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West Shore

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IDAHO---University of Idaho, to be erected at Moscow---See Page 296.

West Shore

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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

Saturday, March 8, 1890.

THE question of the admission of Idaho has about narrowed itself down to strict party lines. The democrats have concluded they can not afford to oppose it in the interest of the Mormons, and have assumed the position that if a republican state be admitted, a democratic one must come in as a political offset. Their programme is an omnibus bill admitting Idaho, Wyoming, New Mexico and Arizona, and the idea is embraced in this of throwing upon the republicans the onus of keeping Idaho out if they defeat this bill. This is the same disingenuous course pursued last winter, the object of which is, in reality, to keep the territory out while appearing to favor its admission. But lightning runs too fast in these days, and says too much, for such methods to be fully successful. However, the republicans must be careful, and even generous, in their course or this plan will have the desired effect; for, if the two democratic territories make a showing of an ability to properly maintain a state government, and the republicans still oppose their admission, then the latter will be open to the same charge of rank partisanship they make against the democrats, and will, in fact, be responsible for Idaho's exclusion. It is useless to hope that party advantage or disadvantage will be ignored in this matter, but both parties must be careful to what extent they permit their factious zeal to carry them. Idaho will be a great state, and no party can afford to shoulder the responsibility of keeping it out of the union.

George W. Cable advises the south to try the experiment of equality of public rights once before deciding to deport the negro. He says when every state shall have made a fair beginning in that direction, all talk of federal bayonets at elections will cease. He thinks every man in the nation who, in whatever party, believes in free government, should let it be

known that in 1892 he will strain every nerve to give the nation a president and a congress that will establish equal rights for all Americans peaceably, promptly and forever, provided by that time a fair beginning in that direction be not made in every state in the union. These are wise words from a southerner to southerners, but will probably have no more effect than the blowing of his breath against a stone wall. Mr. Cable has given much thought to the negro problem and written many essays upon it, the chief effect of which has been to bring him into disrepute in his own section, though one of the most cultivated and able men of letters the south has produced. Candid words of wisdom are not what the hot heads of that portion of our country are looking for.

Talk about the "power of the press!" Look at the case of the World's Fair. With all great metropolitan journals using their columns freely, and with nearly every illustrated paper in America—the humorous, the would-be-humorous and the can't-be-humorous—devoting their pages, week after week, to pictorial representations of the "proposed" site in New York and misrepresentations of Chicago, the latter has walked away with the prize. It shows how superior is practical and harmonious work to an impractical and inharmonious press. Gaining the fight under such circumstances is one of the best evidences that Chicago has the means and ability to make the fair a greater success than it would be made in Gotham.

If any one thinks the Gray's harbor cities are not wide awake to the advantages of a railroad, he is referred to the great subsidies raised there to induce Hunt to build his line from the Northern Pacific to the harbor. It is one of the greatest exhibitions of intelligent and liberal enterprise ever made in the west.

And now it is asserted that the Louisiana lottery company, having been given the "mitten" in North Dakota, is coquetting with Montana. Like the dove from Noah's ark, it finds no dry place for the sole of its foot, and will have to return to New Orleans without even an olive branch.

With a city hall to cost half a million, a chamber of commerce building, and a library building costing half that sum, Portland will have under way this summer three semi-public structures that will be of great ornament to the city.

The narrow gauge system of the Willamette valley will be made standard gauge this year, as was generally supposed would be the case when the property fell into the hands of the Southern Pacific.

The supervisors of San Francisco propose to remove "Chinatown" from the heart of the city, where it now is, to South San Francisco. An opinion by the city attorney to the effect that such action will be legal and can be enforced has been received and the ordinance will no doubt be passed. Before it is executed, an authority a little higher than the city attorney will be requested to pass upon it, no less than the supreme court of the United States. No doubt in the mind of the attorney "the wish is father to the thought" that one class of people can be discriminated against. The Chinese are in this country by reason of treaties between their government and ours, and can not be deprived of any rights that others enjoy so far as property and freedom to live where they choose is concerned, and any law that is made to apply to them and not to persons of other nationalities will be promptly disposed of by the United States courts. The question of the advisability of permitting them to come to the United States is distinct from that of their treatment here when they have come by right of treaty, and the confounding of these two is what has made all the difficulty that exists in recognizing the proper legal status of the Chinese in America.

Is the worlds fair of 1892 to be a national celebration, or have the people simply permitted Chicago to go ahead and get up a local exposition? The original idea was to do something under government patronage that would reflect credit upon the country, but if the government is to withhold financial aid from the enterprise it might as well be abandoned, so far as making it a national affair is concerned.

Portland has this week taken a most important step. It has accepted Mr. Hunt's proposition to build a railroad from his system in the Walla Walla country down the north side of the Columbia to Portland, and has agreed to take \$2,000,000 in bonds to aid the enterprise. The money will be raised and the road completed within a year.

The sealing schooners of Puget sound are being kept in readiness to make a raid on Behring sea if any indication be given that it can be done in safety. They do not propose to let the British Columbia sealers scoop the business, as they did in 1888. It would be better were there less eagerness displayed to break the laws of the country.

The dispatches say "a ministerial crisis is imminent" in France, but fail to say whether it is the same crisis that was imminent last week. If this uncertainty continues we will soon know as little about the condition of the French government as they do in Paris.

NEW RAILROADS IN SPOKANE FALLS.

SPOKANE FALLS has a railroad outlook that is most gratifying to those interested in the city. Already trains run into it from seven distinct roads and branches, and the projected lines will add several more. The Canadian Pacific people have decided to build a road south from Revelstoke, where the main line crosses the Columbia, to Colville and thence to Spokane Falls. A branch will be built from Sproat's landing to Kootenai lake, and this will be constructed first, steamers on the river connecting it with Revelstoke until the main road is completed. This will not only give Spokane an entrance to the famous Kootenai mines, but connection with the great Canadian overland route as well.

The Great Northern, as has been stated before in these columns, will soon reach Spokane from the Missouri river, and give the city another great transcontinental road. This is one of the certainties, and the completion of the road within a year is asserted by officers of the company to be in the plans.

The Spokane Falls & Northern intends not only to build a line into the Kootenai country, but has made application to the British Columbia legislature for a franchise to extend the road to a point on Kettle river, by way of Rock creek and Osoyoos lake, to the coast near the mouth of Fraser river, with a branch running to the south end of Okanogan lake.

It is gratifying to see that this project is not opposed in British Columbia because it is an American enterprise. The route will run near the international line, and will be compelled by the topography of the country to cross the line several times. In order to build such a road a charter will have to be secured from the dominion government, and as the Canadian Pacific is all powerful with the Ottawa authorities, it is feared that the charter will be defeated. Both the provincial legislature and the Victoria board of trade have passed resolutions favoring the company, which have been forwarded to Ottawa. Beyond question the line would be of great benefit to British Columbia, and if the charter be defeated it will be simply the triumph of a rival company at the expense of the best interests of the province. Temporarily, at least, this has been done, as the question came up in parliament a few days ago, and upon representation of the vice president of the Canadian Pacific the charter was denied. But the end is not yet.

Already the greatest interior railroad center in the west, these new lines will place Spokane Falls beyond the reach of any possible rival in the northwest.

To admit raw sugar free of duty will cause much rawness not so sweet as sugar.

WHALING IN THE ARCTIC.

THE pioneer whale hunters of the Pacific coast were the bold seamen of New England, who pursued that calling in the vicinity of Cape Horn as early as revolutionary times, and who were the first to enter the Northern Pacific and finally pursue the cetacean monster through Behring's strait into his Arctic retreat. Of late years San Francisco has been the basis of operations of the whaling fleet, though many of the vessels are owned in New England. Last season the fleet consisted of thirty-seven vessels, including ten steamers, twenty barks, five schooners and two brigs. The steamers, with their outfits, represent from \$75,000 to \$100,000 each, the barks \$35,000 to \$50,000 each, the brigs, say \$25,000, and the schooners all the way from \$12,000 to \$20,000 each. Their cruising ground lies from fifty-six degrees to seventy-three degrees and thirty minutes north, taking in the Behring sea and straits, and the Arctic ocean as far as the ice will allow. Two vessels were wrecked last season—one bark and one steamer. The decline in whale oil has been so great within the last eight years that, comparatively speaking, little has been brought into the market, whalebone being the great inducement in the pursuit of the business. The high prices paid for whalebone, for which there is no proper substitute, has gradually wrought this great change in the yearly catch; particularly during last season. To show how this has been brought about, it is necessary to go back to 1871, when the first rifles were used in killing the walrus. From that time until 1883, when the price of oil and ivory began to decline, the slaughter of the walrus was so great that they were nearly exterminated, and the few left were so wild that the report of a rifle was the signal for the whole herd to plunge into the sea and disappear among the vast fields of ice. Like all game, the constant pursuit drove them back to safer retreats, until now very few are met. When walrus were plentiful, whales were plentiful; the walrus ground was also good whale ground, for the whales, walrus and seals are at times very sociable in their habits. With the decline of the walrus business, steamers were introduced to pursue the whales among the great ice fields, where it has been considered dangerous for sailing vessels to go. Before the advent of the steamers the whales, on being disturbed would retreat into the ice pack, but would return frequently to the open sea, when the hunter would get a chance at them. This would continue at intervals until early in the fall, when the whales would come out in large numbers and were easily taken. Now they take alarm at the noise of the steamer's propeller and retire farther into the ice. The steamers can follow them where the sailing vessel dare not go.

Another, and perhaps a more serious, cause of the failure of late years is that the demand for and increasing prices of whalebone has brought into competition a force hitherto despised. This consists of the Indians living along the coast of the Arctic seas. A few years ago the Indian was catching a few whales in his primitive way. What he took in no way interfered with the whaling industry—the blubber he ate and the bone he traded with the ships—but it was not long before he discovered that whalebone was highly prized by the white man, and that the Indian could get anything he asked for in exchange. A great competition arose for the trade among the ships and traders, and the Indian soon learned to ask for more than the bone was actually worth in the market, and unlawful means had to be employed to obtain the bone. Consequently the natives were soon supplied with everything their hearts could desire. They became insolent, and seeing that bone could buy anything, and that they were at a disadvantage with the white man in whaling, they began to ask for bombs, guns, bomb lances and harpoons. These were readily given them in exchange for their whalebone by the thoughtless whalers. Then they wanted whaleboats and complete equipments. Soon the natives were supplied all along the coast from Cape Behring to Point Barrow with the whalers' equipments, which they were not slow in learning to use. Last season there were over 300 bombs fired from along the shore and only eight whales were caught by the natives. If this thing continues it will soon result in the total extermination of the whales in the north.

A view of some of the fleet making their way into the ice pack in pursuit of the retreating leviathans is given on page 320, from which a good idea of the nature of the whaling grounds can be obtained.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, PORTLAND.

ONE of the chief characteristics of Portland is its educational institutions. Portland's educational facilities, both public and private, will compare favorably with those of eastern cities. One of the oldest schools in the city, and one in which the city must now take special pride, is St. Mary's, whose new and handsome structure, occupying the block between Fourth and Fifth and Market and Mill streets, was dedicated March 2, 1890. St. Mary's was founded October 21, 1859, by twelve Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, who came to Oregon from Montreal, Canada. Two of the original twelve are now at the head of the new St. Mary's—Sister M. Margaret, as provincial superioress, and Sister Mary Xavier, assistant. Yet the venerable Archbishop Blanchet,

deceased, was really the founder, as it was through his encouragement that the institution was planned.

The building occupied by the sisters for thirty years, receiving additions from time to time, stood, at the beginning, on the outskirts of the city. The new St. Mary's now seems in the heart of the city, so marvelous has been Portland's growth. The new structure is modern in style, and for its architectural beauty the illustration on page 306 speaks. It is a four story building of brick and stone, combining solidity with beauty of design and finish—a fit symbol of the heroism and delicate devotion of those sisters whose persistency of effort has resulted in building up such a splendid institution. The new St. Mary's is furnished with such modern improvements as insure comfort and convenience. It is heated by steam, lighted with gas, and has a system of electric bells to give general warning in case of fire. The rooms are plentifully furnished with windows which, combined with other things, assures good sanitary conditions. The course of instruction is thorough, including all useful and ornamental branches. Instruction is also given in stenography, type writing and telegraphy. And next year will be added a business college and a kindergarten department. The school is Catholic, and so catholic as to welcome Protestants without seeking to change their religious convictions. It has earned a deserved reputation as a school where girls can be sent and receive motherly care as well as instruction, both their physical and mental welfare receiving attention.

