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# West Shore

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DAVID P. THOMPSON.

*See Page 358.*

# West Shore

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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Saturday, March 22, 1890.

**N**EVER in the history of this country has there been so much money invested in legitimate mining industries as at the present time. Mining stock excitements have, in times past, bled the gullible public of millions of dollars, but no one of ordinary intelligence will maintain that the purchase of mining stocks, on a stock board, is an investment in mines. One might as well contend that speculation in wheat futures is money invested in agriculture. Stock boards are but a leach upon the mining industry, and speculation in stocks is the worst enemy legitimate mining has to contend with. Mines have been operated, not for the metal they produced, but for their effect upon the stock market. Millions of dollars have been bandied about on the stock exchange, or taken from the pockets of a multitude of people, to swell the wealth of "bonanza kings," while hundreds of valuable ledges have remained undeveloped for want of capital, which they might otherwise have secured. Not only this, but mining, as an industry, has had to bear the onus of popular distrust, and even condemnation, which properly belongs to stock dealing alone. Because thousands have been ruined by dealing in stocks, the indiscriminating public forms the opinion that mining is an organized system of robbery, or, at least, but a lottery, in which the prizes, however rich, are overshadowed by the multitude of blanks. This idea is radically wrong. There is no industry more legitimate than mining, and none in which success may be counted upon with more certainty, provided that the same business sagacity, industry and careful attention to details be employed, as are required for the successful conduct of any other business. The number of mines being worked for the metal they produce, and which are yielding a fair revenue to their owners, is legion. We hear little about them, for their stock is not for sale, and there is no more reason why they

should receive notoriety than should every machine shop or flouring mill. On the other hand, a few scores of mines are listed on the stock boards for speculative purposes, and their worthless stock is beaten about from pillar to post, to enable the manipulators to work upon the cupidity and ignorance of the people. Sharpers, also, have taken advantage of those same failings of humanity to float "wild-cat" mining schemes, by the sale of stock in companies organized for that purpose only. This, also, is not in any sense to be charged to the account of legitimate mining, any more than the sharp practices indulged in by confidence men in other directions; yet, because of this, much capital which might have been invested in mines, has become alarmed, and sought other fields. It is gratifying to observe that there is a general awakening to the true situation; that, whereas mining stocks are at a low ebb, actual investments in mines are greater than ever before; that the "wild-cat" schemes of unscrupulous men are more difficult than formerly of consummation; and that purchasers are looking more carefully into the actual condition of the property offered them, before investing their money. Every true friend of mining, and every miner who has a good property for sale, will rejoice at this condition of affairs, for it means the rapid development of our mineral resources throughout the entire west, attending which must, of a necessity, come a development of all other resources and industries. It means farms, factories, mills, railroads, and all other accessories of populous and industrious communities.

Now that there is a marked movement of capital toward our mines, a word of advice to the owners of "prospects" will not be out of place. The time has gone by when claims can be sold upon the strength of assays from surface croppings. A mine can be sold, but mere prospects are not in demand. Sensible business men—and they are the ones who are now making these investments—want to know what they are buying. They will pay \$50,000 or \$100,000 for a mine so developed as to actually show the quantity and quality of the ore it contains, when they would not invest \$1,000 in a prospect, no matter how rich the surface rock might be. Capital is going into our mining districts in abundance, but the careful observer will see that it is being invested in mines, and not in prospect holes. In every quartz district in the west are to be found scores of men who have made locations, and are doing only enough work on their claims to fulfill legal requirements. Their assays show figures far greater than those of neighboring mines, which are being worked on a large scale and are paying dividends; and they are waiting for the "coming man" to buy them out. All they have to exhibit is a location, a set of assayer's certificates, and the fact that their neigh-

bors are doing well upon poorer prospects. Practical men are too wise to place their money upon such an uncertainty, when there are other good claims for sale, in which the ore has been exposed to such an extent as to demonstrate its value and permanence. Occasionally, to be sure, a prospect of this kind is sold, yet it brings but a trifle, compared with prices paid for developed mines, and the locator receives \$1,000 for his claim, when a little development work would have made it worth ten or twenty times as much. There are, of course, many who are not able to do this development work, but that is their misfortune, for which intending purchasers are not responsible. They have no more just cause for complaint than has the owner of a peanut stand because his sales are not as large as the grocery store on the corner. What they ought to do, is to stop complaining, and devote to their claims some of the time and money expended at the saloons. In this way, they may be able, gradually, to place their property in a condition for sale. One thing is certain, and the sooner it is realized the better it will be for claim owners, that there is a large amount of capital looking for mines, and but little in search of prospect holes.

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Oregon's supreme court has rendered another of its queer decisions. According to this high authority the crime of mayhem can not be committed in the heat of a "ground squabble," to use the dignified and classic words employed in the decision to denominate a brutal fight, because it is not done "deliberately and designedly." The court even goes so far as to say that, though such "occurrences are disgraceful and demoralizing, yet it is better that they be indulged in occasionally than that men lose their grit and become dudes and poltroons." Street brawling, then, is the ideal of courage of this learned judicial body. Come to Oregon all ye toughs, street fighters, saloon brawlers, and beaters of women, boys and feebler men, for here your style of courage is appreciated by the highest judicial authority of the state. To be sure, the Civil war proved that when true courage was tested in the smoke and flame of battle, you were tried and found wanting, while the quiet man, the peaceful man, the man with too much self respect to indulge in these "disgraceful" scenes, and even the "dude," carried their country's flag to victory, leaving you to skulk in the rear, abuse helpless noncombatants and make raids on the commissary and sutlers' stores. You were oftener in the guard house than in the line of battle; but let that pass. You are now wanted in Oregon to set an example of manly courage to the youth of the state; and when the time of trial shall come we will trust in you, with the supreme court at your head, to preserve the public peace or repel the invading foe.

It is now two weeks since the committee to whom was delegated the work of securing subscriptions to the bonds of the Oregon & Washington Territory railroad began their labors and the \$2,000,000 are not yet pledged. The usual apathy, conservatism, selfishness, or whatever term might be employed to express it, seems to stand in the way of the success of this most important project. It seems incredible that a city possessing the wealth of Portland should hesitate to seize such an opportunity as this to add immeasurably to the wealth, business, population and influence of the city. A bonus is not asked for, but the citizens are simply requested to make an investment in six per cent. bonds, amply secured, in return for which Portland becomes the head and center of a railway system ramifying a large and productive area. Mr. Hunt has a reputation for success in his undertakings that is a sufficient guaranty of a fulfillment by him of all the conditions of his agreement. The money is to be used in actual construction of the road, and is not to be paid until each section of the road is finished. The road first and the money afterwards is the proposition, and it is so eminently fair and safe that nothing but dull-witted perversity can prevent its acceptance. WEST SHORE hopes soon to chronicle the complete success of this project, than which none more important has been before the people of Portland for many years.

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About the first of April "The Portland," the magnificent hotel erected by the business men of Portland for the accommodation of travelers and tourists, will open its doors to the public. This will mark an era in the city's history that should be fittingly celebrated. Were Portland already possessed of a number of first class hotels the addition of one more, no matter how grand and imposing, would not be of such moment; but with the reputation, or lack of one, the city now suffers under, it is proper and good business judgment should demand that the opening of the house which is to work such a revolution should be made the occasion of a demonstration that would serve to announce the fact abroad. Thousands of tourists are telling their friends what wretched hotels Portland has, and it will take years of the mossback, do-nothing style of management to overcome this adverse advertising the city is receiving gratuitously. Let the managers of the hotel conceive, if they can, what would be done in other live cities under the same circumstances, and then do something themselves.

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It is said that 400 citizens of Tacoma saw George Francis Train off the other day. That is odd; he is popularly supposed to have been off for years.

The severe winter just past, while hard on the stock interests east of the Cascade mountains, was not without a lesson that can be turned to profit on the ranges. The range stock business must be more carefully conducted. The recent losses were owing more to mismanagement on the part of those having the care of stock than to the severity of the weather. Last fall grazing was poor and stock was in bad condition to start in the winter. Instead of providing food for their animals most stockmen trusted to luck to get through the winter without heavy loss. But the winter was of exceptional severity, and, while stock properly cared for got through in reasonably good condition, that left to shift for itself suffered severely. When the snow was deep and the temperature low, attempts to move either cattle or food any great distance were failures, so the animals starved in great numbers. But, as a result, better provision will hereafter be made for sustaining stock on the ranges, and the tone of the business will be appreciably improved. To properly feed and tend stock is cheaper than to suffer the losses inevitable from careless treatment. The range stock business pays well, but it demands a certain amount of care to yield the best results. The experience of the past winter will tend to secure that care in the future.

Muscular christianity, with a big "M" and a small "c," is the kind taught at Knox college, a Congregational institution, at Galesburg, Ill. On Washington's

birthday the "preps" and "freshies" had their "annual" contest over the raising of the flag above the college tower. Chair legs were used for weapons and many injuries were sustained. The police were unable to quell the disturbance, even by the display of their revolvers. Such a scene would be a disgrace to a Donnybrook fair, and any college, secular or sectarian, permitting it, ought to have the patronage and countenance of decent people withdrawn from it. In what senile hands can the management of Knox college be that such a scene should be an "annual" occurrence? Michigan university put an end to hazing in that institution by the dismissal of an entire class, and similar heroic measures should be employed in every institution where any brutal and disgraceful custom has gained a hold that can not otherwise be broken. The trouble lies with the faculty, since the scholars but follow the traditionary customs of the school. The faculty of Knox college should hang their heads in shame until they can lift them again in the consciousness that such a scene can never again be witnessed there.

That spirit in Portland which will do nothing because someone else may reap a benefit, has done more to retard growth than any other cause. A new town with half its advantages would make twice the progress; but clicks, ruts, prejudices and jealousies, with a deep coating of moss over them all, still continue to hold the fort.

#### OH, FAME, THOU JADE!

Oh, Fame, thou fickle, fickle jade!  
 Why conceal'st thyself beneath my lids to startle me  
 With visions fit to throb the heart in ecstasy,  
 Then, mocking, shroud my brain in somb'rest gloom?  
 Thou should'st not serve me so, thou jade!  
 Would'st lure me, still? Away! I'll list thee not—  
 And yet thy blush is wondrous sweet, like aged wine,  
 which bolder thoughts evoke—  
 Oh, wanton blush! Who wears thee 'neath his cloak?  
 Thy smiles but stepping stones of kingdoms make.  
 Oh, falsest smile, a many heart for thee doth break!  
 I'll bide in peace!  
 What! Weary of my plaint?  
 Nay, do not leave me! My breast thy temple be and  
 thou my patron saint!

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Thou smil'st again! Ah, me! What sorrow, joy or pain  
 Hast thou in store for me, thou jade, oh, Fame!

C. J. MESSER.

## WHATCOM COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

WORK has been commenced at Whatcom, Wash., on one of the finest court houses in the state. In fact, it is by far the most complete, most admirably arranged and most ornate structure of the kind yet undertaken in Washington, except the larger and more expensive edifice under construction in Seattle, from plans by the same architect.

Eighteen plans were submitted to the county commissioners in competition, and those of W. A. Ritchie, of Seattle, were chosen. The contract was let to John Rigby for \$65,000, including everything except jail cells, and the completed building is to be turned over to the commissioners October 25, 1890.

On the back page of this number of the WEST SHORE is given an engraving of this handsome and imposing structure, from which a better idea of its exterior appearance can be had than from any written description.

The building will be a stone structure, forty-five by one hundred and eighteen feet, with basement, two stories, attic, an tower, the exterior being of random range work. The interior walls will be brick. Corridors and stair halls will have tile floors, and all steps will be granite. The roof will be of steel shingles with tin deck and galvanized iron finials and cresting. The building will be heated with a complete hot water system and plumbed for gas, the plumbing being of the very best material and workmanship. Wires will be laid for incandescent electric lights. The first floor over the jail rooms, jailor's kitchen and office and the boiler and fuel rooms, also the floors and ceilings of all vaults, will be of strictly fireproof construction, no wood being used. The interior is most conveniently arranged and ample room is given for every branch of the county government.

The basement is occupied by a jail room twenty-three by sixty-eight feet at one end of the building, in which will be placed ten steel and iron jail cages, each six and one-half by eight and one-half feet in size with a corridor five feet wide extending along the front of the cages, all being seven feet high. Adjoining the jail room is a minor jail room, eighteen by thirty-eight, with a dark cell ten feet square. To the rear of this room are a jail kitchen and pantry, a passage from the jailor's office, a bed alcove off the jailor's office and a private stair hall leading to the sheriff's office, directly over the same on first floor.

At the opposite end of the building in the basement are the boiler and fuel rooms, toilet room, two large offices and a vault, the latter rooms for any future use, the basement being only two feet below the grade line, rendering them suitable for office use.

On the first floor are the auditor's office and private

room, abstractor's room, recorder's room and a record vault fourteen by eighteen feet, all in one suite, with a large commissioner's office and private room adjoining same, a large treasurer's office and private office and vault ten feet square, the school superintendent's office and private office, a sheriff's office, private office and vault eight by twelve feet, an assessor's and surveyor's office and vault eight by twelve feet and a private office for each off from the main office, a large toilet room, and the private stair hall from the sheriff's office down to the jailor's office and up to the second floor. From the front arched entrance the steps lead up under cover to a large square stair corridor, with corridors ten feet wide leading to each end, and one to the rear of the building. In the square stair hall a stair leads up to the second floor and under it a stair down to the basement floor.

