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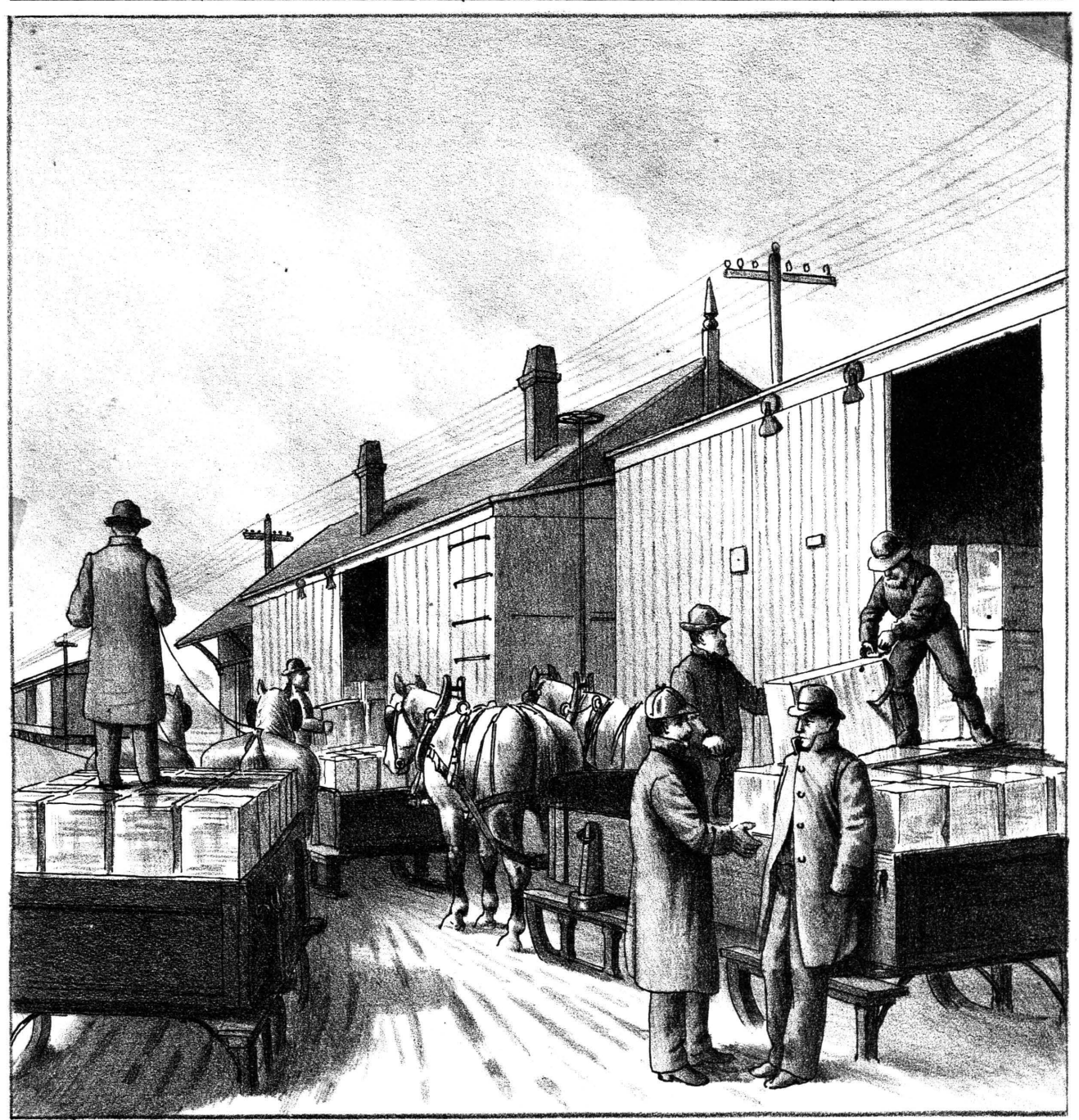
West Shore

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OREGON—Shipping Ice from Mountain Lakes.—See Page 328 .

West Shore

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

Saturday, March 15, 1890.

THOSE people who profess to believe that a union between the United States and Canada is not one of the probabilities of the future affect to see nothing important in the recent formation of an independence and annexation league in the dominion, whose first object is to secure its independence in 1892. There is but one really objectionable feature in Canadian annexation, and that is the fact that the province of Quebec, which would constitute one state, is composed of French Canadians having a language, customs and inherited prejudices radically different from our own. A united foreign element, living in one locality and controlling the legislation and destinies of an American state, would be something hitherto unknown to us, and most undesirable. Strange to say, this element is more inclined to favor annexation than the the Anglo-Saxons, who would be more easily transformed into desirable American citizens; but it is for reasons that show conclusively how serious a matter it would be to incorporate them into the body politic. They are restive under the effort to thoroughly Anglicize the dominion, and think to flee from that evil by uniting with us, where the evil they fear would be confronting them with tenfold power. If they join the American union they must be resigned to the inevitable divorce of church and state, the complete secularization of public schools, and the general conduct of affairs in harmony with the principles of the constitution. Greater dissatisfaction than they now feel with their fellow Canadians would undoubtedly be developed. This is the one great objectionable feature of Canadian annexation, but that it will be potent to prevent that union to which we are evidently drifting is very doubtful. The indications point to the gradual springing up on both sides of the line of a sentiment that will eventually result in political union, irrespective of perplexing consequences.

The construction of the proposed railroad across Siberia will lead to many important projects of a similar nature. Undoubtedly a line will be built in America to the Alaskan coast, with its terminus as near that of the Siberian road as possible. Such a road has already been proposed, and a company is endeavoring to secure a charter from the Canadian government. It is to run from Winnipeg through the best portion of the territories to the coast at Portland channel, the dividing line between British Columbia and Alaska; but this is not near enough to the Asiatic coast, and nothing but a line down the mighty Yukon to Behring's straits will answer the final purpose. It is even maintained by persons competent to judge that the straits can be bridged at a comparatively small expense, and the road made continuous from the Atlantic coast of America across three continents to the Atlantic coast of Europe. Still another result, and probably the first one, would be the construction of a system of railroads along the northern frontier of China. The popular prejudice and superstitious fear of railroads in that country has hitherto hindered their construction; but the government has determined to build them to connect the leading cities. It must recognize in this construction of a road by Russia along the border of the Celestial empire a danger that can only be met by supplying itself with a similar means of transporting and concentrating troops. This will be so imperative that the government can not pander to native prejudices any longer. With these roads once constructed and their benefit fully realized by the people, their introduction into every portion of the kingdom will speedily follow. In fact, the indications point to the Flowery Kingdom as the scene of extensive railroad construction during the next quarter century. With the introduction of railroads into China will naturally come a multitude of things that will entirely change the spirit of Chinese institutions.

Portland's interest in the question of pure water is not dead, and can never die so long as human eye can see and human tongue taste the peculiarities of "Willamette straight." Sentiment is strong on the subject, and during the late storms, when the water from the city pipes looked as though it had been drawn from a hog wallow, expressions of opinion of the governor's action in forcing it upon the people were neither mild nor smothered. Some went so far as to threaten to make the governor drink some of it, but wise counsels prevailed and the peace was preserved. Whether the question will again come up for legislative action next winter or not is doubtful; but one thing is certain, that the city of Portland must have a better supply of water some time, and ought to have it now.

Events are crowding fast upon the heels of time in the northwest. The transformations going on under the influence of railroad construction are more than magical, for they are real and not visionary. They come not by the waving of a fairy wand, nor do they thus vanish. Cities, towns, factories, mines, farms and a thousand other things are appearing where but a short time ago there was nothing, and people with money, brains and energy are coming in a steady stream to aid in the work. Time was when San Francisco was of overshadowing importance, when the Golden Gate received all the commerce of the Pacific coast; but that time has passed. Already one rival steamer line is engaged in the Asiatic trade, arrangements have been consummated for another, and negotiations are on foot for a third. The first is the line connecting the Canadian Pacific with Japan and China. This line is subsidized by the English government, and the Canadian parliament has authorized the company to issue bonds to the value of \$6,000,000 for the purchase or construction of steamers. An Australian line will also be established. The Union Pacific has entered into a contract for a monthly steamer between Portland and Japan, the first to arrive in Portland in June next. Three large iron freight and passenger steamers will run on this route. Already Portland sends so much flour to Asia that the Canadian steamers can not carry it, and, with the new line, will be able to cut still deeper into San Francisco's trade. The third line is the one the Northern Pacific has contemplated to run from Tacoma ever since the road was completed to that Puget sound port. Negotiations are being carried on with the Pacific Mail Company, the one now running from San Francisco, but if these fail, some other arrangements will be made, so that probably before the year is past there will be an Asiatic line from Puget sound. What a change in the old methods has already been wrought! Yet what has been done is but an indication of what will be accomplished in the future.

Those people who predict unusually high water in Portland next June would better stop a few moments to consider, not only the injurious effect of such statements, but the basis for them as well. It is, or ought to be, understood, that it not only requires a large quantity of snow in the mountains to make the "June rise," but that there must be a simultaneous melting of it in all the region drained by the Columbia, Snake and Willamette. Warm rains in Oregon in May would send down the surplus of the Willamette before the rise in the Columbia, and thus the combination would be broken. But, even if this be not the case, a careful review of the field does not warrant the belief that water will be unusually high next June. To

be sure snow has fallen to a great depth in Oregon, but such is not the case in the region about the headwaters of the Columbia, and as this is the direction whence the great volume of water comes, fears of extremely high water in June do not have sufficient foundation to warrant them. It is well enough to be prepared for it, but it is not well to make a loud announcement of its coming before it actually appears.

Not content with their defeat in the Steptoe county contest, those who are eager to dismember Spokane and Whitman counties have tried their fortune again. Representative Herren has introduced a bill at Olympia to create the county of Sherman, composed of eighteen townships from the south and west sides of Spokane and twenty-one from the north and east of Whitman. This new move shows that the object is to divide these old counties, rather than to create a new one in any particular section. They have added to the size of the proposed county with the purpose of securing increased strength; but the division has once been defeated, on its merits, and it is not probable that this new effort, so late in the session, can be successful. It is not more counties so much as more people in the old counties that is needed. Every town in the state cannot be a county seat, and it is very doubtful if the legislature will undertake to give them one. Sherman is an honored name, but it will keep a few years and be at hand for a county when a county is needed.

It seems incredible that such a wealthy city as San Francisco, with her palaces of millionaires piercing the clouds on a dozen hills, her vast commerce and her enormous trade, should apply to the general government for aid for her starving poor. True, the improvident class of the Pacific coast center there in great numbers, but so do the wealth and business of the coast. San Francisco has been built very largely by the wealth that has been created in other portions of the coast, and it is meet that some of it be spent in supplying the needs of the starving people drawn thither by its deceptive glitter.

The absorption of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern by the Great Northern, of which it will be the division between Spokane Falls and Seattle, and the establishment at the latter place of the Puget sound terminus of the Great Northern system, is the most important railroad news made public recently. The full significance of this, and the great effect it will have upon the growth of Seattle, can be better understood by reading the article entitled "Railway Situation in Washington," on page 344 of this issue of WEST SHORE.

“ Men shall beat their swords into pruning hooks ” comes like a fond echo reverberating across the barren waste of centuries in whose dim wake the white testimonies of battles palely gleam. It was a prophecy long ago ; it is still a prophecy on the lips of the steel-clad present. And it is just now a question whether our pruning hooks shall not be beaten into swords. We are not for war. Give us rather famine and pestilence ; but not the famine of brutality nor the officered pestilence of inhumanity, before whose presence the very flower of Russia is withering in Siberian dungeons ! The Christian conscience and moral sense of Europe and America have been outraged by recent crimes of Russian authority, if, indeed, anything can harshly touch that conscience and moral sense. Shall not the powers of civilization, rising above the walled boundaries of state, lift their voices against the unparalleled scenes of Siberian exile ? Think of angelic women being dogged to suicide by the insolence of brute force, all because pale Fear incarnate sits trembling on Russia’s throne ! Let the world hang its protest on the cloudy battlements of the skies to be delivered in the thunders of heaven. The time of retribution will not always tarry. The flames of Siberia’s hell shall kindle a conflagration in the heart of St. Petersburg and all Russia shall be tried by fire !

A critic takes exceptions to the statement that “ It is only lately that strictly orthodox ministers have advanced the theory that heathen who die without having been given a chance to accept orthodoxy have any chance for salvation,” and quotes two passages of the New Testament to show that they have such a chance, provided they be not robbed of it by the preaching

of missionaries. The statement was correct, since it refers only to what strictly orthodox ministers have been preaching, not to what may be found in the scriptures. There are many things in the Bible that orthodoxy has ignored, and this is one of them. The advancing intelligence and refinement of the age are gradually opening the blinded eyes of orthodoxy to see many things in the Bible utterly at variance with its bigoted teachings in the past. WEST SHORE has no “ feelings towards religion,” but has towards theological bigotry and assumption that seek to lay down rules for the guidance of the creator of the universe.

John Boyle O’Reilly is to lecture in Portland, March 18. He will have a good hearing. Mr. O’Reilly is a representative man, generous of heart and broad in his sympathies. He is editor of the *Boston Pilot*, the most popular Catholic journal published, and a poet of more than national fame.

Not a sparrow falls to the ground without God’s notice was said when sparrows were about as insignificant things as could be selected ; but in these days the “ sparrers ” are of vastly more consequence, and something else should be substituted—members of the legislature, for instance.

It may be that farming for market does not pay in Oregon, but the farmer who sold a car load of onions to a Portland dealer for \$728 does not think so.

The “ Narrative of Dr. Goldrims,” in the issue of WEST SHORE of February 15, 1890, was written by Mr. Allison French, of Rockford, Wash.

SIBERIA.

And must we speak our disapproval, then,
By the red lips of steel, while blades of war
Draw sacrificial life-blood of a Czar ?
Although we have but flinty hearts of men,
Yet are we moved to pity Sorrow when
Our eyes behold her crucifixion mar
The peaceful countenance of every star
Whose light falls on a cold Siberian den !

Must we stand by, my brothers, struck too dumb
To lift our voices ’gainst the ghastly crime
Of Virtue exiled to a land of woe ;
Or shall we hasten now to tap the drum,
Or kneel, and swell with prayer the passing time,
And watch to see if God will strike the blow !

