

# West Shore

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1890.

We ought to have an Oregon Exhibit association.

The census is rapidly being transformed from a farce to a fraud.

The man who demonstrates his affection for his wife by buying her a seal skin sacque this year will find her twice as dear as before.

Every day's delay in organizing an association to manage Oregon's exhibit at Chicago lessens the chances of securing an appropriation.

The census shows that the national rate of increase since 1880 has been only—but what is the use of speculation? The census shows nothing except that it shows nothing whatever.

In view of the recent discoveries of the value of nickel as an alloy with steel, Oregon may well congratulate herself that she possesses the greatest body of nickel ore yet known in this country.

Electric execution is now before the supreme court of the United States. It is doubtful if that body can be sufficiently impressed by dramatic narrations of the Kemmler episode to induce it to declare that mode of execution cruel.

It is a pitiable thing to see papers purporting to be genuine American newspapers appealing to race prejudice to gain votes for the candidates they support. The love of money lies not at the root of half as many evils that afflict this country as does politics.

It is said that Mr. Porter heard there was "something rotten in Denmark" and went to see it; but he soon learned that neither there nor anywhere else in Europe was there anything as rotten as his census bureau; hence his speedy return to his first love.

Calculations of silver men of the quantity of that metal available for coinage seem to have been wildly unreliable. Notwithstanding the purchase by the government of 12,276,478 ounces, the visible supply is larger than it was when the law went into effect; hence the decline in price.

Idaho adds her voice to the general complaint about the census. Boise City has been recounted by the board of trade of that place, with the result of finding that one-third of its population has been omitted from the census. Many mining districts were not visited at all by the enumerators.

A man has a hard time of it trying to be elected according to law in South Carolina. Haskell, the independent candidate, has been notified that if he is elected by means of the enforcement of the registry law "the temper of the people" is such that they will not submit. It is difficult to understand why they have any elections at all in that state. A nominating convention is sufficient.

The wonder is that men will fight for, and commit murder for, claims in Oklahoma that offer them little besides an opportunity to starve to death upon them when secured. With all the opening still existing in the northwest for settlers to secure valuable land for a song, nothing but an ignorance that borders upon lunacy can be pleaded in excuse for such conduct as is being daily telegraphed from that almost desert land.

Count of Paris is cutting a splurge among the French Canadians. It may gratify his vanity a little, but it is difficult to see what other good he will derive from it. His chief claim to consideration in the United States is that he helped McClellan play at war on the peninsula, but, somehow, the people have never admired the game played by that great procrastinator and his brilliant staff, however much they honor the brave army they used as their plaything.

As the cartoon on the back page shows, the erroneous impression that the Oregon World's Fair commissioners are charged with the duty of making a state exhibit has been dissipated, knocked from the track by the exhibit train. In this connection WEST SHORE desires to extend a hand of welcome and congratulation to Commissioner Klippel, who has, as a private citizen, placed himself squarely upon its platform of an exhibit association and an appropriation of \$250,000. Verily, the grain of mustard seed sown by WEST SHORE has grown to a great tree, and its branches may yet afford shelter to the twenty-thousand-dollar commissioner from the "forks of the Willamette."

The attention of the farmers and capitalists of the northwest is called to the beet sugar industry. The government now offers a bounty upon all sugar produced in this country, and this, with the wonderful soil and climate of this region, ought to render the cultivation of the sugar beet by our farmers and its manufacture into sugar by our capitalists, mutually profitable; California is preparing to go into the industry on a large scale, and we ought not to be far behind. There is no danger of overdoing the business, for with all that we can possibly produce for many years to come, millions of pounds of sugar will have to be imported annually. Here is a channel through which agriculturists may reap a direct benefit from the legislation of the last session of congress. The subject should be taken up by the boards of trade and thoroughly investigated.

The director of the mint talks like a school boy on the question of mining. He predicts the early exhaustion of the great silver loads because of the increased activity in working them, as though it were but a matter of a few months to work out a great quartz lead. He also says there have been no new silver bonanzas discovered within the last year or two. If he would take a trip through the northwest, visit the Cœur d'Alene, Colville, Kootenay, Okanogan and a dozen other comparatively new and unknown silver districts, he would learn that the silver bonanzas now being prospected and soon to pour their store of white metal upon the market are as ten to one to those now being worked on a large scale. Railroads are being built to tap these districts, millions of dollars of capital are being invested in them, and great preparations are being made to open the mines on a large scale. Never in the history of the country has there been so many silver districts or so much capital invested in silver mines as at present, and new discoveries are constantly being made.

Her majesty's war ship *Cordelia* has shelled a number of villages in the Solomon islands in consequence of recent massacres committed by natives upon white settlers and traders. This is the tenor of recent intelligence from New Zealand. The truth of the matter is that English and German vessels are engaged in an infamous slave trade, or, more politely, "contract labor" trade, by which in the past few years 10,000 natives have been transported from those and adjacent islands to the plantations and forests of New Zealand, New Guinea and other places, where they are held in bondage more revolting than that of the African slave in this country before the war. Some of the conscienceless traders engaged in this horrible business have been killed by defrauded and indignant natives, and her majesty's war vessels, as well as those of the great potentate of the "Fatherland," have been punishing the natives and asserting the power and honor of their governments. Thus the march of civilization keeps up its steady tramp in the island-dotted waters of the South Pacific.

Stanley is suffering a little just now from the attacks of friends of the late Mayor Bartelot, whose stories detract somewhat from the rosy halo surrounding him. The facts are that the journey through Africa was a cruel thing, accomplished by force, and left a trail of blood behind it. But it was done in the name of civilization, and we, looking at it from our side, applaud as a hero the man who invaded the country of peaceful tribes and forced his way through at the rifle's mouth. How the outraged natives view it, or how many fresh graves they have near their villages, can not concern us, the apostles of civilization. Of course, if some other race, farther advanced in science than we, should send an expedition to blast its way through the United States, and filled the land with mourning for those who were slain in the hopeless effort to stop the invaders, we might feel differently about it; though, to be consistent, we ought not, since it would be simply for the advancement of the cause of "civilization," and, of course, for our own good. What are we, that we should oppose the march of science.

If those democratic silver orators who cry out lustily for free coinage of silver will explain how it is that when the price of silver can not be maintained when the government is compelled to purchase \$54,000,000 per year, they expect it to rise under free coinage, when the government will not be compelled to purchase an ounce, those who can not see so far into a millstone as they will be compelled to admit that there is something besides pure demagogy in their arraignment of the republican party for its failure to pass a free coinage bill.

Commissioner Morgan reports great progress in the right direction on the Indian question, which is equivalent to saying that we are getting the reservation lands away from the noble red man at a rapid rate. During the past year 13,000,000 acres have been ceded and arrangements nearly perfected for 4,500,000 acres more; but as this will still leave nearly 100,000,000 acres in the possession of the aborigine, the good work must go on. Other commissioners must be appointed, other treaties made, other chiefs bribed, other specious promises made, until the Indian is reduced to the same pitiable condition as that of the ordinary American citizen, who owns no land that he has not bought, inherited or worked for. There is but one settlement of the Indian question, and that is to make him a responsible human being, amenable to the law and protected by the law the same as any ordinary white man. Gradually the problem is being solved in this direction, and when it is thus settled, the Indian will survive or perish as his ability to compete with the common, every day citizen of the United States in the ordinary battle of life shall develop.

Here is "a pretty howdy do!" Citizens of the United States threatening to put their vessels under the British flag upon the theory that they can secure the privilege of destroying seals in Behring sea that is denied them while sailing beneath the ensign of their own country. It is not true that the British flag covers more privileges in that region than the stars and stripes. Neither of them ought to protect the brutal and wanton destruction of seals that was witnessed there the past season, and, happily, the indications are that another year they will not. The shooting of female seals in the water, either when they are about to give birth to their young or when, having left their young on shore, they are searching for food, is not only cruel in the extreme, but, as not one in six of those shot is captured, is wontonly destructive. It is no wonder there has been such a remarkable diminution in their numbers this year. Two or three more such seasons would practically exterminate them. Whether or not England, Russia and the United States unite upon a joint measure for protection, it can not be admitted that any citizen of the United States can gain any legal privilege in Behring sea under the British flag that is denied him as an American.