On the second floor are a court room forty by fifty feet, with a judge's chamber, a consultation room for attorneys and a jury room with small toilet room for same adjoining, also a clerk's office, private office copying room and trial room, forming a suite, with two vaults, one ten feet square and the other ten by thirteen feet, a large law library room and private room, county attorney's office and private room, a grand jury room and toilet rooms for ladies and gentlemen.

A stair leads to the attic floor directly above the main office. In the third floor are eight office rooms, not needed at present, but suitable for surveyor, school superintendent, coroner, grand jury and jury rooms, which will be occupied when business increases so as to necessitate the enlarging of other offices on lower floors and crowding these offices out.

Whatcom county's assessment roll this year will be about \$6,000,000, an increase of fifty per cent. the past year, and the railroad, coal and other enterprises now on foot will add greatly to this another year. It is evident that the county authorities are wise in erecting so large and substantial a building, for it will all be needed much sooner than was dreamed of a few years ago.

Many unique devices have been resorted to for booming embryo towns, but that employed by the real estate pushers of a fledgling on Puget sound takes the lead. Two professional wrestlers were matched and the result of the contest telegraphed throughout the coast. It was not stated whether the contest was held under a big fir tree or on the tide flats, nor whether there were enough people in the town to serve as referee, judges and timekeepers.

Seattle is now only twelve miles square; but then, she hopes to grow.

DAVID P. THOMPSON.

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ON the first page of this issue of WEST SHORE is presented the portrait of one of the best known business men of Oregon who has been identified with the growth of the state for more than a third of a century. No man not a practical politician is better known from one end of the state to the other, and whenever his name appears in connection with an enterprise it is taken as a guaranty of the success of the undertaking. Mr. Thompson never goes into anything blindly and he does not believe in failures. His reputation as a man of capacity, of strong opinions stoutly maintained, of great executive ability and of successful conduct of all he undertakes, has made him a prominent figure in the ranks of the republican party of Oregon, not because of his political work, but because the people recognize in him the character of man such a great party should select for the highest executive office.

Four years ago Mr. Thompson was strongly urged to accept the republican nomination for governor, but declined to do so for various reasons, the chief of which was that he is engaged in so many enterprises requiring his careful personal attention that he could not give the necessary time, either to the canvas or the discharge of the gubernatorial duties if elected, without great detriment to important business interests. The defeat of the republican candidate for governor in that election served but to make the candidacy of Mr. Thompson still more desirable, and now he is being more strongly urged to be the party standard-bearer in the coming campaign. What his decision will be and whether he will feel that duty demands of him the sacrifice of personal interests and convenience can not now be predicted; but the sentiment that with D. P. Thompson at the head, the republican state ticket will be successful in June, is one that has taken deep hold upon the members of that party throughout the state.

Mr. Thompson is a man of the people, one who has reached his present high position by native talent and hard work. As he tersely puts it, he is "a blacksmith by trade, a surveyor by profession and a banker by occupation," and this briefly sums up the story of his life. The mental and physical qualities that can transform a young blacksmith into a surveyor and then into a banker and director of numerous large enterprises are just the kind needed in the man who is to fill the chair of the chief executive of the state. He was born in Cadiz, Ohio, where he attended the public school and high school and learned the blacksmith trade. Being ambitious he studied surveying and finally adopted that profession. He was in the engineer corps of the Steubenville & Indiana railroad, under Gen. Jacob Blickensdorffer, since chief engineer

of the Union Pacific. In 1853 he came to Oregon, and during the pioneer times was not ashamed to use his muscles to aid his brains in giving him a start in the world. For twenty years he held the position of United States deputy surveyor.

During the war he was an officer of the First Regiment Oregon Cavalry Volunteers. During his busy life Mr. Thompson has been called upon often to fill official positions. He has served as governor of Idaho, four years as state senator for Clackamas county, three terms as mayor of Portland, presidential elector in 1884, representative for Multnomah county two terms, and twice as Portland school director. His earnestness, energy and practical common sense have always made him a central figure and influential factor in everything with which he has been connected; and if he shall become the governor of Oregon he will guide the state wisely in the path of substantial progress, instead of being the incubus and drawback the occupant of the gubernatorial chair has often been in the past.

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Both Barnum and Talmage have been abroad this season. The latter has been as keen as the former in making an advertisement of his trip. He has brought back from the holy land some historic material to be used in his new church, and regarding which he says: "I brought home for my new church in Brooklyn a pulpit from Mars hill, Athens, a stone presented to us by the Grecian government through Mr. Tricoupis, prime minister, and the queen of Greece, who treated us as though we were princes, although we had not a drop of royal blood in our veins. I brought, also, a stone from the river Jordan, to be sculptured into a baptismal font; also a stone from Mount Calvary (I rolled it down from the Golgotha or 'the place of a skull,' with my own hands), and a stone from Mount Sinai—these last two to be the corner stone of our new church, and it will not take a very profound thinker to know that we mean by that the law and gospel." To make his collection complete, the mountebank preacher ought to have brought some of the dirt floor that Ananias died on and a stone or two from the temple Christ drove the money changers from.

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The Baisley-Elkhorn Mining Co., of Baker City, Or., shipped to the Commercial National Bank of Portland this week a gold brick weighing 493 ounces and valued at \$7693. When Portland's new smelter begins work bullion bars will be a common sight.

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Cheney has been given a state normal school by the legislature, and Ellensburg, Lynden and Chehalis are also seeking the same distinction. This would locate one in each geographical division of Washington.



## BOPEEP.

Time-battered, silent, sad, obscure,  
 Neglected, shaggy, shy and poor,  
 He came,  
 A pilgrim o'er the world's hard ways,  
 Unseen by fortune's gentle gaze,  
 Or fame.  
 His hair is white as winter's rime,  
 Or heads of dandelion time  
 That fly.  
 His wrinkled shoes beside him flung,  
 His old, thin coat above them hung  
 To dry.  
 The busy firelight o'er him plays;  
 He holds out to the warming blaze  
 His hand.  
 The piteous need of care and bread  
 The cramped, blue fingers, scarce outspread,  
 Command.  
 He murmurs in his sleep. He sighs  
 Of youth's lost days, of summer skies—  
 Sweet dream!  
 He wanders through the leafy glade,  
 And rests within the cooler shade  
 Of stream.  
 Not always sick, and poor, and old,  
 Not always homeless in the cold;  
 Not so.

Dim traces of life's roseate years,  
 Of man's best hopes and saddest fears,  
 Still show.  
 Again his boyhood's home he sees,  
 The faces dear, the arching trees,  
 The wall,  
 Where, year by year, the marks made new  
 Proclaimed how fast each upward grew,  
 So tall.  
 Again he walks the path beside  
 Of her, who came each eventide—  
 Bopeep—  
 Who, as her namesake did of old,  
 With gentle hand led to the fold  
 Her sheep.  
 The burning logs in ruin fall.  
 He starting, wakes. He thanks us all.  
 He's gone.  
 A sad-eyed wanderer again,  
 He hurries on through snow and rain,  
 Alone.  
 May peace those poor, worn feet attend.  
 May blessings on his head descend,  
 We say.  
 Hopes shall be gained of long past years,  
 And soothed be all heart rending fears,  
 Some day.

ROSE WILCOX.

## DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

JUAN DE FUCA, an old Greek pilot, was met in the good days of Queen Elizabeth by an Englishman, in the streets of Venice. Being introduced, he related to the Englishman how he had been in his younger days sent to the coasts of Northwest America on a voyage of discovery, and had found "a broad inlet of the sea, between the forty-seventh and forty-eighth degrees of latitude; hee entered thereinto, sayling therein more than twentie days. Also hee said that hee went on land in divers places, and that hee saw some people on land clad in beasts' skins; and that the land is very fruitfull, and rich of gold, silver, pearle and other thing like Nova Spania." Such is the first mention of gold on the northwest coast.

In 1851, Dr. Kennedy, being at Fort Simpson, showed the Indians some gold ores, and asked if any had seen the like among the rocks. Edenshaw, the great Haidah chief, was present, and took with him on his return to the Queen Charlotte islands one of the specimens. On showing this to his people at Skidegate, an old woman offered to show him plenty of it. So next day she conducted him by canoe to a bay near where her tribe lived, on the west coast of Moresby island. They landed, found some ore, and took a basket full down to the canoe, where was sitting the chief's little boy. While they were away getting another load, the boy became interested in the bull-heads far away down in the water, and found the little yellow stones handy to throw at them, for they were nice and heavy. Having collected all that remained of loose ore among the rocks, the elders returned to the canoe and found Charlie looking around for some more ammunition. It is possible that forty years have not quite obliterated from Charlie's memory the ceremony of the laying on of hands which followed. With what remained of the gold, Edenshaw went to Fort Simpson and got several bales of blankets in payment. The old chief is shrewd, and says that if he had only known how much that stone was worth he would have gone to England and married the queen's daughter. Such is Edenshaw's version of the affair, but there are two other authentic stories of it besides.

The Hudson's Bay Co's brigantine *Una* had arrived from Oaha, in March, at Fort Victoria, and was sent thence to the northern ports with the year's trading outfits. The *Beaver*, on her way south, found the *Una* at Fort Simpson (June 27), loaded her with wood and took her in tow, consuming the fuel on the way. In very foul weather the steamer parted with the *Una* at Queen Charlotte sound. Thence the brigantine made her way, under Indian pilotage probably, to the scene of the gold discovery, which her captain named after himself—Mitchell harbor. Here she found a vein

seven inches wide, containing in some places twenty-five per cent. of gold, and traceable for eighty feet to where it went into the sea. The blasting caused a dispersion of the ore, much of which was lost in deep water. The Indians of the neighboring village had now learned the value of the ore—although there is a tradition that a trader once found the Haidahs hunting with gold bullets which they were delighted to exchange with him for a few leaden ones—and every blast was followed by a lively struggle between them and the sailors for the fragments. The *Una* sailed with a fair quantity of ore and was wrecked at Neah bay on her way south in December. Captain Mitchell was surprised in shoal water while beating into the Straits of Fuca against a southeaster, by the wind suddenly chopping round to the southwest and so driving him on the rocks. The crew barely escaped and the vessel was utterly destroyed in the surf.

Early in 1852 the brigantine *Recovery* (formerly U. S. S. *Orbit*, bought as a wreck in Esquimalt harbor by the Hudson's Bay Co.) was sent to Mitchell harbor with thirty miners. A cargo was obtained and sent to England, the share of the miners being about \$90 each. Several small trading vessels followed, but the vein soon pinched out, and little ore was taken. Dr. Dawson estimates the total amount realized from the mine at \$289,000.

Among the small vessels was the schooner *Susan Sturgiss*, of San Francisco, which, having taken a load of the ore that had been rejected by the *Una*, left her mate and six men ashore and went to California for supplies, where she sold her cargo for \$1,400. H. M. S. *Thetis* was sent up to keep order at the mine, and arriving during the absence of the *Susan Sturgiss*, found the whites in trouble. Lang, the mate, lodged a complaint that the natives grabbed all the ore he could blast, and were impudent besides; and the captain of the gunboat accordingly called a meeting of the chiefs and told them that they must help the whites, and if they were bad he would make it unpleasant for them. But the day after the *Thetis* sailed, things were as bad as before. The schooner was away six months, and soon after her return the Indians determined to capture her. All hands were in the cabin at dinner when the artless aborigines swarmed on board and battened down the hatches. Then they marched the people ashore to the old Gold Harbor, and although the snow was deep, for it was now January, 1852, they stripped them naked. All pleaded for their drawers, but Captain Rooney and the mate were alone allowed to keep them. They were then given a half blanket each. The seamen were taken to Fort Simpson to be held for ransom, and being bought by the H. B. Company, were shipped to Victoria. The two officers, however, became slaves to the chiefs, and for six weeks were sent daily



under escort to cut firewood. At night they had to crouch in a dark corner of the house, out of sight of the common fire, and were fed on such scraps of offal as their masters deigned to pitch to them. But there was a poor old squaw who could not get much of the warmth herself, and so pitied the slaves. They were indebted to her for many a dried clam stealthily hidden under the matting within reach of them. Also they had a friend in the son of Bearskin, and afterwards when he came to Victoria Lang often entertained him and treated him like a white man out of gratitude. Bearskin himself was a good hearted man, but Edenshaw was a horror to both of them. These two slaves were worth having, Rooney being an able-bodied Irishman, and Lang a tall broad-shouldered Scotchman, though this matter turned his hair gray. The vessel meanwhile had been plundered and broken up, and now a dispute arose between Edenshaw and Bearskin as to a division of the spoil. Edenshaw said he would kill Lang rather than surrender him to Bearskin, and twice Lang had his head on a block to be chopped off before Bearskin gave in. The latter liked Lang, and would rather lose him than see him killed.

At last the unfortunates were taken to Fort Simpson and there purchased by Captain McNeill, who was then second in command under John Work. McNeill gave them each a striped shirt, corduroy trousers and shoes, and shipped them on the *Beaver* to be taken to Victoria, where they did not arrive before September. Mr. Lang afterwards became a most respected citizen and the pioneer ship builder of Victoria. The authorities for this story, which now sees the light for the first time, are Mr. Lang, Edenshaw, (who is still living), the *Beaver's* log, Dr. Dawson, F. Whympier and others.