LEE FAIRCHILD.

SOME IDAHO STAMPEDES.

FROM 1862 to 1870 Idaho was the theatre of many placer mining stampedes, and later (1879) occurred the Yankee Fork quartz rush, which was an extraordinary one. Only those who have been on such excursions can realize the extent of excitement that enters into every one, and how all are buoyant with hope. While in this condition, often caused by wild and most unreasonable stories, men will endure extraordinary hardships, and put forward every exertion, to be the first to reach some gold field of great visionary richness. Whether the reports that sent them forward have any foundation, or are even within bounds of reason, they hesitate not one moment to enquire. The great characteristic of the pioneer is to hunt after adventure, and those of Idaho in the sixties were ever ready to abandon a paying business, or vacate good placer ground, to go in search of new diggings which only existed in the imagination of excited men.

The greatest chase of this kind ever known in Idaho was from Florence, North Idaho, in 1862, and is called the "Buffalo Hump" excitement. Buffalo Hump is the name of a mountain thirty miles east of Florence, somewhere in the vicinity of which it was reported, in July, that there were placer mines of fabulous richness. Within a few hours everybody in the thriving mining camp was in a hot fever of excitement. Men could be seen hastening in every direction. Some were procuring outfits and pack animals, while many more were rolling a side of bacon and sufficient flour to last a few days in their blankets, which they strapped on their backs and hastened off. Everybody was inquiring about the new diggings, yet none knew anything more than that wild rumors were afloat of rich gold fields towards the east. Whether they were at Buffalo Hump or beyond no one was informed. In a few hours the mountain passes were alive with masses of moving men, some with pack animals, but the majority fatigued and perspiring under the rolls of blankets and provisions they were carrying on their backs. Each was exerting all his energies to be first in the new El Dorado, so that he could secure a choice of ground. The mines were reported to be in a basin similar to that in which Florence is situated, and as each "divide," or mountain pass, was reached, all strained their eyes in vain endeavors to discover the basin. For three or four days the excitement kept up, and the four or five thousand gold seekers pressed forward. After this, however, they began to cool down under the hardships of the journey and meditate over the reports that had urged them forward. They were not long in becoming sensible of the absurdity of the rumors, and many returned, while hundreds scattered

in every direction to prospect. One of those prospecting parties, headed by James Warren, discovered rich mines fifty miles south of Florence, and Warren's diggings soon became famous for their richness in placers, and from them many a poor prospector obtained great riches in a very short time. This famous stampede was supposed to have been started by merchants of Florence, who sold immense quantities of supplies to the stampedeers at extravagant prices. When the ill-advised men returned the excitement died away as quickly as it had sprung up.

It may seem strange to those who have not witnessed such a mining stampede, that men will leave their business or work and go through the hardships that thousands have in search of mines on such wild rumors; yet, those who have witnessed the scenes readily understand that the eagerness for mines takes complete possession of the pioneers and prospectors, who, in their haste, hardly have time to stop or think; and if they do, believe there is some foundation for big stories.

The Stanley basin stampede, although lasting but a few days, was an exciting one. Gold was first discovered there late in the fall of 1863, in Kelly's gulch, by Frank R. Coffin, at present a hardware merchant of Boise City, Richard Douglass, Robinson, Matthew Zapp and Challis. The present seat of Custer county was named in honor of the latter. When gold was first discovered Kelly's gulch was named Summit, by which it was known until 1864. Immediately after the finding of gold the discoverers departed for other sections of Idaho in which to spend the winter.

In April, 1864, a party consisting of about twenty-five men, left for Stanley. Among them were Richard Douglass, "Norwegian Billy," John Barracks, Donald Grant, George Fairbanks, Duncan Ferguson, now of Idaho City, and Thos. Conroy, a well known citizen of Idaho's beautiful capital. The party went down to Boise City, where provisions and other necessary supplies were purchased. Then they hastily proceeded on their journey, going by way of Little Camas prairie to South Boise river, which they followed up to the extreme headwaters and passed over the Sawtooth range near the present town of Sawtooth. On the journey they followed the old Indian trail to the Salmon, and in reaching the summit of the Sawtooth, the loftiest and grandest range of mountains in Idaho, much difficulty was experienced in getting through the deep snow. At times it was necessary for both man and beast to wade down the cold stream of Bear creek, which was much swollen from the melting snows.

When the Warm springs, on the Salmon, forty miles above Stanley, were reached a band of Indians made their appearance on a mountain near by. The prospectors were very anxious to find Kelly, who had

preceded them, and called and beckoned to the natives of the mountain forest to come down and talk with them; but they could not be induced to come, fearing that the prospectors intended to murder them. Failing to get any information from the Indians the men hastened on and camped at the mouth of Valley creek that evening. A short time after going into camp the little band of gold seekers commenced rapidly increasing in numbers. They had been followed by men who did not know the location of Stanley basin, but had heard reports of the great richness of the diggings. In a few hours two hundred men were at the camp, only three or four miles from the mines. When daylight dawned the following morning there was a grand rush. Many leaving their provisions and blankets at camp, mounted their horses and galloped ahead, while those who had not provided themselves with animals went with all possible haste on foot. All, however, were doomed to disappointment, as they had been preceded by others, who had located all of the ground in the gulches and on the bars. James Buckley, formerly sheriff of Walla Walla county, Washington, was the lucky possessor of good ground on Buckley's bar which still bears the name it was given in his honor.

In a few days, finding that all the good ground had been located, the stampede dispersed, some of the men returning to the camps from which they departed, while many scattered through the mountains in search of other placers, which was usual after all the famous stampedes. One party, consisting of several men, went through the Lost and Wood river country, but were unsuccessful. They found some copper and galena ore, but considered it worthless. Very rich cinabar "float" is still found in the placer claims in Kelly's gulch. Many men have prospected for years for the vein that throws it out, but none have succeeded in finding it. The placer claims in the district are still successfully worked.

A few miles above Stanley basin, on the side of a hill one or two hundred yards from Valley creek, are three forts in a row, and a few feet distant from each other. They are built of unhewn granite boulders, and have an ancient look, being almost filled with debris. When the first white man visited them, in 1863, they appeared as old as they do at the present day. By whom they were constructed, or for what purpose, no one knows.

In July, 1865, a party of men from Elk creek, Montana, struck placer mines on a stream that was given the name of Naples creek, which empties into the Salmon below the mouth of the Lemhi. The men who composed this party are well known in Montana and Idaho. Their names are "Lyge" Mulky, Jos. Rapp, Barney Sharkey and Wm. Smith. They went back to Elk City and returned with others in August, when a

town was laid out. The majority of the prospectors being Southern sympathizers, gave it the name of Leesburg. The Unionists laid out another town, which they called Grantsville. Leesburg being the most favorable location for a town, Grantsville did not flourish, and soon after all of the business was done in Leesburg. The name Leesburg was proposed by Benjamin Heath, and seconded by Martinelly, who are now prominent citizens of Lemhi county. When the name was adopted the proposers suggested that "everybody take a drink," and, as there was not a drop of liquor in the place, all repaired to a spring of God's only beverage, pure, sparkling water, which they drank from tin cups. Thus the name Leesburg was christened.

But little, if anything, was known of Leesburg or her mines elsewhere until 1867, when her existence became known through the adjoining country. Soon men flocked in by hundreds from Boise basin, Idaho, and Montana. The placer mines were rich, but not extensive, and hundreds were of course disappointed, and soon left for greener fields and pastures new, to use a figurative expression.

The first term of a district court held in what is now Lemhi county was by Hon. Milton Kelly, chief justice, and late publisher of the *Boise Statesman*. Jno. Ramey, deputy sheriff, being called away on business, George Stuck, now of Idaho City, was appointed elisor, and attended to the deputy's business before the court. This term was held in 1867.

Since the abandonment of most of the placer mines many gold and silver producing quartz veins have been discovered. The town has commenced growing, and the indications are that it will soon become of great importance.

In 1869 a man named Nathan Saith went into Leesburg and asked for work; but, being of weak and slender frame and unable to make a full hand in the mines, three miners, George Stuck, "Lyge" Mulky and Wm. Smith, furnished him with two horses and tools and supplies for a summer's prospecting trip. Nothing was heard of him until about six weeks after departure, when he returned, accompanied by another prospector. They had found a locality covered with favorable looking gravel, and expressed themselves as sanguine that, with a few men who would work, diggings could be found. Relying on the judgment of the prospectors, Geo. Stuck and his comrades made preparations for a season of prospecting.

The little company left Leesburg as quietly as possible; still, when Loon creek, a tributary to Salmon river, 140 miles north of Idaho City, was reached, the party had increased to about fifty. After remaining with the prospectors about two weeks the interlopers, thinking that no prospects had been obtained, departed for other fields. One morning a short time after

those who were not wanted had left, Alexander Craig commenced sinking a prospect hole just below the canyon. Geo. Stuck shouldered a shotgun and started across the creek to kill some grouse. Seeing Craig he asked him if he intended "sinking" in such a place as that. When answered in the affirmative George said, "You go to thunder," and went on. Returning in the afternoon with three or four grouse he observed Craig leaving the creek with a gold pan under his arm.

"Did you find anything?" asked George.

"You go to thunder," replied Craig. George looked into the pan, and to his surprise, saw several large nuggets on the bottom. When the gold was weighed it was ascertained that Craig had nearly \$50. Where the hole was sunk bedrock was reached in four feet.

After Craig discovered the rich ground the others of the party made locations. Their names were Geo. Stuck, Armstrong, Lagel, McKibben, William Boyd, Duncan Cameron, Wm. Smith, McKenzie, Cannady, Amos Franklin, Capt. D. B. Varney, "Dirty" White, James White, Gaunt and "Hank" Meyers. These men selected the flat below the canyon for their ground, by which they made a great mistake. The canyon above was afterwards ascertained to be rich, and had Craig sunk his prospect hole fifty feet below where he did the rich diggings would not have been discovered, at least by that party.

Immediately after locating the ground Craig went to Stanley basin, about fifty miles distant, for whipsaws. Joseph Gallatian returned with him, and after satisfying himself that the ground was rich, went to Idaho City after a stock of groceries and miners' tools. As soon as the goods commenced to arrive at Loon creek he opened a store and the stampede set in. A very pretty little mountain town sprung up, which was given the name Oro Grande.

The stampede from Idaho City was quickly followed by one from Montana, and the Loon creek diggings became known far and wide and created a fever of excitement. This great stampede commenced in August. Only about 200 men remained there that winter, but in the years 1870-71 the population remained at about 800. By the fall of 1872 the mines were worked out and all left except a few Chinamen, who remained until 1879, when they were surprised in the middle of winter by Sheep Eater Indians and all but two murdered. The two who escaped started on snow shoes for Bonanza, on the Yankee Fork, but only one arrived there, the other having perished somewhere in the Salmon River mountains.

In 1870 Charley Jordan, now in business in Challis, Custer county, laid out a trail to Idaho City, and constructed a toll bridge across the Payette five miles north of Banner. Frank Cooper, of Idaho City, assisted him in this work. The collections at the bridge

were very large during the three years of prosperity at Oro Grande.

Two express companies carried mail and packages to Oro Grande and bullion out on horses in the summer, and on the backs of snow shoers during the winter months. One was owned by Charley Tassel and the other by J. M. Shepard, Henry Knapp and Dave Adams. Newspapers and other "freight" were charged for by the pound, while letters, without weighing, were taken at the small price of 50 cents each.

In January, 1870, William Wentworth and "Beaver Creek" Smith, who carried Shepard & Co's express matter, were killed by a snow slide in Deadman canyon, seventy miles from Idaho City, from which place they had gone two days before. When found in the spring the bodies were half a mile from each other. The slide was of such proportions that part of it did not succumb to the hot summer sun, but remained until the next winter.

The trials and hardships endured and the dangers encountered by the venturesome pioneers who followed up the early mining excitements were many, and it was but seldom that the brave men achieved fortunes to recompense them for their many hard toils.

In 1875 William Norton, John Rohrer and Frederick Phillips located the great Charles Dickens mine on the point that divides the Yankee fork of the Salmon and Jordan creek, in what is now Custer county, 130 miles north of Idaho City and fifteen miles on an air line east of Loon creek. During the first thirteen days after the discovery of the Charles Dickens, over \$11,000 in gold was taken out by Norton and Rohrer by selecting specimens during the day and crushing them in a hand mortar in the evening. Their debts, amounting to \$8,000, were then paid and the development of the mine commenced. In 1878 an arastra with pans and settlers was completed, and as the bars were brought across the mountains over the old Loon creek trail they attracted considerable attention on their arrival in Idaho City. In 1879 there was a grand rush from all parts of Idaho, Montana and Nevada. At one time it was estimated that from 5,000 to 7,000 prospectors were within a radius of a few miles of the new town of Bonanza, most of the buildings of which were constructed of hewn logs. In 1880 the Custer mill, with twenty stamps, was erected. Its yield for the first year was between \$1,100,000 and \$1,200,000. Since then its capacity has been increased to thirty stamps. Two years ago the mill and mines were purchased by a London company and consolidated with the Charles Dickens. The Washington, the first claim west of the Dickens, and on the same lode, is worked by J. G. Morrison. The ore is crushed in a five-stamp mill. Several hundred people are permanent residents of the Yankee fork district; they are contented and happy and generally prosperous. Several promising mines on Yankee fork and Jordan creek are under development, and it is claimed that more mills are needed. A ten-stamp mill was constructed for the Fourth of July during the past season. E. W. JONES.

ICE CROP OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

THE climatic conditions of all that region west of the Cascade and Sierra Nevada mountains are such that a crop of natural ice can not be harvested and stored for summer use. In some seasons not enough ice is formed during the coldest weather to bear a man's weight, while at no time is it thick enough to answer commercial purposes. Of late years the manufacture of ice in San Francisco, Portland and other leading cities of the coast has become a great industry, and from one to half a dozen factories are at work in each city constantly, winter and summer. The shipment of fresh fish and fruit calls for an increased quantity of this article.

