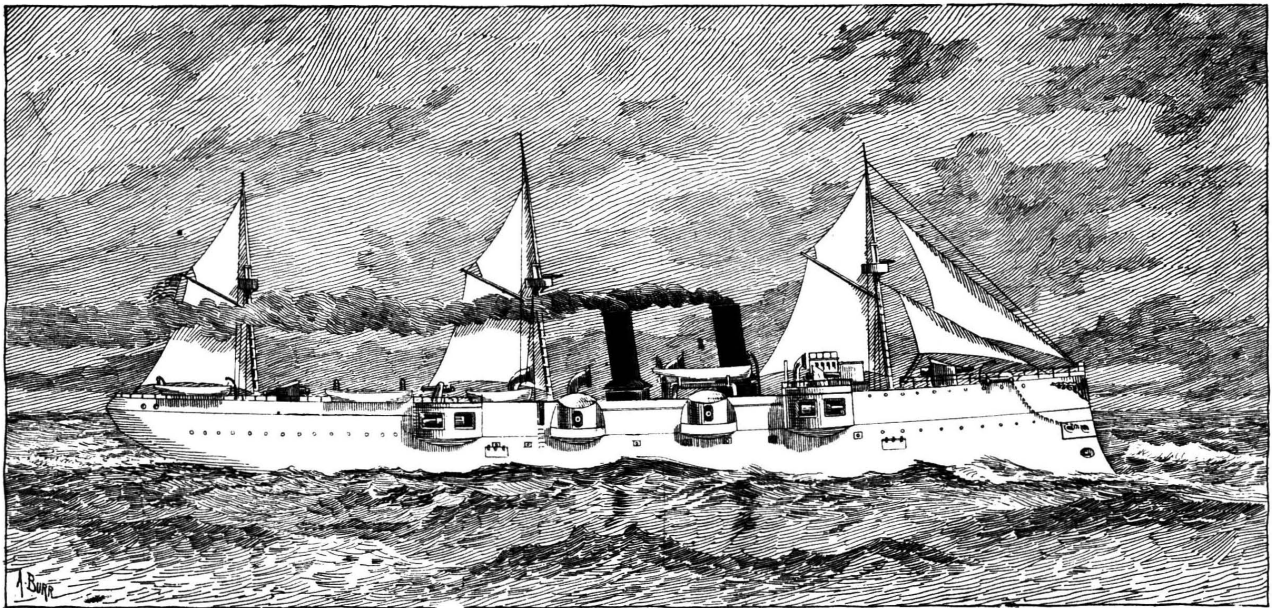
The people of Portland will have another opportunity to hear Mr. Locke Richardson in his Shakesperian readings at the high school, Saturday night. He has selected "King Lear" for his subject.

## THE "SAN FRANCISCO."

THE *San Francisco*, now in process of construction at the Union Iron Works, of San Francisco, is a vessel similar to the *Newark* in scantling and general construction, drainage, ventilation and dimensions; but the forward and after sponsons, as in the *Newark*, are removed, and the guns in them are mounted on the poop and forecastle decks. She is a twin-screw, protected cruiser, having a poop and fore-castle deck, with an open gun deck between. Her length between perpendiculars is 310 feet; her extreme breadth, 49 feet, 2 inches; her mean draft, 18.825 feet; displacement in tons to low-water line, 4,092.93; and her engines will be capable of working up to 10,500 horse-power. She will have a maximum speed of

weighs 100 pounds, and the powder charge is fifty pounds, making the weight of a single broadside thrown 600 pounds. These shells have a penetration of about thirteen inches of iron at the muzzle. The secondary battery consists of four six-pounders, 57<sup>mm</sup> single shot guns, four 37<sup>mm</sup> Hotchkiss revolving cannon, one one-pounder on a rail mount, and two gatling guns on rail mounts. One of the 37<sup>mm</sup> guns is mounted on each of the fore and aft tops.

The captain's cabins are at the after end, under the poop deck, and are extended from side to side; in the after one are worked two 37<sup>mm</sup> Hotchkiss revolving guns. The ward room is at the after end of the berth deck, and has seven rooms on each side. Forward of the ward room, and separated by a transverse, steel, water-tight bulkhead, is the steerage; the whole star-



THE UNITED STATES PROTECTED STEEL CRUISER "SAN FRANCISCO."

nineteen knots an hour. The main battery consists of twelve six-inch, breech-loading rifles, mounted on central pivot carriages supporting segmental shields two inches in thickness, for the purpose of protecting the guns's crew as well as the mechanism of the gun carriages from machine-gun fire. The two guns forward are mounted one on either side upon the fore-castle deck, and train from sixty-five degrees abaft the beam to 115 degrees forward. The two after guns are mounted on the poop deck in a manner similar to these just described. The second pair from forward, together with the second pair from aft, are placed under bridges. The remaining four guns are mounted on sponsons on the sides. All the guns on one side of the vessel can be concentrated on an object fifty feet distant. Each of the shells from the main battery

board, for its twenty-seven feet of length, is devoted to the accommodation of its junior officers. Forward of the steerage, and separated by a transverse, steel, water-tight bulkhead, on the starboard side, is the paymaster's office. In the midship part of this deck are located the blowers for ventilating the living and other spaces throughout the vessel; here, also, are the engineers' workshop and firemen's washroom on either side. The sick bay and dispensary are at the port side of this deck. The galley and fittings are located under the forward bridge and enclosed by a steel bulkhead, well lighted and ventilated by skylight and airports. Above this, on top of the bridge, is the armored pilot house, with wooden pilot house adjoining. It is estimated the *San Francisco* will cost \$1,428,000.

EMELIE TRACY Y. SWETT.

## THE MODERN PIRATE.

AN EXACT RELATION OF THE LAST RAID OF THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

I, H. R. Pocock, of Victoria, British Columbia, make oath and say that the narrative hereunder of an adventure in Behring Sea is a true and accurate relation of facts witnessed by myself, save only as regards the names of other members of the crew of the schooner

H. R. Pocock  
Sworn before me at Victoria B.C.  
this eleventh day of April, 1890  
J. H. Shobell, J.P.

“CAPTAIN H—, I think?”

“Yes; that’s me.”

“You’re off to Behring sea in the *Adela*, they say. I want to go with you.”

“Who are you?”

“I’m a writer, and I want to go and study sealing.”

“Come along, then, and I’ll show you the stuff for the best novel ever written.”

It was late in September, 1889; and as I walked about the streets of Victoria, and the time for sailing drew near, rumors, hints, whispers of something unusual about the voyage reached me from time to time. And then I learned that the enterprise was criminal and dangerous; that in his sober senses the captain was trying to get rid of his bargain; and that by all who were in the secret I was regarded as a detective, and the skipper as a fool for taking me. Many were the warnings of friends. What did a fifty-ton schooner want during the winter in Behring sea, with its awful ground swell, its uncharted, unlighted coasts, and almost arctic climate? What did I want in the fore-castle of her, with a rough crowd for company, bad food, long watches, and a dirty bunk? The skipper now assured me that he had given up the project, as there was too much talk and the newspapers had hold of the matter. What good could it be for me, he said, to merely cross to Yokohama and back? Then he could only take me as a stowaway, as my appearance at the custom house would be more than suspicious. Yet my insanity was such that on seeing an attempt was being made to prevent my joining the schooner, I threw myself on the little skipper’s generosity by sending my baggage and camera on board, and giving him my little bundle of testimonials to take care of.

Now that there was opposition to face I would have gone had it cost me a leg. I watched night and day lest the *Adela* should sail without me. Such is the nature of the animal.

And so we weighed, all hands drunk, and put to sea on the night of the 24th of September, bound on the last raid of the “Yokohama Pirates,” the which I now have the honor to bring to the light of day.

At midnight the captain pretended to discover me; and, after a very pretty demonstration after the manner laid down for use on the discovery of a stowaway, shipped me as an ordinary seaman at \$10 a month, and gave me a bunk in the fore-castle. To my surprise the berth was comfortable, dry and clean, the crowd as fine a lot of fellows as I have ever messed with, the food served in the cabin equal to that of any second rate hotel, discipline slack, fuel and light without restriction, and coffee always to be had during the night watches. The schooner could have been worked by three men, and with our complement of eleven was very easy to handle. When I consider mine own imbecility at work, and the fact that everyone on board firmly believed I was a spy, I wonder why it was that they were all so patient and tolerant of me and that I was never thrown overboard as a nuisance.

We called at a mission station on the west coast of Vancouver island and cut a number of heavy clubs. At the Shumagim islands we put in for water, and also two dories, or flat-bottomed boats, were purchased of white traders and paid for with gin and potatoes. There is no time to relate our jolly hunting trips or how we shot salmon with revolvers among the big turfs of the swamps, which is a most exciting pastime. Nor can we celebrate over again the skipper’s birthday

party, beginning at midnight with an illumination of thirty-five candles, and sundry black bottles. We made up our minds to face the adventure, and overhauled our mitts, sou'westers, gum boots and oilskins



THE "ADELA" AT THE VICTORIA DOCK.

lest they should be found unable to bear the usage they were about to suffer. Then we sailed for Behring sea.

And now must be told a little of the skipper's very long and entertaining narrative of his past misdeeds. The fur seals pass their lives at sea, but in summer and autumn gather on certain lonely islands for the purpose of breeding. These breeding grounds are leased by the Russian and United States governments to a trading corporation, which is allowed to kill only a certain number yearly. But the islands are very carefully guarded from invasion by free traders. For eleven years, the skipper told me, some twenty sea otter hunting schooners of Yokohama habitually raided these breeding grounds, and entirely destroyed small ones that were not guarded. Enormous sums were realized by the sale of skins, but every year brought disaster. Many raiders were shot down by natives or by the Russian garrisons; several of the schooners were lost, with all hands, at sea; others captured and confiscated by Russian and United States cruisers, and the rest were so much discouraged that they confined themselves to legitimate hunting of sea otter. Now, our little schooner had been a raider from the beginning, had helped to drive away natives, to corrupt guards, and to rob the breeding grounds of the Okhotsk sea. But four years ago she had, in course of an attempt on the American Pribyloff islands, the most populous of all breeding grounds, been captured and taken to San Francisco. Here, amid great public excitement, a trial took place; but it was found that the court could only be held at Sitka, and the case was dismissed. The skipper swore that sooner or later

he would be avenged for his losses at that time. Now, while the rest of the old crowd were sunk, or seized, or disheartened, in the Okhotsk sea, he still carried on war against the monopoly at whose hands he had suffered. Under false articles he sailed from the British port of Victoria, and every winter raided the great seal islands until the account should be balanced. So we were bound for the Pribyloff islands, to steal in and raid them in the winter nights, and load the little schooner with the skins of the fur seal, in defiance of the Alaska Commercial Company and of the government of the United States.

