

Vol. II.

JUNE, 1900.

No. 2.

KLOSNEŠIKA ILLAHEE



OREGON NATIVE SON

and Historical Magazine

Devoted to the History, Industries and Development
of the

ORIGINAL OREGON

COMPRISING THE STATES OF OREGON, WASHINGTON,
IDAHO AND PART OF MONTANA

1.00 a Year

IN ADVANCE

10c. a Number



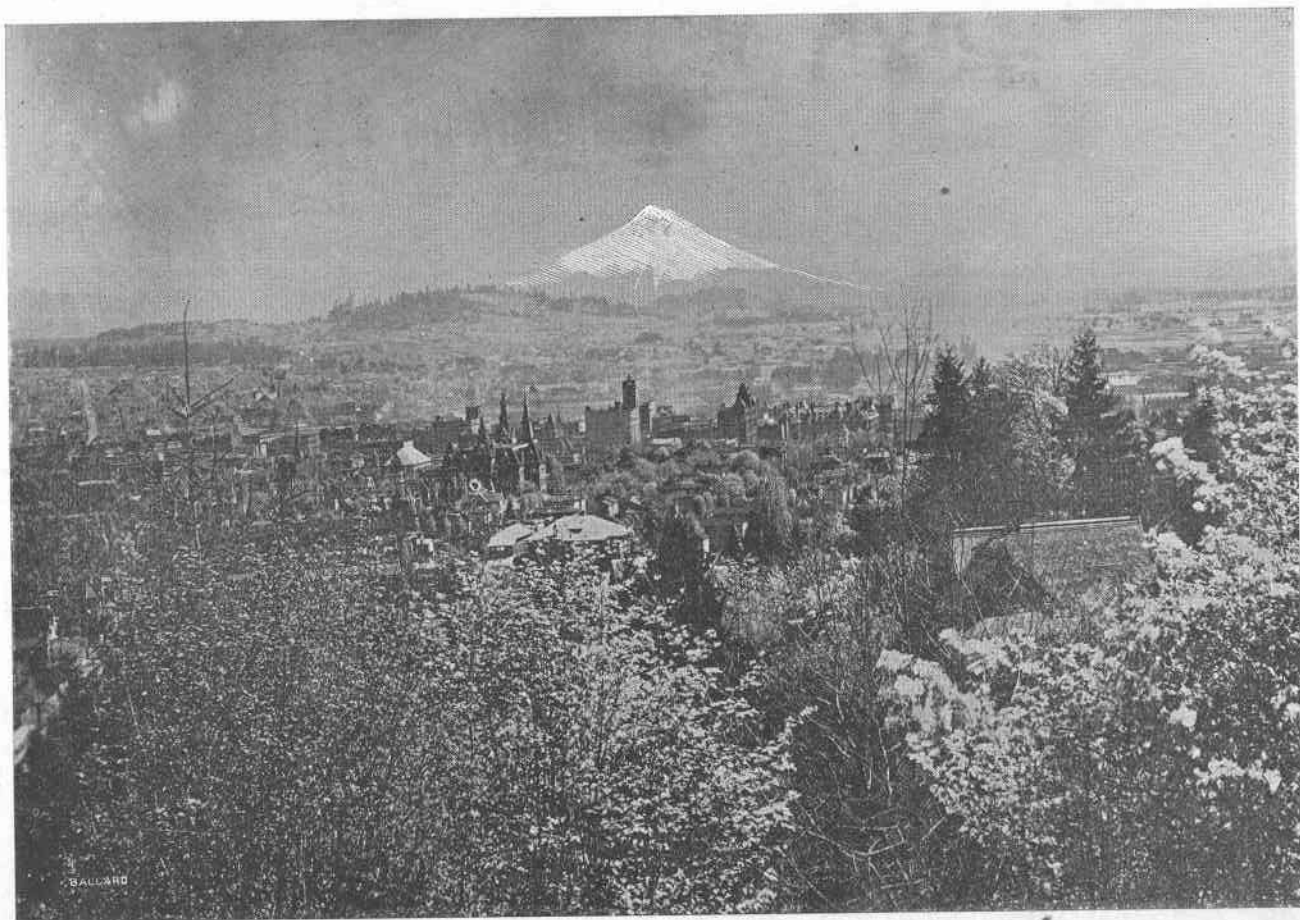
NATIVE SON PUBLISHING CO.

PUBLISHERS

Portland, Oregon,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

The entire contents of this Magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted without proper credit being given the OREGON NATIVE SON.



VIEW OF PORTLAND FROM CITY VIEW PARK

OREGON NATIVE SON.

\$1.00 a Year in Advance.

10 Cents a Number

Published Once a Month.

NATIVE SON PUBLISHING CO.,

Publishers.

184 FOURTH STREET

PORTLAND, OREGON.

The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted without proper credit being given the OREGON NATIVE SON.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE 1900.

The Press, Poem	51
A Tour of the World,..... John J. Valentine.....	53
The Legend of Chin-tim-i-ni,..... John B. Horner, A. M. Litt, D.	66
Westward Ho! Poem,..... Valentine Brown....	68
Pioneer Educational Institutions,.....	69
Tales of the Mines,..... G A. Waggoner.....	77
Lane County,..... Miss Anna Whiteaker	84
How Jim Floated In,..... Thos. H. Rogers.....	91
An Indian Romance,.....	95
Anecdotes of Early Days,..... Samuel A. Clarke.....	96
The Elliot Cut Off,..... W. W. Fiddler.....	98
Pioneer Day and Pioneer Era,.....	101
Nesika Wa-Wa,	
Purple and Gold,	
Biographical,	

Agents wanted in every locality. Write for our terms. Unusual inducements offered.

Manuscript sent to us should be typewritten and must be accompanied by stamps to prepay return postage if writers thereof so desire.

Address all correspondence, of whatever nature, and make all P. O. or express money orders, drafts, etc., payable to

NATIVE SON PUBLISHING CO.,
Portland, Oregon.

COPYRIGHT 1900, BY NATIVE SON PUBLISHING CO.

Entered at the Portland, Oregon, Post-office as Second Class Mail Matter.

The readers of this magazine will confer a great favor upon the publishers if they will kindly mention the Oregon Native Son when dealing with our advertisers.

GRISWOLD & PHEGLEY
TAILORS

173 Fourth Street.

Portland, O

E. H. Crocker Co.



100 FRONT STREET
Portland, Ore.

Printers, Lithographers
Bookbinders, Stationers ❀❀❀

Merchants National Bank

Portland, Oregon

J. Frank Watson President
R. L. Durham Vice-President
Ralph W. Hoyt Cashier
Geo. W. Hoyt Assistant Cashier

Transacts a General Banking
Business

Interest paid on time deposits, drafts and Letters of
Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY,

I. D. BOYER...
MERCHANT TAILOR

175 and 177 Fourth Street

FOREIGN AND
DOMESTIC WOOLENS PORTLAND, OREGON

❀❀ Ladies' Tailoring ❀❀

Misner & Hayden

FASHION STABLE

Livery, Boarding and Hack

TELEPHONE 45

Sixth and Oak Streets. PORTLAND, OR.

OTTO SCHUMANN,

The Leading Maker of

MONUMENTS

And all kinds of

Marble, Granite and Stone Work

Best Prices,
Best Work,
Quick Delivery. **Drawings Made by Description.**

204 Third St., near Taylor.

PORTLAND, - OREGON

When Dealing with our Advertisers Please Mention the OREGON NATIVE SON.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF PORTLAND, OREGON.

W. CORBETT, PRESIDENT.
E. WITHINGTON, CASHIER.
W. NEWKIRK, ASST. CASHIER.
W. C. ALVORD, SECOND ASST. CASHIER.

Designated Depositary and Financial
Agent of the United States.

Letters of credit issued, available in Europe and the Eastern States. Sight Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers sold on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, San Francisco and the principle points in the Northwest. Sight and Time Bills drawn in sums to suit on London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Hong Kong, Yokohama, Copenhagen, Christiania, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Zurich, Honolulu. Collections made on favorable terms.



PHIL METSCHAM PRES.

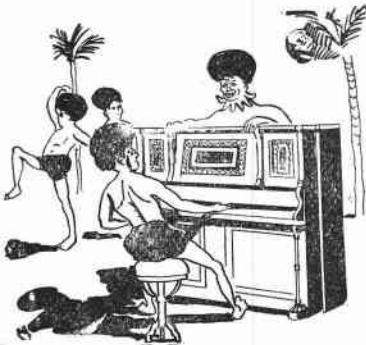
C. W. KNOWLES MANAGER

The Imperial Hotel Co.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN

EUROPEAN PLAN, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00.
AMERICAN PLAN \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00.

Seventh & Washington Streets,
Portland, Oregon



Savage Exultation

as well as civilized adulation follow in the wake of the use of Ludwig pianos. They not only make glad the eye with the beauty, elegance and richness of encasement but the quality and strength of tone rejoice the ear, while the lightness of touch brings no weariness to the fingers and wrists of the performer upon their polished keys.

Any native son or daughter who will make themselves known to the "Native Music Store of Oregon" will be shown SPECIAL FAVORS. Don't forget this.

THE WILEY B. ALLEN CO.,

The Oldest—The Largest Music Store
209-211 First St., Portland, Ore.

When Dealing with our Advertisers Please Mention the OREGON NATIVE SON.

Library Association

OF PORTLAND

Stark St.. Bet. Seventh and Park.

26,000 VOLUMES.

250 PERIODICALS.

Hours, 9:00 A. M. to 9:00 P. M., except Sundays and holidays. \$5.00 per year; \$1.50 per quarter. Students' special membership \$1.50 per year. standard and popular magazines circulate as books.

Columbia 'Phone 700.
Oregon 'Phone Grant 431.

Terms Strictly Cash.

Electric Laundry Co.

REMOVED TO

Office, 126 Fifth St.

Portland, Oregon.

E. B. LABBE

LABBE & REBE

Wholesale and Retail
Manufacturers of

N. S. & D. ICE CREAM
and CONFECTIONERY

Our Specialty; —

WEDDINGS, SOCIALS, PICNICS AND HOME USE

310 WASHINGTON STREET, Bet. 5th and 6th.

Free delivery to any part of the city.

Columbia 'Phone 134, Oregon 'Phone North 11.

H. REBE

The G. Heitkemper Co.

WATCHMAKERS,
JEWELERS,
and SILVERSMITHS.

Expert Watch Repairers.

Manufacturers of Jewelry.

Spectacles Fitted by Graduate Optician.

286 Morrison St.

Bet. 4th and 5th. PORTLAND, ORE.



East
AND
South
VIA

SOUTHERN
PACIFIC
COMPANY



Leave	Depot Fifth & I Sts.	Arrive
	OVERLAND EXPRESS TRAINS, for Salem, Roseburg, Ashland, Sacramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Mojave, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and the East At Woodburn (daily ex- cept Sunday), morning train connects with train for Mount Angel, Silverton, Brownsville, Springfield and Natron, and evening train for Mt. Angel and Silverton.	
*8:30 PM		*7:45 AM
*8:30 AM		*8:30 PM
*4:00 PM	Albany passenger	*10:10 AM
†7:30 AM	Corvallis passenger	†5:50 PM
†4:50 PM	Sheridan passenger	†8:25 AM

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

Rebate tickets on sale between Portland, Sacramento and San Francisco. Net rates \$17 first class and \$11 second class, including sleeper.

Rates and tickets to Eastern points and Europe. Also JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU and AUSTRALIA, can be obtained from J. B. KIRKLAND, Ticket Agent, 134 Third St.

R. KOEHLER, Manager.

When Dealing with our Advertisers Please Mention the OREGON NATIVE SON.

YAMHILL DIVISION

Passenger depot foot of Jefferson St.

Leave for Oswego daily at 7:20, *9:40 am, 12:30, 1:55, 3:25, 5:15, 6:25, 8:05, 11:30 pm and 9:00 a.m. on Sundays only. Arrive Portland daily at *6:35, 8:30, *10:50 a.m.: 1:35, 3:15, 4:30, 6:20, 7:40, 9:15 p.m. 12:40 a.m. daily except Monday, and 10:05 a. m. on Sundays only.

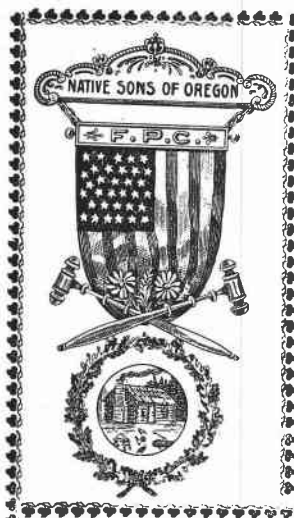
Leave for Sheridan daily except Sunday, at 4:30 p.m. Arrive at Portland at 9:30 a. m.

Leave for Arlie Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8.35 am. Arrive at Portland Tuesdays Thursdays Saturdays at 3.05 pm.

*Except Sunday

C. H. MARKHAM, Gen. F. & P. Agent.

Send in Your
Subscriptions.



NATIVE SON PUB. CO.
184 Fourth Street,
PORTLAND, OREGON.



The OREGON NATIVE SON

Is the only illustrated magazine of history
published on the Pacific Coast.

Missionary History

Life on the Plains

Indian Wars

Mountains, Rivers, Forest and Fields

Rhyme

Story

Tradition

Legend

Present industries, advantages and oppor-
tunities of the Great Pacific Northwest.



\$1.00 PER YEAR ✱
10 CTS. A NUMBER.



JOHN S. PINNEY.

PORTLAND MANAGER AMERICAN TYPE FOUNDERS COMPANY.

Among the new business men locating in Portland this year is John S. Pinney, who came as manager for the American Type Founders Company. Mr. Pinney is almost 40 years old and is proud to say that all his life, since 12 years of age, has been devoted to the printing business in all its branches.

His enthusiasm for his company is good to see, for he will convince anybody that his company is the leader in type fashions and has the ability to provide for the ordinary needs or the most exacting whims of the American printer. Besides that, and equally as important, Mr. Pinney is thoroughly im-



Fraternally, Mr. Pinney is a Mason, having served two terms as master of the oldest and largest lodge in St. Paul, Minn. He is now an honorary member of that lodge. He is also a member of Portland Lodge of Elks.

Before coming to Portland Mr. Pinney was with the Cincinnati branch of the American Type Founders Company, also with the Chicago branch.

bued with the spirit of General Manager Nelson that everybody must have the best possible treatment every time.

The Portland and Spokane houses of the American Type Founders Company are managed by Mr. Pinney. He is intensely active, quick to decide, good-natured and "easy." He has the faculty of making and retaining friends and will do anything to accommodate a friend or customer.

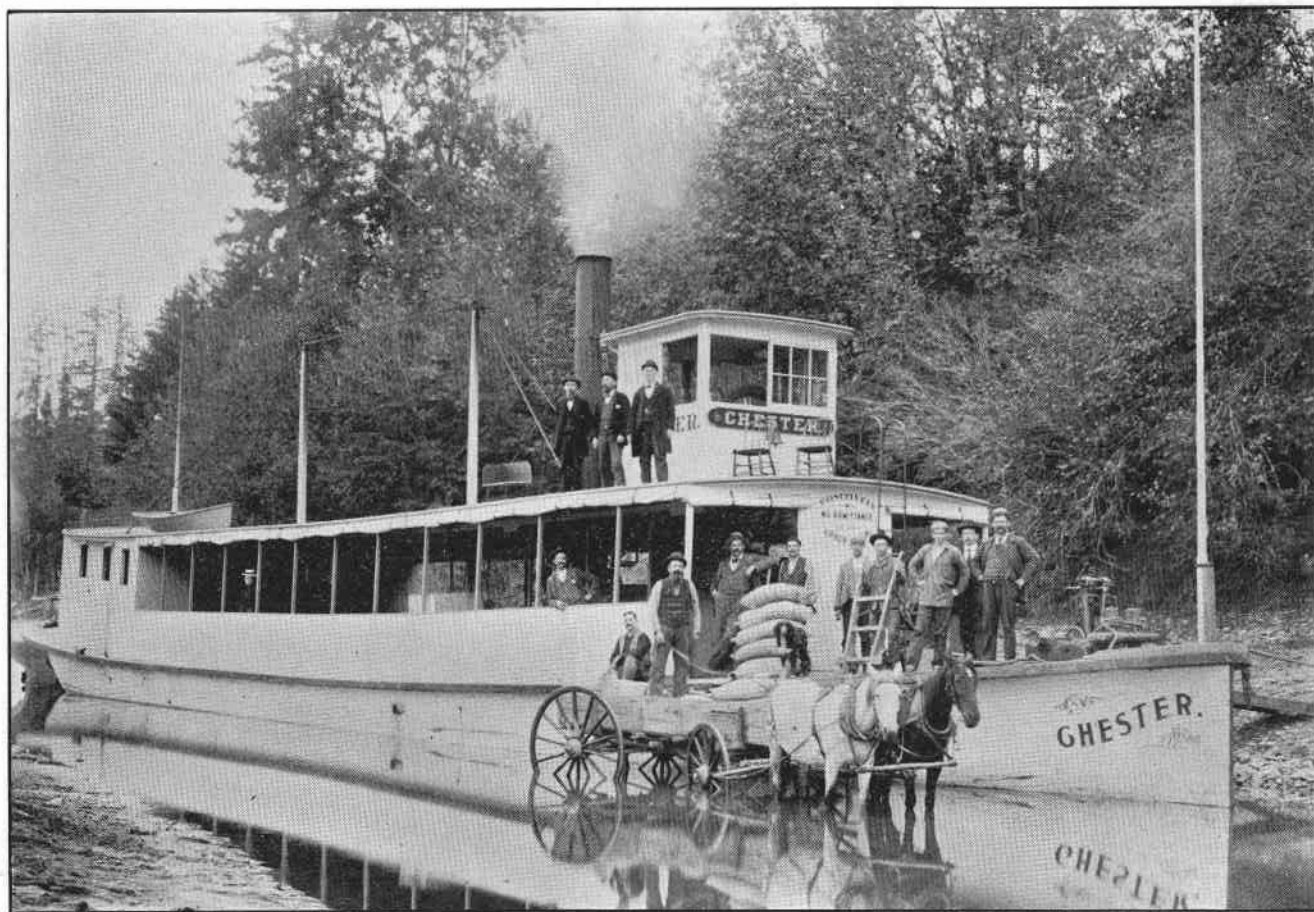
THE PRESS.

Thoughts flit and flutter through the mind,
As o'er the waves the shifting wind;
Trackless and traceless is their flight,
As falling stars of yesternight,
Or the old tide-marks on the shore
Which other tides have rippled o'er.

Yet art, by genius trained and taught,
Arrests, records the fleeting thought,
Stamps on the minutes or the hour
A lasting, an eternal power.
And to mind's passing shadows gives
An influence that forever lives.

But mightiest of the mighty means,
On which the arms of progress leans,
Man's noblest mission to advance,
His woes assuage, his weal enhance,
His rights enforce, his wrongs redress—
Mightiest of mighty—is the press.

Oregon Free Press, Oct. 7, 1848.



A STEAMER THAT RUNS ON A MIST.

A TOUR OF THE WORLD.

JOHN J. VALENTINE, PRESIDENT OF WELLS-FARGO & CO., WRITES HIS
FRIEND, AARON STEIN, OF SAN FRANCISCO, AN
ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAVELS.

(Published by Special Permission of Mr. Valentine.)

On Board the S. S. Pennsylvania,
October, 14, 1899.

DEAR UNCLE AARON:

While we have nothing of special interest to narrate at this, the initial stage of the voyage across the Atlantic, I thought a few lines relative to our departure would serve as introductory to the next budget.

First, a few words descriptive of the big cargo-steamers: This one—the “Pennsylvania”—whose register is 14,000 tons, freight capacity 18,000 tons—has a speed of thirteen knots per hour, and burns only ninety tons of coal per day; or, about one-quarter what an ocean greyhound consumes, roughly speaking, ninety tons against three hundred and sixty, making a difference of two hundred and seventy tons per day; which, say at two-thirds time steaming service, or for 244 traveling days in a year, would at the rate of 270 tons per day, represent in round figures a reduced consumption of sixty-six thousand tons of coal per annum; and this at three dollars per ton would make a cash saving of \$198,000, or, approximately, twelve per cent of the cost of the steamer—to wit, \$1,700,000. This ship, like three others of the line in similar service, has all modern improvements in steam and electrical machinery; a feature recently introduced being “bilge keels”—i. e., flanges or fins extending horizontally along the hull of the vessel a distance of 300 feet, just where its sides begin to curve toward the keel proper. The ship’s bottom, possibly with a view to saving harbor dues by lessening the draft of the vessel, is unusually flat. These flanges or “bilge keels,” are about

12 inches wide and slant downward and outward. They are intended for the purpose of steadying the ship, and certainly in the case of the “Pennsylvania” this object has been attained, for she is the smoothest sailer I ever traveled on.

But to the matter of embarkation: We left the Everett House, New York, shortly after 10:30 A. M., today (Saturday, October 14th) and drove with our baggage to Hoboken ferry, crossing which we had but a short distance to go on the Jersey side to the pier where our steamer lay. About ten minutes before sailing hour (1:00 o’clock), the steamer’s brass band, composed of her second cabin stewards (waiters) struck up a lively, though at times slightly discordant air, and promptly, as scheduled, the big ship backed out from the pier into the river. Craft of all kinds, ocean passenger and cargo steamers, government boats, sailing vessels and many ferry boats and tugs with barges in tow, dotted the river, and as we slowly moved down stream we saw the piers of the large trans-Atlantic liners, alongside one of which was the colossal new steamer “Oceanic,” of the White Star Line. To port (the left side of a vessel, looking toward the bow) we passed the “sky-scraper” buildings of New York City, the highest of which tower nearly thirty stories above the ground. Soon we came abreast of Sandy Hook, a hook-like projection from the Jersey shore, with its barbed point turned northward towards New York harbor. Inside of this anchorage the “Columbia” and “Shamrock”—“skimming dishes”—were moored just off shore, and plainly distinguishable. But for the landmarks

that were passed we were scarcely conscious of any movement, so silently and without perceptible vibration did the huge leviathan glide through the smooth water.

All told, in first and second cabin and steerage, there are probably two hundred passengers on board; though of the first cabin there are not enough to occupy one-half the table and stateroom accommodations for such. At 2:00 P. M. the bugler gave the luncheon call, and we were served with a very acceptable meal, some dishes of which were characteristic of the German culinary art. A glance at the wine-card impressed me with the moderate charges for beverages; for example, the bottle of soda which I ordered was listed at 20 pfennigs, or say 5 cents U. S. currency.