One of the village customs of Portland is that of permitting horses to stand in the street unsecured. Every few days is heard the rattle of a runaway horse or team, the shouts of excited or frightened people, the crash of collision, and expressions of sympathy for some maimed animal or injured human being. It is utterly absurd that this thing should be permitted to continue. Other cities, those that really make good their claim to be such, do not endure it on the flimsy plea that it is too much bother to tie a horse, and that an ordinance requiring it could not be enforced because the city is "too large." The larger it grows the more will be the necessity of stopping this careless custom. Rings in the sidewalks to which horses can be secured, and weights carried in the vehicle, are ready means to overcome the objections of the lazy man. If the police would drive every horse to the police station that they see standing unsecured, and it cost the owner \$5.00 to redeem his animal, it would not take long to break up the custom. Let the council pass an ordinance to that effect and a few days will settle the question. There may be nothing in it, which, probably, is one of the reasons why it is neglected, but it is one of her village habits that Portland must put behind her.

From all that can be learned there has been a disastrous failure to properly operate the Clackamas hatchery this season, evidently growing out of the failure of the state commissioner and the United States fish commission representative who has charge of the work to properly co-operate. The state commissioner lays the blame upon the government commission because repairs that should have been made in May were postponed until July, as there were no funds available. This sounds well; but when it is learned that these repairs amounted to but \$200 in all and could have been made in a few days, and that the money could have been raised by private subscription had the commissioner undertaken to do so, and been prompted by a patriotic desire to actually accomplish something for the good of the state, it does not sound so "all killin'" well after all. There are other revelations of friction in the management that emphasize the well known adage that "too many cooks spoil the broth." The result is that instead of the ten or twelve million fish that ought to have been hatched, only about one-third that number have been produced. The state of Oregon should

maintain the hatchery itself, and not only this one but others farther inland, and it should appropriate enough money so that when the commissioner has drawn his salary there will be just a little left to do the work with.

There is a little order beginning to be evolved from the chaos of the World's Fair question. The press of the state, almost unanimously, has expressed the opinion that Oregon must do more and better than was ever before attempted in her behalf. The indications point to the substitution of the scene depicted on the last page for the one given a few weeks ago. The world's fair train, laden with the unrivaled products of Oregon, drawn by the locomotive "Progress," and with a full head of steam supplied by an adequate appropriation, will clear the track of all obstructions and make a triumphal journey to Chicago in 1893. The people are becoming aroused on this subject, and they demand that the state shall be properly represented at Chicago, and that her interests shall be placed in the hands of competent persons representing the enterprise and energy of every section. Neither politics nor sectionalism should find a place for the sole of its foot in this matter.

Two movements looking toward practical accomplishment have been set on foot, and it is to be hoped that something will result from them. Mr. T. F. Osborn, president of both the Portland Chamber of Commerce and the Oregon Board of Commerce, has appointed a committee of the former body to consider the question and devise some means of securing the object sought. This committee will meet on the eleventh of November. On the same day a committee of fifteen of the most active members of the Oregon Press association, who have been appointed by the president and who represent every section of the state, will assemble in Portland to consider the attitude the press should assume and what measures it should take to further the project of securing a proper representation of the state at Chicago. From the deliberations of two such bodies, one representing the press of the state and one the business of its chief city, something practical ought to result. Both of these are but preliminary gatherings, and the gentlemen composing them fully realize that whatever is done in the form of a permanent organization must be done by the people of every section of the state. It is to secure this kind of action that these committees are taking initiatory steps.

Too much stress can not be laid upon the necessity of an organized effort and an outlined plan of operations before the legislature meets. One who gives the least thought to the subject, or who has had the least experience in legislative ways, must recognize the fact that no large appropriation can be secured unless both the necessity for it and the plan of its expenditure are laid before the senate and house in a comprehensible and convincing way. A large sum of money can not be secured unless the legislators know what is to be done with it and have full confidence in the persons who are to expend it. This confidence can be secured best by an organization of men of all shades of political opinion and representing all sections of the state, and, as nearly as possible, all forms of industry. If an organization of that kind can be formed, and can present to the legislature a general outline of operations that is both sensible and comprehensive, it can secure all the money necessary to carry it out; but with no plan digested, and with the spending of the money left to the uncertain agencies to be selected by legislative election or gubernatorial appointment, with all the possibilities and probabilities of political manipulation that accompany such methods of selection, very little can be hoped for. Politics should be rigidly excluded from this movement, and the only way to do so is to organize a purely unpolitical and representative association before it is taken into the political maelstrom at Salem.

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TO IRENE.

You say, Irene, that we must wait apart;  
That patiently, beset with doubts and fears,  
I must toil on for many weary years  
And long to clasp thee to my aching heart,  
And yearn to feel your tender, loving kiss,  
Or harken to your voice—the voice that cheers  
My soul; that I must watch through blinding tears  
For one far day—one golden day of bliss.  
Until that time how dark the world to me!  
On ebon wings the rushing midnight blast  
O'er unforgotten graves will shriek and moan,  
While I, afloat on Life's wild, raging sea,  
A storm-tossed man, will hope, ah! hope at last  
To cry with joy, "Irene, my love, my own!"

HERBERT BASHFORD.



HUMAN SYMPATHY.

Sometimes when one kneels, on a lonely night,  
 And cries "O God!"—and then is dumb for tears  
 That leap up, choking, do you think He hears?  
 Do you not think He understands aright  
 What would be plead by those lips dumb and white?  
 Do you not think He hears the sobs that leap  
 From that worn bosom even after sleep  
 Has closed the eyes with pressure kind and light?

Ah! often have I knelt in midnights vast,  
 And cried "O God!"—no other word could speak,  
 But knelt in dumb despair, until at last  
 I felt His peace in sweet tears on my cheek.  
 O, poor heart! think of me that bitter day  
 When you must kneel alone, too sad to pray.

A discontented youth makes a horrible old age.

If men but kept half their good resolutions and lived up to but half of their higher ideals, what a beautiful world would this be.

Lips that laugh frequently and cheerily may have deep wrinkles about them in time, but O, they set the whole house to vibrating with light-heartedness and song.

Hope is a flower that lives and flourishes in the most desert soil, without water, without prop, without care; it smiles when the skies are so black and so heavy that they seem ready to fall—yea, it still lives when every other flower that grew in the soul is dead.

Some women are like diamonds; they flash brilliantly with wit and beauty, they dazzle with their radiance—but they are cold—cold and hard as steel. Give me the opal; it flashes more softly, it is true, but it has lips of fire and a heart of gold; and its violet eyes are pure as the eyes of a little child.

A man may have honor, and wealth, and power; women may smile upon him, and men may flatter him; his slightest wish may be law, and his every word a command that must be obeyed; the whole world may envy him the gifts that the gods have given him—yet, with all these, he may not have one real friend, and he may grudge the commonest laborer the kiss of pure affection which can not be bought.

I saw her at the exposition. She was slender and sweet and young; simply clad, but with an unmistakable air of elegance about her. She was carrying an old, shabby umbrella and a heavy, faded shawl, while close to her pressed a rusty-looking Irish woman heavily laden with children of all ages and descriptions; one was crying loudly and lustily, and the young woman was smiling down at him. Suddenly some one exclaimed in a shocked tone, "Why, Bertha, who on earth have you with you?" She turned and answered simply, and without hesitation, "I don't know; it is some poor woman I am helping to find a seat." And of all the beautiful things that I saw at the Portland exposition, I thought that young woman the most beautiful and the most desirable.

A saint with a villainous temper and a villain with a saintly temper—which would you rather dwell with? By all odds I should take the villain. O, the mentally bilious ones of the earth! you may physic them with kind words, and bathe them with cheerfulness, and tonic them with smiles and caresses, but you can not effect a cure. It is impossible to live with some people and retain the least particle of your own mind. You must merge your individuality into theirs if you would know a minute's peace; otherwise they will go about scowling, livid, banging doors, clattering dishes, and setting chairs down so hard that their legs rattle. You must, metaphorically, get down on your knees before them, and say, "O, yea, lord!" and "O, yea, master!" to everything they suggest, if you would see the ghost of a smile on their faces. So long as you do just as they wish, and go just where they suggest and behave precisely as they desire, they are happy and rule it over you royally; but venture to assert your rights—and out

trot the scowl and the snarl, and the clatter and the bang. Give me the villain with the sweet temper!

There is a gift which, bestowed upon the poorest of God's children, makes him rich—the gift of seeing beauty in the things about him and of taking pleasure in the little every-day duties of life. It is better to be able to feel a keen, exquisite pleasure, that is almost pain, in watching a broad band of sunset gold tremble across blue waters to your very door; to find your heart beating glad time to the tramp of many feet, or thrilling to the strains of wild, sweet music, or sinking to slow, solemn throbbing with the long, lonely moments of the night; to feel a low, joyous ripple of song burst from your lips each time that you bend over a sunlit bank of clover wherein the bees dream happy hours away; to be unable to turn your eyes from some roughly garbed man who turns from his coarse associates to guide some little innocent child or stretch out a strong, honest hand to some woman in widow's weeds; to be not only pleased, but happy, because some one sends you a flower, or speaks a good word to you, or does you a kindness—in a word to have your soul attuned to the simple, beautiful things of nature and life—then to dwell in marble halls and sup from golden cups; because the marble halls and golden cups are things that wealth can buy, but keen appreciation of beauty, music and art, and the power to find something sweet in the commonest weed that grows are gifts from God's own hand, and no gold on earth can buy them.

