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# West Shore

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NUMBER 207



The Gold Miner—See Page 644.

# West Shore

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

L. SAMUEL, Publisher,

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Saturday, May 24, 1890.

AT last the supreme court has fixed the status of the prohibition movement. It can no longer be said that it is not a national question, since the highest judicial authority in the nation has so declared it to be. While recognizing and deploring the monstrous evil of the liquor traffic; while pitying the thousands of human beings wrecked in body and mind by alcoholism, as well as the other thousands living in anguish of mind and misery of body through no fault of their own but brought to that sad condition by the acts of others, while seeing the burden upon the people of the overflowing alms houses, the crowded hospitals, insane asylums, reformatories and penitentiaries, and while abhorring the demoralization in politics caused by the baleful influence of the rum power, WEST SHORE has not favored prohibition as a political movement, because it has not considered it practicable. It has always looked upon it as a question of practical solution in localities only where the sentiment, the aggressive sentiment, is strong enough to support it. Local option has seemed, and still seems, the best present solution of the saloon problem. In communities where the prohibitory sentiment is sufficiently strong not only to abolish the saloon officially but actually, let it be abolished; where this is not possible, but where high license will curtail its evil influences, let high license be adopted until the prohibitory sentiment becomes strong enough to render more radical measures effective. In other localities where the temperance feeling is not strong enough even for high license restriction, time only can create it. This has seemed, and still seems, the only practical method of achieving this great reform, toward which the growing sentiment of our better civilization is gradually tending; but the supreme court of the United States has issued its dictum, has declared that this question

can not be treated locally, and that congress alone has power to pass laws that can effectively control the liquor traffic. This decision declares that one state can not prohibit the importation of liquor from another state, nor its sale while in the original package in which it was imported. This nullifies all prohibition laws at one blow, removes from the state the power to prohibit, renders impossible the enforcement of local option laws, and lifts the fight for prohibition to the position of a national political question, where both of the great parties have strenuously insisted it does not belong. There are thousands of temperance men who have clung to the old parties and have sought to bring about this great reform locally without making it a political issue. They have opposed the "third party" movement as unnecessary and unwise; but now they must choose between abandoning the reform or abandoning their party, and there is no question but that thousands of them will throw the old parties overboard when the direct choice has to be made. Undoubtedly this decision will open the eyes of multitudes of voters to the potency of the rum power in politics, and will have an effect upon the presidential election of 1892 that can be but faintly predicted.

Since the expiration of the copyright on the original Webster's dictionary expired there have been issued several reprints of it, cheaply bound and on cheap paper, the pages reproduced by photo-engraving process, which are sold at from \$2.00 to \$4.00. If anyone wants a dictionary forty years old here is his chance to get one cheap; but if he wants to know how people talk and write to-day he should invest in a modern work.

Possibly the democratic legislators of Ohio would not have gerrymandered Butterworth out of congress had they known he would oppose the McKinley tariff bill. Butterworth does not object to a tariff fence, but he does not like to see it built 'cross lots. He thinks it ought to go north of Canada instead of south of it, and there are a great many who agree with him.

Stanley is doing his utmost to spur England on to African conquest. He sees Germany rushing in to reap the fruits of his labors, while England hangs back and loses the golden opportunity, and with it is slipping away his prospects of going down to posterity as Stanley Africanus.

A number of candidates for office at the June election are eager to know whether the "June rise" will be along in time to make good navigation up Salt creek.

The late Dr. T. T. Minor was a scrupulously honest, careful and shrewd business man, and this makes the fact that all his life insurance was in comparatively unknown companies seem doubly strange. One of them, the Northwestern Marine Aid Association, of Chicago, seems to be a wild cat, throat cutting concern such as all good business men would be expected to shun. It has refused to pay the loss until indisputable proofs of death have been furnished. As Dr. Minor was drowned while attempting to cross Puget sound in an open boat during a storm, it is more than probable that his body will never be recovered. However, the body of one of his companions was found, which ought to be evidence enough to satisfy every insurance company doing business on honest principles. Happily Dr. Minor left an estate that frees his family from any dependence upon life insurance; still, the incident supplies another warning to people who pass by old and tried companies and trust the welfare of their families in the keeping of wild cat insurance organizations like this Chicago fraud.

Which truly represents the people of Oregon on the silver question, Dolph or Mitchell? Dolph made a long and able speech in the senate against unrestricted coinage of silver, and was listened to with close attention by his fellow senators. When he took his seat Mitchell arose and stated that Mr. Dolph did not voice the sentiment of the people of Oregon. Did he? Is there any way of finding out which truly represents his state, which speaks his inmost convictions, and which is simply trying to "keep in the swim" for policy's sake?

The United States government is showing her friendly consideration for Brazil by ordering Admiral Walker's squadron of iron clads into Brazilian waters. At the same time England shows us the distinguished courtesy of sending four more torpedo vessels to the North American squadron. Russia also compliments Germany by ordering another army corps to occupy the German frontier. Military and naval courtesy are overpowering.

If departed spirits keep posted upon mundane affairs, it must please the shade of John Roach to know that his assignees are to be paid the money wrongly withheld from him by Secretary Whitney on the *Dolphin* contract. But how much better it would have been, not only for Roach, but the entire country, had the money been paid when due, and the appointment of assignees and death of Roach averted.

Mr. W. H. Dunston, an American resident of St. Petersburg, and "head of the firm which prints all of

Russia's paper money"—certainly a most disinterested authority—says George Kennan's account of the exile system is sensational and untrue. Happily Kennan has proof of what he says that will bear down the denial of any un-Americanized American who "hangs on princes' favors."

What a calamity has befallen Tacoma! Train failed to encircle the globe in sixty days. Those who supposed the future greatness of that city depended upon the success of this globe-trotting crank naturally looked for a complete collapse, yet the work of building a large and beautiful city goes right along as vigorously as ever. The fate of Tacoma does not hang on an abandoned Train.

If Stanford's scheme of lending government money on land at half its assessed value is adopted by congress, Oregon assessors will have a hard job fixing values so that a farmer on one side of the road can have his land assessed high for a government loan and the one on the other side low for taxation. There's fun ahead for some one.

The *modus vivendi* between England and France in the New Foundland matter threatens to be a *causus belli* in Canada; though if they ever get to fighting over it they will probably drop Latin and fight in Canadian English and mongrel French.

They do not "smile" nor "irrigate" nor take a "snorter" any more in Iowa and Kansas. They simply "absorb an original package," each one of which should be labeled "With the compliments of the U. S. supreme court."

From the cautious way the Presbyterian General Assembly is handling the question of creed revision it is hardly safe for a man to die for a year or two yet unless he has assurances that he is elected.

The "brotherhood" and "league" base ball associations spent the winter and spring in casting reflections upon each other, and now there is hardly enough left of either of them to cast a shadow.

If Senator Ingalls plagiarizes his brilliant sayings it is a wonder that some of his envious critics do not plunge into some of the same musty volumes and say a bright thing or two occasionally.

The worst shock electric execution is likely to give anyone is that experienced by the high-priced lawyers now arguing against it before the New York supreme court.

In the center of this number is given an engraving of the elegant Chamber of Commerce building now in process of erection in Tacoma. The structure is one of the most imposing and ornamental edifices ever erected for that purpose, and is an evidence of the thorough manner in which the business men of that city complete all projects they inaugurate. It a massive stone and brick structure six stories high, with a tower rising high into the air and terminating in a pyramid. On the sides of the tower are the dials of a huge clock. Such a structure, erected for such a purpose, speaks volumes for Tacoma's commercial stability.

The orange season just closing in California has witnessed the shipment from the groves of that state of 2,000 car loads, of which 1,041 were sent from the Riverside region alone. The history of the growth of California's fruit industry is one to excite wonder in a degree as strong as its prophecy a few years ago aroused unbelief. Not only oranges, but other varieties of fruit have increased the volume of their shipments a thousand fold the past ten years, and to-day the market is surer and better than ever before. What is being done in California can be accomplished in Oregon and Washington, if our people will only make it possible. There can be no fruit shipments in quantity until there is fruit in quantity, and no fruit

without trees. Our plums, prunes, cherries, pears and apples are superior to the California fruits of those varieties and need only to be put on the market to meet with ready sale. It will be just as impossible to overdo this business here as it has been in California, and the men who have the good sense to learn the lesson taught by the orchardists of that state and plant orchards here, will be drawing a large and steady income from them in a few years. There are many who feel overcautious, who want to wait and see what success their neighbors meet with before trying it themselves. Such men will hold back five or six years, losing just that much time, and probably when the neighbor has succeeded will still be afraid to embark because so many others are going into the business. They are afraid the market will be glutted. They remember how, a few years ago, every good fruit season the market was over stocked, but they do not seem to realize that then there was simply a contracted local market illy provided with means of transportation, while now we have the entire country for a market and just as good facilities for reaching it as has California. Whenever we can show the fruit to the railroad companies they will see that we have the means of shipping it cheaply. It all depends upon ourselves whether we build up a fruit industry worth millions of dollars annually or sit by and see other states do it in our stead.

#### THE GOLD MINER.\*

Gold has been set in earth's bottomless foundings,  
 Hid in the walls of impassable streams;  
 Cast 'neath the depths of our uttermost soundings,  
 High in the snowy Sierras it gleams.  
 Panther and bear haunt that savage seclusion,  
 Hard are the ways where the gold seeker fares;  
 Mountain chains hurl'd in the wildest confusion,  
 Fearful the odds that the gold seeker dares.

"Hope on" and "Dare" are the watchwords to nerve us,  
 Shrinking not, fearing not, seeking not praise;  
 Iron hearts, nerves as of steel shall preserve us,  
 Harvests of gold shall the wild mountains raise.  
 True to the death shall we be in our dealing;  
 Share what we have with another man's need;  
 Speak face to face without fear or concealing,  
 Men in our word, mates, and men in our deed.

Men in our earning and men in our spending,  
 Others shall worship the dust in their greed;  
 We give the gold, let the Jews do the lending,  
 Ours is the strength, mates, let theirs be the need.  
 Canyons and glaciers, torrents and gorges,  
 High soaring crests and still lakes down below;  
 These know the gold that the solitude forges,  
 True gold of manhood and pure as the snow.

H. R. A. Pocock.

\* See illustration on first page.

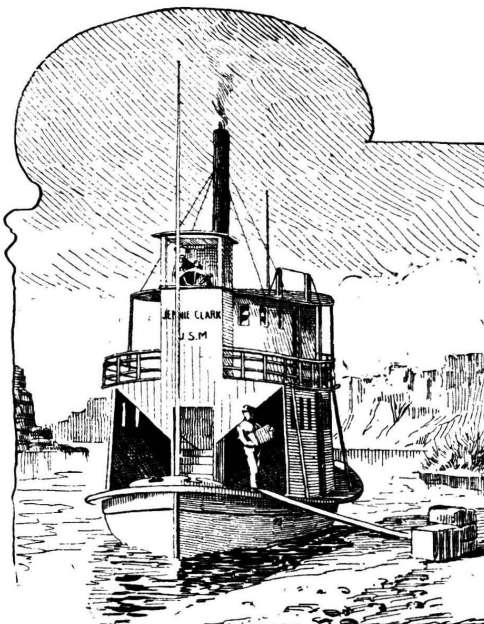
## DOWN THE RAPIDS OF THE COLUMBIA.

THE history of steamboating in Oregon waters, from the beginning, has abounded in chapters of thrilling interest. Whether on the Willamette's placid bosom, the wind-swept rapids of the Upper Columbia, or the stormy inland sea of the "middle river," the occasion has been marked by daring deeds, imminent risks and frequent disasters. The terrific explosion of the *Gazelle* at Canemah, the fearful plunge of the *Portland* over the falls at Oregon City, the midnight wreck of the *Daisy Ainsworth* on the very brink of the cascades, the risky run of the *Harvest Queen* down the reef-thronged channel of Tumwater will long be remembered by those who cherish the river-lore of the far west. These are all called to mind by the successful passage of the turbulent cascades last Sunday, May 18, of the last named vessel, under the skillful management of Captain J. W. Troup.