H. R. A. Pocock.

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#### WOODBURN, OREGON.

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THE vast and rich agricultural country that is tributary to Woodburn, and the great railroad facilities here afforded, are rapidly tending to make it one of the large towns in the Willamette valley. A portion of the territory included in the corporate limits was first platted in 1871. Its progress was slow at first, but being upon the main line of the Southern Pacific railroad, which connects Portland with San Francisco, it gradually became the trading point for the large section of country immediately surrounding it. Upon the completion of the Oregonian Railway Co's narrow gauge line—now belonging to the Southern Pacific, and soon to be made standard gauge—a more extended agricultural district was made tributary to Woodburn. The place is admirably situated, being about thirty-five miles distant from Portland, and is the center of one of the most

fertile districts in Oregon. This section has long been famous as being one of the best producing portions of the Willamette valley. It is now nearly fifty years since this part of the valley was first settled, and it is doubtful if, during that time, any other portion of the United States could show better agricultural returns than the tillers of the soil have obtained in this portion of the state. Large crops of wheat, oats, barley, corn, hops and fruits are annually obtained.

The district that looks to Woodburn for its supplies extends north a distance of about ten miles, west to the Willamette river, south about six or eight miles, and east to the foot of the Cascade mountains, which are about twenty miles distant. All the land lying north and west is prairie, and that lying south and east was originally nearly all timber land. In the prairie section the land is almost entirely under cultivation, and is mostly held in large tracts, while about one-half the land in the timber section is under cultivation, and is held by small owners.

Up to two years ago Woodburn contained a population of only 250, and to-day it numbers within the one mile square—the incorporated limits of the town—a population of about 800. The many advantages surrounding it are rapidly tending to increase the number of its inhabitants. Woodburn has much to be proud of. It possesses a fine graded school, upon whose rolls are the names of about 200 children. It is about to build another school in order to accommodate the fifty additional children now seeking admission, and to meet the wants of its rapidly increasing population. A \$2,000 church is to be built immediately by the Presbyterians. The largest nursery in the northwest is located here. The first cannery erected in Oregon, outside of Portland, is located here. Woodburn possesses a number of prosperous merchants who carry large stocks of goods, capable of supplying the needs of the town and the great number of farmers who come here to do their trading. A good hotel is one of the attractive features of the town. A substantial brick building with iron trimmings will soon be erected, which will be occupied as a bank by the banking company recently organized in Woodburn. This bank will be neatly furnished and provided with fire and burglar proof vault and safe. Arrangements are now being made looking to the establishment here of a large flouring mill, to be equipped with the most approved roller machinery. A water works system will soon be completed which will furnish the town with an abundant supply of good water. The people of this section have for many years pursued the even tenor of their way, unharrassed by booms, so that the inflated prices known elsewhere are here unknown. Prices are founded on absolute values, and are steadily advancing as the town grows.

## Quill Points.

A revolution is brewing in Guatemala. They brew about once a year in that country. but it is chiefly froth.

Cherokee strippers are invited to come further west where there is enough vacant land to make a hundred Cherokee strips, and where the president can not fire proclamations at them.

Representative Lodge, of Massachusetts, has introduced a bill in congress establishing the Australian ballot system in national elections. It will be referred to a committee and there it will lodge.

Another private who was knocked down with a saber and jumped upon with a lieutenant and sent to jail with a court marshal, has dared to appeal to the authorities at Washington for redress. If this thing keeps on our army officers will have to act like gentlemen, instead of simply being such.

Wanamaker wants to know why so many letters are undelivered. Possibly it is for the same reason that so many are delivered too much. Dearth of brains is the reason, and when the postal department solves the problem of how to get a dollar's worth of brains for a quarter the whole thing will be settled.

New York journalism is becoming so scandalously sensational that there is talk of a press censor in that city. Recently the *World* and *Sun* indulged in a piece of competative sensationalism that ought to lose them thousands of readers among the class who want a newspaper to be something solid and reliable.

The pot on the republican central committee for Multnomah county is calling the kettle black in good, plain English. You are both right, gentlemen, and we would scour you both up if it were not too big a job. As it is it will be better to clean you out—and get some new utensils not so foul with dirty political tricks.

When Seattle proposed to send an old Indian woman to tag Citizen Train around the world, it was generally considered a rich piece of sarcasm leveled at Tacoma; but it transpires that the project was undertaken in earnest. Is a dirty Indian squaw the best representative Seattle can send out into the world to advertise her advantages and attractions? One wonders where so many fools come from. The squaw "princess" had sense enough not to go, which averages up the city again above the Tacoma level.

The January issue of a Southern California magazine contains three poetical—or, rather, rhyming—laudations of the climate of that region. Climate is pretty poor food for starving men, as thousands learned who were stranded in Southern California when the boom collapsed, and climate poetry is equally innutritious for the intellect.

Bismarck has resigned and there is agitation in Europe in consequence. If the peace of Europe depends upon one man, and he the one who is responsible for making that continent a vast military camp where 3,000,000 men are constantly under arms, then a revolution in political conditions is absolutely necessary. When the people govern the soldiers can go home.

A certain almost fictitious town recently headed one of its boom letters to the press "Skinning the Gudgeons." When the boomers thus plainly announce their object, the gudgeons ought not to complain when they are skinned. The town has organized a "chamber of commerce" (in the boom letters), and has "limited" the membership to 500, including gudgeons and clams.

It is a sad story that comes from North Dakota, where the Chippewas, remnants of one of the most powerful tribes of America, are dying of starvation because of the failure of the government to fulfill its obligations. Every year facts are disclosed to show that the author of "A Century of Dishonor" was right in that arraignment of the American government for its treatment of the Indians.

It is intimated in European papers that the American delegates will make a grievous error at the next prison reform congress if they refer to the Siberian outrages. 'Tis well. Let us make an error on the side of humanity and civilization. We can better afford to make a mistake than to keep silent on such a subject. Let the defenders of Russian barbarity hold up to us some of our own shortcomings if they will. It will do us good, and will be no defense of the almost inconceivable outrages upon humanity they would conceal or excuse but can not. Let the voice of America be raised in full tones against the unspeakable iniquity of the Russian penal system, and let her stand manfully by her opinion. Siberian exile is the greatest crime modern civilization has known, and the greatest nation of modern times should take the lead in its extinction.

## A HEROINE OF THE ROCKIES

SHE did not look much like a heroine as she stood there in the glorious morning sunlight, gazing off toward the purple mountain side, shading her eyes with a hand made hard and unsymmetrical by toil. An invigorating breeze from the distant snow-capped summits fanned her sun-browned cheeks and played riotously with ends of curling, silver-hued hair that had escaped from bondage and clustered about neck and brow. She was tall and spare, clad in a gown of coarse texture and dingy color. Neck and feet were alike guiltless of covering.

Several minutes she stood there, her gaze bent on a space showing bare and brown amid the purple haze.

"What can keep him so?" she murmured, dropping her hand and turning away with a sigh. A moment longer she tarried outside the low doorway to detach some dead leaves from the vines brilliant with their wealth of scarlet berries, when a fretful voice from within called—

"Mildred, Mildred! What be ye doin'; why don't ye come here?"

Hastily flinging aside the leaves she went in.

"What is it, Jess?"

"Why, I'm tired to death lyin' here and want to get up if ye can stop gawpin' off toward the mountain long enough to dress me. Ye needn't be so keen to have him come, fer of course he'll be drunker'n a fool, an' you'll have to baby him fer the next twenty-four hours!"

Mildred Mitchell shrank as from a blow, but made no reply. All that long day she cast anxious, expectant glances down the sloping hillside and off toward the mountain; but when the night work was done and the evening shadows had begun to cluster in the valley, she stole down the roadway and laid her ear to the damp turf and listened; but there was no sound save the moaning of the wind through the trees, or the distant cry of some bird or beast. She passed a sleepless night, rising long before the sun, to attend to the work and renew her vigils.

Her brother's wife breakfasted in bed, as was her custom, and when Mildred removed the things, she said—

"Ted has been gone, this is the fourth day, and he expected to come back the next day after he went away. I can stand this no longer, and am going to take Dick and go to The Pass, or go until I meet Ted."

The woman on the bed burst into angry expostulations against being left alone, ending with a hysterical tirade against her absent husband, calling him by all sorts of abusive epithets. Mildred listened in silence until the storm was spent and the weak, selfish crea-

ture had subsided into weeping and moaning, when she said, coldly—

"I shall start in a few minutes; if you want any help in dressing, hurry up."

Jess Mitchell stared at her sister-in-law in surprise. She did not usually answer her so firmly.

"Come!"

Mildred was almost ready to start, and Jess saw that she must get up or be left lying there, and she obeyed; but the last sound that greeted the sister's ears as she rode away, was the wife's angry exclamations.

"The idear of leaving me, sick as I be, here alone to run after that drunken wretch!" was the one sentence she had uttered that rung in Mildred's ears.

"Poor Teddie!" she murmured, pityingly.

It was past noon when she arrived at The Pass, and there to all her inquiries she received the same answer. Her brother had started for home an hour or so before dark on the second day of his absence.

Poor Mildred!

Presently one of the loungers-about at the tavern offered to accompany her back if some one would loan him a horse; and a few minutes later they were riding back over the path so lately traveled by Mildred.

Half way down the mountain side they noticed, as they peered eagerly about, evidence of a struggle, and a few minutes' beating about revealed Ted Mitchell's dead body in a clump of bushes a few feet from the roadside. His horse was gone and his pockets had been rifled.

"A clean case o' murder," remarked the man, unconcernedly.

Mildred shrieked and reeled, but recovering herself she assisted the man to bind the body upon the back of old Dick, and walked by his side all the long miles home. It was after dark when the mournful little procession wound its way up the hillside.

Leaving her precious burden for a minute, Mildred entered the house.

"Jess!"

There was no answer. Before speaking again, Mildred lighted a candle. As she expected, Jess lay on the bed, pouting.

"We have brought him home," she said, simply, as she smoothed the cover of the home-made couch and brought a pair of sheets from her own room, spreading one carefully over it.

"Brought him home!" shrieked Jess, sitting up in wild-eyed terror at sight of the sheets. She had seen two horses and people through the darkness, but never thought of the latter being other than her husband and his sister.

"Yes, he was murdered, I think."

Jess cowered down, burying her face in the pillow as the two carried in the rigid form and laid it on the

white sheet, covering it with the other. The next morning the stranger, who had slept soundly all night, leaving the desolate women to keep vigil with their own dead, dug a grave on a sunny slope, beside the five small graves already there; and Mildred, after tidying up the poor, bruised body as much as possible, and sewing it up in a sheet, brought boards, and together they constructed a rude box. This the loving sister hands lined with strips of a soft quilt, and in it they laid the mortal remains of "Ted"—her Ted, for whom she had sacrificed all. Kneeling beside the rude coffin, she shed the first tears that had come to her relief.

"Ted, Teddy! You are at rest and free from danger, and God grant that it will be well with you." Then looking up suddenly at her sister-in-law, who was lying back in her chair, she said triumphantly: "And he wasn't drunk, Jess; the men all said he refused to take a drop."

With almost superhuman strength the faithful sister assisted in the burial, and then sinking on the newly-made mound, she begged the man to leave her. All the day she lay there, until the sun was going down; then, rising, she groped rather than walked back to the house and mechanically resumed her duties there. The widow was really sick from fright and remorse by this time, and her pale, pinched face melted Mildred's heart, which had been hard toward her since her return.

"Poor, weak thing; but she's all that's left me," she thought.

The man, whose name was Bolton, went back to The Pass with the horse, taking Dick, at Jess's earnest entreaty, to ride back, for she said—

"You must come back for a few days, Mr. Bolton, or we shall die of fright."

Mildred suggested getting him to send help from a farm there was a few miles in another direction, but Jess would not hear to it. He came back and staid several days; then Mildred was gone nearly all one day on Dick, and when she came home she announced that she had engaged a half-breed, known as "Texas," to come and look after the stock and gather the crops.

Jess and Bolton were both angry, and the former fretted and whined. Texas came, however, and Bolton, after a private interview of some length with the widow, took his departure, but only to return every little while for a week's sojourn. Mildred did not like him. Jess seemed to be improving in health, and one day, when Ted had been dead three months, she announced to Mildred that the next time Bolton came she was going with him to The Pass. Of course, Mildred was surprised, but as she had always thought most of Jess's ailments imaginary, she was glad to see her getting out.

When the couple returned, however, and announced themselves married, she was almost furious. "And poor Ted in his grave only twelve short weeks!" she cried, choking with sobs and indignation; but the "turtle doves" did not seem to mind in the least.

Mildred went silently about the work now, seldom speaking to either of them, but thinking, thinking.

"I would go away from them only this is all the home I have; and after all these sixteen years I can not bury the skeleton in Ted's grave, and go back into the world from which I followed him. No, no; I want to die here, and surely they will bury me by Ted and the little ones," and so she took up the burden of life again in a per force, half-hearted way.

Jess had been Mrs. Bolton less than a month, when one evening, as Mildred sat on the little porch amid the ruins of the summer's beauty, veiled from sight by the tangle of dead vines, she heard Bolton's voice within saying—

"Say, Jess, s'pose ye hint ter the ole gal ter git out; we can't afford ter keep her nohow, 'nd she's so sort o' bossy, too. Everything here is our'n, 'nd she don't seem ter re'lize it."