Before the factories began business ice was brought from a great distance at an expense that made it retail for from three to five cents a pound, and these prices are still maintained in some localities. Even now, so great is the demand, the quantity of natural ice imported from colder sections is larger than formerly, notwithstanding the thousands of tons of artificial ice made. This ice is cut in quite a number of localities where a proper lake or stream can be found near a railroad line. San Francisco and other California cities have found their chief source of supply in the Truckee river, near the Nevada line, from which thousands of tons are shipped annually. Alaska, also, has been drawn upon for that market. Hood river, which flows into the Columbia between the cascades and the dalles, on the line of the Union Pacific, sends to the Portland market a large quantity, and Lake Cocolalla, in Idaho, on the line of the Northern Pacific, has shipped vast amounts ever since the road was constructed. Cle-Elum lake, on the western slope of the Cascades, is another prominent ice-shiping point, the Puget sound cities being supplied largely from there. British Columbia cities depend considerably upon the Canadian Pacific to bring them ice from points to the eastward where the temperature is more suitable for it.

FREIGHTING TO CARIBOO.

IN the center of this number is given a double page engraving of a scene that is, or has been, familiar throughout the entire west. It is of an ox train, consisting of two large wagons, or "prairie schooners," drawn by fourteen patient oxen, en route from the supply point at Ashcroft, on the Canadian Pacific, to the mines of Cariboo, many miles to the northward. Before the road was built all teaming to the mines was from Yale, the head of navigation on the Fraser. A branch road will some day be built up the Fraser to Cariboo, and then the ox team and the stage coach

will disappear from that route as they have the many others farther south.

Freighting by ox, mule and horse teams is by no means the great business it was years ago, before the tireless energy of steam was called into the service of trade in our western mountains; yet, wherever you go in the west, you will find the freighter's wagon. It is still the means of connecting outlying districts with the railroads, and millions of dollars in merchandise and thousands of tons of ore and pounds of bullion are annually carried in these conveyances.

Time was when all the freight for Nevada was carried in this way, but the Central Pacific cut it off. The Southern Pacific cut off the route to Northern California, the Oregon Short Line did the same for the long haul to Idaho, the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company for Eastern Oregon, the Northern Pacific and Utah & Northern for Montana, and other roads and branches for other sections in the same manner. Now the Cariboo route is the longest one left, but how long it will remain can only be conjectured.

FAIRHAVEN HOTEL.

WITH this number of WEST SHORE is issued a large supplement of the Fairhaven hotel, the imposing structure now in process of erection at Fairhaven, Washington. It will be perfectly fire proof, and cost \$100,000. The materials used are stone, brick and iron, the former being the celebrated Chuckanut stone from the quarries only a mile from the city. It will be finished and furnished in elegant style and be made complete in every particular, and when done, though not the largest, will be the handsomest hotel in the northwest. This fine hostelry is being erected by the Fairhaven Land Co., not simply as an ornament, but because the growing importance of that city demands a house of entertainment of that character. Fairhaven is the terminal point on Bellingham bay of the Fairhaven & Northern, now under construction north to the Canadian Pacific, at New Westminster, and will be the first point where that great trunk line will reach the waters of Puget sound. It is also the terminus of the Fairhaven & Southern, now being constructed southeastward to the coal mines and timber of the Cascades, and across the mountains to the mines, ranges and fields of Eastern Washington. Thirty miles, to the Skagit river, are already completed, and the road will be pushed eastward the entire season. Nelson Bennet is the chief owner and moving spirit in these enterprises, and his name and fame are a sufficient guaranty of their successful completion. The city of Fairhaven is growing rapidly and promises to be one of the leading shipping ports on Puget sound.

Quill Points.

By a decision of the supreme court of Illinois it has been judicially settled that a pass issued "by courtesy" to a member of the legislature is given for a valuable consideration. Without inquiring as to whether or not the judges who rendered the decision had passes in their pockets, it is safe to assume that nearly every other judge in the state has. It will now bother them some to explain what valuable services they have been rendering the railroad companies, in common with members of the legislature. Perhaps those law makers of Oregon and Washington, who made a pretense of condemning the pass system, and finally accepted passes, will be able to enlighten the public as to the character of consideration this high authority says they gave for them. The court assumes, and justly so, that the corporations do not issue passes as a matter of charity, but generally for business reasons, and that those who accept them do so with the full knowledge that such is the case. And since they are, in the words of Antony, "all honorable men" and discharge their obligations, the companies must receive value for them. Possibly they turn over to the companies the mileage paid them by the state, since by traveling on passes they have forfeited their equitable right to receive mileage. A few words from some of them, to dispel the fog enveloping this subject, would be appreciated by the public.

Rev. Howard Crosby undertakes to answer Harry George's masterly article on "Rum in Politics" in the last *Arena*. He controverts George's fundamental assertions, and in doing so shows how inferior a general he is in handling forces for battle as well as how much less he understands human nature. He has never lived as close to the people as Mr. George nor has he made it his life work to study social conditions and discover the springs of motive from which the actions of human beings flow. George says "Rum is firmly entrenched behind the ramparts of political power. Let us undermine the fort and blow it up and then the enemy will be compelled to fight us in the open field." Crosby says: "No. It is not the breastworks we are fighting, but the army behind them. Let us make assault after assault against them, and peradventure, after many years, if we can only secure recruits to fill our decimated ranks, we may prevail."

In an account of a recent "scientific contest" it was stated that "both men sparred for points with desperate energy," the point sparred for, as the context disclosed, being the jaw of the opposing contestant. The result was that one of the men was "knocked out,"

though his jaw was not. It is astonishing how easily the American people blind their eyes with a name. Boxing matches, as they are officially called, are prize fights in every essential particular, and are so considered by everyone. Even the miserable pretense of calling them anything else but a "fight to a finish" has been abandoned. We have law enough on this subject, and all that is wanted is for public sentiment to assert itself and compel the officers of the law to end these disgraceful and brutal scenes.

Oregonians rejoice that Senator Dolph has brought their state into national prominence, even if it was done by making himself the laughing stock of the country. In the executive session investigation he tried to assert the dignity of the senate, but only succeeded in making himself ridiculous. But then, anything is better than being a nonentity. It is more gratifying to be laughed at than to be ignored, and Oregonians are therefore both proud and grateful.

The pope is rapidly nearing his end, but in his last days he has been blessed above all his pontifical predecessors, for his eyes have beheld the glory of the Wild West aggregation of Buffalo Bill and his cowboys and Indians. The walls of the coliseum are again echoing to the plaudits of the multitude, excited by a greater show than was given there in the days of the Cæsars.

Oklahoma is to be repeated in the Cherokee strip. Human nature is very perverse. If Lucifer wants to draw a crowd to his dominions he ought to take down that old sign about "who enters here," etc., and put up "no admittance." It isn't much of a place, but from all accounts is an improvement on the Cherokee strip.

Senator Stanford has had so much pleasant experience with watered railroad stocks that he now wants to water the currency of the country. If the chair of political economy in the Stanford university is going to teach such loose financial principles the country will be in danger of going up in a balloon in a few years.

Washington state legislature has passed a railroad commission bill with the sting extracted. The commissioners will say to the railroad officials, "Please, gentlemen;" but if the gentlemen do not please, or only please themselves, then what?

The *Seattle Journal* is slightly Hibernian. It suggests that the city engineer be dismissed for incompetence and another, "equally competent," be engaged.

GREGORY CURZON'S BURDEN.

THE day had been uncommonly hot, the thermometer outside Curzon's bank registering ninety-eight in the shade. Curzon's bank was the most solid financial institution in the metropolis; in fact, the leading merchants considered it second only to the government itself in stability. A lofty hall was Curzon's bank, with windows reaching from floor to ceiling, and on this oppressive day one experienced a sensation as of suddenly stepping from a torrid to a delightfully temperate zone, when the bank door swung noiselessly behind him, and he stepped in on the marble floor.

There were about a score of men in Curzon's employ—fine looking, quietly dressed fellows, who attended to their separate duties in little iron-latticed pens. In the pen directly opposite the entrance was the cashier, Albert Dore—Bert Dore, as he was known to his fellow workers and to the public who frequented Curzon's. He had come to the establishment when Christopher Carew, the porter, was thirty years of age, and now Chris. was fifty. It might be said that Bert had started to mount the ladder which leads to success barefoot, for sorry looking shoes were his when, after walking from the country village whose churchyard held the remains of his parents, he presented himself before the august Christopher, and pleaded for a chance to earn his livelihood.

Chris. was a simple fellow, even then, who made as much account of small things as the school boy nowadays would of running the astronomical plough among the constellations; so he assumed an expression of profundity, and, after asking the lad weighty questions concerning his past life and occupation, engaged him to help about the furnaces, shovel the snow, and perform such light work—so he explained to Curzon—but, in reality, Chris. wanted someone to browbeat in his own simple, honest way. And browbeat the boy he did, inserting knotty problems from the catechism into the snow shoveling, and then holding up his finger in gleeful anticipation of the stammering, blundering answers. And now what a change! Chris. was still porter, while Bert handled millions and millions in the course of a year. The latticed railing, which, though Chris. dusted it every morning in his life, would insist on creating a feeling of awe in the honest fellow, lent to his former *protege* a dignity which more than counterbalanced all the years of their good fellowship. So, by these most twisted of circumstances, Bert had become "Mr. Dore" to old Chris.

Chris.'s first object of adoration was his catechism; his next, Curzon. With the former he was on familiar terms, carrying it in his breast pocket, and holding with it frequent communication. But Curzon the por-

ter never addressed except in answer. He dusted the portrait in the private office every morning, however, and conversed with it, looking straight into the mild, deep-set eyes. Every line of that powerful, yet gentle, face was graven on the heart of Chris., and tears welled in his eyes when, after having received some token of the great banker's kindness, he soliloquized, standing alone before the picture—

"It's a-growin' more hefty, sir! It's a-breakin' of yer heart, sir!" Then, shaking his head, he would repair to his own quarters to ponder, in his dull way, as to what could be the cause of Mr. Curzon's increasing depression.

Bert served the house of Curzon in a dual role, or, rather, he had the inclination to do so. In Bert's opinion, Mr. Curzon was an ideal man, for whom it was a pleasure to labor; but Bert's heart was a living, burning offering at the shrine of one of the Curzon family, namely, the daughter, Miss Grace.

To a person who had overcome such obstacles as had Bert, a little difficulty of unrequited affection did not seem insurmountable. The fact is, Miss Grace was wholly unaware of the grand passion she had kindled in the breast of the handsome, popular cashier; so she tripped in and out of the bank, innocently giving him the heart ache by her bewitchingly indifferent smile. Indifferent it was, Bert acknowledged to himself repeatedly, then he would say—

"What care I how fair she be,
So she be not fair for me."

But this didn't seem to be the proper medicine for the disease, for he continued to build air castles, always seeing in them the love-lit home of Grace and himself.

The frequenters of Curzon's passed salutations with Bert as they stood wiping their foreheads this hot day. It was "How d'ye do, Bert," or "Hot day, Bert," or "You look comfortable, Bert," or something else, "Bert," and the cashier glanced up from his occupation of assorting the money to nod or smile. But there came a salutation that caused him to look up so quickly that he completely lost his calculation.

"Well, young fellow."

The words were uttered in a half drawl. The speaker was leaning in a most ungraceful, swaggering manner on the cashier's shelf. There was the shade of a smile in his steel-gray eyes. He had a large, drooping mustache, a prominent nose, an oval face, which, without being handsome, was certainly well favored. He wore the shiniest of silk hats, and a neat fitting suit of rather a loud pattern. In his gloved hand he held a cigar.

"Curzon in?" this individual asked.

"No, sir," the cashier made answer, after rather a noticeable pause.

Now, Bert had seen this man before, and his thoughts flew back to the occasion of the meeting. It was in the bank's private office, whither the cashier had been summoned previous to undertaking an important mission in connection with the business of the house. Mr. Curzon was giving the necessary instructions when this stranger, now leaning on the railing, entered unannounced. The effect of his appearance on Mr. Curzon had been remarkable. The fine face had grown ghastly white. In a husky voice the banker had postponed the important mission, and given the stranger an unusually long private audience.

"Curzon been gone some time?" queried the man, his face still wearing that smile of nonchalant familiarity.

"He went to his country seat yesterday afternoon," Bert replied. "We expected him in this morning."

"Probably delayed," the man drawled. "I'll wait for him in his private office."

Half an hour later Chris. came to the cashier's window, bearing a dispatch.

"The boy told me 'twas to be read immediate," he said. "Mr. Freeman's out, so you'd better open it."

Bert tore away the envelope.

"Accident near Reading. Am on the train. No one injured. Tell any inquirer will be in as soon as possible. CURZON.

"All right, uncle," said Bert, smiling and nodding.

"Say," said Chris., coming nearer the railing, "he's in there," jerking his thumb in the direction indicated.

"He?" Bert repeated. "Oh, yes; I'll tell him."

The cashier entered the office.

"There's been an accident—" he commenced.

"Good God!" exclaimed the stranger, starting to his feet, and grasping the cashier's arm. There was no easy nonchalance in his manner now; his face was as white as Curzon's had been on the previous occasion. In a few seconds the man recovered himself, and asked, with forced calmness:

"Curzon hurt?"

"No one injured," Bert replied, again pausing before he spoke. From his continual "sizing up" of applicants for bank favors, Bert had come to be something of a judge of men, and his mental conclusion now was:

"Curzon's welfare is indispensable to this person."

"I'll call again," said the visitor, as he betook himself from the room and from the bank.

Old Chris. was aware that the Curzon family had a skeleton in their closet, and, indeed, why shouldn't he know all the affairs of their household, he having been so long connected with them that he could remember when Miss Grace, as a little child, had been in the habit of dropping in to receive the cookies for which his wife, Mary, was famous.

In fact, the old couple considered themselves a part of Curzon's, and so jealously guarded the aforementioned skeleton that Miss Grace had grown to womanhood in total ignorance of what a scapegrace her dead brother, Frank, had been. It was three years since he had met his death by drowning, and in the opinion of Chris. and his wife Mr. Curzon should be regaining his cheerfulness, but, instead, he seemed to grow more despondent.

The second day after the receipt of the aforementioned telegram, Miss Grace came to see Mary, her face much flushed, as she announced "I'm going to be married." Then she began to cry as if her heart would break.