An old bachelor is to be pitied, whether he likes it or not; and indeed, in spite of his lofty and independent bearing, his mild sneers at married men and marriage, and his cynicism in general, I will tell you quite confidentially that I am firmly convinced that he strongly pities himself. He is free and unfettered? Oh, yes; there is no question about that; the truth is he is altogether too free. He is not compelled to give an account of any of his deeds, (or misdeeds) as are the married men at whom he sneers; he goes to bed when he pleases, and gets up when he pleases; comes and goes as he likes, and nobody cares—ah, that is where the sting comes in! That is the cruel thorn under the bachelor's rose, and wherever he turns and whatever he does that thorn pricks sharply into his heart—his heart, mind you, and thorns sink deeper and rankle longer in hearts than in fingers; do not ever forget, or doubt, that! There is no one on all the earth to care where he goes, how he lives, whether he does right or wrong, whether he is ill or well—he is quite, quite alone; and I tell you, though you may be free and independent, though you may have gold and honor and fame, it is a bitter thing to be alone. If you who read these words are disposed to smile at them—wait! The time may yet come when you will be all alone, and then you will remember them. Do not be arrogant in your perfect happiness, for I have seen the proudest happiness cut low in an hour and followed by such life-long desolation that the hardest hearts wept for it. The old bachelor may be able to buy comfort and peace and a "good time" with his money, but there are three things that money will not buy: a true home, a heart of gold, and a cool, soft hand that loves him pressed upon his feverish brow when he is ill and suffering. He is alone in his dark hour as well as his light.

The idea of cremation is a horrible one to me. Common sense is a desirable quality, but there is such a thing as deadly common sense, and cremation illustrates it. Why, kind heaven! To imagine a world—this world—without any graves in it! To think of no cool, dark places where grasses grow and birds sing and new flowers spill their perfume every year, and where our beloved lie dreaming all the summer hours away. To not be able to crouch down lower in our chair by a glowing hearth on a cold winter night and think how the snows are falling on her grave to-night! Instead, only a handful of ashes on the mantel shelf! Never to lie with closed eyes, on some dim twilight, lost in a happy dream of past delight, and then to suddenly start and remember with keen pain that lonely, wind-swept churchyard and the sweet, white form and folded hands lying therein! Instead, to glance with a little ghostly shiver at the urn that holds our dear one's cremated particles. Why, I should break into loud, horrible laughter in the very midst of my grief to think of all that I had loved—the dear face, the lovely form, the beating pulse, the eyes that had looked into mine, the strong, tender hand that had never failed, the tireless feet that had come so gladly at my call, the heart, dear God! the heart that had been mine, and mine alone—to think of all that being reduced to a handful of flaky ashes! Why, it would be better to drown, and to lie year in and year out, rising and falling with the cool ebb and flow of the tide. Take away all our other old-fashioned fancies and customs, but leave us—O, do leave us!—our low graves and simple headstones; leave us the green grass and the whispering trees and the sweet-throated birds of our churchyards; leave us those quiet, lonely places where our thoughts may go when we think of our dead, and we may think of them lying in that great calm—just as they looked when we last saw them.

## HE HAD A PULL.

## CANTO I.

The landlord stood by the open door,  
 Before a screen that concealed much more  
 Than the weary pilgrim passing by  
 Could see with his bleary, bloodshot eye,  
 And said, "My friend, if you want good beer,  
 You can get, for a nickel, a big glass here."  
 And  
 he pulled  
 him  
 in.

## CANTO II.

The devil stood by the brazen gate  
 That yawns for those who repent too late;  
 And at his feet, with resounding thud,  
 The landlord fell, like a chunk of mud.  
 Said the devil, "Ah, ha! Come out of the storm;  
 I'll give you a place I've long kept warm."  
 And  
 he pulled  
 him  
 in.

H. L. W.

## SHE WANTED TO SEE IT DONE.

"Yes, Miss Lucy," said Mr. Duday,  
 "I don't suppose that our college could  
 have a race unless I were there to act as  
 starter."

"O, you are a starter, are you?" re-  
 plied Miss Lucy, looking at the clock;  
 "let me see you start."

## TO WHAT BASE USE!

BENEVOLENT LADY—Poor fellow, and so  
 you are very hungry! Well, here is a  
 cake that I baked myself.

SAGGS THE TRAMP—Thanks, maddim,  
 thanks! I may not be able to eat it, but  
 I will use it to kill the next dog that at-  
 tacks me.

## IT VARIES.

DIMLING—What is the difference be-  
 tween an undertaker and a funeral direc-  
 tor?

SOGAY—It varies from 50 to 150 per  
 cent.

## WHERE DWELLS THE GOD OF LOVE?

Where dwells the god of love? Doth he abide  
 With beams that in a maiden's tresses hide?  
 Or doth the rascal shield his cunning wiles  
 Amid an ambush of bewitching smiles?  
 Perchance behind some flashing, jet-black eye  
 He lurks, and lets his deadly arrows fly.

Mayhap he lives 'mid timid frowns that race



To lure some willing heart with hopes to crush!

Perhaps, clad in the armor of a sigh,  
 This warrior doth his artifices try;  
 Or, lurking near some maiden's eager ear,  
 Sings songs that only lovers' hearts may hear.  
 We know not how, nor why, nor where he lives,  
 Yet feel the magic that his presence gives.

JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

## A DESIGNATION OF HIS QUALITY.

McCORKLE—Is Col. Webber an officer in the  
 regular army or in the militia?

McCRACKLE—Neither; he isn't a military  
 man at all. We call him "Kernel" because  
 he's a hard nut.

## A POOR SUBSTITUTE.

CONGRESSMAN—I tell you that the people  
 want free sugar!

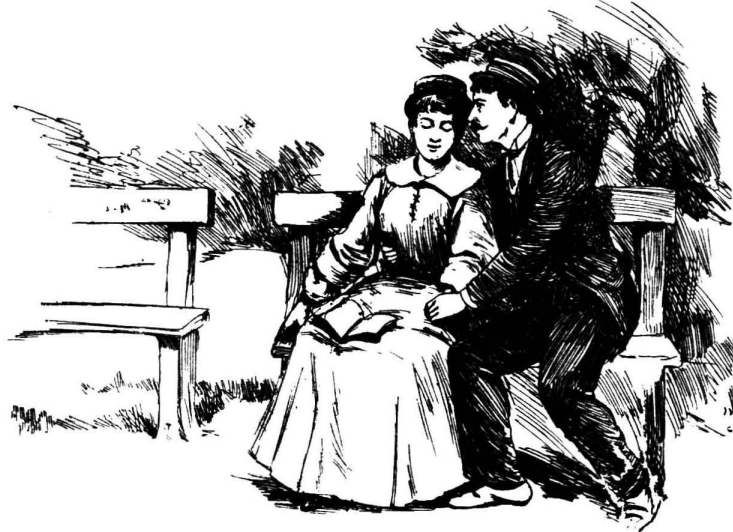
SENATOR—Won't taffy do just as well for  
 them?

## IN SECRET.

My brother tells of his good deeds  
 And puts them into prose and rhyme;  
 If I did so I then must needs  
 Be busy all the time.

To sound one's charities doth show  
 A taste that speaks of one ill-bred;  
 I pass mine by in silence, though  
 I thus leave much unsaid.

LEE FAIRCHILD.



## HE WAS SATISFIED.

JACK—I am going to give up my place in the store and go into a  
 lawyer's office.

AMY—Why, don't you like your present position?

JACK—Oh yes, indeed! I could sit this way all day.

## AN INSTANCE.

SNODGRASS—It is queer how one kind of cake  
 will turn into another.

SNIVELY—I don't understand.

SNODGRASS—Well, I've known pound cake to  
 develop into stomach cake.

Parts of speech—The places of the hyphen.

on it that read: NO MORE BRICK ON HAND. QUILL.

## THE COUNTRY JOURNALIST'S ADVANTAGE.

BRONSON (to the editor of the *Boomtown Banner*)—That was a  
 pretty tough story about the cyclone. I don't know how you managed  
 to swallow it.

EDITOR—Well, you know I have patent insides.

## PLENTY OF CONVICTION.

GAZZAM—I like to read the *Bazoo*. Its editor strikes me as a  
 man with earnest convictions.