Early navigation of the Willamette was attended with great difficulty and loss by reason of the unwieldy character of the boats employed—large, clumsy, side wheelers, similar to contemporaneous Mississippi craft. The opportune arrival of Captain J. C. Ainsworth, then a young pilot from the Ohio, marked a new era in the business. Disgusted with the performance of the *Lot Whitcomb*, a single-shaft side-wheeler, owned principally by Governor Abernethy, he, together with Mr. Jacob Kamm, built the *Jennie Clark*, the first stern-wheeler in Oregon. She ran between Portland and the falls at Oregon City for years unscathed, while her more pretentious predecessors were relegated to the bone-yard. Nevertheless many years elapsed before the perfection of model was reached which—at the present time—admits of navigation the year round by means of flat-bottomed, square-knuckled boats such as are seen on the Upper Willamette to-day. A coincidence worth mentioning is the fact that the present style of stern-wheelers was introduced by Captain U. B. Scott, also a pilot from the Ohio.

Steam navigation began on the Upper Columbia about thirty years since. The homely, half-cabined stern-wheeler *Colonel Wright* first demonstrated the practicability of steamboating on the rapid, dangerous river. She was built to transport supplies for the troops at Fort Walla Walla. Previous to that time freight was forwarded by bateaux, shipped in small, neatly modeled schooners, or taken direct from The Dalles by teams and pack trains. The *Okanogan* was next placed on the route, the *Tenino* and other boats following in rapid succession. As the mines at Oro Fino and Florence were developed, the Oregon Steam Navigation Company was organized, and the people thought their days of greatest prosperity were come. But it was only during a short season following the

melting of the snows that the boats could reach Lewiston. In the hands of skillful, fearless pilots, some of whom owed their knowledge of the tortuous, boulder-blocked channel to friendly, well trained Indian boatmen, the primitive, ill-advantaged steamers escaped serious calamity until the wondrous wealth of the Inland Empire grain fields began to burden their decks on the downward passage. Then, heavily loaded with wheat, the older boats were very difficult to control in the strong rapids of the upper river. A better class of boats, known to steamboatmen as the "spoon-bowed," was developed, and the worn out, pioneer craft were tied up to the bank or beached and burned.



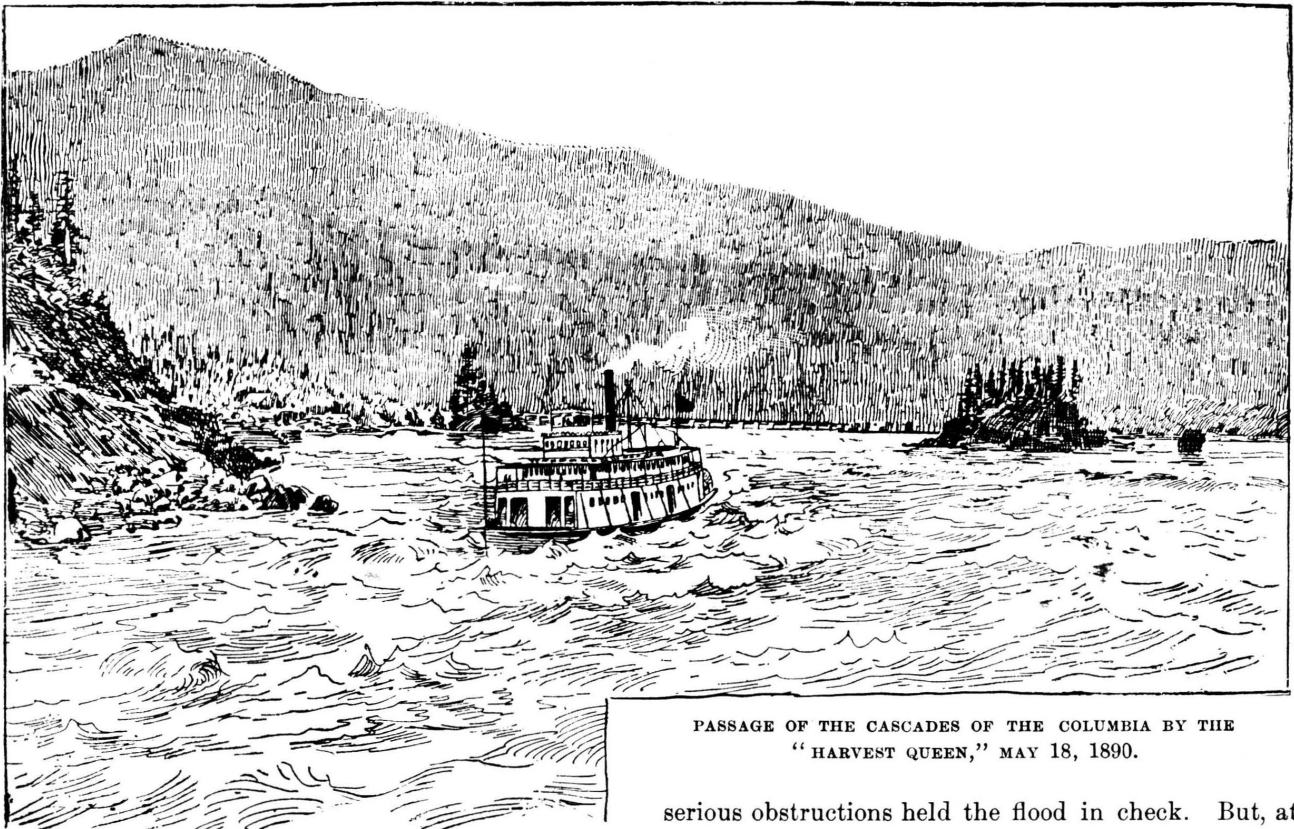
THE FIRST STERN WHEEL STEAMER ON THE WILLAMETTE AND COLUMBIA.

The *Okanogan* was the first to dare the dangers of the Grand Dalles. Being a small boat, and the most favorable stages of water duly taken advantage of, she ran the sixteen miles of alternating reach and rapid without mishap, and tied up at The Dalles. The passage of the cascades had never been attempted with a steamboat, though a small stern-wheeler, appropriately named the *Venture*, had drifted over by accident some years before when the water was so low that her escape from total destruction was almost miraculous. The *Okanogan* was too old for service on the Middle Columbia, and it was the company's desire to run her over the rapids to Portland, where she could be utilized in towing. When the time came the river was not high enough to render the attempt safe. Being badly water-logged, besides, the boat struck a ledge near the head of the falls and sank before reaching the foot of the rapids. When the water fell, however,

she was repaired and afterward saw considerable service on the lower river.

A year or two later Captain Ainsworth successfully ran the cascades with the magnificent side-wheeler *Oneonta*, and still later he brought down the stern-wheelers *Shoshone* and *Nez Perce Chief*. The *Shoshone* was built on the Upper Snake river, near the point where the pioneers crossed on their weary journey to the west. She failed to receive the patronage expected, and the owners decided to flood her down through the Grand canyon to Lewiston—a most dangerous undertaking. The canyon is a most wonderful passage cut by the river through the basaltic bases of the Blue

irresistible currents and whirling, unavoidable vortexes were more than pilot could hope to overmatch; caught by a tremendous eddy, the boat was thrown against the solid wall of the gorge at one point, demolishing her cut-water and carrying away her jack-staff. A bulkhead forward prevented her sinking, however, and Captain Miller succeeded in extricating the steamer from the dangerous eddy, and pursued the thrilling race. There were still, lake-like reaches, too, where the pilot found time to rest, and where the weather-stained bluffs echoed back the pant and churn of pipe and wheel strangely. But these served only to warn the wary master of deeper falls beyond where more



PASSAGE OF THE CASCADES OF THE COLUMBIA BY THE  
"HARVEST QUEEN," MAY 18, 1890.

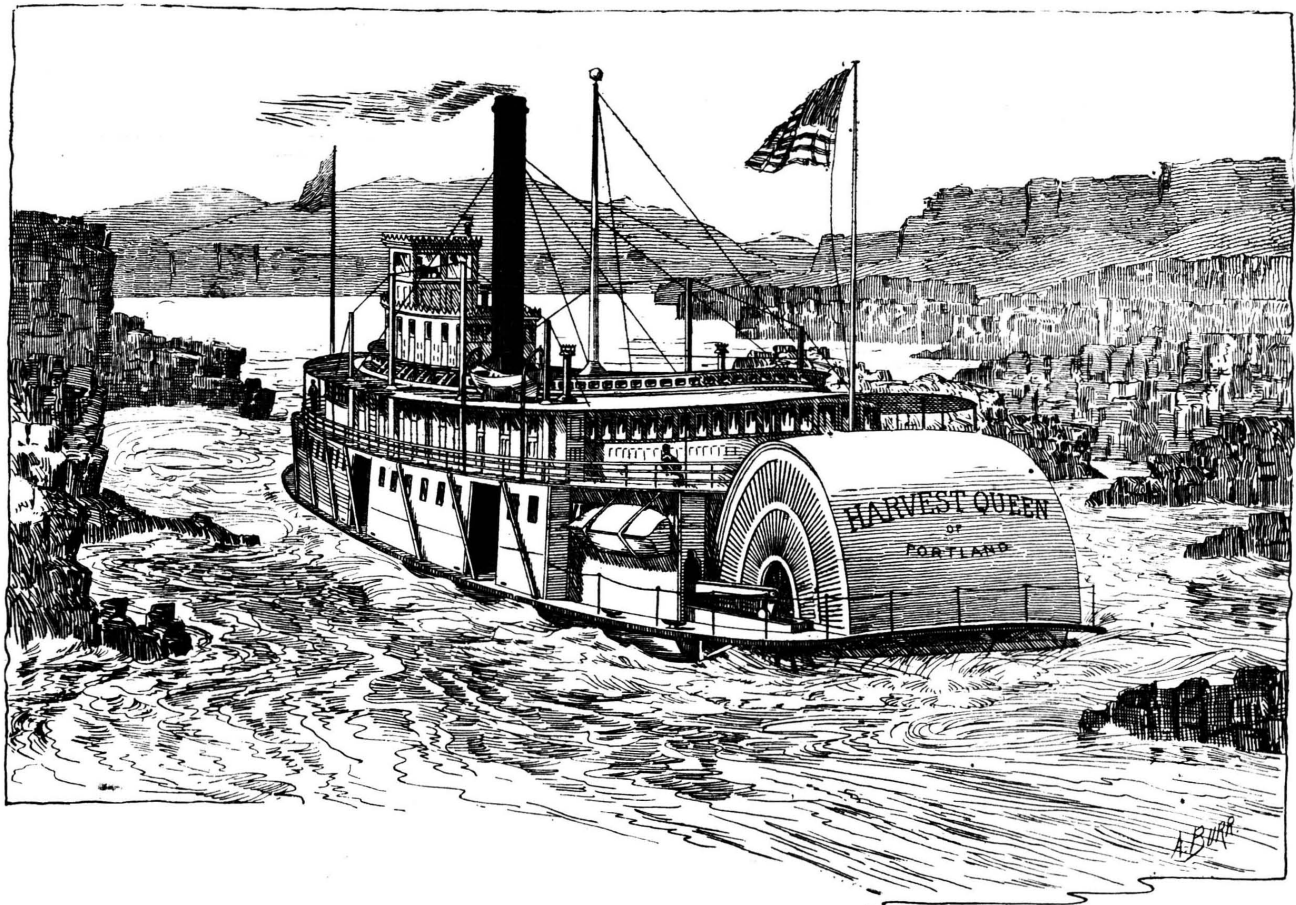
mountains. It is the same narrow defile which Washington Irving, in "*Astoria*," describes as "not more than thirty yards wide, where cascades and rapids succeed each other almost without interruption." It was with great difficulty that Captain Bass Miller examined the route along shore from Lewiston up to the boat, treading the same ground, part of the way, over which Astor's famishing men struggled well nigh hopelessly, fifty years before. The captain decided to attempt the trip and when the boat was ready started down with her. No steamboat ever made a more dangerous voyage, perhaps. Ledges of basalt, broken by slides of "drift" from the crumbling walls, rise hundreds of feet above the tortuous channel. The abrupt turns,

serious obstructions held the flood in check. But, at last, after more than once escaping almost certain wreck, the *Shoshone* emerged from the noonday shadows of the Grand canyon with torn guards and damaged wheel, darted down the long rapid to Lewiston and rounded in to the low, gravelly landing, to the amazement of the many who saw her. Years after, one dark, rainy night, on the Upper Willamette, the boat met her fate, crushing in her weakened timbers and going down, the same hands holding the wheel that clasped the spokes when she ran the wild gorge of the Snake.