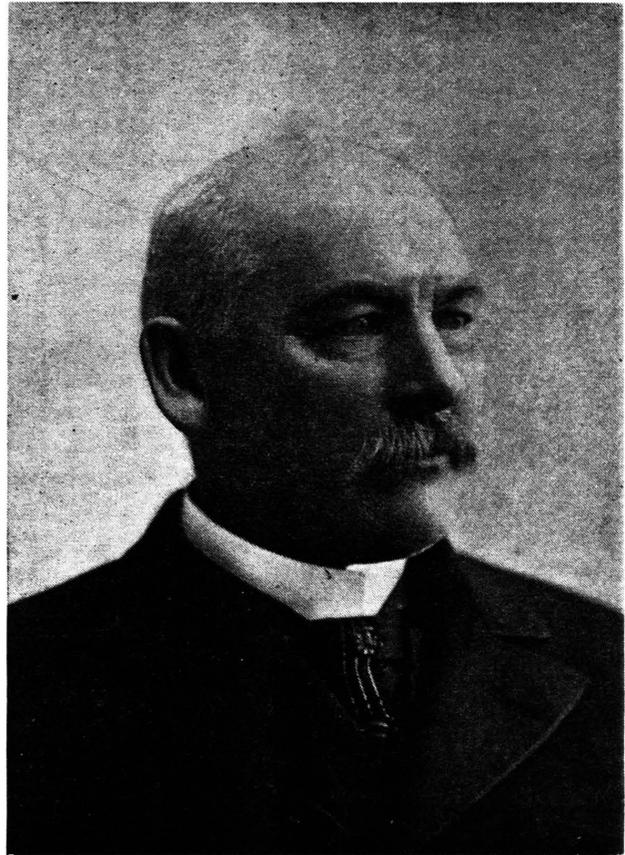
IDAHO'S GOVERNOR.

THE gentleman now occupying the gubernatorial chair of Idaho is probably the last territorial executive that political division of the country will have. Governor George L. Shoup has done much to advance the claims of his territory to statehood, not the least of which was the last official report made to the government, which placed the resources and condition of the territory so clearly before congress that its ability to maintain a state government could no longer be disputed. He will undoubtedly be called upon by the republicans to serve the new state in an important capacity.

Governor Shoup was born in Kittaning, Pa., June 15, 1836, and went west when but twenty-three years of age, in the Pike's peak excitement in 1859. He engaged in mining and merchandising in Colorado until 1861, when he enlisted in a company of independent scouts commanded by Captain Backus. In the fall he received a commission as second lieutenant. In 1862 he was in command of Fort Union, New Mexico, for a time. He was in many battles with Indians and

gained much distinction, receiving at one time special commendation in brigade orders for gaining a battle against a largely superior force of Comanches near the Cimaron river. In 1864 he was commissioned colonel of the Third Colorado cavalry and conducted an active campaign against the hostiles. On the 29th of November he completely routed them, killing more than 300 and thoroughly subduing them.

At the close of the war he retired from military life, and went to Idaho in 1866, where he opened a store at Salmon City. He is known as one of the successful business men of the territory. In 1885 he sent to the New Orleans exposition the collection of miner-



GEORGE L. SHOUP.

als that attracted so much attention to the mines of Idaho. Governor Shoup has had much legislative experience, having helped form the constitution of Colorado and having served in both the house and council of Idaho. One of the first acts of President Harrison, in March, 1889, was to appoint him governor at the almost unanimous request of the people.

In his personal characteristics Governor Shoup is a man to win and hold a host of friends. Genial and kindly by nature, of strong opinions and great executive power, he combines those essential qualifications that make a man a great leader while yet one of the people, a true American.

A CHINOOK SYMPOSIUM.

EVERY intelligent person in the northwest, from the Pacific to the frowning ramparts of the Rocky mountains, and from Oregon to Alaska, knows that the Chinook wind is the warm current of air passing inland from the ocean, its high temperature being given it by the great *kuro siwa*, or Japan current that runs southward along the coast and gives to the Pacific coast its mild winter climate; but what few people know is the origin of its peculiar name.

Chinook was the name of the tribe of Indians living on the north bank of the Columbia river near its mouth, the first tribe along that great stream to have dealings with the fur traders whose vessels entered the mouth of the river to trade. By Bancroft the name is used, also, as a general designation of all Indian tribes inhabiting the valley of the Columbia west of the cascades and the valley of the Willamette, and it is more than probable that in this broader sense the name was used by the Indians east of the mountains, in the Walla Walla and adjacent regions. There seems to be little doubt that the Chinook wind had been so called by the Indians east of the mountains for generations before white people penetrated this region, and that the name was picked up here, where the fur traders first established themselves, and carried all over the coast, where it is applied to the warm ocean wind from whatever direction local topography compels it to blow. In the same way the Chinook jargon, having its origin in the first efforts at commercial intercourse with the Chinooks at the mouth of the Columbia, has been carried throughout the length and breadth of the Pacific coast by the traders, and is the "diplomatic language" used in all communication between whites and Indians and between tribe and tribe.

Having said this much, which is undoubtedly the correct explanation of the matter, I will give a few ideas from other sources. In a recent communication to the *Oregonian*, Mr. P. W. Gillette says:

Perhaps no one knows the meaning of the word "Chinook," save that it was the name of a small tribe of Indians (now extinct) who inhabited the north shore of the Columbia river, at and near its mouth, of whom Concomly was the chief when John Jacob Astor established his fur trading post at Astoria in 1808. [This should be 1811.—Ed.] As applied to wind, the "Chinook" was local, and had its origin at Astoria long before the inland empire was known to any but the adventurous trapper. Chinook village was at Chinook point, about seven miles northwest of Astoria. The northwest summer wind, which prevails all along the North Pacific coast during the summer months, fall upon Astoria in a direct line from Chinook point; hence the Hudson Bay Company people at Astoria, and into whose hands Astoria had fallen, grew into the habit of calling the cool summer wind from the northwest a "Chi-

nook wind," simply because it came to them directly from Chinook point. Chinook was at one time an important place to Astoria, as McDougall, her head man, married the Chinook princess, the daughter of the cunning old Concomly. Later on the Hudson Bay Company established a trading post at Vancouver, in Clarke county, Washington, and they called the cool summer wind a "Chinooker," having learned it in their intercourse with the Astorians. This is the correct origin of the word as applied to the wind. I have it direct from Major Birnie, the old Hudson Bay man, who lived at Astoria eight years ago, and who afterwards removed to Cathlamet, where he died. So the real Chinook wind is the cool, northwest, summer wind, and not the warm, south wind that sometimes, and often in winter, rolls up from the south, and, taking a northeasterly course up the great Columbia valley, sweeps with its warm breath the snow from the boundless plains of the Inland Empire, and breaks up the icy fetters of her rivers. So "Chinook wind" has become a misnomer. But there is no more harm in calling the warm, south, winter winds, that sweep the snow from the fields of eastern Oregon, by this name than there is in calling white black; nor is there any more sense in one than in the other. But it sounds very absurd to one familiar with its true meaning.

In a letter replying to Mr. Gillette, Mr. A. B. McKean, of Astoria, says:

The question is, "Where does the "Chinook" wind come from, and whither does it go? My old friend, P. W. Gillette, tried to settle the question in a communication in the *Oregonian* by saying "it comes from Chinook and goes to Astoria," and gives for authority Mr. Birnie, an old Hudson Bay Company man. I knew Mr. Birnie well, and knew him long before Mr. Gillette came here. Mr. Birnie was authority on matters and things generally pertaining to this country. But Mr. Birnie was a jolly good joker; Mr. Gillette was a tenderfoot, eager for knowledge. Wrapped in his mantle of verdure, he applied to Mr. Birnie for light on the "Chinook" question. The Hudson Bay Company man seeing his opportunity perpetrated his little joke. As a matter of fact, there is no such wind known, from an Astoria standpoint, as a "Chinook" wind. The Nez Percés, Cayuse and Walla Walla Indians, living east of the Cascade mountains, knew of a tribe of Indians known as the Chinooks, whose country was on the Columbia river near to great salt water. The Indians east of the Cascades knew that when they were pinched with cold, and their country was covered with snow, the wind that gave them relief came from the country of the Chinooks, and on such occasions they would appeal to the Great Spirit to send them a "Chinook" wind. The Chinook Indians, knowing that the wind that brought them frost and ice and snow came from the land of the Walla Wallas, would supplicate the Great Spirit to withdraw from them the Walla Walla wind. There was no such wind at Astoria as a "Chinook wind," neither was there at Walla Walla a wind known as the "Walla Walla wind." At Walla Walla, a southerly wind was called by the Indians a "Chinook wind." At Chinook a northeast wind was called by the Indians a "Walla Walla wind." That settles it.

It will be seen that Mr. McKean takes the same view expressed by the writer. That it is the correct one is amply proved by the Indian traditions on the subject, which, it is needless to add, were formed long before the existence of white people was known by them. Dr. G. B. Kuykendall, who has spent more

time than any other man in studying the traditions and customs of the Columbia river tribes, thus writes on this subject:

Most of the phenomena of nature are ascribed to some being or beings, without the intervention of natural laws. The winds are the breath of some being. The Eastern Washington and Oregon Indians say that the warm Chinook wind, and the cold east wind, were anciently five brothers each. The Chinook wind brothers lived down somewhere toward the mouth of the Columbia, while the cold wind brothers lived somewhere east of Walla Walla. The Chinook wind anciently blew much stronger than now, tearing up trees and blowing down people's habitations, while the cold wind blew hard, and was so cold as to freeze them, so that, between the two winds, they were constantly kept in trouble. A great while ago, the cold brothers sent a challenge to the Chinook brothers for a wrestling match, the conditions of which were, that whoever was thrown should be beheaded. Speelyai, the Indian god, was to be umpire, and to execute sentence by cutting off the unsuccessful parties' heads with his big stone knife. Agreeable to this understanding, the brothers on each side met. In the contest the Chinook wind brothers were all thrown, and, as agreed upon, Speelyai beheaded them. The eldest of them, however, had an infant son, who, in time, grew to be a very strong young man. Having been told, by his mother, of his father's death at the hands of the cold wind brothers, he vowed to avenge it, and daily cultivated his strength by such exercise as pulling up trees, beginning with very small ones when he was very young, and increasing the size as he grew stronger and older. In this way, he, like the old woman who lifted the calf every day, became very powerful, so that it was nothing for him to snatch the largest tree out by the roots. When he thought he was a match for the cold wind brothers, he sent them a challenge for a wrestle, with the same conditions as in the former contest. The result was, the cold wind brothers were thrown, one after another, until four were down and beheaded when Speelyai stopped the contest, saying it was not good that there should be no wind, but that hereafter the cold wind should not be so freezing, nor blow with such violence, but should continue to blow cold in a moderate form. The Chinook wind was not to blow with such violence as to break down the trees and destroy people's houses, but should continue to blow in a milder form, for a new race of people was to come who were not to be destroyed by the winds. The Chinook wind was to blow strongest at night, and the cold wind in the daytime, which they have continued to do until the present time.

There remains nothing to be added on the subject. The origin of the name "Chinook wind" is fully explained, and the fact that the wind so called in the Columbia region is the one to which the title was first applied is established. And because the winds so called in other localities come from the same great source and perform the same great office of ameliorating the rigors of winter, and because the title was given to them by those who had first learned the name in the region where it originated, it is theirs by right of legitimate inheritance.

H. L. WELLS.

That's a queer notion they have in Seattle of making a combined chamber of commerce, restaurant and lodging house—queer because they failed to include a dime museum.

ARCHED ROCK "JUSTICE."