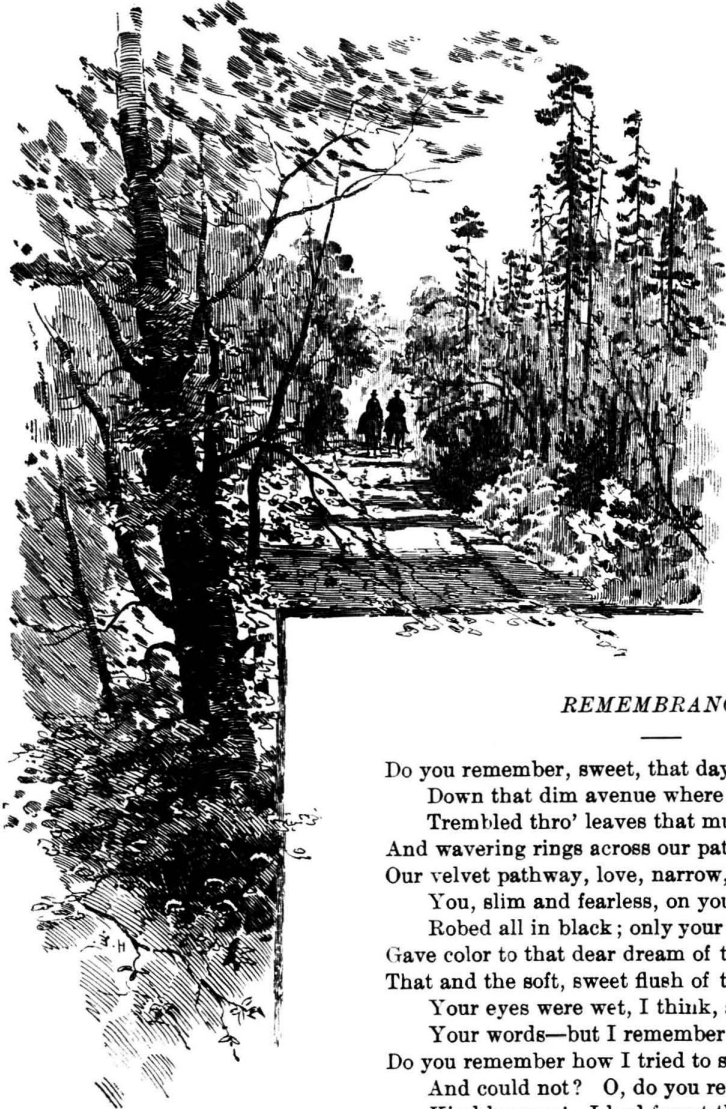
MADDOX—He ought to be. Six libel suits  
 have gone against him in the last twelve months.

## A LIMITED FURORE.

"Did your comedy make a furore?"

"Yes; there were a few roars, but very  
 few."

## NEW STRUCTURES IN PORTLAND.



## REMEMBRANCE.

Do you remember, sweet, that day we passed  
 Down that dim avenue where sun-gold beams  
 Trembled thro' leaves that murmured in their dreams  
 And wavering rings across our pathway cast—  
 Our velvet pathway, love, narrow, new-grassed?  
 You, slim and fearless, on your dappled mare,  
 Robed all in black; only your pale gold hair  
 Gave color to that dear dream of the past—  
 That and the soft, sweet flush of throat and cheek.  
 Your eyes were wet, I think, and low and clear  
 Your words—but I remember all you said.  
 Do you remember how I tried to speak,  
 And could not? O, do you remember, dear?  
 Kind heaven! I had forgot that you were dead!

That pale, dim avenue still winds along  
 Between fir trees, with sunlight dropping through—  
 That same sweet way where once I passed with you.  
 To-day my heart swells at the robin's song,  
 And passionate memories rise like ghosts and throng  
 These ghostly deeps. That day the skies were blue,  
 And O, the winds were soft that crept to woo  
 Your blush, the while my heart beat full and strong.  
 The restless leaves still murmur in their dreams;  
 The same round links of gold lie trembling here;  
 I feel your tender touch—O, God! it seems  
 But yesterday since you were with me, dear—  
 How can these glad birds sing and love, and wed,  
 And all things be the same—now you are dead?

ELLA HIGGINSON.

At a recent meeting of the Baptist societies of Oregon, it was decided to raise a fund of \$175,000 for the purpose of establishing a college at Portland, to be under the direction of that denomination. An additional \$175,000 will be asked of the National Baptist Association.

The United States National bank has been organized in Portland, with a paid up capital of \$500,000. The directors are: G. W. E. Griffith, of the Western Farm Mortgage Trust Company, of Denver, Colorado; F. M. Wade, president of the National Bank of Commerce, of Tacoma, Wash.; C. A. Plummer, resident partner of the wholesale oil, paint and glass firm of Whittier, Fuller & Co.; J. E. Haseltine, of the firm of J. E. Haseltine & Co., heavy iron jobbers, Portland; F. C. Miller, formerly cashier of the Salina National bank of Salina, Kansas; David Goodsell, the Portland lawyer and capitalist; Jacob Kamm, the Portland capitalist; Kenneth Macleay, of Corbett & Macleay, and J. D. Coleman. The officers are: C. A. Plummer, president; J. E. Haseltine, vice-president; F. C. Miller, cashier. A large and handsome building will be erected for its accommodation on the north-east corner of First and Washington streets.

To one who has not kept informed on the progress made by Portland in the matter of fine buildings within the past year, a trip around the city would be indeed a revelation. Rapid as has been the growth in times past, it is completely dwarfed by the record made during the twelve-month now drawing to a close. The most noticeable feature of the buildings now in course of erection and those contracted for to be erected soon, is the introduction of new styles and pleasing features of architecture. While the substantial has not been overlooked, the ornamental has been brought into prominence, adding materially to the appearance of the city. The most recent acquisition to Portland's corps of competent architects is Mr. I. Hodgson, Jr., of Omaha, Nebraska, who has fitted up elegant apartments in the Worcester block, corner Third and Oak streets. While his entire time will be spent in Portland, he will retain his Omaha connections, having placed his business there in competent hands. In selecting plans from competing architects for the Portland Chamber of Commerce, those prepared by Mr. Hodgson were chosen from the number presented for the inspection of the building committee as embodying the largest number of points of excellence for the accommodations sought. In addition to this splendid structure he has also prepared plans for the magnificent building to be erected on the corner of First and Stark streets for the accommodation of the Oregon National bank and the Northwest Loan & Trust Co. The building, an engraving of which is presented on the first page of this number, will have a frontage of seventy-five feet on First street and 100 feet on

Stark, and will be eight stories high, exclusive of the basement. The base story will be of granite, the first two stories of brown stone and the remainder of pressed brick with stone trimmings. It will be strictly fire proof throughout, no wood being used in its construction, save for windows, doors and casings above the second floor. Running through the first floor from First street will be a grand corridor eleven feet wide and sixteen feet high which opens on the right into the banking room of the Northwest Loan & Trust Co. and on the left into the Oregon National bank. At the east end of this corridor will be located a safety deposit department which will be in full view from the street at all times. The floor, walls and ceiling of this corridor will be of white Italian marble, as will also the door and window casings of the entire first floor, and all floors and wainscoting of upper corridors. The upper floors will be reached by means of four elevators which open into galleries around a glazed court which extends from the second floor to the roof.

Lavatories and closets for the use of gentlemen are on the last floor, those for ladies on the fourth. The building will be lighted throughout with electricity supplied by a plant in the basement, the exhaust steam from the engines being used for driving pumps for operating the hydraulic elevators. Near the elevators at the entrance to the safety deposit department is a waiting room for ladies who accompany friends having business in that department, no person being allowed in the room opening into the vaults who does not have a box or drawer in that institution. When finished the building will be the most elegant in the city, and will embrace numerous features not to be found in any structure used for office purposes yet erected here. It will contain 210 rooms, exclusive of the first floor and basement, and the estimated cost is \$300,000. It is to be ready for occupancy by November 1, 1891. Mr. Hodgson is also the architect of the West Shore building, now in course of erection at the corner of Water and Columbia streets, which will be the future home of this publication.