After a very excellent dinner, with good music meanwhile, a smoke and a chat with the Captain, a salt of forty years' nautical seasoning, I "turned in," and so ended our first day.

Shortly after retiring last night we ran into a dense fog. As a result of this, the sleep-disturbing fog-horn automatically tooted every few minutes during the hours from 10:00 P. M., to 3:00 A. M. After that there was "rest for the weary."

At 7:00 o'clock this (Sunday) morning, the band played two pieces of sacred music, stationed first on one side, and then on the other side of the vessel. During the day, at different times, other suitable numbers were rendered; and although the sky was grey, the soothing strains of music and tranquil sea made the day quite enjoyable. With nightfall came a clear sky and bright moonlight.

We have nothing of note to chronicle but report for the forenoon a bright sky and brisk northerly breeze. Everything connected with the conduct of the steamer, from the Captain downward, promises auspiciously. Evidently the ship's agents in New York commended us to the officers, who are according us every consideration. The Captain, with whom we sit at table, is a typical jolly skipper. The passengers are sufficient in number to avoid ennui, but yet not numerous

enough to crowd and cause inconvenience. The Captain tells us that during the summer season—May to September, inclusive—the extensive passenger accommodations are "chock-a-block"—a congested condition of humanity which is not conducive to individual comfort.

Another fair day. Temperature cool, but not chilly; sea smooth; latitude about 43 deg. N.; longitude near 52 deg. W. We have passed Cape Race and are running over "The Banks," approximately 1000 miles from New York. As I understand it, "The Banks," several hundred miles in extent from west to east and north to south, are so called from the sandy shoal character of the bed of the sea, and this in turn, I suppose, is due to the wash—moraine—of glacial bodies, and furnishes matter for the fish to feed upon; practically a sandy bottom, as is said to be the case in the North Sea, upon which is based the claim that North Sea fish are of a superior quality. But I have been to few places that such claims are not made. At Honolulu the mullet was alleged to be extra good—but as served at the Hawaiian Hotel, it was not to my notion all that was claimed for it.

One day goes as another. Weather still mild, and sea comparatively calm. We are now in the sweep of the Gulf Stream, which somewhat tempers the atmosphere. Up to this date (the 21st, P. M.) we have traveled some 2,100 miles eastward. As we make the entry, the musical "talent" amongst the passengers are practicing for a concert tonight, and a young gentleman has just sung, "The Holy City"—"Geerusalem! Gee-rusalem!! Gee-rusalem!!!"

Last night's entertainment, which was made up of recitations, vocal and instrumental music, interspersed with selections by the ship's orchestra, was quite an enjoyable diversion. The program terminated with a cake-walk.

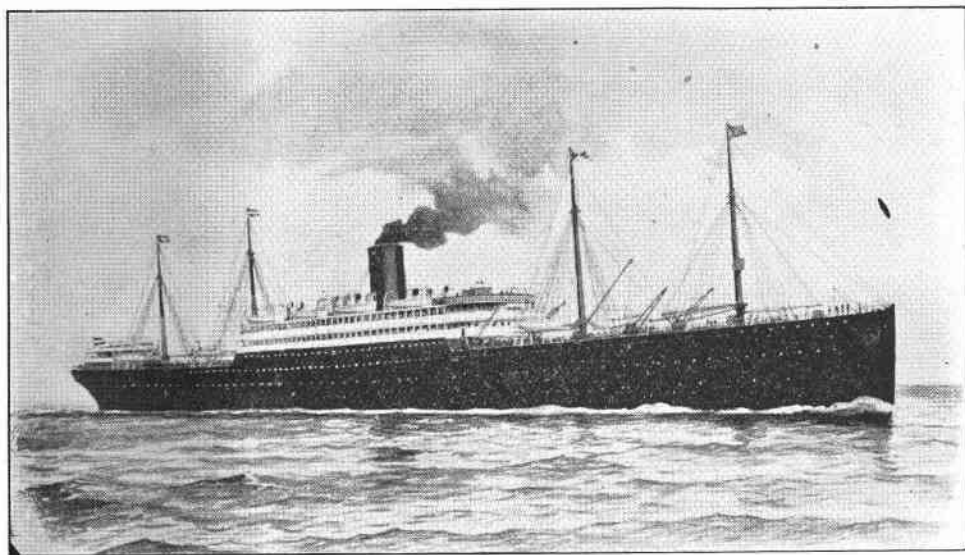
We are nearing Plymouth, our first port, and expect to land a number of passengers there tomorrow, Tuesday, morning. On that occasion these notes will be mailed. We expect to pass the

Scilly Islands, a little group of three, ninety miles west of Plymouth, this evening. With good wishes to all we start this budget to its destination

At Plymouth (England), we passed over to the tender, early this morning, a very considerable mail, including a budget for you. The English newspapers received here today tell us of the defeat of the "Shamrock," and report severe fighting in the Transvaal, but beyond mention of the yacht races they contain nothing of interest particularly relating to the United States. After

done on ship board, where reading and writing were my chief resources for disposing of time.

From 9:00 to 10:00 o'clock last night, we ran through successive fog banks, and the presence of many shipping craft was plainly and uncomfortably indicated by the number of variously-pitched marine whistles, above the din of which rose the wailing shrieks of a "Siren." After that hour, it having become clear again, we saw the town lights of Folkestone, and by midnight were in the Straits of Dover, whence the many lights of the City of Dover and the



S. S. PENNSYLVANIA.

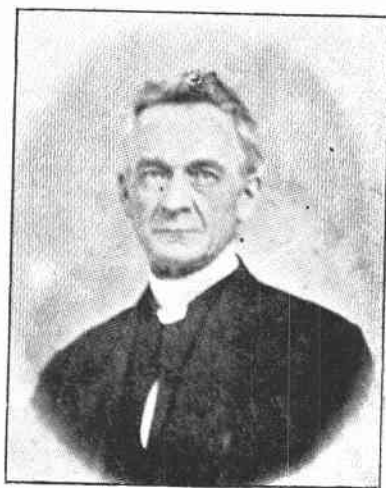
about two hours' stay at Plymouth we again put to sea. Before 6:00 o'clock Eddystone Light was passed; and now we are on our way to Hamburg. The sea, as hitherto, continues smooth, but the approach toward land is marked by a lower temperature. At this writing we have steamed up to the Isle of Wight, the outline of which can be seen through the haze.

For a moment I will digress to say that, after we are once more ashore and there engaged in sight-seeing, we may not write in so much extenso as we have

flashes of the electric beacon at Calais, France, were clearly visible. Early this morning the new steamer "Kaiser Frederick," which sailed three days after we did, hove in sight, and by 9:00 o'clock overtook us. At the present hour (noon) the weather is still fair, sky bright and sea smooth, and D. V., we shall reach Cuxhaven tomorrow morning; thence we take tender up the Elbe, to Hamburg.

Hamburg, Oct. 29, 1899.

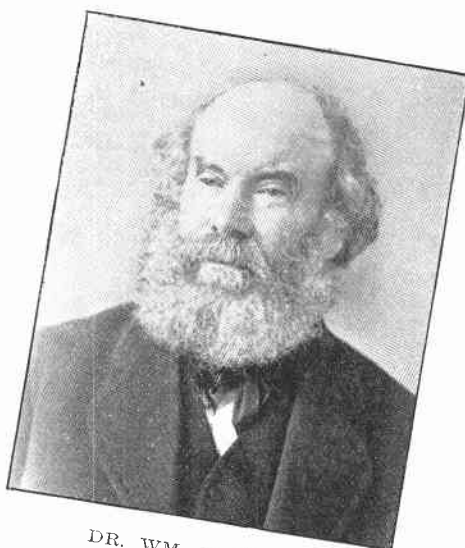
Our last notes were jotted down on the



REV. ALVIN F. WALLER.
A Pioneer of 1840.



SIR JAMES DOUGLAS,
Hudson's Bay Co.



DR. WM. F. TOLMIE,
Hudson's Bay Co.

the 25th, as we ran along the coast of Holland. The approach to the Elbe is over a long reach of shallow sea, similar to that of the China Sea, off Shanghai. For seventy-five miles before entering the channel of the river the navigator's course is marked out by a succession of lightships. We entered the Elbe about 4:00 A. M., and at 8:00 o'clock had dropped anchor at Brunshausen, which lies further up the stream than Cuxhaven; at which latter place most large vessels have to be lightened. Our steamer, on arriving there was drawing over 31 feet, and required to be lightened to about 24 feet 'ere coming to Hamburg.

At 9:00 A. M. we were transferred to a large tug-tender and reached the dock two hours later. The ride up the river showed the westerly bank to be a low sandy stretch of meadows the soil of which was evidently impregnated with alkali. These meadows are dotted with clumps of willows, among which are seen, at frequent intervals, windmills of the old Dutch style, with long fans or arms that move ponderously under the pressure of the wind. However, the most striking feature of the landscape is the multiplicity of factory smoke-stacks, an evidence that within these environs manufactures are very actively carried on. The easterly bank (on which Hamburg is situated) has a good elevation, covered by a diversified growth of forest trees now showing autumnal tints. The colorings however, in no wise equal the brilliant hues of an American forest during the same season of the year. This side of the river for twenty miles down is a succession of villages and villas, the latter being the summer homes of wealthy Hamburgers. The banks of the Elbe frequently showed stretches of rip-rap, or retaining walls, beyond which the reclaimed land is highly cultivated. The river itself was alive with shipping craft of all kinds, indicating the diversified character of the traffic of Hamburg, the largest commercial center of Germany. Here I may state that the Hamburg-American Packet Co., having a

fleet of eighty ocean steamers running to all continents, utilizes the largest ship tonnage of any steamship company in the world. The immense trade of Hamburg—commercial expansion—was gained by this "free city" without "forcible annexation" of tropical islands.

Upon landing in the city we were met by our agent here and driven to the Customs, where our baggage was promptly passed without the slightest technicalities or unnecessary scrutiny. Thence we came to the Hotel de l'Europe (where we are now sojourning), overlooking Alster Lake, the beautiful water park of the city. Hamburg may very properly be called one of the Venices of northern Europe, for it has hundreds of acres of lakes, that in turn are connected by miles and miles of canals, which are spanned by countless bridges—some of them particularly handsome structures. The combination of fine residences and groves of trees which border the lakes, the swans and other water fowls which skim upon their surface, and the vast traffic moving to and fro upon these convenient waterways, is at once striking and pleasing. Countless boats—little passenger steamers and freight barges—are incessantly coming and going. Any visitor to our Columbian Exposition, by recalling the lagoons and canals of "The White City" can form some idea of the lakes and connecting canals with their many bridges in the midst of this city of nearly 650,000 inhabitants. As to Hamburg in general—its people, its buildings, its streets, its industrial potencies, etc.—it may be compared with such modern commercial centers as Dublin, Glasgow, Manchester, St. Louis, etc., though, of course, here and there are to be seen the old landmarks that remind one of its earlier marked importance in the world of trade and finance. The modern appearance of its commercial buildings is doubtless due largely to the great fire of 1842.

Before speaking of it politically I shall refer briefly to its early history: In the 11th and 12th centuries the growing

commercial activity of the cities of northern Europe was greatly hampered by the disorder and insecurity which prevailed throughout the continent. To protect themselves against robbery and piracy these cities formed leagues for mutual defense, which in 1360 culminated in the establishment of the Hanseatic League, from which year the political power of that celebrated organization dates. Originally it comprised eighty-five towns, all of which assumed to exercise sovereign power. This awakened the jealousy of other cities and of reigning monarchs, and with what followed by withdrawals and revocations of charters by kings the league weakened, and about the middle of the 17th century it was formally dissolved. As the offspring of the Hanseatic League and once prominent members of it, there remain at this day the three city-republics ("free cities") of Hamburg, Bremen and Lubeck. They each continue to exercise sovereign power in all that relates to their local affairs. Each city has an upper and a lower house; at the head of the former stands the Burgomaster, or mayor, and as head of the latter there is a representative whose position corresponds to that of our "Speaker" in the lower House of Congress. These cities are represented in the Reichstag, and have equal voice with any other member of the imperial federation at Berlin. In their local government the members of the Upper House (or senate) hold office for life; while those of the Lower House (the "Burgerschaft") are elected by the people for six years.

LUBECK

As that old city is only an hour's distance by fast train from Hamburg, we spent a day there. It is situated on the River Trave, a few miles from the Ost (East) Sea, as the Germans call the Baltic. It has a history of a thousand years, but is of little concern to us, and its medieval status is sufficiently indicated by the sketch of Hamburg. Its present population is said to consist of 70,000 clean, tidy, comely people—terms which fitly describe the city itself. One of its chief antique features is St. Mary's

church—Catholic before the Reformation, Protestant since—a grotesque detail of which is part of the mural decoration to one of the inner vestibules—a sort of all-hands-round procession of Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, Priests, Emperors, Kings, Princes, Dukes, etc., and people of every walk of life, with a grinning skeleton clinging to the arm of each. 'Tis a gruesome subject, gruesomely treated. And this is Holbein's famous "Dance of Death." In point of antiquity the Rathshouse comes next, and is well worth a visit. Then Shipmasters' Guild Hall, 1535. Friedenhausen's study, elaborately decorated in carved oak, with many panels of chiselled alabaster, etc., is in a building a few doors beyond. A modern structure is the Museum. The contents are similar to all good collections. An amusing feature of the collection are the paintings representing Napoleon's taking of the city, in 1806—evidently done by a special artist on the spot. The drawing, colors, and execution of these paintings are not greatly dissimilar to those of a Sioux Indian's delineations on the tanned side of a buffalo robe.

From Hamburg we visited Bremen, and Friederichsruh, as well as Lubeck, and I expected to make some general observations thereon, but have been prevented from doing so. During the past two days (November 3d and 4th) we enjoyed glimpses of Kiel, Schleswig, and Flensburg—all these in Schleswig-Holstein. Again I have been too constantly occupied getting around and viewing these interesting Old-World localities to find space for jotting down impressions.



Christiania, Norway, Nov. 8, 1899.

My last budget, signed at Flensburg, Germany, the 4th, was but a hasty and very imperfect outline of the much we had seen in the ten days it covered—hence I will recur here to some things connected with Germany.

We visited the docks in Hamburg; and, utilizing a tug, made the circuit of the harbor. The activity of that mart is something astonishing—the number and

variety of floating craft constitute a bewildering maze to a visitor from other lands. While on this feature I will call attention to the magnitude of Western Europe's (Nor' sea ports) ocean steam marine. First, the French line from Havre; second, the Red Star line—Netherlands—from Antwerp; third, the Holland-American line from Rotterdam; fourth, the North German Lloyd line from Bremen and Bremerhaven; fifth, the Hamburg-American line from Hamburg and Cuxhaven; and sixth, the Danish United line from Copenhagen. The latter company has a fleet of 120 steam vessels sailing the seas over.

From Hamburg we visited Bremen, and through the kindness of friends there were shown most features of special interest to visitors, but we have not the time to record a tithe of the many interesting things observed day after day. However I must mention one notable instance of reckless extravagance indulged in. The "Rathskeller" (municipal cellar) of Bremen contains "butts" or hogsheads of Rheinwein (Rhodesheimer) stored there since away back in 1653—and the custodian furnishes an official estimate of the appreciation in value of said wine, at stated intervals, on the basis of allowing for accrued interest on original cost. Here is the document itself in plain English:

Rose Wine in the "Rathskeller" of Bremen.

A calculation of the value of Rhodesheimer stored there since 1653, (on basis of 3 decimals).

In the year 1653 the cost price for "ein stuck" Rhein wine (288 gallons) was Goldthaler 300 (\$229.17 about). At the expiration of five years, that is in 1658, the price for the same, calculated with 10 per cent compound interest (being 5 per cent interest and 5 per cent leakage), Goldthaler 483. After the year 1658, allowing only $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent compound interest (5 per cent interest and $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent for leakage), the cost price of the same quantity of this wine would be:

In the year 1708	Goldthaler....	17,968
In the year 1758	Goldthaler....	668,243
In the year 1808	Goldthaler....	24,851,913
In the year 1858	Goldthaler....	924,240,000
In the year 1868	Goldthaler....	1,904,889,400
In the year 1878	Goldthaler....	3,926,040,500
In the year 1888	Goldthaler....	8,091,700,000
In the year 1898	Goldthaler....	16,677,264,000

In Marks, 55,392,341,000—Goldthaler 28—Mark, 93.

The present value, in the year 1898, would be for:

	—Marks.—
1 Stuck (8 Ohm).....	55,392,341,000
1 Ohm	6,924,042,625
$\frac{1}{4}$ Ohm (45 bottles)	1,731,010,656
1 bottle (8 glasses)	38,466,903
1 glass (1000 drops).....	4,808,362
1 drop	4,808
Bremen, 1898,	

Of this precious nectar I imbibed, say, half an ounce. As there are 20 minims per scruple, three scruples per dram, and eight drams per ounce, I disposed of say 240 minims or drops. As the official estimate rates it at 4.808 marks per drop, I figure these 240 drops to represent 1,153.920 marks swallowed at one gulp. And what shall I say of this priceless nectar? It is possibly as palatable as poor vinegar, but by no means so good as hard cider.

I may mention also that the commercial activity and steamship enterprise of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, whose vessels run to and from this port, is similar to that of the Hamburg-American Company, already referred to in my last letter; and there is a similarity to Hamburg in public improvements such as urban parks, lakes, etc. Referring to two of the public monuments here—one of them a colossal statue of Gustavus Adolphus, is striking and characteristic, suggesting the dash and vigor of the man as he swept down from the North to aid struggling Protestant Germany. Of the other, a more modern production—the equestrian statue of Emperor William I. The Great—I have no words of commendation, being heavy and expressionless in almost every particular.

It is an easy transition from Emperor William to Prince Bismarck, whose "Castle" at Friederichsruh, we paid a visit, and, by the courtesy of Count Herbert Bismarck's secretary, were admitted to the grounds and mausoleum—the latter recently erected to the "Iron Chancellor." The village of Friederichsruh is small and devoid of interest, and the so-called "Castle" is an aggregation



Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Canfield,
Pioneers of 1847.



Mrs. Mary Sanders-Husted,
A Pioneer of 1847.



Mrs. Harriet Kimball-Jewett,
A Pioneer of 1847.

WHITMAN MASSACRE SURVIVORS

of plain and unpretensions brick buildings plastered over, with little or nothing suggestive externally of either castle or palace. It looks rather like a boarding house; which, in truth, the building was originally when purchased by Bismarck. My thoughts here naturally turned to the force and ability with which Bismarck achieved his sagacious purposes. The defeat of Denmark on the Schleswig-Holstein question; the subsequent defeat of Austria; and finally that of France; the latter resulting in the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine after an alienation of two centuries. In national affairs this is a great record; yet the later Emperor and the Chancellor disagreed; and the latter retired to private life at Friederichsruh with the gloomy assertion that he had never known a day's unalloyed happiness. "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Leaving Hamburg for our northern journey we stopped, as already mentioned, at Kiel, Schleswig and Flensburg, in Holstein, ere proceeding to Copenhagen, which city we reached by crossing over from Fredericia on the mainland (jutland) to Strib, on the island of Fune, and from the easternmost extremity at Nyborg we again ferried over to Korsor, some fifteen miles distant on the island of Seeland; thence by rail to Copenhagen on the east shore of Seeland.

Returning for a moment to Schleswig Holstein, undoubtedly one of the impelling motives to the acquisition of that duchy was the importance to Germany of a ship canal between the Baltic and the Elbe, and the assurance to Germany of such ports as Lubeck, Kiel, Schleswig, and Flensburg, etc. The death (about 1863) of the King of Denmark, who held Schleswig Holstein the same as in years gone Hanover had been held for England, afforded Bismarck comparatively cogent and plausible reasons for his course. The three chief actors, William I, Bismarck, and Von Moltke, are all dead and gone; but the Danish King with whom they warred still lives and reigns. By the way, in this connec-

tion I may mention that Von Moltke was originally a Danish soldier, who went to Germany on leave, and I suppose, with the cession of Schleswig-Holstein, became endowed with all the rights and privileges of full German citizenship.

All that portion of Schleswig-Holstein and Denmark over which we journeyed is very attractive and productive, agriculturally; the most part looking like the rolling prairie lands to be seen in Illinois northwesterly from Chicago, on the Burlington or Northwestern Railway routes; or as may be seen in Iowa, and those portions of Nebraska and Kansas lying between Omaha and Kansas City.

Of the city of Copenhagen, with its population of about 450,000, it may be said that over 350,000 have been added during the last fifty years, within which period its great commercial growth has taken place. In 1849, constitutional rights were demanded and obtained by the people. The general aspects of Copenhagen are in the highest degree attractive—commercially and economically, politically and socially. It is impracticable to refer to its many objects of interest, but one alone—the Thorvaldsen Museum—would repay any traveler for a visit. It contains some eighty specimens in marble and about two hundred plaster casts by this master artist. Here are also his personal belongings—the seals or signets, and antique coins collected during his life time; his library, furniture, and other effects. But not the least interesting items are 134 medals—bronze, silver, and gold—from Emperors, Kings and Popes. There are no less than eighteen gold medals received from Popes in the more than fifty years' activity that marked Thorvaldsen's career as a sculptor. After a residence of forty odd years at Rome, he was brought back to Copenhagen in triumphal state on a Danish man-o'-war which also bore the statuary and the personal belongings already referred to.

As of current interest I may mention the opera house, a massive and becoming structure with a large auditorium in-

cluding four galleries, all of which I had the good fortune to see filled by an audience that apparently in point of intelligence, dress and good breeding would rank with any in the world, and this was on a Sunday evening. At 4:00 o'clock P. M., of the same day, I attended the "Circus Varieties," a large amphitheater, presenting an entertainment similar to that of the Orpheum in San Francisco or Los Angeles, or Keith's, in Boston or New York. Previously I had lunched at one of the most popular restaurants, frequented by the notables of the city. In the forenoon I visited the Church of Our Lady, one of the oldest and most impressive structures in the city. After the opera, I said to my courier, an intelligent and well-bred man, educated,—“Do these people who attend the opera and “Circus Varieties”—all go to church in the forenoon?” to which he replied that Copenhagen people are not very devoted church-goers.

I have already indicated the commercial importance of Copenhagen by mention of the Danish United Steamship Co. running a fleet of 120 ocean steamers. The regular packets of Denmark go out of the Baltic from Copenhagen via Goteborg and even up to Christiania, thence south or west, via Christiansand, the extreme southerly port of Norway, from which no less than eight steamship lines diverge, to Hamburg, Antwerp, Leith, Hull, London, Grangemouth, New York, etc. A curious circumstance connected with the trade of Denmark is that corn is brought from the United States to fatten hogs, and the cured bacon shipped to South American ports. England with a milder climate and more fertile soil, is one of Denmark's largest customers for poultry, eggs, butter, and other dairy products.