ON the coast of the Pacific, from the lowest point of California to the straits of Juan de Fuca, the shores are steep and rocky, and the stretches of sand beach are few and short, except at long intervals. Many curious rock formations are observed by the traveler as his vessel steams quietly along within easy view of the shore. But it is the rambler on the beach who has the best opportunity to see and explore the many curious formations. Here and there are outlying islands of jutting points of rocks where the sea lions congregate, while from the shore itself bold, rocky headlands and cliffs thrust themselves out into the sea to defy its power and resist the impact of its mighty breakers. Some of these have passages through them, as though blasted for the entrance of a tunnel, through which one can pass in a boat at the proper stage of the tide, and where, in times of storm, the breakers make a most splendid sight in their dashing passage through them. Such a rock as this is the one known as "Justice," on the coast of Sonoma county, California, an engraving of which is given on page 303. There are other such rocks on the coast, notably one near Cape Foulweather, just north of Yaquina bay; but this one has, no doubt, been visited by a greater number of people than the others, and is, in consequence, better known.

The *Roseburg Review* makes an onslaught upon an innocent member of the WEST SHORE staff because this journal playfully suggested that the editor of the *Educational Compendium* was in need of just such a journal as he proposed to publish, the editor of the two papers being one. He ought not to feel so chagrined, for an eastern educational journal, now in its twenty-third volume, sends us its number for February 10, in which the ordinary rules of grammar are violated nearly as much as they were in the *Compendium*. This simply shows that every man who can teach the three "Rs" and "hog Latin," or every back-door graduate of the pulpit, is not competent to edit a newspaper in which the queen's English is to be treated with respect.

The Chicago World's Fair committee has located the site of the exposition on the lake front, between Michigan avenue and the water. The grounds will be extended lakewards far enough to give an area of 260 acres, or twenty-two acres larger than the grounds of the Paris exposition. This is right in the heart of the city and within a few minutes' walk of every railroad depot and all the prominent hotels. In point of ease of access no fair ever held in the world has equaled it. By such action as this Chicago is demonstrating her right to the distinction she has secured.

THE HOTEL SPOKANE.

HOTEL SPOKANE, to which the finishing touches are being given, is the largest hotel building in the state of Washington, and when it is opened for the reception of guests, about the fifteenth of March, it will give Spokane Falls the hotel facilities it has been in great need of since the fire last August. All the first-class hotels in the city were consumed in that conflagration, and as it takes time to construct a good hotel, it has been impossible to open one at all suitable to the demands of the city. The new Hotel Spokane will be among the best in the country in point of service and equipment.

The hotel stands at the corner of Stevens and First streets, facing the east and north. From both fronts the ground slopes away, and the slightly location commands a view of a wide stretch of country bounded by mountains. The Spokane river flows by four blocks away, and the roar of the cataract can be heard from the building. The structure occupies a ground space of 150x130 feet, is five stories in height, and is constructed of brick, with granite trimmings. Its cost is about \$300,000, and the furnishings will exceed \$50,000 additional. A three story annex extends the frontage on First street forty feet. A feature of this hotel is the large size of the rooms, 178 in number. In this respect it excels any hotel in the west.

Construction work on Hotel Spokane was begun last June. The work has been pushed as rapidly as circumstances would permit, without slighting it. The space of the first floor is occupied by hotel offices, billiard room, bar and dining room and five stores. The main entrance is on First street, on which the office fronts. The ladies' entrance is on Stevens street, from which a hall leads to the elevator and the dining room. The dining room faces on Stevens street, and is 60x90 feet, and has, besides the entrances from within, three from the street. A large portion of the second floor consists of main parlors and suites of rooms. The upper floors are divided into single rooms and suites. The furnishings throughout the building will be of the finest to be obtained. Particular pains will be taken with the management of the hotel. Mr. Bemis, of the Richelieu, Chicago, has taken an active interest in providing for the proper management of the Spokane, which is a sufficient guaranty of the high character that will be maintained. This hotel will fill a long felt want, and is bound to be successful.

Messrs. W. H. Taylor, Warren Hussey, A. A. Newbery and Cyrus R. Burns, leading business men of Spokane Falls, assumed proprietorship of Hotel Spokane, and the citizens, by subscription, raised \$25,000, to match an equal amount invested by those gentlemen, to properly equip the hotel. This was entirely

apart from the cost of the building. It was a mutual arrangement between the syndicate and the citizens of the town for the benefit of the common interests. The manager of the hotel is Captain Sam Brown, of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe dining car service. Spokane Falls and the traveling public will hail with satisfaction the opening of the new hotel.

THE UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO.

ALITTLE more than a year ago a bill establishing an educational institution in Idaho by the name and style of "The University of Idaho" passed the territorial legislature and became a law. Moscow was designated the seat of the institution, and an appropriation of \$15,000 was made to purchase a site and begin the work of building. In accordance with the provisions of the law, plans for a magnificent structure have been prepared, from which the illustration on page 289 of this issue of the WEST SHORE is taken. Construction work is now in progress.

The site selected is a moderately elevated shelf just south of the corporation limits of Moscow, overlooking the town and a wide expanse of interesting country. Paradise valley, the rolling hills and the distant mountains—spurs of the Cœur d'Alenes—form an altogether pleasing landscape. The railway track runs between the university site and the city. Paradise creek is near by. The foundation is being laid for a building to be 192x110 feet on the ground, and three full stories above the basement, and of a pleasing style of architecture, as the picture shows. Though the first legislative appropriation was designed only fairly to start the work, the law made provision for a regular university building fund by levying a tax of half a mill on all the taxable property of the territory for that purpose. With a present valuation of about \$25,000,000, the annual income from that source is \$12,500, and as the territory increases in wealth this sum will be considerably augmented. The building will be pushed to completion without waiting for each year's tax to become available. The debt incurred can be handled without trouble, as its payment is provided for beforehand. The land set apart for the support of the university assures it an income that will equip and maintain it in a liberal manner.

The University of Idaho will probably be ready to receive students in 1891. It will start with two departments—a college of arts and a college of letters. Its government will be vested in a board of regents, consisting of nine members, who shall be appointed by the governor for the period of three years from the first Monday in February of the year in which they are appointed. It is designed to make the institution first-class in every particular. Moscow has every natural advantage for an educational center, and there is much interest in the speedy and successful inauguration of this institution.

Quill Points.

Now that the question of lottery legislation has been brought before the country by the effort of the Louisiana company to secure a charter in North Dakota, it is not out of the way to inquire what there is in a lottery that the people should hold up their hands in horror at the idea of it being legalized, while at the same time they permit stock and grain gambling, ten fold more injurious, and legalize the sale of liquor, that is responsible for more than half the sin and misery of the country. In these matters we are very inconsistent. We fear to grapple with an evil as solidly entrenched in politics as the whisky traffic, while we seek to gain cheap notoriety as promoters of public morals by philippics against the lesser evils of society. Because the people of North Dakota have set their faces against whisky, but are apparently indifferent to the lottery, so far from showing inconsistency, is an evidence that they are brave enough to grapple manfully with the evil that is the hardest to fight and from which the severest blows are to be received, leaving to fainter hearted moralists the more pleasant task of bombarding the lesser evil from a safe distance.

Talmage favors the entire substitution of a new creed for the Westminster confession. He believes in evolution of creed as firmly as in evolution of the steamboat. If, then, the wise men of the past were not competent to make a creed for those of the present, are the wise men of the present any more competent to make one for those of the future? In other words, why make a creed at all that will soon be "worn out" and have to be patched again after a bitter theological controversy? Must we still insist upon laying down rules and regulations for the Almighty's dealings with men?

Two men in Whatcom county, Wash., disputed about an axe, the original value of which was fifty cents, but which had deteriorated one-third by use. One of them hid himself to a justice and had the other and the axe brought into court. The case has gone through the justice's court at a cost of \$210, and is now in the district court, and the justice's clerk has gone through the axe by breaking the handle while breaking coal; but that is all right; the men do not care for the axe now, they are mad.

Dolph's committee of investigation of how the secret action of the senate in executive session becomes known outside the chamber is placing that august body in a position similar to that of the old woman who told a friend in strict confidence about her domestic difficulties and then wondered how it got out. The old women of the senate profess to wonder, though some of them have a "dape suspicion" that the news did not tell itself.

Dr. Holmes writes querulously about the insane desire of people to write, forgetting in his old age and established reputation that if the eagerness of the youthful Holmes to write valueless things had been repressed, the valuable things of the older Holmes would never have seen the light. When one has reached the top it is wrong to kick down the ladder by which others, also, are seeking to rise.

Silver men say the senate bill authorizing the secretary of the treasury to purchase \$4,500,000 of silver bullion monthly is "a step in the right direction." It may be only a step, but the man who took it had on his seven-league boots, and some one ought to pull them off before he can take another.

Hay is very valuable in the Big Bend country this winter. One small stack has cost two men's lives and serious wounds for two others, and the purchase price is not all paid in yet. However, men may not be worth much there, especially men who will shoot each other to secure a little hay. If some sheep had been killed there would be a better basis for figuring.

Acting on the supposition that "civil" meant something, one of the clerks of the civil service commission in Washington undertook to be courteous to a young lady applicant by supplying her with the list of questions, and now he is being investigated. If this system of repression of our finer instincts be continued we will become a nation of boors.

The Arkansas tin box has been doing its work silently and effectively. It is less bloody than the Mississippi shot gun as a regulator of elections, but does not yield in results obtained to that more—or less—heroic method. But the tin box has been exposed and its usefulness is past. They will no doubt abolish it—and use a wooden one just like it.

We are ignorant and we know it, and it is a sad state of affairs, but you fellows let us alone; we would rather be ignorant than be helped out of our ignorance by anybody. It is our own ignorance and belongs to us, and we do not want any interference. This is about the substance of the arguments in the senate against the Blair education bill.

If it be a pertinent question, we would like to ask the English syndicate now trying to secure the publication of American school books, if they purpose revising the text in our histories where it refers to that little affair at Lexington and Concord, and the reception tendered their scarlet-robed representatives on the brow of Breed's hill?

"Undercurrents" is the title of a play now being enacted in Oregon. Like the Chinese drama, it is a long one, and will not be finished until the legislature elects a United States senator next January. There are a great many characters represented, but most of them will be "killed off" before the curtain rises on the final act.

If the suspicion should enter the minds of congressmen that the effect of the Blair education bill would be to make it probable that another man might be so "educated" as to make such long and tedious speeches as Mr. Blair, the measure will be buried past hope of redemption.

If the object of the tariff be to stimulate home industry until it can supply the local market, and if the hens of the United States already lay more eggs than the people can consume, why is a duty on eggs necessary, except for the purpose of making the market price higher?

At the Harvard alumni dinner, in Philadelphia, President Eliot pitched into the reporters of the daily press with great ease and fervency, but finds it difficult to pitch out again. He is finding that pitch sticks to the hands.

Of all childish talk on the World's Fair question, that of the *Mail and Express* in favor of an opposition fair in New York is the most infantile. New York is too big, and ought to be too dignified, to indulge in such pettish talk.

Fact and Fancy for Women.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him.
So sways she level in her husband's heart.

—Shakespeare.

Margaret Lee and Rev. Philip T. Maxom have some "Final Words on Divorce" in the February *North American Review*. The former writes strongly and bitterly against divorce. She says: "Where are we drifting, when, among people with social position, a man woos a maiden, and, having won her consent, tells her he can not marry her until he has forced his wife into obtaining a divorce from him? This is the simple statement of a fact." She then adds, finally: "The remedy is radical. Let divorce be abolished." She holds that marriage among Christians is a contract for life, which should never be broken under any circumstances.

If there was any probability that our law makers would do more than cursorily glance at Margaret Lee's argument, she must be accused of having made a grave mistake in writing thus; for such a law would work evil to many innocent ones—for they are Christians, so called, with whom a saint could not dwell in peace or harmony. There is no denying that divorce is a rapidly growing evil; and the laws governing it should be made stern and stringent. But that divorce should be abolished completely—that a woman should be bound for life to a man who has broken his marriage vows, or vice versa—is drawing it too strongly.

The real evil is not that divorce is too easy, but that marriage is too easy. Few women begin to think before they are twenty years old; and no woman should marry—even, or perhaps I should say, especially, if she be homeless—before she is twenty-five. By that time her mind will be developed, she will be a woman instead of a girl, and she will have a shrewd idea that she must not expect too much of marriage.

Therefore, change your marriage laws first. If each couple who fancy themselves in love should be compelled to wait three or four years before they could be married, I am inclined to believe that the divorce laws might remain lax. A man who patiently works and waits through four long years for one woman will be patient and kind after marriage; and a woman who is content with one lover four years before marriage will not be faithless after.