"Well, I shan't hint any such thing, I kin tell ye. Why, d'ye s'pose I could do the work here? I see myself! Besides, we likely won't be here long. I guess that notice you stuck up of 'farm fer sale' will fetch a buyer pretty quick, 'nd I'm jist dyen ter live in town."

"So be I."

Waiting to hear no more, Mildred slipped off the porch, and fled through the darkness, stumbling, falling, rising, rushing on until she sank breathless and trembling upon her brother's grave. A grave beside him then was even to be denied her.

"Oh, God, this is terrible!" she groaned aloud.

Heeding neither cold nor dampness, she lay there for hours, trying to comprehend the terrible situation, trying to think ahead.

"What a failure my life has been," she sobbed. "I sacrificed life and love, and in the end it has all amounted to nothing."

In the morning she was too stiff and sick to rise, and when, at last, Jess came into her room to see what was the matter, she found her feverish and light-headed; but by noon she was better, and the next day she went out early to saddle Dick.

"I want that hoss to-day," cried Bolton, roughly.

"So do I," was the quiet reply.

"Where be ye goin' ter?"

"To The Pass."

"Not by a durned sight!" he swaggered, laying a hand on the bridle.

"Mr. Bolton," with a sneer, "I want you to understand that things here do not belong to you yet."

"Don't they, though? What's her'n—Jess's—is mine, 'nd what was her first husband's is her'n."

"I am not sure of that."

"Well, I be," followed by a volley of oaths.

His hand still detained the horse as Mildred sprang into the saddle.

"Let go," she said, gently.

"I'll be hung first!"

The next instant he felt the stinging cut of a whip across his hand, and Dick was plunging down the hillside.

It was a weary, sad-eyed woman who reined her horse up before the long, low tavern at The Pass some hours later, pausing to read from a big, dirty sheet of brown paper tacked on the side of the building, the following original advertisement:

SEE HERE!

Don't no body buy no farm till theyve seed the one we uns hev fer sail down in the holler.

DAVID JONATHEN BOLTON.

TAKE NOTYCE—Its the farm allers knowd ez the Michel place.

Something akin to a smile of scorn passed over the face of Mildred Mitchell, but a moment later a genuine tear splashed down on the horn of the saddle. So intent was she on her own thoughts that she did not notice a fine looking man, of middle age, who was watching her curiously, and who, as she rode on, took the trouble to go and read the notice for himself.

"Hey there, Miss Mitchell! Light?" It was the hearty voice of the landlord that sounded the salutation and terse invitation.

"Good day, Mr. Nixon; will you tell me where I can find some kind of a lawyer or somebody like that?" Nixon chuckled.

"I thought some un 'ud want a bit of legal advice when that piece of paper was tacked there. Yes, Miss Mitchell." (No one observed now that at the name the stranger started and came nearer). "Light right here on this box, 'nd I'll have the horse tended to, 'nd you walk in. I'll have the man you want ter see here in five minutes."

Mildred did as desired, and was soon stating her case briefly to a curious specimen of a "westerner," whom the landlord introduced as Squire Waddle.

"Wal-l," he began, reflectively, "I dunno but we might beat 'em, but the law, I s'pose, gives the property in sech a case to the wife."

Mildred sighed and looked, as she felt, completely discouraged.

"I'll jest run home and read up a bit on the subject, though," added the squire, by way of encouragement.

While he was gone Mildred heard a voice outside saying—

"How far is this Mitchell place from here?"

"Nigh on twenty-five miles, I should say, though I never ben thar."

"Do I understand that the young lady who came here a little while ago has an interest in this place?"

And then Mildred had either to stop her ears or listen to her own story from the landlord's garrulous lips.

"I should like to talk with her a few minutes if you think she would be willing to see me."

Five minutes later the "head of the house" was delightedly introducing Miss Mitchell to another—presumably—great man.

"Miss Mitchell, this here gentleman is Mr. Aiken. But lord-a-massey, what's ter pay?"

At his words Mildred had suddenly risen, then sank cowering on her chair, covering her face with her hands; and, ere he could comprehend his movements, the stranger was on his knees by her side, calling "Mildred, Millie!" continuously and incoherently.

"Lord-a-massey!" he repeated, then at a signal from the gentleman, he made an unwilling exit—but he listened at the keyhole. Not much satisfaction it proved, for all he could make out were sobs and the words: "Arthur," "Millie" and "Poor Ted."

And now we will let the wheel of time roll backward sixteen years, and take our readers to an eastern village for the nonce.

A pretty cottage stood on its main street, occupied by a wealthy, but eccentric, maiden lady and her niece. The latter was nineteen years of age, tall and lithe-some, with a wealth of golden-brown hair and eyes of almost the same shade. Every one called Mildred Mitchell "pretty," "jolly" and "sweet." On this particular evening she was bewitching in a simple, close-fitting gown of black, with just a knot of ribbon at her throat, "the color of her lips," the manly youth beside her said.

They chatted away "lover fashion" of the future—their future—for they were to be married in June, and this was March.

At just quarter past eleven he kissed her adieu for, perhaps, the twentieth time since he began talking of going at ten o'clock, telling her he would be in again—not the next evening—but the next. Aunt Priscilla did not believe in his coming every evening. When he was gone the girl set the parlor to rights, closed the stove, put out the hall and hanging lamps, took her bed-room lamp in her hand and went dreamily off up stairs. How happy she was!

The next evening her aunt was out, and she was playing softly in the deepening twilight, when some one entering the room startled her.

"Is it you, Auntie?"

"Are you alone, Millie?"

"Yes. Oh, Teddie!"

"Hush, Millie; can't we go up to your room or somewhere? No one must see me or know I am here. I have something to tell you."

"What can it be? But come on."

Trembling with the sense of impending danger that was forcing itself upon her, she slipped her arm through her brother's and led him up stairs. They came down again soon after midnight, carrying two well-filled valises. In the morning Aunt Priscilla found a trembly, little note on Mildred's untouched pillow, which read—

*Dearest Auntie*:—I am going away for Ted's sake; but don't tell, please. Just say that I have gone away. If I never see you again always remember that I love you dearly. Take Lucy in my place.  
YOUR LOVING MILLIE.

"Drat that scapegrace brother of her's," cried Aunt Priscilla warmly.

In the mail that morning Arthur Aiken received the following—

*Dearest Arthur*:—Farewell forever, though it breaks my heart to say it.  
YOUR OWN MILLIE.

He and Aunt Priscilla compared notes and drew their own inference, when a few weeks later it was discovered that the young cashier, Edward Mitchell, of a neighboring city, had been guilty of heavy forgeries, his guilt being sufficiently proved by his sudden disappearance.

"She would die for that boy," said Aunt Priscilla.

With her own lips, in the dirty, little parlor of The Pass tavern, Mildred Mitchell—no longer a lovely girl, but a grief-faded, toil-worn woman—told the sequel of the above to Arthur Aiken, a handsome, noble man of wealth, still unmarried—told of the silly, little girl that Ted had clandestinely married, and who had to be taken along in their perilous flight; of the long years of privation and toil in their almost unknown home; of Ted's childlike clinging to her all this time; of his wife's weakness; of the five little ones whom, each in turn, she had learned to love and then had been compelled to robe for their tiny graves; of Ted's tragic death and pitiable burial; of Jess's inconstancy to his memory, and now of this new trial.

To it all, told as it was, in such an humble, unconscious way, Arthur Aiken listened with tear-dimmed eyes.

"And, after all, my life is a failure, now that dear Ted needs me no more," she said pathetically.

"Why, Mildred Mitchell!" he cried, admiringly, "don't you know that you are a heroine?"

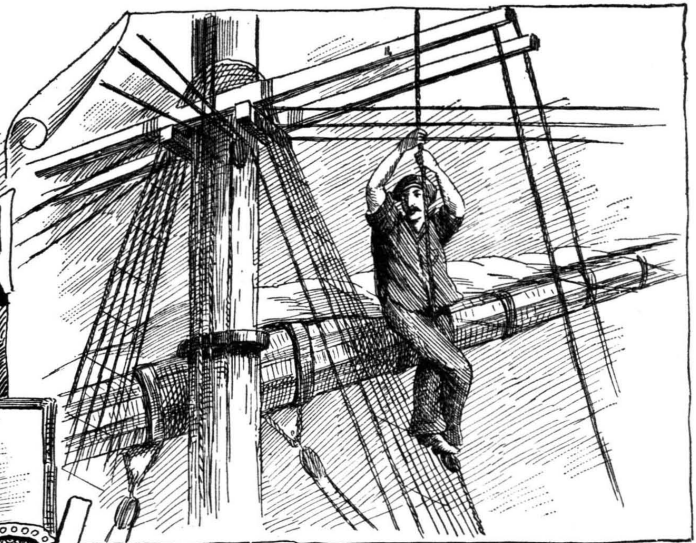
A messenger from The Pass rode Dick home the following day, while the stage, connecting with an

eastern bound train, was bearing Arthur Aiken and the "Heroine of the Rockies"—his bride—in the opposite direction.  
VELMA CALDWELL MELVILLE.

The alacrity with which the citizens of Baker City seized the opportunity presented for the establishment of reduction works, shows to what extent they are interested in the welfare of their town and section. True, the beginning they have made does not tally in magnitude with similar enterprises in older and wealthier cities; but the Rubicon of decision has been crossed, the die of certainty has been cast, and the first shriek of the whistle from these works on the banks of Powder river will be as a herald proclaiming unto the world grand results yet to follow. Instances have been quoted wherein it is said the architect builded better than he knew. In securing the establishment of this plant—we speak of it as an assured fact—every foot of real estate in Baker City is enhanced in value, the solidity and permanency of our city, as a business center is intensified and strengthened, better roads to our mining camps will grow out of it, hundreds of now idle men will soon find employment, either in extracting the precious ores from their granite fastnesses or in transporting them to our nearest shipping point on the railroad. The establishment of these works will give us prestige abroad, it will attract immigration, bring capital to our aid and in many other ways help us as a people who are striving to help ourselves and the section in which our lot is cast.—*Democrat*.

The government still owns from 50,000,000 to 70,000,000 acres of timber land, notwithstanding the denuding processes that annually lessen the acreage. To cheap sales have been added the thieving instincts of powerful corporations until it seems as if posterity is to be ruthlessly robbed of its heritage of trees. A Chicago corporation has stripped large areas in the Sierra Nevadas, while this coast has been by no means exempt from big and little thieves who go unpunished for their robberies of wood. Laws designed to assist the settler by giving him access to necessary fuel and lumber on the government's domain, are used as cloaks to cover a wholesale onslaught upon the forests. In no sense are the forests of the arid belts more valuable than as regulators of the rainfall. No artificial means can take their place in influencing the water supply, and they should be jealously protected from the vandal hand of the speculator in pine. It is hoped that the memorial sent to congress by the American Forestry Association, asking that government timber land be withdrawn from sale, pending an examination of the forests on the public domain, will lead to wholesome legislation. The forests have been too long neglected.—*Oregon Statesman*.

# THE WAY SHE LET HIM DOWN



**W**E walked on the pier in the early morn ;  
The wind blew strong from the sea ;  
A sailor was up in the yards of a ship—  
But what was all that to me ?

II.

“ My dear,” I whispered, and slipped my hand  
Into her muff, growing bold ;  
“ I’ve been thinking—” she removed her hand and said :  
“ Don’t you think it is getting cold ? ”

III.

“ Perhaps it is,” I answered, chagrined,  
And then, with a sudden emotion :  
“ My darling—” she interrupted me with  
“ How the wind blows in from the ocean ! ”

IV.

“ The devil it does ! ” I thought to myself,  
With an inward hankering to swear ;  
But aloud “ My dearest—” “ O, look, look ! ” she cried,  
“ Do look at that sailor up there ! ”

VII.

Then I got mad and I inwardly cursed,  
While she seemed tickled immensely ;  
“ I am sorry,” she said, and she sighed, and she smiled,  
“ That some people see things so densely.”

VIII.

“ Now, that sailor was less obtuse than are you.”  
O, the atmosphere seemed to get freezy.  
“ Can’t you guess the reason ? What ! Really ? Well,  
He knew when he was let down easy ! ”

ELLA HIGGINSON.

V.  
“ I see him,” I grimly answered, convinced  
That a lover must have lots of gall ;  
“ But, love, I love you ; is my love returned ? ”  
She sighed : “ Do you think he will fall ? ”

VI.