On the hills to the west of the city, in the center of a five acre tract which would be at the intersection of Twenty-fifth and H streets, were they continued through, will be the splendid building to be erected by the Catholic Sisters of Charity as St. Vincent's hospital, the front elevation of which is shown in the double-page illustration in the center of this paper. The site is a commanding one, the base of the building being at a height of 220 feet above the base of grades of the city. The building will be 350 feet in length with a twenty-foot glass annex at either end for sun rooms for convalescents, making 390 feet over all, by 100 feet in width. It will be six stories in height with a large tower near the center and two smaller ones near each end. The structure is divided into three sections, separated by heavy brick partitions provided with iron doors, which, when closed, render it impossible for fire in one portion to communicate with any other. All corridors open on balconies supplied with fire escapes, and each section has independent stair cases. A large 7x10 elevator is operated in the central section, its size being such as to admit of a patient being removed from one floor to the other without being taken from his bed. Chapel, kitchen and laundry are provided for in three separate buildings in the rear of the main building. There are 300 rooms and wards in all, with accommodations for 600 patients at one time. Commodious operating rooms have been arranged

for each floor, supplied with light from bay windows and roof lights. Care has been taken that the arrangements shall be such as to place this hospital on an equality with any other of like nature in the country. Its staff of physicians embraces the most eminent practitioners in the city, which is an excellent recommendation to those having occasion to avail themselves of the services of such an institution. While the management is under the direction of the Catholic Sisters, the sick and afflicted of every rank, creed and color are made welcome, and all receive the care and attention their cases require. The style of architecture is Flemish renaissance, and with its pressed brick walls and terra cotta trimmings the building will present a striking appearance, and will reflect great credit upon its designer, Mr. Justus Krumbein, the well-known architect of this city.

#### CHANGES ON THE STOCK RANGES.

One who observes the stock interests of the northwest cannot but note the change that is taking place on the ranges. In fact the range stock business is fast losing its distinctive character. The glory that attached to the life of a cowboy, or vaquero, and sheep herder of even half a decade ago is already a thing of the past in most sections of the northwest country. The cattle king has abdicated his throne and the business is broken up and popularized. Of course there are still large live stock interests on the bunch grass lands. But soil that will grow good bunch grass will raise good wheat, and the settlers are fast pushing the herders to the mountains.

The papers of Eastern Washington, Eastern Oregon and Montana are constantly chronicling the shipment of large numbers of live stock eastward. Probably the eastward movement of sheep is more noticeable than that of any other animal. They do not go east directly to market either. The Dakotas offer the most attractive grazing ground now for sheep, and hundreds of thousands of these animals are annually being sent thither from the ranges of Oregon, Washington and Montana. Even the Judith basin in Montana, the valley of the Yellowstone and the northern plain, are sending their sheep to more eastern pastures. The Northern Pacific and the Great Northern railways are carrying train-load after train-load east, the shipments beginning immediately after shearing in the spring and continuing till snow flies. The movement of cattle and horses is less marked but it is by no means imperceptible. Those animals more uniformly go to market when sent east.

Probably one reason for sending so many sheep east is that the climate of the Pacific slope is more favorable to breeding animals and that it is found profitable to breed here and send to a more rigorous climate, if needs be, to pasture. This reason, however, will not apply to Montana shipments, and it is really a minor one in any case. The most likely cause for the transfer may be found in the comparative conditions of the two regions as regards their occupancy by settlers who actually till the soil. The record of the Dakotas, especially of the northern twin, since admission to statehood, has not been such as to establish any great degree of confidence in the breasts of oncoming thousands in search of homes. So now they pass through what was two or three years ago regarded as the promised land and occupy the newer and more attractive region to the west. The Dakotas are prime grazing states anyway, and, being nearer the market, their stock is driven to the shambles faster than it grows and they have to draw on the western ranges for recruits. The Bad lands of Western Dakota and Eastern Montana offer superb advantages for the sheepmen, who are fast covering the knobs and gullies with western sheep. There is a good deal of what might be called grazing in transit done in the sheep business—for instance, leaving Oregon in the spring by rail, stopping till fall in the Bad lands and then continuing to market.

There are always losses in shipping animals such great distances. For sheep the cars are "double-decked" and all animals have to be unloaded at a number of feeding stations on the road. From 4,000 to 6,000 sheep constitute an ordinary train load and two or three men accompany each train to attend to the animals. Care must be taken not to let any of them lie down while in the car, for then their companions are sure to trample them to death. Stock trains are special and there are more or less of them on the road constantly. Some shipments are made from the inland empire to the coast market. The whole trend of the business now is toward an improvement in the blood of range stock and reduction of the size of bunches, private ownership and improvement of pasturage and the production of better meat and wool and horses. It will be many years before all the features of the old style of range business will disappear, but many of the characteristics have already faded and it is only a matter of time when the rest will follow.

But the country is not getting poorer by the change in the live stock business. From Texas to Wyoming and from Oregon to Dakota the bands move. They return to Texas for the winter but they do not return to Oregon and Washington. Texas remains a wild grass-grown plain. The northwest is filling with people who make the land yield vastly more under tillage than when grazing animals roamed over it at will. And the stock interest, like any other, must readjust itself to the changing conditions.



#### WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA.

The traveler passing through the valley between the Great and Little Belt mountains, is surprised to see in the south-central part of Meagher county a clean, beautiful, well-built town, out, as it were, in the wilderness. It lies between the north and south forks of Smith river, a short distance from their junction, with majestic mountains looming high east and west. The site is a gentle declivity which slopes westward. Here are the springs which give the name to the town. Nine of these are in a park in the western part of the town, in which there is a bath-house, containing tubs and a small plunge, a bath in either of which is delicious. The water of all of them is hot, ranging from 110 to 125 degrees Fahrenheit. The surroundings seem dirty, though they are not, the appearance resulting from the corrosive effects of the water, which is strongly impregnated with sulphur. About one square north of the park there are springs which are used to give mud baths, and cures are sometimes effected by them when the others fail. These springs were known to the Indians, and the ground to them was sacred, where there was always peace. It has been known to the whites from the earliest times, but not until recently were the virtues of the waters fully known and appreciated. About these springs have gathered a people who have laid off a splendid townsite, and have erected good buildings which are kept in first-class order. Here has sprung up a trade which reaches far and wide, and is larger than that of any place of its size in the state. There are two papers, the *Rocky Mountain Husbandman*, and the *Meagher County News*. An excellent court house, and a school house that is a monument to the taste and intelligence of the people, have been built.—*Mining Review*.

A large body of asbestos was discovered last week on the Skagit river about three miles from Sedro, Washington. It is said to be of excellent quality, the fibres being long, fine and very flexible. This mineral is found in large quantities in Switzerland, Scotland, Virginia, Vermont, and on Staten island, off the New Jersey coast. The finest quality yet discovered comes from Italy. The use of this material has been familiar for many years in all countries. It has been extensively applied in the manufacture of fire-proof roofing, flooring, steam packing, clothing and lamp-wicking. It is now principally used as a non-conducting envelope of steam pipes, and for the filling up of safes.

There are 1,316 cars, built expressly for fruit transportation, now engaged in carrying California fruits to the eastern markets, besides other cars pressed into the service. Over twenty carloads are sent east from Sacramento daily. This industry has done as much as any other one agency to make California known to the world, and could its importance and the sure remuneration it brings to the grower be fully impressed upon the minds of Oregon farmers, the number of cars required to supply the eastern demand from this state would greatly exceed that of our southern neighbor.

At the Tacoma mill, the Norwegian ship *Thor*, is ready for sea with the finest cargo of lumber ever shipped from that port. She has 809,000 feet of lumber, taken from the best timber to be found in the state of Washington. Among the cargo are 400,000 feet of timber ranging from 16x16 to 24x24 inches and from sixty-five to 120 feet long.

An agent of a New York commission house has bought a carload of apples at Medford, Oregon, for shipment to England. He is highly pleased with Oregon's fruit, and says the apples are superior to any he has seen on the coast.

The Vancouver Land & Securities Co., limited, of England, have opened a bank in the city of Vancouver, B. C., with a capital stock of \$2,500,000.

The *Weekly News* is a new eight page paper which made its first appearance at Halsey, Linn county, Oregon, last Saturday.

A new bank is soon to be established in Salem, Oregon.

*West Shore*



PORTLAND, OREGON—ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL  
(PROPOSED NEW BUILDING).

*JUSTUS KRUMBEIN, ARCHITECT.*



Rexburg, Idaho, will have a 50-barrel flouring mill, erected by a stock company composed of citizens of that place.

Eight hundred thousand pounds of fresh salmon have been shipped east over the Canadian Pacific from Vancouver, B. C., this year. This business will be largely increased next season.

At Sitka, Alaska, the shortest day in the year, December 21, is only six hours long, the sun rising at nine and setting at three. The longest day, June 21, is eighteen hours, the sun rising at three and setting at nine.

A party of hunters recently discovered a seven-foot vein of anthracite coal in the mountains in Lewis county, Washington, three miles south of what is known as "Big Bottom." It is about twenty miles from the big beds of anthracite at the head of the Cowlitz river.