The skipper is generally known as the "Flying Dutchman," because he is not easy to find ashore and hard to catch at sea. We little knew him when we supposed he would only raid by night, for we bore down in broad daylight on St. George island under a fierce squall laden with hail, and passed under lee of the cliffs into the Southwest bay.

"A man running along the hill, sir!"

"The son of a gun! My glass—quick! Yes, that's so; the jumped-up son of a gun! Stand by the anchor, there! All ready? Down staysail and jib! Let go!" and down went the anchor.

"Four men coming out of the shack yonder, sir!"

I saw the skipper whisper confidentially to the binnacle between his teeth. Then in sail and out with the boat, while the mate sang out for volunteers.

"I'll go" and "and I," said Oscar and Dave.

The skipper called out to the boy—

"Tom, go and get 'em each a good horn of gin!"

Tom brought the square bottle which speedily evaporated. The skipper jammed a revolver into his hip pocket and dropped over the side; and presently the little boat was bobbing up and down, heading for the surf behind which four men stood waiting, rifle in hand. When next we sighted them through the rain the skipper was ashore, having a pleasant chat with the Aleut guard, while a bottle was settling down upon its orbit in the most natural way possible. With much unction the skipper told a most sorrowful tale of bad weather which had driven him from his course to Petropaulovski, whither he was bound with flour and biscuits; of a broken binnacle and lost reckonings. The Aleuts would have him understand that they were government—didn't drink, would take a smile, seeing from his example that the stuff was good—had sent over a man to alarm the village—were government and would take another drink, just one.

"I suppose you think I came here for seals," said the skipper, innocently surveying the immense numbers all around them.

The Aleuts smiled. After an affectionate parting the boat was shoved off among the swarming seals, and so ended our first landing on the forbidden islands.

"Well," said I at supper, "I suppose you expect the governor on board."

"That's so."

"You'll be getting him to take off his guard lest the poor fellows should catch cold; there'll be lots of pretty talk, and then he will go away with a few kegs in the boat, eh?"

"None of your — business," said the skipper, smiling.

But Providence ordered otherwise. I stood anchor watch from eleven p. m. until midnight, with orders to tell the mate of any change in the wind. He was playing cribbage with the skipper down in the cabin, and seemed very nervous, advising him to weigh and get out to sea. The wind was blowing across the bay from point to point, and did not veer during my watch. On being relieved I sat reading a novel by the fore-castle lamp. Presently Jim called me on deck to see a seal that he had caught with the boat hook and which was scrambling about the deck. I returned to my book, and, after a little reading, had just set it aside to turn in, when the cry came—"All hands on deck!"

It was time. The wind had risen to a gale and suddenly veered right into the bay, raising a fearful swell. We cast loose and partially hoisted the sails, and then manned the windlass. Pumping up and down, up and down, at the brakes, with strange sea voices croaking hoarse encouragement; presently it worked with uneven motion—sharp jerks that really tore the bars out of our hands—while whole fathoms were wrested from the men receiving the chain. At last there was a dead lock, when none of us could move the bars an inch; and lastly a crash that told us that the anchor no longer dragged—that the chain was broken. I began to look about me. The schooner was pitching heavily; the sails flapping with loud reports, as though they would be torn to shreds; the main boom brooken loose in charge of the poop, swinging its ton weight wildly from side to side. The others were running about,

each seeking his own safety; and down there to leeward an awful line of white gleamed angrily out of the blackness of the storm.

"Look out!"

Down came the green sea in tons upon my back, nearly tearing me from my hold. For one wild moment I thought the waters had rolled over everything; and then the air cleared and I saw the waters breaking heavily down across the deck. At that moment, by some miracle, the staysail filled, and we bore up at last against the wind.

I went aft. The skipper and mate were quarreling violently on the poop. Our course was changed twice, they say, and we were taking fearful risks during that

quarrel in the midst of the reefs. But this was comparative safety after the breakers, and everyone now spoke in a gentle tone wonderfully contrasted with the harsh, strained voices of a few minutes ago. As we beat up out of the bay and out of soundings we stood taking a drink at the water casks, exchanging comments as to what had passed, and watching the mysterious island vanish like a wraith into the darkness. We were right glad to feel the honest swell of deep water under our feet once more, and the weight of the gale in the close



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN AT AN ALASKAN HUT.

reefed sails aloft. We had lost the boat, the best anchor, the ship's discipline and our respect for the captain; but there was heartfelt gratitude in every one that we had been delivered out of the jaws of death from the teeth of the cruel lee shore.

We lay hove to at sea just out of sight of land, waiting for the full moon before attempting to raid St. Paul's, the greater of the two islands. Every day the weather grew more bitterly cold, the enterprise more disreputable. The deck was slippery with frost, sails and rigging encased in ice; the wind often blew half a gale, raising a swell that in these shallow waters threatened at times to demolish the little schooner. Scrambling up and down the deck to keep warm; with wet mitts rubbing animation into a large, cold nose;

bowled over occasionally when we shipped a sea, one could only be cheerful in a moderate way. Not that we had no episode. A flood of water down the fore-castle scuttle, or the stove taking its draught down the chimney instead of up, or the dinner all adrift in the cabin, would furnish us with themes for joyful contemplation and vigorous comment. Twice we sighted whalers coming down from the Arctic ocean, plunging on the majestic heave of the swell, with canvas standing crisp and pearly white against the sky. Once we had some capital cod fishing on banks frequented by the seals; and sometimes would encounter one of these curious sea people ostentatiously asleep, with flippers folded across his breast. One was killed while engaged in rubbing his eyes, and we had him, fat and fishy, for dinner.

At the end of two weeks, under a wonderfully bright, blue sky, with a fresh breeze astern, we bore down upon two gleaming, white spots, and at sundown these had grown into a large island, all snow-clad to the sea, the skyline broken with a swell of low hills. It was St. Paul's. We stood in towards nightfall toward the southwestern part, and under the lee of the land, with darkened portholes and a covered skylight. Making a tack which brought us abreast of a cove on the north side of the bay, we anchored and took in sail, leaving all slack that we might more readily get under way. From here we could descry the immense seal rookery, the stench of which came down to us on the wind, suggestive of poultry, together with a most absurd babble of bleats, screeches and dog-barks. The night was fair, and there was no surf ashore, and plenty of wind to take us out of sight of land before the day should break. The seals were there in hundreds of thousands, nay, in millions; and yet, instead of getting out the dories and taking 400 skins, worth nearly \$3,000, that night, we gathered on the poop and—*mutinied*.

The skipper had promised in Victoria that as soon as we got to sea he would furnish a written agreement that for every skin taken each man should receive a share of the proceeds. But this agreement had not been furnished when we made the Shumagim islands. One of us at that time being unhappy about the matter, and also drunk, abused the skipper upon general principles; then set himself and his baggage in one of the dories and rowed away indefinitely, with a remark that he was going "fishing." The old man made a demonstration with his rifle, but the trigger snapped twice, so that no signals were actually made, while the attempt to signalize was blandly disregarded by the gentleman in the dory. He afterwards consented to being brought back, but some hours were spent in hunting for his baggage, which he had mislaid somewhere. No document had been furnished when we

made that disastrous raid on St. George island, and our whole company was demoralized—if such a process can obtain in the absence of all morals whatsoever. No document had been furnished; and while hundreds of thousands of seals were barking and bleating and smelling all around us, while many of them came up by the side and snorted at us and curiously inspected us as a show gotten up for their amusement, the clubs were down in the coal bunker and the raiders talking on the poop. The crew might have all the documents they pleased at a bit a skin. Nay, the crew must have two bits, or go home.

The captain and mate went ashore prospecting, taking Oscar and the boy; and while they were away it was proposed that we should slip the cable and go home, the difficulties of navigation and of explaining matters afterwards being too small to mention. Finally the dories returned, having made some soundings and taken nineteen seals, which last lay snorting and dying dolefully on the deck, while we made sail and weighed and put to sea.

We thought that as the snow-clad hills and foreshores of the land melted into the murk of the night there came a sound of many voices, sneering at us, jeering at us, with loudest mockery.

At midnight we were well at sea, and I went below for a cup of coffee. The skipper asked me if I were one of the "gang." I told him my interests were with



A CATCH OF CODFISH.

him, my sympathies with the fore-castle. I had undertaken the voyage to study sealing for the newspaper press, and now found that I could make no report, because I was under an obligation to the skipper for taking me. How could my expenses even be paid unless I shared something besides the risks and hardships of the voyage? The skipper offered me a share in the profits, and when I laid this matter before the



"gang" they told me good humoredly to go and be hanged. So I did wrong, and took a side in the matter.

But very soon, if you will excuse all this yarn about myself, I heartily repented, for it was now rumored that the Flying Dutchman had determined to raid the islands with his party, consisting of the mate, cook, Tom the boy, and myself, using the crew only to work the vessel. At this time Tom and I relieved one another, every four hours, at the wheel, and the schooner worked herself. The "gang" decided to see us safe ashore raiding and then "square away for Victoria." It would have been treacherous on my part to warn the skipper of this, and it was better to risk the consequences than be a tale bearer. In the morning we lashed the wheel and hove to, Tom and I keeping watch and watch about all through that day and the long night which followed. The boys read novels, mended clothes, cut hair, endured a tin whistle for hours, played cards and chaffed me. They told me how nice it would be ashore on St. Paul's island, how pleasant the winter, and what an agreeable change to be sent to Sitka for trial. During the night I made a pocket inside my leather coat, to hold the things of most value to me.

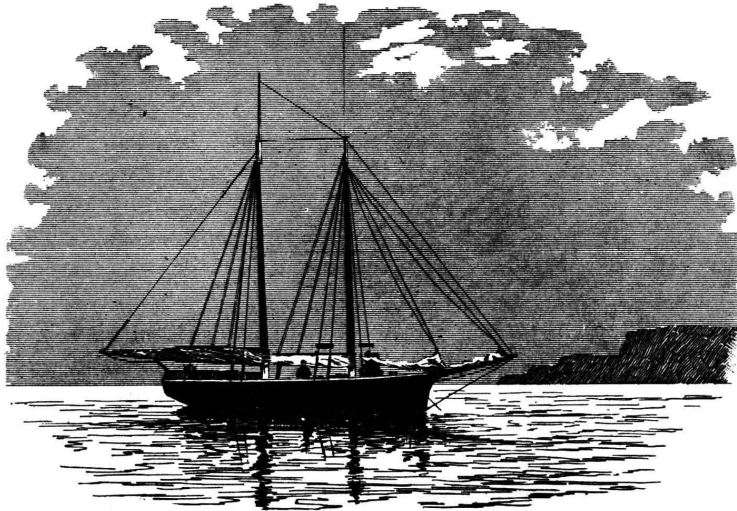
Meanwhile the Flying Dutchman was behaving in a most sensational manner in the cabin, and threatening that, having taken down and loaded his guns, he intended to use them. At last the day came, and at breakfast the mutiny ended. The crew kindly undertook to obey orders and work the ship and to raid the islands for two bits a skin, with lesser charge for pups. And so, at last, the agreement was made, Tom and I excluded; and the skipper dated it upon a Sunday, and chuckled privately that it was, therefore, as he supposed, invalid.