The ever changing conditions of trade continued to make it necessary, from time to time, to transfer steamers, at considerable risk, from the Upper to the Middle or Lower Columbia. The recent run of the

*Harvest Queen* over the cascades, witnessed by so many of our citizens, or of the *Hassalo*, about a year ago, was not to be compared with other runs which were made when the water was at a lower stage. Captain Troup brought over the *Wasco*, a propeller drawing nearly seven feet, last season when the water was at a less favorable stage, all conditions considered, than when the *Okanogan* struck. But the captain's most noted run, perhaps, was when he took the *Harvest Queen* over Tumwater falls at a midwinter rise. This occurred in January, 1881, a season of the year when

away with the flood many years before. Estimates were also made with a view of transferring the *Harvest Queen* on ways around Tumwater. While the plan was under consideration an unexpected thaw melted the snow so rapidly that but a gradual fall remained. Captain Troup said he would take his boat over, and orders were issued to that effect, the boat equipped, steam raised and the lines cast off. The splendid steamer backed gracefully away from the familiar butt at Celilo for the last time. Faltering but a moment, she gathered headway and bore down for the fall.



PASSAGE OF THE GRAND DALLES OF THE COLUMBIA BY THE "HARVEST QUEEN" IN 1881.

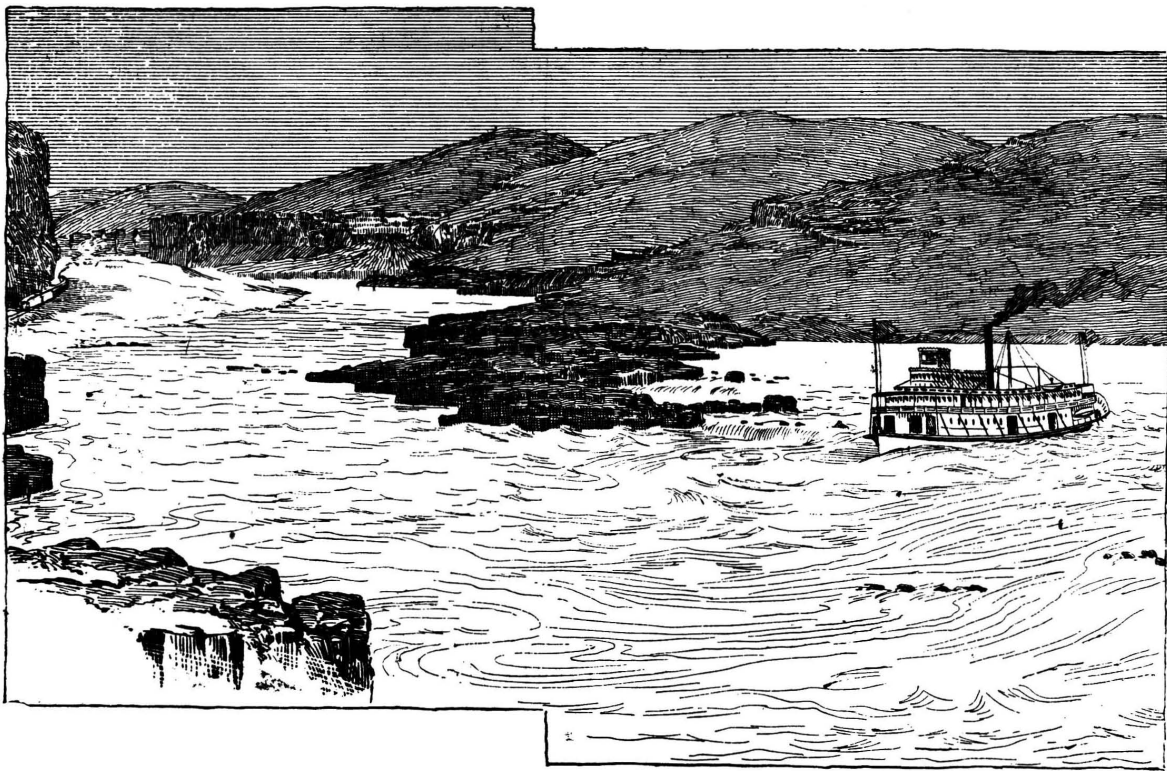
low water usually renders the passage of the falls impossible. The O. R. & N. railroad line being then just completed between Celilo and Wallula, the steamboats were no longer needed on the upper river division. The smaller boats were employed on the Snake thereafter, but increasing business, together with heavy construction work between The Dalles and Cascades demanded more boats on the middle river. A natty stern-wheeler and two large, open-decked barges were built at the former place, the steamer receiving the same name and being launched from the same spot whence the old, abandoned packet *Hassalo* had drifted

The black, crevice-seamed reefs which entered from the Washington shore were bare, though lined and creased with foaming overflows which leaped and wormed through the ragged chasms. The main channel, next the Oregon side, was narrow and obstructed by several dangerous rocks. But the greatest difficulty, apparently, was the tremendous set of the flood against the rocky elbow of the channel, just below the main fall.

Captain Troup skillfully piloted the boat into the desired marks, and a murmur of applause rose from the people watching on the bank below. The bow

projected beyond the smooth curve of the rim an instant but to plunge deep into the seething undertows a moment later as the steamer came over in faultless style. But her stern dropped too low on the brink, and, unknown to the spectators, or the pilot even, the rudders, together with a portion of her wheel, were carried away, leaving the boat adrift at the most critical point of the passage. The pilot rang to reverse the engines, for he saw that she was not going to mind her helm, as he had expected; the engineer shouted back that the starboard eccentric was broken and his engine was disabled. The boat swung round upon a ledge near the Oregon shore, but the heavy swells carried her past the obstruction and down against a

great river roars and surges in the fiercest turmoil, Captain Troup found the current too swift to back against, and instantly decided to "open her out." The powerful machinery forced the beautiful boat forward at a bound almost, causing her to answer the helm nobly and clear the narrow defile before the guests on board were fully aware of the situation. Then came a long, sweeping stretch of the river, gradually trending southwesterly, the rock-bound shores broken occasionally by sand beaches, little land-locked coves, or broad bays, the mirror-like surfaces of which flashed beneath the winter sunlight indescribably. The hoarse cough of the steamer's exhaust awoke the echoes along shore while she plowed the blue waters and rolled



THE "HARVEST QUEEN" RUNNING TUMWATER FALLS IN JANUARY, 1881.

jagged reef below. Recoiling, she drifted helplessly on until she crashed into another reef which caused her to reel as though wounded unto death. One anxious moment the spectators saw her falter, then stagger on, swept by the resistless current to the comparatively quiet reach below, where, slightly listed to port, she floated slowly down until the lines could be made fast to the shore. It was found that the steamer was not seriously harmed beyond the injuries indicated, for the hull was constructed in a most substantial manner and furnished with numerous water-tight compartments. Repairs were soon completed and the voyage continued. At the Little Dalles a rock-walled chasm about fifty yards wide, where the whole body of the

great swells shoreward to dash upon the black rocks or sweep far up the glittering beaches of sand.

Arriving at the "mess house," just above the Grand Dalles—Irving's "Long Narrows"—the boat was tied to await the necessary fall of the river. During the delay thus occasioned Captain Troup examined the dangerous channel through which he had next to pass, forcing his way amid snowdrifts and over countless boulders.

When the temporary flood had subsided final orders were given to bring the boat on to The Dalles. Breaking away from her haven near the site of the historic Indian village of Wish-ram, the *Harvest Queen* straightened up for her last desperate conflict with the rapids.

Quickly gaining headway, she swept grandly down, entered the narrow jaws of the channel and swung obediently around the double turn at its head. Soon the pilot rang to stop the engines, reverse, then to back, drifting his boat slowly down the chute under complete control. About half way a rugged, fort-like islet blocks the channel center, leaving but a narrow gorge on the Washington side through which the boat had to pass. Just below this the channel crooks to the left, and the stream is again divided by a half-submerged ledge, making a very difficult crossing. Next the Oregon shore, scarcely a boat's length beyond, is Memaloose island, where the whole volume of the tremendous current is hurled squarely against the blackened bases of basalt. Compelled to run close to the towering bluffs on the left, the steamer was necessarily pointed directly toward the island; making the turn to avoid it placed her in the worst possible position to encounter the next danger—a boiling, swirling under-tow which recoils from the iron-stone walls of the island and drives like a maelstrom squarely across the channel and upon a long, low-lying ledge near the Washington side. Slowly backing, in order to "drift" around the difficult turn above, rendered it an impossibility to turn ahead and gain sufficient headway to weather the ledge mentioned; for the resistless cross-current, catching the boat on the port bow, would throw her over against the rock and crush in her side. Therefore the pilot was compelled to drift the boat, taking care to get her far enough down before allowing her to go in against the reef, otherwise the strain might prove too much for her frame and break her in two. This he skillfully accomplished, only the vessel's guard touching the ledge with but a slight shock; whereupon spars and lines were rigged to fend the steamer past the final obstruction of the "Long Narrows." Rounding gracefully into the rock-walled basin colloquially known as the "big eddy," the *Harvest Queen* opened the environs of the town below, flaunted her banners before the majestic mantle of Mount Hood and entered the blue waters of the Middle Columbia. Steaming down the quiet reach to the city, her prolonged whistle, followed by a peculiar drone, awoke the echoes far inland.

The following year, when the rails were laid down the gorge of the Columbia to Portland, was a season of unusually high water, and a general clearance of river craft took place from the Middle Columbia. The departure of the *R. R. Thompson*, flag-ship of the division mentioned, was witnessed with regret by the citizens of The Dalles. Steaming slowly up the river, she turned and came back, passing the city front with colors flying, union down, and bore away for Portland. Those who watched the boat disappear around the turn below heard her hoarse whistle sounding long,

low and mournful, as though bewailing the downfall of steamboating on the Middle Columbia.

From that time, indeed, the middle river has worn a lonely, deserted air. A solitary steamer plows its blue waves to-day, though the trains running along the Oregon shore enliven the primeval solitude at intervals. The shrill whistle of the Atlantic fast mail lingers in the dense forests of fir to rival the panther's scream, as the train rushes around the precipitous bluffs, clinging to the narrow bands of steel, and trailing long coils of smoke behind. The passenger, sitting in his palace car, sees the cascades packet out in the stream, holding steadily on her way to The Dalles; a moment later she drops far astern; looking, to make sure, he is astonished to see her right abreast again. The train darts behind a fir-clad knoll to emerge far in advance of the steamer. While he scarcely believes it can be the same boat, she is so far astern, he is startled to find her rapidly gaining upon the train. Then he begins to understand the optical illusion caused by the ever changing course of the grade along the mountain side.

The solitary pilot may lean upon his wheel, perhaps, and recall the days when the old *Idaho* parted the waves before him, her decks black with merchants and miners on their way to Salmon river. No farms along the river then, no railroads on the coast. The luckless miner, returning from the fickle fields of Florence, compelled to make his way on foot down the "trail," never realized the fact that in a little more than twenty years the iron horse would cross the continent and shake with its mighty rumble and jar the very cliffs over which he crept. But the pilot saw the changes wrought in the almost impregnable walls by the dauntless railroad builder. First, the solitary workman, lowered over the edge of the cliff, pierced the hard iron-stone by means of hammer and drill; next, the great wound blown in the face of the wall with a powder undreamed of in the days of the miner; soon an army was at work there, and the pilot was compelled to keep away, far to the opposite side of the river, while the mountain sides clashed and echoed with the thunder of countless blasts. Great volumes of smoke, vast clouds of dust, masses of earth and broken boulders were hurled aloft, many of the smaller fragments falling far out into the stream. At last a level roadway was blown in the very face of the mountain walls, and the pilot's occupation was gone.