Mary was all amazement. A great amount of questioning drew from the lugubrious *fiance* that Falkner was the name of the proposed husband. Mary didn't know Falkner, but Chris. coming in just then, the faithful wife took him into a side room and related the whole affair. Chris. was knocked too flat to grasp it all. "Falkner!" was all he could say. "Falkner waited an hour or so in the private office for Mr. Curzon last Wednesday."

Chris. peeped out and saw the girl whose head was still bent in sobs; then he shambled from the room, and from sheer force of habit presented himself before the cashier's desk.

"Mr. Dore," he whispered, then, as Bert, who saw by the redness of the porter's face that something unusual had transpired, leaned out to catch it, "Falkner's goin' ter marry our Miss Grace."

Such a clatter of falling gold drew the attention of the other clerks. Bert's hands had opened in spite of his efforts to prevent them. His face was redder than the porter's.

"She's down with Mary cryin' over it," Chris. said.

There was balm in this information to soothe the ragged edges of the wound. If she was crying, she was not happy, surely. The cashier made a sudden, though rather tardy, resolve to try his own fortunes.

"Ask Mary to keep her, and invite me in after closing, will you, Chris.?" he pleaded.

Chris. looked stupid, but finally got it through his head, and hurried away to apprise Mary of the part she was to play.

Mary's task was rendered less difficult by reason of a rattling thunder shower that came up. Punctually at half past two Bert knocked at the porter's door.

Of course Chris. and Mary were glad to see him, and chided him on the infrequency of his visits. They showed plainly that they considered his coming an honor. Somehow the younger couple became interested in an exchange of opinions regarding books and pictures and music. Bert had an interesting way of describing things, and in his talk he managed to

sprinkle a little French and German, even discussing Italian opera with her.

There was "no grass growing under Bert's feet" in his love making, for before the sun appeared again Miss Grace had become much interested in this young man, who knew everything, who was so handsome, yet so modest—so reverential to her; and occasionally she sighed deeply when she thought of her betrothed.

At last she rose to go, saying her mamma would be worried about her. It being dusk, Bert offered to escort her for a short distance. And it was lucky she allowed him, for the rain had come down so violently as to render pedestrianism difficult. Bert chose the streets less frequented by hackmen, and more than once at a crossing the little lady was glad enough to accept his proffered arm.

Their walk seemed quite short, enlivened as it was by interesting chat. As they passed a florist's window Miss Grace espied a bunch of violets and exclaimed over their loveliness. They were quite at her home, on Commonwealth street, when Bert raised his hat in parting.

Next day Bert presented himself at the bank dressed in his best, and with a fine scheme in his head. The frequenters at Curzon's geyed him with "Hello, Bert, going to be married?" or "Going to stand sponsor for somebody's baby, Bert?" or some other remark equally nonsensical.

Precisely at three that afternoon the cashier rang the door bell of the Curzon mansion. The fates were befriending him, for Miss Grace was passing through the hall when he was being ushered into the drawing room, and greeted him with a welcoming smile. It was an exquisite bouquet of violets he had brought, and Miss Grace uttered little exclamations of delight over it. In a few minutes Mrs. Curzon, who, of course, was acquainted with Bert, came into the drawing room, and such a delightful hour as that which followed one hardly ever experiences. But the fates were for him again. Mr. Curzon came home, and being unfeignedly pleased to see his cashier, insisted upon his remaining to dinner. Bert glanced at Miss Grace, but the young lady perversely turned away her head. He stayed, however, and proved such agreeable company that the worried look disappeared from the countenance of his host for the time being.

When, finally, the good night was given, the banker returned to his family, remarking that "Mr. Dore was an exemplary young man, and Curzon's bank would have difficulty in replacing him if such an unfortunate necessity should present itself."

And so matters went on, Bert managing to waylay the young lady on every occasion, till she came to be supremely happy in his presence. When absent from her he had an able ally in that frolicsome god, Cupid,

who shot arrows tipped with sweet remembrances directly into her heart.

At last came the climax. Miss Curzon called on Mary, and, with tears in her eyes, imparted the intelligence that Falkner wished the wedding to take place the following month. Bert, on learning this, was in agony. That night he secured an interview with the object of his affections, and told her, like a man, of his love. Miss Grace sobbed like one heart broken, but made no answer, although she allowed him to hold her hand.

"You do not dislike me?" he implored.

"No! No!" she answered quickly through her sobs.

Then he begged the harder until she managed to gasp that it couldn't be, that her father had willed it otherwise.

"Oh, spare me!" she entreated, and when he urged her to picture both their lives if they were separated, she swooned in his arms.

The marriage of Grace Curzon, although definitely settled upon, was a subject which seemed to be tabooed by tacit agreement of the Curzon household. The banker had introduced Mr. Falkner to his family, and later had brought to Miss Grace the proposal of marriage, indorsed by his wishes that the matter be given respectful attention; then he had acted as if he considered the affair fully decided.

That there was some good and weighty reason why Mr. Curzon should desire the union, mother and daughter never for an instant doubted, for he had ever been an indulgent parent and loving husband. The great sorrow which had settled over his life, and which of late seemed heavier, not even his own loved ones understood.

But now the mother could remain silent no longer. A wedding in a month, and nothing done about the trousseau! A few evenings after the one when Bert, by his own actions, shut on himself the door of his employer's house, Mrs. Curzon broached the subject of preparations.

Gregory looked up in a bewildered way, then covering his ears with his hands, he rushed from the room and locked himself in his study.

The next day the mother, in a half hearted manner, set about the task alone. When Mr. Curzon came home that night he seemed even more careworn than usual, as he brooded over his paper. After a while he startled the ladies by announcing that Mr. Dore had resigned his position at the bank. Grace gave a little terrified shriek at the information, which caused her father to stare at her blankly, then his head dropped on his breast and he seemed more miserable than ever.

But to return to Bert, who is altogether too melancholy to be left long to himself. That young man

would give no reason for throwing up his lucrative position, and would not listen to the entreaties of the manager, or even of Mr. Curzon himself. Go he would, and he demanded an expert accountant to look over his books instanter. Then, his duties finished, he vanished from the scene of his past life.

A week later he appeared as a guest at Baldwin's hotel, in a large city, some 200 miles from Curzon's bank and Curzon's home.

But not as Bert Dore did he appear! He was a distinguished Frenchman, whose slight, erect form, exquisite dark brows and beard, not to mention the delightfully swarthy skin, ingratiated him into the society of the chief nabobs who sojourned at that hostelry. Bert had been so extremely fortunate in his choice of an exterior decorator that Miss Grace herself would never have suspected his identity.

Of all the people who paid Bert, or "the count," as the envious dubbed him, homage, a gentleman named Falkner was the only one who received his confidence. The distinguished foreigner contracted a great friendship for this Falkner, and the two became inseparable. Their rooms adjoined and the count insisted on smoking his good-night cigar with the American.

Falkner was much gratified at this preference for his society. At first he had some difficulty in comprehending the Frenchman, but he soon became accustomed to the bad English. Both young men spent money lavishly, and the count, learning that his friend would soon marry into a rich family, advanced loans of the needful in sufficient quantity to enable Falkner to keep up his end.

One morning Falkner showed up jubilant, saying his wedding would take place the following day. A few minutes after this the Frenchman—the most dependent Frenchman alive—was alone in his room. He was beaten! He had not fathomed the mystery of Curzon's pliability in this man's hands. Falkner was no better, or worse, than other men. There was nothing to do but receive an imaginary letter to himself calling him away immediately, inform Falkner of the fact and go.

Falkner was extremely sorry; in fact, disappointed. He had intended to invite the distinguished-looking Frenchman to be his best man. It would have given tone to the occasion. However, he remarked they would soon meet again when he would pay back the loans made. So they parted at noonday.

That night Bert Dore stood gazing at the house on Commonwealth street. Must he lose her after all? The place was dark and dreary looking. Disconsolate, he went to the porter's rooms, and entering, threw himself into a chair and buried his face in his hands. Mary received him as one risen from the dead, but could get nothing from him as to his late whereabouts.

While she was endeavoring to comfort him, in came Chris., so full of such a strange tale that he forgot to be surprised at the presence of his former *protege*.

He, Chris., had been in the little room off the banker's private office, and had heard Mr. Curzon pleading piteously that the marriage be delayed, and Falkner had become abusive, insisting that there should be no more dallying, saying that he had exiled himself in Manitoba ever since he was last in town, that he had carried every cent of the money to some person there, that a French gentleman, who had taken a liking to him, had rendered valuable assistance in preventing this same person in Manitoba from committing terrible crimes. In the midst of it all, Curzon had held up his hands, exclaiming: "Oh, Frank! Frank! You'll ruin me, and break your mother's heart!"

Chris. couldn't understand it at all; but when he stopped he had only Mary for a listener, for Bert had rushed from the house and through the street like one bereft of reason. Dashing up the steps of Mr. Curzon's house, he gave the bell a pull that nearly disconnected the wire. Brushing past the surprised servant, he inquired for the master.

"Mr. Curzon is locked in his study and can see no one," he was told.

Bert, representing that his business was very important and would admit of no delay, was finally shown into the study. Mr. Curzon's troubled face lighted with some pleasure when he saw his cashier, whom he supposed was back to apply for his old position.

Bert was too exhausted to speak, but at length he begged the banker to tell him about Falkner. "There is some misrepresentation," said he.

Mr. Curzon studied the speaker narrowly, then remarked that his cashier undoubtedly forgot himself, but that the officiousness would be overlooked. Then Bert became angry.

"There has come a time when your silence is a sin," he said. "I think I could assist you if you would allow it." Then he blurted out: "Falkner has not been in Manitoba."

The banker clutched the arms of his chair and turned a white, terrified face on his visitor; then the shock having spent itself, he asked with much interest for an explanation.

Bert related his experience of the past few weeks. As he spoke there shone a new light in the banker's eye and the secret came out; how, when his son was drowned, Mr. Curzon had sent this Falkner to recover the body. The son had been such a trial, had contracted heavy debts, had forged, and had committed such other misdemeanors as to be a source of constant dread to the father. The news of his death brought only relief. What was the consternation of the bank-

er when he learned through Falkner that the story of drowning was only a ruse to escape the gallows.

For three years Mr. Curzon had lugged his burden, his wife believing their son safe beneath the water. It had been a steady sinking of enormous sums of money to get the boy from one scrape—then another; a gigantic expense to save his wife a broken heart and his house an honorable name. Then Falkner, who knew the banker's sensitiveness about the matter becoming known, grew bolder. He asked the daughter's hand, and Mr. Curzon, completely broken, consented, and was driven by threats to aid him.

At the conclusion of the narration Mr. Curzon was in too unsettled a state to think or act, so Bert took the reins. In his theory, the son was really dead, and the father had for three years been the victim of a first-class confidence game. Mr. Curzon hesitated about accepting this theory, though he would cheerfully lose the money to find this hypothesis correct. Bert vowed he would test it that very night.

"I'll let you know before I sleep," he said.

An hour later, in company with a burly and well-coached policeman, Bert knocked at the door of Falkner's room in the hotel, and demanded that it be opened in the name of the law.

Falkner was some time in dressing, then the officer entered alone and proceeded to arrest the gentleman for obtaining large sums of money from Gregory Curzon, under false pretenses.

Falkner was non-plussed, but managed to recover his swagger shortly and inquired if Mr. Curzon had instigated this outrage.

The officer replied that his orders were to arrest a man, not to hold a conversation with him; but there was no doubt that Falkner would see Mr. Curzon in court, and could get his desired information.

There was cold business in this. It really looked like a lodging in a cell for the rest of the night.

"At least you can tell who put Curzon up to arresting me," he pleaded.

"It was at the instance of a Frenchman who has been your companion in Manitoba the last month," the officer explained.

Falkner weakened and begged to see Mr. Curzon. He would confess, would make restitution in part; but the officer was obdurate, and on went the handcuffs.

Then the prisoner tried bribery, but the officer, who probably knew there was bigger money in another direction, informed him that would score another point against him. Then Falkner beseeched that Curzon be sent for, saying, in his fright, that he had proofs of the death of Frank Curzon which he would hand over. At this the officer agreed to first take his charge to Commonwealth street.

Bert hurried back to Mr. Curzon and had apprised

him of the outcome of the affair before the officer arrived with his man. A crestfallen robber Falkner looked in Mr. Curzon's study. He groveled on the floor begging to be released, promising to hand over property in his name, also to give positive proof of the son's death three years before.

Gregory Curzon looked on the wretch from out of those deep-set eyes, which had suddenly lost their melancholy.

"I thank God," he said, "that it is not in my disposition to hound a man as you have hounded me."

Then Falkner wrote out his confession and gave over the proofs spoken of.

"Now," said Gregory Curzon, "go, and never let me look on your face again." And Falkner went out into the night to begin his fortune anew.

"You must stop here, Bert," Mr. Curzon declared. Then, when he had seen his young friend to a sleeping apartment, he roused his family.

"There'll be no wedding to-morrow," Bert heard him say.

"When is it to be?" Mrs. Curzon asked, faintly.

"Never!" her husband shouted.

Bert heard the suppressed, delighted shriek of the mother, then he went to sleep, remarking to himself that Curzon was recovering his spirits altogether too swiftly. As for there being no wedding—that would have to be settled later.

Next morning Miss Grace, her face glowing with happiness, tripped into her father's study and began petting him for his kindness. Curzon wouldn't have it; so much gratitude made him very uncomfortable when he considered how nearly he had ruined her life. Soon Mrs. Curzon appeared, and Mr. Dore also entered the study. Then Mr. Curzon related to his family the whole story, and presented Bert to his daughter as her deliverer.

"And to think!" exclaimed Mrs. Curzon, "this happy day bade fair to be the most miserable of my existence! I was so thankful last night when you said there would be no wedding."

"But yet a wedding is not impossible," Mr. Dore intimated. He was standing very close to Miss Grace. "'Barkis is willin'.' It's a pity to cause gossip."

"Such a thing is not to be thought of," Mrs. Curzon declared. "It will take at least three months to complete her trousseau."

Mr. Curzon also agreed that an extensive trousseau was indispensable.

Well, the three months passed, and Miss Grace Curzon became Mrs. Dore. Mr. Dore had previously been made a partner in the banking business. The happy couple occupied a portion of the Curzon mansion, and I give you my word the old gentleman made a passing good father-in-law, not being particular about handing in a board bill to his son-in-law at the end of each calendar month.