The Atlanta lode, which has produced over \$3,000,000, and which was considered one of the richest mines in Idaho when work was suspended several years ago, has been sold to London capitalists. Every claim is secured by a United States patent. The price paid is \$600,000.

The Canadian Pacific Timber & Lumbering Co. has been incorporated in British Columbia with a capital stock of \$500,000. The company has secured valuable timber lands and will erect a large saw mill in New Westminster, the officers being prominent business men of that city and Vancouver.

The Umatilla Irrigation Co., with a capital stock of \$1,000,000, has been incorporated by S. P. Sturgis, S. Rothchild and C. H. Leadbetter. The object is to irrigate 100,000 acres of land lying to the north and west of Pendleton, Oregon, and to supply 2,000 horse power for manufacturing purposes in that city. Preliminary surveys are being made.

The Oregon board of immigration has issued a very handsome pamphlet describing the city of Portland and its surroundings, embellished by numerous excellent engravings of business blocks, schools, churches, factories, residences, scenery, etc. This kind of immigration literature is the most effective, and produces far better results than the same amount of money spent in cheap trash, which fact the board is beginning to realize.

Victoria and Nanaimo capitalists are arranging to erect a hotel at the latter city next spring, to cost \$40,000. Nanaimo is the coal center on Vancouver island about seventy-five miles north of Victoria. The country around it is quite wild and picturesque and it is becoming a favorite resort for tourists during the summer. A good hotel will add much to the attractiveness of the locality. Preparations are now being made for the construction of an electric street railway in Nanaimo.

The Junction City Coal & Mining company was incorporated at Port Townsend, Washington, last week, with a capital stock of \$1,000,000. What promises to develop into the best mining property in Western Washington has been discovered by its promoters within twenty-two miles of that place. The prospectors and stock holders of the new corporation have been out for thirty days on a tour of exploration, and returned last week with specimens that will assay twenty per cent. copper and sixty ounces in silver, besides samples of the finest quality of bituminous coal. Expensive machinery will be put in, as soon as it can be procured to develop the mine. The outlet of the company will be Port Discovery bay, and wharves will be erected this winter or in the spring.

About six months ago a plumbago mine was located at Samish lake, on the line of the Fairhaven & Southern railroad. The mine is a most promising one, and considerable development work has been done. A tunnel has been run sixty-two feet through the ledge, and the end is not yet in sight. Several shipments of the mineral have been made to Tacoma, where it has been tried for paint making purposes, and as a lubricant it has given excellent satisfaction. Assays show that it contains eighty-five per cent. of pure plumbago. Samples have also been sent to New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, and the assays received have been most satisfactory. A stock company has been formed to still further develop the property. There is little doubt that this is a most valuable property, and one which will prove a bonanza to its owners.

Work on the Coos Bay & Roseburg railroad is being pushed rapidly. An additional force of 500 Chinamen is to be put at work immediately on the grade. Rails for thirty miles of the track are now on the way, and sixty miles more will be shipped soon. Between Marshfield and Coquille City the line passes through a section rich in coal and timber. It runs up the Coquille to Myrtle Point, and thence up the middle fork of the Coquille. There is plenty of timber and coal all the way to Camas valley, and from there to Roseburg the line passes through a rich agricultural country. It is expected the first section of thirty miles will be in operation by the first of April next.

The Columbia Railway & Navigation Co. has been incorporated in Portland with a capital stock of \$5,000,000 for the purpose of building a line down the north bank of the Columbia to the mouth of that river, with branches to Chehalis valley, Gray's harbor and Shoalwater bay. This is considered a Union Pacific enterprise, the terminus on the river being the town of Frankfort, just opposite Astoria. As the Union Pacific is now building a line to Puget sound that will run down the river as far as Kalama, it would only have to build from the latter point to Frankfort, less than fifty miles, to have a line from Portland to the mouth of the Columbia. This road would be of undoubted advantage to Portland, but the citizens are still more interested in securing rail connection with Astoria on the south side of the river, and will work earnestly to that end.

The most extensive and costly mining enterprise undertaken in California for ten years is now nearing completion a few miles above Oroville, in Butte county. It is the work of the Golden Gate Company, which will lift the Feather river from its bed and carry the whole volume of the stream in an enormous flume for nearly a mile. Work has been going on constantly for eighteen months. The flume has been completed, but a huge dam will have to be built across the river. The main work of exposing the bed of the river for a mile will have to be deferred until next year. The Feather river is the richest gold-bearing stream in California, and it is estimated that the gravel in the river bed will yield over \$500 per linear foot. This was the amount realized by a company which worked a small section of the river bed in Oroville, although they lost much gold through poor appliances.

The total value of all taxable property in Montana this year as reported by the state board of equalization is \$116,767,204. In the total of \$68,256,944 for real estate is included acre property and town lots and improvements; also railroad property. The total of personal is \$48,510,290. The following table shows the result by counties:

COUNTIES.	REAL	PERSONAL.	TOTAL.
Reaverhead.....	\$ 1,600,454	\$ 1,458,926	\$ 3,059,480
Cascade.....	5,914,801	1,971,068	7,885,869
Choteau.....	1,765,117	3,178,588	4,943,705
Custer.....	1,460,771	4,582,694	6,043,465
Dawson.....	1,221,900	2,162,333	3,384,232
Deer Lodge.....	5,351,914	5,226,698	10,578,612
Fergus.....	638,485	2,226,405	2,864,870
Gallatin.....	2,825,485	2,006,524	4,832,009
Jefferson.....	2,435,244	1,577,147	4,012,391
Lewis and Clarke.....	21,083,135	7,091,295	28,154,430
Madison.....	1,347,052	1,682,086	3,029,138
Meagher.....	1,777,559	1,669,116	3,446,675
Missoula.....	7,092,346	2,907,522	9,999,862
Park.....	2,696,378	2,310,255	5,006,633
Silver Bow.....	9,676,401	6,653,252	16,329,653
Yellowstone.....	1,369,628	1,803,382	3,173,010
	\$68,256,944	\$48,510,290	\$116,767,234

A company known as the Washington Stump Extracting Co. has been organized at Tacoma, Washington. The object is to engage extensively in clearing land ready for settlers, with the idea of inducing a larger immigration. The farmer who comes from even the most heavily timbered regions in the east is easily discouraged when he begins to contemplate the forests of Western Washington. Most people, therefore, who come with the expectation of farming, turn their attention, where possible, to other pursuits. This fact is now thoroughly realized by those who have studied the situation most carefully, and it is every day more and more apparent that something must be done to encourage the farming element. A resident of Tacoma has invented a machine for pulling stumps which is said to accomplish its object more successfully than any yet introduced. This company will manufacture and use this machine, and it is claimed that clearing can be done for about one-fourth the amount now required for that purpose. The enterprise is one which must commend itself to every property owner in the cities and towns west of the Cascades, for if the claims can be substantiated, more can be done by a little effort in this direction to settle and develop the state than will be done in half a century if the work of clearing is left to the settlers themselves.

An effort is being made to provide an electric light system for the town of Silverton, Oregon.

The people of Klamath county, Oregon, are agitating the subject of organizing a district fair for their section of the state. They want the legislature at its next session to make an appropriation for that purpose, as it has aided other district fairs in the state.

A New York firm of brokers has succeeded in placing the water bonds of the city of Pasco, Washington, to the amount of \$130,000 at a discount of ten per cent. The money will be available immediately, and as a contract has been signed for the construction of the main canal, work will be commenced at once. The canal will be about twenty miles in length and will be eight feet wide and three feet in depth.

The Crescent Creamery Co., of Tacoma, has just completed a large and handsome building in that city, and has a large lot of machinery on the way from the east which will be set up and put in operation at the earliest possible moment. A cold storage department will be a prominent feature of the business, \$20,000 worth of refrigerating machinery having been purchased. An old cold storage house has been converted into a fish dressing establishment, and the company will engage extensively in that business.

One year ago Puyallup, Washington, the great hop center of the northwest, had but one brick building. Now there are finished, or in an advanced stage of construction, eight brick structures two and three stories in height. A large number of other buildings have been erected during the year, including an excellent hotel designed to accommodate the tourists who visit that locality. The unusually prosperous season in the hop business is likely to cause even more substantial improvements during the coming year.

One of the biggest finds yet reported in the Castle mountains, Montana, has recently been made at Four-mile, between the location of the King of the Castles and the Columbia. A tunnel was run in through a mass of iron and an immense body of high grade galena exposed. There is considerable excitement over this find for two reasons, first, that it is in the granite, and second, that it is on the White Sulphur Springs slope of the Castles, and gives assurance that the mineral belt extends around the northern slope fully as strong as on the southern declivity.