Possibly a brief reference to the two “castles” near the city of Copenhagen may be acceptable. The elder one, Fredericksborg, dating from 1630, is in a state of perfect restoration, and is now used as a museum, containing pictorial mural work illustrating the development of Scandinavian civilization, along with

the portraits, armor, furniture, etc., of past generations. The other so-called castle—more properly palace—is at Fredensborg, and was built in 1720 to commemorate, as it were, the peace between Denmark and Sweden. Leaving Copenhagen we traveled due north over the island of Seeland, to a point some thirty miles distant, where we crossed another arm of the sea to reach the mainland of the Scandinavian peninsula. In doing this we passed Helsingor the “Elsinore” of Shakespeare's “Hamlet.” In driving by carriage, as we had that afternoon between Fredericksborg and Fredensborg, our way lay through splendid forests of birch and oak, and I thought of the exchange of compliments between Hamlet and Horatio about the “eager and the nipping air” while on the watch to see the kingly ghost appear on his solemn march, but our courier disposed of this romantic trend of mind by sententiously remarking, “Hamlet did not exist.” Passing on from Elsinore to Goteborg we came down to more modern and prosaic times. The founding of this thriving city, some 100,000 people, possibly dates back several centuries, but, like Copenhagen, Hamburg and Bremen, its great growth has been within the present generation. From this point a canal of about 350 miles cuts across Sweden to Stockholm, reaching in its course an elevation of nearly 400 feet, which is overcome by a succession of locks.

The general appearance to a traveler by rail of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, is very prepossessing. The people are tidy-looking without exception; and if there be no multi-millionaires in these parts, there is no poverty, in the sense of destitution, apparent to the tourist—on the contrary, everything indicates a condition of wholesome thrift and comfort. I confess to my surprise at the mildness of the climate and the variety of foreign farm products flourishing here. For example, in Norway at 60 degrees north latitude, we found excellent apples and pears of home raising, and such vegetables as sweet carrots, cauliflower, cel-

ery, turnips, beets, etc.—all, in my opinion, equally as good as those of California. In season, green peas, beans, strawberries and other small fruits and vegetables abound. As to the temperature: So far in our journeyings from Hamburg to Christiania we have not experienced any weather colder than we encountered at Bar Harbor, Me., the second week in September, and in New York the first week of October.

As to the eating houses and cooking: The food is invariably good; not always the kind that foreigners are used to, but always good. I have yet to taste poor coffee since sailing from New York, October 14th; and bread is invariably good. The railway cars are after the English style, though the accommodations are better than were those of Great Britain or Southwestern Europe, when I last traveled there. They are lighted by incandescent lamps, and heated by steam—temperature and ventilation subject to regulation by convenient appliances within easy reach of the traveler. As to train service: We have found the railway employes invariably courteous and painstaking in their duties and attention to the comfort of passengers. All conveniences to be had in the United States are found in the cars of North Germany and Scandinavia—not so lavish or elaborate, yet everything that is necessary, and some Americans might even prefer the style of sleeping-car which is similar to that known in the United States as the Mann Boudoir car.

Owing to our very brief stay at different points and the inconvenience and mental abstraction sure to be occasioned by attempting, when sight-seeing, to jot down notes on the spot, our budgets thus far have lacked somewhat in regular continuity, which probably those to follow may also lack.

Our journey from Goteborg, Sweden, to Christiania, Norway, was made under most favorable circumstances. The day was fair and the atmosphere mild, affording an excellent opportunity for observing the country, which had presented a practically uninterrupted agricultural as-

pect up to Goteborg, and continued so for some distance north of it; but upon nearing the frontier appearances changed to what we have been wont to think of as the "rock-bound coast of Norway"—fewer farms, frequent rocky tracts, and more forests coming into view. In general birch, maple, oak, mountain ash, as well as pine fir and larch or tamarack, were visible, though the firs along the line of the railroad were not large as compared with American timber of the same variety—particularly Pacific Coast pine and fir. I noticed during the afternoon four saw mills close by the railroad, and they were turning out good lumber from timber cut near contiguous lakes or streams, whose waters I noticed had an amber tinge, indicating that hemlock grew in the forests along their banks.

The atmosphere at this time was brilliant, and up to five o'clock P. M., we had passed three inlets or fjords, all strikingly beautiful in their picturesqueness and each having a thriving town situated at the head of navigation, fronting on bays literally alive with trading craft. These vessels for the most part, were probably engaged in transporting lumber; but a number of electrically lighted manufacturing plants on shore indicated the presence of other industries besides lumbering. All these factories showed unmistakable signs of recent origin. Approaching night shut off further observations, and at 7:55 we reached Christiania. The following morning, the weather being propitious, we began early to take in the city; and here again the modern appearance of the place impressed us. A little German guide-book indicated that the population of Christiania has grown from 25,000 in the fifties to about 200,000 at the present time, and its general appearance confirms the statement. The excavations of the hills and the presence of whole blocks of solidly constructed handsome, symmetrical, modern buildings, give ample proof of the rapid growth of the city. We were told that during the present year 800 new buildings have been

erected, or are now in course of erection; and their architectural appearance is without exception effective and harmonious.

The public buildings (especially the palace of King Oscar II), are well situated and grand in general outline. From the top of the palace, from the tower of the water reservoir on St. John's Hill, and also from the old fortress, we had a fine view of the city. The waterways winding about in these Scandinavian cities give them a special charm. The retaining walls between which they flow, all of massive well-finished masonry, present a neat and attractive appearance, in no wise resembling the ragged, soiled and unkempt facings of the wharves or quays of most American seaport cities. The statutes, too, in the little public squares and parks adorning the city are not the least of its attractions; for, in the main, they are highly meritorious. The equestrian statue of John Charles Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's "Marshalls of France," graces the open plaza in front of the royal palace, situated on a commanding eminence overlooking a fine, broad avenue called John Charles street.

And here a few words regarding Bernadotte. It will be remembered that after the political upheavals of the French Revolution, Bernadotte, a Frenchman by birth, was one of the many men whom Napoleon singled out for preferment in the army and eventually helped to a throne. The reigning King of Sweden, Charles XIII, being without a lineal successor, the Swedish Diet, at the King's suggestion and in recognition of the superior valor and wisdom of the man, elected Bernadotte as Crown Prince and heir to the throne (1810), whereupon, with Napoleon's consent, he accepted the proffered honor, and at once became the active colleague of Charles in administering the government; and on the death of that monarch (1816) succeeded to the crown, under the title of Charles XIV. He reigned for twenty-six years, when he died (1844), and was succeeded by his son, Oscar I; who in turn was followed by his own son, Charles XV

(1859). The latter died after a brief reign of thirteen years, leaving the throne to his brother, Oscar II (1872), who now occupies it with great ability and credit. I believe it is a fact that of all the kingly arrangements contrived or connived at by Napoleon that of Sweden and Norway alone remains in the same dynastic line which was thus established.

Christiania, like Copenhagen, has all the notable features of interest inseparable from a European capital—the royal palace, state university, national museum, grand opera house, medieval churches, etc., etc., each of which is worth a visit, on account of the many interesting objects it contains. In this category I will mention but one—the old Viking ship, discovered by chance a few years ago in a clay bank on the Norway coast not far from Christiania. This genuine relic, in complete form, has been set up on stocks, under a shed in the University grounds, and all its belongings, sailing equipments, cooking utensils, and even the bones of its owner and master—are there for the inspection of the curious. The vessel is eighty feet long, with a sixteen feet beam. A counterpart of it was constructed and exhibited at the Chicago Exposition of 1893. A full description of the original is impracticable in a letter, as may be inferred from the fact that one published by a professor of the Christiania University occupies no less than fourteen 8vo pages. The beholder, in looking over this sturdy specimen of boat building of a thousand years ago, can very readily understand that Lief Ericsson, or any other bold Viking rover, could easily have made a voyage to America in such a craft, as history claims was done.

The through trains between Christiania and Stockholm being run only at night we were prevented from seeing the country lying between the two cities, but were told that it is largely sterile, with much rocky and water surface, and forests such as have already been mentioned herein. We reached Stockholm at 7:00 A.M., and devoted two days to that city and its environs, and feel justified in say-

ing that it is one of the most beautiful capitals in the world. The city is built on seven islands (holms)—and thereby hangs a tale. The story goes that in days of old, when the capital of Sweden was in the interior, Birger Jarl, a Swedish chieftain, believing that the capital should be a seaport city, threw a stock (stick) of wood into one of the fjords, declaring as he did so that wherever it might wash ashore there should be located the capital. The stick went ashore at the seven islands; hence the founding of Stockholm, attributed to him.

It is impossible to enter into details, but probably the chief object of interest in the city is the Church of Ridderholmen, in which ordinary religious services are no longer held. Many notables have been laid to rest within its sacred walls, but now only the remains of royalty are placed there. In it are to be found the tombs of Gustavus Adolphus, Charles XII, Charles XIV (Bernadotte), and many others—the three of special eminence referred to occupying transepts on the main floor. The massive red granite sarcophagus in which lie the remains of Bernadotte, hewn as it is out of one solid block, is if anything more imposing than that of Napoleon in the Hotel des Invalides, Paris. The royal palace, containing four hundred and eighty rooms, is regal; but what interested me more was the Swedish Museum, particularly its collections of implements, utensils, etc., of the Stone Age. The Stockholm and Copenhagen collections of this kind are said to equal any in the world, and they are certainly by far the finest I have ever seen. The variety and finish of all sorts of stone utensils, implements, weapons, ornaments etc., is most impressive. Next to this in interest is a museum (or "cyclorama," an exhibition viewed from the center of a circular area) which is by far the best arrangement and presentation of a bird and animal collection

I have ever met with anywhere.

As already stated regarding Christiana, not the least of the numerous attractive features of Stockholm are the usually fine and meritorious statues. Taking them in chronological order I will name Birger Jarl, founder of Stockholm; Gustav Wasa (or Vasa), liberator of Sweden; Gustavus Adolphus, the hero of the thirty years' war, and Charles XII, the intrepid warrior and adversary of Peter the Great of Russia; and Charles XIV (Bernadotte). Also Linnaeus, the famous botanist; Berzelius, the renowned chemist; Nils Ericsson, railroad constructor and brother of John Ericsson, of American Monitor fame. One of two exceptionally good groups of statuary in bronze is found adjoining the museum—The Wrestlers, by Molin—two athletic youths, rival lovers, lashed to each other by a sash encircling both, and engaged in a fierce and deadly struggle. The pedestal supporting this impressive spectacle is of granite, upon each of the four sides of which is a sculptured panel in bas relief; three of these are in bronze and tell the story of the ill-starred lovers, while the fourth, as it suggestive of the main design, is a reproduction from an old Norse tombstone carved upon the granite itself, rudely representing two figures similarly posed in a death struggle, and a kneeling maiden, grief-stricken over her anticipated loss. The second group is a fountain in one of the Squares, the series of figures composing it being very perfect in form and finish.

However, this budget is already too long, and I will end it by reiterating that Stockholm, on its seven islands and with its innumerable waterways, is one of the most charming and interesting cities I have yet visited. It has approximately 300,000 people, about four-fifths of that number being the growth of the last fifty years.

Wm. J. Valentine

THE LEGEND OF CHIN-TIM-I-NI.

HOW CHIN-TIM-I-NI CAME TO BE THE ANCIENT NAME OF MARY'S PEAK.

By John B. Horner, A. M. Litt. D.

A thousand snows have fallen, and the hills have blossomed again and again since lived the Indian maiden Chintimini. This mysterious personage was one of a tribe that inhabited the tributaries of the Yaquina and hunted far south of the Alsea. The people who were tall, and lived principally by the chase, despised the low clam-diggers whose hatred they had wantonly provoked.

The tribe was but a handful; so to protect themselves against their foes, the women and the men went alike to war; and it is said that the presence of woman in these conflicts fired the warriors to such courage and deeds of daring that they never lost a battle. These were the Spartans of the ancient coast nations.

After many desperate, but futile efforts to conquer them, the neighboring tribes, who had long been at the mercy of these heroes, formed an alliance to exterminate the little nation.

Warriors danced until the night became hideous, while preparations were being made for the onslaught. Chintimini, who knew these things, told her people; but the chiefs would not believe her. When, however, the pursuers fell upon her surprised tribe, killing many of the bravest, the maiden stood out in the midst of the battle, like Joan of Arc, and turned defeat into victory. At the close of the day, she addressed her warriors thus: "Many of our braves have fallen. These we honor, for they were not cowards; others have only disappeared to join us in the night when the moon shall rise. Then there will be no women, for we are men in battle." With one voice her people said: "O, wise Chintimini, the sun-god hath touched

thy shield. We will wait till then that we may meet the foe."

A messenger came from the greatest sachem of the opposing nations promising protection to the tribe if only the beautiful Chintimini would give her hand in marriage. But his offer was spurned, for he was at heart an enemy to her people; and the messenger departed unmolested and unrewarded to his chieftain.

When darkness hovered over the mountain retreat, and the missing warriors returned, Chintimini said: "I will go upon yonder mountain and direct you with a great cloud of smoke by day and with fire by night, that you may escape the enemy until they weary of the pursuit and return to their land down beside the sea."

The tribe obeyed the mystic wand upon the mountain height, and when the sun was hid and the moon had gone down into the waters and all was darkness the lone light directed them hither and thither between the enemy's lines. The alarm was given by the scouts, and both pursuing tribes coming from opposite directions appeared on the scene at the same time, and mistaking each other for the pursued, gave terrible battle midst the darkness of that awful night. Chiefs fell upon chiefs; and warriors yelling like demons were speared to death by their own allies, for their weapons had turned traitors. Thus carnage went on until the bravest of two nations lay, the dead and the wounded side by side, and many was the warrior who died and never knew the slaughter of that night.

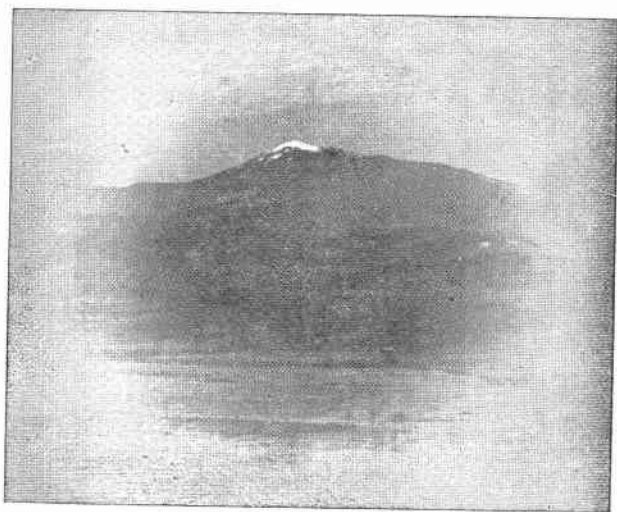
Were Chintimini's people in the struggle? No! Just at the vital moment the queen from her mountain

height had directed them by a zig-zag route into a dense forest where they remained out of danger till the approaching dawn. Witnessing the evidences of carnage, they fell upon the vanquished; and the enemies perished in a day. The wisdom of Chintimini was the secret of victory; and the victory was such that no nation ever molested her people again.

The enemies were slain; peace was restored; and rejoicing begun; but where was Chintimini who kept her watch by day and by night from the

said she was a goddess, and that at the close of the battle they saw her spirit ride away on a white curling cloud. Then silence reigned; and the oldest chief of the tribe spoke, saying: "We can build no funeral pile that will rise like her wisdom and valor which reach the heavens; so we will name the mountain Chintimini to remind our children that wisdom in battle is more precious than spears and shields and arrows.

Since then the white man came and named the mountain Mary's peak, in honor of one of his own people; but so



mountain top. Warriors brave, warriors true, sought her; but they sought in vain. Suns and moons and snows went by, but they never found the maid again. Some said her shield took wings, and that she floated down to the great waters to guard the sea banks; others, that she went into a mountain cave, taking with her the deadliest weapons of her enemies; others believed she perished from long fatigue while sentinel for her oppressed people; while others

long as the memory of the heroine and the valor of her people have been recited, the sons and daughters of the primeval forest have called the mountain Chintimini in memory of the Indian maiden who rose grandly above her environments, and, like a goddess, rescued her nation from untimely destruction.

This legend has also been told in verse, by one of our Native Sons, and in a manner worthy of space on historic page. It is as follows:

CHIN-TIM-I-NI.

Sentinel for untold years!
Silent Peak that, tow'ring, hears
The mystic music of the spheres,
Chintimini.

Guarding there for human weal,
Lurid lightning bolts reveal
Thy smile when leaping thunders peal,
Chintimini.

Sentinel, thy age-lit ken
Compasses the mighty span
Since God wrought universe for man,
Chintimini.

Summited in snowy sheen,
Garmented in living green—
Thy robing's craft of Hand unseen,
Chintimini.

Towering to meet the stars,
Helmeted in sun-made bars,
You baffle Time, and scorn his scars,
Chintimini.

Spartan-like, rock-girt and grand—
Silent, massive, stern you stand
And guard the pass, 'tween sea and land,
Chintimini.

Standing, loft on mountain wall,
Near to God, and watching all,—
Thou bidest time till mountains fall,
Chintimini.

Watching still, hough tempest-torn,
Watching still, though struggle-worn;
Thou'lt watch till resurrection morn,
Chintimini.

Silent let thy ward go on;
Steadfast now as when begun,
Thou'lt duty do till time is done,
Chintimini.

Sentinel, oh would that men
Might of thee one lesson gain!
Then, human life were ne'er in vain,
Chintimini.



WESTWARD HO!

They who crossed the trackless prairies,
Pathways grooving, boldly proving
That beyond the sunset's portals
Morning's golden meadows glow,
They who cared for friend and stranger,
Firmly meeting every danger,
Knew no mandate, save, this only,
"Westward Ho!"

Titan-hearted, they were ever
Fearless, hardy, never tardy
When the bowstring twanged the anger
Of the treacherous hidden foe;
Though the sunset's gates before them,
And the bright stars shining o'er them,
Were their only guides, they uttered:
"Westward Ho!"

Pioneers, who fought that battle
Never ended, till were bended
Many forms by age and toiling,
Or, else laid in slumber low,
Gave a country to a nation,
Formed our state for its high station,
By their firmness, as they answered:
"Westward Ho!"

"Westward Ho!" Across the ocean,
Nothing heeding, daring, speeding,
Argonauts passed tides uncharted,
Till they saw Multnomah flow;
Pioneers, who knew each other,
Tried and true, and like their brother,
Who had made the plains re-echo,
"Westward Ho!"

Pioneers who won that struggle,
Closely banded, then demanded
Government, and noble manhood
Answered to the call, "Divide!"
From the Northland's snows and ices,
To the land of balm and spices,
Ocean, plains and golden Rockies
Were allied.

Seal of sheaf and chinook salmon
Was the token, never broken,
Worthy seal of those who framed it,
Sovereigns of that country wide;
"Beaver money" was their measure,
Sterling worth their only treasure,
And with rifle at the call they
Did or died.

When the eagle spread its pinions
Gently over home and rover,
In its beak it caught the emblem,
"With our own strong wings we fly."
Freedom's children gave that token,
Pioneers, whose hearts were oaken,
Built for time an empire money
Could not buy.

"Westward Ho!" Forgotten never,
Still is gleaming, still is beaming,
Like the star of evening, burning
Where the golden meadows glow;
Like an echo is our yearning
For the loved ones unreturning,
Calling from the unseen portals,
"Westward Ho!"

—Valentine Brown.

PIONEER EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

The first school taught west of the Rocky mountains was begun at Vancouver, Washington, on January 1, 1833. John Ball, one of the Weyth expedition of 1832, being the teacher. His scholars could not undersand him, nor each other, as they were made up of Indian children coming from widely separated localities, all speaking a different dialect. After a three months' trial Mr. Ball gave

But little was acomplished, however, until Cyrus Shepard, one of the missionary band, assumed charge and the education of children began in earnest. The students were, in the main, children of settlers by their native wives, only a few being of full-blood Indian descent.

In the interim Jason Lee went east and on the return trip the institution now known as the Willamette University, of



THE OREGON INSTITUTE.

up the undertaking, when Mr. Solomon Smith, another member of the Weyth party, was installed as teacher in his stead, beginning on the first of April of the same year. He had much better success than his predecessor, continuing to teach several terms during the next eighteen months. Upon his removal to the Willamette valley the school was discontinued. Soon after the arrival of Revs. Jason and Daniel Lee, who established the Methodist mission on the Willamette, another school was begun by them.

Salem, was conceived. On October 25, 1839, while the ship *Lusanne* was plowing its way through the Atlantic with reinforcements for the mission, the question came up as to how they would celebrate the centennial of the Methodist church, which occurred on that date, when Jason Lee said: "We will have our centenary on ship-board and apply the funds raised towards the starting of a school in Willamette valley." The fund subscribed on that memorable date amounted to \$650.00. The contributors

to the fund were Rev. Jason Lee and wife, Rev. A. F. Waller and wife, Rev. Gustavus Hines and wife, Rev. L. H. Judson and wife, James Alley and wife, Rev. Wm. W. Cone and wife, Rev. Josiah L. Parrish and wife, Ira L. Babcock, M. D., and wife, Hamilton Campbell and wife, W. W. Raymond and wife, Rev. J. P. Richmond M. D., and wife, Rev. Joseph H. Frost and wife, H. B. Brewer and wife, George Abernethy, David Carter, Miss Chloe A. Clark (afterwards Mrs. W. H. Willson), Miss Elmira Phelps (afterwards Mrs. W. W. Raymond), Miss Almira Phelps (afterwards Mrs. Joseph Holman), Miss Maria T. Wan (afterwards Mrs. Daniel Lee), and Miss Orpha Lankton (Afterwards Mrs. Carter, and subsequently Mrs. McKinley).

At this time no definite location had been selected for the new institute, but it was expected that the work begun at the mission then established should go forward, gradually merging it into a school for white children, as was expected by the contributors to the fund. The mission school ran until 1844, when it was transferred to the trustees of the Oregon Institute, an association formed to per-

fect the plans born on the high seas in the pears previously. At this time the old mission was abandoned and a new location selected for the furtherance of effort further up the river, the spot being now the present site of Salem. Soon the school building was erected and its doors opened for the reception and instruction of children. This was in October, 1844.