We may make treaties and programmes until doomsday, and yet the event be far from conformable to the document. That night spent in quarreling over the spoils was the one good chance we ever had of getting any seals. Twice we ran down on the island and found it guarded by surf, which gleamed angrily out of the darkness, and made us glad to get away. "Blows" now took up most of the time. Behring sea is very shallow, and the swell, therefore, magnificent;

and there can be few grander sights in nature, however disagreeable it may be to behold the same from a dancing, quivering, little cock-boat. The gray-green waste is crested with livid foam along the ridges of the swells, and these are like hill ranges racing with snow-white waves flung wildly to the wind, racing across the abyss and towering out of the dim chaos of the lesser waves to where they vanish into the driving spray and the fringes of trailing cloud.

The mate and Jim, who was in charge of the star-board watch, fought a great battle about this time, and the authority of the man beaten vanished, leaving one watch without any traces of discipline. We got wet and cold beyond any former experience. The potatoes froze in the hold, the water barrels were full of ice, the hull, decks and rigging as pretty as barley sugar. The waves would sneak up unnoticed, catching one in the midst of a staggering promenade of the deck, take a

flying leap across the vessel, and leave the victim in some very unexpected place, wet through despite oil-skins and gum boots, with the melancholy pleasure of noting the many trickles finding their way down back and breast and thighs, and solemnly wringing out a pair of soaking mitts. Colder and colder every day, with snow and hail squalls hourly, freezing wind cutting across the shelterless deck, and



THE "ADELA" LYING OFF ST. PAUL ISLAND.

a diversity of seething spray and big, green seas breaking aboard, and adding fresh layers to the incrustation of ice that had now transformed the little schooner into a fairy structure of crystal. And so for three long weeks we haunted these waters, looking daily across the swell to where the islands loomed snowy white against the western sky.

It was the nineteenth of November, the moon being in her last quarter, and the north wind bitterly cold, when we beat up northward for our last raid on St. Paul's; but the strength of the Arctic current that sweeps southward past the islands, and the violent squalls and darkness, made the attempt impossible that night. The Flying Dutchman determined not to be balked again, so on the afternoon of the next day we bore down and entered the Southwest bay in a snow storm that hid us till the night set in. Hours were spent in breaking away the ice on the schooner

and in thawing out the windlass with hot water, so as to be able to anchor when the time came.

I was under suspicion as a spy, and not only that, but as one who took photographs, and consider myself lucky that I was not landed at some remote station, and my camera accidentally lost. So it would not,



HAULING SEALS ON BOARD.

perhaps, be fair to growl because when the party of eight men set off in two dories to make the first landing I was ordered to stay on board. A wandering and predatory author before the mast in such a craft as this was likely to be looked upon as a somewhat curious object in natural history, and, as old Bloody Growl used to often tell, we could be "no good anyhow."

After an hour or two, during which the mate, cook and I were busy clearing the deck of snow, the first dory returned, and we had twenty seal carcasses to haul over the side. The landing party had a dismal tale. First they fell foul of a reef extending nearly across the entrance of the cove opposite to us, and when once landed they had a piteous scramble ashore. The beach was a mass of rough boulder difficult to walk upon at best, but at this time the snow, darkness, surf and sea slime and seals—which with such wistful eyes have the bite of a crocodile—made walking a series of tumbles down, not with care and discretion, but in unseemly haste. At first the boulders were mistaken for seals and several attacks made upon them, to the breaking of clubs and considerable warming of hands. But soon it was found that certain whitish phenomena, when trod on, were apt to bite, as you could always tell by walking over them. Among many dismal narratives Dave had the worst to tell, for being attacked by a big bull seal, he slipped about

and hit rocks until he lost his club, and then fell headlong into the sea, thus by a masterly strategy getting out of sight of the enemy. Enough seals having been clubbed for two boatloads, the skipper decided to wait until dawn, so as not to exhaust all hands to no purpose. Few seals were left, the great cold having driven most of them to sea, but a good number of skins might be secured if all went well. He, therefore, sent Oscar to bring round the dories to where the seals were lying. Oscar did this, and was met by two of the boys shortly after, and then disappeared altogether. After a fruitless search the skipper concluded that the man had deserted, but, sending the dories to the schooner, set out again to search. He was right, however. Oscar does not like schooner sailing, and during the whole voyage was in a state of panic. We were to be dismasted, burned, cast away and foundered all in one fell disaster; we were to be crushed by the big seas, thrown on our beam ends and shaken to pieces; we were to be captured, shot, bitten, drowned in the surf. He had deserted, and yet with no intention of laying information against us at the village, which was four miles away. The search was finally abandoned. Bruised, tired, cold, disappointed at the scarcity of seals, three oars and several clubs already broken, one boat missing, the other just returned from the schooner in a sinking condition, and one of the crew turned deserter and informer, the prospect was not soothing. Enthusiasm has not cold feet, and yet contrary to natural history, these dauntless spirits set off to warm themselves, and killed forty seals before returning on board in the one available dory at half past ten. The other boat had, indeed, put off on a second trip, but the violence of the wind had driven her out to sea, and the two men in her had been very glad to get back to the schooner. I volunteered to stand anchor watch all night, and the rest, after a cup of coffee, turned in.

Meanwhile Oscar ranged along the shore until, dead tired, he sat down on the rocks, and at two a. m. burnt part of his shirt and some tarpaulin from his sou'wester to get warm. I instantly sighted the light, warned the mate of a night attack, and raised no little excitement before it burnt out. True, there was very little to fear. During the absence of the landing party, the old cook, in the Flying Dutchman's boots and a torn oilskin, had marched up and down the cabin, talking grimly of how a keg of powder and a live coal should be thrown into every boat attacking us as it came alongside—a sure recipe for Aleuts, he said. While I had shuddered at the dreadful deeds he was going to do, I could not now fear for our safety in presence of this sudden flaming of the genius of war in so gentle a breast. But Oscar's shirt burned out, and nothing came of it. Soon after I saw that

one of the cabin portholes was open and hastily covered it with a coat; and Oscar, seeing the light no more, thought we had put to sea, and sat in sullen despair brooding over the ashes of his shirt tail. All night long he sat there in the bitter cold; and then came the dawn, and the schooner was there after all. Stiff and sore as he was he felt a glow when he thought of the cook's flesh pots, of the warm stove, and the kindly crowd in the forecabin.

At five a. m. all hands were astir on board, getting out the boats, with the hope of plenty of work before daylight should discover us. But the surf was now very heavy and the boats almost sinking from the gaping leaks sprung during the night's hard usage. Then came the dawn, cold and gray, and the entire scene was slowly unfolded. With my camera I made hasty memoranda of the lifting of seals out of the boat and over the side of the schooner; their appearance as they lay heaped on the deck; the enormous but now nearly empty rookeries ashore; and the snowy hills reaching away to the northeast. Four miles away we could see the village, some of the houses being in full view, and the breakfast smoke of others curling up from behind the hill upon which a flagstaff is planted. We could see the people standing in groups watching us, and two white men, with field glasses, came out and stood on the hill. They must have plainly seen young Tom being chased across country by a big bull seal; Oscar wandering back along the shore and looking like a lost spirit; the loading of the dories, the transfer of seals to the schooner. And no doubt our audience enjoyed the entertainment immensely, for no hostile demonstrations were as yet made.

After much delay before the boys could be persuaded to stop clubbing seals, we made sail and weighed. As we got in the boats one large seal raised himself from the deck to a man's height and, blinded with blood and horrible in his utter despair, swayed dreamily and fell dead—as terrible a sight to my mind as the slaying of a man, so gentle and intelligent are these creatures. Over the taffrail came the sound of the now distant rookery in ludicrous mimicry of a crowd cheering at a horse race. The Flying Dutchman made a touching address to Oscar, referred benevolently to his own depravity and that of his parents, charged him with most unmentionable and impossible crimes, and consigned him to a dreadful fate in this world and a conspicuously hot place in the next. We were now wading in blood and grease, ripping the seals with long knives and slashing away the skin from the thick blubber that encased the body. The fishy smell, the heavy rolling of the vessel as we got clear of the land, the flying spray, the cutting wind, the mixture of ice and blood, salt water and grease made a very nasty combination; and right thankful were we next

day when, after thawing and spreading the seventy-five skins, we laid them away in salt and were rid of them. So we said farewell to the breeding grounds, and little Otter island faded away in the distance.

We neared the Ounimak pass of the Aleutian islands at dawn, and passed out of a region of clouds and darkness into the radiant Pacific, where we lay becalmed. We saw the awful, white volcanoes towering out of the haze under the sun until, on the second day, they melted into sea and sky, and we were alone. As the voyage drew to its close imagination revelled ashore among baths and barber shops, in a dreamland of sheeted beds, where a fresh water wash might be had more than once a week, where more than ten minutes was allowed for meals, and more than four hours at a time for sleep, where one might walk on boards not executing a war dance under foot, live in a room



“LAND HO!”

over five feet high, hear how the world was getting on, and, more than all, enjoy the society of women.

“Well,” said the skipper, “we’ll all be able to go to church next Sunday.”

“Yes,” said Dave, “with ‘push’ on the door.”

“That’s generally the way; we go from one church to another until we’re filled up.”

The night was resplendent under the full moon; the sails were pearly white, crisp as dainty sea shells, and all asleep against the deep, dark sky. The swell breathed as though it were in slumber, and the little ship its dream. No wind other than the sweet breath filling the sails came to break the spell; only the spray flashing like crystals starred with diamonds under the bow, the ruddy light from the binnacle, the cold, blue shadows of the deck, and the white gleam of planks and spars and bulwarks sharpened the picture into actual fact, that must otherwise have melted

into the depths of sea and sky and night wherein we lay. Presently the moon, all red against the haze, went down and foundered like a burning ship. An hour of pacing up and down the deck, and thinking of the Everlasting Father's love in granting such splendor to the course of his lights, and then out of a line of sweet, pale light to eastward there arose a star—the morning star of promise—fiery red; then soaring pure upon the brow of Dawn until it vanished into the light.

The glory of the day is coming, is coming to light the world—the rosy splendor, the pale green abyss beyond, the deep, blue sky above, hailed in every wisp of cloud the rising sun. Not such a sunrise had I seen for years—such calm, such simplicity, such an infinite peace. And there lay down there to the northward along the sea a film of haze, and upon it the Day chased the Night. Under the growing radiance it stood revealed—a line of distant mountains. In the utter silence the mate took a turn or two along the deck, and then gave this salutation to the watch—

“Land Ho!”