On Monday evening next will be inaugurated a week's season of tragedy at the Marquam Grand opera house, by the eminent tragedian, Mr. Thos. W. Keene. Mr. Keene's eleven years' service constantly engaged in portraying the leading characters in the Shakespearean drama certainly give him a strong claim to popularity and consideration, and wide recognition by the most eminent American critics secures for him a place in the dramatic history of this country among the most illustrious of our tragic actors. The repertoire is, Monday, Richelieu; Tuesday, Louis XI; Wednesday, Richard III; Thursday, Hamlet; Friday, Othello; Saturday matinee, The Merchant of Venice; Saturday night, Richard III.

The commission of army officers, appointed by Secretary of War Proctor, to select a site on the Pacific coast for the proposed gun factory, has been in this city, and will visit various places on the coast before making a report. The commission is composed of Colonel William P. Craig-hill, of the United States engineer corps; Colonel Henry W. Clossen, Fourth artillery; Colonel A. R. Buffington and Major Clarence E. Dutton, of the ordnance department. The establishment of this factory will depend largely on the result of the labors of the commission recently sent out to select a site for a navy yard, as the materials, shipping facilities, etc., of the one are also essential to the other. Both establishments will employ a large number of men, and will contribute very materially to the prosperity of the northwest.

Hop culture along Fraser river, in British Columbia, is becoming a large and profitable business. Here are two instances of great results this season: Messrs. Broe Brothers, well known and successful farmers of Aldergrove, put about twelve acres of land in hops this year, and these acres yielded no less than twelve tons, which have already been sold at forty-six cents per pound. This brings the gross value of the crop to \$11,040. Cost of picking, freight to market, etc., at eight cents per pound, \$1,920, which, deducted from \$11,040, leaves a net profit of \$9,120. These figures are almost too large to be believed, but they are genuine nevertheless. Another farmer in the same district, named Hudson, had twenty-five acres in hops

this year, for which he was offered \$16,000 in cash, the purchaser to pick and ship and take all risks. The offer was refused, as Mr. Hudson was confident of realizing twenty per cent. more by picking and handling the crop himself.

With the advent of a railroad to Willapa harbor, the oyster business of Shoalwater bay will be increased to immense proportions. The title to the vast shoals is said not to be clear at present, but the question will shortly be settled, when it is said the business of transplanting oysters from the east will be engaged in largely. Nowhere in the country are the prospects so good in this respect, as there is comparatively little expense connected with the growing of the bivalves in that section. In San Francisco bay the beds have to be protected from the raids of the deadly enemy of the oyster, the stingeree, by a fence extending for mile after mile, while in Pacific county there is only the star fish to contend with, and these can easily be killed at low tide. The stingeree, on the contrary, comes and goes with the tide, and consequently can pursue his depredations with impunity. Thousands of dollars are spent annually in San Francisco in keeping these fences in good condition, and this fact, in addition to the greater cost of transportation to the Sound and Portland, where there are large markets to be supplied, is an important factor in favor of Shoalwater bay. This trade will yet contribute largely to the development and welfare of Pacific county.—*Astoria Pioneer*.

There is a movement on foot looking to the construction of a north and south railway in Idaho, and a number of prominent business men in the new state recently held a conference with Union Pacific officials relative to the building of such a line. The new road is to run between the Seven Devils mining camp and Silver City, with the DeLamar mining camp, some distance south of Caldwell, on the Short Line, as its terminus, 130 miles in all. The line will really be a feeder to the Union Pacific for ties and timber of all kinds, and also supply timber to the big DeLamar and other mines which are in need of it. By this road 500 square miles of yellow pine, fir and tamarack will be made accessible, from which at least three and one-quarter billion feet can be cut. Allowing that between fifty and a hundred million feet be cut annually, the supply would not be exhausted within forty years, and at the rate now paid the railroad for hauling would bring in a revenue of \$15,000,000. The road will cost about \$11,000 per mile including equipment. The heaviest grades are only seventy-five feet, while the curves are nothing to speak of. Engineers have completed the preliminary survey, which is almost as good as a final location as the work was very carefully done. Everything about the road seems feasible and the prospects for its construction are considered bright.

Alaska is almost the last place in the world where one would think of prosecuting agriculture, though popular knowledge of the subject may be said to be limited to generalities. The *Seattle Telegraph* the other day reported Governor Knapp, who is down from his northern province for a few weeks, as follows:

"Agriculture in Alaska is as yet only a matter of theory. Very little has been done in the way of agricultural pursuits. Special farming, like cultivation of roots, berries, and the keeping of dairies for local demand has proven very advantageous. The climate is too cold and wet for the cultivation of grains. Furthermore, clearing is too difficult for rapid development of the country, and even if our experiments should prove successful we should have no markets for our produce. The potatoes, cauliflowers, onions and turnips raised in Alaska are the finest I have seen anywhere. We had some cauliflowers that we intended to send to the Spokane Falls exposition, but our poor transportation facilities prohibited us from doing so.

"Alaska abounds in berries. Along the Chilcat river, the Yakutat river, Prince William's sound and on Corak island fine and good strawberries are raised in abundance. Our cranberries are smaller than those raised in the states, but excel them in flavor. We have a kind of berry called the salmon berry, which is similar to your raspberry but larger. Our blackberries are not by any means like the eastern blackberries. They are similar to the blueberries, but a little more tart and probably are a variety of the blackberries.

"Timothy grows fine. The great drawback is the weather, which does not allow us to cure the grass. Cattle live out-doors without being fed except during winter, when it is extraordinarily cold. The snowfall is light and the winters are not very severe. In Sitka the thermometer has been down to zero only once in forty-six years. Last year it reached four degrees above zero one night.

"The product of roots and vegetables does not as yet supply the local market. The interior of Alaska has, in my opinion, great possibilities as regards agriculture. The climate is not as wet as it is along the coast, but private enterprise cannot afford to experiment with it. The government should take some steps to solve the question."

A good opening exists for the establishment of a saw mill at Lebanon, Oregon.

Since the first of the year buildings have been erected in Olympia, Washington, aggregating \$588,500 in value.

The value of taxable property in Union county, Oregon, has increased \$573,695 during the past year, making a total for 1890 of \$3,414,455.

A large establishment for the manufacture of fire-brick and tile is to be erected at Toledo, Washington. The machinery has been ordered from the east and it is expected work will be commenced early in the spring.

The Toledo Mill & Manufacturing company has been incorporated at Toledo, Oregon, with a capital of \$150,000, for the purpose of building a canal from the Siletz river to Toledo to supply water power for manufacturing purposes.

An effort is being made to establish a circulating library at Baker City. No better evidence of the growth of intelligence in a community can be found than in the fact that there is a demand for good literature. The enterprise should meet with success.

The Gales Peak Water Company filed articles of incorporation last week, fixing the capital stock of the concern at \$100,000. The object of the company is to furnish the towns of Forest Grove, Cornelius and Hillsboro, Oregon, with a supply of pure water.

A new national bank is to be opened soon in Albina, \$40,000 of the stock having already been subscribed by residents of that place. It is the purpose of the projectors of the enterprise to have all the stock owned at home, and have all officers and employes selected from among the city's residents.

The temporary bridge constructed over the Nooksack river, in Whatcom county, Washington, by the Fairhaven & Northern Railroad Co., was destroyed by a jam of logs last week, seriously delaying work on the line and entailing a loss of about \$8,000. A second structure will be erected as soon as possible and work pushed with renewed vigor.

The Clackamas salmon hatchery will not turn out as many fry this year as was anticipated, and not nearly half as many as it should. The high water in February destroyed a portion of the dam across the river, together with racks, weirs, etc., and this with the usual congressional delay in appropriating money for repairs, has prevented securing more spawn than for turning out about 3,000,000 fish, while there should have been 10,000,000. The repairs should have been made by the first of May, whereas the money was not available until the first of July, and by the time the apparatus was ready for operation the best part of the season was past. The entire cost was not over \$200, but the loss of fish through delay can not be estimated. Then, too, the government has no representative here now. Commissioner Stone who was here for a time has gone, and no one has been sent to take his place. The government certainly can not accomplish any good in attempting artificial propagation of salmon unless a representative is kept here all the time, supplied with funds necessary for proper prosecution of the work. The fast and loose policy which has thus far characterized the work in this section is all wrong, and should be terminated as speedily as possible. Artificial propagation is an absolute necessity if the supply of salmon is not to be totally exhausted, and unless some more systematic method is pursued the salmon industry may be considered to be on the decline.