Upon one of our pioneer mothers devolved the honor of opening this institution and conducting the first school taught therein. This honor was reserved for Mrs. W. H. Willson, who came here as Miss Chloe A. Clark, on the Lusanne. She was also the first woman to teach school north of the Columbia river, having taught a school at Nisqually a few years previously.

At this time Portland was an unbroken wilderness. Seattle, Tacoma, Olympia, Spokane, Albany, Eugene and all of the rest of the beautiful cities of the Pacific Northwest, did not exist. The important places were Vancouver, Nisqually, Astoria, Oregon City, Champoege and Butteville. On January 12, 1853, the Oregon Institute was merged into the

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY.

With the following well-known leading pioneers as incorporators: Rev. David Leslie, Rev. Wm. Roberts, Governor Geo. Abernethy, Hon. A. Bush, Rev. J. H. Wilbur, W. H. Willson, Alanson Beers, Thos. H. Pearne, F. S. Hoyt, C. S. Kingsley, John Flinn, E. M. Barnum, Governor L. F. Grover, Hon. B. F. Harding, Sam'l Burch, Francis Fletcher, Jeremiah Ralston, J. D. Boon, Joseph Holman, J. R. Robb, Cyrus Olney and Sam'l Parker.

Since such time several buildings have been erected, all of which were built with an eye to futurity, expecting that Oregon would grow and thrive as it has, and to meet the progress made, action was taken accordingly.

The university building occupies the

center of the campus. It is a brick structure, four stories in height above the basement. The first and second floors are used as recitation rooms, and on the third one of the finest libraries and most complete laboratories can be found. The fourth floor is devoted to museum purposes.

In the southwest corner of the campus stands the Woman's College, which is also four stories in height. This is one of the most imposing buildings in the capital city, and every convenience known to modern times is embraced in its furnishing.

The Medical College is located near the others and its good work in the line of its purposes attest its worth and prosperity.

The number of educators who have had charge of or embraced the faculty of the university and its branches has been quite large, and among their number can be noted the very best in the United States.

What Willamette University has done for the education of those attending it can be done again. Go where you will upon this coast, and when you find the brainiest and best educated people you will find many who attended this historical and leading seat of learning.

PACIFIC UNIVERSITY.

Pacific University stands as a monument to the faith and missionary spirit of the earliest immigrants to the Willamette valley. It represents the will and perseverance of a class of persons who dared to cross a continent to conquer a wilderness. Its origin is unique among the educational institutions of the Northwest.

The first name we reach in our historical research is that of a woman, Mrs. Tabitha Moffatt Brown, or "Grandma" Brown, as she was familiarly called. Early in the year 1848 she opened a school in a log house on the plat of ground now occupied by Dr. D. W. Ward's handsome residence. Rev. Harvey Clark, an independent missionary from Vermont, settled upon the land constituting the present site of Forest Grove. His generous donation of 200 acres as a foundation fund, to which was afterwards added another large tract, the proceeds of the sale of which were to go to the payment of teachers, dates the beginning of Tualatin Academy and Pacific University.

Rev. Geo. H. Atkinson, with his wife, arriving from New England in June, 1848, improved the first opportunity, in September, at an association of ministers, to foster higher education. The result was a series of resolutions looking to the establishment of an academy. To him belongs the credit of securing the first president of Pacific University, Sidney Harper Marsh, a teacher by inheritance, and environment, and careful training.

The history of this school reads as a romance. For 25 years President Marsh

stood faithfully at his post, often in severest trials, encouraged by a host of noble souls, among them Deacon Hatch, one of the first trustees; Deacons T. G. Naylor, Alvin T. Smith, Henry Buxton, Hon. A. Hinman, and many others. In 1859 we find him in the East, where \$20,000 was secured as a permanent endowment fund; six years later he added an equal amount, and again in 1870, while East looking after the general endowment, thoughtful friends provided an endowment of \$20,000 for the presidential chair. During this time 5,000 volumes were secured, to which many others have since been added, making this easily the peer of any university library in the Northwest.

Among its teachers we have space for the mention of but a few. "Grandma" Brown, whose work was a "labor of love," Mrs. Elizabeth Miller Wilson, a teacher of 1851; Hon. E. D. Shattuck, now one of Oregon's wisest jurists, and not least, Rev. Cushing Eels and wife, pioneer missionaries of 1838, are among those whose courageous and self-sacrificing work left a deep impress upon the work of this pioneer institution. No sketch would be complete without the mention of Rev. Elkanot Walker and wife, devoted missionaries, who settled at Forest Grove after the Whitman massacre and in many ways assisted in promoting the welfare of the school. Prof. Marsh remained as president for 25 years, closing his heroic labors with his death, after an interim of one year.

Rev. John R. Herrick succeeded to the presidency, retiring three years later. Prof. Jacob F. Ellis was the third presi-

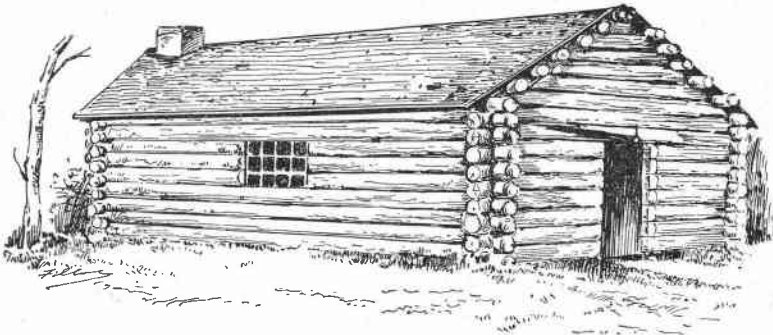
dent, from 1883 to 1891, when Rev. Thos. McClelland, D.D., of Mt. Tabor College, Iowa, was chosen to guide the further destiny of this growing scion of the Pacific. Under his able management the present buildings have been erected, the permanent endowment fund has gone forward with leaps and bounds, and the standing of the university has become more fixed and permanent.

Many changes have taken place in the university since its foundation. The little log church, standing near the west side of the campus, long ago disappeared, more substantial buildings succeeding it; its site is marked now by a petrified stump, placed there as a monument by the class of 1867, while today, the type of the more prosperous present,

early days of this school has many modern features and conveniences for the student.

Pacific University is particularly fortunate in its location. No town of its size can compare with Forest Grove for natural beauty and picturesque situation, and also for the intelligence and high moral tone of its citizens.

Forest Grove, set in one of the most favored spots in the Willamette valley, with the college campus of thirty acres in the very heart of the village, adorned with giant oaks and tall firs of wondrous beauty, is an ideal spot for the student, for the scholar, for the quiet, tender contact with those more enchanting revelations of the scenes with which the Creator has enriched the great West. From



OLD LOG CHURCH AND SCHOOL HOUSE.

the main building, Marsh's Hall, named in honor of the first president of the institution, is a stately and commodious structure, unsurpassed in the state for beauty and utility.

Herrick Hall, the young ladies' dormitory, is a large four-story building, conveniently arranged for the accommodation of ladies who desire the comforts of a home in the immediate precincts and atmosphere of a college. It has all the latest conveniences, heated by a furnace and lighted throughout by electricity.

Science Hall was completed in 1899, and while preserving the memories of the

these precincts are beheld the snow-clad peaks of St. Helens, Adams, Hood, while near at hand, with gentle slope, rise the green ridges of the Coast range, and directly to the east is shown the break in the Cascades through which pours the waters of the Columbia, and along which, in ever-increasing volume will pour the wealth and culture and dominion of a people, whose forefathers, with rare wisdom and prudence, planted in this west land such educational centers as Forest Grove. The university, with its wealth of history, its charm of natural surroundings, its acquired ad-

vantage in appropriate buildings, its ample and increasing endowment, and its wide-awake and able faculty, stands easily among the first in the advantages offered the student for a complete course of training and the acquirement of a thorough education.

The graduates of Pacific University

are an honor to the institution and to the state. In 1862 Hon H. W. Scott, editor of the *Oregonian*, received the first degree conferred, and it is just to say that many more like brainy men will be sent forth to fill the various professions and callings of life as the years go by.

McMINNVILLE COLLEGE.

The history of McMinnville College covers a period of more than forty years. It ranks fourth in age among the institutions of higher learning on the Pacific coast, Willamette and Pacific Universities in Oregon, and The University of the Pacific, in California, antedating its organization. McMinnville College is the oldest institution on the coast which was incorporated under the designation "college" and continuously known as such. That is, McMinnville College is the oldest "college" on the Pacific coast, the older institutions, as mentioned above, being all "universities." Whitman College, at Walla Walla, Wash., was one year later than McMinnville in organization. Furthermore, McMinnville College is the oldest Baptist college west of Missouri.

McMinnville College was not the earliest undertaking, educationally, of the Baptists on the coast. Their first attempt at founding a college was that made at Oregon City, Oregon. There Oregon City College was established in 1849, the prime movers in the enterprise being the pioneer Baptist missionaries, Rev. Hezekiah Johnson and Rev. Ezra Fisher. This school maintained a struggling existence for some five or six years. Ultimately it suspended, its property was sold and the money acquired was paid into the funds of McMinnville College. The attempt at Oregon City seems to have escaped the notice of Bancroft, who states in his *History of Oregon* that "the first Baptist school attempted was Corvallis Institute, which seems not to have had any history beyond the act of incorporation in 1856-7."

Bancroft refers to another act, "passed the following year, establishing a Baptist school under the name of West Union Institute, in Washington county, with David T. Lenox, Ed. H. Lenox, Henry Sewall, William Mauzy, John S. White and George C. Chandler as trustees." This school seems also to have had no history. It was at the same session of the legislature, that of 1857-8, that McMinnville College was first incorporated. The historian above referred to is so full and explicit in his account of the beginnings of McMinnville College, that it is deemed best to reproduce his account entire: It is as follows:

"At the same session (1857-8) a charter was granted to the Baptist college at McMinnville, a school already founded by the Disciples or Christian church, and turned over to the Baptists with the belongings, six acres of ground and a school building, as a free gift upon condition that they should keep up a collegiate school."

The origin of McMinnville and its college was as follows: In 1852-3 W. T. Newby cut a ditch from Baker creek, a branch of the Yamhill river, to Cozine creek, upon his land, where he erected a grist mill. In 1854 S. C. Adams, who lived on his donation claim four miles north, took a grist to mill, and in the course of conversation with Newby remarked upon the favorable location for a town which his land presented, upon which Newby replied that if he, Adams, would start a town, he should have half a block of lots and select his own location, from which the survey should commence. In the spring of 1855 Adams

deposited his lumber for his house on the spot selected, about 200 yards from the mill, and proceeded to erect his house where, as soon as it was completed, he went to reside. Immediately after he began to agitate the subject of a high school as a nucleus for a settlement, and, as he and most of the leading men in Yamhill county were members of the Christian church, it naturally became a Christian school. Dr. James McBride, William Dawson, W. T. Newby and S. C. Adams worked up the matter, bearing

founding the West Union Institute. To this they made no objection as they only wished to have a school and were not sectarian in feeling. Accordingly, Adams proposed the gift to the Baptists and it was accepted, only one condition being imposed and agreed to in writing, to employ at least one professor in the college department continuously. It was incorporated in January, 1858, as The Baptist College at McMinnville, by Henry Warren, James M. Fulkerson, Ephriam Ford, Reuben C. Hill, J. S.

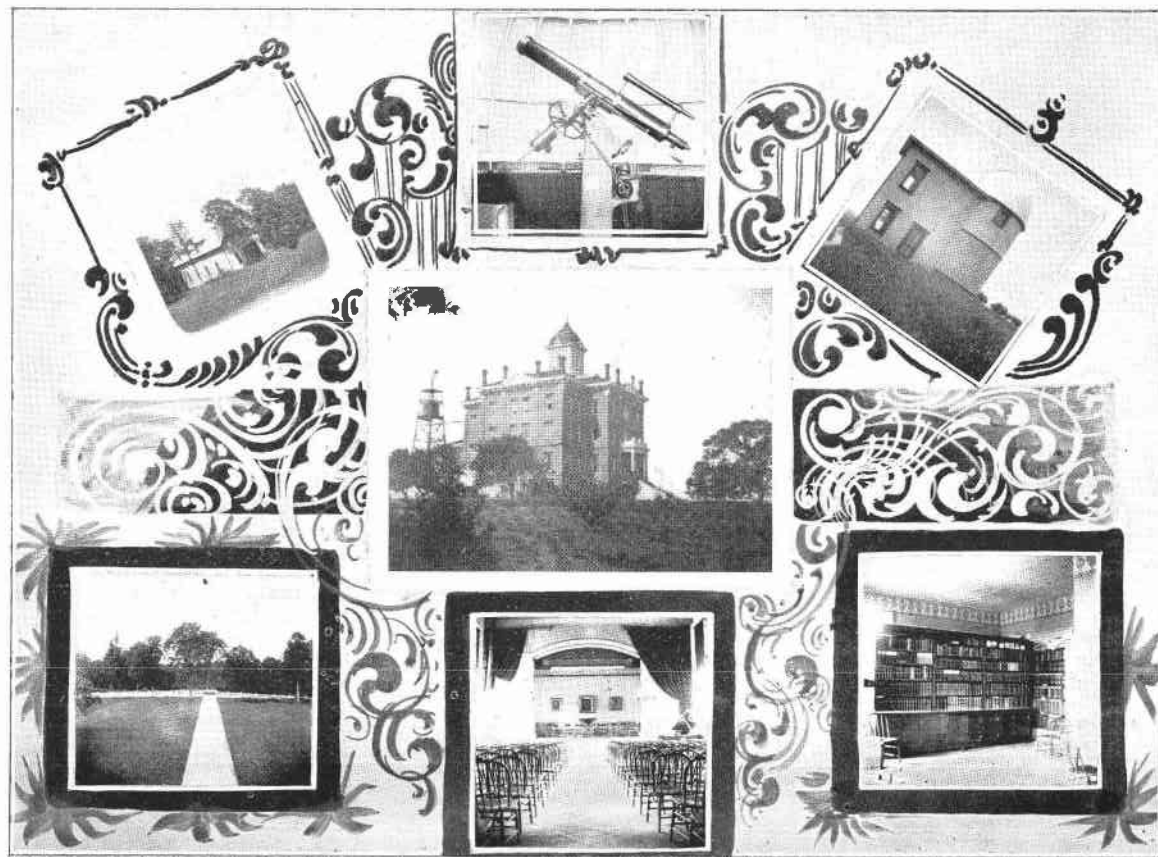


OLD McMINNVILLE COLLEGE.

the larger part of the expense. Newby gave six acres of land. The building erected was large and commodious for those times. Adams, who was a teacher by profession, was urged to take charge of the school, and taught it for a year and a half. But there had not been any organization or any charter asked for, and Adams, who found it hard and unprofitable work to keep up the school alone, wished to resign, and proposed to the men interested to place it in the hands of the Baptists, who were about

Holman, Alexius N. Miller, Richard Miller and Willis Gaines, trustees.

Such was the beginning of McMinnville College. Its subsequent history and development have been contemporaneous with those of its own city and the great country around it. Rev. Geo. C. Chandler, D.D., was the college's first president. He represented a very high type of scholarship and ability as an educator—a most rare man for that early day, and an illustration of the oft-repeated truth that the pioneers of the



McMINNVILLE COLLEGE.

West were, in very many cases, of the finest stock of the older East. President Chandler gave the college character and standing as an institution of good learning from the very first. Associated with him in the first sessions was Mrs. N. Morse, in charge of the preparatory department. Among those who taught under President Chandler, or in the years immediately following him, were C. H. Mattoon, John Hall and Professor Robb, all of whom are well remembered by those who were students of those early days. Dr. Chandler was president for some three or four years. John W. Johnson assumed control of the college in 1864 and continued at the head for four years. The work saw large advance under his administration. He subsequently became president of the University of Oregon.

Scores of those who have been prominent in public and private life in Oregon and the Northwest received their educational preparation in McMinnville College in its early days, and the number graduating therefrom in more recent years, who have taken foremost place in avocations of the higher order, are legion. The old building, a cut of which accompanies this article, is held in very tender recollection by many now in middle and later life, as the scene of associations, pranks and wholesome endeavor which filled the years of study with lively interest.

Those who carried the load of the college's financial and business interests in the early part of its history, and who made possible the larger things of the present, were many and well known. W. T. Newby gave the original site and was always a strong supporter of the college. Hon. Henry Warren, Albert Kinney, Dr. R. C. Hill, Rev. A. J. Hunsaker, Hon. W. C. Johnson, Hon. Henry Failing, and many others, were vitally associated with the college's progress as members of its board of trustees and as shouldering its finances in the years when its resources were most limited.

Early in the seventies Mark Bailey, Ph.D., became president, and remained

until 1876, when he became professor of mathematics in the University of Oregon. Following him for two years Hon. J. E. Magers was at the head of the school. Then, in 1878, Rev. G. J. Burchett became president. Under this administration the fund was secured for the erection of the new and beautiful building. Rev. E. C. Anderson, D.D., became president in 1881, remaining for six years. Under him the new building, a cut of which appears herewith, costing \$25,000, was built and occupied in the fall of 1883. It stands on the fine Campus, twenty acres of which was donated by Samuel and Mahala Cozine, a part of their donation claim, lying south of the city of McMinnville. This gift was supplemented by Mrs. P. W. Chandler's donation of five acres and the purchase of over five more, making a total campus of more than thirty acres. The securing of this campus and the occupancy of this building mark an epoch in the history of the college, and bring its history down to recent times.

The history of McMinnville College is similar to that of all similar institutions growing up in new countries. Great obstacles were to be overcome. Many discouragements were to be met. The college's growth was necessarily slow. Today the institution has material resources in lands, buildings and equipments worth \$50,000, and endowment funds of \$40,000 more yielding income. Rev. T. G. Brownson, D.D., followed Dr. Anderson as president for nine years, his administration being marked by large advancement. The present incumbent, the writer of this article, has been president now four years and has seen encouraging progress made. With a faculty of seven instructors, good buildings and equipments, a growing endowment, an increasing attendance of students from year to year, facilities for thorough work and an established reputation for doing the same, the college has taken its place with the more substantial institutions of the state and the great Northwest. A good future seems assured for McMinnville College.

TALES OF THE MINES.

(Copyright 1900, by G. A. Waggoner.)

By the middle of January snow had fallen to the depth of two and a half feet, and a very heavy sleet had formed on top, rendering it impossible for stock to get anything to eat on the ranges. Cattle died by thousands and not more than one per cent of the vast herds north of The Dalles were alive when spring came. The thermometer went down until the mercury congealed, and many persons were frozen to death. Johnson Mulky, of this county, laid down to his last rest in the snow between Willow creek and the John Day river. He was trying to make his way to The Dalles on foot and carrying 60 pounds of gold dust. I am told that not one ounce of that dust was recovered by his relatives. Some one robbed his wife and children of the wealth which the poor old man had lost his life trying to carry to them. I hope the Lord will cross-examine that thief and robber in the judgment day. An old man was frozen to death near Dry Creek. He had walked to town through the snow, and on his return lay down within three hundred yards of his own house and was found dead the next morning by his two little girls. He had gone to town on a loving errand for them, to buy them shoes, and the two pairs were found hanging upon his frozen arm. Cattle and horses in good condition froze to death and even foxes and coyotes were found dying of cold. I came near losing my feet in the snow, and came to the conclusion that a cold shoe would be quite as unpleasant as a hot one. Ministers refrained from speaking of that place during the cold spell, well knowing that any place described as being warm would present no terrors to freezing transgressors.

About this time we had a marriage in high life. Dave English, of this coun-

ty, a noted desperado, forgetting his young wife, and not waiting for a divorce, married a woman of ill-repute. The ceremony took place in a dance house and was considered one of the social events of the winter. The weather was too cold to think of executing the laws, and he was allowed to go unpunished for the crime of bigamy, but was hanged at Lewiston a year after for highway robbery.

As but little has been said in these sketches about the ladies, I may mention a young actress about whom the boys raved that cold winter. Susie Robinson, the star of the Robinson troupe, which played in Corvallis during the winter of 1860, was a beautiful girl who sang divinely and set the masculine hearts palpitating wherever she went. She was at the height of her fame and in all her glory at Walla Walla, and more admired and petted than any queen. Her form and voice were praised by all, and her virtues extolled, while her father gathered at the door of his theater willing tributes enough, each day, to have made her a golden crown. Was ever a queen so fortunately situated? We know now that she was not a great actress or singer, and my roving eyes have since discovered that she was not a remarkable beauty, but at that time many Oregon boys had never seen the gay tinsels of a stage costume; never been thrilled by the rich tones of a cultivated voice, or seen a beautiful woman poised on one toe, and she took the frontier heart by storm. Nor were the Oregon boys her only admirers. Men of mature years left their families at home, and came to see what the boys were all talking about. A German surgeon of high repute lost his reason entirely while contemplating her glories.

And I verily believe she could have married any man in the upper country, not excepting the mayor of the city of Walla Walla.

Two companies of troops were stationed at the fort, and the soldiers were as much infatuated with Susie as were the citizens. They came to the theater by companies, and seated themselves in platoons before the stage. Then came trouble. The citizens would not allow the favorites to be monopolized by soldiers, and after several slight encounters drove them from the theater, telling them not to come again or civil war would certainly follow. They had enlisted for three years of the war. The stirring news from the Southern states was overcoming the influences of the fort, and they felt combative. Moreover, they wanted to see Susie, and probably thought if Uncle Abe was going to march their brethren down to take Richmond, they ought to be able to take Robinson's theater. They came fully armed and determined to insist upon their rights. We all knew a fight was coming, and divided our sympathies according to our political opinions. Susie came upon the stage, and the sight of her for a time quelled even the turbulent feelings of the two contending factions. A hearty round of applause greeted her, and she acknowledged it as only a favorite can, and commenced to sing. One of the soldiers who had been drinking, continued to cheer and the marshal attempted to take him from the room, but he resisted and felled the officer with a blow of a dragoon pistol. Instantly the house was in an uproar. Susie screamed and ran from the stage. Navy Colt's pistols leaped from their scabbards and belled like the roar of artillery. Cherokee Bob sprang upon his seat and fired straight and fast, dropping a soldier at every shot. He stood above most of the crowd, and was a fair mark for all who wanted a shot at a desperado and murderer. The soldiers were intoxicated, and missed their mark, but Bob received several shots from one who did not often miss, the last one knocking

him from the seat where he stood, and yet he was unhurt. It was known afterward that he wore mail beneath his clothing, and this had saved his worthless life. The firing continued from all parts of the room, and a terrible stampede commenced, every one but those engaged trying to get out of the house. More than fifty shots were fired, and the room was filled with smoke out of which pistols blazed, fired at supposed enemies, though several times friends fired upon each other. Three men were killed and many wounded, besides a great many who were nearly scared to death. I helped to carry a man to the surgeon who said he had a death shot, and was really falling when we caught him. He had the slightest flesh wound, though the ball had struck a purse of coin in his pocket, which turned its course and probably saved his life.

