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# West Shore

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W. J. McCONNELL, Moscow, Idaho—See Page 580.



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

Saturday, May 10, 1890.

PEACEFUL persuasion of the kind used by the striking fishermen on the Columbia the other day is the great weakness of the majority of strikes, since it alienates from them the sympathy of the people generally, who would otherwise be inclined to a feeling of good will toward all workmen who have a real grievance. A number of boat loads of armed men started up the river from Astoria with the intention of peaceably persuading non-union fishermen to take their nets out of the river, and to emphasize their peaceful intentions they cut nets and smashed boats, fired guns and beat unresisting fishermen. Finally they ran across two men who could not thus be peacefully persuaded, and who defended themselves so vigorously with gun and rifle that several of the persuaders were killed and wounded, and the others retreated hastily to Astoria under cover of the same darkness they used to hide their approach.

Here is an opportunity for the union men who are striking in the various cities of the union to show that they disapprove such methods. There is one great principle of individual right which the American people can never be persuaded nor compelled to relinquish, and that is the right of every man to labor and enjoy the fruits of his toil. When unionism says such shall not be the case, then it loses the approval of the people at large; and when it goes still further and seeks by acts of personal violence to forcibly deprive individuals of that right, it gains their hostility. Popular sympathy will naturally be with the laboring man in any conflict with capital, so long as the fundamental principles of right and wrong be not violated; but time and again have strikers alienated that sympathy by unlawful acts of violence.

It is a duty they owe to themselves for every member of a trade's union who believes in the freedom and

dignity of labor to oppose all acts of violence either counselled or attempted by their hot-headed and less patriotic associates, and especially to actively assist in suppressing the lawlessness of that irresponsible element in every community that is always eager to seize upon an opportunity to show its disregard of right and lawful authority. If they do this, if they conduct their struggle manfully, maintaining their own self respect and respecting the personal rights of others, their demands will be unreasonable indeed if they have not the sympathy of a majority of the people.

It is characteristic of Spokane Falls that nothing is done by halves nor in a niggardly or parsimonious manner. It is the open liberality, the intelligent enterprise and the patriotic spirit of her citizens that has been chiefly instrumental in producing her remarkable growth. No better illustration of this can be cited than the grand scale on which the industrial exposition has been inaugurated. Recognizing the practical importance of having a superintendent capable of managing the fair on the grand scale projected, they have secured the services of Charles W. Robinson at \$5,000 a year salary. Mr. Robinson was prominently connected with the committee of preparation for the World's Fair at New York. Under such management, and upon such an enterprising basis, the great industrial exposition at Spokane Falls next September can not fail of success.

The senate has before it several bills of importance to the cattle industry of the west, their object being to secure inspection of meat shipped abroad, thus raising its reputation in foreign markets and increasing the demand for it; to seek to have restrictive legislation in foreign countries modified; to abolish monopoly of ocean shipping facilities, and to prevent discrimination by railroads. Producers are deeply interested in all these measures, and their passage will be of great benefit to the meat producing industries.

It is somewhat difficult to determine which is the more detrimental to the interests of the community at large, a union of workmen who insist that no one shall work unless a member of their union, or a union of employers who insist that no one shall employ unless a member of their union. Unions are all right, but their dictatorial policy is all wrong, whether by employer or employed.

Representative Biggs, of California, has introduced a bill in congress to repeal the civil service act. If the act only applied to congressmen as well as to less important officials, Mr. Biggs would probably not be in a position to introduce such a bill.

Some purely partisan papers have at times criticised WEST SHORE for expressing its opinion on political matters whenever that opinion has been adverse to the methods or conduct of the particular party to which those papers belong. They do not seem to be able to understand how a paper can criticise democratic demagoguery without being a republican partisan paper, and yet when it criticises republican methods in equally strong language, they do not rush in to give it a brotherly kiss and welcome it to the democratic fold. But then, they probably do not look upon the cases as being exactly parallel. They no doubt think that the republicans—those bad, bad republicans—ought to be criticised, but the democrats—those good, good democrats—never do anything calling for uncomplimentary remarks; consequently, when WEST SHORE chides the bad republicans it is but discharging the sacred duty of a fearless independent journal, but when it does the same to the good democrats it at once takes its place in the ranks of partisan republican papers. There once was a good Baptist who went to hear the eloquent Ingersoll, and when the witty lecturer was calling attention to the absurdities of the various denominational differences, he nodded his head and smiled approvingly as the peculiarities of the Catholics, Presbyterians, Congregationalists and Methodists were held up to ridicule; but when the lecturer paid a like compliment to the Baptists, the good brother ceased his approving smile and arose and departed from the room in high dudgeon, declaring that it was as much as one's chance of salvation was worth to listen to such a blasphemous infidel. WEST SHORE has but one political creed—honesty in politics and the preservation of the *American* Nation, with *American* in italics and Nation with a big N, and to this it will adhere irrespective of the likes or dislikes of either the republican or democratic partisan press.

A minister in East Portland, who had stolen a march on an opposing faction and secured possession of the pulpit, preached eloquently on "Brotherly Love and Christian Fellowship," and at the end of the sermon, when his rival got up to make a little explanation, cut him off by announcing the hymn and having his followers sing it lustily. It is probably the most marked example of practice following closely upon precept yet on record.

Our amateur detectives are advised to go to Findlay, Ohio, and work up a "white cap" job. As two detectives have already been poisoned, they might carry a stomach pump and a choice assortment of antidotes with them for use in case of emergency. However, if they neglect this and follow their predecessors, the probabilities are that the loss can be repaired.

Governor Hill has developed into a genuine reformer. He wants all contests for seats in legislative bodies settled by the courts, and not, as now, by the bodies themselves, where the rankest injustice is done for the good of the party. If this were done, some men now drawing salaries would lose their job.

It is about time our military men stopped disputing about which were the best and bravest soldiers, the men on the north or the south, and turned their attention to which has the most prickles a thistle or a wild blackberry vine.

Austria comes to the front with insane asylum outrages that put to the blush the worst yet unearthed in this country. It is another proof that institutions of this character can not be too much open to public examination.

A contemporary in referring to a new church says: "The plant is worth \$10,000." We always supposed that a church was not a plant, but the garden of the Lord, where the seeds of the gospel were sown.

If senator Frye's marine bill becomes a law it will only be a few years when the English language will again be spoken on American vessels.

W. J. McCONNELL.

FROM time to time WEST SHORE presents its readers the portraits of western men whom circumstances have brought into prominence and in whom the people naturally feel an interest. This week it gives an excellent portrait of Mr. W. J. McConnell, of Moscow, Idaho, the gentleman so prominently mentioned in connection with the work of pressing Idaho's claims for admission to the union. Mr. McConnell is a practical man of affairs, a successful business man who has made his position by native ability and those sterling qualities that render a man a leader among men. Possessing a commanding presence, sterling integrity, great executive ability, decision of character and a wide business experience, he is just the man to stand in the front rank for Idaho and press her claims for recognition. Such men can demand and secure attention by the force of their own personality. Undoubtedly his presence in Washington has done much to place the Idaho admission bill in its present favorable position. Mr. McConnell's work in this matter, and his success at the capital, point to him as the best representative Idaho could have in the United States senate, when she shall be called on to select one, as she doubtless will before the

year closes. Combining the business habits and experience that are so valuable to a senator in the most important work done outside the senate chamber, with the presence and ability to command attention and respect within the chamber, his presence there would at once place Idaho in advance of many other states not fortunate enough to have a man of that character to represent them in the highest legislative body of the nation. Mr. McConnell is not a child of fortune, but a man who has won his success in life by industry, perseverance and the application of his native talents. Born fifty years ago, in Michigan, and enjoying only the educational advantages at that time offered by the public schools and academies of his native state, he came west when but twenty years of age and engaged for two years in mining in Nevada and California. In 1862 he came to Oregon and taught school in Yamhill county, but the following year became a citizen of Idaho, then in its pioneer period. In company with John Porter he invested all his means, the combined capital being but \$700, in six pack horses, the irons of a plow, a harness, garden seeds, etc., for the purpose of raising vegetables for the Boise market. They shipped their stuff to The Dalles, and then packed them to the Payette river, four miles above Horse Shoe bend, walking the entire distance. Their gardening enterprise was a success, and from that time he has moved steadily forward. Mr. McConnell has handled large commercial enterprises, always successfully, and is now the senior partner in an extensive mercantile establishment at Moscow, Idaho, and another at Pullman, Washington. He is also largely interested in the First National Bank of Moscow, Idaho, where he resides. It is very important that Idaho should send her most able and most patriotic men to Washington. She will have vital interests to be taken care of, and should be represented by men who are not only familiar with her needs by long years of residence and experience, but who possess the qualifications to secure for them proper consideration at the hands of congress and the executive departments. In these qualifications W. J. McConnell easily excels all others whose names have been mentioned in this connection.

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#### LAKE WHATCOM.

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ONE of the most beautiful of the numerous lakes of the west is Whatcom, lying in the western foothills of the Cascade mountains and but two and one-half miles from Bellingham bay, that port of Puget sound now attracting so much attention. A better idea of its beauty can be had from the large engraving in the middle of this number than from any mere description, yet a few words of explanation will not come amiss.