There was great peace for the Curzon household. The fine face of Gregory Curzon showed health and contentment such as it had not known since he began to carry his burden.

C. J. MESSER.



THE whole day long a spider spun
His thread of gold in the glowing sun.

With love in his heart and hope in his soul
He gathered the strands in one glist'ning whole.

With a patient touch and a tender care
He builded his castles, quaint and fair.

And never once did his courage tire,
In the night's cool dusk or the noonday's fire,

Till at last he knew, with a glad relief,
That his castle was welded from leaf to leaf,

Up in the old sweet apple tree—
As fair a thing as one cared to see.

“ This is my dream ! ” the spider said,
As he paused to rest his weary head.

“ I have worked it out with each golden strand,
With a patient heart and a careful hand ;

“ I have faltered never and fainted not,
Though the winds were keen and the suns were hot ;

“ I have tenderly set each thread of gold,
I have worked and waited—and I have grown old ;

“ And by all the hours and days that were spent,
I have honestly earned this sweet content.”

A butterfly drifted on listless wing—
The idle, beautiful, useless thing—

Down through the trees in the mellow sun,
Trifling the hours while the spider spun,

Drummed and drifted, with careless heart,
Into the spider's work of art.

That golden fabric—that dream complete—
Was broken and hurled at the spider's feet.

He tried to lift, with a trembling hand
And a fainting heart, each glittering strand,

To weave once more those threads of gold ;
But his strength was feeble and he was old ;

And though he mended and patched with care,
His dream was never again as fair.

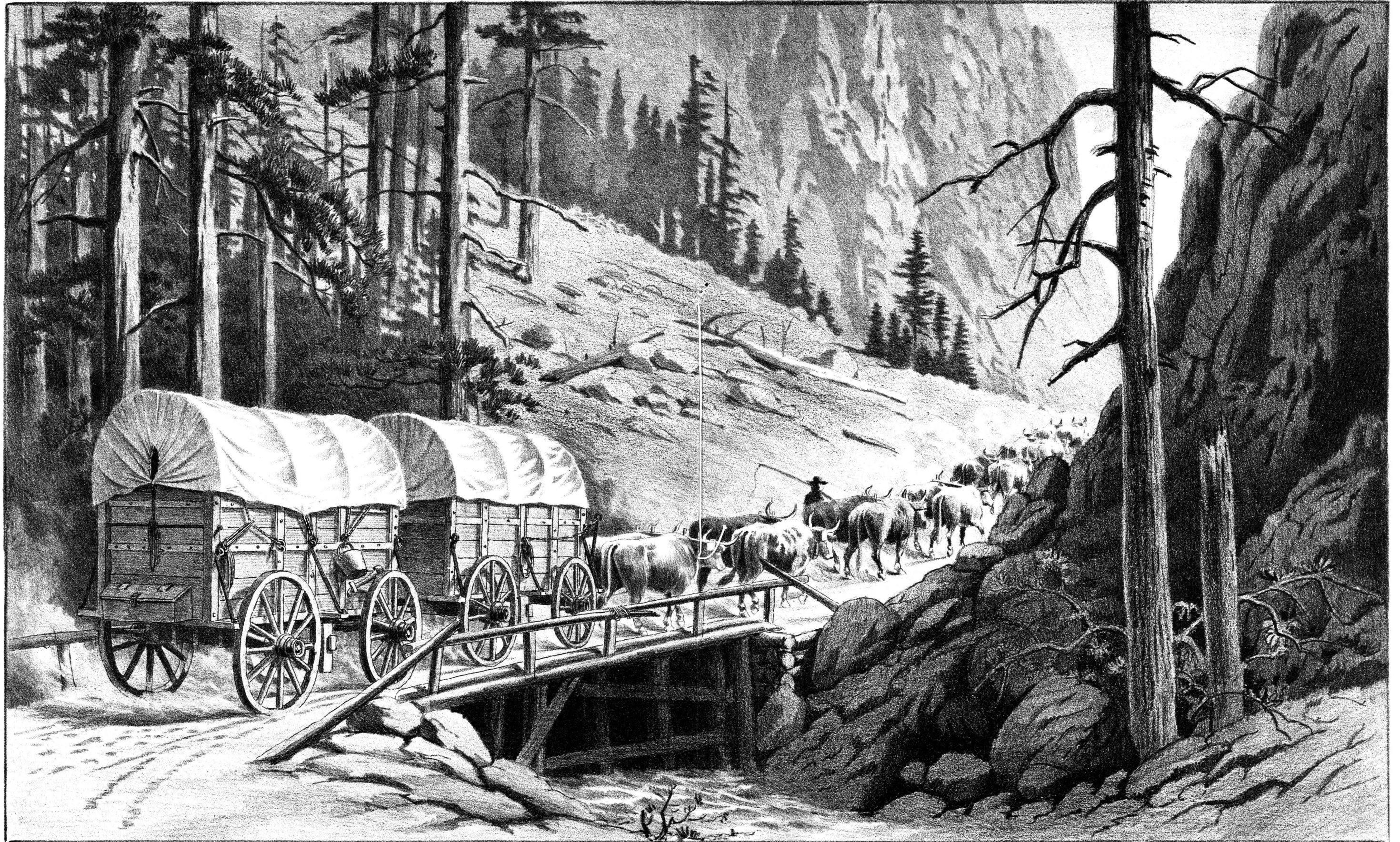
* * * * *

The sweetest dream at a touch will fall ;
Is not life a cobweb—we, dreamers, all ?

My dream ? It was pure as the heavens above,
Or a child's white soul. My dream was—love.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

West Shore



BRITISH COLUMBIA—An Ox Team enroute to Cariboo.—See Page 328.

Fact and Fancy for Women.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

TWO TRUTHS.

"Darling," he said, "I never meant
To hurt you"—and his eyes were wet;
"I would not hurt you for the world—
Am I to blame if I forget?"

"Forgive my selfish tears," she cried;
"Forgive! I knew that it was not
That you would wish to hurt me, love;
I knew it was that you forgot!"

But, all the same, deep in her heart
Rankles this thought, and rankles yet,
When love is at its best one loves
So much that he can not forget.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

WOMEN AS PHARMACISTS.

I entered a drug store the other day, and a bright-eyed, intelligent young woman came to wait upon me. I handed her a physician's prescription, and lo! the smile froze on her pretty lips, and a little wave of perplexity succeeded it.

"I—er—the prescription clerk is not in at present," she said, doubtfully. "If you are not in a hurry—"

She hesitated, and, to relieve her evident embarrassment, I replied that I could wait.

"You do not 'fill' prescriptions?" I asked carelessly.

"O, no," she answered as emphatically as though I had asked her if she ruled an empire; "I have been in the store three years and understand everything else, but I never handle the drugs."

Now, that girl, bright and attractive as she was, will always be a flat failure. One who could be possessed of such natural and practical advantages for learning, and yet, at the end of three years, not even dream of "handling the drugs," has not one of the qualities which contribute to success. Five years hence we will find her either married to some harmless young man who parts his hair in the middle and uses white rose on his handkerchief, or still contentedly selling pretty sundries from the show cases, and not bothering her head about the drugs.

I can not understand why more women have not turned to the study of pharmacy. It is an occupation to which they seem particularly adapted, requiring steady habits, clear brains, education, self-reliance and a light, delicate touch. Yet, when the principal of Couch school the other day announced to the scholars that a certain young lady was going to leave them to enter the school of pharmacy, many eyes grew round with curiosity and amazement; and a few days later a prominent Portland druggist, meeting the young lady—who, by the way, is only fifteen years old—said to her: "I hear you are going to Corvallis to attend the agricultural college."

The young lady vigorously denied the allegation, and explained that it was the pharmacy college she proposed attending.

"Oh!" said the gentleman, chuckling at the joke on himself. "My boy came home and told me you were going to the farmers' college, and I naturally supposed he meant the agricultural college."

There seems to be a predisposition in the minds of girls who are trying to decide upon a "career" to cast about for something easy; something that may be learned quickly, and which will not have too much responsibility about it. I fear they

want something temporary—a work that will carry them along easily until they can make a good marriage, and which may then be cast aside like an old glove.

But, girls, to be a thoroughly competent pharmacist and a druggist is something of which you may be proud. It means not only that you have a fair education, but also that you have given some years, at least, to study and thought and scientific experiments.

But you must learn to be a business woman as well, if you wish to succeed. There are some disadvantages about the drug business for women, of course; but none that may not be overcome. The hours are long, for instance, and there is considerable night work. But a modest, bright and popular young lady can draw custom to any store and make herself so necessary to the business that the proprietor will be glad to favor her in the way of hours and night work.

But don't undertake pharmacy with any uncertain, half-way notions. Make up your mind that you will wash bottles, if necessary, when you secure your first situation; that is no degradation. You think nothing of washing dishes for your mother.

Learn to be proud enough to have no false pride. Learn to be kind to everybody, and to smile as gently at the old man in the shabby coat who wants five cents' worth of salts as at the fine lady in sealskin, with her carriage waiting at the door.

Let your courtesy be genuine, born of real kindness of heart. For so surely as it is only coated thinly on the outside with gloss, the deception will be detected, and you will prove a failure—and wherever else they may be tolerated, we don't want failures in the drug business, because one wavering thought, one careless touch, one instant's absence of mind among those glistening, cut bottles may cost somebody a life.

If you wish to undertake it, there are no obstacles in the road to a successful and interesting work in pharmacy that may not be rolled aside by a girl who is intelligent and self-reliant, and who is willing to study and to work.

SOME "DON'TS" FOR GIRLS.

Don't put on long dresses until you are too tall to wear short ones.

Don't try to be a woman before you are twenty; be young, and joyous, and girlish while you may, for the day will come soon enough when you may not.

Don't scrutinize people's clothing, nor reveal surprise at their peculiarities.

Don't stare at the other passengers in the street car—it will invariably embarrass a sensitive person; look out the window at the poor, old, worn out horse that is drawing the car, and compare his fate to the beautiful thoroughbred whose only duty is to bear some dainty lady on her morning canter.

Don't set anybody as a model; be original; be natural; be just as God meant you to be.

Don't think every eye is upon you when you enter a room; self-consciousness is the first thing that attracts attention.

Don't frown; the wrinkles come so soon without that.

Don't be masculine; don't preach woman's rights. Right down, solid work is a panacea for all imaginary ills, and will make you forget that you can not vote.

Don't make long visits; be quick to detect boredom in others. Your hostess may have more important duties than entertaining a fashionable caller.

Don't be careless about your attire—nor extravagant; be neatly gowned morning, noon and night, and see that your gloves, boots and hats are appropriate and well fitting.

Don't be dependent on any one, even if the only alternative is to go out as a domestic; learn to do one thing well and do it.

Don't criticise, save in your own mind, and then very leniently; don't tell people how to behave—and, by the way, I mean to learn that by heart myself.

Lastly, girls, don't be in a haste to wed; wait till you are twenty-five, and even then don't marry a man for his money, nor for his home; and make sure that he is not marrying you for a housekeeper or a nurse. Marry for nothing on earth but—Love.

Marion Harland makes a stirring appeal to the women of America to place a monument over the grave, at Fredericksburg, of Mary Washington, mother of George Washington, who died one hundred years ago, and who, for forty-four years, had no memorial stone. In 1833 the corner stone of a monument was laid by President Jackson, amid imposing ceremonies, but it was never completed.

While it is meet that the mother of the "father of his country" should have a suitable monument erected over her resting place, it is, none the less, wise to look at these things from a practical point of view. If you have a few dollars to spare for this purpose, by all means give them freely. But it is a fact that many patriotic people are daily contributing to the erection of monuments to our presidents and to our famous men and women in general, while the graves of their own parents lie unhonored and forgotten. Remember them before you assist in placing monuments over others. Don't let anybody wheedle a dollar from you—while there are deserving living poor on all sides of you to whom it would do more good—in this cause, for the violets will smell just as sweet, and the birds will sing just as tenderly to Mary Washington whether a pile of marble shines above her or not.

Miss Amy C. Fowler, the young English nun who is on her way to the Sandwich islands to devote her life to the lepers, is described as a fragile, refined girl, petite in form, not weighing a hundred pounds. It is very noble of her, and very generous, certainly, to sacrifice herself thus for those most loathsome wretches on earth; yet it must be doubted that any young woman whose mind was perfectly healthy would give up her life in such a cause, when there are so many, many opportunities for doing good deeds at our very doors. But then, to be sure, if you sat up all night with some poor, sick woman who could not pay a nurse, and bathed her head and smoothed her pillow till your arms ached and your strength failed, you would receive no laudation for it; nor would all the newspapers in the land join in making you famous. Only, the poor, sick woman would be the happier because of it.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde, Mrs. Alma Tadema and several titled ladies, of London, have organized an association whose business it is to supply tasteful and well-made outfits for children and young girls, and to furnish regular employment to gentlemen of narrow means who do all the needlework. This is well, but if titled ladies and wealthy ladies generally would pay "gentlewomen of narrow means" more generous prices for their work it would be better. We seldom hear of a rich lady saying to her pale seamstress: "I will pay you a dollar

more for that gown than you could get elsewhere, because it is worth it." She would consider that as cheating herself.

Among the most valued treasures of Frances Hodgson Burnett is a thin gold ring set with a single moonstone—considered the "lucky" stone—which was given her several years ago by a daughter of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Shortly after receiving it she made her first success in literature. If some one who loved her had sent her a violet with a tender wish for her success, it might have proven equally "lucky." We are too apt to undervalue the little affectionate impulses that make up the sweet side of life.

And now a Port Townsend young woman wishes to run around the world in sixty days. Certainly; this is an age of imitation and mimicry. One can not do a thing that attracts attention without everybody longing to follow suit. Even when the "la grippe" was fashionable, we had but to sneeze, and lo! we had—in our imagination—the most aggravated case of that disease. It is difficult, lately, to draw the line between notoriety and fame.

Some time ago a young lady teacher in a Portland public school "jumped" a "claim" on Whatcom lake, Washington, and resided thereon for a time. But when she returned to Portland, a gentleman came along and took possession. A compromise was afterward effected, but it is to be regretted that the gentleman was married, as, otherwise, such a pretty romance might have been woven from the dilemma.