No one was arrested, and the theater went on as usual, but Susie never seemed quite the same afterwards. A slight commotion in the audience would attract her attention in the midst of her best song; and in her best play she always looked as though she was just a little afraid some one was going to shoot. Twenty-four years have passed and Susie, if among the living, must show the hand of time.

"The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow,
in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure — her triumphs
are by."

Yet she no doubt remembers and tells her children, if she has been so blessed as to be a mother, that she once held sway over a country large enough for an empire, and ruled her subjects with a royal will. But sometimes thoughts of sadness will steal upon her as she remembers that in trying to please she once raised a storm she could not quell, and that men have fought and died contending for the right to hear her sing.

I spent the latter part of the winter with Thomas on the Touchet, about 20 miles from town. He felt as much distressed at the loss of my oxen as I did myself, and together we discussed fu-

ture operations and laid plans for the next summer's campaign. Thomas was in favor of buying another team, which he would drive, but I declared I would never invest in anything so slow as an ox again. This was a splendid resolution, and had I but adhered to it I would have been spared much vexation of spirit, and have avoided the loss of several thousand dollars. But we do not like to be beaten, even by Providence, and I chafed sorely over that winter's defeat. Several years after I purchased another team of oxen and the Indians shot them full of arrows on the Malheur river. Then I bought another, and, remembering past experience, sold it at a profit, and took a note for \$1,000 in payment. The man ran away and never paid me a dollar. Still I did not take warning. I bought my fourth and last ox team.

Determined not to be outdone by cold weather, Indians or rascals, I took all possible precautions, and drove forth to war and destiny. Not a man on earth could have bought those oxen without paying cash down; and I guarded them so closely that the Indians could not have stolen them without taking my life. I fully believed that I was equal to the emergency of taking care of my property, but it was not to be. On a beautiful day, near the Farewell bend of Snake river, I was driving along, counting the profits on my load, and believing the goal already won, when suddenly a cloud appeared veiling the sun and obscuring the designs of the outraged heavens. A moment later the cloud had parted, a bolt of fire shot forth, and three of my oxen lay dead in the road—my best ones too, killed in different parts of the team, by forked lightning; and, as the thunder pealed and then went chuckling off towards the north, I realized that I was in the minority, and fought no more.

This is a digression in which I have passed over several years of which I wish to speak, and I will turn to Thomas and take up the thread of my narrative. We separated again, and before

the snow was gone from the hills, I was on my way to the mines, carrying my blankets on my back, while he remained at Walla Walla. I concluded to try my luck at Oro Fino for a couple of months until the snow was sufficiently hardened to allow me to reach my claims at Elk City. We found Lewiston had grown during the hard winter, and many tents had given place to more substantial buildings. The big saloon was changed to wood, with walls thick enough to stop a pistol ball, and the town was comparatively safe.

From this place the trail was over the snow, but it was settled hard and was no inconvenience to traverse. Oro Fino was almost buried in snow, it having been shoveled from the streets and banked up on either side higher than the tops of the low houses. Throughout the winter the people had been penned up without communication with the outside world. Flour, bacon, beans, coffee and sugar were plenty, but there was no fresh meat or vegetables in camp, and that dreadful disease, scurvy, was not uncommon. It is said to be induced by eating too much salt meat. Fresh meat or vegetables are preventatives, and all were waiting anxiously for the trains of pack mules to come and bring those much needed articles.

I found some old friends and went to work with them in a small gulch which empties into Moore's creek.

The snow was several feet deep, but had thawed away near the streams. We took out about \$8 per day, per man, and it was a pleasure to me to once more commence to lay up a fortune, for I had by no means abandoned the idea of making one. One day I took a near cut across the hills to town; about half a mile from our camp I came across a little cabin among a cluster of fir trees. Curiosity led me to enter it. The door was closed, but opened easily at a slight touch, and I saw before me on a miner's cot, what caused my heart to stand still—a dead man. He was lying on his side, covered, except the head and neck, with blankets, and had apparently been dead

some time. I made but a cursory examination and hurried back to camp. Gathering a few men, we returned to bury the body and discover, if possible, the cause of such a lonely and strange death.

There were no marks of violence, and his last act seemed to have been to compose himself as if to sleep. Beside his head, on his straw pillow, lay a small book, in which he had kept a diary of his doings since coming to the cabin. He had found it deserted, and, being tired and sick, had concluded to go no farther until spring. He had his blankets, a coffee pot, frying pan, and small stock of provisions.

His writing showed that he was insane when he arrived at the cabin, or became so soon after, and had deliberately concluded to starve, when his slender stock or food was gone. Each day he had made an entry, noting the condition of his mind and body, and sometimes moralizing on the depravity and selfishness of mankind. He declared that money was all men cared for; that he had once had money, and was loved by all. Now he was poor and no one cared whether he lived or died; but that he thought too much of himself to ask for charity.

He had fastened strings to the door so that he could open and shut it while he was lying in bed. His name, if given, has escaped my memory, and I do not know whether anything more was ever known of him than was gathered at that hurried inquest.

The body had been frozen stiff for two months, and was lying within a quarter of a mile of plenty of provisions. and of generous men, who would gladly have relieved him had they known of his distress.

It was sad to know a human being had died for want of food—sad to contemplate his rash resolve to starve rather than ask a crust of bread of men who gave as free as air. Yet all felt it was his own fault, and nothing but the belief that he was insane prevented a tinge of censure from mingling with the sor-

row felt, as he was laid to rest beside the cabin where he died.

Meantime spring was coming on, the streams were swollen by the melting snow.

The town awoke to shout for joy to see the mule trains coming in, and all gave promise of returning life and activity. Again the merchant opened up his wares. Again saloons were filled, and pistols popped about their doors, or bellowed within their walls. It was a blessing that there were many poor shots, or else the town would have been depopulated by its own business activity. It was strange so much shooting was done and with so little malice. Sometimes shots were fired by Californians at Webfeet, just for fun.

Jerome, a blooded Irishman, being more closely crowded in a saloon one day than suited his taste, drew a dragoon pistol, and, laying it over his shoulder, fired four shots at the packed crowd behind him. The first shot hit a man in the temple, but the ball glanced around the skull and did not kill him. The other three were avoided by men who were in range by dropping down, while the bullets passed over their heads.

The saloon was quickly emptied, and Jerome, after breaking all the bar fixtures and re-loading his pistol, walked into the street and defied arrest. Tom Can, the deputy sheriff, placed his pistol to Jerome's ear, and told him to surrender. He refused, and Tom did not shoot, but wound his arms around him and held him fast. He was taken to Lewiston for trial, but was never punished, and came back to camp. He was well received in town, the sports declaring it was quite a joke, that he had shown no malice; but fired among the crowd quite promiscuously, and just for sport.

Our little gulch claim was soon worked out and, the snow having disappeared from the hills, I again set out for the old camp at Elk City, in company with a friend, carrying our blankets and provisions on our backs. Following the old Lolo trail, a day's tramp brought

us to the stream of that name. Here we found an enterprising Nez Perce Indian. He had built a large bridge on which pack animals could cross and was collecting toll. He charged one dollar per head for mules and horses, and insisted on making us pay the same, declaring in the best Chinook he could command that we were heavier loaded than any animals which had ever crossed his bridge. How we all love praise! We paid that dollar more cheerfully because an Indian had said we were very strong young men and our loads felt lighter when remembering that word of praise. The second day we stopped at noon among the spruce trees. My companion decided to have some spruce tea. He said it was very good—superior, in fact, to the best China teas. We filled our coffee pot with the green boughs, covered them with water and while our bacon was frying, made our tea. It had a greenish color and did not taste well, but by using plenty of sugar we managed to drink about a pint each; my friend declaring that whether we liked it or not, it was good for our health. How shall I tell the sequel? My friend grew deathly sick, and I was soon unable to render him any assistance. He rolled and tumbled, gnashed his teeth and swore, while I was half beside myself with fright and pain. I fully believed we were poisoned unto the death and that a few moments would end our sufferings, and we should die and be eaten by the coyotes.

It was not a pleasant thought, and I commenced to think of remedies. We had no medicines except a small box of anguenum intended only for external application, and I was afraid it would prove another poison if taken into the stomach. I had once doctored a sick cow with lard and concluded to try bacon grease on my sick partner. If it did not kill him, I would try some myself. He declared it was of no use; that he was dying and only begged me, if I should survive to tell his girl that he died thinking of her, and to ask her not to marry Lige Howard. He would not take my medicine and I placed the cup

to his lips and forced him to drink half a pint of warm grease. The effect was magical. He was relieved instantly, and I proceeded to fry a little more bacon that I might relieve my own suffering. I am not a chemist or a physician and do not know whether we made a great discovery or not. I simply point the physicians' telescope to this portion of the medical horizon, believing there are stars there of the first magnitude awaiting discovery. After two days' convalescence we were able to travel, but during our entire journey our loads felt heavier from the effects of spruce tea.

Elk City has already awoken from its winter nap. Crowds were in the streets and unsuccessful miners from Florence were opening up their old claims with something of the resignation a man feels when he again pays court to his old sweetheart, after having wasted his substance in riotous living, while vainly pursuing some dashing belle. Florence had proved an ignis fatuus to the greater number who had gone there, and we returned to our little camps resigned to our lot, determined to work industriously and roam no more.

About this time I met B. W. Wilson, of Benton county. He was then in the vigor of youth, and one of the most agreeable of men. In fact, time has changed him but little, except that the affable expression worn by him now during his campaigns in the Burnt Woods was then a settled look; and he shook hands with a bumper or desperado with the same gusto which he now exhibits when reaching for a democrat or prohibitionist.

My journey through the mountains had given me a taste for travel, and I soon tired of mining and sold my claim for \$1800, and concluded to try packing. As all supplies were brought on pack animals, this was a lucrative business, and I figured my profit by the thousands, and again expected to be able to go home in the fall, and exhibit my gold and tell of my adventures and quietly settle down among my Webfeet brethren there. Thoughts cheered me

as I enlisted a few vicious mules and sinful cayuses under my banner and endeavored to discipline them to the art of carrying flour and bacon, picks, shovels, etc., upon their backs.

It so happened that none of them had ever been packed and all of them were determined they never would be. The antics they cut when turned loose with packs upon their backs was a menagerie worth seeing, but after tiring themselves out they submitted and were driven along quietly, but wearing a very dejected look. There is something pathetic in seeing a fine horse reluctantly yield his sovereignty and submit to a life of drudgery. I made several trips from Lewiston to Elk City, and Oro Fino, realizing fair profits but falling far short of my expectations.

The mining season was again drawing to a close and when the mountain tops were whitened by the early snows, the miners began to leave the chilly gulches and seek more comfortable winter quarters. For the last time I bid adieu to Elk City, the place of my first mining operation, and again started on my way to the land where red apples were being gathered and red-cheeked girls were watching from rude doorways for the return of the gold hunters. At the Cold Springs, on Camas Prairie, we intersected the line of travel from Florence. Some were loaded down with gold, but many were poorer than when they came. Several of whom we met had been robbed by highwaymen, having gone through the trying ordeal of looking into the open end of a shotgun while their pockets were being sifted.

This species of speculation was carried on by day and by night, and had become so common that it was difficult for one to get through from Florence with gold dust unless accompanied by a strong guard of armed men. As we arrived at Lewiston, the Walla Walla stage drew up, guarded by six horsemen, and carrying as prisoners Dave English, Nelson Scott and Billy Peoples. They had been taking purses right and left along the road between Lewiston and Florence, and were con-

sidered three of the worst men in the whole mining region. Their latest exploit was to rob an old friend by the name of Berry. They were not masked and Berry knew them quite well, and protested against their robbing an old acquaintance. They took about six thousand dollars from him. Dave English remarked that "dead men tell no tales." Berry thought his last hour had come, but owed his life to the generosity of Scott, who said, "No, he is a good man; we will not kill him, although we may hang for taking his money.

They bid him good bye and trusted to the fleetness of their horses to escape the pursuit which they knew would be made. The robbery took place on White Bird creek. The three men rode together until they were some distance below Lewiston when they separated, Scott and Peoples going to Walla Walla, while English headed his now tired horse toward Wallula. Meanwhile Berry was not idle, and this time revenge was swifter than self-preservation, for when English, in the early dawn, rode across the sand hill to Wallula, Berry looking from a window saw him coming, and quickly made preparation for his reception. He dismounted and entered the saloon where his victim and others awaited him. He was asked to take a drink, and as he reached the bar, he was confronted with a shotgun. Glancing around he saw a pistol at each ear, while the muzzle of another gun touched the back of his head. Resistance would have been certain death, and all men shrink from that.

He smiled as he said, "Well, boys you played it pretty fine, but let us have a drink before the irons are put on me." The irons came first and then the drink, in which Berry joined, in honor of the occasion, no doubt remembering his prisoner's significant remark when last they parted. Scott was taken at Walla Walla and Peoples was taken somewhere in that vicinity.

English, with his parents, was for many years a resident of the lower part of Benton county. He devoted his time

to drinking, horse-racing, fighting, etc., and was known as a reckless man.

Scott lived in the upper part of Linn county. He was a generous, light-hearted man. He was married to a beautiful girl, but became addicted to drinking and went steadily down until the irons were upon his wrists.

Scott and English were both large, handsome men, but Peoples was a little black imp about four feet high, who looked the villain that he was. A little chip cast off in nature's mint just large enough to receive half the stamp of man. He came to Oregon with Marshall's circus, the first one which had ever exhibited here, and had been a drunkard all his life.

As had been said, they came under guard to Lewiston on their way to Florence for trial. But they had many friends who determined to set them at liberty without the ceremony of trial. The whole whisky element of the town was enlisted in their cause. It is strange how drink will level rank and bring the high-born down to stand with thieves and robbers. Marshall, the old showman, was there, and headed the crowd to take the prisoners from the guards. Then the better element of the city arose to throw itself around the jail and stand between the prisoners and their reckless friends.

It was a dark and chilly night, and those who stood with arms in hand and listened to the frenzied shouts of the wild mob, as it ranged the town, firing shots and drinking on to wild insanity will not soon forget their impressions nor the temperance lecture thundered forth by those wild orgies.

From time to time reports of the coming of the reckless crowd of revelers were brought to the guards, who were lessening in numbers, as timid men crept away to avoid what seemed to be an inevitable conflict. Still, about fifty determined men stood around the little shanty where the prisoners were anxiously awaiting the coming of their friends, who, they felt sure, would release them.

One half the night had worn away, when Marshall, growing impatient, came

down upon the guards alone. It was pitch dark, and on the damp ground his footfalls made no sound. Suddenly a bright flame shot forth, followed by another, and two men lay wounded on the ground.

Although the men had stood for hours with pistols in their hands, peering through the darkness to find a foe, they seemed to be taken by surprise, and for a moment no one returned the fire. Then, as Marshall's outline was discovered in the darkness, a single pistol cracked, and he fell, but recovered himself and ran away before another shot was fired. Then all the latent fury of patient men broke forth. The prisoners were told that they must die. English and Peoples begged for mercy, but Scott made no appeal. Taking a ring from his finger, he quietly asked that it might be taken to his wife, and then, doubling up his chains, he dealt blows right and left, with desperate might and almost super-human energy.

The night wore on, and still the robbers' friends were drinking. And when morning came the guards were gone and stillness reigned about the jail. All but the revelers knew what this meant, and when they ventured to look they found the three men hanging to the low joists of the little building which had served as their jail the night before. Marshall and the men he shot recovered. The roughs sought other scenes, and for a time Lewiston was quiet.

Many people are opposed to hanging men under any circumstances, except after due process of law, but this action of the Lewiston people was induced by peculiar and aggravating circumstances, and was applauded by the best element of the community. As for myself, I was thankful that I had escaped being robbed, shot or hanged, and went on my way rejoicing that it was my Webfeet brethren, instead of myself, over whom a post mortem examination was being held. This reminds one that our opinion of mob law is likely to be somewhat influenced by the question of who is to be hanged.

G. A. WAGGONER.

LANE COUNTY

FROM ITS EARLIEST SETTLEMENT IN 1846, UNTIL ITS COUNTY ORGANIZATION
IN 1850 AND 1851.

Reminiscences of Its Early Pioneers, Etc.

Until 1846 no pale-face, so far as known, had settled within the present boundary lines of Lane county.

Elijah Bristow, the first white settler, here cast his lot in June, 1846, from which time until the naming of the county most of the facts and most of the incidents of its early settlement are intimately connected. He was born in Virginia, and in early manhood moved to Kentucky, and from there to Illinois. In 1845 he once more started westward, arriving in California, but being dissatisfied came on to Oregon. He seems to have been a man of roving disposition, with a love for frontier life.

In June, 1846 he, in company with Eugene F. Skinner, William Dodson and Capt. Felix Scott started up the Willamette valley in search of locations suitable for homes. This route was up the west side of the valley and after passing the Luckiamute river no white man's abode was found thence going south to the end of their journey. On arriving at a point between the Coast Fork and the Middle Fork of the Willamette river, on a low, rolling ridge sparsely covered with oak, fir and pine timber, they simultaneously exclaimed, "What a pleasant hill!" And Pleasant Hill it will remain, at least in name, so long as time shall endure.

Mr. Bristow was attracted by the beautiful panorama in the form of distant mountains and valleys and surrounding hills, forest and vales, and which reminded him of similar landscape in far-off Virginia where he was born. In the refreshing breeze, free of all miasma, of civilization, he raised his hat and

gazing with delight, exclaimed, "This is my claim, here will I live, and when I die, here will I be buried!" Prophetic words that the future fulfilled.

Many Lane county people are familiar with the Pleasant Hill spring and grove where the annual May-Day picnic is held. It was near this spring, in the beautiful fir grove that the party of homeseekers camped. Here they cut logs and erected what was in those early days known as a "claim cabin, and which stood as a sign to all comers that here had a white man filed his intentions of becoming a citizen upon the public domain.

This was the first cabin erected within the present limits of Lane county. And within this first cabin I have partaken of hospitality, since it stood less than two miles from where my earliest childhood days were spent, and there 'tis still standing, though with improvements added, and at present is occupied by a family as a dwelling. I have also stood beside the graves of this early pioneer and his wife; for true to his exclamation, only a short distance from where he built that first cabin, in the little graveyard he gave to his people, under the friendly shadow of the firs he cherished, side by side, they sleep the sleep that awakens only at the resurrection morn.

After Elijah Bristow staked off his claim and laid the foundation of his cabin, William Dodson next stepped off his claim, southwest and adjoining that of Mr. Bristow's, and which also adjoined the home of my childhood on the east, lying between the Bristow farm and Whitaker farm, at that time unclaimed

but located and settled upon later by John T. Gilfrey, a pioneer of '52, and which he disposed of to John Whitaker in '59. Many a time I have crossed the threshold of the Dodson cabin, second built in the county, as it stood about one mile from our home. And none who have ever met this aged pioneer, "Uncle Billy," as he was familiarly called, will, while memory remains, forget the kindly, rugged, unkempt old pioneer. For if ever a white man tried to live up to the saying, "When in Rome do as Rome does," he certainly did by trying, when in Oregon, to do and live as the "natives" did.

He lived to be an octogenarian and through this long life of fourscore years he most emphatically objected to the use of the modern button, and eschewed its existence on all his garments, adjusting his wardrobe by means of small wooden pins or pegs, and one of these was all that "Uncle Billy" deemed necessary to a garment. Yet, despite his eccentricities, and peculiarities, the latch-string to his cabin door ever hung outward, inviting the stranger and less fortunate to the hospitalities afforded within.

A short time after these cabins were commenced, Mr. Bristow and Mr. Dodson were aided in completing them by Wesley Shannon, who had crossed the the plains with Mr. Bristow, and was his life-long friend and admirer. Mr. Shannon at this time was a young man and fond of hunting.

One day on a deer hunt he chanced to ride a young horse which, having been ridden but a few times, was considered unsafe to fire from. He had not proceeded far when he spied a deer; he well knew that if he dismounted, the deer, seeing him, would become frightened and take to the brush. He was also fully aware that to fire while mounted meant to be heaped without ceremony, save a few aerial flourishes, on the illahe. He hastily decided to have venison for supper, let it cost what it may. Removing his feet from the stirrups, he prepared to execute a few pirouettes in the air and

alight on the illahe as gracefully as circumstances would permit. He then took deliberate aim and brought down his game, when lo, the animal never moved; while he quickly fell off according to programme.

Capt. Scott staked off his claim northeast of Bristow's, but afterwards abandoned it and went to California. After a year or two he returned to Lane county, and settled permanently on the south bank of the McKenzie river, opposite the mouth of the Mohawk. As the four returned, Eugene F. Skinner took up a claim where a part of Eugene, the present county seat now stands. In the spring of 1847 Mr. Skinner built his cabin at the foot of the butte which now bears his name. It was built just north of the railroad track at the west end of the butte, near Second and Lincoln streets. Later on, in the summer of the same year, Mr. Skinner brought his wife and child to his new home, and to this lady, Mrs. Mary Skinner, justly belongs the honor of being the first white woman to make her permanent home in Lane county.

When the town was first laid out she it was who had the honor of naming it, which she did, after her husband's first name, Eugene. Some small recompense, possibly, for the lonely and isolated life necessarily led for some time by this noble pioneer woman to feel that through the ages to come the butte bearing his surname and the town his Christian, would stand as living monuments attesting the name and worth of her honored pioneer husband, Eugene Skinner. Little did she then dream that the day was not far distant when the iron horse would snort past the place where his cabin stood and the electric lights flash where once the torch of pine was chief illuminator of the darkness; and that other hands and other brains would soon complete what he and a few others so earnestly, unceasingly and untiringly began—"To make the wilderness blossom as the rose."

In the year 1847 quite an emigration arrived in the Willamette valley, many of

them remaining in Lane county, and were welcome neighbors to the original and solitary four above mentioned. Neighbors they were indeed, and of the Good Samaritan type, notwithstanding the fact that in many instances miles intervened. In sickness, hunger and distress humanity's cry was quickly heeded. The hardy pioneer, inured to hardship and toil, had few of the necessities and none of the luxuries of life, but he who had little divided with him who had less, and the spirit of true brotherhood prevailed. Burns wrote, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn," but the early pioneers were not of the sort of men of whom the Scottish bard sang. They were destined to live in another age, and at present are peering above the horizon, and the wail of the oppressed is heard throughout the land.