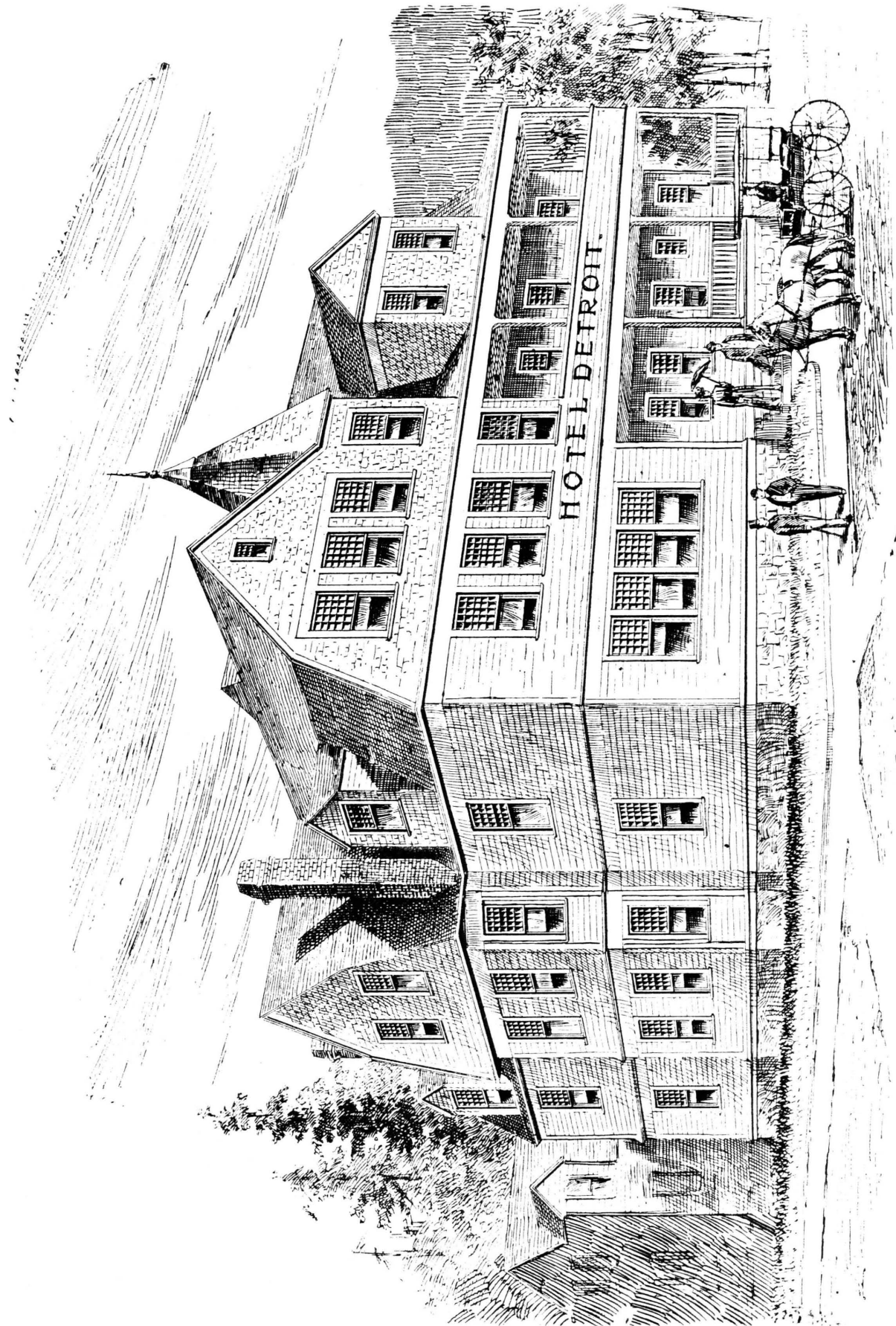
Whatcom lake is somewhat irregular in shape, its banks closing in and widening out at various points, adding much to the charm of its landscapes. Its greatest length is eleven miles and its greatest width one and one-fourth miles. Its waters are perpetually cold and clear, descending in the center to a depth that a line 1,000 feet long was unable to fathom. Its sloping shores roll gently backward in timber-clad hills, rising gradually to a height of 5,000 feet. The mountain forests abound in elk, deer, bear, grouse and other game, the many crystal streams teem with the delicious mountain trout, while in the lake itself are trout ranging from one-half a pound to five pounds in weight, that rise to the fly with eagerness. At the north end of the lake is Silver beach, a spot designed by nature for the headquarters of those sojourning by the lake for the enjoyment of its pleasures and the recuperation of health. At this point is now being erected a large summer hotel, something that has long been needed, and a boat house is already completed. Improvements to the cost of \$30,000 are being made, which will render Silver beach and Lake Whatcom one of the most attractive summer resorts on the Pacific coast. Its ease of access also recommends it, as it is only two and one-half miles by a splendid plank road from the city of New Whatcom.

The Bellingham bay country is developing rapidly. Railroads are being constructed, cities are springing up and population is pouring in at a marvelous rate. This all means the great increase of the popularity of Lake Whatcom as a summer resort, and indications point to the early necessity of even greater hotel accommodations than those now being provided. The charms of a steamboat ride on Puget sound are known the country over, and thousands of tourists crowd the steamers every season. To this may now be added the delights of a few days' sojourn beside the silvery waters of Lake Whatcom, and beneath the green branching firs of its encircling hills. Not only the sound, but the railroads being built northward from Seattle and southward from New Westminster will open this charming resort to easy access from all directions. Its many attractions for the sportsman, the artist, the lover of nature, the invalid and the person seeking temporary rest from the cares of business or the bustle and worry of city life, will annually draw to its grassy shores an increasing throng.

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A procession of 170,000 men and a mass meeting of 500,000, without any disturbance of the peace or any conduct warranting uneasiness on the part of the authorities, were the characteristics of the labor demonstration in London on the fourth of May. It is extremely doubtful if any city in America could show so clean a record on such an occasion.





WASHINGTON—New Hotel at Detroit.—See page 509

## Forgnette.

Mr. Nat C. Goodwin in "A Gold Mine," "The Nominee" and "Lend Me Five Shillings" at the Marquam. At Cordray's Mr. G. R. Caine and the regular company in "The Black Flag," and "The Waifs of New York," by Miss Katie Emmett, at the New Park, have been the bills at the different houses this week.

The Camilla Urso concert at the Marquam Grand was, to use the vernacular, a great success, that is, if a crowded house and indiscriminate applause constitute a great success. The programme was made up of selections from Rossini, Mendelssohn, Dessaner, Balfe, Donizetti, Wagner-Liszt, Paganini-Liszt, Strelezke, Paganini, and Fanning. The violin in the hands of Madame Urso spoke in eloquent accents to the souls who love music for music's self, not because it is the fad so to do or fear of a reputation for lack of culture if they do not. To such, the figure of the woman before them with closed eyes is for the time forgotten, nothing exists but the glorious tones of the violin into which her existence has passed. It was Mr. Savage, of Boston, who, I think, said that when he wrote he was at the point of his pen. So with Madame Urso, when she plays she is in her instrument, and when her instrument speaks we know her to be possessed of "that sixth sense, the power of conceiving and divining the beautiful, which is the exclusive gift of God to the artist." The andante and finale of the concerto for violin by Mendelssohn was an exquisite performance. The legato passages of the first movement were an unbroken wave of harmony possible only to one of finest technique and cultured talent. However, equally beautiful was the contrasting brilliancy of the rapid staccato of the finale. Mendelssohn is one of the chief exponents of the romantic school of music and Madame Urso has all the necessary sentiment to interpret him with pleasures to her hearers. Paganini's "Witches' Dance" was a brilliant performance. Her bowing and touch unvarying in that difficult selection, the sustained tone and harmony of the couplets can only be the result of an artist's performance.

Nat C. Goodwin, as Silas Woolcot, of Grass Valley, Cal., in "A Gold Mine," has struck a vein of finest dramatic ore. As an actor of broad comedy we all know Mr. Goodwin well, but in his new departure we know him still better, inasmuch as we now know him capable of merits never before ascribed to him. It is delightful to find unexpected resources either in our friends or ourselves, and generally it is some happy accident that reveals to us our own possibilities. "A Gold Mine" is Mr. Goodwin's divining rod. Happily for him and the public he meets all the requirements, and is to-day one of the best and most refreshing comedians on the American stage. Mr. Goodwin's pathos is as touching as his humor is irresistible. Messrs.

Brander Matthews and George H. Jessup have given us a charming comedy in which its people are flesh and blood and its incidents human. For once we have an American represented abroad who is not a cowboy, nor does he speak with a twang and sit with his feet on the nearest table; but, wonder of wonders, he is a gentleman with all the instincts and attributes. Miss Isabelle Coe is an admirable support to Mr. Goodwin. Her acting in the last act is a remarkably fine piece of work. All through the play her Mrs. Meredith is delightful. The company, in the main, is very good. Mrs. Cecile Rush, as Mrs. Vandergass, "the only Juliet," most cleverly filled the demands of that part. Mr. R. G. Wilson, as Sir Edward Foxwood, was perfect in makeup; he looked the part, and when the opportunity offered he proved ably his capabilities as an actor. Miss Mae Durfee, as Una Foxwood, was as picturesque and pretty as desired, and, with Mr. Paul Arthur's excellent Gerald Riordan, did some very pretty love making.

On the whole the "Black Flag" is the best production and the characters the most evenly sustained of anything given at Cordray's for a long time. Mr. Caine, especially in the last two acts, does some fine work. In the first acts he is somewhat too robust and vigorous. Mr. French is always Mr. French, no matter what character he assumes, but in this instance he is entitled to much praise for his even and careful rendition of Harry Glyndon, especially in that he refrained from ranting when many actors would have attempted to tear passion to flinders. Mr. Gray's Jem Seaton was by far the best piece of character work he has done here, though he transformed an Englishman into an Irishman. Although Mr. Devlin succeeded in making the audience laugh frequently, his representation of the Hebrew, Lazarus, was extremely faulty. In no particular of makeup, dialect or mannerism was he the cunning and unscrupulous Jew. Miss Essie Tittell and Miss Lillian Lawrence had neither of them much opportunity to display their powers. Miss Marshall's Mrs. Glyndon was carefully, and even strongly, rendered. There is always in her work a close adherence to the spirit of the character she represents. Miss Minnie Tittell made a very acceptable Ned.

"The Waifs of New York" is one of those impossible sensational plays in which a certain amount of familiar and realistic scenery sets off the grouping of a number of character artists. Miss Katie Emmett as Willie Rufus is a fair specimen of the average New York bootblack, and her lines have enough humor of the gamin order to keep her audience smiling. The Hans Schneiderkopf of Mr. Geo. W. Thompson is a good piece of character acting.



## LITTLE BUD.

**T**WAS away back in the forties (This was the way Uncle Jake usually began his stories of the northwest and its "mountain men" and trappers, who blazed a way through the wilderness for the hardy emigrants who were to come later and settle the great states of Oregon and Washington after enduring perilous adventures with savages, hunger and cold, as they toiled for long, weary months over plain and desert and mountain, to plant their homes on the Pacific coast), when our train reached The Dalles on the Columby river. I don't mean a train of cars, but a long string of emigrant wagons, with stained and dusty covers, and drawn by skinny horses and oxen and even cows; everythin' that wore hoofs was put between the traces afore we got across the Rockies. The' was a right smart company of us, an' we 'lowed our troubles was all over when we got to The Dalles, but we found out afterwards they hadn't mor'n got a fair start. 'Twas 'long in the fall when we struck The Dalles, an' we found pervisions mighty sca'ce, an' more people waitin' there to go down the Columby by boat than 'twas anyways likely would git down afore spring. Wal, the' wa'nt no place fer us to stay there, no houses empty, an' we'd lived in tents an' wagons now goin' on six months, ever sence we left St. Jo, an' we was gittin' mighty tired of that way of livin' and bound to git down into the Willamette valley afore the snow flew er know why. Ol' Obed Sturms was our captain, an' he was a powerful set man in his way; an' now he'd sot his head to go, if not one way then another, an' go he would an' did. After we'd kinder recooperated up a leetle ol' Obed he struck jes' the man fer us, a guide he called hisself, an' said his name was Jim Callihan—mebbe it was; he was sech a perdigious liar it ort to a' ben Ananias.