Everbody—every feminine body, of course, I mean—is crazy just now on the subject of paper pillows. The paper is torn into very small pieces, not larger than the finger nail, and put into a pillow sack of light ticking, and finished according to the maker's taste. They are said to be very light and cool. Brown or white paper is preferable for this purpose, and the finer it is the lighter are the pillows.

Engaged, or not engaged, that is the question—that is troubling us in regard to Mary Anderson. But while it gives the newspapers something of vital importance to gossip about, it, at the same time, works as an excellent advertisement for "Mary."

As long as on each to-day you can look backward to each yesterday and see one mistake that you made, regret one wrong that you committed, or remember one word you wish unsaid, you may be sure you are acquiring the education of life.

Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, a young colored woman, has been appointed principal of the Agassiz school, Cambridge, Massachusetts, that being the only school in the city in which a woman is employed in the grammar grades.

It is better to have one great fault which may be guarded against, than to have many trifling ones which wear out the patience of one's friends and the strength of one's self.

The most brilliant diamond usually has a flaw somewhere, although the diamond's flashes are frequently so dazzling that one's eyes are blinded to its presence.

It is a sign of wisdom to be willing to receive instruction; the most intelligent sometimes stand in need of it.

The Light Side of Life

By Lee Fairchild,

The five men in a recent street railroad accident in Portland acted very foolishly. When the car, going full speed, stopped suddenly, to go no more for a few minutes, the men in such a hurry, went right on thro' doors and windows. The conductor took the opportunity to climb part way through the window without first opening it. The man who stood between myself and the conductor, though there wasn't much between us, went through the open doorway as though in a hurry to reach the period of his too sudden flight. The fool gripman, who is generally a very sensible fellow, assisted our jarring affair to set the grip bar through the wooden gate or door in front of him. I found, what I was not searching for, the man who stood between me and the double window against which he leaned too heavily, the lazy whelp! Of course as soon as we were able to adjust ourselves to the circumstances we did so and began to wonder which portion of the wreck we were. When we found out the car had stopped, we wished we had stopped with it. The conductor had conducted himself very imprudently in cutting his face up on the breaking glass while he was on his way through the window. That's what he gets for running ahead of his car time. The man who was thrown through the open doorway into the middle of the car ought to have been killed or slightly hurt, since he had just assured me that we were perfectly safe. He explained to me afterward that he meant we were perfectly safe in case we met with no accident! The man against whom I was thrown would have gotten out of the way had he known so much was coming in that direction. Though he look never so susceptible, I assure my lady friends he is a hard fellow to make a mash on; at least I thought so when my nose was bleeding as though I had met Mr. Sullivan in a Kilrain sort of way. One of the men reeled off the car and I found later that it was the left portion of myself. (Please place the right interpretation on that word left in the other sentence). I then asked a by-stander who was standing by me if he could see any hope of recovery in what he saw of me. He assured me that if my injuries were not too serious I would stand some chance of recovering myself. There may not be another accident on the road for some time and I have made up my mind to ride no more on the road for some time. Providence seems to draw her bow upon me everytime she gets an opportunity. A reporter's "dream" appeared in a daily paper, entitled "The Facts in Regard to the Cable Car Accident." This article is the authentic record of that accident, a part of which I was.

A DOUBTFUL INFERENCE.

MIDDLE AGED LADY—I never think of my childhood days but I feel like crying.

YOUNG LADY (playfully)—And were they so bad?

AFTER SERVICE.

MISS SUSIE (to Miss Fannie)—Why didn't you stand up when the minister asked how many had lovers they wished prayers for?

MISS FANNIE—Do you think angels are in need of prayer?

AN HEROIC WIT.

(In memory of Philip H. Welch).

Go say in his last hours this wit did smile
On Death, and passed with him a merry while
Saying, "Thou frameless thing with nothing on,
I'll furnish you with bones when I am gone,
And from some tailor you may take the clothes
And pass yourself off for a man who owes
Himself to those he's robbed!"

A timely article—one written on the spur of the moment.

A great blow—the wind.

The coming man—the growing boy, or the gentleman approaching you.

A low down man—Mc—!

A water fall—the going down of the river when it is falling.

AN IMPERTINENT QUESTION.

"I keep nothing but respectable people here," remarked the landlady.

"How long have you been here?" immediately asked one boarder of another.

"Not long" was the fitting, though somewhat dull, reply.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR WITH PAPER IN HAND.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR—An exchange says, referring to me, that I am "a brainless —," ending the sentence with a dash.

EDITOR IN CHIEF—Pay no attention to —.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR—And it states, also, referring to you, "the editor in chief is the chief fool —"

EDITOR IN CHIEF—Let me see that!

A bright young lady of Seattle, a former resident of Portland, (wherefore her brilliancy) attended a masquerade ball in the former city recently, and, as street-sweeper, took the first prize, which was an order for a sixteen-dollar pair of pantaloons. The young lady in question says she is going to keep the order until after she is married as she may conclude to wear the breeches!

The *New York Sun* thinks there is no genuine poetry written in Philadelphia because of the monotony of Philadelphia life. We had supposed that a great sleeper like the "City of Brotherly Love" would naturally come into possession of some interesting "dreams." Wait until her nap is over and see!

We understand that Kate Field's "Washington," and not Kate Field herself, may be had for ten cents. Some of our brothers of the pen had thought otherwise. For one we prefer Kate Field's Washington to Washington's Kate Field.

A certain author's books are crying, "Edgar, salt us!"



BY OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

FLAVORED IT WITH CINNAMON.

There was once upon a time a young lady upon whose fair face the early March sunshine always coaxed some freckles to appear. One day, while conversing with a gentleman, with her little two-year-old niece seated upon her lap, she was paralyzed by the latter suddenly exclaiming, in a tone of baby reproach and amazement: "W'y, Auntie! Oo's dot apple sauce all over oo's nose. I tan see the cinnamon."

AN AMBITIOUS IMMIGRANT.

FARMER (hiring help at Castle Garden)—Pat, if you want to work for me, I'll give you \$25 a month and your board.

PATRICK O'FLYNN (just landed)—Faix, an' is that same the highest rate of wages they be payin' in this country?

FARMER (facetiously)—Well, they're paying about \$15 a day in congress.

PATRICK—Thin, begorra, Oi'll go to congriss.

HALF FOAM, NOW.

GAZELEY (to saloon keeper)—Why don't you give an honest glass of beer, Mr. Murphy?

MURPHY—Shure, the rint's so high I couldn't afford it.

GAZELEY—But see how it would increase your trade! You'd sell just twice as much beer as you do now.

(Murphy sits down behind the counter to think it over).

HAD HER REVENGE THOUGH.

SHE (sweetly, to her adorer who has brought her a gold bracelet set with pearls)—Do you know what quotation you remind me of, Mr. Evergreen?

HE (quickly)—Oh, that old chestnut about not casting your pearls before swine, I suppose, lest they—er—that is—

SHE (softly and cruelly)—Oh, no; "all is not gold that glitters."

A TIMELY AMENDMENT.

EDITOR (through speaking tube to the foreman)—Has the form gone to press yet?

FOREMAN—Yes; just put it on.

EDITOR—Well, stop it, and in that article on the safety of the street car lines, where it says "an accident is impossible," just change the word "an" to "another."

The latest device of girlhood is a fancy for stuffing their pillows with old love letters. There is one thing about these pillows that can be depended upon with a marked degree of certainty—they are sure to be soft.—*Ex.*

Blonde girls are advised to eschew these dainty trifles, however, because they are also sure to be read, which doesn't harmonize with gold hair.

WOMAN-LIKE.

SNODGRASS—Did you hear of Mrs. Snively's narrow escape?

JUDSON—No; what was it?

SNODGRASS—Yesterday morning she had resolved to throw herself into the river, after a quarrel with her husband. But she had only gone a few yards from the house when it began to rain, so she turned back at once for fear of getting her clothes wet.

THERE WASN'T ANY.

EDITOR IN CHIEF (sticking his head into the reporters' room of a Portland daily)—I wish you would call the attention of the common council to a good piece of sidewalk I found to-day on—on—on— What street is it on?

CHORUS OF REPORTERS—Never saw it, sir.

TWELVE INTERVALS FOR REFRESHMENTS.

BARKER—Why do you call your new play a "tank drama," Footlyte? There isn't a "real water" scene in it.

FOOTLYTE—No; but the play is written specially for tanks. There are thirteen acts, with five minutes' interval between acts.

"I was completely unmanned, but not for long," said the young widow as she stood before the minister, with the hand of number two grasped firmly in her clasp; and then she said "Yes" in a tone that made a cold chill run down the exterior of his spine.

DISCHARGED, OF COURSE.

JUDGE—You are accused of shooting at a Chinaman. Have you anything to say in your defense?

PRISONER—Your honor, it was an unfortunate accident. My revolver went off at a tan-gent.

GOT EVEN WITH HIM.

"Have you and Mr. Jones ever made up?"

"No, but I got even with him."

"How?"

"Sent him a book of my poems!"

MANNERS, MONEY AND BRAINS.

PARLIAMENT—a number of gentlemen.

CONGRESS—a number of millionaires.

THE REICHSTAG—a number of scholars.

GRIZZLY—I hear Tootly is sick.

JOHNSON—Yes; the doctor thinks he has brain fever.

GRIZZLY—Nonsense; the doctor doesn't know Tootly as well as I do.



BUCKLEY, WASHINGTON.

The town of Buckley is situated in what is known as the White river valley, on the main line of the Northern Pacific railroad, about thirty miles east of Tacoma, at an altitude of about 1,000 feet above sea level. This elevation gives to the town a climate that is considered one of the finest in the state of Washington. Here the heavy and thick fogs, that are so often found near the salt water, are unknown, while the close proximity of this fertile valley to the inland sea of Puget sound imparts to this section a very even temperature. Here the thermometer in winter rarely goes below zero, and in summer seldom reaches ninety degrees. During the heated period of the year, the evenings and nights are always cool.

This town has had a phenomenal growth. The first store ever erected here was opened about eighteen months ago, and about the same time, also, the first saw mill was put in operation. To-day Buckley possesses a permanent population of about 800, and has three saw mills that are capable of cutting about 100,000 feet of lumber a day, and three shingle mills that turn out during the same time a quarter of a million of shingles. Here Messrs. L. A. Chamberlain & Son have, also, one of the most complete sash and door manufacturing plants to be found on the coast. It is equipped with the latest and best machinery, and has a capacity of 100 doors per day. This town can now boast of some five mercantile establishments, such as the general merchandise store, conducted by Mr. Cooke Ewing; the drug store, owned by Walker & Center; and the book and stationery store, the property of Taylor & Joynt. There are, in addition, several other stores and two hotels. In this thriving town there is published a weekly newspaper, called the *Buckley Banner*, owned by Messrs. Ash & Joynt. During last season there was disbursed among the many men employed here \$15,000 a month. Here has been erected a neat little school house, and there is shortly to be built another, in order to accommodate the wants of this ever increasing community. There has been organized a Masonic lodge, which meets in its own hall. Here the I. O. O. F. have a lodge, and the I. O. of G. T. a society; also the W. C. T. U. The young men of the town have organized a military company, called the Buckley guards, which numbers thirty-seven officers and men. The town was incorporated last August, and embraces an area of one mile square. The railroad business transacted at this place is only exceeded by one other station located on the N. P. R. R. between Tacoma and Spokane.

The resources of this town are very great. For a distance of twenty miles up the valley there is to be found almost a solid body of the finest timber that is to be seen on the coast. It is chiefly cedar and fir interspersed with spruce and hemlock. From one acre near here there was cut last month cedar trees from which were made 2,000,000 shingles. Within a short distance of Buckley, it is claimed, there can be found timber land that will yield 7,000,000 feet to the quarter section.

The mineral resources of this place are also very extensive. A fine grade of bituminous coal has been found about two miles from town, to which a road is at present being made. Gold, silver and copper have been discovered in the hills that surround Buckley. Near here large bodies of a fine-grained, gray Scotch granite have been disclosed, as well as a very superior,

fine, brown sandstone. The rich, black, loam soil of the valley yields large crops of hops and hay.

This season is expected to be a very busy one in Buckley; all the mills are running to their full capacity. There is expected to be erected here this season another saw mill of 20,000 feet per day capacity; also a fine hotel and a Methodist Episcopal church, besides railroad siding to accommodate about 600 cars, and also a number of fine residence buildings and stores.

G. BIRNIE.

NORTH YAKIMA, WASHINGTON.

This city which has achieved so much the past five years—the period of its existence—expects that the coming season will be the most prosperous that it has ever witnessed. The building of the railroad that will connect it with Portland will be commenced, towards which the citizens subscribed a subsidy to the amount of \$100,000 about two months ago. A large force of men, as soon as the weather will permit, will be employed in construction, one body operating west from Yakima and another northeast from the Columbia river, near Portland. Several large canals are either to be built or extended this season that will give employment to a large number of men, and will prepare vast areas of rich land for settlement. Among the number is the Sunnyside ditch, which is to tap the Natches river about five miles from this city, and is to reclaim about 150,000 acres. Yakima Irrigation Company will also extend its ditch so as to reclaim many additional thousands of acres. Mr. Nelson Rich and others are also preparing to construct a ditch that will reclaim many thousands of acres about twenty-five miles from Yakima. The Selah ditch is also to be extended this season.

Many additional improvements are to be inaugurated in the city this season. Arrangements have been made to provide it with a bountiful supply of water. To that end the necessary works and piping are at once to be built and laid. An electric plant is also at once to be constructed. Another \$12,000 brick school house will be built, besides a large number of handsome residences and business blocks. Many of the citizens are now agitating for the erection here of a \$50,000 court house.

Although located at Salem, and confining its operations for the most part to the Willamette valley, the enterprise and public-spirited policy of the Oregon Land Company has made hosts of friends all over the country, and that it is not regarded as a stranger in the metropolis is manifest from the scene of activity that has characterized its temporary quarters since the Portland branch was established. Our people recognize a good thing when they see it, and the fact that this substantial company exerts every effort for the benefit of its patrons is well known by a very considerable portion of this community. The cordial endorsement accorded this company by such men as ex-Governor Moody, Chief Justice Thayer, State Superintendent McElroy, President VanScoy, of Willamette University, and every enterprising citizen of Salem, indicates a confidence in the integrity, wise judgment and conservatism of its management that can only be attained by uninterrupted success and the most conscientious administration of every trust. The Oregon Land Company is here to stay, having leased elegant offices in the Hotel Portland for a term of years.