\* \* \* \* \*

Perhaps you would like to know the end of it all. I promised secrecy, but for this there was no need. We had hardly dropped anchor in Victoria harbor before the newspaper reporters managed to glean a sufficient account of what had transpired on this most suspicious voyage. The skipper was called upon by the custom house to explain matters, and satisfied the authorities that he had not made a false clearance (he had cleared for Yokohama). The statement was sent to the department at Ottawa, where a newspaper reporter got access to it and published in the *Toronto Empire* a slanderous story about me, purporting to be quoted from the skipper. In a great rage I made a complete exposure of the Flying Dutchman at the custom house, implying a charge of perjury, and obtained an ample public retraction from the *Empire*. When I had got the Flying Dutchman into trouble he was so manly and cheerful about it that, finding he was not wholly responsible for the slander, I requested the custom house to take no action unless it was absolutely required. The statements were very contradictory, no money was at stake, and so the *Adela* got safely away to sea, where the Flying Dutchman is busy with legitimate sealing. So now that it can do him no harm, I am able to lay before the public the whole story of the last unsuccessful raid of the Flying Dutchman upon the Alaska Commercial Company's monopoly—the last venture of the once famous “Yokohama Pirates.”

H. R. A. POCOCK.

Advices from Alaska are to the effect that there will be a large pack of salmon there this season.

#### BELLEVUE, IDAHO, AND WOOD RIVER VALLEY.

**B**ELLEVUE, the largest and most important town in Logan county, is situated on the east bank of Wood river, on the Wood river branch of the Oregon Short Line, about fifty miles from the main line. It is beautifully located on a level plain, overlooking the river at a point where the broad Wood river valley has been gradually narrowed down to a width of little more than a mile. Because of its advantageous situation as the entreport of the great mining region extending forty or fifty miles to the northward, it early received the nickname of the “Gate City.” Ten years ago it was a wilderness. There was not a sign of a habitation in the entire valley. But the discovery of galena and silver mines in the immediate vicinity, in the autumn of 1879, caused a rush of emigration; and in May, 1880, the site of the town was decided upon. In a few short months it was a bustling mining camp, that has since developed into the present thrifty and enterprising city of about 2,700 inhabitants. It was incorporated as a city as early as February, 1883, being the third on the list of the incorporated towns of Idaho, Lewiston and Boise City taking precedence. B. M. Davis, an old pioneer of Silver City, was the first mayor; and the office has since been filled by J. S. Whitton, O. S. Glenn, L. Young and Geo. B. Hill, all of whom still reside here. The city has five churches, a splendid fire department, a good newspaper, an efficient board of trade, the usual quota of secret societies, and a magnificent public school. This latter has always been a credit to the city, and never more so than at the present time. The building is a large and commodious brick structure, occupying, with its beautiful grounds, an entire block in the center of the city. The grounds are said to be the finest in the territory.

Bellevue is supplied with pure spring water by an admirable system of works, the property of the Bellevue Water Company. There are fire-plugs on almost every corner, and the pressure is sixty pounds to the square inch. The system cost about \$20,000.

It is proposed to light the city with electricity in the near future, and work will be commenced during the present year. The power furnished by the swift Wood river is all that could be desired, and is easily accessible. Large power plants are in course of erection which will be used in the working of mines and the reduction of ores. It is a power easy of transmission, and competent mining engineers and electricians affirm that it can be utilized for light and power in mines twenty miles distant.

The fine buildings and machinery of the Bellevue Roller Milling Company are objects of importance to everyone interested in the agricultural development of

a new country. The mill was erected three years ago, at a cost of \$16,000, and has all the latest and best milling machinery. It has a capacity of 200 barrels of flour per day. Since its erection the production of wheat in this vicinity has increased more than tenfold.

The great Wood river mineral belt, which has always been the largest ore-producing section of Southern Idaho, is a vast lead-silver bearing zone, extending north and south on either side of the river a distance of seventy miles, and varying in width from two to twelve miles. The center of this great mineral region is Galena gulch, near the town of Broadford, across the river one mile from Bellevue. Here are located that most famous of all Idaho silver mines, the "Minnie Moore," and her scarcely less celebrated sister, the "Queen of the Hills," which are the best developed mines in Southern Idaho. The former of these has produced no less than \$6,600,000 in the past seven years, and the latter \$1,800,000; and both still have large reserves. Aside from these are many other mines that have not yet been worked on such an extensive scale, but which have made large and valuable shipments of ore without concentration, and now possess big bodies that, by means of adequate milling facilities, will render the mines of great value. Prominent among these may be mentioned the "Relief," "Gate City," "Michigan," "Big Bonanza," "Pacific Tunnel," "San Jose," "Monday," and many others situated on either side of the river within five miles of the city. The mining industry of Wood river is in its infancy, and the country has as yet scarcely been prospected.

But it is not alone upon the great mining resources of the country that Bellevue depends. It is now, and will always be, the business center of a fine agricultural and stock country. As in every other section of Southern Idaho, with one or two exceptions, the question of irrigation is of paramount importance, and the whole, grand, agricultural development of the country depends upon water. Wherever this can be obtained the soil yields amazingly large crops. The farming inhabitants of Wood river are happily situated in this respect. The river in itself carries water sufficient to irrigate its entire valley, and it is obtained with comparative ease and trifling cost. Beginning at Bellevue the valley suddenly widens to the southward for twenty miles into a sort of basin, containing many thousand acres of land remarkable for its richness and fertility. This large scope of country is especially adapted to fruits and berries of all sorts, and also to wheat and the other cereals. Fall wheat requires no irrigation, as the snows of winter, slowly melting, furnish sufficient moisture. This basin, which is traversed its entire length by the railroad, will, in a few years, become one of the most productive agricultural regions of Southern Idaho.

Fifteen miles to the west lies that wonderful stretch of country known as Camas prairie, where no longer ago than 1878 the Bannock and Shoshone Indians began their murderous raid through Idaho and Eastern Oregon clear up to the banks of the Columbia. Then it was a wilderness; now it is a garden. Then it was the home of the restless Indian; now there is not an Indian within 150 miles. It stretches along the banks of the Malad river a distance of 100 miles, and the tillable area is, perhaps, eighty miles long by eighteen to twenty in width. Every foot of this extensive tract, which is unquestionably the bed of an ancient lake, is susceptible of a high state of cultivation, irrigation not being required, owing to a peculiar natural condition. During the dryest time in midsummer the moisture rises to within a foot or two of the surface of the ground. The average altitude of the prairie is about 5,300 feet, but the climate is mild and fine. The soil, owing to the peculiar, natural "sub-irrigation," yields immensely, small grains doing especially well. Much of the land is still open for settlement, and the immigration this season is very large.

Ten or twelve miles down the valley from Bellevue is the most famous trout stream of Idaho, and probably the best in the west. This is Silver creek, from the head waters of which thousands of pounds of mountain trout, some of them weighing three and four pounds, are taken every spring and summer without apparently diminishing the numbers. It is essentially the fisherman's paradise, and sportsmen flock thither from all quarters. From 100 to 175 magnificent trout are but an ordinary catch for a good fisherman in a few hours.

Like every other section of Idaho the great Wood river mining region is anxiously awaiting the dawn of statehood. With its advent a new era will be inaugurated in mining, business and agriculture.

The Victoria, Port Crescent & Chehalis R. R. Co. has been incorporated by Northern Pacific officials and others, for the purpose of building a road from Port Crescent, on the Straits of Fuca, southward on the western slope of the Olympic mountains to Gray's harbor, a distance of 150 miles, where it will connect with the Tacoma, Olympia & Gray's Harbor, the Northern Pacific's branch line now under construction. Port Crescent will be connected by ferry with Beechey bay, on Vancouver island, from which place a road will be built to Victoria, thus giving the chief city of British Columbia direct connection with the Northern Pacific. The region to be traversed in Western Washington is one rich in timber and agricultural land, and is especially adapted to dairying. Surveying parties are now in the field and more will soon be known about that somewhat mysterious region.

## Fact and Fancy for Women.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

### THE PATH OF GOLD.

The path of gold on the deep blue water  
Trembled across to our very feet ;  
And O, but the woods were wild with roses !  
And O, but the birds sang loud and sweet !

The path of gold on the deep blue water  
Danced and sparkled and danced again ;  
And O, but our lips were glad with laughter !  
And O, but our hearts were joyous then !

The path of gold on the deep blue water  
Faded and paled into dullest gray ;  
Cold winds blew in from the cruel ocean—  
Blew all our kisses and vows away.

So, good-bye, sweetheart ! the birds are voiceless ;  
So, good-bye, sweetheart ! the flowers are dead ;  
But when the path of gold comes with the sunset,  
I shall remember each word you have said.

Where have our dear, old-fashioned mothers gone—the mothers who were not afraid or ashamed to work early and late for their children; who thought it sweeter to sit up night after night with the ones who were ill than to trust them to incompetent and careless nurses; whose hand, roughened with work, right down work, not the so-called work of sweeping about in afternoon gowns, languidly giving instructions and suggestions to extravagant servants; the mothers who prepared meals with their own faithful hands in the big, shining, old-fashioned kitchen; who baked pies, cookies, crullers and cherry cobblers while we stood on tiptoe beside the white table and watched proceedings with round eyes of anticipation (Oh! would that our anticipations of life when realized tasted one-hundredth as good as did those luscious mysteries of the oven!); the mothers who, in the long afternoons, darned stockings and mended sundry articles worn out by naughty, little knees, or had a few friends in to afternoon tea; the mothers who watched over you, scolded you, loved you, tucked you into bed with little pats and kisses, made “floating island” for you when you “played sick” and made it “warm” for you when you “played hokey;” who punished you, wept over you, prayed for you—Oh, where have they all gone?

There are a few of them scattered about yet, I confess. I unconsciously stumbled into the house of one the other day. The doors and windows were wide open to the sun, not “darkened and shut up for company,” and everything smelled sweet of lavender. The bed was white, the tidies were white, the curtains rustling in the breeze were white—even the cat asleep in the rocking chair was white—while for the kitchen floor, there was no gaudy oil cloth nor ugly paint upon it, and it, too, was white, white. Bright tin things glittered and flirted with the sun rays all over the walls, and when I caught a glimpse of myself in the polished doors of the stove I drew a quick breath of bewilderment, because, for one moment, I thought I was back in my mother’s kitchen. And the old lady in the blue, checked gown and white apron, with the kind smile, the silver hair and the careworn face—Oh! how I loved her—how my eyes clung to her—how my full heart went out to her! The tide of the years came swelling back, bringing all the lost hopes, the broken promises, the vain passions, the Dead sea

fruits—all the wrecks of the ships I had so cheerily sent out to sea, and which had stayed so long I had forgotten them—they all came back, like sobbing, suffering things, on the tide of the years! She gave me some cookies and a glass of milk, but I put them aside, choking. I stooped down and stroked the cat, and she shook her head drowsily at the tear that fell upon it. I gave one look to the great, homely bible—the bible so like the one in my own little parlor in my father’s house—and then I turned to go, and right before me was my mother’s chair, the old, cane-bottomed chair with the round arms and the high back and the sateen cushions. I got out of that house as quickly as I could, and when I found myself out in the warm sunshine my heart was beating fast and strong and my eyes were full of tears.