Wal, he was the man fer Obed; he'd ben over the trail several times, he said, an' ef anybody could guide us over the Cascade mountains, Jim Callihan was the feller to do it, 'cordin' to his tell. 'Twas some late to go over, he'd admit, but he'd guarantee to git us down all right an' only charge \$50, bein' as he wanted to go anyway an' liked our looks an' druther hev our company. We asked him if the' was any snow in the mountains yet an' he reckoned, wal, they might be some on the peaks high up, but not any as low down as the trail. Some of the folks at The Dalles told us we'd never git through that time o' year: but Law! we hadn't crossed the Rockies fer nothin', an' we jest poohed at the idee, leastways some of us did; some said they was sorter juberous 'bout it; they thought they'd had enough of travelin' to last 'em a spell, so 'twan't a very big crowd after all thet started out under Mr. Jim Callihan's lead, an' some of them we

could have spared, 'speci'ly the Smiths. Han Smith—his name was Hanibal, I b'lieve—was one o' those big-feelin', big-talkin' men that 'ud work all day in a half bushel and think he was settin' the river afire. He had traipsed his family—he had 'leven children—purty nigh all over the United States, always thinkin' the' was a better chance on the yan side o' anywhere than where he was. He jined us at St. Jo, with all his truck piled into a rickety wagon, drawn by a mixed team 't would 'a' made a horse laugh; the' was three oxen, a horse mostly skin an' bones, a mule no bigger'n a jack-rabbit, an' a cow. The two oldest boys rode horseback; the' was men growed, great lubberly fellers, 'most too lazy to live, an' the' had a horse an' a gun apiece an' lived off their pap. Mis' Smith, she rode in the wagon with the baby, an' the two girls an' the balance o' the younguns walked clean acrost the plains. It's a fact! W'y the skin o' their feet got as tough as sole-leather, an' nothin' could faze them children, 'peared like. Han Smith an' his wife was mighty proud of 'em. The' 'lowed that th' two oldest boys, Patrick Henry an' George Washington, 'ud make their way in th' world, 'cause they was always bossin' the younger children an' sassin' their pap and man up an' down. The' wasn't a man in the train but jest ached to turn to afore we'd ben out a week an' give them two gumps a good lickin' fer the way they acted, 'specially to Ony an' Little Bud.

I hain't no philosopher, an' I can't make out why 'tis some in a family ull be so different from the rest; but I've seed it time an' agin, an' Han Smith hed two children that was no more like the rest of the family than day is like dark. The' was Ony, a girl of sixteen, an' Little Bud, two years older. The' wasn't a lazy bone in either of 'em; the' had enough grit an' energy fer the hull family, an' what work was done they done it. The' favored each other a heap, both bein' ruther tall an' slim, an' not hefty like the rest o' the family. When Patrick Henry an' George Washington was good natured they'd call Bud a hop-toad er a runt, er tell him he wa'n't no bigger'n a pint o' soap after a day's washin', er sech talk es that; but when anythin' riled 'em, which was frequent, the'd jest es like es not swing him 'round by his hair er kick him; the' never spoke to Ony, 'at I heerd, unless to growl at her to do somethin'.

More'n anythin' else the' liked to devil Bud 'bout Elvy Sturms, Obed Sturms's girl. She was about Ony's age an' mighty purty, an' bein' great friends with Ony 'twas nat'ral fer her'n Bud to be friends too. She wouldn't hev nothin' ter say to the older boys, fer she hated anybody that was lazy purty nigh es bad es ol' Obed hisself, an' to him the hull bilin' o' Smiths was the wust kind of an eyesore; he couldn't bear

their ways, an' the' was shif'less no mistake 'bout it, all but Ony an' Bud.

Yit Han Smith, he thought he done well by his children. Every night he'd gether 'em 'round the camp fire an' say, "Now, children, sing up loud an' clar," an' they would tune up strong, I tell ye, singin' hymn tunes tel you'd a thought it was a young camp-meetin'. An' little Bud—his name was William Henry Harrison Smith, an' some on 'em said the name stunted him, but everybody called him Little Bud—he'd pipe up an' sing, too, an' cut capers an' laugh an' joke, an' him sech a pore, scrawny, little feller. I tell you many a time that boy chirked the rest of us up without knowin' it, he was so cheerful when it didn't seem there wasn't a thing under the canopy fer him to be cheerful about.

Wal, sech as they was, the Smiths stuck to us, an' we got ready an' started out on our fool trip over the Cascades. Even them that discouraged our goin' 'lowed that the snow had held off wonderful fer that time o' year, an' we calc'lated 'twouldn't take us no more'n two weeks at the outside to git down into the valley, an' that was the calc'lation we slipped up on.

Ye see, the Cascade mountains air like a big wall set up between sage bresh plains an' the valley. Wal, where the Columby river cuts through them mountains is where natur' intended men to go, but we, bein' so pison smart, hed to foller Jim Callihan through what he called a pass. We driv' out over the bare, rollin' country tel we come to the foothills where the' was plenty o' dry bunch grass, but Jim he said 'twa'n't a circumstance to what we'd find in the mountains in the little valleys, where, 'cording to his tell, the grass was knee-high to a horse, an' staid green the year 'round. Little Bud like to 'a' pestered the life out o' Jim axin' questions 'bout the country an' the way we had to go, an' even got him to draw a map of it, which he done pretty well considerin'. When we struck the timber an' found it so thick that we had to cut our own road, fer the trail was only fit fer pack horses, we begun to mistrust that Jim Callihan wa'n't what he cracked hisself up to be. We found travelin' slow work, an' it didn't take long to purty nigh tucker us out; an' when Jim up an' took the back track atween two days, never so much es sayin' "dog" to nobody, w'y, we was some mad. Mebbe ef we hadn't ben so mad we'd had sense enough to foller him back an' not gone on es we did. But we 'lowed that ef we kep' goin' west by the compass we'd come out all right.

We struck some tremenjous high hills afore long, an' steep, w'y 'twa'n't no name fer 'em; we hed to double teams on 'em goin' up, an' goin' down we hed to tie ropes to the wagons an' wind the ropes round trees an' so ease 'em down. Han Smith got his'n smashed all to flinders first thing, an' though it wa'n't

much loss to him, fer his team was all dead but the mule an' the cow, he made es much fuss es if it hed ben made o' gold. Obed Sturms let him have one o' his wagons, an' when we was loadin' Smith's traps into it we diskivered that fer the hull tribe of them they hed only a little dab o' rusty bacon, a few pounds o' flour, an' some coffee, an' says Sturms, says he—

"Boys, these people'll be a-dyin' on our hands first thing we know, an' the Lord knows we ain't got no time to stop an' bury 'em. I 'low we'll hev ter divide grub with 'em."

"Ef we do," says Abe Sifers, "they'll jest gorge theirselves, 'spec'ally them two oldest, an' be es bad off in a day er two es they air now, an'," says he, lookin' 'round at the trees, "I dunno how 'tis with you uns, but we uns is purty nigh down to bacon rinds ourselves."

Wal, we took account o' stock, es ye might say, an' sure enough, pervisions was low with all of us. We hed started out ruther short from The Dalles, fer the' was more folks than victuals there; an' anyway Jim Callihan he said the woods was full o' deer, but ef the' was any deer the' staid off in them little valleys he told of, leastways we never seen none o' 'em. We found we hed a week's short supply o' flour an' bacon; the' was enough coffee to last us two weeks. We'd got so far now we thought 'twouldn't take us more'n a week longer at most to git through, so Obed Sturms partioned out a day's rations to everybody, an' I'll be jumped if them Smiths didn't eat all o' their'n fer supper. I s'pose they was half starved all the time an' when they got started couldn't stop.

That night it began to snow and was purty cold. Next mornin' I crawled out early an' I see Ony an' Bud huddled up over the fire an' the tears was runnin' down Ony's cheeks, an' says she—

"Bud, we'll all starve here in these dreadful mountains; we can't never git out."

"Oh, shucks, Ony," says he, drawin' his thin knees 'most up to his chin, a-tryin' to git both sides o' him warm to onct, "we kin live on our fat like the bears do fer a long time," says he.

Talkin' of livin' on fat when neither of 'em had a speck on their bones.

"You didn't eat any supper, Bud. You can't go so, you'll die," says she.

"I knowed I'd be hungrier this mornin'," says he, takin' a cold flapjack, with a thin piece o' bacon wrapped in it, out of his pocket.

"Looks good, don't it?" says he, cutting it in two an' givin' her half.

Jest as she was goin' to take a bite she stopped.

"Bud, I 'low I'd better save save it fer the baby; ye know the wa'n't nothin' left from supper, an' I don't b'lieve we'll git any more to-day."



"No; I'll save mine," says Bud. "I hain't only took one bite—a little one."

"You need it worse'n I do, Bud; you eat it."

They finally divided his'n an' et it, savin' her'n fer the baby. I went over to their fire when I'd lit mine, an' says I—

"Mornin', Bud; havin' an airy breakfus'?"

He kinder blushed up an' said yes, an' I told 'em both that they mustn't starve theirselves fer the others. "You ort to pitch in an' git your sheer," says I pretty stern.

Ony cried agin but Bud he spoke up.

"Mebbe the rest hev hed enough," says he, "so't they kin go tel to-night 'thout axin' Mr. Sturms fer any more."

Ye see 'twas pride made the pore things go without, in hopes that the others would have enough so't they wouldn't be beggin' 'round fer more.

"Wal, you're good children," says I, "but after this you must eat your sheer; ef you don't you'll die an' 'tain't right to kill yourselves."

"We'll eat all we git a chance to," says Bud. "I reckon 'twon't founder us."

Wal, we didn't travel very fast them days, an' when another week hed crawled by we wa'n't seemingly no nearer to being out o' them everlastin' mountains. An' sech places es we went through an' over may the good Lord preserve me from ever goin' through agin. We jest hed to crawl up them mountain sides an' 'long the narrer ridges, an' pick our way where 'twas so steep an' sidelin' that a misstep 'ud sent us down hundreds of feet, an' sech a road—over boulders an' logs, a-scrapin' 'round trees, an' the pore cattle so weak it seemed cruel to make 'em pull a feather. An' then to go down, down into them deep canyons. Man! It made a body's heart sink like lead. We was jest comin' out of one o' them deep places one day, an' fer a while 'twas jest nip an' tuck es to whether we'd ever git out agin er not, but we did, an' was draggin' along through the thick woods that shut out the light an' made it seem 'most like night, an' some o' the children begin to cry faint-like, bein' so cold an' hungry, an' ol' Obed he groaned an' says he—

"Uncle Jake"—most everybody called me uncle—"ef it hadn't 'a' ben fer my cussed stubbornness them children wouldn't be a-cryin' here now."

Afore I could answer him here come Little Bud stogin' along through the snow, whistlin' like a black-bird in strawberry time. He stopped as he see us.

"Y'ain't stalled in, air ye, cap'n?" says he.

"Mighty night it," says Obed, purty glum. I knowed what he meant, but Bud didn't, an' he went on—

"Good thing fer us the snow didn't ketch us out on the plains, ain't it? We've got plenty o' wood an'

water here an' the wind can't cut us like it would out on the open— Crikky! What's that?"

We'd come up on a little rise by this time, an' way up overhead, hangin' right over us, 'peared like, was a big, white mountain peak.

"Mount Hood!" we all said.

We'd seen it 'way off afore we come into the timber, but this was the first time we'd seen it so close.

"Fer the land's sake!" screamed Mis' Sifers, "hev we got to go over that?"

Wal, the sight o' ol' Hood heartened us up a leetle, fer we knowed we must be gittin' along towards the valley, but we wasn't to say spickety. Coffee straight, an' mighty little of that, is a mighty pore diet to travel on, but still it kep' the breath of life in us though it didn't keep us from sufferin' purty considerable an' gittin' skin pore, too. Sometimes I'd look at my arm, thinkin' where I'd best take out a bite. Our stock all died, an' we hed to leave the wagons an' haul what stuff we could on rough hand sleds we'd made. It beat all how the children stood it; they got so peaked that they looked to be all eyes, but ye didn't hear much whinin', an', in course, that made us grown folks 'shamed to fret any. We mistrusted now that we was on the valley side of the mountains, but we didn't any of us hev much hope that we'd git anywheres alive by this time, but we jest went on as best we could. Fin'ly Obed he called a council one night an' said he 'lowed some on us better go on ahead an' try to reach the settlement an' bring out help. Me an' Obed an' ol' man Sifers hed the rheumatism so bad we couldn't hardly git 'long, an' Han Smith he said he wa'n't a-goin' to go an' leave his fam'ly unpertected, an' George Washington an' Patrick Henry they was afeard they'd git lost an' they wouldn't leave the crowd no-how, so there we was. We went to bed that night so hungry we couldn't sleep, an' I know fer myself I cried like a baby when I thought Minerva Jane was asleep. 'Twas hard enough fer us men, but to think we'd brought our women an' children into sech a scrape, that was where it hurt.