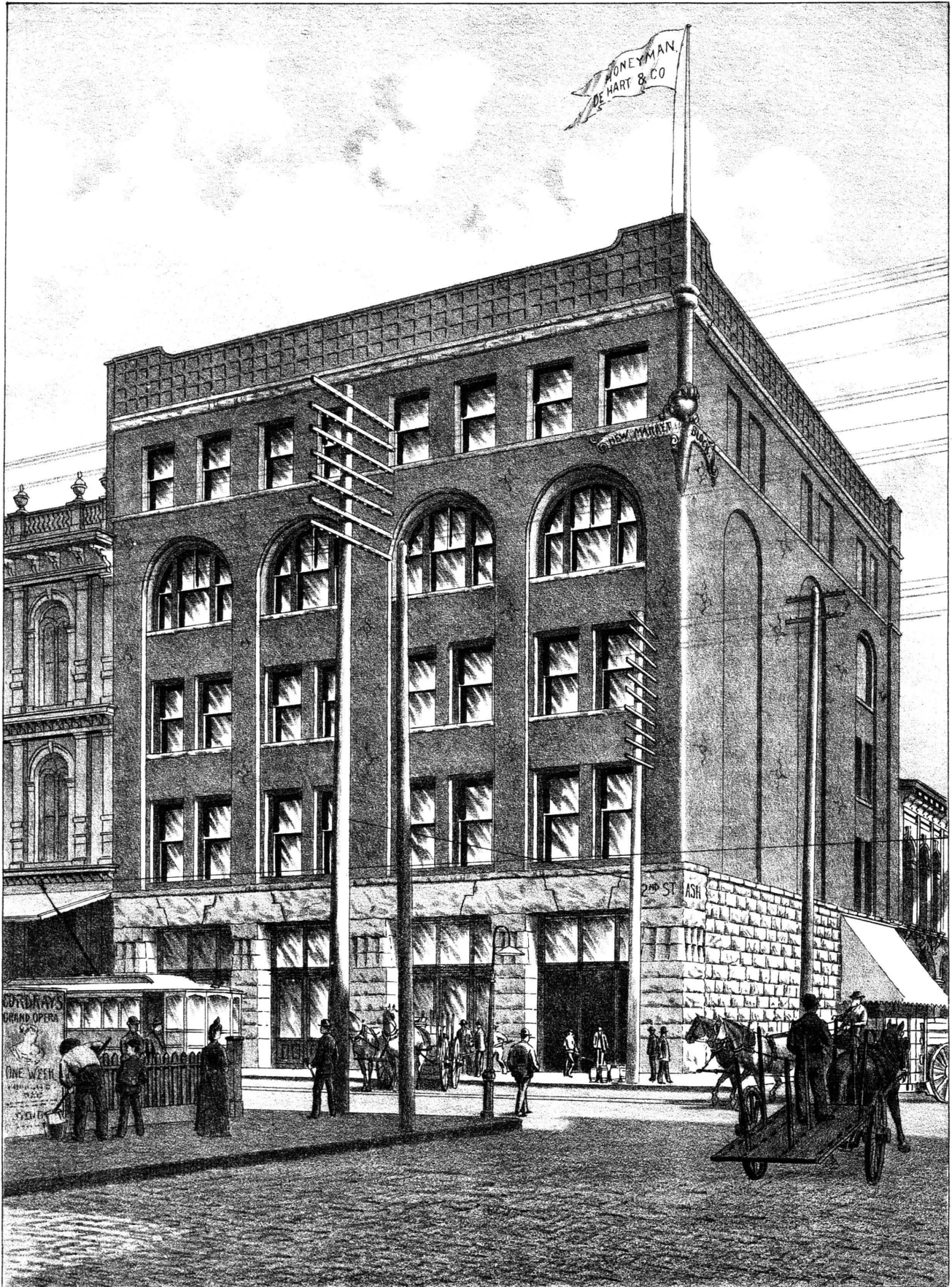
In death-like silence we watched him, then,  
Himself to the deck lightly swinging  
With the aid of the ropes, and heard his “ yeo ho ! ”  
Over the waters ringing.

The Northern Pacific disburses at Sprague, Washington, about \$30,000 a month. Its receipts at that place are about the same. Sprague is the largest shipping point on the line between Spokane Falls and Tacoma. More wool is shipped from there than from any other point in the state. It is also the greatest live stock shipping point in the state. The town is situated in a coulee, about fifty miles southwest of Spokane

Falls, is seven years old and has a population of 2,000 or more. It is in the heart of a rich farming country that is not yet all occupied, and important stock interests center there.

A contract has been closed with the Oregon Improvement Co. to build the Port Townsend Southern to Portland, seventy miles to be completed this year.

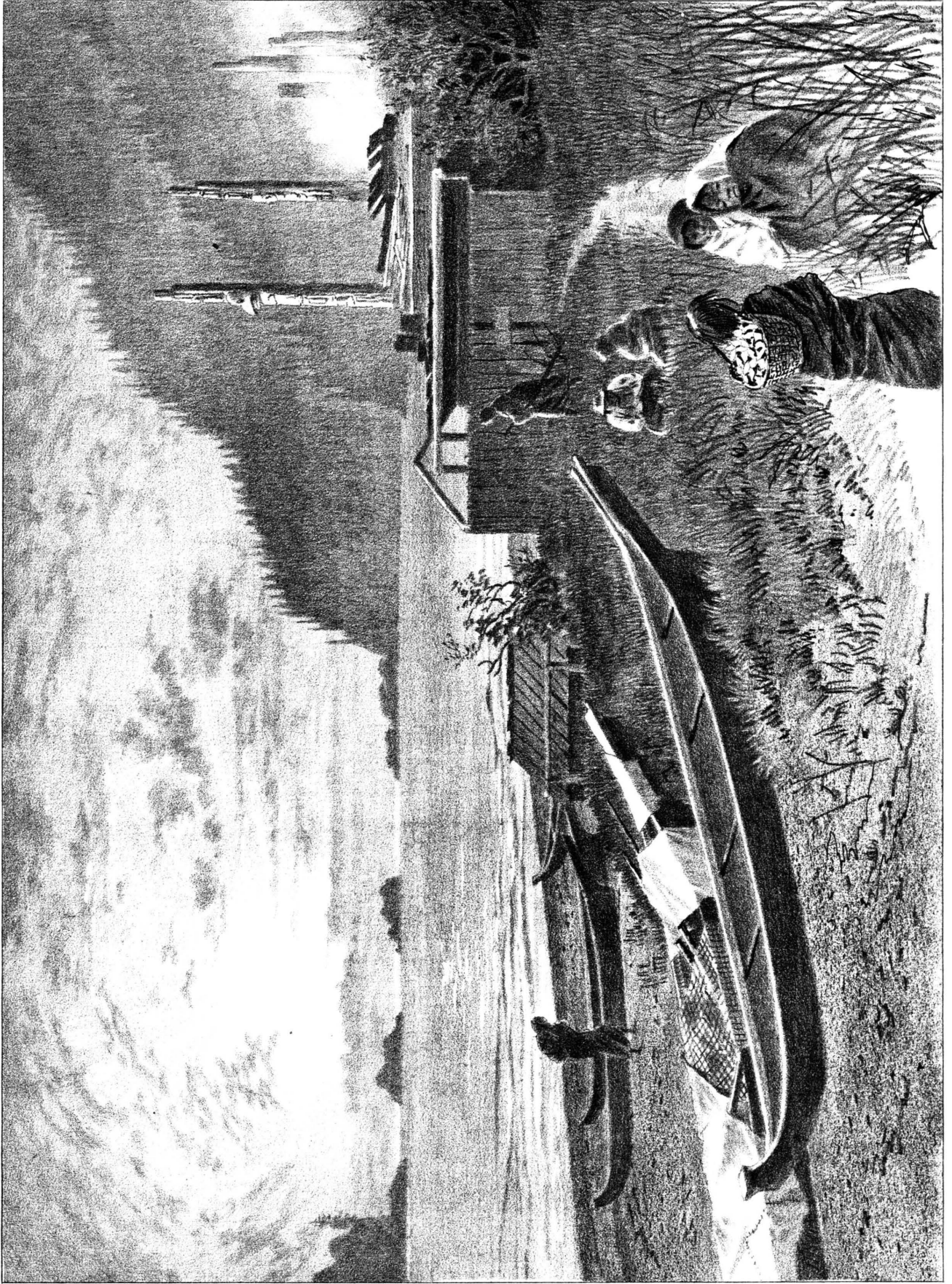
*West Shore*



OREGON—The new Thompson-Burrell Building at Portland.



*West Shore*



BRITISH COLUMBIA—Gold Harbor, Queen Charlotte Islands—See Page 360.

## Fact and Fancy for Women.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

### THE LUXURY OF WOE.

O, you who dare to mourn where all may see,  
 Who have the luxury of grief expressed!  
 Pity the fate of her whose aching breast  
 Holds sorrow locked within eternally;  
 Whose eyes may never weep, whose lips must be  
 Forever dumb, or glad with laughter, lest  
 By one chance sigh her secret may be guessed;  
 Who grows to hear no music in the sea,  
 To find no beauty in the violet,  
 No perfume in the rose, no message sweet  
 In every flower that blossoms, pale and wet;  
 Who often dare not let her sad eyes meet  
 Another's, lest quick tears should leap and flow.  
 O, you who have sweet tears—pity dumb woe.

Are you unhappy? Are you in sorrow? Are you burdened with care, and discouraged? Then, let me tell you how to find comfort and help; and it is not to be a sermon, either.

Once I was in sorrow—a sorrow which no one understood, and of which I was too proud to speak. But the burden grew so heavy that I felt I must have help or I could not bear it. I turned first to my friends. I asked them what they would do if they were in trouble; how they would bear it; where they would look for help.

They looked at me in amazement; they replied vaguely. One said she didn't know; another said there was no use crying over spilled milk—whatever she meant by that; another said she would wait till she was in trouble, and would then tell me; another laughed outright. Finally, one said, doubtfully: "Why, I suppose I would go to church, and try to find help there."

So, I went to church—or, rather—I went to many churches. But one preacher shouted and thundered and gesticulated till I could not hear his words for disgust; another, sleek and well-brushed, faultless in attire, manner and voice, talked cold, hard, common sense to me—a sermon-lecture, he called it, I think, and it bristled with "isms" and "ologies" until I grew faint trying to make out his meaning; another was so flowery of language that he seemed to have no real thought. So I gave up all hope of finding help in the churches.

Then I bethought me of Mr. Talmage, and my heart leaped with hope. One of the greatest preachers of the day—ah! I would surely get help from him!

So, not being able to hear him, I procured one of his sermons. At first I was quite carried away—in the first reading, I mean. His sentences seemed so short, so quick, so convincing; his words seemed to fairly flow. I was carried along rapidly with him; my heart beat hurriedly, and my breath came quickly, under the influence of his eloquence.

But when I had finished—lo! there was my cross pressing upon me harder, heavier, more crushing, than ever before. I re-read it. He used fine language; his sentences were smooth, easy; his similes and metaphors beautiful. He spoke of the husks of happiness; searching, I found only the husks of comfort in his sermon—the real kernel was not there. In one place he said: "Let Christ Jesus take full possession of your soul. He will be your friend. He will be your comforter. He will be your defender. His word is peace. His look is love. His hand is help. His touch is life. His smile is heaven. O, come, then, in flocks and groups. Come like the south wind over banks of myrrh. Come like the morning light tripping over

mountains. He sweetens the cup. He extracts the thorn. He wipes the tear. He hushes the tempest"—and so on, and so on.

Beautiful? Yes; but mere words, mere husks! There was no help in them for a doubting heart. It was all said in such a "Come-I-want-to-convert-you-but-be-quick-about-it" way; as I read it over and over again, it gave me the impression that it had been turned out by machinery. I was appalled. I had found only what is called eloquence where I wanted to find help.

Faint and hopeless, I turned away. Mechanically, I picked up a book, and turning the leaves in a careless way, I came upon Longfellow's beautiful, simple poem, "The Bridge." I had read it often, when I was happy, and had found nothing in it. But now, through blinding tears, I read the tender, simple words—none could be simpler—

"How often, O how often,  
 I had wished that the ebbing tide  
 Would bear me away on its bosom,  
 O'er the ocean wild and wide!  
 For my heart was hot and restless,  
 And my life was full of care,  
 And the burden laid upon me  
 Seemed greater than I could bear."

Some one else had known care. Some one else had borne a burden that had crushed him beneath its weight. Our own gentle Longfellow had suffered as I was suffering. Listen—

"But now it has fallen from me—  
 It lies buried in the sea;  
 And only the sorrow of others  
 Throws its shadow over me."

He had faithfully borne his burden. He had hoped, and trusted, and waited, and it had "fallen from him." After all these years he was telling me—me—that he, too, had suffered, and that he had found peace,

"And I think how many thousands  
 Of care-encumbered men,  
 Each bearing his burden of sorrow,  
 Had crossed the bridge since then."

Then, there were thousands of sorrows, thousands of "care-encumbered" souls! And I had been thinking only of my own!

I have come to know that sorrows may, in time, be lived down; that troubles may be overcome; that the heaviest burdens may be borne. And I tell you the secret is to think less of yours if, and more of others. When you suffer, remember—do not ever forget—the thousands who are also suffering. Remember, too, that it is sweeter, holier, to forgive than to be forgiven; when you forgive, you are putting away self entirely—and that is noble.

Believe, also, in God and in prayer; for, without them, woman is like a rose without fragrance, or like a sea-gull's feather on the ocean, that drifts wherever the winds and waves carry it and has no haven in view.

"As long as the heart has passions,  
 As long as life has woes;  
 "The moon and its broken reflections,  
 And its shadows shall appear,  
 As the symbol of love in heaven,  
 And its wavering image here."