The new-fashioned mothers are nice and desirable, without doubt; they appreciate their position in society, they dress beautifully and tastefully, they do not allow an eyelid to tremble at the wrong time; they have competent servants and well-ordered households; they have pews in fashionable churches, and they freeze with one look any unfortunate, shabby mortal who may chance to stray into one of them; they give lovely entertainments, where you must wind yourself up by machinery so the bow, the smile, the limp hand clasp and the adieu will all come out at the right time and disappear again like the cuckoo on the clock. When you are in trouble they stand off and look at you and tell you that “you must—er—h’m—bow to God Almighty’s will,” and that “you ought to—h’m—er—have a mourning—er—bonnet, really.” But they never put loving arms about you and comfort you. My heart aches for poor James Whitcomb Riley, who wanted to “hear the *old* band play ‘Hazel Dell’ and ‘Annie Lisle.’” The old-fashioned mothers didn’t sing operatic airs or thrum on the piano, but they used to sew with tired hands and rock the cradle with tired feet, and sing “Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber” till the angels leaned down to listen. I want to hear the *old*-fashioned mother sing once more.

The *World*, criticising the great society leader, Ward McAllister, because in “composing” his last ball he deserted ancestral for pecuniary merit, says it has been a good old tradition that a man whose grandfather owned a ship is better than a new man who has made his pile in Wall street, and asks, “Are not grandfathers better than dollars?” Why, no, not when you put it that way—they are just on a par, neither is one whit better than the other. Some of the dissipated grandsons of men “who owned ships” are not worthy to lay their lips upon the feet of some who could not tell you where their grandfathers were born. It is a clean body, mind and conscience; a hatred of evil and a scorn of wrong; a strength of character and will and a consciousness of white morals; a hand that is tender to a woman and strong and fearless to a foe; a heart that can love purely and passionately and hate openly and honestly; and above all, a soul strong enough to withstand temptation—these are the things that make a *man*; and only of such men, and women like them, can any true society be formed. Let us give men the places and honors they have earned for themselves, and stop all this nonsense about grand-

fathers and dollars. When men come to find that their "positions" depend upon their own morals rather than upon name or money, we may have more noble men, though, thank God, we have a good many as it is.

If young girls only knew what a sweet and charming thing is a blush to the weary eyes of most men they would not be so chary of that pure flame of color. It is like only to the first rose light of dawn, to the first breath of spring, to the first note of the meadow lark over the wet fields, to the first child on its mother's breast, in its power to awaken holy emotions in the heart of the beholder. Don't write to the editors of domestic magazines, girls, asking them how to cure blushing; the years that come and go so noiselessly will cure you of blushing only too soon. There is a little chamber in the life of every woman into which she must one day lock all her blushes, her first sweet hopes and faiths, her first girlish innocence; and she may never have any of them back again, either, no matter how hard she may try or how regretfully she may long for them. The lock grows rusty and the key will not turn; the hand that holds it trembles and the tears in her eyes hide the way. Be glad while you may in your girlhood and blushes, and make the most of them, so that when you come to turn the key on them their fragrance will cling to you and keep you sweet and pure through all your years.

In 1874 Miss Alcott wrote: "When I had the youth I had no money; now I have the money I have no time; and now, when I get the time, if ever I do, I shall have no health to enjoy life." Louisa Alcott's life was one long, heart-breaking struggle to keep the wolf away from the door of those dependent upon her. She triumphed, but her sad eyes and the lines of care about her lips tell us most pathetically at what a cost. Yet, when those tired and patient hands were folded and that tender heart was still there was one great, refined and polished critic who dared to say that "women who desired lasting fame must aim higher than did Louisa Alcott." Aim higher than to forget self and self interest and self love, and give all one's youth and energy and strength for others! Aim higher than to write simple, touching and tender stories that came straight from a gentle heart, and were so pure that children loved them and so pathetic that men wept over them! Aim higher than to leave a name which stands as a monument to self sacrifice! Then God give us more Louisa Alcotts, and leave the empty, everlasting fame to the polished critic who delicately sneers at her.

Mrs. Jenness-Miller is giving us a little sound sense now—something that will do more good than all her dress reform. In a recent lecture she said: "The increase of the morphine mania among fashionable women may well fill us with shame for the folly and weakness of our sex. Culture is of little value if it permits its votaries to fall victims to a degrading vice which reduces them to the level of the most ignorant crone that ever sought refuge from poverty and care in gin." This sounds like an exaggeration, but there is more truth in it than one would suppose. There are women who shrink from liquor as they do from sin and who sneer at others for their weakness, and are yet so weak themselves that they will deaden mental suffering with morphine. For myself, I should hesitate to draw a line between the two.

New York women are accused by a prominent physician of walking "pigeon-toed," or, in other words, of turning in their toes when they walk. A natural gait turns the toes outward at

an angle of about fifteen degrees; but he declares that most women turn their toes toward each other at nearly that angle. He furthermore offers his opinion that it is caused by wearing tight shoes, which causes a natural drawing back in the shoe that tends to turn the toes inward. And he adds, with detestable brevity, that if any one doesn't believe it, let him watch women walking and he will soon prove it to his own satisfaction—or dissatisfaction, perhaps he means; for nothing can be more ungraceful than the short, stubby steps of the woman who turns her toes in or whose boots "pinch."

The other day I saw two oxen yoked together, neck to neck; but one had wearied, his strength had failed, and he had lain down to rest with his great head prone in the dust. He had lost hope, he had lost his hold, he had sunk beneath his heavy yoke. And the other—God help the other—stood firm, true and staunch, with his head bent almost to the ground, that the other might rest, and with great, patient, weary eyes; his neck bore the whole weight of the heavy yoke. If God pities those who sink and fail beneath the weight of their yoke, ten times over must He pity the ones who must stand upright—who must never falter—who must bear the yoke not only for themselves but also for the ones who fail.

When Patti was recently asked for the secret of physical beauty, she replied that she lived just like any intelligent woman; that she wanted things on time, whether her meals, her carriage or her salary. She takes massage treatment for her face and neck, invariably dresses her hair herself, and has the good sense to wash her face often and thoroughly. She believes in comfortable corsets and thinks a singer should always be happy.

Miss Emma Eames, the young operatic singer who is now looked upon as the most promising of American artistes, is slim and girlish and beautiful, with a wonderfully sweet, clear and pure look about her face, and a throat whose lines are simply exquisite. One seldom sees in the picture of a famous woman the lack of self-consciousness and the dignity of repose that is shown in hers.

It is only a broad and generous mind that is capable of holding strong opinions of its own, and, at the same time, respecting the opinions of others. We often shrug our shoulders and say "Oh, she's a crank," forgetting that, after all, the little, slangy, expressive word means only some one who does not think the same as we do.

A California woman, Miss Augusta Lowell, is considered the leading woman organist in this country. She went to New York in 1881, and studied with the best teachers. She is now organist in the Church of the Incarnation in that city. Her success is due, not only to her own talent, but to hard, patient and persevering work.

A Seattle woman fainted on the street the other day because her husband took off his hat to her. He made it all right with her afterward, however, by assuring her that he had mistaken her for some one else.

The one who has suffered most from his own faults is the one who is best qualified to give a warning word to others.

There are many teachers, but few themselves commit to memory the lessons they teach.

PRIVATION  
DEGRADATION  
LAWLESSNESS,  
CRIME.



IF YOU MUST "STRIKE," STRIKE AT THE CAUSE.





## THINGS SAID.

We carry our jails with us.

There is a sunshine of the heart.

A clear conscience defies a cloudy sky.

Convenience generally keeps her word.

To possess one's self is to be a great owner.

It is too bad our strikers can not make a hit.

Trust your fellows and keep your eye on them.

Circumstance gives coloring to our independence.

Suicide by the cigarette is a deception to the conscience.

Accept your friend's tongue but not his ear, lest you hear from him again.

A pretty young lady always wishes to see what is in the store windows as she passes.

There's no man who does not expect his Maker to be more merciful to him than he is to his fellows.

Hell burns in the sinner's consciousness and he can not quench its flames by jumping into the river.

A man may be honest and not virtuous; when he is so he leans upon his honesty as an atonement for his imperfections.

It is usually the man of money who discourses on the benefits of poverty. This is proper since the poor are otherwise engaged.

A wise man plays the fool when he enters into an argument on the street corner, for it is easy for the jester to get a corner on the merriment when logic is slain with a smile.

## THE STORY OF A POEM.

I once wrote a poem and hired a typewriter to copy it so it could be read, and sent it to the editor. Some people are under the impression that it doesn't pay to write poetry. But I am saying that the writing of poetry is not wholly without compensation; and this is saying not a little in view of my verses. Well, for it was well, I sent the poem away, as I said, and the editor immediately wrote me that it was not just suitable for the columns of his periodical. I answered his note, thanking him for his information, and told him I'd be pleased to hear from him again at his leisure. Since then he seems to have been quite busy. I then, for I had no use for it, sent my poem to another editor, who wrote me that my poem was accepted, enclosing his "thanks" in payment, I suppose, for my verse; and to a rising young author who is a good ways down an editor's "thanks" are worth something.

## THE REASON.

NEPHEW—Why, uncle, I thought aunt was coming with you.

UNCLE—Yes, she was; but we could only scrape up money enough to get one ticket. She said she could not come without me, and that's why she didn't come.

## HOW DAWSON MANAGED TO HEAR FROM HIS WIFE.

"When I left home last month," said Mr. Dawson to his friend, "Mrs. Dawson was not in a very good humor. I wrote her every three or four days; but for three weeks I received no answer to my letters. It is embarrassing to keep up a correspondence when you have no assistance. Finally I was desperately determined to hear from her. So I wrote a description of a beautiful young widow stating she was stopping at our hotel. Did I hear from her? O, yes; and she saved the expenditure of postage by boarding the next train. She's here with me now, and how glad I am that widow was imaginary!"

## VERY CONSIDERATE.

"I thought you told me you were going to kill Jack; why didn't you?"

"A consideration of his friends prevented my doing it."

"How so?"

"Well, I knew if they had to attend his funeral it would make them feel bad."