W. E. CAMPBELL.

"We, the people," to the number of 30,000, swooped down upon the *Baltimore* a few days ago, and when we departed it looked like the rendezvous of a tribe of monkeys. Where is the man who says Americans average 100 pounds of soap?

## The Drama, Music and Art.

The attractions billed at the different houses this week were "Evangeline," at the Marquam Grand; "The Miner's Oath," by the stock company, at Cordray's theatre; "Alone in London," at the New Park.

Some things are good in themselves, others as a means toward an end, neither of which can be said of Rice's "Evangeline," as performed this week at the Marquam Grand. At the best, it is a performance calculated to illustrate what "Evangeline" might be under favorable circumstances. It is absorbingly interesting in possibilities. None of the members can act, and as for singing, it is time an "audience protective league" was formed to provide against such inflictions. There were no gorgeous costumes; the majority of them looked rather as if they had served several times in mardi gras festivals before being put to their present use. Mr. George K. Fortescue enjoys the distinction—according to the papers—of selecting and designing his own dresses. Their display warrants the assertion. They are distinctly Fortescue-esque. It is incredible that the scenery could ever have been beautiful. The most of it was too small for the stage and was in painful contrast with patching by some of the really good scenery belonging to the theatre. Miss Yolande Wallace is content with an endowment of a pretty face. As for acting—perish the thought. Two or three times she poses under red and blue calcium lights and, in time with the orchestra, emits certain sounds which hold the attention of the audience in wonder of what she is trying to do; the remainder of the time she appears occupied in searching for some one in the audience. As a reward of the eagerness of her quest it is to be hoped the someone was there. The Lone Fisherman, by Mr. James S. Moffitt, was solus in every particular, inasmuch as at times he was really amusing. Good burlesque, replete with wit, bright, sparkling music, and clever people to perform, is always a pleasant form of amusement, but the threadbare effect, in every particular, of this company is deplorable.

Mr. Friedlander, manager of the Marquam, showed his usual enterprise and courtesy to his patrons by the pretty souvenirs given to Monday night's audience.

Mr. E. H. Sothern, as Jack Hammerston, in "The Highest Bidder," is Lord Chumley without a wig and mustache, but with better opportunities for Mr. Sothern to display his abilities as an eccentric comedian. The play is well constructed and interesting, and the main character holds the continued interest and sym-

pathy of the audience, due to Mr. Sothern's really fine portrayal of the part.

"The Miner's Oath" is a fair play. The plot is somewhat ingenious if not wisely so. Mr. French, as Bob Lester, acts out a manliness and generosity with admirable moderation. Mr. George Caine, as Major Landon, in "spread-eagle" style pictures the modern politician without conscience. Mr. Gray, as Wing Lung, makes an excellent heathen; he seems to have natural tendencies in that direction. Miss Minnie Tittell is still a child, and, notwithstanding her grown-up costumes, she was not able to divest herself wholly of the methods and manners which were characteristic of her former efforts. Becoming a woman is a matter of days with her. Miss Essie Tittell wins the sympathy of her audience by the pathos of her lines. Generally speaking, the presentation of the play is good.

"Alone in London" is too well known to require any extended notice. It is on the order of those melodramas that are supposed to alternately effect the risibilities and the lachrymal glands. Realistic scenery is an important feature; principal thoroughfares of large cities are deserted by the populace to give the villain time to concoct dark schemes. The company at the New Park are earnest and painstaking. Miss Lisle Leigh, as Annie Meadows, the heroine, is intelligent in the part, and does not overact.

Lovers of pianoforte music enjoyed, at the entertainment given by the Young Men's Hebrew Association at Masonic hall, a treat not often offered in this city—the playing of Mrs. Sig Sichel. Her selection was from Rubenstein, Polka, op. 14, from "Le Bal." The piece is peculiarly in the style of that composer. Mrs. Sichel's fine imagination, sensitive touch, combined with technique of unusual excellence, made the interpretation of that number something to be remembered. The treatment of the tempo gave evidence of intelligence of the composer's intention. The theme in the upper and middle voices is beautiful. Mrs. Sichel's playing of the rapid legato octaves may well be worthy the envy of many professionals.

Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann has been delighting Boston audiences by his recitals, his programmes being entirely composed of pianoforte works by Chopin. The critics are divided in opinion as to the actual artistic value of his playing. There is grave doubt which has the greater weight in attracting to him his hearers, his remarkable facial expressions ranging through the

whole gamut of emotions, or his wonderful technique. Mr. de Pachmann is, on high authority, called a born interpreter of Chopin. His technique is peculiarly adapted to Chopin's music. His touch is remarkably musical, clear, delicate, yet full of vitality. He makes his instrument sing wonderfully, and in a perfectly legitimate manner. Whether his melody lies in a simple passage of single notes, the top notes of a series of chords, in the middle voices or in the bass, he always brings it to the surface and binds the fast receding tones of the piano together in a pure and unbroken cantabile. His legato in scales and aspeggios is equally beautiful. In fact, it is difficult to realize that he possesses a technique which is really great so carefully does he hold it subservient to the music itself. In the studies the mechanical difficulties are so effectually kept out of sight that the idea of a study is lost. They are rendered as a nocturne or a ballad would be, and well may they, for nearly all of Chopin's studies are as musical in thought and intention as the rest of his music is. With his qualifications and peculiar temperament, combined with his strong love for Chopin, it is not so remarkable that his interpretation of the words of that master should be at once wonderful and unique. As to the artistic value of his playing there is among the critics great difference of opinion. While some consider it unquestioned, others again say that his success is due more to his personality than otherwise. His face is kaleidoscopic in its expression. Every varying mood of the composer is depicted thereon, while he is bringing from the piano the sentiment his face portrays. There is no doubt that he wins his audience thereby, and it is only a question of individual temperament how far his facial emotions carry one. Even the most reasonable find themselves entangled in his net. One critic says: "As a pianoforte player Mr. Pachmann is the most delightful I have ever heard. He does not strive to make an orchestra of the instrument; on the contrary, he strives to keep the instrument in its legitimate place, and thoroughly succeeds in doing so. His playing is a valuable lesson in showing us what the piano may still be in spite of the bad reputation it is fast acquiring through the harsh, unmusical sounds that so many of our virtuosos evoke from it."

Apropos of pianoforte playing, a few quotations from Adolf Christian's interesting book on the "Principles of Expression in Pianoforte Playing" will be instructive. He says: "Talent implies a peculiar aptitude for a special employment; hence, pianistic talent implies a peculiar aptitude for that particular branch of musical art. A pianist may be a great specialist without being much of a musician, but to be a truly great artist he should be an accomplished

musician also." "Emotion," he says, "all warmth and feeling, that sixth sense, 'the power of conceiving and divining the beautiful,' which is the exclusive gift of God to the artist, involves the germs and instincts of several minor faculties, such as natural taste and instinctive discrimination; these, however, like talent, in order to become perfect depend upon intellectual training. Then only does natural taste become cultured refinement and instinctive discrimination become sound judgment." "The term intelligence," the author continues, "presupposes capacity, and comprises all musical attainments that are teachable. It requires each and every musical attainment acquirable by the exercise of thought and mind, including self-control, mastery of emotion, and repose. Intelligence aids and corrects talent; it guides and regulates emotion, and directs technique." "Technique," he says, "is, in a certain sense, the opposite of æsthetics, inasmuch as æsthetics have to do with the perceptions of a work of art and technique with the embodiment of it. Therefore, technique comprises more than mechanism. Mechanism is merely the manual part of technique, not requiring any directing thought; technique, however, requires thought. For example: as to tempo, which requires mechanism; as to force, which qualifies mechanism; as to touch, which ennobles mechanism."

Sara Bernhardt is to make a tour of the world, beginning at New York next fall. It is to be hoped Portland will be included in her tour, for, without exception, she is the greatest living actress, besides a woman of wonderful genius. Her last production, "Jeanne d'Arc," was one of the most remarkable as well as beautiful roles she has assayed. Paris watched critically for the event, and when it came the victory was as great and complete as the effort to attain it had been. She is now about to play "Cleopatra" in Paris. The play will be the work of Messrs. Emile Moreau and Sardou. It is expected to be an improvement on Shakespeare, which time will prove. The first act will be the arrival of Cleopatra in her barge, the description of which we are all familiar through Shakespeare. The second act occurs at Memphis, where we are introduced to the loves of Antony and Cleopatra. In the third act the queen awaits a message from Antony. The fourth act, in which will be the greatest scenes, is placed in Antony's quarter-general at Actium, and finally come two tableaux, also placed at Actium. Sara Bernhardt is throwing herself into her part with uncommon zeal. Her makeup will be thoroughly Egyptian, as far as we understand the Egyptian to be—bronze skin and thick, black hair. It is said that at rehearsals she wears as a bracelet a little serpent, brought expressly from Fontainebleau for her use.

# The Light Side of Life

Never do things by halves or they will never be wholly done.

"I vex me not," begins the poet in a recent poem. Well, it is other people the bard usually vexes.

It is wiser to throw the inkstand at an imaginary devil than to write a poor book, since in either case you will have missed your mark.

"Every writer should read the bible," says a writer in *The Writer*. The works of the average writer ought to insure his repentance even if he do not read the bible.

"One of our exchanges came in last week with two blank sides to it."

"How was that?"

"There was printed matter on one side, and nothing on the other."

"The American hog (quadruped)" is the qualified way the *Oregonian* begins a paragraph. This reminds me of a number of things relative to the hog. Few of my readers, I take it, along with other things which I also take, but have seen hogs pitch into a trough of hot mush or slop. One day a young friend of mine poured some hot mush in the trough, and the hogs went into it (I mean just the opposite) so intemperately he turned to me in disgust and said, "A hog was rightly named!"



STOLE HIS SUIT.

TRAMP (to well dressed man)—Mister, can you give me a dime?

WELL DRESSED MAN—No, indeed; I just stole this suit last night.

"TOO LATE—TOO BAD."

*Chatter* recently offered a prize to the old maid who would most interestingly tell why she was such. One day, being an old bachelor, and feeling as an old maid sometimes feels, I imagine (for I felt as though I would like to meet a man after mine own heart), I wrote the letter which appears below. The editor returned it without his regrets, which, I suppose, he sent to some old maid for sure. On a printed slip containing his "thanks" he simply wrote, "Too late—too bad." He evidently meant the letter arrived too late to take the prize—I knew it would—and that it was too bad that it did. Anyway, taking advantage of the editor's ambiguity, I make that inference. Here's the letter—

PORTLAND, OREGON, April 30, 1890.

To the Editor of "Chatter":

DEAR SIR:—Of course, this will not reach you in time to compete for the prize, and will, therefore, not take it. But I am going to tell you why I am an old maid, anyway. I am an old maid because I have lived single so long. The reason I have lived thus is apparent to those who know my inclinations, since I am inclined to lean and grow fat upon my own account which, though it does not always *foot* up to my liking, there is no partnership kicking to be done about it. I do not wish it understood that I believe in leading or following a single life. I am, to tell the truth, waiting for the right man to come along, or the *left* man, as for that; for, were I to take such an one as the latter, there would be this in my favor: he would be used to being left, though taken!

I have a farm, and my husband, had I one, would have something else to do besides taking care of me. I am not the homeliest looking creature in the world, which is something in my favor. I seldom meet with so great a loss as to lose my temper. I tell you these things that why I am an old maid may be apparent.

Very truly yours,

HANNA CRASAN.

DEAR AT ANY PRICE.

MISS FANNIE—Miss Jennie, if you'll not breathe it, I'll tell you something.

MISS JENNIE—I promise.

MISS FANNIE—I gave myself away, last evening.

MISS JENNIE—What! Didn't giving yourself away make you feel cheap?

MISS FANNIE—Yes, but he called me "dear."

AFTER DARK.

MR. MIDDLEMAN—What a happy boy that is! Hear him whistling on the way home.

MR. YOUNGMAN—Yes, happy boy; he's so afraid he has no idea what he's whistling.

MR. M.—What keeps him on the tune?

MR. Y.—Fear; he's afraid to get off of it.

DOUBTLESS.

THE FATHER—But George doesn't stay at any one thing very long.