Wal, nex' mornin', lo an' behold, ol' Obed he was 'round raisin' a big row because more'n a quart o' good coffee was gone. Ye see, Obed he kep' the coffee an' passeled it out 'mongst us, an' they'd ben quite a bit left over from the night before, an' now 'twas gone.

"Las' night," says he, jest a-rarin' 'round es well es he could fer his rheumatiz, "the' was more'n a quart o' coffee in the coffee b'iler, an' now it's gone; some sneakin' houn' of a hog of a man hes tuk it. No woman 'ud steal the very life from these pore children. Oh, my Lord!"

The ol' man felt so bad he couldn't do nothin' but groan. Elvy she'd ben gittin' red in the face, an' she stood twistin' her fingers, an' says she—

"Paw, I tuk it."

"You!" says ol' Obed, settin' down mighty sudden an' a-gapin' at her with all his eyes.

"Yes, me," says she, "an' I tuk it fer Bud; he started fer the settlement las' night soon's ever the moon ris up, an' he'd a-gone without a thing to keep his stren'th up ef I hadn't made him take the coffee." An' she bu'st out a-cryin' fit to kill.

"The Lord save us an' keep us," says Obed. "He'll never git to the settlement, I'm afeared."

"Then I know what he will do," says I; "he'll die a-tryin'."

Mis' Smith she set up a turrible screechin' an' cat-erwaulin' when she found Bud was gone. You'd a-thought he was her favorite child; but nobody hindered her takin' on, so she soon hushed up.

That day's travel didn't 'mount to much, we was so beat out; but we didn't dast to stay in camp fer fear some on us wouldn't be able to go on the nex' day. Han Smith he laid down by the road twict an' told us to go an' leave him to die, but he got up an' come after us when we went on. Occasionally we found Bud's tracks, an' they was still a-goin' on when we camped that night. But nex' day we lost 'em, an' we made up our minds he'd got off the trail an' perished.

"'Twas mighty lucky fer me that I didn't go ahead like thet fool Bud an' git lost," says Patrick Henry, a-settin' by the camp fire that night. We only had one fire amongst us now to save the work o' gittin' wood.

I was feelin' gumpy, an' when that pup talked that way he riled me up, an' says I purty fierce—

"It's a mighty good thing fer the rest of us, too, fer you're purty fat yet an' I guess you'll be some tenderer than Bud would 'a' ben."

His jaw dropped an' he sot there perfec'ly dumb, skeered nigh 'bout out of his wits. He didn't hev no more to say that night.

Sifers's baby like to have died that night, an' we knowed it wouldn't be much longer afore some on us 'ud give out. Han Smith hed got too weak to talk, an' we knowed he must be purty fur gone.

We was settin' 'round the fire nex' mornin', debat-in' whether to go on er to lay down an' die where we was, when away off we heerd a horse whinner. We fairly held our breaths an' then we lis'ened fer all our ears was worth, I tell you. Han Smith tried to holler an' he give the funniest kind of a squeak, more like a stuck pig than a man; ol' Obed he stiddied hisself by a tree he was that weak an' tremblin', an' says he—

"Thank the Lord! It's men a-comin' this way."

I tell ye them men seemed like deliverin' angels to us; they give us somethin' to eat, a leetle at a time, an' tuk us down out o' them awful mountains to the

settlement, where we found Little Bud as hed tramped through the snow an' woods fer two nights an' a day an' sent the help that reached us jest in time to save our lives. He said that the night he started he walked an' run turn about, a-tryin' all the time to remember what Jim Callihan hed told him about the trail. To'rds night the snow got lighter, an' when he clim' a tree to prospect he see smoke a long way ahead an' he made fer it. 'Bout midnight he come to a cabin way out on the edge o' the settlement. The' wa'n't no man to home—only a woman an' some children. He got suthin' to eat an' rested awhile, an' then pushed on tel he found help to send out.

"We 'lowed ye must be bad off, ef that leetle feller was the only one of ye able to come fer help," said one o' the men.

I tell you we thought a heap o' Little Bud after that, an' me an' Obed made up our minds we'd look out fer him, fer we knowed he wouldn't look out fer hisself; he'd jest let them onery kin of his'n live on him if the' was a mind to, an' the' was. When we picked the place we wanted to settle at, we left the best section fer him, an', though he was only a boy, countin' age, he'd proved hisself a man, an' we built him a house an' give him some stock; an' when Patrick Henry an' George Washington begin to boss 'round we gently give 'em a full grown hint that we wouldn't stand no foolishness from 'em, an' they went off to the mines an' never come back.

Bud an' Elvy got married in a few years, an' we made 'em a weddin', I tell ye; an' me an' ol' Obed danced "Tucker" in spite o' the rheumatiz tel we couldn't shake any foot agin. LUELLING.

#### BLAINE, WASHINGTON.

I N the extreme northwest corner of the United States is the flourishing town of Blaine. Through it runs the international boundary line, leaving a portion of the north end of the town in British Columbia. Blaine is situated on Boundary bay, a splendid land-locked harbor opening upon the Gulf of Georgia, which is but a northern extension of the famous Puget sound. It is backed by a splendid farming country extending for many miles on both sides of the line, and will, ere two months, be the point of junction of the Fairhaven & Southern and the branch line now being constructed southward from the Canadian Pacific at New Westminster. Its location and resources mark it for one of the most prosperous cities of Washington. Building is progressing actively and there is a steady advance in real estate values. Its position on both sides of the international line gives it certain advantages not possessed by any other city on the Pacific coast. It is expected that large ship building interests will spring up there, a large enterprise being already on foot.



## THE CITY OF LEWISTON.

LEWISTON, IDAHO, is one of the oldest towns in the territory, and its location has given it considerable prominence from the first. During the mining excitement on the Clearwater and its tributaries early in the sixties, a settlement was made at the junction of the Clearwater and the Snake and called Lewiston. Thousands of people interested in the mines reposed there a brief period on their journey to and from the diggings, and it was the trading point and general rendezvous for the up-country mining men. It was impossible to build a substantial city to accommodate the demand for quarters on such short notice, so the usual resort to tents was had, and for months there were from 3,000 to 4,000 tent-dwellers in the town. The construction of wooden buildings was begun immediately, timber being floated down the Clearwater for that purpose. But when the normal condition of things was restored the floating population of tent-dwellers disappeared, distributing itself among the mines and prospects or leaving the country when the "excitement" features gave way to settled industry. It is noticeable that every mining excitement attracts a considerable number of people who seem to be searching only for the "excitement," and who can not stand the oppression of steady industry.

When the existence of gold in paying quantities in the country to the east and southeast of Lewiston became an established fact, the town at the junction of the rivers became a necessity to the miners. The Snake was navigable as far as Lewiston, thus there was communication down the river with outside commercial points. The character of the interior country made the building of roads impracticable, so pack trains were the only transportation facilities between Lewiston and the mines for many years; and, indeed, to this day many of the up-river camps are reached only by pack trail. The canyons of the Snake and Clearwater are so deep that overland communication with the outside world is difficult, hence they have depended largely on the river for their heavy freighting, and on the stage lines across the country to more convenient railroad points for other traffic. It is only within the past few weeks that a proposition to extend the Northern Pacific railroad to Lewiston has been entertained with any prospect of soon coming to a successful issue. The subsidy of \$65,000 has been raised by the people of Lewiston. A part of the amount is payable the first of next January and the remainder a year later. Right of way and depot grounds are provided by the people in addition to the cash bonus. The contract for the construction of the Lewiston extension was last week let to a North Yakima company

and work has already been begun. The road is to be ready for operation by the end of this year. This will be the first railway in the Clearwater valley, and its value as a developing agent to the rich country lying in the angle formed by the Clearwater and Snake rivers, will be inestimable.

At present the easiest way to reach Lewiston is to go by rail to Uniontown, a town on the Spokane & Palouse about ten miles to the northward of Lewiston and just across the line in Washington. There is also a stage route from Genessee, Idaho, and from Pomroy, Washington. Approaching Lewiston from Uniontown, the first sight of the place is one to be remembered. After traversing the vast, elevated, rolling plain of the Palouse country, the road comes out on the brink of the hill and there is suddenly brought into view both the Clearwater and the Snake for a long distance, and the city of Lewiston resting in the right angle formed by the junction of the two rivers. These are 2,200 feet below, and from that point of observation a large tract of diversified country lies within the range of vision. To the south Lewiston is probably not more than a mile distant laterally, but in order to reach it the road winds about the hills a distance of five miles to the Clearwater ferry directly opposite the town. This ferry is propelled by the current of the stream, and it has been run thirty years by the present owner. Four miles up the Clearwater is another ferry and there is also one across the Snake to the Washington shore.

Of course it would be impracticable to operate a railroad on Lewiston hill. The route proposed is down the Potlatch to the Clearwater, thence down the latter stream to Lewiston. Even that route is not destitute of important engineering problems, but the business to be secured by it and the country to be developed will make it a very profitable enterprise. As one item of business it is estimated that 1,000,000 bushels of grain will be shipped from Lewiston this year.

The citizens of Baker City have subscribed \$250,000 to the capital stock of the company that is to erect reduction works, foundry and machine shops in that city. E. L. Giroux, the manager of the company, has gone east to purchase machinery for the works, which will be sent out by special train, each car bearing a banner inscribed: "Machinery for Baker City's Reduction Works, Foundry and Machine Shops." The establishment of this industry is the most important step Baker City has ever taken, and a speedy development of the rich mines in that vicinity will follow. Baker City is the center of the mining interests of Eastern Oregon, being the most accessible point from the greatest number of districts.

# The Light Side of Life

It is one thing to be rich and several things to be poor.

Solitude is the bad man's hell; a menagerie, his heaven.

The "walking delegate" does anything but "take a walk."

A man's opinion of himself is seen in his criticism of others.

Criticism polishes the stone criticised and often dulls the blade of the critic.

An author's estimate of the critic is determined by the critic's opinion of the author.

No matter what opinion he may entertain as to heaven, the sinner has no doubt as to the reality of hell.

"There's no use talking," said Mr. Wordy, and then asked his friend why the latter had nothing to say.

It seems strange that the Spokane police could not distinguish an escaping jail bird from the average citizen of that metropolis.

An Oregon minister, speaking on the subject of the resurrection, remarked: "But there are grave difficulties in the way." He was probably alluding to the doctrine of a bodily resurrection.

HE (newly married)—I wish you wouldn't call me dear while we're in company.

SHE—Why, Charles?

HE—Because it makes me feel so cheap.