Probably the most universally distributed metal known to-day is aluminum, as it is found in clay deposits of all kinds. The extraction of it from the clay has been the only hindrance to its general use, as the processes by which it is secured have all been of such a nature as to render it too expensive. The study of this metal is attracting almost as much attention as does the development of electrical science, and a solution of the vexing problem of its successful reduction may be looked for any day as there are perhaps a thousand men busy in their laboratories in various parts of the world seeking for some means by which to make the metal as cheap as iron. When they shall have found it, who can calculate the change there will be in the construction of railroads and steamships, the building of houses and bridges and the making of thousands of things where iron and steel are now used? Take for instance a steel rail, such as is used in the construction of the

modern standard gauge railroad. The usual length of a rail is thirty feet, and the weight is twenty pounds to the foot, or 600 pounds to the rail; the same sized rail made of aluminum would weigh but 200 pounds and would be stronger and better, much easier handled and a great deal cheaper for transportation. Aluminum is of a bright silver color, and is susceptible of a high polish. It is non-corrodible, is both malleable and ductile to a high degree, and is almost as good a conductor of electricity as copper. It readily unites with other metals, and as an alloy reduces the melting point of steel, and frees both iron and steel castings from the bubbles or "blows." It hardens silver and copper. Aluminum's chief use just now is for mixing with bronze, producing what is known as aluminum-bronze, used in the highest grades of arts. A short time ago its price exceeded that of silver, but one discovery has succeeded another in the matter of cheapening its production until now it can be secured, considering the difference in weight, at but a slight advance over the cost of iron. This, however, is not the aim of the chemists who are working on the problem. It is considered by them all as probable that it will be produced at less expense, pound for pound, than iron, when the proper process of reduction shall have been discovered, and until then the industry will be limited chiefly to experiment. A Chicago chemist recently secured letters patent on a process whereby he claims he can produce the metal at a cost of about five cents a pound, which, as compared with iron, allowing for difference in weight, is equal to one and three-quarters cents a pound. Even at that price it is cheaper than steel, and will in a great measure enter into the construction of many articles now made of the latter metal, on account of it being lighter. A company has been organized in Chicago and capitalized at \$2,000,000 for the purpose of establishing a plant for the production of aluminum, and a bank of clay has been secured which it is estimated will furnish material for operation of the works for nearly a hundred years to come.

To assist in improving the channels of the Columbia river and its tributaries, the United States engineer in charge of that work in this section has constructed a large snag boat for removing loose rocks, logs, snags and other obstructions which have lodged in the path traveled by the vessels plying on these waters. In pursuing this work many articles are fished up from the bottoms of streams which have incidents of great interest connected with them, many of them recalling the pioneer days of Oregon and Washington, when both were united, together with Idaho, under the one name of Oregon. One of the obstructions of this nature now receiving the attention of this new snag boat is the wreck of the *Sylvia de Grace*, which for nearly half a century has laid at the bottom of the Columbia river near Astoria. The wreck, says the *Columbian*, lies nearly abreast of Hanthorn's cannery, and most of the timbers are still visible at low tide, notwithstanding the fact that forty-one years have passed since the vessel came to her last anchorage. The *Sylvia de Grace* was a clipper ship built along in the forties to ply between New York and England, but when news of the discovery of gold in California was received, she was sent around the horn with a cargo of general merchandise and passengers for San Francisco. On arriving there her master found that lumber was selling at fabulous prices, and was impossible to be obtained in that country. He accordingly set sail for the Columbia river, where he had been informed lumber was plentiful and comparatively cheap. On arriving at Astoria, he proceeded to Hunt's mill, which was located nearly opposite where Cathlamet now stands. It was a small mill and the vessel was a long time receiving her load, in fact a portion of it had to be rafted down from Love's old mill above Vancouver, and from a mill at Oregon City. At last the cargo was completed and on a pleasant July morning, in 1849, she moved down the river with what was probably the most valuable cargo of lumber that ever floated. She carried 300,000 feet, for which the captain was to receive \$500 per thousand in San Francisco. In the afternoon the vessel reached Astoria, and the pilot in charge, a young man named Johnston, let go anchor just above a ledge of rocks abreast of Hanthorn's cannery. On the ebb tide the ship dragged anchor and drifted broadside against the reef, knocking a hole in the bottom from which the hull gradually sank never to rise until the advent of the snag puller forty-one years later. The weather was calm and the vessel did not break up, in fact she never was broken up, but was hacked to pieces by wreckers. For nearly two months she was undisturbed; but in September her cargo was removed and loaded on other vessels which took it to San Francisco where it was still worth over \$100 per thousand. The people of Astoria in those days showed no disposition to take possession of everything they could get hold of, consequently the wreck remained almost intact for a long time, and whenever an Astoria boat builder needed a piece of seasoned oak he could paddle out to the wreck with a hand saw and a hatchet and cut out just what he needed. In this way the wreck was gradually cut down until nothing was left above water, and the sand settled around it, making the place a serious obstruction to navigation. In this condition it has laid for a generation, but at last Uncle Sam has concluded to remove it and in a few days the "wreck of the *Sylvia de Grace*" will exist only in the memory of the old residents.

THE SILVER KING.

Look at a map of Washington and British Columbia, and you will observe the outlet upon the Columbia of the Kootenay river, not far north of the British boundary; and there, a little to the eastward, you will see Kootenay lake, a mirror set among the high alps, and reaching away beyond limit north and south. You will see that the lake has an arm branching a score of miles westward, from which the river finds its course down a stairway of white cataracts to the Columbia. And now look upward from these nameless falls strung like great diamonds about the bases of the southward hills—the foot hills that spread from Toad mountain like the rays of a star that reach outward from the central crags and snow fields over the valleys of Cottonwood creek, Salmon river and the Kootenay.

Three years ago some Colville men were prospecting, and some of the horses were lost. Two young half breeds went in search of them over the high shoulder of the eastern spur in the deep snow. They found mineral, and on the return of the party to Colville the specimens proved to be very rich in silver. Rumor was soon abroad, and very early in the spring, upon such slight clues as were to be had, a party set out to discover, if possible, where the mineral had been found. The original discoverers, the Hall brothers and their party, informed and helped them to such a degree that they were presently involved in a river trip that would take several weeks at least, by way of the Columbia and Kootenay. Meanwhile the Hall party set out overland, and took but very few days to reach the ridge of the eastern spur, where they camped by what is, in summer, a lovely lake bordered with alpine lilies, but then a deep snow field. Two hundred feet down the north face brought them to where the stakes were planted of the Silver King, the Kootenay Bonanza and the American Flag; and another prospector, who found the party in camp, located an extension called the Dandy. These, with the three locations made by Dick Fry, of Bonner's Ferry, form the nucleus of the camp at an elevation of 5,400 feet above the sea.

A deposit, supposed to be sixty feet wide, of copper ore assaying \$400 per ton in silver, has been disclosed by a little digging, and this extends 3,000 feet. It is a treasury of gleaming violet with lustres of ruby and cobalt, every fragment a jewel save the dull rough patches of brittle silver that deface the surface. The peacock copper has from twenty-seven to forty per cent. of the bulk, twenty-two per cent. is sulphur, nine per cent. water, and earthy matter, and there are smaller quantities of antimony, magnesia, nickel, iron, gold and other minerals. From the summit of the mountain, a bare crag at a height of 7,600 feet, the course of the Silver King and Iroquois ledges may be seen reaching across the forks of Giveout creek and over the northeast spur some two and one-half miles. On the northern slope extends the vast gold belt, looking down upon the Kootenay and its cataracts, with hundreds of claims, in most of which free gold may be seen in the quartz. Opposite, under a high crag on the north side of the river, is a copper belt with ledges from 100 to 200 feet wide. Another gold belt covers the eastern slopes of the mountains on Cottonwood gulch; and joining that is the fourth great mineral region of the camp, the galena belt. Thus there are in one mining camp five distinct mineral districts totally unlike, and it would take too much space to tell of curious nickel and iron discoveries and divers complicated ledges that give scope for the varied misinformation of "experts." This wild and lonely crag, the star of hills, so rich a treasury of hidden wealth, the web of tangled torrents seeking the Cottonwood, the Salmon and the Kootenay, these glittering streams themselves, and the wide west arm that leads to Kootenay lake, seem to be set at the nucleus of the world. Wide and wild, to north and south and east and west, one stormy sea of hills, vast, dark, terrible! and behold the crested seas beyond—their gleaming waves of snow spectral beyond the limits of the world, with glaciers and ice fields reaching away, like the sea's white tracts of foam, into the haze of white light into the infinite!

H. R. A. Pocock.

Dr. Talmage says that we would all be rich but the Lord can not trust us. Still it is not pleasant to think that the Lord can trust some of the millionaires of this country in preference to us.—Chronicle-Telegraph.

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