Mr. Moxom is more reasonable and sensible in his views, as a thinker should be. He admits, and regrets, that divorce is needlessly and dangerously frequent, especially in the United States, which is proven by statistics; also, that divorce is often granted for insufficient reasons. But he adds: "That divorce is sometime a sorrowful and imperative necessity, in the present condition of society, can be denied only by shutting the eyes both to facts and to fundamental ethical principles." He is, furthermore, of the opinion that the innocent one should be allowed to marry again, but not the guilty one; and, while he deprecates the facility with which divorces are now obtained, he proves that states and countries in which divorce is not allowed are not exceptional for social purity.

In a word, Mr. Moxom recognizes that there is much to be said both for and against divorce, and he says it, kindly and reasonably; yet, when he has finished, we do not see our way more clearly to a cure than we did before he began. While, as for Margaret Lee's remedy—"Let divorce be abolished * * *

for these reasons: A republic owes its existence and its continuance to the personal purity of its people"—I ask simply: Is that home life pure wherein a sensitive woman is forced to live with a man who holds her "something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse?"

Mormonism is supposed to have received its death blow in the recent election. Polygamy—that rank growth, deadly as the upas tree whose poison permeates the very atmosphere in which it lives—lies with its head forever crushed into the dust.

Is there a woman in this whole free country who has a woman's heart and a woman's soul, who does not thrill with an overpowering thankfulness that this blot and stain upon fair womanhood is wiped out?

What is woman in polygamy? She is not a home-maker; she is not an equal; she is scarcely even a wife. She is the mother of several children, it is true, but she is a slave; she is no better than the women of an eastern harem.

Who of us has not wept over the story of the youthful Mormon mother whose child was born a few months after its father had taken unto himself a new wife? In all those weeks of anguish and suffering the first wife had shed not one tear, so deep and so dumb was her sorrow. But when her little babe was born, it quietly, noiselessly, tear by tear, wept itself to death—thus giving expression to the grief that had frozen its mother's breast.

Think of it, mothers, with baby lips at your bosom, and a proud husband, true and faithful, bending above you, with no thought save for one woman and one home! Would you care to picture him at another fireside, bending above another woman, and smiling upon his child upon her bosom?

How cold, how indifferent we have been all these years to the sufferings of our sister women! When one we loved has died, we look at each other with dumb lips, and the great cry of our hearts is, "O, why was I not kinder to her while she lived?" So, now that this wrong is dead and we have had no hand in its death, we look at each other with wondering eyes, and our hearts cry out, "O, why did we not work for it? Why did not the talkers talk for it, the writers write for it? Why did not those best and truest reformers of all—the prayers—pray for it?"

Why, I wonder that the very winds that swept over that territory did not bear to us the unspeakable anguish of those Mormon mother-hearts! You and I have our sorrows? Yes. But we are free. We are independent. We are not bound down by any tenets of religion that teach us woman must be true and men untrue.

Let our hearts, that are ever tender to the sorrows and wrongs of others, blend in one mighty throb of gratitude that this terrible wrong to womanhood has been righted.

While a house can never be made home-like unless the wife and mother be a lover of domesticity, still it is not advisable or wise to remain so closely at home that one's manners grow rusty. Let us suppose that your income is modest and that you have not even one deft-handed little maid to assist you with your housework. You should still find time to keep up a pleasant acquaintance with those for whom you care. Two or three afternoons in each month will be sufficient to remember

them all; while if you will engrave "Thursdays" upon the lower corner of your cards, you need lose but one afternoon each week in the reception of visitors. On these afternoons, by all means, have tea and bread and butter, thin as wafers, and some dainty tea cakes.

What does it matter that the little maid is not there to serve them? Do it yourself, easily and gracefully, and we all know the tea will be better, the bread whiter, and the cakes fluffy as thistle-downs because your hands made them. Besides, you have no idea how pretty and fresh and altogether desirable you will look with that little soft flush in your cheeks. But be careful you don't tire yourself out, for bye-and-bye John will come home, you know, and feel just as hungry and just as much like being made a good deal of—which is more expressive than grammatical—as he would if you had not been entertaining visitors. And you must not feed him on thistle-down cakes, either, mind you.

I am sometimes led to wonder if there is a truly and innately refined person in the world. "She is so refined," they say of her; yet, when you come to know her well, how many little things she says and does that outrage your own sense of delicacy. I know a gentleman who is very aristocratic, who moves in the best society, who would not allow his napkin to touch both knees for the world; yet he sips his soup so noisily one turns faint, and he would not take off his hat to his laundress or smile at a little child.

I know a woman who is so white and soft and pure to look upon that one feels as if it were a profanation to approach her. She is courteous, easy, gracious, charming—yet she cheated her seamstress out of fifty cents, and when the poor girl ventured to remonstrate, shrugged her lovely shoulders and said: "The idea of the ill-bred creature discussing the matter with me! It is my reward for patronizing her."

I know another woman who would sit up night after night with a sick neighbor who was influential and able to pay for a trained nurse without depending upon her neighbors, but who would shrink back, appalled, at the idea of going into some poor wood chopper's hut to bear him a dish of broth or touch up his pillow that his neglected head might rest easier.

How many, many times we say, "O, I don't care for her—she is not refined," or "she is ill-bred," forgetting that it is the height of ill-breeding to notice another's deficiencies. While for myself, you will know instantly that I have no refinement, or I would never have called attention to its lack in others.

At Northfield, Massachusetts, classes have been added to a young ladies' boarding school, in which all branches of household work are systematically taught, without interference with the studies. Cooking, sewing, laundry work, dish-washing, dinner-giving, table service, cutting and fitting—in fact everything that women as home-makers may have occasion to do—are thoroughly taught. The young ladies wear plain, neat gowns and snowy caps and aprons during these lessons.

Girls may be expected to know how to do all these things without learning at a young ladies' seminary, yet it is a fact that young women, as well as those who may no longer be called young, are somewhat given in these days to boasting of how little they know of housework.

Not a month ago I had occasion to feel sorry for an aristocratic married lady who had kindly volunteered to assist at a charitable dinner, and who was haggling desperately at a fine loaf of bread, with canary kid gloves on her dainty hands.

"I fahncy I never tried to cut bread," she was saying languidly, when the wife of her husband's employer interrupted

with "O, let me do that for you," and, with the quiet dignity of a queen and the graceful dexterity of a peasant, she sent the knife gleaming down through the white bread, dividing it into thin, even slices.

Perhaps, when we come to learn housework as we do French and Latin, it may happily become fashionable to know how to do well the simple duties in the performance of which our mothers took so much pleasure and pride.

In a small place a woman can't buy a kaliker apron without the whole neighborhood holdin' a inquest over it. Some think she orto have it, some think it is extravagant in her, and some think to set flowers on it is too young for her; and, then, they will quarrel agin whether she orto make it with a bib or not. The reason why men's talk, as a general thing, is better than wimmin's is because they have bigger things to talk about.—*Samantha Allen.*

If Samantha but knew the right kind of women, she would find their talk good enough.

Mrs. Ballinger Booth is gaining fame by her connection with an eastern salvation army. She is said to be beautiful, gracious in bearing, and sweet-voiced—qualities which do not often go hand-in-hand with salvation armies. What is far better than her beauty and graciousness, however, is the fact that she goes fearlessly into the worst localities and teaches the unfortunate women she finds there better ways of living. Usually, women are deeply interested in reforming men, but turn with averted eyes from the women they could surely help, and might, possibly, save.

Oh, man may bear with suffering; his heart
Is a strong thing, and god-like in the grasp
Of pain that wrings mortality; but tear
One chord affection clings to, part one tie
That binds him unto woman's delicate love,
And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.

—N. P. Willis

Lay the foundations for good, firm teeth by giving the children hard food—such as bread crusts—as soon as they can eat it. This hardens the teeth and makes them healthy. The dentists won't love you, though, if they find it out.

Miss Nellie Paterson, of Mount Carmel, Connecticut, has just completed a four years' apprenticeship in a machine shop, and is to-day working successfully with her lathe and vise. Her specialty is tool making.

A woman will bear with indifference hurts from those for whom she cares not. But one slight, or an instant's forgetfulness, from the one man she loves will set every fibre of her being throbbing with pain.

A woman is like a rose because she is fair to look upon and sweet to the senses; also, because, although her thorns are not easy to find sometimes, they are always there.

A man may love many women, but he will only love one with perfect purity and unselfishness; and her he often finds when it is too late.

A woman without modesty is like a wild flower without perfume; while a woman without pure passion is like a fire-opal without fire.

THE RECLINING CHAIR.



I.

N a fancy Pullman chair-car, just a little while ago,
As we leaned against the cushions, we were puzzled just to know
Where to find the spring or handle that we ought to pull or jerk.
We would like to tip the chair back, and we couldn't make it work.

II.

We went very slow and careful (for the car was full that day),
So as not to seem too verdant, or to give ourself away.
And we fumbled, and we fumbled all around it, high and low,
But we couldn't find the lever and we couldn't make it go.

III.

Then we sat and calmly studied at the chair across the aisle,
And its lower machanism, for a quite a little while,
Till we saw the combination of that other chair, and then,
With renewed and freshened courage, we went at our own again.

IV.

We got hold the proper lever and we gave it quite a jerk,
And we said we guessed we had it and we thought that it would work.
Then the chair went back and backward, with a cackle and a flap,
Till we found our head reclining in a handsome lady's lap.

V.

We presume the pretty lady was astonished us to see,
But she wasn't more astonished or terrified than we.
We are very young and bashful, as our friends have often said,
And it scared us most to pieces for a girl to hold our head.

VI.

We arose in quite a hurry, and we looked quite stylish there,
With our hands and feet a-clawing wildly, madly in the air.
Then we straightened up that chairback and we never moved again
From a bolt-upright position till that lady left the train.

VII.

We will add a word of warning (which appears but only fair)
To all gentlemen who travel in a cranky Pullman chair.
If you want to tip it backward you had better look and find
If a handsome lady stranger occupies the seat behind.

JOSEPH BERT SMILEY.

Some one asks the following question in the *Boston Globe*:
"Can a man marry his aunt in the state of New York?"
He would be in a queer matrimonial state if he did.

A clergyman in Kearney, Neb., has taken "Hell, from a common sense point of view," for his subject. He is probably in partnership with the janitor in trying to warm up the house.

HE TOOK THE HINT.

MR. GOODENOUGH—I have so much trouble with the pronunciation of my name; it is properly pronounced Good-no, you know.

SHE (shyly)—Yes, but it is Good-enough for me.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

Why did you have me subscribe for both the *St. Louis Life* and the *Philadelphia Jester*?

PRACTICAL JESTER—I wanted you to see with what a beautiful sameness the lightning of New York wit can strike in several metropolitan places at once.

GROUNDLESS.

An aspiring poet is anxious that his name be not misspelled. His fears are groundless. In addressing the return envelope we have been very careful. Our recent bad spell of weather has made us very cautious.

A friend of mine says he overheard the following conversation—

THE EAST WIND (to the thermometer)—How do you find yourself these cold days?

THE THERMOMETER—Pretty low-spirited, indeed.

HE DOESN'T CALL, NOW.

TOMMY (with anxiety)—Mr. Stayer, do you eat little children?

MR. STAYER (visibly embarrassed)—Why, no, Tommy; why do you ask?

TOMMY (relieved)—Well, here's a piece headed "Little Children Eaten by a Boar," and sister said you were the most exasperating bore she ever saw.

The Light Side of Life

BY Lee Fairchild,

TO CUPID.

Blind cupid! Here's a verse for you.
Of course, you can not see to read it;
Just listen now I'll read it through—
Heed nothing in it, lest you need it.

I thank you very, very much
Just for the happy gift of loving—
And keeping me from choosing such
An one—don't mention her—who's proving

A man would better be alone
Than to be left by being taken
In such a way; his actions own,
His love was taken before shaken.

Poor cupid! Would you were not blind:
You ought to see a pretty maiden,
Gentle as kind—and very kind—
With rosy charms her beauty's laden.

She makes me wish I were all eye,
With naught to do but to be seeing
The fairest thing beneath the sky—
A dream of beauty, given being.

I know you're blind; still you might see—
You've still a bow and still a quiver—
That pretty maid was meant for me,
Not for my rival—O, blindest giver!