A Norristown, Mass., preacher recently delivered a sermon all done in verse. Into whatsoever state of retribution his hearers may be called to go hereafter let it be remembered they have already met with no little punishment.

## AN UNFINISHED STORY.

The other evening a young lady asked me to tell her a "love story." "Well," said I, "thus it begins: 'I love you—'" Here she interrupted me and I got no further in my story.

## MODESTY.

The Baptist preacher, located at Hillsboro, Oregon, had his picture taken recently while standing in the water with four converts who were there to receive baptism at his hands. He probably wished this picture to present at the door of heaven to show that he had been actively engaged in the Baptist ministry and was, therefore, at the right door. It might also do to hang up on the wall of his future mansion.

## THE SAME.

"Why does Mr. Proud fellow act so important?"

"A fellow shot at him the other day and missed him. His friends' congratulations make him feel if he had not been missed he would have been missed."

## HOW CRUEL.

HE—Oh, if you could only come down to my level and love me as I love you!

SHE—I might, but I have never traveled much and hesitate to start on a long journey.

## A REAL ESTATE PHRASE.

"There's nothing like 'getting in on the ground floor,'" said the boomer as he lay down on the ground for a night's rest, with naught but the sky stretched over him for a tent. And closing his eyes he blew out the stars.

BIG-FIRM MAN (to managing editor)—I wish you to give us a write-up as an advertisement and run it as news. Set your price.

MANAGING EDITOR—We never do that, sir. But I'll tell you what I had thought of doing. I had concluded to write up your business as being of general interest to our readers; and, of course, if about two-thirds of your gratitude materialized it would be nothing more than might be expected.



CALLER—Is the proprietor in?

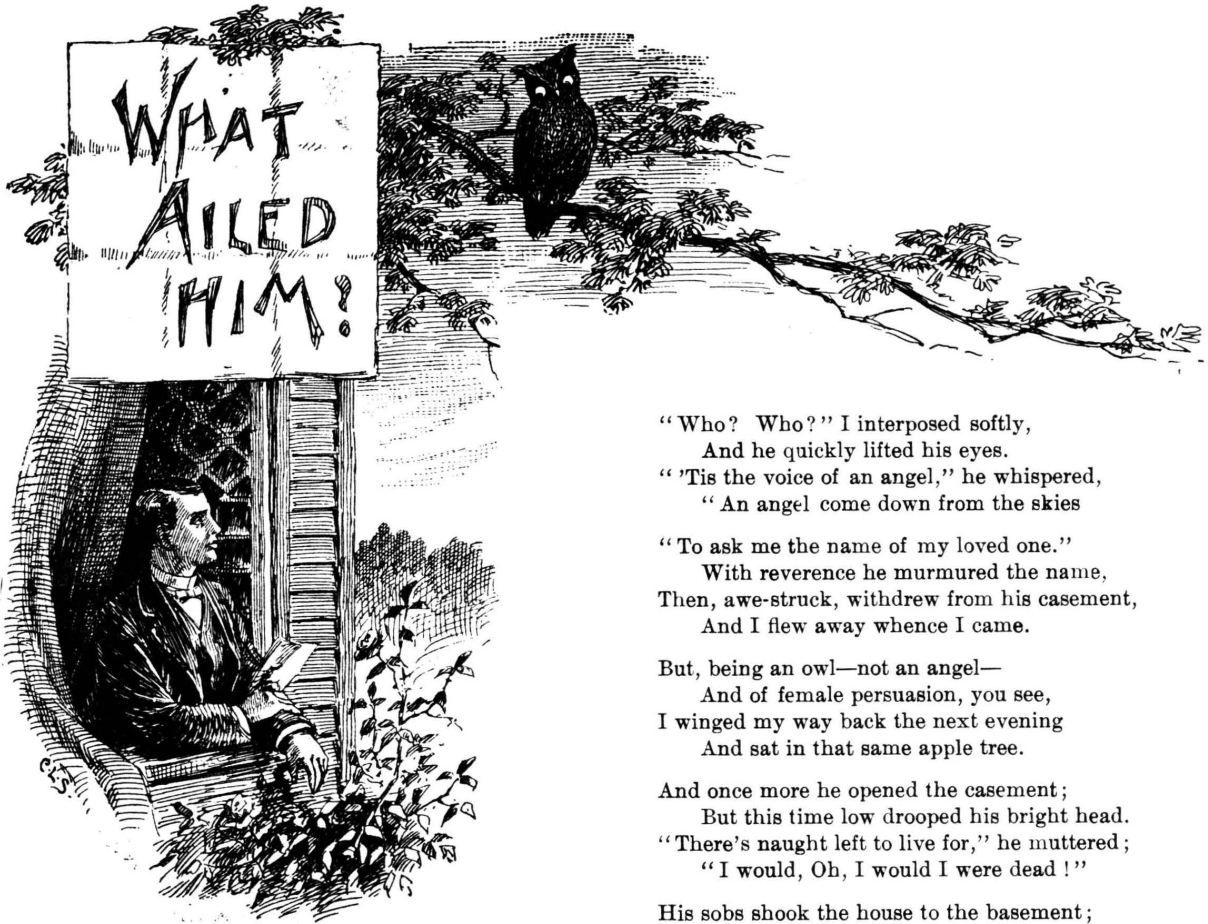
WIT-CLERK—Yes, sir.

CALLER—Are you the gentleman?

WIT-CLERK—Yes, sir, but the proprietor is in the art room. I'll call him.

LEE FAIRCHILD.





He sat by his casement at twilight,  
I sat in the tree overhead;  
He talked, not wisely, but warmly,  
And I, of course, heard what he said.

"Oh, moonlight and starlight," he murmured,  
"Shine down benediction on me;  
Oh, sun of to-morrow, rise early,  
For I most impatient shall be.

"My eyes shall be wide and unwinking  
Till the hours of this night shall have fled,  
For to-morrow—Oh, bliss transcendental!  
To-morrow I'm going to wed—"

"Who? Who?" I interposed softly,  
And he quickly lifted his eyes.  
"'Tis the voice of an angel," he whispered,  
"An angel come down from the skies  
"To ask me the name of my loved one."  
With reverence he murmured the name,  
Then, awe-struck, withdrew from his casement,  
And I flew away whence I came.

But, being an owl—not an angel—  
And of female persuasion, you see,  
I winged my way back the next evening  
And sat in that same apple tree.

And once more he opened the casement;  
But this time low drooped his bright head.  
"There's naught left to live for," he muttered;  
"I would, Oh, I would I were dead!"

His sobs shook the house to the basement;  
His sighs fanned the leaves on the tree;  
He gasped, "I have lost her—my loved one—  
She is wedded, but not—not to me!"

Poor fellow—he'd called me an angel,  
So what in the world could I do  
But bend down and solemnly ask him,  
In accents of pity, "To who?"

Now I can not imagine what ailed him;  
He sprang to his feet with a howl.  
"There's that confounded bird of ill omen—  
That hooting old fool of an owl!"

Then he hinted my grammar was horrid,  
And told me to go straight to—well,  
A place where the climate is torrid.  
What ailed him? Can anyone tell?

CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

#### SAND AND DUST.

FIRST SPORTING MAN—I admire that fellow Jackson. He'd be willing to fight Sullivan for \$10,000 any day. He's got lots of sand.

SECOND SPORTING MAN—Yes; but I doubt if he's got the necessary dust.

BOY—Who is Herbert Spencer?

LEARNED PROFESSOR—The manufacturer of Spencerian pens, of course. What a stupid pupil!

#### HE CAN WRITE THEM.

SCRIBBLER—I understand, sir, that you said I told lies.

COOLEY—Oh, no; you're mistaken. A man who writes for the papers does not need to tell lies.

#### WHAT HE WOULD PREFER.

FIRST POLITICIAN—Say, Hen, how would you like to be appointed collector of the port?

SECOND POLITICIAN—Port? Pshaw! I don't care for them wines. I'd much sooner be a collector of whiskies.

HUSBAND (angrily)—I'd rather eat axle grease than these beans.

WIFE—Well, what we've been accustomed to eating always tastes better.

Our grandfathers labored twelve hours a day  
For the homespun they wore and the plain food they ate;  
While we in our day want better than they,  
Both to eat and to wear, and to labor but eight.

CHARLES—Don't you consider my piano solo fine?

GEORGE—In one way, yes.

CHARLES—How?

GEORGE—It tends to make us appreciate good music.

#### SHE WOULD NOT SUIT.

MANAGER—What are your qualifications, madam?

APPLICANT FOR POSITION IN THE BALLET—Well, sir, I used to be in Sixpaw's circus. I can kick clear up to the ceiling.

MANAGER—Well, you won't do. I don't want any kickers around here.

#### A SURE SIGN.

HAWKINS—You were pretty full last night, Lushington, I was sorry to see.

LUSHINGTON—No, sir; I was not. What made you think so?

HAWKINS—Well, you were going around offering to bet \$25 that you were sober.

"What did you wish?" asked little Julius of his mamma who had just helped to "pull" the wish-bone.

"That you would be a better boy," replied his mamma.

"But it won't come true," gladly cried Julius, "for I've got the biggest part."

#### THE PHILOSOPHER'S REVERIE.

Uncertain is our human lot;

There's change where'er I look.

The place where change, aye, cometh not  
Is—in my pocket book.

#### ANOTHER KIND.

"They have struck 'ile' in Russia."

"Petroleum?"

"No; exile!"

#### A GOOD DEAL OF CAPITAL.

"I see that a letter containing \$90,000 was stolen in transit between Pesth and Vienna."

"Yes; it was a capital letter, too."

#### THE PARAGRAPH WAS WRONG.

McCORKLE—Edgar A. Poe was not a temperance man, was he?

McCRACKLE—I should say not.

McCORKLE—That's what I thought; and yet a newspaper paragraph here says he seldom smiled.

#### TWO SIMILES.

IN A REPUBLIC.

HE—Old Moneybags gave his daughter \$100,000 for a wedding present.

SHE—Yes; a princely gift.

IN AN EMPIRE.

PRINCE LITTLECASH—Madame X left her nephew 1,000,000 francs.

GRAND DUKE LACKDUCATS—Ah! Worthy an American millionaire!

WM. H. SIVITER.

#### NOT AS HUNGRY AS HE THOUGHT.



"Well, if that ain't a new wrinkle in door plates. I'll just go in, and if Old Canem ain't to home I'll make Mrs. Canem give me a square meal."



But he found Canem at home, and was satisfied with a bite.

in my breast; his hair and beard blonde and curly. He offered me a three-legged, raw-hide stool with affable self-possession and ease; but, withal, he was a wretched, drunken, dissipated sot, sunk to the lowest depths of degradation. He never spoke or looked at the horrible old "klootchman," who was braiding mats in one corner—the awful creature that had given birth to the young girl at my side, but I—I looked at her with eyes that could not turn away. Never, never before had I realized what it must be like to have an Indian mother and a white father.

But now, whenever I see a bird beating its breast against the bars of a cage in a passionate longing for a life that it may never know, I think of that girl and the unsung song in her soul, which, under happier circumstances, might make the music of a husband's heart, and lullabies for baby slumbers.