Are you a working girl? Then be proud of it; and no matter what your work may be, make it worthy of you. If you

must support yourself—and, possibly, some weaker one whom you love as yourself—and if you have not been blessed with an education that will enable you to teach or to be a book keeper or a stenographer, or that has qualified you for any of the positions toward which your eyes first longingly turn, do anything that you can do well so long as it is honest and honorable, and do not be ashamed of it. Remember, your work is as you make it; it is the index to your own character. Whether you stand all day long behind a counter and sell yards of ribbons and laces to whimsical customers, or stitch, baste and seam from dawn till dark in the back room of some dress making establishment, or stand at a printer's case and listen to the monotonous clicking of the types, do your work cheerfully, obligingly and well. It is not the work, but the soul and the will that make the woman. It is easy to talk, I know, but the truth is self-evident that many girls are ashamed of their work. They are rather inclined to deck themselves in cheap, showy gowns on holidays, and are averse to mentioning to new acquaintances that they work. They are always, too, looking for snubs and slights, while in reality they should hold themselves above all those who do not earn their own livings; for God meant that we should all work. Yet, how many girls do you and I know in the middle classes who sit down with soft hands to their embroidery or their paper bound novels, while their parents toil early and late that they may be idle? The one idea in the minds of these parents and these daughters seems to be that work will lessen their chances of making eligible marriages. Whereas, the truth is that by working and studying and holding yourself very high you will escape all the brainless snobs who do not notice working girls; and by waiting and feeling independent you will probably make a good and sensible marriage.

In America you may grasp whatever you can win or earn. There is no prize so high but by setting firmly your will, you may work your way upward until your hand is upon it.

" Silently sat the artist alone,  
Carving a Christ from the ivory bone;  
Little by little, with toil and pain,  
He won his way through the sightless grain."

The toil and the pain are always with us; but live them down. Plan your work carefully, and "little by little" win your way. The very instant you respect your work, your work will command respect. Be young, be girlish, be true. Of course, I know how you all love pretty things—soft furs to nestle about white throats, dainty boots and gloves, soft laces, round gold bracelets for round white arms—and my heart aches because you can not all have them. But do not ever buy what you can not afford. The light that comes to the invalid mother's eye or the joy to the little sister's heart, when you bring home a bunch of purple grapes or a trifling toy, is more beautiful than all the finery you could wear, and "smells sweeter up in heaven." What is this? You are about to waste twenty-five cents on the last novel by The Duchess! My dear girl, "Adam Bede" lies beside it and costs no more. Take it home instead; read it and study the heroine. If you will try to be as brave and as fearless, as simple and as earnest, as sweet, as pure and as true as Dinah—that "lilly rooted in sacred soil"—you will see your way clear to the day when you may proudly say "I have worked, I have waited, I have won."

The soft, faint flush of sunrise in the white east is like the first tremulous dawn of love in a young girl's heart.

Envy shoots at others and wounds itself.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the famous Philadelphia physician, recently received as a present from a young lady whom he had cured of nervous invalidism, a cord of white oak wood, chopped down and sawed by her own hands, and sent as a substantial evidence of the health she had gained by following his advice to live an open-air life in the woods. It is safe to infer that this young woman will make a better wife than the girl who can only paint on velvet all day, and who would faint at the exertion of lifting a tea-kettle off the stove. If mothers, as well as doctors, would start in sensibly and practically with their girls, we would have finer women in our next generation. There is another thing, too. If the girl who is vigorous enough to saw wood doesn't choose to get married, she will find a way to earn her own living, and not be dependent on any one.

Sometime in the springtime of life, a man, wandering aimlessly through a wood, comes unexpectedly upon a half-blown flower, hidden under mosses and weeds, which thrills him with keen delight. He longs to possess it; yet he knows that if he plucks it, he must wear it forever, and though it is so pure and sweet-scented, he fears he might weary of having that pure atmosphere about him always. So, he passes on. But when summer comes, and he hears that the bud has developed into a rare and radiant flower, he hastens back to pluck it—only to find that another man is wearing it, proudly and without satiety.

It is well to fight shy of the neighbor who is inclined to wax "lonesome," and to run in at all hours to be "cheered up." It is not because she is in trouble, you know, and needs sympathy, but because she is an idler and can not fill in her time profitably. She settles herself in your favorite chair for the afternoon, and rocks and yawns and talks. If you will gently intimate that work or a vigorous walk are remedies for the "blues," it may save you from becoming her daily "remedy."

Each flower has at least one fault; one has a thorn, another no perfume, one is too pale, another too gaudy, one is beautiful but not sweet, another is sweet but not beautiful. In selecting one for constant wear, it is best to select the one having the least fault. Flowers, it may be added, are very much like women.

The lilies rocking on the moonlit river's breast,  
Fold creamy petals round their hearts of gold, and rest,  
And only blue waves kiss them. So, my tender love  
Folds innocence and purity from heaven above  
About her heart—and only God and I may know  
That it is as rich as gold and pure and white as snow.

One of the sweetest names in literature is Margaret E. Sangster; and her tender poems tell us that the name is worn simply and gracefully by one of the sweetest of women.

Sometimes our friends have so high and exalted an opinion of us that we are irresistibly borne upward until we really become what they have always thought us to be.

One may bear with a great fault in another, but to live daily, face to face, with a small, mean nature—O, that wears out patience, hope, love; yea, even life itself.

If you will but look closely you will always find grains of gold in the grayest sand.

# The Light Side of Life

By Lee Fairchild,

Soon after this appears in print Bill Nye will have come and gone for which let us be thankful; for while we would like to have kept him a day or two longer we know some of our neighboring cities on Puget sound would like to see Mr. Nye at the earliest date; not that the gentleman is the most handsome man in the world. But one, with never so æsthetic an eye, doesn't mind looking at Mr. Nye while he is on the platform. We understand that the humorist in question, though we do not question his humor, such as it is, failed to be appreciated at one or two metropolitan points on the sound when he was there before; for he is not one of those wits who are appreciated the more when they are not there. We would suggest to Mr. Nye that he repoint some of his points for the sake of those who before failed to appreciate him; for Nye, like myself, is nothing if not appreciated. Men who are used to looking at "corner lots" only are not quick to see any inside property. We are under the impression however, that Mr. Nye handled only "corner lots" of humor and that he was having a regular boom in his line. Whoever, therefore, fails to see a point made by this humorist ought to consult an oculist at once. Or, he might try first and see if he can locate Mt. Rainer and distinguish it from Mt. Tacoma on a clear day.

It is too bad that Mr. Riley is no longer with Mr. Nye; for he was the only one of the two who was really inclined to get intoxicated on his theme. His genuine pathos stirs the heart while the ludicrous wit of Mr. Nye provokes a laugh. I am not sure after all whether the American people would rather smile than weep. Sweeter than the tears of laughter are the tears of sympathy; and I doubt if their taste be too depraved to determine this. We have many wits in this country, most of whom are paragraphers. The paragrapher is seldom the humorist. He is oftener the satirist, choosing sarcasm and irony for his weapons. Nye will doubtless be appreciated in Portland by every one who hears him. We notice during Mr. Nye's visit to San Francisco there was being an effort put forth to raise money for a number of gentlemen; doubtless William was one of those who made a raise by the assistance of the public. We notice soon after the "raise" he left the place, for he prefers traveling on a good salary to earning a living by such honest labor as some do. We do not say Mr. Nye is lazy, for why should we speak thus to those who have seen him come onto the platform as though it were a matter of eternity? I was in a waiting-room with Mr. Nye once and refused to speak to him because he was busy. Besides, I had no one to introduce me and I seldom go to the trouble of introducing myself and assuming all the responsibility. I have his autograph, however, which I recently cut out of a newspaper. I judge from that he is not a very good writer.

FIRST WIT—Where will you find an apology for a Yankee?  
SECOND WIT—In a New England man.

If it be true the cholera is following la grippe, probably the more fortunate ones died of the latter.

## STRUCK SPEECHLESS.

MISS JENNIE—Mamma, Mr Wealthy proposed to me last night.

MISS JENNIE'S MOTHER—What did you say to him?

MISS JENNIE—I didn't say anything.

MISS JENNIE'S MOTHER—Why didn't you?

MISS JENNIE—Well, I was struck speechless and just nodded so he understood me.

## CONSISTENCY THOU ART A JEWEL.

CLERK (to editor)—What did you say to the Chinaman? He seems very much hurt.

EDITOR (to clerk)—Why, I told him if he bothered me again when I was writing I'd break his head for him. Here I was right in the middle of my article on "The Brotherhood of Man" when in came that heathen!

HE—And you was in the car as it sped down that steep decline?

SHE—Yes, indeed!

HE—I don't see how you could have caught your breath.

SHE—I didn't under the circumstances; you see I was so frightened I just held it!

We understand there's a man in the city who affirms that a man born in Boston does not need a "second birth." The man in question was born in Boston. Our eyesight is almost too poor (our eyes having been injured by the measles which we had) for us to see why some Bostonians should have been born at all.

MR. SURPRISE (to Mr. James, boarding the train in East St. Louis)—Which way?

MR. JAMES—To see the world's fair.

MR. SURPRISE—What?

MR. JAMES—Yes, Miss Fannie is visiting in Chicago now.

A mother was telling her children that though she should die God would take care of them, when one of the little ones said: "No, mamma, God's got so many people to look after, we'd just go and board out."

FIRST SPEAKER—I was in the war and went all through it and never got scratched.

SECOND SPEAKER—Ah, the American marksman never could hit a small target.

SHE—The house is not fixed up, so you will have to see it as it is.

HE—Shure, ma'm, an' how should I see it as it ais'nt?

It is dear talk that makes a fellow's friends feel cheap.

The balance of political power is the mugwump press.

Time is no more having been lost in the immortality of *Munsey's Weekly*.

I have a friend whose puns are so far-fetched as to convince anyone that they are brought all the way.

It was a great surprise to many to learn that DeWit Talmage is against burning infants so long a time as forever.

When the English syndicates get their hands on our shoe factories, England will have us pr-tty well under her feet.

"Pan's Revenge" is the title of a recent poem by Minot J. Savage. When Pan reads it he will probably be seeking revenge again!

It is George William Curtis' opinion, we opine, that the present administration is trying to reform a reform, in a civil sort of way.

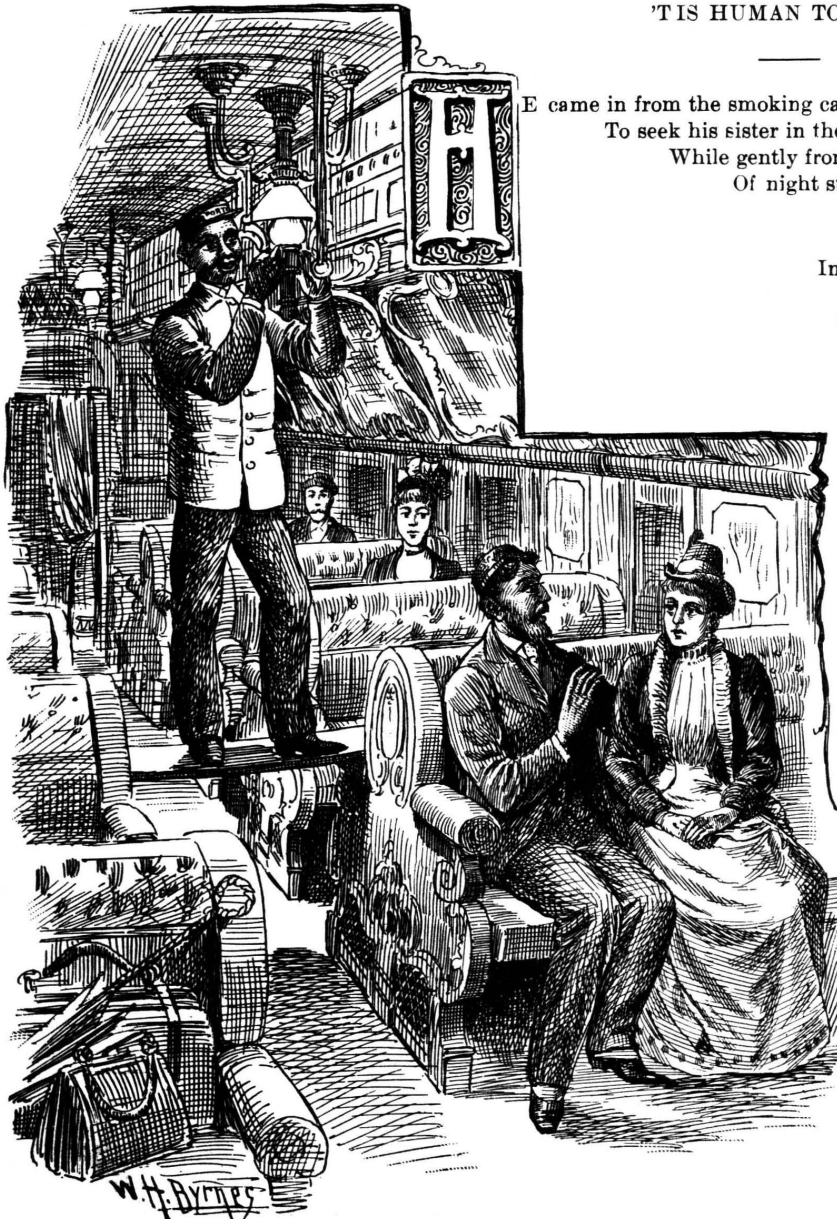
Creation is a thought of God made tangible to sentient being. The sun then is a very bright idea, and the moon is a pale-faced plagiarist.

We understand a Portland school girl wrote the following couplet on Valentine's day:

I love to look in those grey eyes  
Wherein there's naught but truth that lies.