## HE SAID "NO."

MR. J.—Did you ask the gentleman to have some fruit?

MR. J'S SON (who had only oranges)—Yes, I asked him if he would have an apple and he said "no."

A recent exploration party, after days spent in pushing their way through tangled undergrowth and deep, dark forests—the noonday haunts of midnight—reached a point on the side of the Olympic mountains where there were no evidences that a white man had ever been, with exception of their finding a board nailed upon the side of a large fir tree. On this board were written these strange words:

"Real Estate. This property will always Be a way up. Get In On The Ground Floor. Avoid The Rocks." We withhold the name of the firm as this is not a paid advertisement.

"If you only knew how glad I am to see you!" exclaimed Mrs. G.—

"She would never come again," added Mr. G., laughing his remark off as a joke.

"Why do you say that man can see only out of his left eye when it is his left eye that's gone?"

"Well, isn't it his right eye that's left?"

The thieves who robbed "Old Hutch" recently are not spending hard-earned money.

SHE—I hate to see you go.

HE—Then why look after me?

LEE FAIRCHILD.



The dreams of morning, how they fly,  
Like snow white thistle in the wind,  
And picture to the slumb'ring eye  
The fleeting fancies of the mind!

A dream of youth! Ah, well-a-day!  
Like blushing maiden's first love kiss  
It lingers in my memory  
And taunts me with its transient bliss.

One lang'rous morn in sunny May,  
With incense sweet of op'ning flowers  
And songs of birds, I slumb'ring lay,  
While swiftly sped the dreamy hours.

Neglected was the rising bell,  
Unheeded was the frequent call  
Of mother, sister and, as well,  
That other voice that hushed them all.

I dreamed of glory and of war,  
And in the battle's front I stood,  
While calls to breakfast on the stair  
Seemed cries of men athirst for blood.

At length came signal for the charge,  
We rushed upon the sturdy foe,  
And hand to hand and targe to targe  
Each warrior struck his foeman low.

Soon, felled to earth with heavy blow,  
In agony of pain intense  
I writhed upon the ground, as though  
Nor heaven nor earth could recompense

Such suffering, nor lady's love, [bay.  
Nor fame's bright scroll nor leaves of  
The vision faded, and above  
The sounds of battle rolled away.

Wide ope'd my eyes; my father stood  
With whip in hand beside my bed,  
"When next you're called, I think it would  
Be well to rise," was all he said.

H. L. WELLS.

A "simple" sign—a cigarette.

Speaking about "circular letters," O is one.

All plain sailing—Navigating a prairie schooner.

It is queer that watered silk can be wine colored.

A bear in the stock market may be a lion in society.

So many bridal couples travel on the *City of New York* that the vessel is almost a courtship.

"I am going into the highways and the buyways," remarked Mrs. Cumso, as she started on a shopping expedition.

"I am not a believer in free raw materials," remarked Snags, "but all the same I think that fifty cents is too much to pay for half a dozen raw." Wm. H. SIVITER.

#### SATAN'S POSITION.

SMITH—Pat, if you should meet the devil, what would you do?

PAT—Och! Shure Oi'd git on th' fence an' Oi know he wouldn't hurt me, fer it's the devil's own position.

#### A MIXED METAPHOR.

JUDGE—Prisoner, the charge has been withdrawn, and you are discharged.

SIXSHOOTER—SAM—Discharged, and the charge withdrawn? You may be way up on law, but you don't know much about guns, jedge.

#### A COMPLETE GIVE AWAY.

CENSUS TAKER (to an old maid)—When were you born, Miss?  
OLD MAID—I was born about the time that Lincoln was assassinated.

CENSUS TAKER (a little later, to the mother)—In what battle did you say your husband was wounded?

MOTHER—At Vicksburg, I think.

OLD MAID—Why, no, mother, it wasn't. It was in the Mexican war. I remember it as well as can be.



#### THE SHOALWATER BAY COUNTRY,

Shoalwater bay is thirty miles long and has an average width of six miles. The water in the bay is shoal, hence its name. However, in the channel there is from thirty to ninety feet of water. The bar, where the bay meets the ocean, is six miles wide, and is perfectly safe to cross at all times, and has a depth of water at low tide of thirty feet. Shoalwater bay abounds in all kinds of fish, such as sturgeon, salmon, trout, crabs, porgies, tom cod, herring and numerous other kinds, but is principally noted for its oysters and clams, of which there is no end, and of which there are several thousand sacks shipped annually. There are several large rivers emptying into it, all draining a most wonderful, fertile country, in which thousands of acres are only waiting for settlers to improve the opportunity offered by Uncle Sam to make themselves independent in a few years. The principal one is the Willapa.

North river rises in a spur of the Coast range mountains, and runs in a westerly course for sixty miles, and empties into Shoalwater bay at the northeast point, forming a sheltered bay. Little North river and Salmon creek are the main tributaries emptying into the main river, two and four miles respectively from its mouth. North river would be a navigable stream for many miles for the ordinary steamers that run on this bay but for some log jams. The main one is seven miles from its mouth, and is about 700 yards long. The lower one on Smith creek is not nearly so formidable. There is no reasonable doubt but that the government will appropriate funds to clear both creeks, as by doing so it opens up as fine a body of timber as there is on the coast, besides miles of tide and bottom lands. The bottoms are from one to one and a half miles wide, and are generally covered with a sparse growth of pine, maple and alder, interspersed with small prairies. The tide lands extend for about sixteen miles, and are usually timbered the same as the bottoms. Some good farms are already opened upon both rivers, mostly at the mouths, although the head of North river is being rapidly settled. There is a large scope of good farming land tributary to Smith creek, and about sixty settlers have taken claims. A road has been opened to the Willapa, and no doubt there will be a large immigration there this summer. The same general features govern Smith creek as do the North river. The principal enterprise now is stock raising, although experiments in all kinds of grain and hops prove that the country is an agricultural one. Fruits of all kinds also do well, as the orchards at the mouth of North river and Smith creek give abundant evidence. Game of all kinds is abundant. Deer, elk and bear are very plentiful; wild ducks, geese, pheasants and grouse are numerous in their season.

The Nema and South Nema are short streams, and are not navigable for boats larger than a plunger, and only a few miles for them. The general course of the Nema is westerly, and empties into Shoalwater bay on the east side, opposite Sealand. Their junction forms a small bay, or flats, as they are locally called. They are dry at low tide, but make very good oyster grounds. The general character of the ground is hilly, and covered generally with a heavy growth of fir, spruce and cedar. There is a large amount of tide land upon both rivers, and some fine bottoms. The bottoms are generally covered with a growth of alder, bear-berry and salmon-berry bushes. There

are no towns or villages upon either river, and only a few scattered settlers upon the most available and valuable tide lands and oystering points. The majority of the country is still open to the settler, and can be had either from the government or the Northern Pacific Railroad Company.

The Palix river rises in the same range of hills as the Nema, flows in a northwesterly direction, until it empties into Shoalwater bay. The general characteristics of the country are the same as the Nema, except that it has a proportionately greater share of the tide lands. There are a good many settlers on the Palix, though most of them are near its mouth, at a place called Bay Centre. Bay Centre is situated upon the west side of a peninsula, and is sheltered from the storms in nearly all directions. The bay formed by the Palix, and the natural formation of the ground, makes it one of the best, if not the best, oystering point on the bay. Bruceport, a few miles farther east, is also a tributary to Palix, both towns having the same interest, viz., oystering. At one time it was the most important town in the county, the county seat being located there, and was also the main shipping point for oysters.—*Astoria Columbian*.

#### THE OLYMPIC REGION.

The early departure of the expedition jointly fitted out by General Gibbon and the Oregon Alpine club, to explore the Olympic range, renders the following letter of C. S. Gilman in the *Tacoma Ledger* of special interest:

My son, S. C. Gilman, who is now making his headquarters at Gray's Harbor City, has been exploring Western Washington for more than a year past, and I was with him in the work during the last three months of 1889 in the Olympic country north of Gray's harbor, south of the straits and between the waters of Puget sound and the ocean. Three months' very hard work with suitable help, in which time we crossed the country both north and south and east and west, gave us an accurate knowledge of much of that region, and a good general knowledge of the whole. The north, east and south sides of that peninsula are occupied and quite well known, but the great interior and the coast lands westerly therefrom were but little known and were supposed to be all mountains and uninhabitable. This is a great misapprehension, though the mountains are there in great form. They do not reach the ocean, however, except by a low spur which extends along the south side of the strait to Cape Flattery. South of that spur or extension and between the main body of the Olympic mountains and the ocean is a belt of fifteen miles or more in width of the finest country to be found anywhere. It is in all shapes, from moderately level to sharp hills, all in view of both the ocean and mountains. Four large rivers, the Quinault, Queets, Hoh, and Quillyute run from the easterly part of the mountains westerly to the ocean across the good belt, the first-named river draining the mountains nineteen points within about twelve miles of Hood's canal. Upon various sections of these rivers, both in the mountains and west of them, are very fine bottom lands from one to four miles in width, timbered but lightly with very small cottonwood or brush, and very cheaply cleared for farms. These valleys are not excelled by any in the state for hop raising or for any kind of agriculture. Numerous smaller streams are also there, all bountifully supplied with

salmon and trout. Being near the ocean and nearly surrounded by salt water, the climate is the mildest on the coast north of San Francisco, the thermometer, during the coldest of the winter, registering twenty-four degrees above zero. The good belt lies well for a railroad north and south, and the river valleys leading into the mountains will no doubt be used for branch roads. With the exception of the lightly timbered bottom lands above mentioned, the whole country is heavily timbered with hemlock, fir, cedar and spruce, the most valuable being the cedar, which excels in that region. There being no harbor on that part of the Pacific coast, the best part of the country explored by my son and myself is quite difficult of access; but the tide of immigration is setting in that direction and will soon open the way. My son has made two trips into the interior this spring and will soon make the third. It is my purpose to visit Tacoma in a few weeks, and from there proceed to explore the headwaters of the Queets, the Hoh and the Quillyute—the Quinault having been fully explored by us last year. I should have mentioned that all kinds of clay abound, and at one point we found fine sandstone for building. A good country for elk, deer and bear. A small village of friendly Indians is located at the mouth of each of the four rivers named. It may be proper to add that there is no foundation whatever for the interesting romance published last year regarding the lake and prairie and the wild Indians located in the Olympic mountains. Quinault lake is a handsome body of water four and one-half miles long and two miles wide, on Quinault river where it emerges from the mountains, twenty-five miles from the ocean. It abounds in fine fish.