EAGLE VALLEY, UNION COUNTY, OREGON.

On the south the Connor creek range of mountains, on the east the Snake river chain, with the Sawtooth range in Idaho towering high above their fellows, the Eagle creek mountains forming an almost insurmountable barrier on the north and west, are the rocky curtains that partially surround Eagle valley, the subject of this communication. With an altitude of only 1,500 feet above the sea, the climate is almost tropical, and the snow-capped mountains, towering thousands of feet above, like lofty sentinels, furnish a fresh and balmy breeze by day and cool and bracing air by night, which fans to sleep the tired husbandman. Only a few of your many readers have any idea of the extent and productiveness of Eagle valley, and after careful research the following facts regarding productions are a little below, rather than above, the real figures.

There are fifty ranches of 160 acres each in the valley proper, making 8,000 acres of the most productive land in Oregon or any other state; 2,500 acres are now in alfalfa, which yields six tons to the acre, making last year's crop foot up in round number numbers 15,000 tons, which, at \$6.00 a ton—the ruling price—we have \$90,000. Divide this equally among the fifty ranchers and each would have \$1,800; but as not more than fifteen farmers are the principal producers, your readers can readily see why these few are annually accumulating so much wealth. There are 2,000 acres in grain, orchards, vegetables and grasses, leaving about 3,500 acres unplowed, which in a few years will be in a high state of production, as there is an abundance of water in Eagle creek to irrigate all lands susceptible of cultivation. Wheat, oats, rye and barley grow to great perfection, command good prices, and the yield per acre is several times greater than in Ohio or the Middle states. Navy beans and other varieties, equal to the best grown in the New England states, are an important crop, command the highest prices in our western markets, and the past season over fifty tons were harvested. Much attention will be given to their production in the future. Beans yield to the farmer from \$75 to \$100 an acre, and on a few occasions nearly double that amount has been produced. Potatoes, onions, beets, turnips and all other food varieties of vegetables are produced to perfection, and the size, yield and flavor would seem fabulous to our neighbors east of the Mississippi river. Gold and silver in paying quantities are found in the mountains surrounding the valley, and the mining camps afford a cash market for all the food vegetables produced. Potatoes grown here are equal to the Utah potato, and the yield per acre, amounting to from 600 to 1,000 bushels, finds a ready market at not less than seventy-five cents a bushel. See the money to be made on vegetables alone, and we can at once understand why lands in the valley so rapidly advance in price. Grapes are equal to the best grown in California, and the apples, peaches, cherries, plums and berries are of a superior quality, and the acreage in fruit trees is annually increasing. Poultry of all kinds do well, are hardy, healthy and prolific, command good prices, and we find many a good housewife in the valley that realizes from the hennery money enough to more than supply the family with table groceries. Much attention the past two years has been given to hog raising, and one man, formerly from Missouri, informs me that he can produce a good quality of pork here cheaper than there, and as yet no hog cholera is experienced. Alfalfa raising and stock feeding is the main industry, and but few, if any, places in America can show an equal number of stock as is being fed on ten ranches here. I have been careful not to over estimate the number, and find 30,000 sheep, 12,000 cattle and 2,500 horses are now being fed, and unless the winter should prove the severest known, a few thousand tons of hay will be left

over. Stock of all kinds look well, but the blue ribbon flock of 3,000 sheep are owned by Fraser & Longley, and the banner herd of 2,500 lambs, owned as above, are, without doubt, the best in Eastern Oregon. These gentlemen have some 250 head of horses and cattle, and in their herds are seen some of the finest thoroughbred shorthorns in the country. The fact is now being demonstrated by these enterprising gentlemen that alfalfa properly fed is the best fat producer of all known forage plants, and they are now feeding thirty head for February delivery that will rival the stall fed of Western New York. The first crop of alfalfa properly cured, plenty of salt and water, and warm quarters, makes a healthy tallow, tender, juicy and well flavored beef, and in the future we expect to see several thousand head fed for February and March delivery.—*J. G. L., in Baker City Democrat.*

The question of building a railroad from The Dalles, Oregon, to Goldendale, Washington, is being enthusiastically discussed in those two cities. It would undoubtedly be a splendid thing for both of them. It would give the former connection with a splendid stock and agricultural region as yet having no railroad, and it would give the latter an outlet to the markets of the world by the Union Pacific. There is a natural site for a bridge across the Columbia just above The Dalles, where that stream can be spanned at comparatively small cost, and a project to bridge the river at that point has been on foot for some time. The Dalles is in position to make itself a supply point for a large territory, and this action shows that the business men of that city are alive to their interests.

If you want a garden of beautiful roses and other flowers, send 10 cents to James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., for VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE, where you will find descriptions of all the finest varieties, many of them not procurable from local dealers. Seeds, plants and bulbs, can be sent by mail with safety. You will be surprised to learn what a choice collection of rarest plants and seeds you can purchase for a small sum. These are all perfectly healthy plants and the best quality of seeds. The 10 cents can be deducted from the first order.

The largest sale of ore ever made in the Cœur d'Alene mining region, Idaho, was 6,000 tons recently marketed from the Morning mine, near Mullen, which is owned by Chas. Hussey, of Spokane Falls. It is understood that nearly \$150,000 was realized from the sale. That mine is developing into one of the richest in the northwest.

Astoria's motor line is making good progress, and the rails will be on hand ready to be laid early in April. A trestle 1,312 feet long, between the Washington and Seaside canneries, has been contracted for and will be completed the tenth of May. The Bay railway will soon be ready to give Astoria rapid street transit.

Active construction work has been resumed on the Port Townsend & Southern railroad, this being one of the first to begin work this season.

Work has been commenced at LaGrande on the Oregon & Washington Territory branch, to connect that system with the Grande Ronde valley.

An electric light plant is being erected at Wallace, Idaho, with a capacity of furnishing 650 sixteen-candle power incandescent lights.

RAILWAY SITUATION IN WASHINGTON.

More miles of railway were constructed in Washington last year than in any other state in the union. The record shows 398 miles of new track laid during the twelve months. While it is a matter of local pride, it is also of sufficient importance to attract national attention, that railroad building in the far northwest is more active to-day than in any other section of the country. Washington promises this year to repeat her last year's record, and surpass every other state in the mileage of new railway put in operation to handle her rapidly developing commerce.

The unusual importance of the railway enterprises contemplated for Washington this year adds interest to every part of this new state. The sharp distinction that has developed during the past year in relation to the interests of the Northern Pacific and the Union Pacific railways is one of the important features of the present situation. Those two powerful corporations are now in open competition for business, and are able to make any improvements necessary to secure traffic, such as building branch lines and equipping well the mileage under operation. The consolidation of the Oregon Railway & Navigation lines with the Union Pacific system, a few months ago, was the last act of sundering affiliation between the Union and the Northern. That entirely ended the parceling of territory and pooling of interests. Anticipating that event, however, the Union Pacific (O. R. & N.) invaded what had previously been regarded as Northern Pacific territory, and extended its line to Spokane Falls, thus tapping the Northern's most remunerative shipping point and introducing a new element—competition—into the carrying business of Eastern Washington's metropolis. Continuing this policy, the Union extended its line into the Cœur d'Alene mining region, where the Northern was already doing business, and the two companies are now racing down the St. Regis de Borgia to get to Missoula, Montana. The Cœur d'Alene mines are in Northern Idaho.

In Southeastern Washington the Hunt lines, from their Northern Pacific connection, at Hunt's Junction, to Eureka flat, Waitsburg, Walla Walla, and to Pendleton, in Oregon, entered into a sharp contest with the Union for business. The Hunt road while being in reality an independent concern, held such traffic relations with the Northern that it was as much of a competitor of the Union as the Northern itself would have been under like conditions. The competition between the transportation companies in the great agricultural region of Eastern and Southeastern Washington involves a choice of routes to the seaboard—via Portland or via Puget sound. The Union Pacific goes direct to Portland; the Northern Pacific goes direct to the sound and then to Portland. This is, in brief, the present situation with reference to the northwesterly relations of these two great transcontinental railway systems. Neither is pursuing the other with a cut-throat policy, but they are in vigorous competition with each other, and the country is being benefited by their active rivalry. The extension of the Hunt road to Portland—a probability of this year—will place in operation a new and strong transportation line from the Inland Empire to the coast. To secure this the citizens of Portland are subscribing \$2,000,000 in bonds, and Mr. Hunt agrees to begin work by May 1, 1890, and complete the line to the Columbia, on the Washington side, by the end of 1891.

Previous to the merging of the Oregon Railway & Navigation lines with the Union Pacific, the Manitoba road (since amplified into the Great Northern railway system) had an outlet to Portland over the former's lines in Montana and Idaho and by the O. R. & N. After the consolidation this arrange-

ment was discontinued, and the Manitoba lost the privileges that had enabled it to do a through business without itself operating a road to the coast. That, of course, made it imperative that the Manitoba get a line of its own to the coast in order to protect itself. It could not profitably do a through business with its western end in the air. Its western connections were hostile to it by reason of having identical aims. The only alternative was to build. It has embraced that alternative, and is actively preparing to throw a line entirely across the state of Washington, by way of Spokane Falls, from some point in Montana, at or near Great Falls, to tide water. When it is remembered how Jim Hill builds railroads, the verb "throw" seems to be proper in this connection. One of the most important factors in the railway situation in Washington to-day is the manifest determination of the Great Northern (Manitoba) to get a suitable western terminus for its lines. Of course, neither of the transcontinental roads already doing business in the northwest will welcome another strong competitor to this field. The Northern is particularly opposed to the new railway line because it will compel a division of the traffic of the region regarded as belonging almost exclusively to the Northern Pacific. So the situation, as regards these roads, contains several interesting features.

Though there has been no official utterance on the subject made public the route popularly laid down for the Great Northern extension from Great Falls is to cross the Rocky mountains by Marias pass and go as directly as possible to Spokane Falls. It is conceded on all sides, and has been so stated by the vice-president of the company, that Spokane Falls is the first objective point of the Great Northern. From this point to the coast the route is not yet so certain. Gray's harbor, doubtless, possesses attractions for an overland road; but the prevailing and most probable theory is that a line to the sound is most desired and that the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern offers the most practicable route for the Great Northern to reach the seaboard. The Seattle road is essentially a Seattle enterprise, though Spokane Falls is also largely interested in it. But it would be entirely in harmony with the general purpose in view in organizing the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern Company, and in building the mileage now under operation, to permit that line to fall into the hands of the Great Northern on a legitimate basis. This would greatly simplify matters for the Great Northern and give it a distinct advantage in distance over any longitudinal road in Washington. It would then have a direct line between Spokane and Seattle. The Northern Pacific makes a detour away to the southward to Pasco in going from Spokane to the sound, and it has long been an open secret that a cut-off through the big bend country was contemplated by that company. It is believed that the Northern desired to get possession of the Seattle road, which owed its inception to hostility to the Northern, and from the very nature of the case was opposed to it. The pending legal proceedings tending to embarrass the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern are attributed to the Northern Pacific, which, if the suit be successful, would enable that company to kill two birds with one stone by securing to itself a much coveted property and depriving a vigorous rival of a chance to obtain it. This is the generally accepted view of the case. But no matter what may become of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern, no one presumes for a moment that the Great Northern will be balked in its determination to reach the coast, and that very speedily. All doubts on this subject were practically settled last week by the incorporation in Seattle of the Seattle & Montana, the principal incorporators of which are also the managers of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern. It is definitely announced that the new company will absorb the

old, that it will be the western division of the Great Northern, and that Seattle will be the Puget sound terminal. Already the city council has granted it a franchise the entire length of Railroad avenue, from the northern limits of the city around the harbor to West Seattle. Extensive car shops and yards will be built near Smith's cove, and great warehouses and elevators will be erected on a strip 600 feet wide and a mile long, just south of the Oregon Improvement Company's property. The Snoqualmie pass will be the route through the Cascades on the line already surveyed for the S., L. S. & E.

There are several important railway enterprises on foot of a more local nature. Among these is the Portland, Columbia Valley & Central Washington, which is to build a line from some point at or near Vancouver, on the Columbia river, north-eastward into Central Washington via North Yakima. This road is being built for the purpose of connecting Portland with the Yakima country. Active preparatory work has been begun and a large amount of construction work will be done this year. The Vancouver, Klickitat & Yakima is being built from Vancouver northeastward to Central Washington. A number of miles on the Vancouver end are now under operation. A line from Shoalwater bay to Chehalis and eastward through the Cascade mountains to connections in the Inland Empire is in contemplation. At least one of the several lines projected to Gray's harbor will be built this year. Hunt has made a proposition to the people of Centralia and Gray's harbor cities that has been accepted by them, and he will undoubtedly construct a line from Centralia down the Chehalis valley to the harbor. This will eventually be connected with the line to be built down the Columbia to Portland, and then he will have another ocean terminus of his own for his great system in the wheat belt east of the mountains. With shipping ports at Portland and Gray's harbor, Hunt will be on more than an equality with competing roads, so far as the products of the Inland Empire are concerned. The Puget Sound & Gray's Harbor is already in operation from Kamilche, on the sound, to Montesano, on the Chehalis, and will be extended down the river to Gray's harbor. The narrow gauge line from Tenino to Olympia will be widened and its extension to Gray's harbor is now under negotiation.

The Port Townsend & Southern, now under construction, is certain to build to outside connections from Port Townsend this year. The Northern Pacific will build two or three short branches into the coal fields and timber west of the Cascades.

One or two more lines between Portland and Puget sound will certainly be built, and one of them may begin construction this year. The Union Pacific has already filed articles of incorporation for such an extension, and has a route under survey. The line branches into three—one to Gray's harbor, one down the west side of the sound to Port Townsend (possibly absorbing the Port Townsend & Southern), and the other down the east side to Tacoma and Seattle, and possibly beyond. A bill is before congress granting a charter for a bridge across the Columbia at Vancouver for this extension, and work may be commenced at any time. The Southern Pacific is also credited with an intention to build between Portland and Seattle, and the Seattle & Southern, which has already surveyed a route between those two cities, is supposed to be an enterprise of this great corporation.