THE DAUGHTER—Well, that's no proof he has not staying qualities.

THE FATHER—Is it his staying qualities you dream over on Mondays, my dear?

LEE FAIRCHILD.

Bonnets come high this season, but their altitude will have to increase a great deal to reach the height of their price.

#### AN OBJECT OF PITY.

FIRST CHERRY—Why so gloomy?

SECOND CHERRY—O, I am to be pitted.

#### THAT IS IT.

"Death loves a shining mark," quoted Mrs. Larkin.

"That accounts for Mark Twain's being so healthy," commented Larkin.

#### THEY HAVE DONE IT BEFORE.

Mrs. FANGLE—They are marking feathers down now.

FANGLE—O, that's an old trick. Dealers often try to pass feathers off for down.

#### THAT WAS VERY NOTICEABLE.

CUMSO—Did you notice McFeeters's prominent cheek bones?

FAEGLE—I didn't notice the bones particularly, but I noticed his prominent cheek.

#### ONCE WHEN IT WAS ALLOWED.

CUMSO—I didn't know before to-day that judges were allowed to sit on juries.

FANGLE—They are not.

CUMSO—Well, Judge Bigwig sat on a jury in his court to-day, and he sat on it hard, too.

WM. H. SIVITER.



SICK STRANGER—Oh! It's hard to die way out here in Oregon.

NATIVE REAL ESTATE BOOMER—Yes, indeed. We have the finest climate in the world. Why, our death rate is the lowest in the United States. A man simply *can't* die when he wants to. Now, I'll sell you—What's the matter? Great Scott! The man is dead!

#### WHAT DID SHE MEAN.

"If, coming late, I made complaint  
Of supper cold, what would you do?"

His wife replied, with smile so faint,

"Dear John, I'd make it warm for you!"

R. H. T.

#### A SURE CURE.

CUSTOMER—Have you anything that will cure a corn?

DRUGGIST—Yes, sir, here's a preparation that I put up myself. It's a sure and quick cure. Why, I've got a corn that I've been putting it on for nearly two years, and I wouldn't think of using any other remedy.

#### HE KNEW A CHEAPER PROCESS.

FIRST TRAMP—Lend me a quarter to go to the dentist's and get this confounded tooth yanked out.

SECOND TRAMP—I can tell you a cheaper process. There's a young married woman keeping house around the corner, who makes a first-rate pie crust for removing the teeth.

#### HE HAD WHAT HE WANTED.

WHEEL-OF-FORTUNE MAN (at a country fair, addressing a green, awkward youth who is trying to meddle with his wares)—Well, sir, what do you want?

GREEN YOUTH (with a backwoods stare)—Nothin'.

WHEEL-OF-FORTUNE MAN—All right. You have it there under your hat.

#### HER CONSOLATION.

Mrs. BELMOT—I hear that your cook has run off, carrying with her all your jewels. I am so sorry.

Mrs. GOODYCOONS—So am I to lose my jewels. However, I have one great consolation: she took my husband with her.

#### IDEAL VS. REAL—ESTATE.

HE—My darling, will you unite your lot with mine?

SHE—I don't know; what addition is yours in?

#### THE LAKE COULDN'T HELP IT.

JOHNSON—Why, Grizzly, your party back so soon! Did not Miss Bigfoot enjoy the lake?

GRIZZLY—No; but I believe her objections are somewhat personal. You see, she was sitting on the edge of the dock and the water cast reflections on her feet.

#### THE UP AND DOWN OF IT.

DR. MIXIT—My dear madam, this medicine will do you no good unless you take it more regularly; you must keep it up.

INVALID—Yes, doctor; but I could keep it up better if it were not so hard to keep it down.

#### THE NEW MOTTO.

"Eight hours to work, eight hours to sleep and eight hours for ourselves." There seems to be a fatal omission of time for beer during the dog days.

## Fact and Fancy for Women.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

### IF YOU ONLY KNEW.

If you only knew, if you only knew,  
The good that a tender word will do,  
You would speak it, and, like a glad, sweet song,  
It would live in some heart the whole day long—  
If you only knew, if you only knew.

There are so many who scoff and jeer,  
There are so many who scorn and sneer,  
So many who hurt and so many who laugh,  
Who hold for you bitterest cups to quaff—  
You would do a kind deed—if you only knew

If you only knew, if you only knew,  
The good that a pure, pure love will do,  
You would stoop, with arms as white as the snow,  
And lift some soul from the depths below—  
If you only knew, dear heart, if you knew.

A writer in *Good Housekeeping* tells the most melancholy and heart-rending "true" story of a young couple who got married on a thousand a year. The young wife "could do something in water colors and wool-work, could talk French, knew all about the kings of Judah, and could sing at the Penny Readings;" but she didn't know how to keep house, so we must confess that she started out at a disadvantage. Two months after marriage the husband brought home a friend to dinner. The house was "like a packing case with square holes; there were hideous castiron railings in front, composition steps; six-penny knocker, painted black, with a goat's head; newly varnished door, cracked and splint in every direction by the sun, like a map of Europe; newly graveled path; yellow marbled paper and narrow passage; drawing room separated from dining room by doors which would neither open nor shut." Now a man might as well lock a wife up in a lunatic asylum as to set her down in such a house, with the expectation that she will be cheerful and happy and ambitious to learn how to keep house and to cook. Why, in the first place, there is no one to keep house for except a man who doesn't care whether she has one bright or beautiful thing about her. He sets her down in a hole and expects her to make a home of it. But in this story all the blame is thrown on the woman. Dinner was three-quarters of an hour late; the turbot was boiled to rags, the leg of mutton was black all over, and when the knife went into it the skin came off; the potatoes were squashy, the cabbage raw.

The husband first "got uncomfortable;" then he "complained of good fish being spoilt, and the waste of food;" then he "burst with anger;" finally he "made use of language he had never been heard to use before." All this in the presence of company, you see. O, he was a noble, well-bred husband, wasn't he? How proud and happy must any woman have been to dwell with him in a packing case! His wife remonstrated and threw the blame on the servants; he told her she "ought to have seen to the cooking herself." She replied with commendable spirit: "Very complimentary to know that when you married me you thought you were marrying a cook." The husband swore; the wife cried and left the room. Then the husband took to dining out, frequenting clubs, gambling, drinking, lost his situation, and died in a hospital. His wife taught music, and, after a wearisome struggle, her child died, and she soon followed. So the story ends. It might be pathetic if told by a woman, but it wasn't—O, dear, no. It was told by a man, so it is only exaggerated and ludicrous.

I have known young couples who have married on considerably less than a thousand a year, and they worked, and saved, and planned, and loved each other; made allowances for each other's mistakes and for all the terrible accidents that befell the first dinners; there were always praises for the scorched puddings and kisses for the blistered fingers; there were always slippers warmed for the bread-winner's weary feet, and two sweet lips at the door. Their home was a cottage, small, indeed, but pretty, with a green yard, vines over the porch, and flowers in every window; there were white lace curtains that swept inward and outward with the cool winds, and there was a bird that sung always, and a cat that purred on the hearth. There was love, inside, and contentment. Heigh-ho! The cottage has grown to a mansion now, and the kisses for the little wife's hands are forgotten; so are the kisses at the door, for the matter of that, and the warm slippers; the puddings are never scorched now by the French cook, but, somehow, they don't taste half so good; where once the husband shaved the pretty lawn, a gardener goes with stately tread. It is all very grand and perfect, but—O, dear! Where are the love and the kisses and the contentment?

Don't let any one frighten you out of marrying on a thousand a year, young sweethearts, because if you both do your parts faithfully you will be much happier in the cottage than you will be in the mansion, by and by, on ten thousand a year. Let me tell you that many a rich woman has stood in her elegant home and seen the working man in the little cottage opposite take his wife into a tender embrace; and she has turned away with aching breast and wet eyes at the vision.

The dandelion should be our national flower. It flames like richest, purest gold on the sloping hillside; across the bee-haunted meadow; in the orchard where the doves hide, grieving, in the long, sweet evenings; about the cool marsh-places, where the frogs murmur with swelling throats; along the banks, where the river flows, singing, through the rushes; in the still, holy places, where our dear dead ones sleep with quiet hands and pulseless breasts—O, I think they must love the dandelions!—they who have come to see through the clear, sad eyes of death what a bitter mockery, a hollow show, a vain, blind strife after empty honors and useless wealth and selfish glory is this thing we call life. We reach with eager hands and covetous hearts for the rich, rare flowers that grow above us—we waste our strength, and break our pride, and wear out life itself striving to climb to them—and all the while we never once see the sweet, modest, simple dandelion that blooms along the wayside; that blooms alike for the rich and the poor, the successful and the unfortunate, the young and hopeful and the old and sad, the woman with orange blossoms on her brow and the one who lays white blooms on her dead. The dandelion is like love divine—it lives in all places and for all people; it is free—free—to all who have enough beauty in their souls to care for it; it gives the gold of its heart to all. And, later, when a bunch—a tiny globe—of tremulous, glistening, silken down floats past us on the soft winds, we know that a dandelion is dead, and that this restless, ethereal thing is its soul, in search of a haven where it may lie until the trumpet of spring calls it forth to live again on earth. It is the emblem of life everlasting—let it be our national flower!

Sir Edwin Arnold declares Japanese women to be semi-angelic. He says: "Their simple joy of life, their universal alacrity to please and be pleased, their almost divine sweetness of disposition"—and he should have put the last quality in italics—"make them models of dignified and elegant behavior above all other nations." Sir Edwin Arnold should tell us more as to their intellectual qualities. However, one of the most ravishingly beautiful beings I ever saw was a Japanese woman. Her skin was dark, with a warm, wine-red tinge in the cheeks, and lips full—but not coarse—and scarlet, parting over milk-white teeth; her eyes were large, black, liquid, and shone like a dark pool with one sun ray lying across it; her figure was perfect, her arm rounded and tapering down to a slender, beautiful wrist zoned with dull gold; her hair was, of course, black and luxuriant, and there was a general air of vivacity and life in every look and movement. She was clad in a rich red silk gown, made in a late American fashion, with richly laced skirts peeping out beneath; and she wore red hose and dainty, high-heeled slippers. I admired her and her pretty, innocent, coquettish airs for a long time before I saw her walk. Then—alack! and alas!—I was disenchanted! I could have wept for sheer disappointment! Why, she fairly waddled! and it required the exertions of two strong, Japanese men to assist her safely down a short flight of stairs. Her feet were not painfully small, but I imagine her slippers were. There are many instances of disenchantment in this world.

Eugene Field writes from England that "English women have abnormally big feet and marvelously low insteps. They are exceedingly sensitive upon the subject of their prodigious pedals, and make it a point to talk of the propriety of wearing large boots in order to avert bunions; yet dealers in footwear tell me that corns and bunions are quite as prevalent here as elsewhere."

It is certainly time for Eugene Field to come home, or he will find himself in such endless trouble that he will wish he had never seen old England. Small feet are admirable—when they belong to women—but large ones are good for everyday use; and the woman who has large feet is generally an easy and vigorous walker. She may console herself, too, with the knowledge that a small foot is pretty only when it is small, and never when it is forced into a tight boot.

At the working girls' conference, recently held in New York, Marian Harland delivered an address in which she said: "Give a woman a baby, a broom and a dry goods box, and she will construct such a home as no man, with any amount of resources, could match."

This is true; but you must give her a little tenderness to make the care of the baby easier, a little consideration to make the broom go, a little lenience to console her own gentle conscience for the mistakes she must necessarily commit, and a great deal of love to keep the dry goods box warm. For without these the woman does not live who could make a home. If a man put his foot on a flower and crushed it to death, could a woman, by any amount of work and will and patience, put together again those delicate petals and breathe into them a heart and a soul?

Mrs. Kendall, the English actress who has been received by New York society, says: "American servants dress too well. All our servants have a costume prescribed. No girl in my house can wear a fringe. I tell her plainly she must part her hair, and comb it neatly back beneath a cap, and she must wear an apron, and no jewelry, but a ribbon round her neck.