#### THE BIG CEDAR OF SNOHOMISH.

Three miles east of Snohomish city, on a tract of land owned by Ulmer Stinson, stands the largest tree in the state of Washington. It is a dead cedar which has been hollowed out by fire, the top being broken off, so that the tree stands only about sixty feet in the air. Its diameter is twenty-three feet; in fact, it is greater than this at the surface of the ground, for the *Press* man stepped inside the tree through the narrow opening made by the fire, and made ten three-foot paces from side to side. Inside this large trunk is a spacious room, fully 9x9, into which fifty people could crowd at once, with several feet to spare. The inner side shows traces of Indian encampments, from time to time, through many years, and it surely proved a complete shelter from the storms for very large bands of a warrior's tribe. The tree must be over 1,000 years old, for 800 rings were counted on the butt of the large tree on the Clay farm, just below Snohomish, and this cedar is several feet larger. When the rings by which the age of a tree is ascertained run up in number to about 600, they then become so fine and close together that they are counted with much difficulty. The age of the trunk must, therefore, be given approximately.

The Indians in this state have a legend about big trees. They believe that when the largest trunks were young shoots the "Ruling Spirit" blessed them and gave them greater absorbing powers than the smaller trees about the forest. Thus the giant trees had drawn the greater amount of vitality and richness from the soil, leaving but a scanty subsistence for the trees of ordinary size.

In California the "triple saw" is used in many of the mills for sawing the large trees. This invention has three saws hung one over the other in a perpendicular line. The circular has a sweep of five feet, and, of course, three saws combined would have fifteen feet sweep. How near the "triple saw" would come to cutting a tree like the subject of this article will at once be seen. The only way to manufacture lumber out of a

log of such proportions would be by blasting; and this method is frequently used in Washington. To go to this big tree near Snohomish one must travel east from the city on the Skykomish road until the lower end of E. Hoem's farm is reached, when a turn to the right from the road is made through Hoem's meadow due east to a cattle trail, which leads the searcher about 100 yards distant to the tree. This monarch of the forest is important, not simply because it is large, but for the reason that it is the largest in the state, and the county possessing it has an important item of curiosity. The average height of trees in this state is 150 feet. The tallest are 250 feet, those higher than this being extremely rare. The largest tree in the world is the "Father of the Forest" (fallen), in California; length, 450 feet. The tallest standing tree is a eucalyptus, in Tasmania; height, 350 feet. The oldest fruit tree in the United States is an apple, in Cheshire, Connecticut, aged 140 years. The largest stick of timber ever hauled from the woods of any country was cut in this state in February, 1888, and sold to the Port Madison Mill Company. It was 165 feet long, and its dimensions were twenty-eight by thirty two inches.—*Seattle Press*.

Articles incorporating the Seattle Steam Navigation & Transportation Co. were filed last week with Auditor Forrest by Jacob Furth, John Leary, Edward C. Neufelder, W. R. Ballard and H. G. Struve. The object of the company is to build, charter or otherwise acquire, equip, operate and maintain, sell and navigate steamships, steamboats, sailing vessels, ferry boats and barges, and to carry on a general transportation business of freight and passengers. Also to build, equip and maintain dry docks and marine ways for the construction and repair of vessels and to carry on a general ship building business. Also to purchase, own and fell lands, docks and warehouses. The capital stock is fixed at \$500,000, divided into 5,000 shares of \$100 each, and the duration of the corporation is fifty years. The five incorporators are made trustees by the articles, and will manage the company until the first Monday in October. The company proposes to enter into the steamship business on the sound on a large scale. The steamer *Premier*, the property of the Canadian Pacific Navigation Co., and operated on the Vancouver route, has been purchased. She is under charter to the Canadian Pacific Navigation Co., and an endeavor is being made to buy up the charter. Until this is done nothing can be said as to what will be done with her. The company is also negotiating for the magnificent steamer *Bailey Gatzert*, now being constructed at Holland's ship yard, Salmon bay. Other steamers will be bought and a splendid line established. Seattle will be the headquarters of the company and all the lines will radiate from here. Every member of the company is largely, and, in fact, exclusively interested in Seattle, and to the interests of this city the line will be operated. The company will go ahead immediately, and will begin operating steamers as soon as possible.—*Post-Intelligencer, Seattle, Wash.*

For the past two years more or less has been said about the establishment of extensive iron works at Kirkland, on the eastern shore of Lake Washington, near Seattle. It is now announced that definite arrangements have been made, and it is stated by Mr. L. S. J. Hunt that \$1,000,000 will be expended within the next year. Of the reorganized company Mr. Hunt says—

"Among those who are actively interested in the iron company are Gen. Russell A. Alger, of Detroit; Joshua M. Sears, of Boston, P. T. Tyler, formerly of Boston; H. A. Noble, of

Des Moines; J. L. Norton, of Chicago; Peter Kirk and W. W. Williams, formerly of England, but now of Kirkland, and Edward Blewett, Jacob Furth and Bailey Gatzert, of Seattle. And in addition to these we have other associates whose names it would give me equal pleasure to make public, but for good and sufficient reasons I will withhold them for the present.

"Mr. Peter Kirk and Mr. W. W. Williams, who were actively identified with the former company, are also important factors in the present one. New interests have been identified with the enterprise, however, and new men have been brought into it. Indeed, so great has been the change in the personnel of the company that it may fairly be regarded as a different organization. Mr. Edward Blewett and Mr. Jacob Furth have been largely instrumental in forming this new company, and too much credit can not be given to Mr. Peter Kirk, who has fought a hard battle in behalf of the iron deposits of Washington. To him is due the credit of making the organization of this company possible, and upon him and Mr. Noble does this company depend for the building of what we hope will be the most complete works in America.

"Two railroads will be extended to Kirkland at once. What other roads will eventually reach there, of course, I can not say, but the town will at least have these two roads without delay; and they will also build to the Denny iron mine, which we propose to develop, so that there will be no delay in moving the ore as soon as the reduction works are completed. As to the beginning of operations on an extensive scale I will only repeat that Kirkland will immediately be a scene of great activity. The plans of the company are complete in every detail, and it only remains to put them into execution."

Other forms of iron industry are investigating the advisability of locating there, among them the Peninsular Car Company, manufacturers of car wheels.

A novelty in the salmon industry is being introduced this season, and its operation is being watched with considerable interest by the canners along the Columbia. Lindenberger & Co., of Hamburg, Germany, are carrying salted salmon in refrigerator cars from here to be canned in Germany, and the results of the experiment are anxiously awaited by the canners who see in this scheme, if successfully operated, a new and more profitable market for Columbia river salmon. Lindenberger, while on this coast, contracted for about 100 carloads of fish, which means about \$100,000 worth of raw salmon at prices ranging from eight to nine cents a pound, according to season and locality in which the fish are caught. The contracts provide that only salmon sides weighing ten pounds will be received and that they must be packed in barrels with eighteen pounds of salt to 100 pounds of fish. This is about one-fourth of the amount of salt used in salting down salmon in the ordinary way. The contracts further provide that salmon must be delivered in barrels at the Union Pacific track in this city. Here the fish will be placed in cold storage for two weeks before being shipped east in refrigerator cars. Hanthorn has a contract for twenty-five carloads, McGown five cars. By shipping now a duty of nine cents a pound will be avoided which must be paid on later shipments. So the fish will cost from nine to eleven cents a pound in Germany.

Harrison river, so named by Collector Pracht, will no doubt be made the subject of exploration and survey within a short period of time. It is one of the large rivers of Alaska, taking rise in the ice fields near the head waters of the Yukon; and what has been mis-named Dry bay on the old charts, is really the estuary and delta of this river, which after cutting its way

through the Coast range, sends out a volume of glacially muddy water, which discolors the blue of the Pacific for thirty miles off shore. The difficulties presented by the absence of any harbor whatever at either of its three mouths, its habit of spreading out over the great expanse of level country or tide flats, and the volume and rapidity of the stream, where it crosses the uplands, have deterred all but a few daring spirits from attempting its navigation from the ocean upward, while from the head waters down, except at certain seasons, it is impossible for even a skillful Indian navigator in his canoe to venture upon its rapid, roily current. At one point in its passage through the Pacific coast range it passes through and underneath an immense glacier, or ice field, for a long distance. Near its headwaters, where the Chilcat trail crosses it, the river is known to the natives as "Alsek."—*Sitka Alaskan*.

The mining outlook for Silver Bow Basin, Alaska, now looks unusually bright for this summer. The ten-stamp mill of the Equitable Mining Co., (recently formed by consolidation of the Gold Mountain Mining Co. and Eastern Alaska Mining Co.) will be increased to a twenty-stamp mill, and the mine also will be developed vigorously. The Coulter ten-stamp mill will start up soon, and the Silver Bow Basin Mining Co. will push work in the big tunnel as fast as possible. Other smaller industries will be pushed forward, notable among which are the erection of a quartz mill by Archie Campbell, the machinery of which is now being conveyed to the ground, and the Webster mill will be started up again. Placer miners are also making preparations for an active season.—*Free Press, Juneau, Alaska*.

A good quality of coal has been discovered on Kettle river near the British Columbia boundary and steps are being taken to determine the extent of the formation and to develop the property. It turns out, however, that this is not strictly a recent discovery. An old settler in that section found specimens of coal many years ago which tests proved to be of unusual value. But instead of making his discovery known to the public and inviting development he kept it a secret because, as he is reported to have said, there was no railroad in that country and no means of getting the product to market. If this proves to be a good coking coal it will be of inestimable value to Spokane Falls and Colville.

The cities of Hoquiam and Aberdeen, Washington, have granted franchises to the Aberdeen & Hoquiam Electric Railway Company. The road, which will extend between the two cities, will be six miles long and finely equipped. In connection with road wire will be run an electric plant which will supply light and power for the vicinity. A number of contracts for building the road have been let, and the actual work of building will be commenced within sixty days and completed by the end of ninety days from the time work is commenced. The residents of both places are very enthusiastic over the prospects, and are doing all in their power to speed the work.

A fine summer hotel is being erected at Medical Lake, Washington, and it will probably be in readiness for this season's business at that popular health resort. An exceptionally lively season is promised this year. There is no doubt of the efficacy of treatment there for many ailments that afflict humanity, and the pleasing surroundings and numerous diversions that can be unstintedly enjoyed about the wonderful lake make it a most attracting place for health and pleasure. It is about twenty miles west of Spokane Falls, with which it has telephone connection and traffic service over two railroads.

## PROGRESS AT DETROIT.

One of the most pronounced examples of the way in which the enterprising people of the northwest recognize opportunities and grasp them is given in the wonderful progress being made by the City of Detroit. It seemed as though it was only necessary for the Detroit Land & Improvement Co. to announce what it proposed to do and then call attention to the remarkable advantages the site of their canal and railroad city possesses, for the situation to be instantly understood by wide-awake capitalists and men of push and energy. Such men have seized the opportunity to be connected with the founding of a large city and with others who are joining them daily will reap their reward.