Dear Reader:

I wish you could see me, and yet I have no grudge against you either. This Sunday afternoon I have worked like a Turk and therefore feel like a Turk, I suppose, for I do not feel very good. I came into my parlor, which is in my sitting room, which is in my bed room, after dinner, thinking I would have a reading all to myself. I always enjoy my reading. In my three-fold room is a small stand-table on which is (or was, it is now on a chair by the stove drying) an anarchist red flannel cover. As I stepped by this table to adjust the window blinds, or rather, after stepping back, having adjusted the blinds, I pulled that cover, some manuscript (that fell rather heavily) and an uncorked bottle of ink off onto the carpet! What could I do? The ink had left its unintelligible marks on cover and carpet. I went for a spoon which I had seen a day or two previous in my room, but it was gone. I next went to the closet in search of anything that might serve my purpose. I am not yet acquainted with my hostess (who has a daughter, and a son, too, but I thought I wouldn't mention the latter) and I hesitated to call on her for help; she might have helped me out of the difficulty and out altogether. I found in my closet a piece of flannel which I made drink about all it would hold, when it looked anything but a prohibitionist. Then I took some soap and went for the carpet in spots, and to my pleasure I succeeded in getting a portion of the immortal chariot of fame's record out of the stained carpet. The cover

is in a bad fix. I don't know what to do. So far I am on speaking terms with my hostess, as I have only been here a few days. I wish she were blind, for then, of course, she would not discover what has happened. I might tell her the fellow who left the day I took the room spilled his ink, but I do not like to put ink on my conscience. How would it do to tell her the ink was very costly and have her bewail my misfortune, forgetting her own? I'll let you know how I come out.

Light, Chicago's humorous weekly, has entered our sanctum like a sunbeam. If there were any city in the world in need of *Light*, it was Chicago.

TOO SMALL.

ANXIOUS MOTHER (to her daughter who has three young men waiting on her to make up her mind)—Fannie, you would better set your cap for that nice stranger, wouldn't you?

FANNIE—I haven't but three caps and— I might if they were larger; but he is English, you know.

A MATTER OF HISTORY.

YOUNG BRAGG—My father was a very bright man.

BRAGG'S FRIEND (to himself)—And like the sun that sets in riftless cloud and leaves no ray behind him, so left the world his father! (To young Braggs)—Yes, indeed; for so the written history says nor needs corroboration.

TOO FARFETCHED.

CONTRIBUTOR (to editor)—Do you think this joke too far-fetched?

EDITOR—Where did you get it?

CONTRIBUTOR—Out of an English exchange.

EDITOR—I think it is; England's quite a distance from here, you know.

EDITOR IN CHIEF (to fighting editor)—Who was that you just pitched through the window—a spring poet?

FIGHTING EDITOR—No, it was a man with one of those St. Peter jokes.

EDITOR IN CHIEF—Well, I guess you're all solid with St. Peter now.

LITTLE INNOCENT'S LETTER TO HER COUSIN.

dear ittie maggie ise doan wite ou a letter bout ho lots fings wees dot new baby to ou house an it dus twis an twis santa taus brot it to us an didn tell mamma its name so taint dot no name its twyin fo santa taus I des taus its twyin all a time it tant say nufin santa taus didn bwing it twismus taus he had so many fings he toutdent its dot a ittlest hans an it tant never be big as ou is if dwoded all a time mamma ses she is doan teep it to pay iv me an ou wite me long long letter dood by fom ittie innocent



BY OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

And after the fire a still, small voice.—*I. Kings.*

Which you recognize as your wife's, and which says: "Well if you'd listened to me, you'd 'a' had some insurance."

EDITOR—We can't run your poetry because it's a little lame.

ASPIRING CONTRIBUTOR—What do you mean by lame?

EDITOR—Why, I notice its feet are slightly uneven.

Solomon says the contentious woman stirreth up strife. True enough; but there are other causes he never knew. He lived before the days of the "growler."

THE FOUR RIVALS.

Anna Cortes went to Fairhaven, and from there she could Sehome and Whatcom, too.

THEY'VE TOO MANY FOR THAT.

It is said that the breach between Queen Victoria and young Battenburg is irreparable. Royal breaches seldom are repaired.

MAY HAVE BEEN MASCULINE GENDER.

SHE (triumphantly)—O, I am going to have some good luck. I see a spider.

HE (gently)—Nay, it is my good luck—I spider first.

NOCTURNAL.

CHARLEY—Ma, is it true that bats sometimes go into houses and suck people's blood?

HIS MOTHER—Ask your father, Charley; he knows all about bats.

NOT AVAILABLE.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days," smiled the poet as he sent a poem to one of the big magazines. And he did find it after many days—in his postoffice box.

NO.

MISS A (in society)—What! Don't know Mrs. DeStamer! Why, she moves in the best society.

MISS B (out of society)—Well, you wouldn't expect her to stand still in it, would you?

SCENE—OLYMPIA LEGISLATURE.

FIRST MEMBER—Does your little boy talk any yet?

SECOND MEMBER—No; he only says "Boo, boo, boo."

FIRST MEMBER—Oh, I see you are teaching him so he can succeed you as representative.

SECOND MEMBER—How so?

FIRST MEMBER—Why, that's the first half of "boodle."

FRESH AS PAINT.

TOM MADISON—What a beautiful, fresh complexion Miss Powderly has.

EDITH LENOX (a rival belle)—It ought to be fresh. She puts it on four or five times a day.

DARWINIAN.

DUDESON—Good mawning, Miss Gwace. Vewy stwange weather, don't ye know. So cold yestahday, and to day it's wahn enough to woast a monkey.

GRACE—Is it, indeed? I wonder you ventured out, Mr. Dudeson.

A LITTLE IRONICAL.

Franklin said: "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright," and the line has a prominent place among our most sacred quotations to-day. I have always noticed that peculiarity about bags, and I am so glad Mr. Franklin noticed it, too, for it proves that he was an observant man also.

THE WAY SHE SURPRISED HIM.

His wagon was heavily loaded and it stuck in the mud. He pulled, he twisted, he beat the horses, he roundly swore. He did everything he could think of, but most of all, he beat the horses. He was aware that two women were watching him, and presently one of them came wading out through the mud straight toward him.

"Now, hyur comes one o' them 'prevention o' cruelty t' animals' fiends," he reflected, "an' 'f I don't give 'er th' biggest piece o' my mind she ever saw, then my name haint McGintry! It's high time these 'ere females was set down on, an' I'm a-goin' ter show ye how to do it."

He stuck the rail, with which he had been inviting the horses to proceed, into the mud, folded his arms and faced the enemy.

"Now, look-ee 'ere, miss," he began, threateningly, "I don't want none o' yer preachin'. Thet wagon 's stuck 'n thet mud, 'n this fence rail 's a goin' to lam them horses till they pull 't out, 'f it takes till sundown, 'n' all the preachin you er any other female c'n do haint a-goin' to pervent it!"

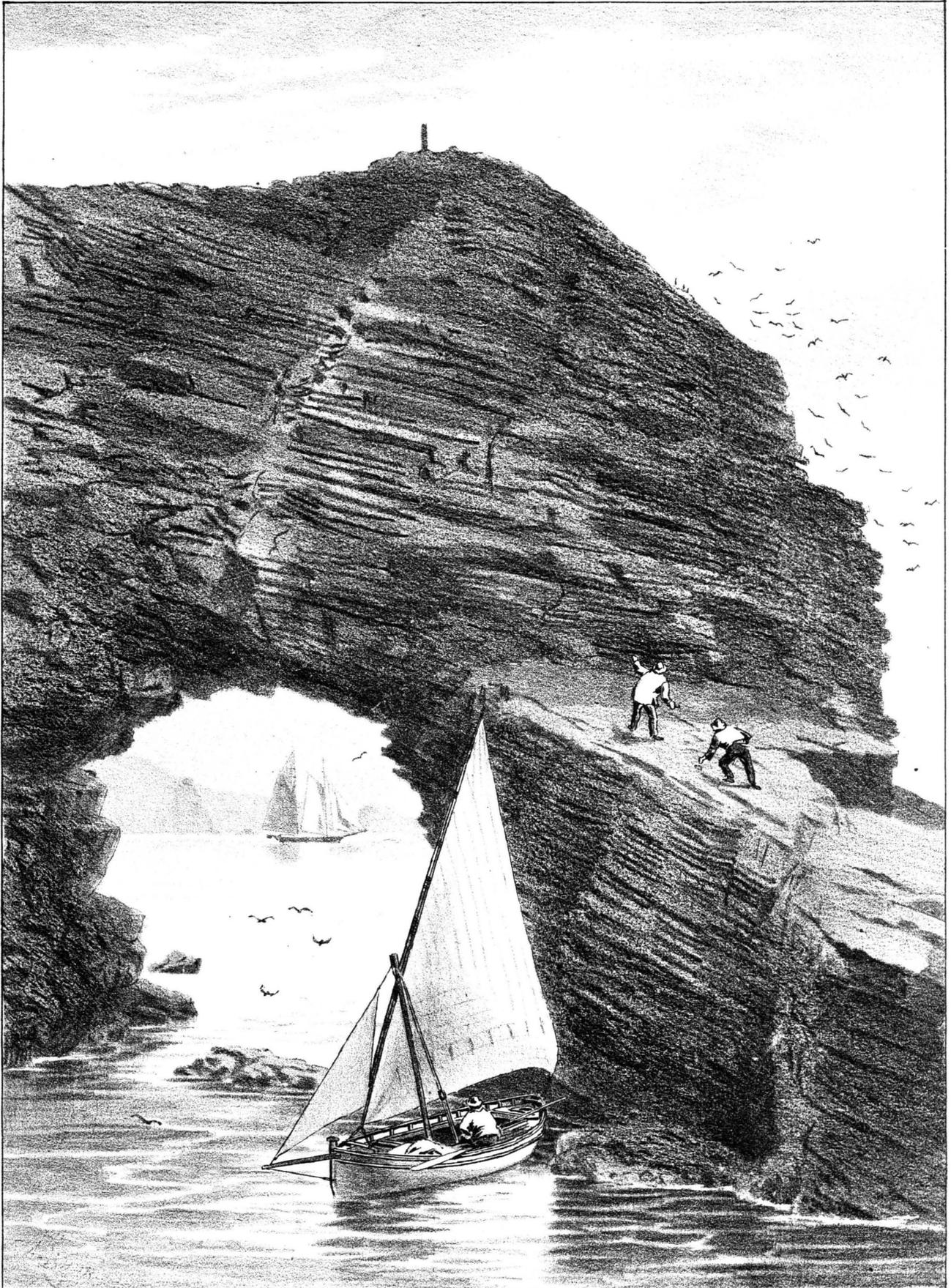
The lady smiled. "I was going to suggest," she said, producing a stout hickory, "that I should whip the horses with this while you pried the wheel with the rail. It will not hurt the wheel so much as it does the horses, and will do more good."

"Y'u cud a-knocked me down 'ith a feather," he said, when he was telling it to "the boys." "W'y, she was a whole s'ciety fer th' prevention o' cruelty to' animals, herself."

E. H.

The editor finds a little space here which his contributors have failed to occupy. Though I do not mean to annihilate the vacuum, yet I thought I'd put something in it for the looks of the thing. You know there isn't much in space, is there?

West Shore



CALIFORNIA—"Justice," the arched rock on the sea coast of Sonoma County—See Page 295.

West Shore



Worthy Niver & H. Preusse, Architects.

WASHINGTON—"The Spokane," Spokane Falls.

West Shore



OREGON---St. Mary's Academy, Portland, dedicated March 3, 1890---See Page 292.



MINES OF CHOTEAU COUNTY, MONTANA.

Until within the past eighteen months the mineral resources of Choteau county have been as a sealed book to the prospecting world. It was known that there were gold, silver and copper bearing ores and placer mines in the Bear Paw and Little Rocky mountains, and in the Sweet Grass hills, but their extent and richness could only be surmised. The whole of the northern portion of the county, or about 20,000 square miles of it, were locked up in the vast Indian reservation, which extended from the summit of the main range of the Rockies to the western boundary of North Dakota, and the white man who couldn't boast the possession of a squaw wife was summarily ejected from the sacred soil as soon as his presence upon it was known to its guardian angels—the Indian agents.