She must wear her cap at the theatre, too. If she didn't, I would wear one. There must be a distinction made, somehow." This must make American women, who, as a rule, desire to be known by what they are rather than by what they wear, laugh softly behind their fans while they look demurely into Mrs. Kendall's eyes. Some actresses are undoubtedly as good as some society women; but we don't want English ones coming over here and telling us how to dress. Least of all, should an actress set a style for home women.

Company K, O. N. G., and especially the committee who had charge of the recent banquet at the Hotel Portland, deserves the thanks of every true-hearted woman in Portland. A few such noble, public examples on the part of our men will do a thousand times more good than will the women who take the law into their hands and demolish saloons. Wine at banquets, especially when women are not present, is a dangerous and an evil thing, for seldom, indeed, at such entertainments is it drunk with moderation and discretion. And by the way, it is safe to say that the grandest of banquets would always be elevated in tone by the refining presence of women.

A pretty story, which some young girls may not have heard, is that of Rossetti, the poet, who so loved his wife that when she died he buried with her the poems which he had written beside her and which had never been published. Many years after, his friends insisting that these poems should be disinterred, it was found, when the coffin was opened, that her wonderful, blonde hair had grown to her feet and formed a network of gold over the papers.

It is said that "Ouida" has earned more money than any other woman of the century; while Harriet Prescott Spofford has only received about \$6,000 for ten books published during the last forty years. This last statement seems incredible; but if true, it may at least be said that Mrs. Spofford has found her way into many more than 6,000 hearts in that time—and that is worth more than great wealth.

It is said that an unfailing test of insanity is the action of the thumb. An insane person may hoodwink you in every other way, and appear perfectly rational; but if he has no control of his thumb, and makes no use of it, you may be convinced that he is mentally unbalanced. And now, ten to one, you will each scrutinize uneasily the habits of your poor, inoffensive thumb.

Eastern illustrated papers are publishing pictures of representative society women. The sweetest, most refined and amiable looking one that has appeared is Mrs. Foraker, wife of the ex-governor. She deserves especial mention because, while being possessed of a beautiful figure, her gown is worn closely about her throat.

According to *Harper's Bazar*, Miss Mattie Mitchell, daughter of Senator Mitchell, has the reputation in Paris of being the most beautiful American woman who has ever been seen in that beauty-loving and beauty-drawing city.

You may only drink from sorrow's cup but once in your whole life, yet you will never be able to get the bitter taste of the dregs out of your mouth thereafter.



WASHINGTON—Chamber of Commerce Building, Tacoma—See Page 644.

## SOUTH BEND, WASHINGTON.

THIS town is enjoying a genuine boom, and improvements made within the last three months are astonishing. A new saw mill has just been completed, a large area of land adjoining the river has been cleared, and new streets have been laid out, along which are to be seen a large number of fine business blocks. As soon as the season will permit a series of improvements will be inaugurated that will give employment to hundreds of men. A brick bank building and a hotel to cost \$20,000 are soon to be built, besides a large number of fine business blocks and residences. No town could command a finer location for deep water facilities than does the coming city of South Bend. Situated on the south bank of the Willapa river, about three miles from where it flows into the harbor of the same name, and about sixteen miles from the open sea, the means of access from the Pacific ocean are only surpassed on the coast by such entrances as the Golden Gate and the Straits of Fuca. The depth of water on the bar at the entrance to Willapa harbor will average twenty-four feet at the lowest stage of the tide, which is a better showing than is claimed for the bar at the entrance to New York harbor, where twenty-four feet is the average depth at medium low tide, as shown by the United States geodetic survey. The mouth of Willapa harbor is free from shoals and islands, so a vessel can sail in with perfect safety. The depth of the channel from the bar to South Bend, at low tide, will average from twenty-two to sixty feet. Vessels engaged in the lumber trade have been known to make their way with ease from the ocean to South Bend and out again to sea without the assistance of a tug. In addition to commanding such good deep water facilities South Bend is to be connected by rail with the Northern Pacific railway system at, or somewhere near, the town of Chehalis. The company which has organized to build this new line is the Yakima & Pacific Coast Railroad Co. Surveyors are now in the field and work is to be pushed forward with the utmost rapidity. It is the intention to prosecute work at the same time both from South Bend and the point of intersection with the Northern Pacific. From the latter point an extension is to be built eastward to North Yakima, and it is claimed that the distance from South Bend to Spokane Falls will be greatly reduced as compared with the present route by way of Tacoma. This road will tap the famous coal deposits on the Cowlitz, whose product, it is claimed, more closely resembles Anthracite than any that has as yet been discovered on this coast. The timber supply along the line is practically inexhaustible, and it has proved to be as valuable for commercial purposes as any to be found in the state. The only large body of hardwood timber known to grow in the state will also be reached. By means of this railroad the coal and timber will find access to market by way of the harbor at South Bend.

This section of country, on account of the difficulties of access to it, is but sparsely settled. With the advent of the railroad the whole country tributary to it will witness a remarkable increase in population. What the future of South Bend will be one can scarcely surmise, possessing, as it does such shipping facilities by water and direct connection with the rich interior. When the forests are cut away the land is capable of raising immense crops. The soil is a dark loam in the valley, and about South Bend is underlaid with clay. The hills along the Willapa valley seem as well adapted to agricultural purposes as the valley itself. It is believed these hills will yet be found to be as well adapted to the growing of fruit and grain as are the hills bordering the Willamette valley.

The location of South Bend is very picturesque. It is situ-

ated on the eastern slope of two hills. Through the ravine which separates these hills Center avenue is to be built, and close to the river bank will be Water street, with its large business blocks, in front of which, in due time, will be built docks for the accommodation of shipping, while on the hills overlooking the river will be the residence streets. In the eastern edge of the town twenty-five acres have been set apart for railroad purposes, on which will be built the depot, yards and shops needed by the company. From the sides of the hills the eye can follow the meanderings of the river, its general course being nearly east and west. At the upper edge of town it makes a bend to the northeast, and below town it turns to the northwest and continues in that direction until it reaches Willapa harbor. Immediately in front of the town, on the opposite side of the main channel of the stream, which is about 1,000 feet in width, is an island, upon which North Pacific City is located. Northeast of the island are the high hills which form the bank of the river. On this bank extensive improvements are to be made the coming season. Stretching away toward the east may be seen the Willapa valley, the sides of the enclosing hills thickly covered with timber. To the west, about a mile distant, is the new town of Sea Haven. The location of South Bend is such as to make it very healthful, the slope of the hillsides affording excellent drainage, while its proximity to the sea imparts an even temperature.

South Bend is at present reached by steamer from Sealand, which is connected with Astoria by rail to Ilwaco and boats plying on Baker's bay. Another route is by way of Gray's harbor and North cove. The railway officials and the South Bend Land Co. are trying to induce the Pacific Coast Steamship Co. to have its Puget sound steamers call at South Bend on their way to and from San Francisco.

G. BIRNIE.

In the district court for Northern Idaho Judge Sweet has decided that Chinese have no rights whatever on mining lands in the United States. The decision was rendered in a suit brought by some Chinese against Patrick Flinn, et al., who last summer, jumped a claim on Moose creek, in the Elk City mining district, held by the Chinese for many years under a bill of sale given them by a white man. In another decision, involving the Buffalo hill claims, in the Elk City district, the white man having leased his claims to Chinese, and the claims being afterward jumped by whites, the judge held that a lease of mining ground to Chinese was invalid and amounted to abandonment, unless plaintiff proves that Chinese lessees were actually employed to hold and work the ground on behalf of plaintiff. The suit for ejectment was, therefore, denied. Upon the announcement of the decision parties were immediately organized to oust the Chinese in the Pierce City, Elk City and other mining camps in Northern Idaho, which are Chinese strongholds. The decisions are far-reaching in their effect, and the *Lewiston Teller* says they will lead to the abandonment of much ground where Chinese have made a living.

It has been decided to combine the mineral palace, which has been contemplated for some time by the mine owners of Spokane Falls, with the industrial exposition to be held there next fall. A great deal of attention will be devoted to arranging a representative exhibit, and it will be made an important feature of the exposition.

Spokane Falls is to have a stock exchange as an aid to the development of the mining districts centering there.



WEST SHORE is a live and enterprising journal in magazine form, issued every Saturday. It contains, as its name indicates, much news and other matter pertaining to the far west. The fine illustrations of scenes on that distant shore and the freshness and piquancy of the literary matter gives one the feeling of being "literally" transported to those regions and of being fanned by their breezes.—*Teacher and Examiner*.

Extract from a recent letter from J. D. Marshall, managing editor of American Press Association, New York:

EDITOR WEST SHORE:

We send you "proofs" which will show you we have been making liberal use of WEST SHORE's excellent humorous matter.

The "Great West" is particularly fortunate in having such an exponent of its wonderful resources as the WEST SHORE. Editorially it speaks out boldly for the right, denouncing fraud, corruption and injustice wherever seen, as practiced by either political parties or corporations.—*Owatonna, Minn., Journal*.

Mr. Lee Fairchild is making a decided hit as humorous editor of the WEST SHORE. His work is very widely quoted and has given that publication a national reputation in a phenomenally short time.—*New York Journalist*.

The WEST SHORE is an extremely readable paper. Its various departments, art, humor, ladies', literary, etc., are ably conducted. The WEST SHORE is a success and deserves it.—*Meadville, Pa., Tribune-Republican*.

The WEST SHORE is the best paper published from which to get a correct idea of the physical appearance of the Pacific northwest. It is well edited and a very interesting periodical.—*Malden, Mass., Evening Mail*.

The WEST SHORE's editorials are bright and crisp, and the humorous department, conducted by Lee Fairchild, is attracting flattering notice from the whole country.—*Cedar Falls Globe*.

The WEST SHORE is a bright, entertaining paper. Its short editorials are crisp and its articles on western topics are especially good.—*Omaha World-Herald*.

We congratulate you on the character of the publication you are getting out.—*Slayson, Thompson & Co., Pubs. "America," Chicago, Ill.*

It is a high class journal, and its weekly illustrations are a revelation to eastern people.—*Lexington, Ky., Leader*.

Every issue of that admirable magazine, the WEST SHORE, is of interest and permanent value.—*Astorian*.

The WEST SHORE, one of the brightest and spiciest magazines published.—*Newport, R. I., Mercury*.

The WEST SHORE, by all odds the brightest paper on the upper coast.—*Worcester, Mass., Light*.

The WEST SHORE is a very neat, pleasant paper.—*St. Louis Magazine*.

The WEST SHORE is an excellent magazine.—*Laramie Boomerang*.

#### OPTIMISM.

Cast him down, low as you can,  
There's something yet divine in man;  
And in the human wreck of shame  
There smolders still high heaven's flame.

L. F.



#### THE OKANOGAN MINERAL BELT.

The well known mining man, W. H. Townsend, writes the following about the Okanogan mining country in Northern Washington: The Okanogan mineral belt extends from ten miles south of Ruby City to and across the boundary line between the United States and British Columbia. This area of mineral field, although but partly prospected, shows a greater number of outcroppings of quartz ledges, with greater width and richness at the surface, than any mineral field of equal extent in the country, and is generally pronounced by such experts as have examined it to present the finest surface showings of any mineral belt they ever saw. At Ruby City, I am informed, \$150,000 will be expended by the Arlington company in the completion of their mill and developing and opening of their mines. The owners of the Fourth of July mine will spend a large sum in developing their mine, and will sink to a depth of 200 feet as fast as possible. At Conconnully the Lone Star shaft is now down 300 feet and will be sunk 100 feet further as soon as possible. On Palmer Mountain, twenty-two miles north of Conconnully, the Ophir Company has sunk shafts 100 feet in depth on each of their mines, and propose the erection of a twenty-stamp mill this year to work their product. The following railroads are building towards this mining district: From the west, the Fairhaven & Southern and the Seattle & Northern are building up the Skagit river; from the southeast, the Central Washington is building from Almira and down Foster creek to the Columbia; from the east, the Spokane Falls & Northern is prospecting a route for a road from Marcus to Conconnully via Osooyos and Wannacutt lakes, and from the north, the Canadian Pacific will build from the Shuswap via Okanogan lake and river to Osooyos lake. These five lines will all probably be in operation before the close of the year 1891. No mining country in the world possesses such favorable conditions for the prosecution of mining cheaply as this does. The climate is such that it can be prosecuted every day in the year. There is plenty of timber for mining purposes right on the ground, plenty of water for power and other uses, and plenty of grass to feed working stock. It is so situated that a railroad may be run through the very heart of the district for fifty miles, so that the ore for shipment will in no case have to be carried over five miles to reach the railroad. Within the district and immediately adjoining it is the finest agricultural and fruit-growing section in Washington, consequently the cost of living will be quite as cheap at the mines as in other parts of the state. The ores are of all character, free milling and rebellious, rich, poor and medium, but in unlimited quantity.