*Once a Week* is disgusted with the lack of conveniences, privacy and comfort of the modern sleeping car, and thinks "the spectacle of a negro, who is usually chosen for the post of porter, perambulating through the narrow aisle between berths in which modest women are imperfectly screened by flimsy curtains offensive in the extreme." The trials and vexations endured by women traveling alone in a sleeping-car are certainly too numerous to mention; but as we can not remedy them ourselves and must gracefully wait until the spirit moves our railway magnates to take action in the matter, we may as well make merry over the ludicrous episodes which occur in sleeping-cars.

One morning a young woman was just emerging from her berth, toilet case in hand, when a sudden lurch of the car, caused by whirling around a curve, persuaded her to plunge more energetically than gracefully across the aisle and into the opposite berth.

"Now, see here, madam!" expostulated an irate, muffled, masculine voice. "I suppose I may be allowed to protest—"

She didn't wait to hear anything further, and just then a lurch in the opposite direction sent her back without any effort on her part to a sitting posture in her own berth, when, to bring affairs to a climax, a gentleman who had occupied the berth immediately over hers and who had, unfortunately, chosen that particular moment in which to descend, swung himself vigorously down into her lap.

The young woman declares that, like "Nancy" in the novel of that name, she for one awful moment trembled upon the verge of meeting his blushing and shamefaced apologies with uplifted hand and the irate exclamation, "You beast!" But, unlike "Nancy," she thought better of it.

One's meaning is often unintentionally misconstrued. Once upon a time a woman entered a drug store with a prescription and said—

"The doctor told me to caution you to fill that just as it is written and not substitute a thing."

"I think," said the druggist, "you must have misunderstood him. That doctor knows that I never substitute."

"Well, that is just what he said," replied the woman positively.

When the conversation was repeated to the doctor he laughed heartily.

"What I did tell her was to bring the prescription here because it was a very important one, and I knew you never substituted one drug for another."

In nearly the same way have I been misunderstood in my article on woman suffrage, in the Easter number of the *West Shore*.

"You say," writes a friend, "that you 'wish it might be arranged so women who wished to vote might do so, while women who do not might refrain.' Some bright woman suffragist will laugh at your ignorance. Didn't you know that no woman will be compelled to vote?"

What I, in reality, said was that I wished it might be arranged so "women who desire enfranchisement might have it without affecting those who do not desire it."

I call attention to the criticism only because I fear, as one has misconstrued my meaning, others may have done so. When women get the ballot, every man, woman and child in America will be affected thereby; and it must surely be allowed to each one to say whether she approve of it or not.

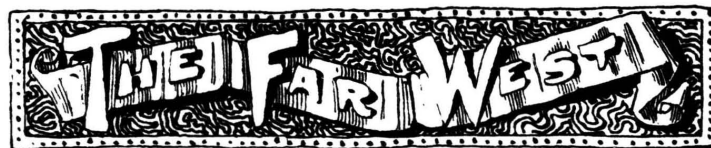
Mrs. Mona Caird—or any other woman—who publicly and bitterly sneers at marriage and the home relations which all good men and women hold sacred, is not the friend of women. It is certainly to be doubted that the experiences of any one woman have covered sufficient ground to make it advisable that she should, in a publication like the *Fortnightly Review*, set forth a vehement and bitter tirade against "Morality of Marriage." One must, to excuse at all her shameless suggestion to "grant to womanhood a liberty as great as that of man in all the relations of life," leniently conclude that she was laboring under some severe, nervous, mental strain when the article was written. To suggest curing one terrible evil by another, beside which the first would seem white and pure as snow, is the reasoning of a mind that is either imbecile, impure or temporarily unbalanced.

*Harper's Bazar* states that "in this generation American girls have married two Italian dukes of ancient name, three French dukes of equally dignified lineage, at least twenty continental princes, and as many more foreign ambassadors." The whole thing might have been told by saying that forty-five American girls had either sold themselves, or been sold, to as many dissipated, titled roudés. The day—the happy day—of "Cinderella" and the "prince" has gone by. We never hear, in reality, you know, of noblemen falling genuinely in love with and marrying bare-footed, beautiful beggar maids, or poor relations. And the girl who sells herself for title or money steps into a life of misery through a heavy door that opens but one way—inward.

Mrs. Harrison has proven in many ways since she became the first lady in the land that she is a noble woman—generous, kindhearted, accomplished and sensible. And for asking Miss Nellie Sanger, the president's stenographer, to assist at the New Year's reception at the white house she deserves a vote of thanks from all the women of America. It is said that the formal appearance of a working woman in official society is an innovation without precedent. It is certainly one to be commended.

Miss Kate Field has appeared before the house committee of ways and means to make an argument for the repeal of all duties on works of art. She says that the reason American women buy their clothes in Paris is because French designers and workers, being born into an artistic environment, have the artistic instinct and faculty far more largely developed than our own. With equal means of artistic cultivation here, we should be able to keep our money in this country.





The building season of 1890 opens very promising for Bozeman and its mechanics. The indications all point toward a larger outlay of money for building improvements than was spent last year and there was no inconsiderable amount, as it aggregated in the sum of \$345,000. Outside money will be used to a larger extent this year than ever before in the erection of permanent building improvements. The fact that nearly \$100,000 has been paid to Bozeman by outsiders for vacant town lots, means that the spring has opened up most auspiciously, for it is not possible that the purchase of so much vacant property means that it is to lay idle and unoccupied. These purchasers have stimulated our home people to a degree that is already perceptible in the numerous exchanges and purchases of residence property. The first and greatest of all the buildings to be erected is the \$100,000 hotel, the plans of which are being drawn. Work upon this structure will commence next month, and its completion is promised by January 1st, 1891.

The opening of the Ellis reservation to settlement will result in an increase of activity among builders also, as those occupying the lands will need houses and barns. Bozeman people have never, to our knowledge, felt the same degree of confidence in the city's growth as is now apparent. While they have always felt the solid resources of the city must make it one of prominence and while this feeling has caused them to invest their earnings most liberally in substantial buildings and permanent improvements, they have never become so generally sanguine or so heartily elated with the city's future as at this time. The investment of eager capitalists has undoubtedly accomplished this gratifying result, as it shows that shrewd business men are endorsing the sentiments of our citizens. Never before has the "kicker" and the "croaker" been less conspicuous than at present. Every citizen talks up the town and it is possible for them to all pull together, which is to be hoped they will continue to do.—*Bozeman, Montana, Chronicle.*

Director of the Mint Leech has submitted to congress a report of the production of the precious metals for the year 1889. The gold product of the United States was 1,587,000 fine ounces, at a value of \$32,000,000, against \$39,000,000 the preceding year. Of the gold product \$31,959,047 was deposited at the mints for coinage and manufacture into bars. The silver product was, approximately, 50,000,000 fine ounces, with a commercial value of \$46,750,000 and a coinage value of \$64,646,464, against an estimated product for 1888 of 45,783,632 fine ounces with a commercial value of \$43,020,000 and a coinage value of \$59,195,000, an increase over 1888 of about 4,261,368 fine ounces, with a commercial value of \$3,730,000. In addition to the silver product of our mines, about 7,000,000 ounces of silver was extracted from the lead ores imported into the United States and smelted in this country, and over 5,000,000 ounces from the base silver bars, imported principally from Mexico, making a total product of our mines, smelters and refineries of about 62,000,000 fine ounces of silver. Of this amount the government purchased for coinage 27,125,357 ounces; there were used in the arts about 6,000,000 ounces; exported to Hong Kong, Japan and the East Indies about 9,000,000 ounces, and shipped to London for sale about 30,000,000 ounces.

Colorado still maintains first rank among the metal producing states, with an aggregate product of gold and silver of over \$24,000,000. Montana stands next with a product of \$22,894,000. California produced \$14,034,000, of which \$13,000,000 was gold, being about two-fifths of the total gold product of the United States. Utah shows a large increase of product, notably in silver. Idaho and New Mexico report an increased product, and Arizona and Nevada a reduced product for 1889. The gold product of South Dakota was increased from \$2,600,000 in 1888 to \$2,900,000 in 1889. Oregon and Washington both report increased products, the former having produced \$1,200,000 in gold.

The states of the Appalachian range show a slightly increased product of gold over 1888. The total value of gold deposited with mints during the calendar year was \$48,903,072, of which \$42,599,206 was new deposits and \$6,303,860 was re-deposits. Purchases of silver aggregated 36,297,564 standard ounces, with a coinage value of \$42,237,165. The quantity of silver purchased for the silver dollar coinage was 27,125,357 fine ounces, costing \$25,379,510, with an average cost of 93½ cents per ounce fine. The amount of silver offered the treasury department for sale aggregated 47,965,700 fine ounces. The net loss of gold and silver to the United States by excess exports over imports of precious metals was as follows: Gold, \$38,886,753; silver, \$14,788,666; total, \$53,675,419.

The amount of gold and silver used in the industrial arts during the calendar year of 1889 in the United States was: Gold, \$16,697,000; silver (coinage value), \$8,776,000; total, \$25,403,000. The amount of domestic bullion used in the arts was: Gold, \$9,686,827; silver (coinage value), \$7,297,933; total, \$16,984,760. The total metallic stock of the United States was estimated to have been January 1, 1890, as follows: Gold coin and bullion, \$689,275,007; silver coin and bullion, \$438,388,624; total, \$1,127,663,631.

The first of the new vessels now being built by the Canadian Pacific for the Vancouver-China route will be launched in November. It is the intention of the company to send them to the Pacific coast via Suez canal and furnish at the same time one of the grandest excursion trips ever taken around the world under the British flag, with only two transfers, at Vancouver and Halifax. The vessels will visit India and Australian ports, and then proceed to China and Japan, at Yokohama entering upon their regular trip to Vancouver. Such an excursion has never been undertaken heretofore. The three vessels will follow each other at stated intervals. The globe-girdling excursion will be open to tourists at about \$600 for the round trip. All the rooms in the first vessel have been engaged. When these greyhounds of the Pacific are on the China route it is expected the passage will be made in ten days, and with fast service on the railway it will be possible for the Canadian Pacific railway to land passengers and freight from China to New York before the United States steamers can land them in San Francisco.

The prophesy that Idaho was to become one of the greatest agricultural states in the union is in a fair way to be fulfilled. Let us note some of the great irrigation schemes that are mate-

rializing and which are contracted for completion before the autumn of 1891. The Idaho Canal Company of Bingham county—capital stock, \$500,000; amount of land under it, 500,000 acres at least. The Idaho Mining and Irrigation Canal, the Phyllis canal, the Ridenbaugh canal and the Settler's ditch, all of Ada county—capital, unknown, but not less than \$1,000,000; and the amount of land under them susceptible of irrigation, 600,000 acres. The Snake river canal, of Logan county—capital, \$1,000,000; amount of land under it, 500,000 acres. Besides these there are other small enterprises, but which in the aggregate would irrigate 250,000 acres. It will thus be seen that the irrigation schemes which are now being undertaken will require a capital of not less than \$3,000,000, and the number of acres proposed to be irrigated is now 1,800,000. There are only about 600,000 acres under cultivation in all Idaho. The effect in Idaho of throwing three times that amount open for cultivation will be very great. It should add 250,000 people to this soon-to-be state, and start life and activity in many localities where all is now desert.—*Mail*.