Yet, notwithstanding the vigilance of Indian detectives and the jealous watchfulness of squaw men, now and then an adventurous prospector would enter the forbidden grounds and ply his vocation. The favorable report made by one of these interlopers created the great stampede to the Bear Paws in 1878. Miners from every portion of Montana, California, Nevada and the Black Hills rushed there, but not finding a fortune under every rock they turned over, they returned to their old camping grounds, leaving a few of the more sanguine to continue the work of developing prospects, begun under most encouraging conditions. The few, however, were soon driven off by the Indians, and the echoes of the Bear Paws again remained unbroken by the clang of pick or shovel. But sufficient work had been done to prove the existence of fine bodies of silver bearing lodes, and of extensive placer mines.

There are a few parties in Helena to-day who were interested in the development of the Black Diamond claims, located some twelve or fifteen miles from the present town of Chinook. A shaft was sunk down upon it sixty feet in depth in a fine body of galena ore, sampling fifty-six per cent. in lead, and from seventy-five to eighty ounces in silver. The Indians drove off the men in charge, and the work was abandoned. This was ten or eleven years ago. The lode has since been re-located by Tom O'Hanlon, and is now known as the Bear Paw. It is a valuable property and will some day prove a bonanza to the fortunate owner. Other promising lodes were also discovered, but owing to the interference of the Indians and other circumstances over which the prospector had no control, the work of development was discontinued.

Col. J. J. Donnelly, now a resident of Fort Benton, was among the stampedeers at that time. He discovered large areas of auriferous gravel upon which an abundance of water can be conducted at a comparatively insignificant outlay of capital. Sufficient pressure for hydraulic mining and excellent dumping grounds could also be obtained. That the Bear Paw mountains are ribbed with gold bearing quartz is attested by the fact that "colors" can be found in every stream flowing from them. Some beautiful specimens of quartz containing gold have been picked up in the mountains, and considerable of the metal has been washed from some of the smaller streams.

Gold in paying quantities has also been found in the Little Rockies, a group of mountains east of the Bear Paw, and connected with them by a chain of hills or smaller mountains. A stampede to the Little Rockies, several years ago, was checked by the authorities, as the "diggings" were embraced in the

Indian reservation. Enough, however, was learned concerning them to satisfy experienced placer miners that they offer to-day the finest field for prospecting, with reasonable hope of success, in Montana. Since the opening of the reservation, a few parties have gone in there and located claims, but as they are men without means, or experience in mining, they have accomplished little outside of the necessary work to hold their locations from year to year. The time will come, however, when the Bear Paw and Little Rockies will be as noted for their mineral output as the great valleys and broad plateaus surrounding them are now famous for their magnificent farming areas and broad, boundless grazing resources. Both of these groups of mountains are within Choteau county's 27,000 square miles of territory.

The Sweet Grass hills are about eighty miles north of Fort Benton and eight or ten miles south of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude—the boundary line between Montana and our British neighbors. These so-called hills are composed of three buttes—East, Middle and West. During the past summer somewhere in the neighborhood of 100 men have been engaged in prospecting in them, with most encouraging results. Over fifty locations have been made in the East Butte and recorded in the clerk and recorder's office of the county in Fort Benton, while over 100 remain unrecorded. Nearly all the prospecting and work of development have been confined to the East Butte. Some of the lodes are very wide, the Iron Chief being fifty-six feet wide at the surface. Their trend is northeast and southwest, with little or no dip or inclination. The wide lodes carry low grade copper ores, while others are very rich in silver. Several shipments of selected ores have been made to the east, which ran all the way from 180 ounces to 250 ounces to the ton, but the poverty of the owners, their primitive mode of mining and long wagon haul to the nearest railroad station, were a bar to continuous development. Sufficient work, however, has been done in the East Butte to establish the great value of its lodes beyond reasonable doubt. Several interests have been recently secured there by Fort Benton and other parties at good figures for sellers, and another year will witness extensive developments in that promising section.

Several gold bearing quartz lodes have been discovered in the Middle Butte, but little work has been done upon them, nearly all the miners in that section being engaged in placer mining. A scarcity of water alone prevents extensive placer mining, the gravel, during the summer, being hauled five miles for washing. Yet fair to good wages are made. Several thousand dollars of Middle Butte gold have been sold to the Fort Benton banks during this season. But little or no prospecting has been done in the West Butte, though extensive coal measures are known to exist in the vicinity. The three buttes cover an area of fifteen miles by thirty, or about 450 square miles. They are 6,800 feet above sea level.

But, without question, the most valuable property located in the hills is the great marble quarry. It is situated upon the northern slope of the East Butte, and is four and one-half miles long by one-quarter of a mile in width. The marble is pure white, and will polish as smooth as glass. It is now all covered by filings. The quarry was discovered by members of the boundary survey party in 1874, and specimens secured and sent to the Smithsonian institute. Colonel Donnelly was of the

party and also secured some of the marble and had an analysis made of it. It equals the celebrated Rutland (Vermont) marble in whiteness and purity, and, with the exception of the one named, it is the only purely white marble quarry discovered in the United States. For reasons apparent to all, the knowledge of its existence has been kept a secret until quite recently. As stated, it is now located, several of the locators, among whom is Colonel Donnelly, having just returned from there. It will, doubtless, in time, become the most valuable property in the entire northwest.

It is no exaggeration to say that Choteau county is underlaid with coal. The fuel for an empire for ages is hidden beneath its surface. From Birch creek, on the west, to and through the Milk river valley, on the east, coal crops to the surface in hundreds of places. Though comparatively destitute of trees, an all wise providence stored an abundance of fuel for the people of Choteau county, for all time to come, under their feet. Could a people ask more? With an area equalling in extent two or three of the New England states, and mineral grounds covering more territory than two counties the size of Silver Bow, old Choteau possesses possibilities which will bring her to the front as one of the richest and most prosperous counties in the state. Put a pin there.—*Helena Journal*.

IDAHO'S GREAT COPPER DISTRICT.

Mr. Levi Allen made the following statement before the Boise City board of trade of the wonderful Seven Devils copper district, in Washington county, Idaho:

The are about 125 mines located in the Seven Devils district, and a great many more in surrounding camps, but I am only going to speak of the Seven Devils as this is the only camp that I am thoroughly posted on. I think only about 100 claims have been recorded. Only about fifteen claims in the camp have any work done on them of any note,—shafts and tunnels from twenty to 100 feet. All the work so far has fully come up to the expectations of the owners. I will give you a description of one or two of these mines, and that will do for the balance, as they all carry about the same grade of ore.

The Peacock copper mine is situated on the northeastern end of a group of mines. It is supposed to be from 140 to 150 feet wide. The work, consisting of two shafts and two open cuts, one shaft thirty-two feet, one forty-seven feet, one open cut forty-four feet long and sixty feet deep from apex of ledge, three other small shafts from ten to twenty feet deep. Now all this work is in solid ore. The surface of this mine has been ground-sluiced off for the free gold it contained; also the gulch below, for one-half mile, paying the miner from \$7.00 to \$25 to the man. Taking this open cut forty-four feet wide, and by actual measurement we have 80,000 tons of ore in sight. There were about sixty assays made of this ore. The first was made in Lewiston, the next in Boise City United States assay office. About forty assays were made at the one time in Boise City and Helena United States assay offices, I. I. Lewis, Ketchum, Molitor, Montana, Van Wagner, Colorado and others, and the average assay was twenty-three per cent. copper, besides the gold and silver assays made for silver, which run from twenty-two to 300 ounces. I think the average in gold was \$7.00. In opening up a cut last fall on the White Mountain lode, about sixteen feet wide, they found on the hanging wall sixteen inches of ore sparkling with gold, that would run \$2,500 to the ton. Altogether there have been about twenty-five carloads shipped.

The country rock is granite, slate, porphyry and lime. The wall rock is either lime or granite, with porphyry cutting the ledges. The Peacock carries three kinds of iron ore. All this

ore carries its own flux. The mines are mostly situated on the side of the mountain, and can be easily mined, having an immense dump, surrounded by two large creeks that would make a fine water power, and almost inexhaustible quantities of the best timber. We have a good wagon road from Weiser City to within three miles of the mines, and a fair road from there to the mines.

Besides these copper mines, we have mines that are worked for gold and silver, alone; ledges that are twenty-five feet wide that carry seventy ounces of silver. One ledge that produces gold ore was opened last year. They take the rock to the Heath district to have it reduced. I do not know the value of this ore, but I have seen some of it that shows up splendidly.

Now, this group of mines that I have spoken of, in my opinion, includes but a small amount of the mines that are in the Seven Devils mountain. This mountain is about forty-five miles long, and lies in the shape of a half moon, Snake river making the straight line and Big and Little Salmon rivers making nearly the circle. Copper has been found on the extreme ends, but very little prospecting has been done north of the present camp, and very little here, when it comes to that.

Parties may say, "Why don't you work your mines if they are so rich and extensive as you say they are?" The reason is this: All parties except one company are too poor to work these mines, but as it is, all would be worked if they had a railroad. There is, at the present time, a steamboat being built at Portland, Oregon, for this trade. It will be put together at Snake river bridge, below Weiser City. We expect that by the first of May the boat will be completed, but even then this will be a slow process of getting out the ore, as there is an immense amount in sight.

What is the matter with Boise City that they can not get capital to erect a smelter and build a road to these mines. Look at Spokane Falls, running railroads to every point on the compass, wherever there are mines; and think, this is the richest and largest copper camp in the world. I have no space to speak of our fine valleys, but will say right here that we don't lay down the plough for any part of Idaho in cereals or fruit, at any time.

THE NATCHEEZ COUNTRY.

The trail from Cleman's corral, running along for some six or seven miles, soon drops down into the basin or bottom of the Natcheez, forty-five miles above the city of North Yakima. As the prospector comes over the high peak on the trail, there bursts suddenly to his gaze the grandest view that it is possible to imagine. To the right looms up hill after hill and mountain after mountain, stretching away up the river into dim and blue perspective. To the left, abrupt and craggy, rises an immense wall of rock, interspersed and crowned with stately pines and firs. Far down into the bottom of the valley, like a thin ribbon of silver, whirls, frets and dashes the Natcheez. Some five miles up this open valley, at the head, stands the Edgar rock, grim, bare and erect, like a sentinel of time keeping watch and ward over the treasure that lies in this storehouse of nature. In this bottom are wide stretches of open ground, covered with luxuriant grass of the brightest green, surrounded by a jungle of brush, cottonwoods and pines, some of them old veterans, towering up for 150 feet or more, and six or seven feet through at the base. Here on the trail, only about a foot wide, one can look down into the narrow pass, that the river has broken through, some thousand feet below, which gives one a feeling of being suspended in mid air.

Standing in the bottom, where our camp has been pitched, we can look up on all sides and follow the dykes and fissure

veins over one hill after another, clear way up into the farthest mountain. The rock in which the richest silver lies is principally porphyry, although there are rich veins of talcose slate. On the left or south side of the creek there is hardly a single point but shows up rich indications of silver. It is on this side that the Relief and Quandary claims are situated, and are the richest by far of any that have been located. On the north side, however, there are one or two test holes, among a number, that are exceedingly promising. None of these holes have been put in over twenty feet, and it is found that the farther they go in, the better the find. There is a gulch that comes down about a mile above the camp, and it is thought by some of the prospectors that, from the indications and cropping, here will be a big surprise. But there is no point in this whole stretch of seven miles in length and probably eight in width, but where good ore can be found. It is free milling and carries with it nothing that can possibly make it expensive to get the silver out. I noticed in the river bottom a number of sluices and panning outfits, where men have been working placer claims, and I am told by some of them that they can pan out from seven to eight dollars a day, and some days have done better. Above, close to Edgar rock, some one is at work on a placer claim, and is exceedingly mysterious about what he does and has done. Here the gravel and sand is quite fine, and there is no doubt that he is making a good deal more than a fair day's wages.

In the bottom, at the edge of a beautiful grassy glade, Captain J. T. Simmons has made a permanent mining camp, with E. K. Current as recorder. They are now at work putting up log cabins in order to stand out the winter and operate on the claims whenever the weather will permit. There are over 100 claims now staked and located, and it is fully expected that over 1,000 men will be in there at work when spring opens up. In anticipation of this, Mr. Current has located a townsite on a high bench land that runs all along the north side of the valley. The ore, from the returns of the assayers, is on the average of an \$80 ore, and there is no end to the amount of it in sight.