Of these latest arrivals Isaac and Elias Briggs, Prior Blair and Charles Martin with their families, took up claims on Pleasant Hill near Mr. Bristow's, while Benjamin Davis, John Akin and H. Noble, with their families, settled near Mr. Skinner. Cornelius Hills, Charnel Mulligan and Wickliff Gouley, single men, settled on the north side of the Middle Fork.

Abram Coryell and son Lewis settled at Coryell Point, a place about midway between Bristow's and Skinner's near where the Coast Fork and Middle Fork unite to form Sam Simpson's "Beautiful Willamette."

During this year Abram Coryell kept the first weather record of the county, and said record is still in existence, the prized paper of a native grandson. This same year, October, '47, Jacob C. Spores and John Diamond located claims near the McKenzie river, their nearest neighbors at that time being at Pleasant Hill and the cabin of Eugene Skinner. "Uncle" Jake Spores located his claim at a point on the east bank of the McKenzie river, afterward's known as Spore's ferry, between where the railroad bridge and wagon road bridge now

stand, and this place, during the remainder of a long life, was his home.

Before being called upon to lay down the burden of life, he had reached his 96th milestone. And to one of his daughters, Martha Spores Mulligan, an honest, true-hearted pioneer woman, do we daughters of Cabin No. 3, owe the honored name of our cabin.

John Diamond, from whom the celebrated peak in the Cascade range takes its name, located his claim where Coburg now stands. In the early 50's John Diamond, in company with four other men, started to view a road from Eugene to the summit of the Cascade mountains, via, the Middle Fork of the Willamette river. On the way over they experienced many difficulties, being the first white men to cross by that route. On that trip Mr. Diamond ascended a snow-peak to the left of the road, going east; the others were unwilling to attempt the ascent. He reached the summit, and on turning told his companions that he wished it distinctly understood that he claimed that mountain. However, he has never made final proof. But the snow-mantled peak, which towers so majestically in the Cascade range on the east boundary line of Lane county, has since borne the name of Diamond's peak. Two miles east of Coburg, only a short distance from where he settled in '47 to carve out a name and fortune in the far West, he still resides, at the advanced age of eighty-five years, hale and hearty, one of nature's noblemen—"An honest man, the noblest work of God."

M. Wilkins, who is still living at the good old age of 82, also located a claim in this vicinity during the year 1847. M. Wilkins is well known as having been an earnest worker in behalf of the Oregon State Fair, and insists on being present at each annual meeting, although enfeebled by age and rendered almost helpless by paralysis. About this time Wm. Stevens arrived in the county, seeking a modern Garden of Eden for his large family. He decided to settle in the Willamette Forks, locating the first claim therein, and the following year raised a

garden that made him famous the county over for size, quality and quantity of Oregon products. He was a near neighbor of Captain Felix Scott, who, as before stated, had abandoned his claim on Pleasant Hill and chosen one near where William Stevens had located.

One and one-half miles south of Cottage Grove there is living an aged pioneer of '47, the first to permanently locate a claim on the South Fork, "Uncle" Jimmie Chapin, as he is familiarly called, and is at present possessed of an active body and reliable memory, although time has bowed his form and dimmed his vision.

During 1848 immigration swelled the population of the county to more than double its former number. In the fall of this year Mr. Bristow's family arrived, together with James and Caswell Hendricks, Robert Callison, Michael and Harrison Shelley Abel Russell, Wm. Bowman, Calvin Hale, their families, and others whose names I fail to secure. The majority of these took claims on Pleasant Hill.

About this time a claim was located where Cottage Grove now stands by a Mr. Wells and family. They remained on the place only a few years when they moved to Southern Oregon and permanently located. In the year 1848 the Fergusons, Richardsons, Browns and Hintons took claims on the Long Tom.

The first cabin in that locality was built by John B. Ferguson, and stood on the banks of that classical stream, the name of which is supposed to owe its origin to the exploits of a pioneer of Herculean size and strength, who, while crossing this stream of wonderful cognomen, on the back of a cuitan, was precipitated therein by that native steed swimming from beneath him, while he, towering above the rushing waters, boldly waded ashore, amid the plaudits of his companions, who christened the stream "Long Tom."

"Uncle Bennie" Richardson and family of four sons and two daughters took up the next claim and built the second

cabin in the Long Tom country this same year.

Webfoot, the Oregon pseudonym, seems to have originated near the banks of the Long Tom. As the story runs, a commercial traveler, a *rara avis*, I presume, in those days, was spending the night at the home of a farmer. It had been raining very hard, as it frequently does yet in the Willamette valley, and most of the Long Tom soil was submerged, which caused the traveler to sarcastically remark, "The children living around here ought to have been born web-footed." The farmer's wife replied, "We had thought of that," at the same time exhibiting to the astonished tourist her baby's feet, which had webs between the toes. The story lost nothing in telling, and we still remain webfooters.

The year 1849 brought quite an influx to the county population. The Robinsons and Riggs settled on Camas swale, east of Spencer butte. The swale was named from the plant *scilla esculenta*, or the camas of the natives, which grew there in abundance and formed one of the principal ingredients of the red man's muck-a-muck. Christy Spencer settled near the Scotts at this time and Elias Briggs located his claim where Springfield now stands. Here they discovered a spring that bubbled up clear and sparkling, from which weary pioneers oftentimes quenched their thirst. As years rolled by that portion of the claim from which the spring gushed forth was fenced off for a field, hence, in after years, the name of the village, Springfield.

Wm. Smith, in 1849, located a claim where Fairmont now stands, and there he lived and prospered many years.

In the year 1850 Stephen Jenkins and Martin Brown and wife took claims on Coyote creek, so named from that hilarious little animal which was very much in evidence there at that time. A little later on James Heatherly, Dr. Richardson, Milton Richardson, Philip Cantell and J. C. Conger, with their families, located near by. Rev. J. C. Richardson, of Eugene, relates that as a child he well

remembers being permitted the pleasure of accompanying his father from their cabin on the Coyote to their neighbor Bristow's, on Pleasant Hill, a distance of twenty miles or more, stopping to take dinner at their neighbor Skinner's on the way, that being the only cabin between the two places.

In the spring of 1850 Mr. George H. Armitage came to Lane county, and settled near Mr. Stephens, on the McKenzie. He was a zealous worker, and untiring in his efforts to assist in every undertaking for the development of county interests and institutions. To him belongs the honor of having first hoisted the Stars and Stripes within the present limits of Lane county, the banner being the handiwork of himself and wife, and was first unfurled to the breeze from the summit of Briggs' Butte during the election that settled Eugene as the county seat.

In 1851 John Bailey and Lewis D. Gibson settled on claims on Spencer creek. This creek takes its name from the butte of the same name, in which it has its source, and the butte derives its name from Indian tradition.

A young Englishman by the name of Spencer, in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, who, in company with others, was sent through to California on a trading expedition with the Indians and Spanish, camped one pleasant afternoon on an old Indian trail that crosses Spencer creek. Young Spencer announced his intentions of going hunting and sightseeing and proposed climbing the large butte to the eastward of camp in order to obtain a view of the surrounding country. This was the last seen of him alive. Failing to return, a search was instituted, which resulted in the finding, half way up the butte, of his nude and lifeless body shot full of arrows, which told the story only too well, which silent lips could not divulge the cruelty and treachery of the uncivilized red man.

"Uncle" Sam Baughman, another pioneer of this year, is still living at Pleasant Hill, although at quite an advanced

age. Presley Comegys also located in Lane county during 1851. Hon. D. M. Risdon, who was a conspicuous figure in the early history of Eugene, located here at this time and was for many years closely identified with the early legislative county history. In the year 1851 John Cogswell settled in the Mohawk valley, remaining one winter, after which he permanently located near the McKenzie river. At present he is living in Eugene, at the home of a daughter, and can be met on the streets most any pleasant day, his white hair and aged form proclaiming the fact that the Oregon pioneers of the 40's and early 50's will soon all be called to explore another and to us an unknown shore, from which no tidings ever come.

During those early pioneer days the first native white son born in the present limits of Lane county, was James Madison Hendricks, who was born at Pleasant Hill in June, '49, and died in Eugene a few years ago, leaving a family of two daughters. The first native daughter, and who was also first native white child born in the county, was Mary Spores, at present Mrs. Mary Bogart, who was born during the year 1848. The first death was probably that of a traveler from California in 1849, who, becoming ill on his journey, stopped at Elijah Bristow's.

And there, beneath the roof of that first cabin, the stranger in a distant land, bereft of the presence of home and loved ones, found willing hearts and ready hands to administer to his last earthly wants. He died within a few days after reaching that first cabin and was laid to rest in the Pleasant Hill graveyard, his being the first grave in the oldest cemetery in the county.

Educational matters were not neglected during pioneer days. The first school house was built in the fall of 1849 on Pleasant Hill, not far from where the first cabin was located. It, of course, was made of logs and a huge fireplace occupied or adorned the greater portion of one end. It was built by Elijah Bristow, assisted by his sons and two sons-

in-law, Robert Callison and James Hendricks. Grandsons also lent a helping hand, among those being Hon. T. G. Hendricks, of Eugene. School opened the next spring, the first taught in the county, with W. W. Bristow as teacher.

Some three or four miles southeast of Pleasant Hill is Clover Dale, the little village district where in after years, on a pioneer bench, I sat many weary hours, my time fully occupied and my mind about evenly divided between lessons and mischief. But Clover Dale is now like Goldsmith's Deserted Village, or, rather, it has been taken by the Dutch. In the early '50's there was located at Clover Dale what was termed the first high school in the county, known as Cascade Academy. Martin Blanding was principal educator and physical director, but the only apparatus in the gymnasium at that time was the switch of hazel. He was a man of liberal education,—

"The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
But past is all his fame, the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot."

But the good work he accomplished yet lives, and many of our active men of today in the county received their high school training at his hands.

Among those Hon. E. P. Coleman, of Coburg, and our respected fellow-townsmen, Hon. T. G. Hendricks. Neither were ministerial affairs overlooked in those days, but the Word of God was not proclaimed in gilded temples to richly robed people in cushioned pews, and where traces of man's pomp or pride are to be seen," but in the open air, beneath the stately Oregon trees, where the humble pioneer worshiper, in all the simplicity of childlike faith, could hold communion with his Maker.

The groves were God's first temples,

Ere man learn'd

To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—

Ere he framed

The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems—in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offer'd to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
and supplication.

So were the first meetings in Lane county to worship God conducted under the trees. The first of these were held at that primeval starting point of Lane county civilization, Pleasant Hill, by Rev. John Rigdon. And for more than a score of years the annual protracted meeting and big basket dinner, in the fir grove at Pleasant Hill were the much talked of and prepared for events by the good people generally throughout the county. "Uncle" Philip Mulkey was first traveling missionary in the county. T. J. Conner was first minister to hold services on Spencer Creek, which he did under the trees. Noah Starr was one of the early preachers of the county. Joab Powell was an early day Baptist minister and many are the rich, rare and racy yarns of this reverend gentleman related by the pioneers.

The first house built within the corporate limits of Eugene was built by Charnel Mulligan, husband of Martha Mulligan, for whom our cabin is named, and was built near where J. S. Luckey's handsome residence now stands. After several years it was moved to the Elias Stewart place, where a portion of it is still standing. It was about this time that the county was organized and named, and I shall go back a year or so in my narrative by way of explanation.

In 1848 President Polk, the true and tried friend of Oregon, the man who had been elevated to the chief office in the nation amid the universal shout of "Fifty-Four Forty, or Fight!" was eager to have the territory of Oregon created before the expiration of his term on the 4th of the ensuing March. To this end he appointed Meek Marshal of the new territory, and delegated him to convey a governor's commission to Gen. Joseph Lane, then residing in Indiana, and unaware of the honor to be conferred, or the sacrifice to be required, in whichever light it may be viewed. With that promptness of decision and action which was Gen. Lane's distinguishing characteristic, he accepted the commission on the spot, and in three days had disposed of his property, wound up his business

affairs and begun his journey to the far-off fields of Oregon, reaching Oregon City on March 2, 1849. The following day Gov. Lane issued his proclamation and assumed the duties of his office, being but one day before the expiration of President Polk's official term. In the following year—in accordance with an act of the territorial legislature, passed January 24, 1851, entitled, "An Act to create and organize Lane county," it was ordered that "All that portion of Oregon lying south of Linn county, and south of so much of Benton county as is east of Umpqua county, be, and the same is hereby created and organized into a separate county by the name of Lane county," so named in honor of General Joseph Lane, the Marion of the Mexican war, and the first governor of the territory of Oregon.

The first election held after its organization, occurred on the first Monday in June, 1851, at which time but fifty-one votes were cast, proving conclusively that the population of the county was quite limited with but little interest manifest in the political question. Perhaps the entire campaign talk indulged in months previous to the election at that time amounted to not so much as one afternoon's button-holing of the subject on the streets of Eugene at the present time.

From 1840, the time when "Uncle Bristow laid the foundation of that first cabin, until sometime in the 50's communication by letter with relatives in the "States" was limited. The early pioneer knew little of what was taking place in the outside world. Letters were generally sent across the plains by emigrants, and frequently failed to reach their destination. The first postoffice was established at Oregon City. Soon after there was one at Salem, and from this point the mail was first carried up the Willamette valley, horseback, by a Mr. Allison, who heralded his coming when in a mile or so of a cabin where he was to deliver mail, by the sounding of a tin horn or trumpet, which he carried for that purpose. As the tones reverberated through the Oregon woods the inmates of the cabin would assemble outside and feverishly await the arrival of a letter from a distant home and loved ones, which in many instances was six months or more enroute.

Contrast this with the different facilities of transmitting news to all places in the Union today, and lo, a new era has dawned, while not a few hardy, hoary-headed pioneers remain to witness the same.

Then may not we well say, "All hail to the pioneers of Oregon!"

ANN WHITEAKER.



THE STEAMER CHESTER.

A BOAT THAT DRAWS ONLY FIVE AND ONE-HALF INCHES.

The stern-wheel steamer Chester, owned by the Joseph Kellogg Transportation Company, is a wonder in way of light draft boats. She was built in 1897, is 100 by 20 feet and drew at the time of launching, with all her machinery and equipment on board, just five and one-half inches. After two years of use she draws but seven and one-half inches. She was built for the Cowlitz river run, that river being very shallow in the summer season. The Chester will carry sixty tons of freight and plow her way readily

along from place to place as easily as if there were water enough to float a Great Eastern. The illustration shown on another page will set doubters' ideas concerning her lightness of draft when they look upon the farm wagon drawn up along side and in the middle of the stream unloading feed for transportation elsewhere. The water-mark on the horses' legs show the shallowness of the water and that the steamer is not in the middle of the stream.

HOW JIM FLOATED IN.

With the dropping of the sun into the sea, and the coming up of the big, round-faced, smiling moon on a hot, sultry August night, Captain Hezekiah Tugg, who had sat for an hour or more in meditative silence on his back porch, suddenly smote the floor with his cane and started up. "By the bones o' the Prophet, I've got it! Things like this will slip the mind, though, easy as the slippin' of a cable; so I'll just meander down to the hotel and put it into words to my little Beam o' Sunshine."

As the captain hobbled down the trail and thence across the intervening stretch of shingly beach and approached the big hostelry aglow with light within, it was to see a slight girlish figure silhouetted against the sky, as she walked slowly back and forth on the wide sweep of the veranda.

"Goody! Captain Tugg," cried the young lady, as he crow-hopped up the stairs a step at a time, "Good! you have come down to tell me another charming story, have you not?"

"Yes, Miss," replied the captain, as he seated himself in the shadow of the portico, "you've hit the nail square on the head. It was sorter lonesome up there in my little shack on the hill," he apologized, "so I thought I would come down this evenin' and spin you the yarn of how Jim floated in."

"And who was Jim?" questioned the young lady, as she placed an ottoman at the captain's feet for him to rest his rheumatic foot upon.

"A green young countryman, whom we will call Jim for short, who landed in New York years ago, without a cent in his pocket; whose worldly belongings was a good mother's blessing and an old-time morocco family Bible, in which Jim pinned his faith.

"Like many another country lad, Jim had never been to sea, but he had read a good deal about it, and, boy like, he

had hopes of some day bein' master o' a ship. But o' that, Miss, I will speak later on. When his mother died and the home went to swell the shekel-sack o' the holder o' the mortgage, which clings closer than an octopus and eats away like a teredo, Jim was bound out by the selectman to a skin-flint farmer, whose mind was so narrow and heart so calloused with sin and greed, the meanest thing that crawled would pass him by with contempt.

"Early and late, day in and day out, through sunshine and rain, and sleet and snow, little Jim milked and churned, and hoed and plowed, with many a curse and kick thrown in, till he was sixteen years o' age. O' nights he would limp up stairs to his attic bed-room under the roof and watch the stars through the little window, where his angel mother no doubt looked down with pitying eyes.

"The day Jim was sixteen he received the drubbing o' his life, for droppin' his hoe and slippin' away to the circus, come to town that day. Yes, Miss, it was a drubbing, sure enough, the skin-flint gave him, beatin' him black and blue with a bridle stall, the cruel bits raising welts and lumps on his tender skin, ten times worse than any cat-o'-nine-tails you ever heard of. Then Jim woke up. Lying there on his measly pallet that night, a new-born resolve crept into his heart—he would run away and become a sailor.

"To think with Jim was to act. When all was still at the farm house he chucked his earthly belongings—the Bible and a threadbare suit o' clothes, into a carpet-bag that opened up like the yawnin' jaws o' an alligator; then he tip-toed softly down the stairs, and thence out into the starlit world, and journeyed down to New York.

"His path was not strewn with roses, Miss, by any means; they come nearer being thorns. People were leary o' him

—not that he was onnery or vicious lookin' and all that—but the bulged-out carpet-bag told the story, and they were not always joyful in helping a runaway boy along. Sometimes Jim slept in barns, cuddled up in the hay; at other times he slept in fence corners, with only God's big starlit sky for a coverin'. Some days he went hungry, and some days he went fed, all owin' to whether some kind-hearted farmer gave him a boost in the right direction with eatables and drink, all of which he paid for in work with his strong young arms.

"In this manner he at last reached the city; footsore and worn he clumped it along, his heavy cow-hide shoes makin' the pavement ring, an object of pity, truly. The city was strange to him, and as he worked his way further and further into its heart he soon became dazed, and as utterly lost as if on the great plains of Sahara.

By and by the little countryman was spied by a band of street arabs, and Jim's troubles began in earnest. Without warnin' he was set upon and his much-prized carpet-bag jerked from his hand. Then up one street and down another, and thence into an alley, surrounded by high tenement walls, ran the bully o' the crowd, little white-faced, terrified Jim in hot pursuit. Once in the alley the bully gave Jim to understand that he might fight to regain his possessions. So Jim, since he had to, puts up his props, and at it he goes, strikin' regular sledge hammer blows, his fresh young face covered with brine as tear drop after tear drop rolled down his cheeks.

"The battle, Miss, was short and decisive. In less time than it takes to tell it Jim came out o' the fray with a bloody nose and a badly swollen lip, the victor, by right o' might; and I might add, the hero o' the hour. My, how those street arabs cheered him when he laid the bully out! At that Jim's feathers went up like a banty rooster's and his own down-cast spirits began to rise.

"But Jim was treadin' on dangerous ground. Just as he laid hold o' his carpet-bag his newly-made mob howlin

friends all at once darted away. Then up goes a window across the street and a frowzy-headed woman yells 'Run, country, run! The cops is comin'!' Now Jim didn't know the meanin' o' 'cops' any more than a cannibal. Turnin' 'round he saw a big policeman, with club on high, bearin' down on him like a schooner on a nor'west tack. That scairt him and he fled for his life.

"You ought to have seen him when he got out of the alley, the old carpet-bag a knockin' and a bangin' against the legs o' the passers by. I tell you he showed a swift pair o' heels!

"As Jim ran down the street people turned and gazed at him in amazement. Then cabmen began to yell at him, and another policeman made a grab for him, but Jim avoided his clutch and kept on. As he turned a corner he banged his head into a big-stomached man wearin' a plug hat, with the force o' a batterin' ram, knockin' him galley west. Jim never stopped, though, but kept on runnin' till he brought up at the water front way down on East River.

By and by, after he had rested a while, he went down to the river and washed his face; then he began to look around for honest employment. But New York merchants, likewise captains o' ships, didn't want a green country clodhopper for errand or cabin boy; so he wandered around like a ship without a rudder, too proud to beg, until darkness fell over the city.

"In his wanderings Jim passed a little shop built on piles out over the river, the owner o' which was a despised son o' Israel. Something in his make-up attracted the Jew's attention, and as Jim limped past the door, the merchant called him back. Why he did this I don't know. Perhaps Jim reminded him o' himself when he first faced the world in far-away Bavaria. Anyway he called Jim back and heard his straightforward story. And the Jew believing him, for he saw truth written in the clear brown eyes o' the lad before him. 'Rest here with us, my son,' said he, kindly placing his hand on Jim's curly head;

'we will see what the morning will bring forth.'

"So Jim, nothing loth, went in, and there by the side o' pretty little four-year-old Gustina, the Jewish couple's only child, he ate his full. After supper he went to bed under the counter o' the shop; and, as the city clock chimed ten, silence fell over the house o' Israel.

"Thus for the first time in his life Jim slept in the city, his head pillowed on the old family Bible, in which were inscribed on its pages in his mother's shaky hand, the names of all he held dear who lay sleepin' in the everlastin' hills way up in Vermont. As the hours passed Jim dreamed of green fields and runnin' streams and birds singin' in the trees, the guest o' his good Samaritan friend, whose race was banished from the Promised Land.

"As the city clock struck twelve, Jim's dreams passed from green fields and such, to other channels. He dreamed he was in another world where he fairly gasped to get his breath. It seemed as if great clouds o' smoke was bearin' him down; he could hear cracklin' flames and smell burnin' wood. Then as the clang, clang, of a bell floated over the city, and a hissin', sputterin' fire engine thundered down the street as fast as horseflesh could draw it, he awoke to find his dream a reality. The shop was on fire!

"When Jim got out from under the counter he found a sea o' fire between him and the doorway, reachin' clear through the ceiling, shutting off his escape. The door stood open. Through it and the wall o' fire he could see a great crowd gathered on the street in front o' the great snake-like hose, the coughing engine fairly showering them with sparks. A rope was stretched in front o' the engine. Behind it were policemen beatin' back the crowd, as they pressed closer and closer into the dull red glare. Inside the fire line were the half-dressed frantic Jew and his wife implorin' the firemen to save their little Gustina, whom they had forgotten in their haste.