Articles of incorporation of the Yakima & Pacific Coast Railroad Company have been filed. The incorporators are Northern Pacific officials, and that company is undoubtedly behind the scheme. The road begins at North Yakima, and running in a general westerly direction along the valley of the Natchez river or its tributaries, across the Cascade mountains, at or near the Cowlitz pass, thence down the Cowlitz river in a general westerly direction through Lewis county to a point near Chehalis, then westerly by way of the valley of the Chehalis river to the head waters of the Willapa river, to some point at the head of Shoalwater bay at or near South Bend; together with a branch from South Bend, running in a general north-westerly direction through the counties of Pacific and Chehalis to a point on the south side of Gray's harbor; also a branch railroad beginning near South Bend, thence running in a general southerly direction through Pacific county to a point on the Columbia river opposite Astoria; thence from Astoria in a westerly direction down the north bank of the Columbia river to the Pacific ocean, and thence due north through Pacific county and along Spit Bowen, Shoalwater bay and the ocean to Leadbetter point. The capital stock is \$5,000,000.

The narrow gauge road from Olympia to Tenino has been purchased by the Oregon Improvement Co., which is constructing the Port Townsend & Southern. Olympia has raised a bonus of \$50,000 for this road. H. W. McNeill, manager of the company, says: "We have been given all we asked from the people of Olympia, and now we propose carrying out our promises. Chief Engineer Hill is already at work widening the Olympia & Tenino road to the standard gauge. A force of men has been put to work on the line between Olympia and Union City, at the southern end of Hood's canal, and over 1,000 men are pushing the work of construction between Quilcene, at the northern end of the canal, and Port Townsend, a distance of thirty-two miles. All this work will be completed and in operation by September 1, and the two ends will be connected by boats on Hood's canal. The gap of forty miles will be closed up during the winter. You may safely say that Port Townsend will have connection with Portland, via the Port Townsend & Southern, by October 1, if not before."

The plans for the new Seattle National bank building show that the building will be one of the finest in that city. Its estimated cost is \$200,000. It will have six stories and will cover an area 120x111 feet square on the southeast corner of Yesler

avenue and South Second street. On the first story will be three large storerooms, a forty by sixty bankroom on the corner and a twenty-five by sixty banking room facing on Yesler avenue. On the second floor will be four large rooms for mercantile purposes and eight office rooms. On each of the four upper stories there will be thirty-two offices, making a total of 136 offices in all. Two large entrances are on Yesler avenue, and one on South Second street will lead to the upper floors, and five elevators—three passenger and two freight—will be among the conveniences of the building.

Mr. T. F. Sinclair returned from a trip to the Rocky mountain region last night. Mr. Sinclair has been away for the past few days to his slate quarry situated about five miles east of Golden, which has just started working. He and two others who are interested with him have, at large expense, obtained some of the most improved machinery to be found, and are ready for business. The slate is of excellent quality. Orders have been given to the firm in the city for the slate required on the new Methodist church, Catholic cathedral and Turner's new building. The contractors for the Vancouver opera house have also given their orders for this slate, so that the quarry starts out with a large amount of business before it.—*Victoria Times*.

At the head of old Alder gulch, at Virginia City, Montana, there are seven companies representing large capital about to commence placer mining, and, indeed, some have been working there for the past two years on the gravel beds, which have been examined by experts in such mines, and who have satisfied the companies that their extensive operation will be crowned with ample success. These companies are made up of gentlemen from Bozeman and Butte, and it is rumored that they intend to combine and bring the West Fork of the Madison to their aid in working these extensive mines. It is thought that the history of Virginia City and Alder gulch will repeat itself.

A second discovery of coal has been made two miles south of Snohomish, Wash., in a most peculiar and accidental way. D. W. Diltz was pursuing two bear cubs on his farm and followed them into a ravine, where his attention was attracted by chunks of coal scattered along the bed of the little stream flowing down through the ravine. Mr. Diltz abandoned the chase and began a search for the coal vein, which he soon discovered at the source of the stream. The vein is five feet wide and has been found to be of excellent quality. Preparations are being made for developing it.

Articles of incorporation of the Seattle Public Library Association have been filed. A triangular lot on the corner of Jefferson and Third streets and Yesler avenue has been donated by Henry L. Yessler, and upon this will be erected a handsome two-story brick building, in the upper part of which the library rooms will be located. The ladies of Seattle have this matter in charge and will succeed in giving that city an excellent public library and reading room.

Mr. Balfour, ex-superintendent of the bridges on the Canadian Pacific railroad, has made a proposition to build a bridge over the Fraser, at Westminster, for \$150,000. At this price he would not provide a structure under which the river boats could pass without a draw. He is also prepared to give \$50,000 bonds to guarantee the bridge for five years.

It is quite probable this is the last season that the annual freshets in the Boise river will cause any serious apprehensions of damage to the valley. Within two years at the farthest the numerous canals now in process of construction will be completed their entire contemplated length, and these will suffice for the distribution of the surplus water of the river when at its highest stage during average seasons. A sufficient mileage of these canals will be available next year to provide for a large distribution of water. The fall of snow in the mountains last winter was by far the heaviest that has occurred within the memory of either whites or Indians. It is extremely improbable that there will be anything approaching this heavy snowfall for many years to come. Besides the canals mentioned, others will be constructed from year to year, so that all the water that can ever flow down Boise river will be appropriated and utilized. This must not be taken to mean that the lands in the valley proper will be deprived of any of its right to the use of the water, as this is already provided for by the older canals and ditches having priority of right under the law. It only means that water flowing down Boise river from the mountains will hereafter be for everybody interested, "a good servant" instead of being, as has sometimes happened, "a bad master." Within two years the canals on the south side of the river will be available for the irrigation of a half million acres of land of unsurpassed natural fertility, the entire area of which, within five years, will be covered with productive farms, orchards, meadows and gardens. The present stage of settlement and the progress already made wherever water has touched the land fully warrants this prediction. Splendid as these results will be, they form only a portion of the advantages to be derived from this distribution of water. The terraces, or bluffs, which bound and separate the several fertile mesas, or broad benches of land, afford along the entire length of the canals, numerous fine sites for mills and factories where the water can be used for manufacturing purposes. Thus the water can be used from the upper canal to turn any description of machinery, and after being so used can be applied to the irrigation of the land lying between the lines of the first and second canals, when the overflow can be received into the second canals, and the same process repeated until the land below the lowest canal is reached and served in like manner. In this way the water received from the river into the upper canal helps to furnish the supply of water for all the canals below. This would give the additional advantage of solving the question of water supply from the river in seasons of comparative scarcity of that element in the river.

The *Boston Pilot* thus comments upon the advice given young men by Chauncey Depew to go south:

If "a young man with energy and a few dollars" is going anywhere to stay, let him inquire, and, if possible, examine the sections beforehand. What will suit one will not suit another. If he can not examine ahead, personally, let him steer, buffalo-like, neither west nor south, but straight for a profitable certainty in the northwest—and the farthest northwest that he can reach. Mr. Depew, in this same speech, spoke of politics in the south and of other drawbacks. He said, speaking of the negroes, that they would be better treated in the south than in the north "if they would leave politics alone." Without stopping to ask why the southern negro, of all Americans, ought to leave politics alone while politicians are misusing and trying to disfranchise them, we take this disturbing element to prove the superiority of the northwest—of the state of Washington in particular. That matchless country, as large as an empire, and filled with all kinds of natural wealth, contains only about as

many people as the city of Boston. It has all the political machinery of a state; but no one there dreams of turning the wheels of political machinery for a living. Men there are all engaged in active and profitable employments. Washington will have 2,000,000 people in fifteen years, and the few hundred thousand who are there now have all they can do to prepare for the coming flood. Unlike California in 1849, this grand state is drawing from a population of 70,000,000, and the railroads are already opened for the human freight. It took California forty years to become an empire state; it will take Washington about fifteen years from 1890. So we venture to amend Mr. Depew's advice, thus: Go south, young man, with energy and a few dollars, if you want to, and you will find a rich country with fair chances and many offsets; but if you desire to make the most of yourself and your money, and if you have good sense and gumption and can swim in strange water holding on to two floating chances with both hands and seizing three others with your teeth, go to the state of Washington, and be quick about it.

There are two or three proposed lines of road which will affect Whitman county, Washington. The road already surveyed from Oakesdale through Colfax and on southward, with prospective terminus south of Snake river, will be a long desired boon to Colfax. Besides, this road would give rail connection with the fruit farms on the river, and make Colfax a better market in these lines than heretofore. Another road is talked of to leave the Northern at Sprague, cross Rock creek below the big lake and pass to Pleasant valley via St. John, crossing to Dry creek and then descending to the Palouse, and so on to Colfax and beyond. This is thought to be a very practicable route, and has already been partially surveyed. Another road is to leave the Spokane & Palouse branch of the Northern at or near Pullman, and proceed to the Potlatch country and Lewiston, Idaho.

Now that an appropriation has been made by congress for the survey of public lands in this state, the citizens of Okanogan county should endeavor to secure their share of the amount. The appropriation is \$100,000, and it is estimated that there are 21,000,000 acres of unsurveyed land in the state. There are 5,143,200 acres of land in Okanogan county—of which only one township is surveyed—nearly one-fourth of the area of unsurveyed land in the state. A large portion of the county is available for cultivation, and is rapidly being settled up. Although we can not expect to receive an amount in proportion to the size of the county, we can at least demand enough to meet the urgent necessities of the most populous sections. The county can not advance as it should in population and prosperity until these government surveys are made.—*Okanogan Outlook*.

Arrangements have been concluded between the committee of directors of the Boise Central Railway Company and the vice-president and manager of the Oregon Pacific. The Oregon Pacific is to be built to Boise within eighteen months, and the people of that city will furnish about fifty miles of right of way and property in the heart of the city of great value, including depot grounds, freight and train yards, and site for extensive car shops.

A brick manufactory of 100,000 daily capacity is being built at Post Falls, Idaho. There is good clay in abundance there and the work of manufacturing will begin as soon as the machines can be set in order. The new shingle mill in Post Falls is nearly ready for work.



## BEAUTIFUL MANSFIELD,

One of the best evidences of the growth of Portland is the demand for residence lots in the various suburban towns, a demand which seems to become greater the more it is supplied. The number of people thus living beyond the confines of the city is very large. The construction of steam and electric motor lines, upon which cars are run at short intervals until late at night, renders a residence in these suburban tracts practicable for those who have business or employment in the city. But a few minutes are required to land them in the heart of the business section. Health, comfort, pleasure and economy are potent reasons why there is such a growing popularity for suburban homes.

Rivalling, one might say excelling, all others in beauty of location and ease of access is the town of Mansfield, a view of which is given on the last page. It lies at the eastern base of Mount Tabor, and from it may be seen a landscape of valley, river, forest, mountain and snow-clad peak that can be equaled in but few places in the world. The town site slopes gently towards the east, unmarred by hills or ravines, a perfect tract for the building of a perfect town. It is all cleared, not even a stump being left to cause worry and expense to purchasers. The soil is deep and rich—no gravel beds—and a beautiful lawn, with trees, shrubs and flowers, can easily become an adjunct of every home. This is an important consideration that careless purchasers are too apt to give too little attention. Water, too, is something that ought to be taken into consideration. Wells can be dug in any portion of the town, but arrangements are being made to connect it by mains with a large reservoir on the top of Mount Tabor, which will give a high pressure of the best quality of water.