#### FRUIT RAISING IN WESTERN WASHINGTON.

In the rapid and wonderful development of the Puget sound basin within recent years, while fortunes have been made in real estate and the press engaged in lauding our natural advantages and resources to the skies (and not undeservedly) but little attention is paid, especially by the metropolitan journals, to the fact that Washington, or, at least, this part of Washington, is undoubtedly one of the best fruit producing regions on earth. If this fact were more freely advertised, it would undoubtedly have the effect of inducing still a larger immigration

from less favored localities of food producers who are naturally the bone and sinew of a nation. It is a fact that but a small percentage of the fruit consumed by the sound cities is produced at home. Thousands of dollars annually are being sent out of the state to Oregon and California in payment for fruit, while we are capable of producing a better quality at home, and for less money and then allowing a heavy margin for the producer. We can challenge the world in producing the apple, pear, cherry, plum and prune. The peach, apricot, nectarine and quince are all moderately successful with us, and are certainly worthy of a fair trial, and, indeed, are sure to be profitable when planted near salt water. That all manner of small fruit are a success here goes without saying. But it is to the cultivation of the prune that our horticulturists do and will continue to give their special attention. The character of our soil, together with our humid atmosphere, makes this pre-eminently a prune country. Here the prune can be raised to its highest perfection. We have no need of irrigation, as in California, by which means the fruit is robbed largely of its tone and rich flavor. As for profit, the writer knows young, six-year planted trees of the Petite D'Agen and Italian varieties yield 350 pounds to the trees; even last year, and that was undoubtedly an off season, the fruit sold on the market green at three cents per pound. This gives us a result of \$10.50 per tree, and being 160 trees to the acre, ought to make a grand total of \$1,600 per acre. It is estimated that had this same fruit been dried at a reasonable expense, and placed on the market in that state, it would have yielded one-half as much more. In what else under heaven can a farmer do and make such princely returns as in what the prune and general fruit business offers him? But we have heard some farmers demur and say they are afraid the business is going to be overdone; that there are already too many going into the business; or, "I will wait and see how my neighbor is coming out with his orchard." Such talk is pure balderdash. Old fogies said the same thing in California fifteen years ago. But time proved them false prophets, and many find their land worth ten fold what it was formerly. What was true of California will be true of the great Puget sound basin, and Thurston county in particular. This county has peculiar advantages well recognized for fruit raising over other portions of the state. Although tree planting may go on at an unprecedented rate, it will be some years before sufficient fruit can be produced to supply the constantly increasing local demand, and after that we are sanguine of the time arriving when our matchless Washington fruit, dried and green, will go forth in train loads to compete and conquer in the markets of the world.—J. D. Medill, in *Olympia Review*.

The Hidden Hand mine, eight miles east of Deer Lodge, Montana, is thus spoken of by the *Butte Miner*:

It is a remarkable locality. Nothing like the Hidden Hand veins has ever before been found in Montana, and if it holds out, as there is every prospect, not only will its owners be made wealthy, but the smelters of Montana will be placed on an equality with those of other states in fluxing ores. It is this class of ore that is needed by the smelters, and it was a lack of it within a reasonable distance that compelled the Helena and Great Falls smelters to close. Superintendent Long, who is

one of the most experienced miners in the state, says he has never seen so good a prospect and believes that within the next few weeks the Hidden Hand will be proven all that its most enthusiastic friends anticipate. It is easily worked, the ground is soft, the vein large, and the galena which shows up in numerous places will go from eighty to 108 ounces of silver and from seventy to seventy-six in pure lead. There is plenty of timber and an abundance of water. In short, it is one of the most inviting mining districts in the state, and when these mines are proven permanent, as they will be, the town of Deer Lodge will get the benefit of a suburban mining camp of wealth and population. The mines are easy of access, as a railroad can be built the entire eight miles to the foot of the mountain without encountering a serious grade. Numerous prominent mining men have visited the Hidden Hand and all are expecting a great strike in the near future. The prospect was so favorable from the surface that it seemed almost too good to believe; but instead of growing poorer, as some feared, it has been steadily getting better. Every miner on the work is in high glee.

From the recent message of Mayor Clough to the city council of Spokane Falls, the following facts bearing upon the condition of the city are taken:

The total cost of the water works system has been \$219,130. It includes upwards of eight and one-half miles of water mains of various dimensions, 33,000 feet ranging from six to twenty-inch pipe, eighty-seven fire hydrants, three double-cylinder Holly pumps of an aggregate capacity of about 10,000,000 gallons per day, turbine water wheels, brick pumping station, together with all the necessary appliances for operating. The receipts from water rents for the fiscal year exceeded the expenditures by nearly \$18,000. During the year ending April 15, 45,813½ feet of street were graded, at a cost of \$166,937.15. The net city indebtedness is \$163,643.40. During the past year six street railway franchises have been granted, being for cable, electric motor, steam motor and horse car systems, aggregating a little more than ten miles within the city limits, and during the year the Spokane cable railway and the Ross park electric railway have been completed and put in successful operation. Several miles additional track have also been added to the Spokane street railway. In conclusion, the mayor says: "The foregoing statement of the condition of our municipal affairs can not fail to prove highly satisfactory to the people of this city; further, that they can not, I believe, fail to realize the fact that the city council has a great amount of work to perform, for which just compensation should be made, instead of having to work without any pay."

The contractors for the Spokane Falls & Northern extension to the Little Dalles of the Columbia have nearly completed their work. The grading is finished, the trestles built, and as the track laying is done by the recently invented track laying machine, it is expected that trains will be running through to The Dalles by June 15. A surveying party is about to start for an exploration of Kettle river, with the object of finding a pass westward by Wannacutt lake and Ruby City to the coast. If permission can be obtained the road will cross the international frontier into British Columbia at several points for a short distance, as the route is easier in that way. If permission is denied the road will be built entirely on the American side. The line to the Little Dalles will be used in connection with steamboats to form a line to Revelstoke, on the Canadian Pacific, and also to connect with the line that company is building from the Columbia to Kootenai lake to open up that

mining region. Eventually the road may be extended from the Little Dalles to a railroad connection with the Canadian Pacific.

The two best developed mines in the Castle mountains show a greater amount of silver lead and silver ore than any mining property in Montana, or, in fact, the whole world. The Yellowstone mine at a depth of 110 feet contains twelve feet of lead carbonates; at 160 feet the ore is twenty-two feet wide; at 220 feet the vein is thirty feet wide. The ore averages in lead and silver \$50 to the ton. The Cumberland mine, one mile and a half distant, in the same belt, contains a vein of lead carbonates thirty-eight feet wide at a depth of 320 feet. Such a magnificent showing as these two mines exhibit has no parallel in Montana. The country between these two mines has every appearance of being equally as good, which, when developed, will make Castle one of the greatest mining camps on earth. They want a railroad, and this, we are assured, they will have.—*Helena Independent*.

This year is destined to be a great one in mining. Already the prospectors are out in the hills following up the snow and carefully scanning a large extent of country. The rise in the price of silver has had a wonderful effect in stimulating the mining industry, and there is now a greater interest manifested than ever before. Every man who has a prospect is anxious to develop it, and those who have none are more than willing to secure some. Quartz and ore are beginning to arrive from all sections and the assaying business is picking up lively. It is a little early yet for prospecting in the high mountains, on account of the snow, but in three or four weeks it will have disappeared before the summer sun, and hundreds of new discoveries will be made and developed into mines.—*Helena Independent*.

The Blaine, Semiahmoo & Birch Bay Electric Light and Street Car Co. has been granted a franchise which gives the company the right to build a twelve-mile electric light system from Blaine to Birch bay, including Drayton and Semiahmoo. The money for this plant, which will cost \$40,000, has nearly all been subscribed and the work of building will be begun at once. The franchise also grants the privilege of building fourteen miles of electric motor line from Blaine to Birch bay, including Drayton and Semiahmoo. The estimated cost of this line is \$450,000 and the work of construction will begin at once.

The Northern Pacific has guaranteed the bonds of the Yakima Canal & Irrigation Co., and \$300,000 worth of the bonds have been placed in Wall street. The canal will be 110 miles long and cost \$1,000,000. The channel will be twenty feet wide at the bottom, thirty feet at the top and four and a half feet deep. With this ditch it is expected to cover 200,000 acres of arid land that will be mainly tributary to North Yakima. A survey of the ditch has been completed, and the work of construction is to be commenced in thirty days.

A thirty-year franchise has been granted to an electric motor company to operate a line of street railway at LaGrande, Or. The line will run from Oro Dell through the new town to the old town. Work must be commenced by June 10th and completed by November 15th, 1890.

The Selah valley ditch, in Yakima county, which is twenty miles in length and has cost in the neighborhood of \$75,000, was finished last week.

## PROGRESS AT DETROIT.

There is great activity displayed by the gentlemen who have in charge the work of building up the city of Detroit, the new city springing up on the site of the canal that is to unite the waters of the main arm of Puget sound with the side channel known as Hood's canal. Messrs. Clune, Rees & Co., the well known Portland firm, whose offices are located in the Hotel Portland, are the managers of this enterprise, and Mr. Barlow, one of the members of the firm, is on the sound actively engaged in pushing the improvements under way. A letter from Mr. Barlow discloses many items of information about the progress being made. He has purchased an entire newspaper plant for the purpose of founding a paper, and has contracted for a fine building for the use of the firm, also for the large hotel and for a fine building for Mooney & Johnson. Seventy-five men are at work on the hotel and it is to be completed in three weeks. Mr. Barlow further says:

"I found a bank of the finest clay near Detroit, which for brickmaking purposes is not equaled on the sound. You can offer large inducements to anyone who will put in a brickyard here and guarantee an order from Clune, Rees & Co. for the first brick turned out of the new yards of 250,000. A barge load of brick will be sent up from here next week to begin work with. Bowen is giving an order to-day for the large stock of Walter Hudson, of St. Louis. He has purchased here a small stock to take care of his customers in Detroit until his big stock gets here.

"There is a big rush to Detroit. Twenty two men will leave Seattle to-morrow for the latter place, to remain permanently. The greatest need of the place at present is a lot of restaurants and a good barber shop. Even in one of these new cities—an embryo San Francisco, perhaps—we must shave, and we must have some good man to do it for us. So much in answer to the

charge of the tenderfoot of the east that the average westerner goes barefoot, drinks fiery whiskey, and lets his hair and whiskers grow at their own sweet will.

"Buildings are going up in all directions in Detroit. The Johnson Mill Company will be in running order by Monday next. The mills will be run night and day with two crews of men. The building will be lighted by electricity. Johnson & Co.'s large mill will not be able to supply the local demand for lumber for at least thirty days from date, not until he can get out 1,000,000 feet to fill his first contract with the railroad. Another local saw mill could find plenty of business here. There are now two wharves about finished at Detroit. There will be another one commenced in about ten days from date. We will offer ten acres of ground to the large shoe factory, and will have it running in big shape within a reasonable length of time.

"Until further notice the steamer *Detroit* will leave Tacoma daily at 9:30 A. M., returning in the evening. She will make the run from Tacoma to Detroit in from three to three and one-half hours.

"Within two weeks from date you will see a great rush for Detroit, and within four weeks, at the latest, I will arrange for regular Sunday excursions to Detroit by the steamer *Detroit*. The trip is one of the most picturesque, and it is by far one of the most pleasant, rides on this great inland sea. Ever before you are the grand old Olympics, the theme that has furnished so much inspiration to the local poets of Western Washington, while the dodging of the many islands along the way by the little steamer furnishes a constantly varying scene that is as pleasing as it is free from monotony. The site of Detroit is one of the most charming summer resorts that I ever saw. This is not my opinion alone, but it is the expression of everyone who visits the new city."