Then up the eastern side of Puget sound a network of railways has been planned. The Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern, under the title of Seattle & West Coast, is building from Seattle to a connection with the Canadian Pacific, at Mission, B. C. It also has a line extending eastward into the mountains, which will now be completed by the Seattle & Montana, to close the

gap between the western end of its line from Spokane Falls and the eastern end of its road from Seattle, to make the route of the Great Northern. Work will be pushed from both ends. The Fairhaven & Southern, now in operation twenty-six miles—from Fairhaven to Sedro—will be extended up the Skagit river to valuable mines, and eastward with the object of draining a large share of Eastern Washington, and to make transcontinental connection. It is also building a line from Fairhaven northward to New Westminster, B. C., where connection with the Canadian Pacific will be made. This will be completed the present year. The Canfield road will also reach out from Bellingham bay to some valuable mineral and timber lands in Whatcom county. Another road is in prospect, having its terminus at Anacortes. The Northern Pacific is also surveying a line up the eastern side of the sound from Seattle, and promises to build there.

In the northern half of Eastern Washington there will be lively railroad work this season. The Spokane Falls & Northern, now in operation nearly 100 miles, to Colville, is continuing on to Marcus and Kettle falls and up Keith river. The track is now nearly completed to Marcus. It will push on this year up to British Columbia, opening up a country rich in minerals and agricultural possibilities, but which is almost wholly undeveloped because of the lack of means for reaching it. This is of great importance to Spokane Falls, because of the large volume of business thus obtained that will be entirely controlled by Spokane. The Spokane Falls & Northern also contemplates building westward in British Columbia to the coast. Steps have already been taken to get a charter for this road, and the provincial legislature and the Victoria board of trade have passed resolutions favoring the granting of such a charter by the dominion parliament. Opposition of the Canadian Pacific at Ottawa may succeed in delaying this enterprise for a time, but its final success can not be doubted. The Canadian Pacific has announced its decision to build southward from Revelstoke, B. C., where its line crosses the Columbia, via Kootenai lake and Colville, to Spokane Falls. This is another road that will greatly benefit Spokane Falls. The Central Washington will push its way from Spokane still farther out in the big bend country, reaching Waterville in the early summer, and continuing to the Okanogan mines. The Northern Pacific will build a branch from Sprague to Oaxdale and from Oaxdale to Colfax and on to the Snake river. The Ellensburg & Northeastern will be completed this year from Ellensburg to the Columbia river, to connect there with a line of steamers.

Such is a brief statement of the railroad situation in Washington, and the prospects for construction in 1890. Only those that are in condition for building this year are considered in this statement. It is probable that new railway enterprises will develop hereafter and do considerable work before the year closes. The reasonable certainty now before us is surely indicative of great prosperity. No other section of the country is making such giant strides as Washington.

A reference to the map will show the commanding position occupied by Spokane Falls with reference to these important enterprises. Already more lines of railway radiate from Spokane Falls than from any other center west of the Rockies. The advent of the Great Northern and the Canadian Pacific this year will add two great transcontinental railways to the seven roads now in operation in every direction from the city. The extension of the lines conceded to be Spokane feeders must result in greatly expanding the business interests of the falls city. Great as has been the progress of Spokane Falls during the past few years, this year's achievements promise to eclipse its former record.



GRETCHEN.

On'y a face with laughing eyes,
Only a heart where true love lies,
Only a look of sweet surprise,
And gladness, may be.

There is naught on land or sea
Half so dear, nor e'er will be,
And with me you will agree
If you'll come around and see
Gretchen, our baby.

—Kearney Enterprise.

AFTER WHICH HE TOOK A BACK SEAT.

"My dear lady, I assure you my love for you resembles that ring on your pretty little finger—it has no end."

"And my love for you resembles the same object—it has no beginning."—*Yenowine's News*.

The small boy remarked that he would like his teacher better if her ruling passion was not so striking.—*Kearney Enterprise*.

POSITIVELY HER LAST.

"I understand that last night's was positively Patti's last appearance."

"Yes, it was. She hasn't had time to appear again since."—*Harper's Bazar*.

The worst fault that people have to find with the fellow who is always saying that he feels like committing suicide is that he doesn't go and do it.—*Somerville Journal*.

The *Boston Courier* says "there is nothing green about the grass widow." This is not true. Some of the young men who flutter about her are decidedly green.—*Norristown Herald*.

"Sure faith that you will be victorious," says the *Voice*, "is three-fourths of the battle." Oh, it is, is it? That is a clear majority. Better, however, insure a margin and make it five-fourths.—*Judge*.

A young lady dropped a nickel into the beggar's hand, and said: "It is not without a little miss-giving on my part."—*Kearney Enterprise*.

PHOTOGRAPHING A CORPSE.

WAGGISH STRANGER—Do you ever photograph corpses?

PHOTOGRAPHER—Sometimes. Why?

WAGGISH STRANGER—I was going to say that the body of McGin—

PHOTOGRAPHER (to able-bodied assistant some minutes later)—Now, John, set this corpse up and we'll photograph it."—*New York Weekly*.

Mrs. Jones says the latest thing in gent's clothes is her husband; he is never home before midnight.—*Light*.

Our reverence for age moves us to reprint the following:

DEAD.

"Waal, how's the red heifer?"

"Gone the way uv all good cows."

"What way's that, I'd like ter know?"

"The milky way, I guess."—*Harper's Weekly*.

A KINDLY TIP.

FIRST NIGHTER—What! Every seat taken?

TICKET SELLER—Every one; but don't be discouraged. There will be room enough after the first act. I was at the rehearsal.—*Texas Siftings*.

It is said that if Lew Wallace had been Rider Haggard, "She" would have "Ben Hur."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

This is not a good time for skating, but perhaps it will be as well to let Mr. Foraker slide.—*Judge*.

About a score of illustrated humorous weeklies have made their appearance since the first of the year, published in as many cities, but all containing the same jokes and illustrations. In order to do justice when reprinting a joke from one of these papers it would be necessary to give credit to *Critic*, *Topics*, *Society*, *Owl*, *Joker*, *Life*, *Sparks*, and a dozen other weeklies.—*Norristown Herald*.

There is always something a man can do; when everything else fails, he can keep still.—*Atchinson Globe*.

"Senator Quay is catching fish in Florida." He is also "catching thunder" in the democratic press.—*Norristown Herald*.

There is no doubt that while you woo
You find that love is blind;
That's why she finds good points in you
That no one else can find.

—*New York Evening Sun*.

A New York writer says the use of electricity in tanning is an old idea. The same may be said of the use of the rattan in tanning.—*Norristown Herald*.

A CLANNISH CONGREGATION.

STRANGER—What a pretty church!

RESIDENT—That's a Polish church.

STRANGER—Is it?

RESIDENT—Yes; but you needn't be afraid. The worshippers do all their rioting among themselves.—*New York Weekly*.

"I have no advertising to give you," said a merchant to an advertising solicitor to-day, "but I know a nasty story that I can tell you."—*Atchinson Globe*.

Twenty-two townships in the southern part of Stevens county, Washington, which were withdrawn from entry by a letter from the land commissioner in April, 1888, were restored to entry the first of this month. Plats have been restored, and entries and filings will now be received at the land office in Spokane Falls. Actual settlers are given three months in which to place their claims on record. It is good land, and is being rapidly occupied.

It is estimated that about 2,000,000 bricks will be used by the Northern Pacific in the construction of new round house and machine shops at Sprague, Washington, this season. As many more will be needed for the erection of business blocks now in contemplation. There is an unlimited supply of good brick clay there, and it would seem to be a good field for manufacturing bricks and tiling.

The entire grading outfit of the Central Washington railway is at grand coulee, in the big bend country of Washington, and it is officially announced that the road will be in operation to Waterville early the coming summer. Waterville is the Okanogan county seat; it has the United States land office, and it is counting on a big boom this year.

On and after Tuesday, Feb, 25th, the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route," will run a furnished Pullman colonist car from Portland to St. Joseph, Mo., without change, leaving Portland every Tuesday at 9:00 p. m., arriving St. Joseph the following Saturday. This car will be fitted up with mattresses, pillows, bedding, curtains and toilet appliances, leaving nothing to be furnished by the passengers, and will be in charge of a uniformed porter. Berths can be secured at the very low rate of \$3 for an upper or lower doable berth from Portland to St. Joseph. Passengers holding tourist, first-class, or second-class tickets, will be carried in this car. For rates, through tickets, sleeper berths, or detailed information, apply to the nearest ticket agent, Union Pacific system, or T. W. LEE, Gen'l Pass. Agt, Portland.

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We are pleased to announce that we have made remarkably low clubbing rates with the *St. Louis Magazine*, the recognized leading low-priced American magazine. The magazine is beautifully illustrated, and is a high-grade literary, historical and humorous monthly of fifty pages. Terms, only \$1.50 a year; specimen copy, six cents, sent to any one. Address *St. Louis Magazine*, 901 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo. We will send the *St. Louis Magazine* and *WEST SHORE* one year for only \$4.75. Address this office.

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So important have the fruit interests of Oregon and Washington become that the question of the best kind of trees to plant has assumed special interest. Experience has shown that certain varieties yield the best results; also that native grown stock is the best, as it has been grown here under the same climatic conditions it will experience. The man who has given this subject the most attention is J. H. Settlemier, proprietor of the large nursery at Woodburn, Oregon. Having watched closely the development of the fruit industry, he has prepared an enormous stock of those varieties that are in the greatest demand and can fill orders for native grown trees in any quantity. He also has a large stock of trees and shrubs of an infinite variety. The fruit grower will find the Woodburn nursery his best source of supply.

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Orders must be accompanied by part cash. Goods can be exchanged if unsatisfactory.

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WASHINGTON.

Ellensburg, the county seat of Kittitas county, is a town that takes its growth since four years ago. Its population is about 5,000, half of whom came the past year. Its resources are, first, agricultural; second, stock, the tributary ranges now feeding 150,000 head. Its minerals well developed are gold, silver, copper, lime, marble, but the greatest is iron in untold quantities, all kinds, ore assaying from 40 to 69 per cent.
Kittitas county is the geographical center of Washington. The valley is the center of the county, the town the center of the valley. There are abundant resources to support a large town. The universal belief is that the population will equal 15,000 in a few years. Property has doubled in value annually, and investments made now will bring four-fold returns D7 89 52

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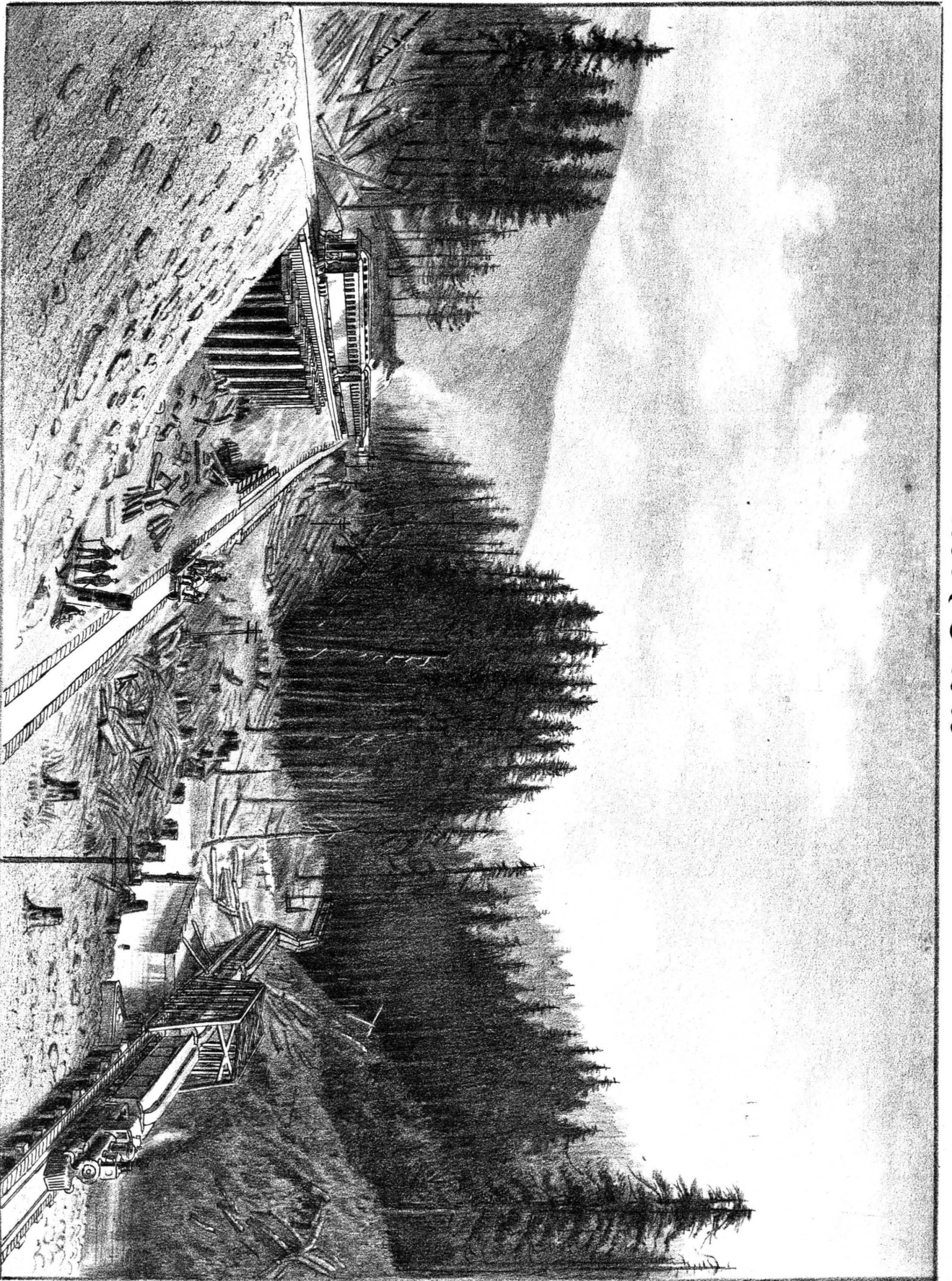
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