"Now Jim was no hero, Miss, but into his head there came a resolve to rescue the little girl or perish in the attempt. So, graspin' his carpet-bag—it would never do to part with the family heirloom—he worked his way along, foot by foot, the dartin' flames comin' up through the floor, blisterin' and blindin' him, till he reached the family sleepin' room in the rear o' the shop. And there he found her, Miss, 'midst the dartin' forked tongues o' fire fast asleep, with one little bare arm under her head, a smile on her pretty face.

"From where he stood Jim could see a window that overlooked the river. To reach it and make a leap for life was the thought that came into his brain. To this end he hastily awoke the child, then he wrapped a blanket around her; and, as the ceiling in the front o' the shop dropped in, he started for the openin'. His intentions were good enough, Miss, but he never reached the window. Just as he groped his way to the foot o' the bed, the badly fire-eaten floor gave way; and, with a yell from himself and a scream from the little girl, Jim dropped like a sack o' coal into the sullen waters o' the river, far below.

"Now, as you know, Miss, the Bible has been the life buoy o' many a poor sinkin' soul, and in this case the one in the carpet-bag was destined to be the means o' Jim's and the little girl's earthly salvation; for, as he came to the surface, the buoyant, air-filled bag naturally swung under his left arm, makin' the best o' buoys. Then as the current struck him, bearin' him from the firelit scene, half strangled Jim and his charge floated away into the darkness o' the piers.

"On, and on, block after block, floated Jim with chattering teeth. Luckily he could swim, so holdin' the little child on his shoulder he began to tread water, all the time a yellin' for a rescuing hand. As the current swept him out from under the shadows o' the pier, straight under where now swings the huge span o' the Brooklyn bridge, he floated into the track o' a white, dazzlin' light that shone

over the water like a great fiery eye. On the heels o' this the chug and roar and beatin' o' paddle wheels fell on his ear, and he knew he was in the track o' a steamer.

"At that he set up another yell, for he could see men movin' about on the steamer's lower deck. That yell saved him, Miss, for strangely enough, it was heard on board above the pound and roar. When he yelled a head was thrust out o' the pilot house window and then hastily withdrawn. Then the clang o' a bell echoed over the bay, there sounded a hoarse cough, cough, a million fiery sparks belched from her stacks, the huge walkin' beam began to walk the other way; and as Jim floated past the bow, straight under the larboard wheel, so it seemed, the great sound flyer came to a stop.

"Jim did not see the giant negro, who lay with half his body hangin' over the gunwale, but he felt his hand as it clutched his coat collar with an iron grip, and the next minute he and the little girl were landed safe and sound on the great wide deck. When he came to, Miss, Jim was layin' in the Ajax's warm cabin, a score o' sympathetic passengers bendin' over him. 'Why bless me, captain,' a big stomached man wearin' a plug hat, was sayin', 'it's the little country lad I was just now telling about who ran me down today, God bless him!'

"It is not for me to tell, Miss," con-

cluded the captain, his eye resting on his little cabin on the bluff, "how the Jewish couple took on when their little girl was returned to them none the less for the plunge. This I will say, though, looks are deceivin' sometimes, and though he looked poor and onnery, as far as this world's goods go, the Jew was immensely wealthy. Now, he didn't adopt the little countryman exactly, but he came pretty near it. When Jim got out o' the hospital good Captain Coffee took him in charge and sailed away for Australia. The cruise lasted five years and when Jim got back he knew all that was worth tellin' about a ship. Then the Jew sent him across the water with a well-filled pocket-book and when Jim again saw the United States he floated into port on a four-master, named the Dilbony, which was his for keeps."

"Why, Captain Tugg!" exclaimed the young lady, peering into his face as he drew farther back in the shadow of the portico, "you have let the cat out of the bag. I know now who Jim was. It was you, bless your dear old heart, for you have told me about the Dilbony before! So that was why you waited until after dark to tell me the story of your life, for fear I might see the tears in your eyes, eh?"

"Mebby," said the captain, as he rose to go; "mebby. Anyway, that was how Jim floated in."

THOS. H. ROGERS.



Most all of the tribes of Indians in the Pacific Northwest subjected the members of native tribes captured in war to a state of servitude, and there were instances where the trappers, who intermarried with the Indian women, did likewise. The custom was not done away with until long after the advent of the pioneers, and its downfall no doubt saw its beginnings through the actions of Rev. Jason Lee in 1834. Through him, it is believed, the first slaves were emancipated. It seems that in September, of that year, a French

settler by the name of Louis Shangar-ette suddenly died from the bursting of a blood vessel, leaving three half-breed orphans and five Indian slaves without a home. Dr. McLoughlin desired Mr. Lee to take charge of this family. The proposition was accepted with the understanding that the slaves receive their freedom. This was decreed in-so-far as the word of the doctor could make a law, and in those days he was sole autocrat of this section of the country, and when he gave orders they were implicitly obeyed.

ANECDOTES OF EARLY DAYS.

Anything of interest pertaining to the early time will always have interest. Not long since, when visiting my old friend, Col. Jas. K. Kelly, at his Washington home, we were talking of the olden time and he gave me the following incidents: Jo Meek was always full of his adventures and had a rare appreciation of the humorous. One story he told on himself was, that while he was U. S. marshal he had some trouble in keeping his cash account. He was apt to get behind. Dr. McLoughlin was on his bond; hearing that he was behind in making returns, the doctor accosted him with: "Wh-wh-what is this I hear, Jo, that you don't pay up as you should?" Jo studied a moment and then answered, "If any one bothers you about me, you can tell them not to worry, as Jo Meek has given a good bond." "Tut, tut, tut," said the doctor, "That means that I shall have to pay if you are delinquent, for I'm on your bond." "Of course," said Jo, "that's what you signed the bond for."

Another of Jo Meek's tales was, that when O. C. Pratt was U. S. judge and he was marshal the court house at Oregon City was a small concern with a loft and stairs going up to it from the court room. The marshal wore a regulation uniform, of which he was very proud. One time, when there was a trial for selling liquor to Indians, there were five or six Indian women as witnesses. While the court was sitting the grand jury occupied this loft, and when a witness was wanted the word was passed down. Not understanding, when the marshal called one they all started to go up. Jo stopped this in a very unjudicial way, by catching the last one by the leg and pulling

her down again. This was too much for his honor: "Marshal, come within the bar," said he. Jo marched inside the railing and made a profound bow. "Marshal, if ever I see you do such an act as that again, I will fine you \$50." To keep the majesty of the court in proper shape the marshal used to escort the judge to his dinner. As they were on the way, Meek asked, "Did you really mean to fine me \$50, judge?" "Yes," was the response, "I shall certainly fine you \$50, if I have to pay it myself." "Good enough," said Jo, "I can stand that as long as you can."

When Yamhill county was organized, in 1846, A. A. Skinner was judge and John G. Baker, sheriff. The court house was a plebeian sort of affair with one room. There was not even an attic, as was the case at Oregon City. In those days the grand jury was a conglomerate of any number from thirteen to twenty-three. There had to be more than the number of a petit jury and not twice that number. When the sheriff asked where he was to establish his grand jury, the judge scratched his head in a contemplative way, then said: "Take them out under that broad-spreading oak. Stake out the foreman and the rest will be apt to range near by." It was the leafy month of June and the shade of the oak was grateful. The stock interest was paramount and illustrations taken from it were classical.

Jim Fruit was another of the characters of the early time. Jim came from Missouri and was proud of that origin. One year, when emigration fell off from what had been expected, some one ask-

ed Jim what ailed the Missourians. He was apt at repartee, and rejoined that the crop of "buck bock" was so short that year that they hadn't enough to dye their clothes, so couldn't go west; that no self-respecting Missourian would go away from home without his regular color.

Another curious feature of that time was Jim Ware, of Clackamas. One year Ware was sent to represent Clackamas in the legislature. He was fond of addressing the chair. His attitude was to lift his right foot upon the chair he sat on and then say: "Mr. Speaker!" One time he was descanting on the great advantages of Oregon. He came from Sangamon county, Illinois, and thought that was God's country—except that it

could'nt compare with Oregon. He was descanting on this favorite topic one day and illustrated his theme in a way that became historical. He said there was a Yankee, direct from Connecticut, who came to Sangamon and was infatuated with the region. Once, when he had written to a brother, in Connecticut, to tell his opinion, he came to see him (Jim Ware) to ask how it suited. His letter read: "Oh, Brother, come to Sangamon! If you do, you'll find bees into every hollow tree; you'll find four squirrels up three trees; you'll find hoop-poles without end; rattlesnakes—oh, —! Brother, come to Sangamon!" The Connecticut man was a cooper. To add effect to this harangue, Ware delivered it in the nasal Yankee tone.

SAMUEL A. CLARKE.



DAVID McLOUGHLIN.

David McLoughlin, the only son of the late and honored Dr. John McLoughlin, is said to be still living in Northeastern Washington. He was born in Clackamas county over seventy years ago, and was educated in London. After the death of his father he retired to the solitudes of Northeasten Washington, where he has resided for many years. A year or two ago a Spokane paper gave an account of his first visit to that city, when he experienced his first ride in a hotel elevator, and acquired his first personal knowledge of electric street cars. A few of the older settlers here remember David McLoughlin as a young man over six feet in height, finely formed, erect, but lacking the energy and executive ability of his father. On his return from London, he lived an apparently easy life, assisting his father in the office and store, and occasionally

figuring accounts for an early merchant, Mr. LaForest. Mrs. LaForest, who still lives, remembers that David McLoughlin lounged around her husband's store a great deal of the time, and was notably quick in mathematics. After his father's death David was apparently dissatisfied with life in Oregon City, and one day informed Mr. LaForest that this was no place for him, and left, losing his identity in the Western wilderness. A story has been handed down from pioneer days that he wooed and won the daughter of the captain of an English tea ship, who was in Portland temporarily, but that Dr. McLoughlin would not consent to the marriage on account of religious scruples. It is a fact, however, that David McLoughlin has spent the greater part of his life away from advancing civilization, and it is not believed that he ever married.

KEELER H. GABBERT.

*PIONEER DAY AND PIONEER ERA.

Again June 15 and again "Pioneer day" has come and gone. But yesterday, as it seems, these words were last written and spoken, and following them a eulogy upon those—living and dead—who laid strong and broad and deep the foundations of our state in the near and yet distant past. Proof of the number of these vanished days was seen in the white-haired men and women who passed up and down our streets yesterday, called hither by this historical occasion. Elbowing their way gently through the crowds, wearing badges that tell how many years of their lives have been spent in Oregon, smilingly appreciative of the attention they receive, ready to relate incidents of the commonplace life of the long ago and to express satisfaction at the improvement upon primitive methods that the years have brought. These men and women come among us with yearly dwindling ranks, honored guests of the occasion, and receive the welcome that is their due. Brave men and heroic women! Distinguished in the battle of life for the effort that failed not, though its fruition was not always in sight—the full fruits of the victory which civilization has won in the state are for your descendants and successors—its glory belongs to you.

It is true that hardship and privation in the sense that these terms were applied to the settlement of the Middle West were in a degree unknown to the pioneer of Oregon. In the first place, the relative mildness of the climate forbade the suffering from cold which pinched the bodies and congealed the energies of the pioneers of the Ohio valley; and again the supply depots of the Hudson's Bay Company preceded actual

settlement in the farming districts of the state by some years, while the occasional ship that felt its way successfully across the bar of the Columbia supplied with its varied cargo many needs of the settlers.

Rev. Samuel Parker, who made the journey in pursuit of the missionary idea across the continent between the 14th of March, 1835, and the 16th of October of the same year, traveling continuously and reaching Fort Vancouver on the latter date, relates that he found there "a hospitable people and the comforts of life," and that during all the months of his journey—the last fifty-six days with Indians only—he "had not suffered a single day for want of food." Later on, when domiciled for the winter at the post, he spoke of occupying well-furnished rooms, of having all the attendance he could wish, access to as many valuable books as he had time to read, opportunities to ride out and see the surrounding country, and, in addition to all these, "the society of gentlemen, enlightened, polished and sociable." Remembering the date of his experience, this account seems wonderful, since at that period settlers in many sections of the Ohio valley were still living lives of the most bitter contention against unsubdued nature.

Of course the settlers that followed the missionary pathfinders in yearly increasing numbers after 1840 did not meet with the full-handed hospitality that fell to the lot of Parker, yet it is a matter of record that Dr. McLoughlin and other men of the Hudson's Bay Company befriended the helpless and contributed to the needs of the destitute in many instances during these and succeeding years, and that a supply depot was main-

tained at Fort Vancouver and afterward at Oregon City, which was of incalculable benefit to the earliest pioneers. Very few, if any, now remain who shared the hospitality of Dr. McLoughlin in these far-away days, yet in dealing with the pioneer era history will be true to his part in making the "first winter" tolerable and even enjoyable to many who, without the consideration shown them, would have felt more than the pinch of hunger.

In the meantime, the state-builders were at work, and the missionaries had not disregarded temporal matters in the pursuit of things spiritual, so that when the very oldest of our now-living pioneers pitched their tents in the beautiful wilderness of "the Oregon territory" they were able in a very short time to compass the ordinary comforts of home.

* * * * *

But this is all of the past. The wide areas between homes that made daily intercourse among neighbors impossible; primitive methods of agriculture for the output of which there was no market; sparse settlements over which the dread of the always-possible Indian outbreak hovered; the long intervals between "states' mails" made anxious by the probabilities of death and disaster "at home" during the period of silence; the haunting specter of homesickness that

moved about the house and the clearing, are all of the past. These were the disagreeable realities of pioneer life. Dominating them all was the genial spirit of hospitality which isolation invokes, the gratified spirit of adventure which is the mainspring of much pioneer endeavor, the feeling of freedom which a survey of the wide expanse created, and finally the contentment which comes from a familiarity with surroundings and the gratification of the home-building instinct.

Loyal Oregonians are these gray and genial pioneers. Not one of them would exchange his home here, endeared by the early associations of which its building was a part, for a freehold in any other land under the sun. Loyal Oregonians, The Oregonian, a pioneer among you, greets you, honors you, congratulates you, bids you welcome as you come and godspeed as you go, in the city whose name you knew not, but the corner-stone of whose prosperity you helped to lay in the days wherein the "yet young state was younger yet."

* The foregoing tribute to the pioneers appeared in the editorial columns of the Daily Oregonian, June 16, 1899. Hon. Harvey W. Scott, editor of that paper, being the writer. The article is considered well worthy of preservation in the pages of history, and for that reason has here been republished.



The first brick dwelling house erected in the Pacific Northwest was built in Yamhill county, Oregon, early in 1846, by Geo. K. Gay. It is still standing, and located within the townsite of Wheatland. The brick were made by the Methodist mission, but it did not use them, Rev. George Gary, the new superintendent of the mission, who arrived a short time previously, changed the plans in contemplation, and the brick were sold. The first brick store erected was put up by Governor Abernethy, at Oregon City in 1844.

The first gold discovery in the Pacific Northwest, if not on the Pacific coast, by the whites, was made by Daniel Heron on the headwaters of the Malheur river. No one of the company he was with seemed to know what the shining metal was, and after being hammered out on a wagon tire it was thrown aside. When gold was discovered in California in 1849, the circumstance was recalled to mind, and after considerable search the gold-bearing location was again found.

NESIKA WA-WA.

In this number we have made mention of some of the earlier historical educational institutions of Oregon. In subsequent numbers others deserving of like notice will be spoken of by us. It has been the custom with some to send their children to eastern schools for an education, but observation of the progress made by our young men and women educated at home, bears out the idea that they stand as high, if not higher, in the various avocations they have chosen for a livelihood, than the eastern educated. Our schools possess all the appliances required to gain a knowledge of almost any subject; our teachers are as competent as the best of the East in nearly all branches, the exceptions being confined only to a few branches of study that are of no practical value save to the very limited number. Take Oregonians away from our salubrious climate and place them in a situation where the mercury goes down way below zero, or where they nearly suffocate with the heat, both night and day and they cannot give their minds to study with the degree of ease and satisfaction that they can on this coast. Keep your children at home, it will save you money and will not deprive them of the very best of facilities for securing the finished education you desire them to have.



Among the many interesting chapters in the history of our country's develop-



It is most remarkable that nearly all of the membership of the fur companies coming to the Pacific Northwest, though the nature of their calling would serve to break down one's constitution, were long lived, many of them living to be over 80 years of age.

ment, none possesses greater attraction than that which deals with the vast territory of which Oregon forms a part, from its occupation by a handful of British trappers to its acquisition by the United States. The struggle between Great Britain and the United States for this valuable possession, and the part played by McLoughlin of the Hudson's Bay Company, are here set forth in a most enjoyable narrative. The men and women whose names are prominently associated with the pioneer movement are presented in life-like portraiture, and the conditions prevailing under the old regime—the semi-feudal government of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver—form a curious and fascinating portion of the story. No less interesting are the incidental sketches of Indian life and character and the passionate fear and jealousy exhibited by the red men toward the whites, which culminated in the Whitman massacre.

The author, Mrs. Eva Emery Dye, of Oregon City, has given an exceedingly vivid account of the picturesque life in the mountains; of the trappers, the Indians, and the missionaries, regarding all of which she has had unusual facilities for acquiring information. Readers will be delighted with the narrative, which, while historically accurate and valuable, possesses all the attractiveness of a romance. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, are the publishers. For sale by the J. K. Gill Co., Portland; \$1.50 per copy.

Lieut. Wilkes celebrated the 4th of July, 1841, on American lake, Washington. In 1843 Rev. Gustavus Hines delivered an address on the Nation's natal day at Oregon City. There was no general observance of the day until 1846, when Oregon City and Salem each had a grand blow-out.

PURPLE AND GOLD.

On the 15th inst. the twenty-eighth annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association was held in Portland, and the men and women who made it possible for the building of the metropolis owned it for the time being.

At 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon they were entertained at the Tabernacle, by the Native Sons and Daughters. A fine luncheon was served to them and some time was spent in the shaking of hands and in conversation.

At 1:30 o'clock the Pioneers assembled on Morrison street, in front of the Marquam Building, and, headed by the Native Sons and Daughters and the Third Regiment band, took up the march for the Exposition Building, where the exercises of the day were held. There were many old men and women in line who came with a wagon train across the plains half a century ago. Some of these showed that time had been at work, yet when the band began to play a lively air, these stooped and halting men and women fell into line with the sprightliness of boys and girls.

There were many in the line who looked hale and hearty, and some who might have been taken for a Native Son or Daughter.

At Twelfth street the procession was joined by the Indian War Veterans, and, with jesting, laughter, and occasional Indian yells, the long line continued on to the Exposition Building. There the Sons and Daughters stood aside and allowed the older ones to enter the building first.

Though the crowd was large there was room for all inside. The band played while the people were seated. The stage was beautifully decorated, and among those who were seated thereon

were some of the men and women whose history would make a book. Among them was Louis La Bonte, the oldest Native Son in the state. His father was a French-Canadian, and his mother, Kil-a-ko-tah, was the eldest daughter of Cob-a-way, chief of the Clatsop Indians. F. X. Matthieu, the only survivor of the convention of 1843, and Cyrus H. Walker, the first living male white child born in Oregon of white parents.

After prayer by Chaplain N. Doane, President J. T. Apperson arose and, after congratulating the organization, thanking the people of Portland for the reception they had given the Pioneers, and complimenting the Sons and Daughters, introduced J. C. Moreland, who delivered the annual address. The occasional address was delivered by Cyrus H. Walker.

Concluding the address a banquet was served. There being 16 tables with 40 chairs at each. These tables were decorated most tastefully with the many flowers which grow in Oregon, with the Oregon fir scattered all about. Upon many of the plates was a rose or some other flower, and the good things that were on the tables were such as lords find spread upon their boards when they go to dine.

Mrs. I. W. Pratt, Mrs. E. E. McClure and Mrs. O. P. S. Plummer, of the executive committee of the Woman's Auxiliary, who had charge of the banquet, deserve great credit for the manner in which they handled the crowd. There was no rush, as is often the case at banquets. Everything was as orderly as at a home dinner, and the Pioneers enjoyed themselves to the limit.

The officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Lee Laughlin, pres-

ident; J. H. D. Gray, vice-president; George H. Himes, secretary, re-elected; Charles E. Ladd, treasurer, re-elected; Silas B. Smith, corresponding secretary; D. P. Thompson, J. T. Apperson, William Galloway, directors.

As soon as the business had been transacted, President Apperson asked William Galloway to preside, then followed:

The "Greeting Song," by the veteran male quartet, was good. Then came a recitation by Miss Hazel Hoopengartner which brought down the house. It was followed by a song from the gray-haired male singers. O. F. Paxton favored the audience with Dr. Bennett's poem, "The Pioneer," which was well received.

Again the male quartet was called for, and gave two or three selections which completely charmed the crowd. The "rooster" song, in which Judge Bullock, crowed in a manner that would have made a rooster ashamed of himself, was the feature of the evening.

This venerable quartet was composed of the following men: Judge S. Bullock, Captain W. S. Powell, first tenors; C. W. Tracy, J. R. N. Sellwood, second tenors; George A. Buchanan, John Shaver, first bass; H. A. Kineth, Dr. H. R. Littlefield, second bass; accompanist, Miss E. Cora Felt.

When it was announced that experiences were in order there was no lack of of speakers. As fast as one sat down another was up, and the tales that some of them told were highly interesting. There was hearty applause throughout the experience telling.

Among those who had good things to say to the Pioneers were Silas B. Smith, Mrs. A. S. Duniway, Judge M. C. George, Mrs. R. A. Miller and Van DeLashmutter.

When all who desired had had their say, the meeting adjourned and the 22d annual gathering of Oregon Pioneers was at an end.

The fifteenth annual grand encampment of the Indian War Veterans of the Pacific Northwest met in Grand Army Hall June 15, and was called to order at

10:15 by Grand Commander T. A. Wood. The officers of the encampment, most of whom were present, are as follows: T. A. Wood, grand commander; Capt. James McAuliffe, senior vice grand commander; Major James Bruce, junior vice grand commander, Otto Kleeman, general adjutant and acting secretary; P. C. Nolan, first assistant adjutant; H. D. Mount, second assistant; G. L. Rowland, third assistant; Rev. W. D. Ewing, chaplain; Capt. P. Maloney, grand marshal; J. H. McMillen, paymaster; T. I. Nicklin, surgeon; John Storan, captain of the guard.

The session was opened by singing "America," by Mrs. Maggie Gillett, and the audience. In the absence of the chaplain prayer was offered by Comrade L. M. Parrish.