"There were many young ladies out to hear Prof. Johnson's lecture to young men."

"O, yes, you see the notice read 'All interested in young men are cordially invited.'"



'TIS HUMAN TO ERR.

He came in from the smoking car,  
To seek his sister in the rear,  
While gently from the realms afar  
Of night stole shadows near.

In deepening gloom he took his place  
On cushioned seat beside the girl.  
One hand he passed about her waist,  
The other dallied with a curl.

To shield his sister from all harm  
Had been his joy from childhood's years.  
And close he pressed his guarding arm  
To give her peace from twilight fears.

The tardy porter bustled in  
And lit the lamp, whose quickened ray  
Fell on a man in deep chagrin—  
His sister sat two seats away!

"I beg your pardon, Miss," he said,  
"I thought you were my sister, there;  
What can you think!" and down his head  
Dropped with apologetic air.

"I think," she said—her voice was hushed,  
While mirth beamed in her lovely eyes—  
"Where ignorance is bliss"—she blushed  
Deep red—" 't is folly to be wise."

H. L. WELLS.

"Old Hutch" has again been robbed.  
The robbers are entitled to his sympathy  
and admiration.



#### ORTING, WASHINGTON.

In the rich Puyallup valley, near the confluence of the Carbonado and Puyallup rivers, is situated the promising town of Orting, on the main line of the Northern Pacific railroad, about eighteen miles east of Tacoma. This town, which only sprung into being about two and a half years ago, presents now a very pleasing view, by its many pretty residences, its large and commodious store buildings, its wide and finely-graded streets, and fine boarded side-walks. This town now numbers a population bordering close upon a thousand, and was incorporated last April. It has become the center of supply of the rich agricultural country that surrounds it. Here may be found a soil that will yield from 1,500 to 3,000 pounds of a very superior grade of hops to the acre. At only a short distance from town, exist vast forests, which contain principally cedar. Extensive coal beds have also been disclosed. From here the Tacoma, Orting & Southeastern railroad starts, and has been built along the banks of the Puyallup river for a distance of nine miles. This line is to be extended this season a further distance of twenty-seven miles, to tap the immense forests and vast coal deposits that there exist.

This town, with its two railroads and great natural resources, has a bright future. Its citizens are doing good work in order to make their town attractive, by improving its streets and side-walks, and by providing a fine water supply, which is piped from springs that gush out of the hills that are distant about one mile from town, and in erecting a handsome, two-story school house, at a cost of \$4,500, that is capable of accommodating 190 pupils, and in building a neat little church. There is shortly to be built another school house that will accommodate about 200 pupils, and an M. E. church, the lumber for which is now on the ground.

There was erected in Orting last season a saw and planing mill having a capacity of 10,000 feet a day. Additional machinery for this mill is now on its way that will increase its output to 25,000 feet a day. A shingle mill has just been started that possesses a complete set of the most improved machinery with a capacity of making 50,000 a day. This season is expected to be a very prosperous one here. The Northern Pacific railroad will build four miles of additional siding.

It is generally understood that the rich syndicate that owns large land and mineral interests in this vicinity, will erect extensive coal bunkers and coke ovens here this season. Near this town a fine clay has been discovered, and during the coming season a pottery will be erected to make therefrom earthenware and piping. There has also been discovered near here a large body of mineral paint, which is shortly expected to be utilized.

G. BIRNIE.

#### SILVERTON, OREGON.

One of the promising towns of the Willamette valley is Silverton, situated on the line of the Oregonian Railway about eleven miles from Woodburn, which is distant about thirty-five miles from Portland, on the Southern Pacific railroad. This town possesses a population of about 500, and is the center of the rich agricultural country that extends for many miles around it. It is also the supply depot for the cattle ranches and lumber camps that are located in the mountains for a dis-

tance of twenty-five miles from it. To the stranger the town presents a pleasing appearance, with its wide streets, well-boarded sidewalks, and street lamps on the corners of the principal thoroughfares. The citizens are about to erect another school house at a cost of \$10,000. The Methodists have a neat, little church, and the members of the Christian church are about to build a house of worship. The Odd Fellows have a strong lodge and are about to establish a camp, and the Masonic order has a lodge that meets in its own hall. The Silverton Secular Union owns a large hall which is used for all town meetings. Here are two saw and planing mills that are capable of cutting 14,000 feet, and a large flour mill of 250 barrels per day capacity, and a grist mill of fifty barrels per day.

The farm country adjoining Silverton is fairly settled and is very productive, raising large crops of wheat, barley and oats, hops and fruits. The town derives its name from the creek upon which it is situated, and which is capable of furnishing an abundance of water power for factories, at a very little cost. The large flour mill here is driven by water that is flumed from the creek a quarter of a mile distant from the mill.

One of the greatest enterprises ever undertaken in Idaho is that of the bedrock flume on Moore's creek, commencing near Idaho City and extending for miles down the creek. The company that has undertaken this work has a capital of two million dollars. The superintendent of the work has written that he will be west in the spring and put a big force of men at work. In early days, when labor was \$7.00 and \$8.00 a day, and everything else in proportion, much good placer ground was passed over as of no value, besides much of the gold was lost by the primitive methods then employed. The object of the bedrock flume is to go over the Moore's creek ground again on a more extensive scale, and it is expected to pay immense dividends.—*Idaho Republican*.

Steps are being taken at North Yakima toward the formation of irrigating districts under the McIntyre bill recently passed by the Washington legislature. The moment reliable irrigation is provided, the many acres in the Yakima country now given up to sage brush will possess strong attractions for the farmer. The soil is of the richest if only moisture can be obtained. The present move will remedy that difficulty.

Mrs. Barrett, who owns the major portion of the property around Chehalis, Wash., and by holding it from the market has, in the past, seriously hampered the growth of the town, has placed it in the hands of Messrs. Holton & Newland, the enterprising real estate dealers of that city, who are now putting it on the market in an attractive form. This gives the city a better opportunity to expand than ever before.

The council of Spokane Falls is moving in the matter of enlarging the city limits under the blanket bill providing such relief for cities of over 20,000 population. Heretofore a large portion of the city has been outside the very restricted corporate limits. The incorporation will be made three and a half miles square, including territory on both sides of the river.

## IDAHO'S AGRICULTURAL LAND.

Idaho is a table land broken up by interminable ranges of mountains. The Snake valley is the only large agricultural plain, but an infinite number of minor valleys lie scattered through the mountain regions. The soil of these valleys has been formed in the course of ages by the disintegration of mountain rocks, and is as rich as any soil in the world. But the Snake valley, like most plateaus, is practically a rainless region. Six million acres of its surface consist of a soil as rich as that of the valley of the Nile, but the surrounding mountains drain the vapor-bearing clouds, and its magnificent fertility is reduced to impotence by lack of dew and rain. The pioneer settlers have, by irrigation, made thousands of acres of this valley as fruitful as any in the world, and the yield in corn, wheat, peaches, grapes and sweet potatoes is little less than phenomenal. Of course it will take state and national aid to utilize to the full the vast resources of this valley, for flumes will have to be constructed and vast reservoirs formed on the mountains, whence the charm is to be derived that will turn this apparently desert valley into one of the most beautiful and prolific garden spots in the world. And what is true of the Snake river valley is true of the countless dales and valleys that lie between the multitudinous hills and mountains of Idaho. Wherever water and the plough can act upon the land there the soil of Idaho will blossom into glorious harvest. Fully 14,000,000 acres are capable of being utilized for the finest agriculture. Twenty million more can be utilized for stock, for sheep and cattle will find pasturage on mountain slopes dangerous for even mountaineers to tread. There are some 10,000,000 acres of fine timber, and the remainder is beyond the reach of usefulness to man. In truth, the resources of Idaho are fully equal to those of Indiana and Iowa. Its climate is a bracing, vigorous, health-giving one, such as that which has produced the proverbial manhood of the Swiss or Highland Scotch. December at Boise is as mild as the summer climate of Normandy, and in July is less severe along the whole Snake river valley than in New York or Massachusetts. In fact, the Rocky mountains shelter the plains of Idaho against the wild storms, blizzards and cyclones that bring destruction over the states of the Missouri valley. The Cascades and their various spurs rob, it is true, the winds that blow over from the Pacific of their vapor, but their warmth is still felt, and they are known to the folks of these valleys as Chinooks, or zephyrs of the western wave.—*Spokane Falls Review*.

If the veil hiding the future from us could be lifted for a moment, what a scene of industry would appear before our eyes. Nurserymen all agree, both those who have visited for themselves and those who have been corresponded with, that the hills in the vicinity of Centralia are, without exception, the most favorable spots in the world for raising all kinds of fruits, but more especially prunes. Good, stout, yearling trees planted on these hills will yield fruit in three years, and pay well in four. Tracts are being cleared all around us for orchard purposes, and there is no doubt at all that prunes can be raised in competition with the Italian article, leaving a large margin of profit to the grower. At the farmers' fair at Portland last year nothing was exhibited that would compare with Washington's prunes. Mr. Toles is clearing five acres which he will set out in prune trees, and Mr. Butterworth will also set out two acres. Mr. Charles Kelsey now has an orchard of nearly 400 trees, principally prunes. Mr. Orst has 100 prune trees, Mr. Lewis 200, and several others, including Mr. Hanson, who, by the way, was the first settler in this section to plant fruit trees in this vicinity. Prunes will play no mean important part in the

development of Lewis county. We have no bugs nor blight to contend with, as they do in some places, and, curiously enough, the over-bearing of the trees is all the growers dread. Anywhere else but in Washington the strong winds which occasionally sweep the orchards, thin out the blossoms or young fruit until no more remain in the branches than can comfortably be supported by the trees. Here the growers are compelled to shake and reshape the trees, or pick off half the young fruit, or the trees would be borne to the ground. Mr. Butterworth last summer picked a short twig from a plum tree, less than a foot long, which he had been supporting with poles, that had on it fourteen plums, each as large as a hen's egg.—*Centralia News*.

About the first of April a private exploring expedition will leave San Francisco for Alaska. Among those interested in the project are Captain Walter H. Ferguson, Captain John Ross, Captain L. W. Johnson, H. M. Serymsler, John Shean and others. A company with a capital stock of \$250,000 was formed a few weeks since. A few days ago the parties interested purchased the steamer *Ferndale*, a twin crew steamer, with a speed of nine knots an hour. She has accommodations for twenty-four cabin passengers and will carry a crew of experienced fishers and a number of mining experts. The expedition is a private affair, organized to explore the unknown portions of Alaska and the islands adjacent, to prospect for mines and minerals, to trade with the natives, to hunt, fish, examine salmon creeks and take possession of cannery sites. The company proposes also to locate and perfect titles to coal beds and gold mines. The party intends to salt down 2,000 barrels of salmon during the fishing season, thereby defraying the expenses of the expedition. The *Ferndale* having the exploring party on board will leave San Francisco April 10, and will not return until October next. The route mapped out by the explorers will take them first to Kodiak island, thence to St. Paul island, through Shelikoff straits to the Shumagin islands, Pirate cove, Unga harbor, Uminak pass, Amak island and Mofort's cove. Returning from Behring sea, the expedition will visit the mouth of the Yukon and thence pass down the coast. The journey will be one of about 6,000 miles.

The experiment of tea growing in Yakima county is to be given a trial on the Moxee plantation next year. Mr. Ker was led to this by his brother-in-law, Lieutenant Bell, of the British navy, who, after visiting Yakima and posting himself on the climate, and getting an analysis of the soil, maintained that the necessary conditions were here. He said the same conditions existed in Yakima that made tea culture a success in Japan, and urged that a test be made in this industry. Lieutenant Bell is somewhat of a scientist, and on his judgment Mr. Ker has decided to send for tea cuttings and make the experiment.—*Yakima Herald*.

Articles of incorporation of the Polk county Improvement Company have been filed by John F. Groves, C. C. Coad, D. P. Stauffer, J. C. Lewis, D. R. Riley and M. M. Ellis, all of Dallas, Oregon, the object being to build a motor line from Falls City via Dallas to Salem, with headquarters at Dallas. The amount of the capital stock is \$250,000 and of each share \$100. The officers are as follows: President, M. M. Ellis; secretary, D. P. Stauffer; treasurer, C. C. Coad.

Persons desirous of raising good chickens can procure eggs of all the leading strains of J. M. Garrison, who has a large establishment at Forest Grove, Oregon. He makes a specialty of supplying the demand for pure blood fowls, and it is economy to get the best to be had.

## MT. BAKER AN ACTIVE VOLCANO.

Capt. Røeder: I have been here since December, 1852. I was formerly captain of sailing craft on the sound and on the ocean, although my first business venture here was in building the saw mill at Whatcom, in 1852. I furnished the first lumber to Victoria that was sawed other than by a whip saw. The little mill at Whatcom did it. The battle in Russian America, now Alaska, called Peter Pelaski, during the Crimean war, sent its English wounded to Esquimalt, and Mr. Peabody and myself furnished the lumber for the hospital on the order of Gov. Douglas. [The battle referred to was that of Petropaulovski, Kamtchatka peninsula, Siberia—Ed.] About Mt. Baker: I have watched it for thirty-five years from sea and land. It appears as an extinct volcano at times and again it is in an eruptive state. Mr. Rinehart and other settlers of Ten Mile have seen the mountain in an active state of eruption—belching fire and smoke. Ten Mile affords a better view of the mountain. In 1861 I was repairing the bark *Glimpse*, at Ludlow, and at that time Olympus was in a state of eruption. John Bennett, Capt. Stratton and Coleman, a Scotch mountaineer, ascended Mt. Baker fifteen years ago. They reported the smell of burning sulphur and heat. The boys planted the American flag at the crater. Mr. John Tennant did not reach the top of the mountain. The party reported the top of the mountain to contain twelve acres. I have at night, on the water, several times seen the fire of the mountain. It could not have been forest fire. The smoke when the volcano is active draws down the Skagit valley. There is no question in my mind that Mt. Baker is an active volcano.