Ten miles above camp the Bumping river flows into the Natchez, and at this point, on the other side of the bluff, there are several holes where coal of a fine quality has been taken out, some of which we burned in camp. As to the quality of it, we can not say. Suffice it to say that there are enough good indications to make it worth the while for some one to prospect at this point and also farther up the Bumping river.—*L. Frank Gordon in Almira Record.*

CALIFORNIA MINING NEWS.

An extensive placer mining scheme is under way in Mono county, in the valley between Mill creek and Mono lake. Twenty-four claims of 100 acres each have been located and recorded, there being eight locators for each quarter section. It is said that water is to be brought to the claims, which will be hydrauliced. The locality is known to be rich, and with proper appliances a golden harvest will certainly result.

The outlook at the Julian district is said to be the best in the history of mining in San Diego county. The Van Wert, an old mine located years ago, has been reopened with good prospects. As high as \$20 a day has been mortared out by a single man from the ore in this mine. The machinery for the ten-stamp mill of the Helvetia mine is nearly all on the ground, and will at once be put up and set to work. A sixteen-inch ledge of rock, showing free gold in abundance, has been struck in the Blue Hill mine. A number of mines in the Banner dis-

trict, adjoining Julian, are also being worked, with good prospects.

Messrs. Nance and Night, of Ferris, were in the city recently, says the *Riverside Enterprise*, and bring news that the mining interest of that locality is on the up grade. Applications are continually being made to file locations. The most interest seems to be in and around the Good Hope mines. Mr. Nance stated that he had been told that a lead had been found that would assay \$1,000 per ton.

The San Bernardino *Courier* says a party of Los Angeles people, accompanied by several San Bernardino men, have started for Ibex, near Needles, to inspect some valuable mining property. The mines are owned by San Bernardino parties, and are claimed to be exceedingly rich. They have been bonded, and will be worked extensively.

John Cooley and a party have discovered and located near the Colorado river mineral ledges which, on the surface, are extraordinarily rich. The leads are finely defined. The assays from the surface are unusually rich.

The magnetic iron deposit in the Ord mining district in San Bernardino county is an immense one, and so powerful that it has ruined the watches of travelers while passing over it.

Claims are being taken up about Yuma, and many of them are claimed to be very rich. Much work has been done on different claims and rich ore taken out, but as yet no mill is in operation in that vicinity, and work is at a disadvantage. Parties interested are preparing to put a mill in as soon as possible, and when this is done no doubt there will be a large and permanent camp established.

H. C. Roper, representing Los Angeles capital, has purchased four antimony mines on Erskine creek, near the ranch of J. W. Veach, says the *Bakersfield Republican*. They will be worked as soon as the weather will permit. The same party has purchased or bonded the antimony mines near Havilah.

CHEHALIS TO SHOALWATER BAY.

The articles of incorporation of the Pacific, Chehalis & Eastern Railroad Co. were recorded recently. The incorporators are Herman Trott, John A. Chandler and Chas. A. F. Morris, of St. Paul, Minn., and John Dobson, Wm. Urquhart and Daniel C. Millett, of Chehalis, Wash. The corporation is formed to build, equip and operate a standard gauge line of railway from some point on the Willapa river, near Shoalwater bay, across the Cascade range to some point on the Columbia river, and such branches as shall be needed; also to build and operate a telegraph and telephone line along the road. Chehalis is named as the principal place of business. \$1,000,000 is the amount of the capital stock of the incorporation, divided into 10,000 shares. The names of the incorporators of this railroad are a sufficient guarantee that this is no paper or boom undertaking. There are few who have not heard of the men who are the moving spirits in it. Herman Trott is an old and well known railroad man, having resided in St. Paul for over thirty years. He was the prime mover in building the old St. Paul & Pacific, and was for four years general land agent of the Northern Pacific railway. He has for years taken a deep interest in the Pacific coast, and is the father of the Pacific, Chehalis & Eastern undertaking. In personal appearance he resembles General Grant. He has a commanding figure, a winning manner and is a great story teller. He is expected out here in the spring and will doubtless make Chehalis his future home. John A. Chandler, of St. Paul, was for twenty years connected with the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, and is an old and reliable railroad man. He has become very much inter-

ested in Western Washington, and readily joined Mr. Trott in his undertaking. Chas. A. F. Morris is a civil engineer and railroad constructor. When Mr. Trott was asked to send a man out to build the famous Shasta route, he had no hesitancy in sending Mr. Morris, who succeeded where every one else failed. He owns stock in two of the largest construction companies in the United States. These three men have worked together in railroad circles before, and the prospects are good for their success in the present undertaking. Of the four local men we have not space to say all we could in eulogy of their public spirit and enterprise. They are all men of means and are well known. This railroad once started and the already bright prospects of Chehalis will be greatly enhanced. The company will make this its headquarters, which means the establishment of offices here and the employment of a large staff of assistants. The men employed in the construction east and west will also draw all supplies from here.—*Chehalis Nugget*.

The Cortez mine, near Beoware, Nev., which for years was a losing speculation, has finally turned out well. Last year it yielded \$217,000 in excess of expenses, and the principal owner, who stuck by the mine through thick and thin, is now a wealthy man. It is said he would not sell out for a million dollars, while only a short time ago no one would have given so much as a thousand for the apparently worthless mine.

A local company has been organized to work the placers in Robinson canyon. They own 8,000 feet of placer ground, commencing at the mouth of the canyon and running 8,000 feet along its course to the Joanna mine. They have sunk two shafts—one about 1,000 feet from the mouth of the canyon, and at a depth of forty-five feet find large quantities of black sand, with good prospects of fine gold, and have not reached bedrock. Shaft two is about 5,000 feet from the mouth of the canyon, and the rim rock was struck at a depth of thirty feet. This prospect well in coarse gold, and is getting richer as depth is attained on the rim rock, several taken out of the incline going as high as thirty cents to the pan, the gravel averaging about eight cents to the pan, leaving no doubt that the channel is rich. Some pieces on the rim rock weighed as high as fifteen cents. The company is going to start several other shafts to thoroughly prospect their ground.

Oysterville, the county seat of Pacific county, Washington, seems to be falling behind in the new life that has sprung up about Shoalwater bay. The *Pacific Journal* has removed from there to the new town of Sealand, a few miles below, and much of the business of the town has also gone. Sealand is the northern terminus of the Ilwaco & Shoalwater Bay narrow gauge railway. The townsite is owned by Senator Seaborg, of Pacific county. It is about a mile from the ocean beach, and the road running up from Ilwaco leaves the beach near that point and goes over to Mr. Seaborg's townsite, which is one of the prettiest spots on Shoalwater bay. The streets are broad, and there is every indication that Sealand will be the liveliest town in Southwestern Washington before another year rolls round. The hotel there, the Morrison house, is the best in the county. There is a wharf of 1,809 feet in length leading out to deep water, and here deep water navigation begins on this remarkable sheet of water which teems with oysters and fish, large quantities of which are exported daily. One thousand acres of oysters are under cultivation.

It is passing strange that as fine a body of navigable water for deep sea-going vessels, and one so admirably located as Willapa harbor, on Shoalwater bay, Washington, should have

gone unnoticed until within the past year. When we take into consideration the distance and time that could be saved in shipping from this point over that of Puget sound ports, or even the city of Portland, it is easy to see what a revolution could be brought about by the shipment of the wonderfully increasing products of the northwest. At the confluence of the Willapa river with the harbor, and on the north side, there is a level prairie containing at least three square miles, upon which there has been a town platted, called North Pacific City, with fine, broad avenues, fronting on deep water, from twenty to fifty feet low tide, with many manufacturing sites to be given away. With the best coal fields and the hundreds of millions of feet of fine timber in close proximity, there is no reason why Willapa harbor should not step to the front with rapid strides and become a shipping point of no small importance.

Gatesville, Oregon, is a town on the line of the Oregon Pacific, in Linn county, that promises to become a place of considerable importance. It forms the base of supplies for the mines up the Santiam, which are now being worked as never before. Land has been purchased there for extensive smelting works, and the town is destined to develop a good business from the mining industries of that portion of the state. Opposite Gatesville is King's prairie, which is dotted with thrifty farm houses, while across on the Marion county side is also a rich country, from which a wagon road is now being built. Gatesville is now the end of the division over which regular trains are run. It is surrounded by some of the finest timber in Oregon, and several saw mills are running in the vicinity, while others will be started during the summer. The town is provided with two good hotels, and a considerable impetus has been given to business and building there.

At last a definite step has been taken in the project of building a railroad from Drain, Oregon, to the mouth of the Umpqua, at Gardiner. A mortgage has been filed in the county clerk's office of Douglas county bonding the entire stock of the Umpqua River Railroad & Improvement Company for \$1,000,000 to the Central Trust and Investment Company, of New York, and is signed by John Drain, president, and W. A. Perkins, secretary. \$20,000 is to be paid on the completion of each mile. The road is to be fifty-five miles long and connect the Southern Pacific railroads at Drain with deep water at Gardiner on or before July, 1891. The loan, which was secured through W. G. Steel and B. C. Herald, is for fifty years at five per cent. Real estate in Drain has doubled in value since this deal was announced.

Contracts for the work on the Astoria & South Coast railroad have been signed. They are two in number and for separate classes of work. Hoffman & Bates are contractors for the bridge and trestle work, and contract to finish the work by June 30, 1891. Smith & Hoffman take the contract for what is termed the under-structure work, that is, grading, tunneling, etc., or preparing the roadbed for the rails. The firm is to complete this work from a point on the south fork of the Lewis and Clarke river, to where the grading is now completed, to a point ten miles this side of Hillsboro, where Mr. Ewing's contract ends. The time limit is July 1, 1891.

Two companies have been incorporated to develop West Seattle, one of them the West Seattle Cable Railway Co., with a capital of \$500,000, and the other the West Seattle Electric Light & Power Co., with a capital stock of \$100,000. The incorporators of both are practically the same persons.

PUGET SOUND LUMBER TRUST.

The leading mills of Puget sound are combined in a trust, under the name of the Pacific Pine Lumber company. This company controls the output of the three mills of the Puget Mill Company at Port Gamble, Port Ludlow and Utsalady, the Pork Blak-ly mill, Tacoma mill, Pacific mill, Washington mill, Port Discovery mill, Port Madison mill, Stetson & Post mill and the Oregon Improvement Company mill. All these are located on Puget sound. In addition this trust controls the Grays Harbor mill at Cosmopolis; Marshfield mills, Marshfield, Oregon; Southern Oregon mill, Empire City, Oregon; California Lumber Company, Porter, Oregon, and West Shore mills, Astoria, Oregon—a grand total of sixteen mills, with a daily capacity of about 2,000,000 feet. In addition to this, certain other mills are supposed to be idle, subject to the order of this company. It is safe to say that at least \$6,000,000 is wrapped up in these mill plants and used in the running of them. This amount does not, however, include the immense bodies of timber lands, the large lumber yards in San Francisco, the logging railroads, the sailing vessels, tugs, and other investments that are, if not a part of the corporation, owned by its members. One can add many millions more and be within the limit of the great wealth of the Pacific Pine Lumber Company and its incorporators. E. M. Herrick is president; W. J. Adams, of the Washington Mill Company, vice-president; W. H. Talbot, of the Puget Mill Company, treasurer; E. F. Bent, secretary. All the mills have representatives who meet regularly and vote on all propositions and questions that come up. The Pacific Pine Lumber Company does control the output of these mills. Its members own them, and have pooled their issues to the extent of limiting the product and maintaining prices. While these men are united in this way, they still act as though they felt that the union might any time be broken. In all their shipments to foreign ports they maintain a secrecy toward each other that savors of business jealousy. The trust exercises no control over the sales of lumber, each mill company being free to ship to any port where a market can be found, but prices must be maintained. The Pacific Pine Lumber Company uses its best endeavors to sell all the lumber it can without reducing the price. Such, in a general way, is the scope and aim of the trust. In preparation for anticipated anti-trust legislation at Olympia, a movement is on foot to incorporate in one company all the mills in the combine under one management. If this is accomplished, they will pass from under the head of trusts to the more legitimate one of corporations.