There are more quack invalids than quack doctors.—*Salem Journal*.

The pun is mightier than the sword—has killed more people.—*Light*.

A man may smile, and smile, and be a prohibitionist.—*Yenowine's News*.

Things look black in the negro settlement of Oklahoma.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Kleptomania is rated to be, by all odds, the most lucrative form of insanity.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

That was a mighty strong Irishman who, with a single wheelbarrow, went to Wheeling, Virginia.—*Light*.

"If there is anything in a name," said an old farmer, "I'm going to feed my daughter on cant-elope."—*Plunder*.

The man who is "driven to drink," is often hauled to the police station.—*Norristown Herald*.

SNOOPER—How does your new son-in-law strike you, Fangle?  
FANGLE—For ten dollars, usually.—*Harper's Bazar*.

We suppose Grover's remarks about Charles Anderson were not intended for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.—*Judge*.

New Yorkers ought to be satisfied with any ticket at the next municipal election that would "sweep the city."—*Texas Siftings*.

"That's too thin," he said, as he crept, dripping wet, out of the pond to take off his skates. He was speaking to the ice.—*Plunder*.

The mystery of a missing cashier is generally based on a misapplication of funds with a Miss at the bottom of it.—*Columbus Dispatch*.

Steadily the tide of Immigration keeps pouring into Port Angeles and the development of anticipated enterprises is all its most sanguine friends could expect. New houses on every hand are to be seen and every boat brings new families to occupy them. The Oregon Land Co. have made remarkable sales of the lots in their beautiful Victoria View Addition.

Three parties of surveyors have started out from Chehalis on the line of the North Yakima & Pacific Coast railroad, the branch of the Northern Pacific to be built from that city to Shoalwater bay. The division engineer has located his family there and Chehalis will be the headquarters for the survey and construction of the road. A full block of twenty-six fine lots is offered in Chehalis as a donation to any person who will build a good hotel to cost \$30,000. The block stands at the head of Boisfort street and commands a fine view of Chehalis valley and the Coast mountains. Here is a splendid opportunity to secure a fine property and a good hotel business in one of the growing cities of Washington.

In his lecture on "Money and Morals," Henry Watterson never alludes to that \$1,900 he lost at poker at Memphis.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*

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## WOMAN'S LOGIC.

MISS KEEN—Is Mr. Bright an Irishman?

MISS BLUNT—An Irishman? Why, no, what made you think he was?

MISS KEEN—Why, he is always making such pat remarks.—*Somerville Journal*.

A journalist in Padua, Italy, wrote up an account of his own suicide and then killed himself. If the enterprising New York reporter wants to excel this scheme of securing a "scoop," he will have to kill himself first, and then write up an account of his suicide.—*Norristown Herald*.

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Train No. 4, "The Limited Fast Mail," leaving Portland on the Union Pacific System at 7 a. m. daily, in addition to Pullman Palace and Colonist Sleepers and Dining Cars, is also equipped with elegant free Reclining Chair Cars, both first-class and Colonist, which run through from Portland to Chicago without change. Both first-class and Colonist Chair Cars are furnished with Reclining Chairs of the latest improved pattern; are fitted up with smoking rooms, lavatories for both ladies and gentlemen, and are lighted by gas. All classes of passengers are carried in these cars without additional charge. Passengers desiring the quickest time and best possible service from Portland and the northwest to all eastern points should purchase their tickets via the Union Pacific System. Their agents will take pleasure in furnishing rates, tickets, through baggage checks, detailed information, etc., upon application. 12-apr-19

FIRST TRAMP—We got t' be careful, cully.  
SECOND TRAMP—What's de matter?  
FIRST TRAMP—I read in a paper dat skin diseases is spread by de circulation of bank notes.—*Texas Siftings*.

## A BAD VENTURE

WIGGINS—I heard that you recently invested in some lots in that western town that was just laid out.

PARROT—Yes.

WIGGINS—Well, how did you prosper.

PARROT—I was laid out, too.—*Siftings*.

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## Hotel Directory of the Northwest.

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Effective May 11th, 1890, the Union Pacific System will establish two daily trains between Portland and Spokane Falls. Pullman Palace Sleepers and Reclining Chair Cars will be run between Portland and Spokane Falls without change.

This new arrangement will afford both local and through passengers additional and unsurpassed facilities. Tickets, detailed time of trains and general information can be obtained upon application to any ticket agent Union Pacific System.

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Twelve of the monthly parts (comprising the first half of the entire work) are now before the public, and have been received with unqualified praise by professors and scientists in all the universities and colleges, by literary men and scholars, by the legal and medical professions, by civil and mechanical engineers, by architects and builders, by the clergy, merchants, financiers, and especially by the great army of industrial workers who keep step with the advancement of learning.

The Century Dictionary can be taken in twenty-four monthly parts, bound in flexible cloth, at \$60 for the complete work; or in full sheep or half-Russia, library edition, at \$90, complete.

Orders received by A. C. Sanford, local agent, rooms 57 and 58, Marquam Flats, corner Seventh and Alder streets. The J. Dewing Co., San Francisco, general agents for the coast.

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SECOND LADY—Is it a four-act play?

FIRST LADY—No; only two.

SECOND LADY—Then he wouldn't go.

—*Munsey's Weekly.*

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 varied Resources than any city of 5,000  
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 the distributing point for all the mines in Central  
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 Real estate, and especially business property, has  
 no value compared with other cities of half the  
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 will outnumber 20,000. 300 per ct. increase in pop-  
 ulation means at least 800 per ct. on investments.  
 Men of nerve and brains, I invite you to come and  
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|---------------|------------|---------------|-------------|
| Portland..... | 4:00 p. m. | San Fran..... | 7:45 a. m.  |
| San Fran..... | 7:00 p. m. | Portland..... | 10:45 a. m. |

Local Passenger Daily, (Except Sunday).

| LEAVE         |            | ARRIVE        |            |
|---------------|------------|---------------|------------|
| Portland..... | 8:00 a. m. | Eugene.....   | 2:40 p. m. |
| Eugene.....   | 9:00 a. m. | Portland..... | 8:45 p. m. |

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Tourist Sleeping Cars for the accommodation of second class passengers attached to express trains.

The S. P. Co's ferry makes connections with all regular trains on the East Side Division from foot of F street.

West Side Division—Bet. Portland and Corvallis.

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

| LEAVE          |            | ARRIVE         |             |
|----------------|------------|----------------|-------------|
| Portland.....  | 7:30 a. m. | Corvallis..... | 12:25 p. m. |
| Corvallis..... | 1:30 p. m. | Portland.....  | 6:20 p. m.  |

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

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

| LEAVE            |            | ARRIVE           |            |
|------------------|------------|------------------|------------|
| Portland.....    | 4:50 p. m. | McMinnville..... | 8:00 p. m. |
| McMinnville..... | 5:45 a. m. | Portland.....    | 9:00 a. m. |

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No. 4 Mail (Fast) leaves at..... 7:00 A. M.

**WEST BOUND FROM CHICAGO.**

No. 1 Express leaves at..... 10:30 P. M.  
No. 3 Mail leaves at..... 10:05 P. M.

Main Line Nos. 1 and 2, "The Overland Flyer," carry through Pullman Sleepers, Colonist Sleepers, Free Chair Cars and Coaches, between Portland and Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, St. Paul or Chicago.

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Strong cast of characters. The Musee—Songs, Dances and Refined Specialties.

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This is the only complete vestibuled train between the Twin Cities and Chicago, and connects with all Fast Line Trains leaving Chicago in the morning for the East and South.

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

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Most Beautiful  
SUBURB.

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We Sell this so Cheap because we own the Property. Do not buy a lot until you examine Beautiful Mansfield. **TITLE PERFECT.** Certificate furnished from Real Estate, Title & Trust Co.

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### Gateway to British Columbia and the Alaskan Trade.

To be connected directly with Victoria, capital of British Columbia, sixteen miles distant—a city of 30,000 population. Beautiful Townsite. Finest Harbor in the World. For further information inquire of

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Occupies the same position in the new state of Washington that Detroit, Michigan does in that state. But the Detroit of this coast has great advantages over its eastern namesake.

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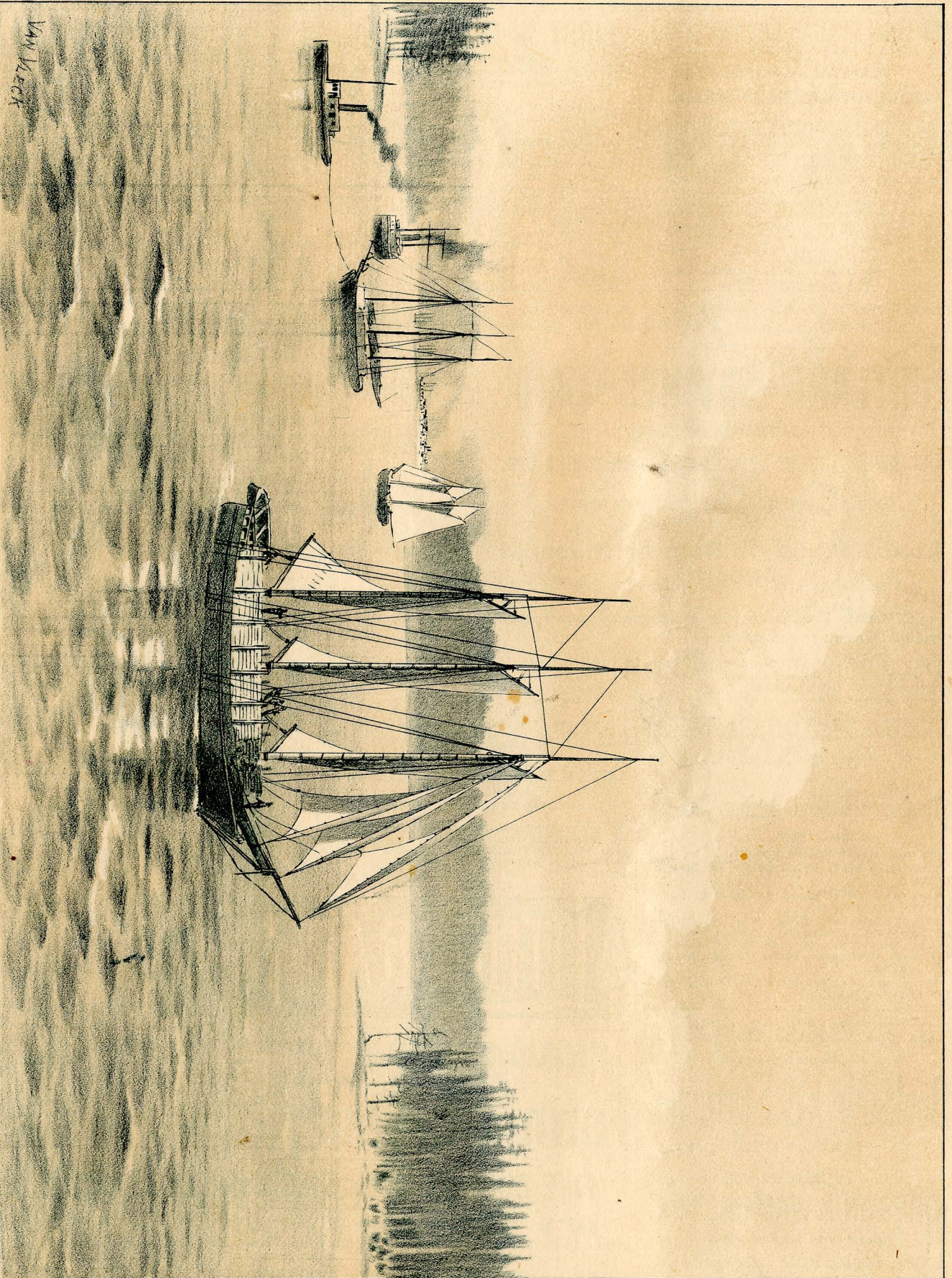
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