Capt. Eldridge: There can be little doubt but that the volcanic fire still smoulders in Mt. Baker. The crater is southwest of the peak. Very few old settlers but are positive that the volcano is not extinct.

John Bennett, the only man on the coast who ever reached the top of Mt. Baker, except Coleman, has been interviewed by the *Reveille* as to his trip to Mt. Baker, the monarch of mountains. He informed the reporter that he came to Bellingham bay in 1859. He came from Illinois. The party who attempted the ascent of Mt. Baker consisted of himself, Coleman and Tennant. This was June, 1866. Tennant got to the snow line and was taken sick and waited until Bennett and Coleman returned. At an elevation of 10,000 feet the mercury was sixteen degrees above zero. At 9,500 feet it had been forty-four degrees above zero. The trip was a terrible one. Canoes, paddled at the rate of fifteen miles per hour, carried the party to the hard work. Then the jungle. The southwest side of the mountain where the ascent had necessarily to be made was very dangerous on account of avalanches and sliding ice. He says: We therefore started at daylight. There is no animal life on the mountain above the timber line but white grouse. On the south side there are indications of gold. The creek beds all show color. Among the interesting things discovered by me on the mountain was a peculiar species of Erica or heather. The specimen I secured had never before been found in America. It is covered with snow eight months in the year. There are three varieties of it and the blossoms are variously white, purple and yellow. I have letters from the Smithsonian Institute assuring me that the plant had never before been found on the continent. There is undoubtedly marble on the south fork. The chasms on the northwest side of the mountain are of frightful depth and it requires the strongest nerve to pass along them on the glaring ice. The top of the mountain is solid ice and snow. The timber is fine—the higher you get the finer the timber till you reach the timber line. White pine is scarce on the mountain but occasionally magnifi-

cent specimens are found. The crater lies to the south from the summit and we were not as anxious about that as to reach the top of the mountain. From the top the smoke could plainly be seen rising, and the sulphurous smell was plainly perceptible after we reached the snow line. I have seen the mountain belch fire several times. There is no question in the world about the mountain being an active volcano. It is not like Vesuvius and Etna and the terrible volcanoes of Java, but the mountain is undoubtedly still active. The glaciers are at the southwest side of the mountain. I am now seventy-eight years of age and I regard the trip to the mountain as a marked event in my life.

Capt. Thomas Stratton, who died at Port Angeles two years ago, claimed that he planted the American flag on the mountain; that he saw the huge crater emitting smoke with a sulphurous smell. The climbing of the mountain along the stupendous cliffs and the scaling of walls rising at an angle of seventy degrees and the avoidance of yawning chasms made the trip fully equal to that of an ascent of Mont Blanc. The description of the ascent of the mountain by Stratton immediately after the event is said to have been as graphic as that of Albert Smith in 1851 regarding his climbing of Mont Blanc.—*Whatcom Reveille*.

## QUALITY OF FIR TIMBER.

For some time past the adaptability of Puget sound fir [the chief timber in the forests of Oregon, Washington and British Columbia and most commonly called "Oregon pine,"—ED.] to many purposes for which other woods, and particularly pine, are used in the east, has been carefully considered by builders, engineers and others. Lumber in the east is becoming scarce and the quality of much of that cut at present is far below the high standard that is required for many kinds of work. Although iron and steel are rapidly taking the place of wood in the construction of bridges, still there is a very large amount of wooden bridge work done, and it is necessary that the timber be of the best quality.

On many roads where the wooden trestle or the composite bridge is an important factor, only white pine is used, it being impossible to procure oak or other hard timber without an excessive outlay of money. This is particularly true in the states lying in the Mississippi valley or in the lake region.

A few days ago a party of officials of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad arrived on the sound, with a view of obtaining information as to the merits of fir timber for bridge building as compared with white pine. Several tests with gratifying results were made. It was found that a stick of timber six by fourteen inches and fifteen feet in length gave way only when the gauge of the hydraulic jack with which the tests were made indicated a pressure of 3,200 pounds, or showed that the stick possessed a sustaining weight of about 37,000 pounds.

A *Times* reporter yesterday, while in conversation with a gentleman who has paid considerable attention to lumber and its capabilities, was informed that the resisting power of fir is greater than that of oak. It is considered by those who have tried both woods to be infinitely superior for all heavy work to white pine.

For piling purposes it has been found to last as long as oak, and were it not for the ravages of the teredo, the piles which support the wharves and warehouses would not soon have to be renewed. At least, such is the opinion of men who have long and carefully observed the condition of fir timber when exposed to the weather and elements alone. It does not readily rot and seems to be capable of standing any amount of unfavorable conditions which usually destroy other timber.



There is, in the judgment of those who have handled or worked it, no better lumber for general building purposes than fir. It makes siding, flooring and shingles equally as well as it does heavy square or round timber. For interior work it is especially fine, being susceptible of a beautiful polish.

A vast amount of fir lumber shipped from the sound is sent to foreign countries, where it is used for all sorts of purposes with great success. Fir is used along the Pacific coast, both in North and South America, the latter being a large consumer.

In the United States, while the use of fir has been confined largely to the region west of the Rocky mountains, there is a growing demand for it elsewhere, as the tests mentioned above indicate. For some time past heavy freight rates barred fir timber out of the eastern market or the market of the middle west. It has always been almost impossible to place it on sale in eastern cities because it cost more to haul it from the coast than the price for which other lumber could be purchased. For this reason pine and hemlock were used and are now used instead of fir.

Lumbermen are anxiously awaiting a reduction in transcontinental freight rates which will allow their product to compete with other woods in eastern and western central markets. They claim that if there were a material reduction in freight rates that they could supply the whole country with lumber for an almost indefinite time, the supply being practically inexhaustible.—*Seattle Times*.

[Portland mills already send this lumber as far east as Denver in large quantities.—Ed.]

#### WASHINGTON IN 1890.

The census of 1890 will show some wonderful changes. The central line of population will be much nearer the Mississippi river than it was ten years ago. A series of maps like those contained in the last census, of gradations in color to indicate the changes in density of population, wealth and other important facts will present a curious contrast with the maps we now have for the census of 1880, or that of 1870. Over 16,000,000 acres of land were sold in the last fiscal year under the operation of the homestead and timber culture law. More than 124,000,000 of acres have been settled on in the last ten years, representing a greater area than the states of Indiana, Illinois, Ohio and Michigan. The greatest changes have been made in the northwest group of states and territories comprising North and South Dakota, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Idaho and Wyoming, where nearly 80,000,000 of acres have been settled since the last census was taken. In the southwest group, comprising Kansas, Colorado, Missouri and New Mexico, nearly 40,000,000 of acres have been occupied. On the Pacific coast 25,000,000 of acres more have been settled, and 15,000,000 acres must be added for the southern states on both sides of the Mississippi. Along the Pacific roads over 20,000,000 of acres have been opened in the last ten years. In other words, the government and the Pacific railroads have opened for settlement in the last ten years a territory larger than the New England and middle states and South Carolina and Georgia combined; larger than Germany or France, and over twice as large as Great Britain and Ireland.

In the census of 1880 Washington had a population of 75,000, but the report next June will increase these figures to 325,000, a gain of more than 400 per cent. Then the only railroad in the territory was the Northern Pacific line from Kalama to Tacoma, the little narrow gauge from Tenino to Olympia, and a few miles of road in the vicinity of Walla Walla. Then (in 1880), the largest city was Seattle, containing a modest population of 4,000. That city now has 40,000 inhabitants. The next

in size was Walla Walla, boasting of 3,500 people. Tacoma then had a population of 600, now a center of vast enterprises, containing a population of 30,000. Spokane Falls was then a village of 200 people, surrounded by alkali deserts and supposed to be settled by a few cranks who were predicting for their town, in future time, the center of great railroad interests. Their predictions have been realized. The Northern Pacific rolled its great transcontinental line into town. A net work of roads extends from Spokane to various countries of Eastern Washington and Idaho, and the city has now a population of 25,000. At the present ratio of increase Washington, in 1900, will be inhabited by 1,200,000 people and our state will still be traveling onward to moral destinies.—*Tacoma News*.

The heavy tax payers of Whatcom county, Washington, are paying up well. The Cornwall Railroad & Land Co. is assessed for \$16,152—about one-fifth of the assessment roll of the entire county. This does not include their electric and water works. The Fairhaven Railroad & Land Co. will next year come in for a heavy tax, values having taken a leap recently in Bellingham and Fairhaven. The lands in the lake country will also be elevated a notch by the assessor, to correspond with the enhancement in values. The townsites of Blaine, Lynden, Nooksack and Ferndale will this year show an enormous increase in valuation. It is reasonable to estimate that the assessment roll of Whatcom will for the year 1890 show an increase from four million dollars for last year to six million dollars.

The Lummi Indian reservation, five miles west of Whatcom, contains 14,000 acres of the finest land in the county, most of which is held in severalty by a band of roving Indians, numbering about 110, many of whom are said to be subjects of British Columbia. They do not utilize the lands in agricultural pursuits, nor are they prospering under the enforced civilization of the white man's government. Death is rapidly gathering them to the happy hunting grounds of the "sweet hereafter." The state legislature should ask congress to enact such laws as would permit these Indians to judiciously dispose of their lands. The intelligent portion of the tribe might be allowed to sell, if they desired, but it would be better for the state or general government to sell their lands to the highest bidders and use the funds for the maintenance of the Indians. As it is now the vast and fertile Lummi Indian reservation is of no value to the Indians or the whites, and is only used as a smuggling rendezvous.

The fifth annual convention of the Sunday school workers of Oregon will be held in the Christian church, McMinnville, commencing Tuesday, April 15, and closing Thursday, April 17, 1890. While this is a mass convention, and all interested in Sunday school work are most cordially and earnestly invited to be present, yet, to insure representation, each Sunday school in the state is requested to select two or more persons pledged to attend. All those expecting to be present will confer a favor by sending their names to Rev. J. Hoberg, McMinnville, that accommodations may be provided for them.

The newspaper business of Spokane Falls is experiencing great activity this month. Previously but two daily papers had existed there—the morning *Review* and the evening *Chronicle*. The first of March the evening *Globe* began publication, and on the ninth the morning *Spokesman* appeared. This is a bright, newsy publication, and it has no trouble in finding popular favor. *New State News* is announced to appear before the end of the month. Spokane is one of the best newspaper towns in the west. This is one of its marks of superior enterprise.

The men who have realized fortunes from small investments within the past few years in Portland and vicinity are reckoned by hundreds. More money will be made here the next ten years than during the past decade. The intelligent man who gives the matter thought can not resist the conviction that the Pacific Northwest affords most excellent opportunities for profitable investment, and of all portions of this northwest there is no more promising field than Portland, Astoria and the Willamette valley. In the selection of an agency to which the handling of funds may be safely deputed, with the assurance that prudence and integrity will characterize the administration of the trust we can commend none more reliable than The Oregon Land Company who have just moved into their offices in the "Hotel Portland," where our friends may write for full information concerning this country.

There is considerable inquiry everywhere in regard to the city of Vancouver, B. C., the western terminus of the great Canadian Pacific railway. The dominion government has just authorized the company to issue bonds for \$6,000,000 for the purpose of purchasing new steel passenger and freight steamers, to run between Vancouver and the ports of Japan, China and Australia, to carry the English mails. This shows what an important city Vancouver has become. It is growing rapidly in all the essentials of a thorough modern commercial city. Persons interested should write Rand Bros., the leading real estate and financial agents of the city, who will give full information on that subject or any other connected with British Columbia's resources, and will transact business and make investments in a way satisfactory to all who have dealings with them.

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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.

**SOME DAY.**  
 Some day—so many tearful eyes  
 Are watching for thy dawning light!  
 So many faces toward the skies  
 Are weary of the night!  
 So many falling prayers that reel  
 And stagger upward through the storm;  
 And yearning hands that reach and feel  
 No pressure true and warm.  
 So many hearts whose crimson wine  
 Is wasted to a purple strain;  
 And blurred and streaked with drops of brine  
 Upon the lips of pain!  
 O, come to them—those weary ones!  
 Or, if thou still must bide awhile,  
 Make stronger yet the hope that runs  
 Before thy coming smile.  
 And haste and find them where they wait,  
 Let summer winds blow down that way,  
 And all they long for, soon or late,  
 Bring round to them—some day.  
 —James Whitcomb Riley.

The WEST SHORE's "funny man," Lee Fairchild, says he was a passenger on the runaway cable car in Portland some time ago. The accident was unfortunately not attended with fatal results.—*Salem Statesman.*

Spring, at present, resembles a popular novel. It is "looking backward."—*Norristown Herald.*

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

**Express Train Daily, (Except Sunday).**

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

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