Within the few weeks that have elapsed since first the cutting of this canal connecting Hood's canal and Case's inlet was projected, great improvements have been made. An elegant steamer, bearing the same name as the city, has been built and put on the route. Thomas Johnson's large saw mill has been built and is now running constantly, giving employment to 100 men, work being continued at night by means of electric lights. The Boston Boot & Shoe Co. has been incorporated with a capital of \$250,000, and work is now progressing upon a factory building 60x130 feet in size. The company will turn out fifteen cases of shoes per day and will give employment to 120 men and women. It is proposed to add two large wings to the building within twelve months and so increase the capacity of the plant as to give employment to 700 hands.

Other important industries will soon be in operation. J. J. Evans will soon have a large sash and door factory running, machinery for it being now on the way from the east. Within sixty days a block shingle mill will be in operation. A schooner

for the foreign lumber trade is being built at the Detroit ship yards by Maloney Bros. Mechanics are pushing work on fully fifty buildings for various purposes. Some of them are brick, though the majority are hard finish frame structures. Work is progressing in making a genuine town where nature has provided a beautiful and natural town site. Contract has been let to A. Bowen & Co. for grading seven miles of streets in Detroit, and this work will be completed with the greatest expedition. Everything done by the company is of the most permanent and careful nature, as the managers, Messrs. Clune, Rees & Co., the well known Portland real estate firm, recognize the fact that they are laying the foundation of a prosperous city.

Those who have not looked into the merits of this young giant of Puget sound will do well to study the map of that region and then consider the situation in the light of the projects of this company. The waters of Case's inlet, at the extreme head of Puget sound proper, approach at this point to within less than four miles of the upper end of Hood's canal, the great western arm of the sound, the dividing ridge being but a few feet above water level. A company will unite these two bodies of water by a canal, thus rendering navigation continuous from the Straits of Fuca to the upper end of the sound by the way of Hood's canal. The result is obvious the growth of a city at the site of the canal. When it is added to this that the surveyed line of the Union Pacific to Port Townsend crosses this isthmus, as well as a line to Gray's harbor and a line to Port Orchard, the site of the U. S. naval station, the reason for the growth of a flourishing city becomes obvious. Messrs. Clune, Rees & Co. in their elegant offices in the Hotel Portland will be pleased to explain fully the plans of the company and to give any information possible about that region.



## WHAT HE WOULD DO.

Once again *The Idaho Recorder* "devil" comes to the front with the following pathetic poem, which gives a gentle hint to intended candidates:

I wish I was an editor,  
I'd in my sanktum stand,  
And wear upon my countenance  
A smile just orful bland.  
An' when the candydade cum in  
To try to taffy me,  
I'd exercise no modesty  
To any grate degree;  
I'd tell him right into his teeth  
That our influence allers  
Is lent to the aspirin' man  
Thas has the shinin' \$ \$ \$,  
An' if he handed up the dust,  
Forthwith my sheet I'd praise him,  
But if he didn't come to time,  
Great Moses! how I'd raise him!

Citizen Train says he feels like a boy of twenty, and we must say that he frequently acts like one.—*Judge*.

## THE SHOEMAKER'S LAST.

Here is the last of a shoemaker, beyond which let no cobbler go.

A lady complaining that the soles of her shoes were too thick, the artful manufacturer said to her:

"Is that your only objection to them, Madam?"

"It is," the lady replied.

"Well, then, Madam, if you take them, I think I can assure you that you will find that objection gradually wear away."  
—*Journalist*.

## NEWS TO A STRANGER.

VISITOR (in Minneapolis)—What is that?

CITIZEN—(with pride)—Oh, that is St. Anthony's fall.

VISITOR (confidentially)—Ah, I had heard of his temptation, but I didn't know he fell.—*Puck*.

A book printed long before the discovery of America and valued at \$26,000 is now on exhibition in Chicago. This is an advantageous hint to authors. They should let their books grow old before putting them on the market.—*The Arkansas Traveler*.

An eastern exchange says: "The ocean waves along the coast are bigger and grander than we have seen for a long time." Thank heaven! Old ocean is trying to conceal the scantiness of the average bathing costume.—*Kearney Enterprise*.

A Chinese paper says that as they kill Chinamen in America it will be well to kill Americans in China. Oh, no, no!—see here, Johnny! that's a very different thing.—*Judge*.

TOMMY—What makes the world go round, papa?

FATHER (absent-mindedly)—Champagne generally, sometimes, beer.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

A Louisville paper speaks of a "whisky plant." This is the plant that produces rum blossoms on the human face.—*Norristown Herald*.

A great many chickens are disappearing from suburban roosts. Fowl play is suspected.—*Yenowine's News*.

Money is tight again. Is the "original package" decision responsible?—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

The man who is going down hill meets lots of people with their noses turned up.—*Atchison Globe*.

A LAY.

Sad colored and sodden, over the wall  
Hang the wet roses just ready to fall;  
Those same fragrant roses that opened at noon  
Their amorous mouths to the warm breath of June.  
Oh! pink perfumed petals, I envy your fate,  
I too, would die early, but am forced to dilate  
On the thought that last winter, to please my dear cousin,  
A bunch of you cost me six dollars a dozen.

—*P. Nuckle in Light*.

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SMYTHE—That's a fact, old man. By the way, are you going to ride home?

JONES—N-o, you see I'm broke and it's all the same. Ta ta.—*Pech's Sun*.

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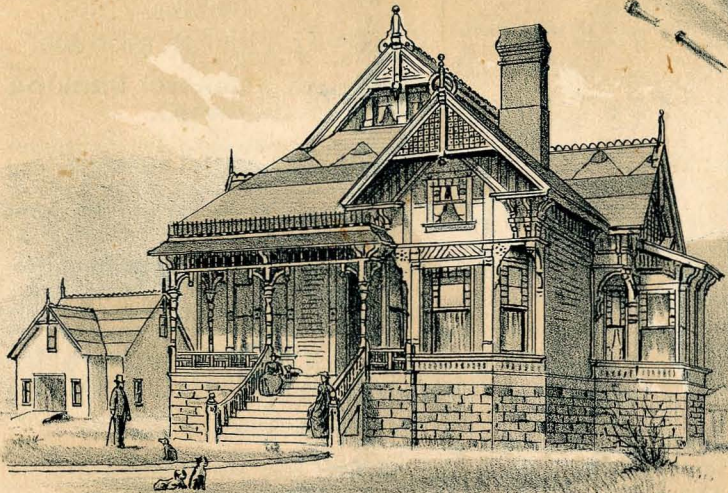
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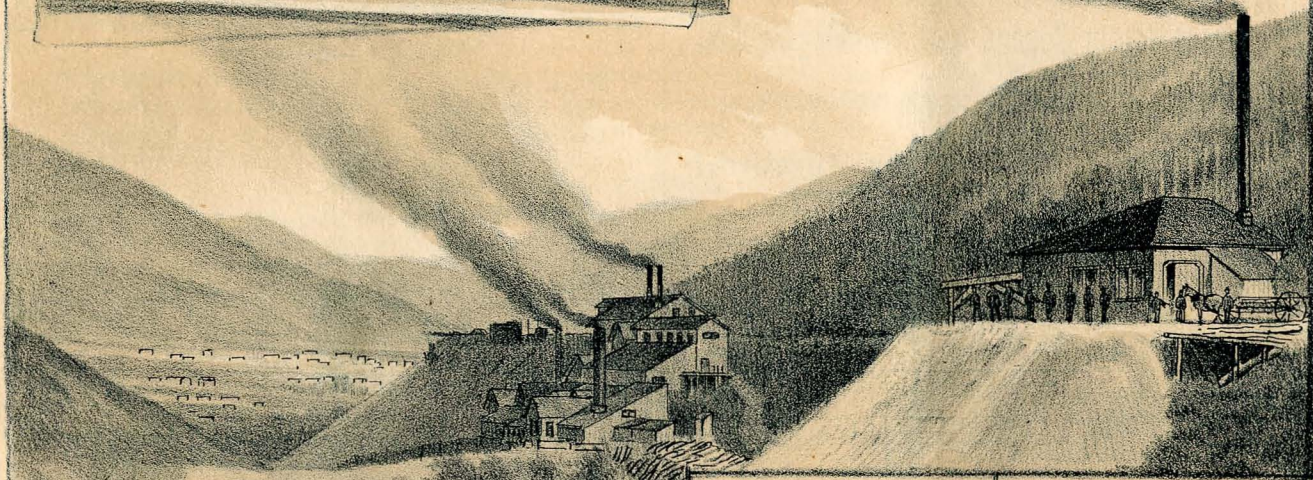
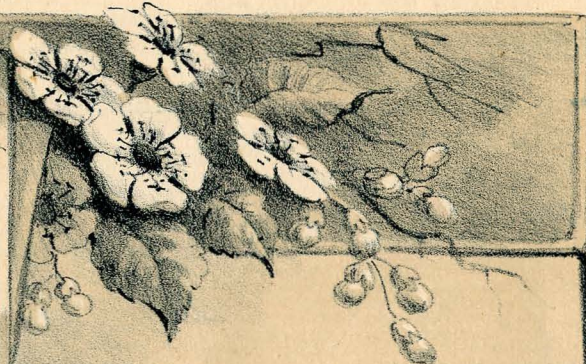
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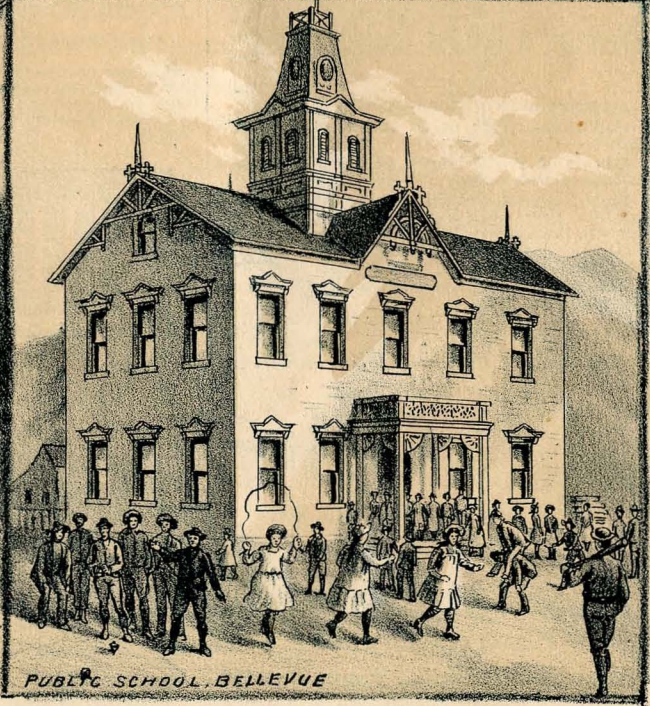
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