Salmon bay, just north of Seattle, is to be the scene of one of the greatest enterprises yet undertaken by residents of the Queen City. The Salmon Bay Railway and Development Company, of which D. H. Gilman is president, and Thomas Burke and John Leary are trustees, has in contemplation a scheme for the improvement of the bay, making it a fresh water harbor surrounded by a sea wall and mole, and accessible by a ship canal dredged in from deep water. The success of the scheme is dependent upon the passage of a bill by the legislature. The bill provides for the appointment of commissioners to establish harbor lines in Salmon bay and along the shore for some distance on either side of its outlet, and also to establish the side lines of a channel of not less than 200 feet in width from the outer harbor line to the lower basin inside the entrance of the bay. This channel and the upper and lower basins must be dredged out so as to admit vessels drawing twenty feet of water. If this bill passes, it is stated, the company will build six miles of bulkhead along the harbor lines to be established,

three miles of which will be along both sides of the upper basin or harbor above the dam. The material dredged out of the channel and harbor will be thrown back of the bulkhead, and will form a mole, beside which nearly sixty deep sea ships can lie in the inner harbor at one time. There is a lower basin in which many vessels can lie while waiting for the tide to serve and the gate to open which lets them into the upper basin. The improvements are estimated to cost \$500,000, exclusive of railroad tracks, yards and warehouses. The plans of the company contemplate an extensive system of terminal tracks and warehouses, as well as blast furnaces and rolling mills. Work will be commenced upon these improvements very shortly after the bill becomes a law, and many hundreds of thousands of dollars will be expended upon them this year.

A rich strike has been made in the mines at Wagontown, Owyhee county, Idaho. Says the *Salem City Avalanche*: W. F. Sommercamp, although having as many rich lodes as to make any one man rich, was not satisfied that he had cut the St. Clair lode, from which he expected better results than from any other, and in consequence kept his crosscut running in an easterly direction into the hill. He has now evidently cut the St. Clair lode, and has found very rich silver and gold ore. As near as we can learn, the lode consists of several strata of quartz, one stratum being silver, another of gold ore, so far as he has cut across the lode. The lode has now been cross-cut eighteen feet, without any sign of an east wall. The ore coming from this cross-cut consists of silver nuggets, weighing from one ounce to several pounds. The gold veins are uniformly four feet in width, and assays from \$18 upward. Of course, Mr. Sommercamp feels good over the strike, as he of right should, while his many friends congratulate him on his persistence in reaching the body of ore he has found. The development in Wagontown should teach those owning property there that it is much better to do deep prospecting than to be skimming over the surface just under the grass roots.

Of the great Wilson lode too much can not be said. When it is remembered that a vein of ore from twenty to fifty feet in width has here been worked for the past two years and paid big from the start, and that portions of it run from \$2,500 to \$5,000 per ton, the inevitable conclusion is that it is a bonanza. Capt. J. R. Delamar, the owner, keeps a splendid twenty-stamp mill running day and night, and the dividends of the Wilson mine are as regular and certain as the changing of the seasons.

It is announced that all the principal smelters of the country but five have joined a trust with a capital stock of \$25,000,000. The company is known as the United States Smelting and Refining Company. Of the capital stock \$15,000,000 is to be used for the payment of fixed properties that go into the new organization and ten millions preferred for the purchase of ore and such personal property as it may be necessary to have to form a sinking fund. A quarter of a million of profits may be laid aside annually for two years, and each year thereafter, half a million will be added to the fund. The chief object of the smelters, it is said, is to place their interests beyond the control of the lead trust. In it are included the Helena & Livingston Smelting Co. at Helena, Mon., and the Montana Smelting Co. at Great Falls, Mon. The Portland and Tacoma companies are not included.

The smelter at Portland, with a capacity of 150 tons per day, will be ready for work in May. The capacity can easily be increased to 1,000 tons.



MORE TO THE POINT.

MO GUL—So you are going to marry Fan Tan. Well, she's got a long head.

SUM FUN—Yes; she's got a long bank account, too.—*Time*.

A school boy's essay on the Father of His Country started out with: "George Washington licked the British, was elected president of the United States, and wore pants that didn't bag at the knees." That seems to cover nearly the whole ground.—*Norristown Herald*.

Citizen George Francis Train wants to go around the world. He says he can do it in sixty days. Suppose you go half way around, George?—*Boston Beacon*.

Talk is cheap, but the American people are paying pretty high for it just now at Washington.—*Puck*.

TOTAL PROHIBITION.

"How strict these reformers are," exclaimed Mrs. Verde. "I see that they are invading the army now, and insisting that even the powder shall not smoke."—*Time*.

You never hear of a strike among the astronomers. Their business is always looking up.—*Texas Sifings*.

GEORGE'S MANUAL.

An officer said to General Washington, on being requested to charge a battery, "Sir, the order is out of order. I am not present and therefore there is not a quorum." "I guess," said the general, wiping his chin with parliamentary deliberation, "there is enough of you here to make a target;" and he ordered him out to be shot for insubordination and putting obstructions in the line of battle. As the officer did not return, the conclusion was irresistible that he was enough of a quorum to entertain a proposition to adjourn *sine die*.—*Judge*.

IN BLACK AND WHITE.

"Jones is back from the west. He draws a very black picture of Missouri."

"A real crow-Mo., as it were?"—*Time*.

"What is mist?" asks an exchange. From our experience with humanity, we should say that it is generally an umbrella.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

SHE WOULD AND SHE WOULDN'T.

St. Valentine's monition Dolly vainly tries to smother,
And she vows a needy lover she will never, never wed;
But the superimposition of one heart upon another
Is a cardiac disturbance whose results affect the head.
—*Harper's Bazar*.

MAN (to friend)—Well, sir, I never saw a woman who can do as much work as my wife. By George, she is a regular machine.

FRIEND—Oh, I see. You married a type-writer.—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

IT IS POPULAR.

FLEECY—How many people seem to be going insane nowadays!

DOWNY—Yes; it's a popular craze.—*Judge*.

SCROGGS—You look rather downcast, old man: anything of note happened to-day?

GROGGS—Yes, mine for a thousand fell due, and I didn't have a cent with which to pay it.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

A MATTER OF TASTE.

RAY TROUSSY—But how can you think I'm pretty, when my nose turns up so dreadfully?

JAY BOUSSY—Well, all I have to say is, that it shows mighty poor taste in backing away from such a lovely mouth.—*Puck*.

WISE IN HER GENERATION.

"Are you going to accept the duke?"

"I don't know yet. We have sixty days to search his title."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

This remark is by a bachelor inhuman:

"The most tiresome thing about a man's a woman."—*Judge*.

AN UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE.

"I wish to say to the congregation," said the minister, "that the pulpit is not responsible for the error of the printer on the tickets for the concert in the Sunday-school room. The concert is for the benefit of the Arch fund, not the Arch fiend. We will now sing hymn six. 'To err is human, to forgive divine.'"—*Peck's Sun*.

SHE WAS RGIHT.

MABEL—Did you hear that Bessie Willis was married yesterday to Tom Guzzler?

MAUD—Really? I thought she would be the last person to marry him?

MABEL—Well, she was, wasn't she?—*Harvard Lampoon*.

A WATCH AS LEGAL TENDER.

SNODGRASS—I think I'll have to pawn my watch. I'm short of cash.

SNIVELY—There is no necessity for that. Time itself is money, you know.—*Judge*.

The minority has rights, but when it assumes to rule the majority that is a count of the noeses that is not just.—*Judge.*

HOW TO DO IT.

YOUNG WRITER—I'll be hanged if I know how to describe this scene.

VETERAN—Oh, just say it beggared description.—*Time.*

GRIM HUMOR.

DOOMED MAN—Going to hang me at seven?

SHERIFF—Yes, at sharp seven.

DOOMED MAN—Well, wake me at six. I don't want to oversleep my own execution.—*Texas Siftings.*

The next number of *Harper's* will contain an article entitled "How to Listen to Wagner's Music." A better way is to go to an opera house where some other composer's music is being played.—*Norristown Herald.*

HIGH MORALITY.

UPTON—Do you know that telegraph linemen have a higher moral standard than ordinary folks?"

LOWE—No; why so?"

UPTON—They are more easily shocked by current events."—*Judge.*

Centralia, Wash., has raised a subscription of \$25,000 to secure the building of a road to the coal mines, near that city, and the opening of these mines, by which the city will be much benefited. The road is also to be an important factor in the extensive saw milling business of Centralia.

Halsey, Oregon, has raised a bonus of \$4,000 for a flouring mill, which no doubt that sum will be ample to secure. Nearly 300,000 bushels of grain are annually shipped from that point, which is on the main line of the Southern Pacific, eighteen miles south of Albany. A school house costing \$6,000 has just been completed.

The egg season has just begun, and now is the time for those who want to secure a supply of good eggs for hatching purposes to send their orders. It pays to keep chickens, and it pays best to keep the best strains, for blood tells in fowls as well as in horses and cattle. J. M. Garrison, of Forest Grove, Oregon, has a large hennery where he keeps a large stock of all the leading strains of chickens, and is prepared to supply either eggs or chickens on short notice. It is the only first class establishment in the northwest, and eggs can be relied upon to be the genuine article.

In the favored climate of the Pacific coast any one can have a fine collection of the most beautiful roses by the exercise of ordinary care. They will bloom from early spring till Christmas time, and will give a continuous garden boquet of every shade of rose from the purest white to the deepest crimson. The latest additions to the list of choice roses, such as can not be purchased here, as well as all those older varieties that have proved worthy a permanent place in the garden, can be purchased at from 15 to 20 cents each. They are sent by mail, the roots carefully wrapped in dampened moss and oiled paper, and arrive in perfect condition. One interested in this matter should send to the great Innisfallen Greenhouses of Charles A. Reeser, Springfield, Ohio, for his fine catalogue of roses and flowers of all kinds.

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

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Funny about a barber, isn't it. The longer he cuts your hair the shorter he cuts it.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

All men are created equal; but the power of gold beats creation.—*Puck.*

MRS. McFLIMSEY—I cannot go to the dance Saturday night, I have nothing to wear.

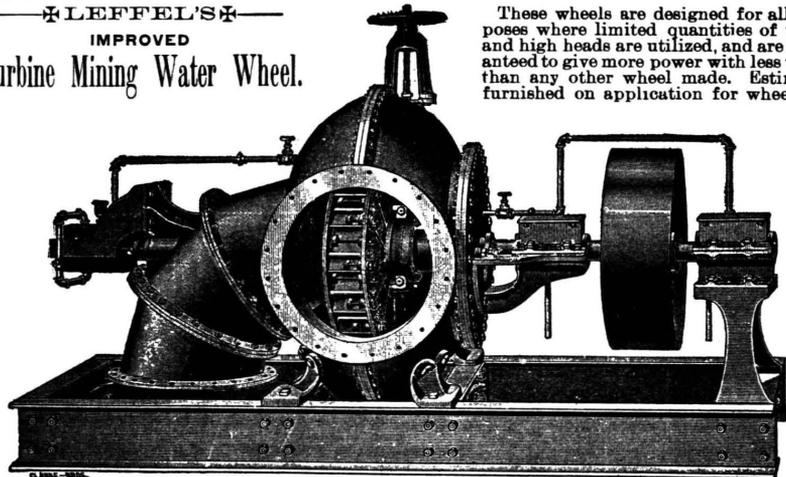
MR. McFLIMSEY—Wear it then; that's the fashionable toilette now.—*Town Topics.*

OLD STEADY.

A lover may grow cold in time,
But a friend is never at his prime;
Friendship's a cool and calm delight,
But love burns out at Fahrenheit.—*Lippencott's.*

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ANSWER—Tonage.

For the coal consumers—What constitutes a burning shame?

ANSWER—When coal gets up to nine dollars a ton.—*St. Louis Magazine.*

AN ECLIPSE.

MOTHER—I'm afraid your husband is going to be ill. How did he look this morning at breakfast?

YOUNG WIFE—I didn't see him. He was reading the paper.—*New York Life.*



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Corvallis.....	1:30 p. m.	Portland.....	6:20 p. m.

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

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Pasco is the center and natural depot, or storage point, for the supplies and products of the rich grain-producing plateau that surrounds her on every side, and comprises the following well-known localities: Douglas, Lincoln and Adams counties, the Palouse country, the Potlatch country, Camas prairie, Asotin, Garfield and Columbia counties, Eureka flat, Walla Walla valley, Umatilla county, and the eastern portion of Klickitat and Yakima counties, known as Horse heaven. These favored localities surround her as a crown of gems, and will soon make Pasco the storehouse for all the grain awaiting shipment to either seaboard.

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