Accessibility is one of the features that recommend Mansfield to the city worker. The Hawthorne avenue motor line enters the town along the southern base of Mount Tabor, having terminus at the point shown in the engraving. The Mount Tabor motor line, also, terminates within six blocks of the tract. Only five cents fare is charged on these lines. Hunt's railroad skirts the northern edge of Mansfield, thus giving it a third means of reaching the city before the end of the year.

One of the best recommendations of Mansfield is the present cheapness of the property and the easy terms of payment. The title is perfect and is owned by Hughes, Brown & Company, the well known real estate dealers who are prepared to execute a deed at a moment's notice. Lots are sold at \$100 each, fifteen dollars down and five dollars a month until paid, no interest being charged on regular installments, and no taxes to pay until title is passed. Cash purchasers are given a discount of ten per cent. This is certainly an unequalled opportunity to secure a good home upon most favorable terms, and this price will soon be advanced to a figure closer to the real value of the property. There are a number of residences on the tract, and others are going up, which not only adds value to every lot but calls the attention of visitors and demonstrates the superb attractions of the town. As an investment these lots offer great inducements, though the owners prefer to sell them to intending residents, and that class of people constitutes the bulk of the purchasers. A trip on one of the motor lines to Mansfield is a pleasure thousands enjoy every Sunday.

The office of Hughes, Brown & Co., proprietors of Mansfield, is in the Washington Block, No. 72 Washington street. The firm also has on hand much desirable business and residence property in the city, and other valuable suburban property. Their reputation for reliability is such that anyone dealing with them may feel a sense of security and confidence in honorable treatment that will facilitate all transactions.

## THE NEW PUGET SOUND CITY.

On page 581 is given an engraving of the hotel now in process of erection at Detroit and which will be completed before the first of June, costing \$15,000. In recognizing the importance of providing for the entertainment of the large number of visitors who are now making trips to Detroit for the purpose of investigating its merits, the founders of the city have shown great wisdom. Detroit has a location different from that of any city on Puget sound. Like the large and prosperous city whose name it bears, it commands the passage way between two large bodies of navigable water. At this point, Case's inlet, at the extreme end of that body of water known generally as Puget sound, and Hood's canal approach within two miles of each other, and at this point, where a canal is to be constructed to connect the two, is located the city of Detroit. It faces the southeast, on Case's inlet, and the ground rises in a gradual and gentle slope from the water's edge, presenting no obstacles to building while affording that perfect drainage that health demands. But five miles distant lies Lake Mason, two by four and one-half miles in extent, from which the city can always draw an ample supply of the purest water. The city covers 4,200 acres of lands, covering the entire isthmus that divide between the two bodies of water being but thirty-five feet high.

Not only will Detroit become a maritime port of consequence by the cutting of this canal by which the upper and lower cities of Puget sound are brought closer together, but its railroad prospects are very bright. The Tacoma & Detroit railroad will build a road from Gig harbor, on the peninsula opposite Tacoma, to Detroit. The Satsop railroad, extending from Shelton, eleven miles from Detroit, to within a few miles of Gray's harbor, will be extended in both directions, making a through line from Gray's harbor to Detroit. The Coulter road, now in operation from Detroit nine miles in the direction of Port Orchard, the site selected for the U. S. naval station, will be extended to the latter place. The Port Townsend & Southern is now under construction and will be an important line for the commercial interests of Detroit. The survey of the Union Pacific line on its way north to the Straits of Fuca, passes through Detroit, and the Northern Pacific is now surveying a line for the same purpose. In fact, Detroit lies on an isthmus that all roads must cross that are seeking the shortest and most economical route to the Straits of Fuca.

There is much activity displayed in building. Besides the \$15,000 hotel, a saw mill has just been completed which will cut 120,000 feet of lumber per day and give employment to 200 men. The mill already has contracts for 5,000,000 feet of lumber, 55,000 railroad ties and a large quantity of bridge timber. Many building contracts have been made by gentlemen who have within the past few days invested largely in Detroit property. Probably the busiest scene of building and town making on the sound this year will be witnessed in this embryo city. Six months hence, before the close of the active building season, a wonderful transformation will have occurred. Already contracts for street grading, etc., are being made.

Preparations are being made for the construction of a portage railway across the isthmus immediately, to be followed as soon as possible by the canal that is to connect the two bodies of water. Detroit is now reached by the elegant steamer *City of Detroit*, which leaves Seattle and Tacoma every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning, but additional facilities will soon be provided. The city is laid out by the Detroit Land and Improvement Co., and the management is in the hands of Clune, Rees & Co., the enterprising real estate dealers of Portland, whose offices are in Hotel Portland.

I don't like her expression.  
Why, She is beautiful.  
Yes; but she said "darn it."—*Light.*

The Oregon Land Company placed their beautiful Victoria View and Juan de Fuca additions to Port Angeles on sale last Wednesday, and they have reason to be more than satisfied with their success. The public have proven their confidence in this beautiful and rapidly growing city. Investors also appear to be as well pleased as the sellers. Persons contemplating making investments should not delay.

**DEKUM BROS.**  
**SUPERIOR** SOLE AGENTS  
**STOVES & RANGES**  
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**GALENA APPLIER FOR PILES**  
And all Rectal Diseases.  
By means of this New Instrument patients treat themselves AT HOME and obtain continuous internal pressure and support, together with medicinal application directly to the affected parts. Instant relief in all cases. Price (by mail) \$2. Send stamp for Pamphlet No. 3. Address, **M. E. FRAZER & CO., 704 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Cal.** "Dr. Pierce's Pile Remedy" an excellent medicine to use with the 'Applier,' can be mailed to any address within the United States. Price of the Remedy, \$1.

**RIP !  
STRETCH !  
TEAR !  
NO FIT !**

These are some of the troubles of many ladies with poor Kid Gloves. We are now showing the spring arrivals of the genuine "ALEXANDRE" Kid Gloves, which for more than forty years have stood in the lead of first class goods.

**OLDS & KING,**  
Portland, Oregon.

Colonist Sleeper to St. Paul.

Commencing April 16, the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route," will run a furnished Pullman Colonist Car from Portland to St. Paul, without change, leaving Portland every Wednesday at 9:00 p. m., arriving St. Paul following Sunday.

This car will be fitted up with mattresses, pillows, bedding, curtains and toilet appliances, leaving nothing to be furnished by the passengers, and will be in charge of a uniformed porter.

Berths can be secured at the very low rate of \$3.00 for an upper or lower double berth from Portland to St. Paul.

Passengers holding tourist, first class or second-class tickets will be carried in this car.

For rates, through tickets, sleeper berths, or detailed information, apply to the nearest Ticket Agent Union Pacific System, or T. W. LEE, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Portland.  
19-apr-t5

Young ladies—would you guess it?—are like arrows, don't you know,  
They can not pierce a single heart until they get a beau;  
And like the arrows, which without a bow can nothing do,  
Young ladies, till they get a beau, are in a quiver, too.  
—*Oakland Echoes.*

In all diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, use, to the exclusion of all other medicines, Nature's own remedy—Pfundner's Oregon Blood Purifier.

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25 cent's a bottle. May 10-xii m

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Castles, Towers, Chateaux, Cathedrals, Churches, Cities, Farms, Swiss Cottages, Wind, Grist & Saw mills, Village Forges, Arsenals, Ports, Soldiers & Cavalry, Steamboats, Ships, Locomotives, Cars, Depots, &c. Dolls and Furniture. Card-board Models 14x17 inches. Over 150 varieties. 15cts. TRADE MARK. A sheet, Double sheet 25 cts., Postpaid.

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and save the retailers' profits. There is no reason in the world why Ladies' Suits and Wraps should not be sold on the same close basis as flour or cotton cloth. And yet they are not. The average retail dealer in Ladies' Suits demands very much more than a fair profit, and that is why we have decided to deal direct with the consumer and prove by our prices that it can be done to the consumer's great gain. Our wholesale trade for the season is practically over, and from now until Sept. 1st we shall devote all our vast manufacturing facilities to retail orders. The suit illustrated is a very fair example of what can be saved by ordering direct from the maker. It is made of Cashmere, in black, brown, navy, green, tan, garnet and gray. The waist can be had with plain or puffed sleeves, and there is a trimming on each side of the skirt and waist, with moire or striped satin combination. The price of the suit complete (any size), is only **\$8.50**. We will furnish samples on application.

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**NEW YORK AND PARIS SUIT AND CLOAK CO.,**  
162, 164, 166, 168 & 170 E. 60th St., New York.

Necessity is the mother of invention; and likewise the father of lies.—*Puck.*

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Are already tributary to Detroit, Washington, and still there are 25,000 square miles of unexplored country back of it—a veritable empire in itself. Detroit has three different ways of reaching the ocean with the largest vessels afloat—by way of Hood's canal, the main Sound, forty-eight miles of railway connects it with Gray's harbor. The eastern country will be reached by the Southern Pacific railroad, which is now located and whose

**Trains will be running into Detroit in less than 6 Months.**

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When round thee closes black the night of sorrow,  
Think of the dawn and from it comfort borrow.  
Sidney Lanier, his misery forgetting,  
Of sunrise sang, while his life's sun was setting.

—America.

## THEY AGREED.

ROBINSON—I like an even-tempered woman.  
BROWN—So do I.  
ROBINSON—There's my wife, for instance—  
BROWN—And mine! The most even-tempered woman in  
the world. . . . She is always mad!—*St. Louis Magazine.*

## HE MUST GO.

MRS. PRIM—John, we must discharge that new music  
teacher!  
MR. PRIM—Why so, Maria?  
MRS. PRIM—I heard our girls say he had a delightful touch.  
—*Texas Siftings.*

A couple of gentlemen employed an ex-newspaper man, who  
on account of his financial practices is in bad odor, to superin-  
tend the production of a book not long ago. The book came  
out and the scribbler was paid well for his work, but the gen-  
tleman were, to state it mildly, surprised to find that he had  
dedicated the volume, in the most complimentary terms, to  
himself and had signed their names to the dedication. The ex-  
pressions used by the victims were refreshing, but hardly suit-  
able for publication.—*The Journalist.*

## HE AGREED.

MRS. CHATTY—If there is anything I do hate it's a tattler.  
Now, only this morning I heard that Mrs. —  
MR. CHATTY (raising his hand)—Now, don't. I hate tat-  
tling, too!—*Puck.*

## NOT A NATIVE.

MAN IN CARRIAGE (down south)—I say, colonel, can you  
direct me to Blankville?  
MAN ON HORSEBACK—I'm no colonel.  
MAN IN CARRIAGE—Well, well! Stranger like myself, eh?—  
*New York Weekly.*

## MAY.

May, lovely May; when roses sweet appear  
(Sleep, blushing roses, on my lady's breast  
And tell her of her lover's deep unrest;  
How full he is of trembling and of fear  
Because, alas! ye cost him very dear.)  
May, lovely May, the pain about my chest  
Instructs me that forthwith I should invest  
In some spring medicine—its need is clear.  
'Tis May when the mosquito lays his schemes  
For future siege, invasion and foray,  
And yearns to exercise his dainty touch.  
'Tis May, indeed when brimful are our dreams,  
Of the new suit we cannot buy, and May,  
Thou'rt specially good for circuses and such.  
—*Nathan M. Levy, in Judge.*

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