Grand Commander Wood read his report, which was an able and interesting document. Among the resolutions introduced and adopted was one in relation to the monument in memory of the Pioneers and Indian War Veterans. Its purport was, that instead of building a monument to the soldiers of the Second Oregon alone, a memorial Hall should be erected, commemorating the dead soldiers of all the wars, past, present and future. There their names should be inscribed, the archives kept; their various organizations, Pioneers, Veterans, Native Sons and Daughters and others could meet; and there a great free library could be collected. He believed that if the monument fund being raised was thus diverted some rich man would endow it with \$100,000, and that everybody would contribute. A single monument, erected to the dead of the Second Oregon meant little; such a building would mean much, and to everybody. He thought the volunteers should not be singled out; the veteran dead of the Indian Wars and the Civil War should stand on the same plane and receive equal honor.

At the conclusion of the business of the association the veterans adjourned for lunch, which was served in the rear

end of the hall. The wives and daughters of the veterans had been busy in preparing the meal, and the tables were loaded with good things to eat, and were brilliant with many splendid bouquets. The order was that only veterans, or their wives and widows, who were over 65 years old, should have seats at the first tables. About 145 veterans, wives, widows and daughters were present, nearly filling the hall. While many of the veterans' heads are white and forms bowed, there are still among them a good many specimens of sturdy manhood, and generally their clear faces and robust frames furnish proof of an active, well-spent life.

The Grand Cabin, Native Sons, held its second annual session on June 13 and 14. At the beginning of the year there were 18 cabins, at the close of this year, 32; all of which are in from fair to a flourishing condition. The present membership is about 2000.

Grand President Blumauer submitted a very comprehensive report bearing upon the condition and needs of the order, as well as upon other important matters.

Considerable legislation was enacted, the more important of which was the creation of the office of grand organizer; representation from the cabins to the grand cabin; striking out the provisions permitting of an honorary membership, and other matters incidental to the welfare of the cabins.

The report had in part the following on pioneer memorial, which is well worthy of consideration.

"The time has arrived when some concerted effort should be made to build a monument to the pioneers, who, through herculean struggles, hardships and perils, found their way to Oregon, and, through their noble sacrifices and heroic valor, reclaimed its broad acres from the wild beasts and the savages; and, through their occupancy, saved it from the domination of a foreign power.

"It is recommended that a committee consisting of five members of this grand cabin be appointed to take steps to secure Park Block No. 7, in the city of Portland, bounded by Salmon, Main and

Park and West Park streets, for the purpose of erecting thereon a monument to the pioneers in the shape of a log cabin large enough to accommodate the pioneers in their annual reunions, the Indian War Veterans during the yearly meetings, the Native Sons and Native Daughters, when they meet in annual session, and provide for the permanent preservation and exhibit of the archives, relics and curios of the State Historical Society.

"If you deem it advisable to have a committee appointed in this behalf, I would recommend that it be instructed to secure, if possible, the co-operation of a committee from the Pioneer Association, Indian War Veterans, Native Daughters and State Historical Society.

"It seems probable that not only the City of Portland, but the legislature, will have to be looked to in order that the property may be appropriated to the purpose. I would therefore suggest that the legal status of the case be inquired into before other effort is made, and, if it be lawful for the property to be so disposed of, that determined and united effort be made to accomplish the object herein set forth."

All the societies mentioned for co-operation in the suggestion have named committees for the purpose of conference and action, and with united effort their objects will no doubt be accomplished.

The following was also suggested: "A great many Native Sons and Daughters are unable to entertain the pioneers and take part in their exercises on that day, on account of interfering with their business vocations. I therefore recommend that a committee of five members of the grand cabin be appointed to have a bill passed at the next legislature to make June 15 a legal holiday of the state in honor of our noble and brave pioneers.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Sol Blumauer, grand president; A. E. Reames, of Jacksonville, first grand vice-president; H. T. McClallen, second grand vice-president; Fred H. Saylor, grand secretary; H. C. Wortman, grand treasurer; C. T. Belcher, grand marshal; W. R. Barrett,

grand orator; R. C. Ganong, J. P. Walker, C. E. Foster, C. C. Goldsmith, C. H. Walker, E. R. Drake, M. A. Baker, grand trustees; Emery Herron, grand inside sentinel; E. H. Matthieu, grand outside sentinel. Past Grand President J. C. Leasure holds over, as no successor was elected to that position.

The Grand Cabin, Native Daughters, held their first annual session on June 13 and 14, at Artisan's Hall. Twenty-one cabins were represented, twenty of which were instituted during the past year. A number of changes were made in the laws, and the ritual worded so as to make it practically a new one. One of the features of the session was the address of retiring Grand President Mrs. R. A. Miller.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: Mrs. Robert A. Miller, past grand president; Mrs. James Welch, grand president; Mrs. J. C. Leasure first grand vice-president; Mrs. Ella Dun Rice, second grand vice-president; Mrs. W. D. Palmer, grand secre-

tary; Mrs. J. A. White, grand treasurer; Mrs. Matthews, grand marshal; Mrs. Julia Gault, grand inside sentinel; Mrs. Minnie Cozard, grand outside sentinel; Mrs. C. H. Smith, grand historian; Maud Pope Allyn, Mrs. Pearl Snow; Edith Tongue Reames; Mrs. I. L. Patterson, Mrs. Mary Kenny, Mrs. C. W. Fulton, Mrs. Sallie Applegate Long, grand trustees.

Outside grand officers and delegates were tendered a banquet at Brandes restaurant on the evening of the 14th by Eliza Spaulding Warren's Cabin, Native Daughters, and Abernethy's Cabin, Native Sons, of Portland. Among the guests of the evening were Gov. T. T. Geer and bride, both of whom were born in Oregon.

On the evening of the 15th a reception and dance was tendered to all visitors at Parson's hall. Refreshments were served during the evening. This affair was also under the auspices of the Portland cabins Native Sons and Native Daughters.



BIOGRAPHICAL.

REV. ALVIN F. WALLER.

Born in Abington, Pennsylvania, May 8, 1808. Was brought up in the faith of the Methodist church, of which he became a member when he reached the age of twenty-one and three years later began to preach. In 1833 he wedded Miss Elpha White, the fruits of the union being three children, one son and two daughters, one of the later being an Oregon girl. In 1839 he, together with his family, came in the ship around Cape Horn to the far off Pacific Northwest to labor in the missionary field. He arrived in 1840 and for thirty-two years thereafter he was faithful to the cause of the Master, and during such time he was an active participant in the laying of the foundations of charitable and religious institutions. He was one of the prime movers in the organization of the Oregon Institute, from which grew the Willamette University, and he was the prin-

cipal agent in establishing the Pacific Christian Advocate, founded in 1853.

His good works were innumerable, and were performed in a truly Christian spirit. As a man and a minister, Mr. Waller had great perseverance, energy and fidelity, and was a clear, logical and powerful preacher. His judgment had weight in the public mind on all questions, whether connected with state or ecclesiastical interests, because his intellect was many-sided. He was a minister, and had an intense loyalty to his church; but he was more,—a broad, patriotic, and public-spirited man.

In such pioneers as Mr. Waller a great blessing came to the early days when civilizations were made and commonwealths founded on the shores of the Pacific. During his life in Oregon he made his home in Salem. He died there, December 26, 1872. Mrs. Waller survived him for nine years, dying December 30, 1881. Their children were O. A. Waller, Mrs. C. H. Hall and Mrs. C. C. Stratton.

SIR JAMES DOUGLAS.

James Douglas (since distinguished as Sir James), the first and very efficient governor of British Columbia, was eminently worthy to be the confrere of Dr. McLoughlin and Peter Skeen Ogden. He was the son of a West Indian planter, and descended from the Black Douglas who in days of old was the chief support of the Scottish throne. He was educated at Glasgow, Scotland. In 1817 he entered the employ of the Northwest Company as apprentice clerk and by his subsequent endeavor, held many positions of responsibility and trust, dying a knight of the British empire.

He early became acquainted with Dr. McLoughlin, and from such time until the end, they were like brothers. He was a man who never acted upon impulse, but was always cool, wise, dispassionate and brave. He administered the affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company with credit to himself and with the approval of those employing him. The American settlers can never forget his aiding them with arms and munitions of war with which to punish the hostile Indians east of the mountains in 1855-56, the sending of an armed vessel to the Sound to protect the infant settlements there located, nor his actions in the rescue of the whites captured by the Queen Charlotte Island Indians in 1851-52.

Sir James was the first person to occupy a judicial position west of the Rockies, such being justice of the peace in the earlier forties. He was also the first judicial officer under the provisional government, to be stationed north of the Columbia.

He was married in January, 1837, to Miss Nella Connolly, daughter of James Connolly, chief factor at Fort James. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Herbert Beaver, the first Episcopal divine to come to the Pacific Northwest.

In 1846 he removed to Victoria, B. C., where he afterwards received the appointment as governor of British Columbia, and was subsequently knighted. After years of usefulness, never to be forgotten, he laid himself down to rest, mourned by not only the pioneers of the Pacific Northwest, but by the people of his more recent home. One of the main attractions of the beautiful city of Victoria, is a handsome monument which the citizens of that place erected to his memory, a tribute most fitting to a man of his worth.

WILLIAM F. TOLMIE, M. D.

Doctor Tolmie was born in Inverness, Scotland, February 3, 1812. He received a liberal education in his native place, and at an early age entered the Medical College of Edinburgh, graduating therefrom at the age of 21. He immediately embarked for the Pacific Northwest as an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company, arriving at Vancouver in August, 1833. His first services with the company were in the capacity of surgeon, but his executive abilities being apparent, he was soon entrusted with the duties of chief trader. After his promotion he was assigned to Fort Nisqually.

The doctor was ever a genial companion, hospitable with all and a true and warm hearted gentleman. During the Indian outbreaks occurring on the Sound previous to and leading up to the great conspiracy and war of 1855-56, he rendered most valuable services to the authorities and settlers in pacifying the Indians, or in bringing them to punishment for their misdeeds. Nearly all of their several dialects were understood by him, and their characters were like an open book to him. To the Indian he was like an elder brother, kind, true and honest with them. They soon learned to trust him and obey as well. The influence which he gained over the Indian mind was always exerted for their good, the benefit of the company and the white race.

It would be impossible to narrate hardly anything of this good man in the short space we have for biographical data, as he was such an important and prominent factor in the early history of the Pacific Northwest. The history of it could not be written and written any where near its full without giving him frequent and complimentary mention from the time of his arrival until death claimed him.

In 1859 he removed from the Sound and west to Victoria where he continued in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company until 1870. He served his fellow citizens of British Columbia in the colonial legislature, and held numerous offices of honor and trust, in all of which he acquitted himself with credit and to the satisfaction of the people. Much of his latter life was devoted to literary labor,—to his favorite investigation of Indian dialects and customs. With these labors he found time to assist in the promotion of enterprises which have greatly added to the good of his adopted home. Full of years and loved and honored by all, this philanthropist, friend of the Indian and the early settlers of all nationalities, went to his rest at the ripe age of three quarters of a century.

TO THE READERS ❁ ❁ ❁

Of this popular magazine we extend a cordial invitation to our store, where Fashion's highest class

CLOTHES, HATS AND FURNISHINGS

FOR BOYS AND MEN.

are always to be seen.....

A. B. Steinbach & Co.

Largest Clothiers in the Northwest.

Fourth and Morrison.



HOTEL PERKINS



**Fifth and Washington
Sts., Portland, Oregon**

**Renovated and Remodeled
European Plan**

Free 'bus to and from all
trains and boats

Rooms—Single, 75c to \$1.50 per day
Double, \$1.00 to \$2.00 per day
Family, \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day

**First-Class Check Restaurant Connect-
ed With Hotel and conducted under
both the "Regular Meal" and
"Short Order" Systems.**

Headquarters for Native Sons.

When Dealing with our Advertisers Please Mention the OREGON NATIVE SON.

The Edward Holman

Telephone 507.

Undertaking
Company

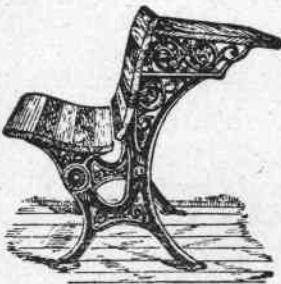
Funeral Directors
and Embalmers

280-282 Yamhill Street, corner Fourth.

Portland, Oregon.

NORTHWEST SCHOOL FURNITURE CO.

291 Yamhill St., PORTLAND, OREGON.
Manufacturers of



“TRIUMPH AUTOMATIC” SCHOOL DESK.

School officers cannot afford to experiment with public funds. The “TRIUMPH AUTOMATIC” is no experiment Over a million Triumph Desks in use.

HYLOPLATE BLACKBOARDS.

Write for Samples and Special Circulars and Catalogues.
Globes, Charts, Maps, Window Shades, Flags, Bells, Teacher’s
Desks, Settees, Chairs.

Time Card of City & Suburban Railway Company, Feb. 1, 1900

Subject to change without notice.

LINE LEAVES	Interval	From	To	Last Car	Last car passes 3d and Morrison
"S" Twenty-fourth and Savier streets South Portland	8 min.	5 36 a.m. 6 16	11 28 p.m. 12 14 a.m.	11 44 p.m. 12 30 a.m.	12 00 p.m. 12 30 a.m.
"U" Albina Junction Sixteenth and Montgomery streets.....	10 min.	5 55 6 24	11 35 p.m. 12 04 a.m.	11 35 p.m. 12 04 a.m.	12 00 p.m. 12 12 a.m.
"M" Twenty-fourth and Glisan streets Beech street	10 min.	6 05 6 20	11 45 p.m. 11 40	11 45 p.m. 11 40	12 00 p.m. 12 00 p.m.
Irrington—Third and Yamhill streets.. Irrington	20 min.	6 40 6 20	12 00 11 40	12 00 11 40	
Mt. Tabor and Sunnyside—Mt. Tabor Third and Yamhill streets.....	10 min.	6 10 6 30	11 30 12 00	11 30 12 00	
Woodstock—Woodstock. Third and Yamhill streets	30 min.	6 08 6 10	11 00 11 45	11 00 11 45	
Richmond—Richmond Third and Yamhill streets.....	30 min.	5 56 6 25	11 26 12 00	11 26 12 00	
North Mt. Tabor—Villa Third and Yamhill streets	30 min.	5 55 6 20	11 00 12 00	11 00 12 00	
East Ankeny and East Twenty-eighth—East Twenty-eighth street..... Third and Yamhill streets.....	15 min.	6 00 6 20	11 30 12 00	11 30 12 00	

St. Johns—Thlrd and Morrison streets, 6 00, 7 10, 8 15, 11 10 a.m., 1 05, 2 25, 3 45, 5 10, 6 10, 7 20, 9 40, 11 00 p.m.
Albina Junction—6 25, 7 35, 8 40, 10 10, 11 35 a.m., 1 30, 2 50, 4 10, 5 35, 6 35, 7 45, 10 05, 11 45 p.m.

When Dealing with our Advertisers Please Mention the OREGON NATIVE SON.

MITCHELL, LEWIS & STAVEL CO. ❀ ❀ ❀

SEND FOR ❀
CATALOGUE
OR CALL
AND SEE US.

Wholesale and Retail

Agricultural Implements

Vehicles, Bicycles and Harness.



FIRST AND TAYLOR STREETS, ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ PORTLAND, ORE

"ME KETCH 'EM MYSELF."

There is nothing "riles" the tenderfoot of the Col.? Pat Donan species, like a reference to the Herculean tasks accomplished, and the hardships, sufferings, and privations endured by the pioneers, whose immigration and settlement here undoubtedly saved the original Oregon to the United States.

They universally answer, whenever the subject is broached, that those who came here in an early day were well paid for their work by the receipt of a handsome donation of land from the government.

This calls to mind an incident related by a pioneer of the early 40's illustrating how the Indians were remunerated for work by the Hudson's Bay Company prior to the advent of the Americans into the country referred to. Said he:

"Shortly after my arrival at Celilo Falls I discovered an Indian very busily engaged in fishing. Day after day he occupied the same position on the same rock, and fished as if his life depended upon his efforts. I never rose early enough in the morning, and I was an early riser, too, to find his accustomed seat vacant, and the setting sun always cast his silhouette upon the eastern sky. One day, out of idle curiosity, I engaged him, reluctantly on his part, in conversation, beginning by asking him:

"For whom are you fishing?"
"Oh, Hudson Bay Company."
"What do they pay you?"
"Oh, me work for glub."
"What do you live on?"

"Oh, salmonty fish."

"Where do they come from?"

"Oh, me ketch'em meself."

LOANS

made on improved business and residence Portland property at lowest rates.

REAL ESTATE

for sale in all parts of the city at lowest prices. Having ample funds at our disposal, we can arrange terms to suit purchaser.

RENTS COLLECTED

for clients, taxes paid, repairs made and property in all respects carefully looked after.

TITLE INSURANCE

This company insures titles, thus protecting owners of property or holders of mortgages from loss.

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

We own the Vaults in the Chamber of Commerce, and rent boxes from six dollars a year upwards. Safety and secrecy combined.

TITLE GUARANTEE & TRUST CO.

Wm. M. LADD, President.

J. THORBURN ROSS Manager. 7 Chamber of Commerce

T. T. BURKHART, Asst. Secy.

When Dealing with our Advertisers Please Mention the OREGON NATIVE SON.

J. F. DAVIES,
PRESIDENT.

C. T. BELCHER,
SEC. AND TREAS.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL.

(INCORPORATED.)

Front and Morrison Sts.. PORTLAND, ORE.

Electric Lights, Electric Bells
and Hydraulic Elevator.

150 Rooms at 25 to 50c. Suites, 75c to \$1.00.

Good Restaurant in Connection.

Give us a Call, DAVIES & BELCHER
Managers.

S. G. SKIDMORE & CO.

Established 1866.

PIONEER DRUGGISTS

Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Sundries
Patent Medicines

And the Compounding of Prescriptions

151 Third Street, Portland, Oregon

FINLEY, KIMBALL & CO.

Both Phones **NO. 9.** Embalmers and
Funeral Directors

Lady Attendant. 275 Third St., Cor. Jefferson.

RASTER'S RESTAURANT

169 FOURTH STREET,
PORTLAND, OREGON

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

THE JOHN BARRETT CO...

91 First St., Portland, Oregon

TELEPHONE, OREGON MAIN 122

Tile Flooring, Electroliers, Chan-
deliers, Artistic Fire-Place Furni-
ture, Incandescent Lamps, Electrical
Supplies, Incandescent Gas Lamps.

Fast Mail

Trains Daily to
All Points

East
AND
South

3 A CHOICE OF THREE DIRECT **3**
ROUTES.

Leaves Union Depot For the East

Via Spokane, daily
at 6 20 p. m.

Via Huntington, daily
at 9 15 a. m.
and 6 20 p. m.

Quick connection with river steamers and
steamers for

SAN FRANCISCO, ALASKA and THE ORIENT

For full information and descriptive matter call on or write to

Portland City Ticket Office

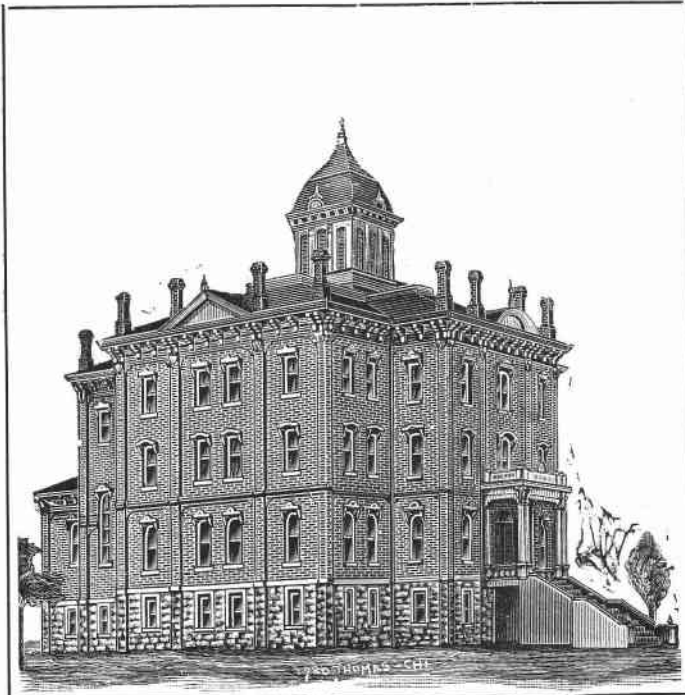
Third and Washington Streets,
Telephone Main 712.

W. H. HURLBURT,
General Passenger Agent,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

When Dealing with our Advertisers Please Mention the OREGON NATIVE SON.

McMINNVILLE COLLEGE

At McMinnville, Oregon



**COLLEGE YEAR OF 1900-1901
OPENS SEPT. 12**

This pioneer institution of Oregon is well equipped, largely endowed and offers fine facilities for collegiate education.

EXPENSES VERY LOW

Classical, Scientific, Literary, and Teachers' Courses leading to degrees

GRADUATES ELIGIBLE TO STATE TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES

Send for catalogue and full information to

H. L. BOARDMAN, Pres.

or **E. NORTHUP, Dean.**

When Dealing with our Advertisers Please Mention the OREGON NATIVE SON.



The Dayton Fly Killer

Is just what you want to rid your house of Flies and Mosquitoes.

Price, 25c. Write for booklet.

Dayton Hardware Co., Portland, Oregon

STANDARD BOX FACTORY.

(INCORPORATED)

CRATES, BERRY BOXES, FRUIT PACKAGES, PACKING CASES. OF ALL KINDS.

TELEPHONE EAST 4. PORTLAND, ORE.
OR. WATER AND E. WASHINGTON STS.

SUTCLIFFE & BLIED,

Wall Paper and Decorations

— Paper Hanging, Painting and Kalsomining. —

307 ALDER STREET.

PHONE BLACK, 1963.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Golden West Baking Powder

An Honest Powder at an Honest Price

Not Made by a Trust.

POUND TINS. 30C. - - - - HALF-POUND TINS, 15C.

CLOSSET & DEVERS, Mfrs.

White Collar Line

Columbia River and Puget Sound Navigation Co.

Portland and Astoria

Daily trips of Steamer Bailey Gatzert—Leaves every morning in the week at 7 o'clock, except Sunday. Returning, leaves Astoria every night in the week at 7 o'clock, except Sunday.

Connect at Astoria with Steamer Nahcotta every night except Sunday from Ilwaco to Portland.

White Collar Line tickets and O. R. & N. Co. tickets are interchangeable on Steamers Bailey Gatzert, Hassalo and T. J. Potter. Office, Alder Street Dock.

Oregon Phone Main 351.

Columbia Phone 351.

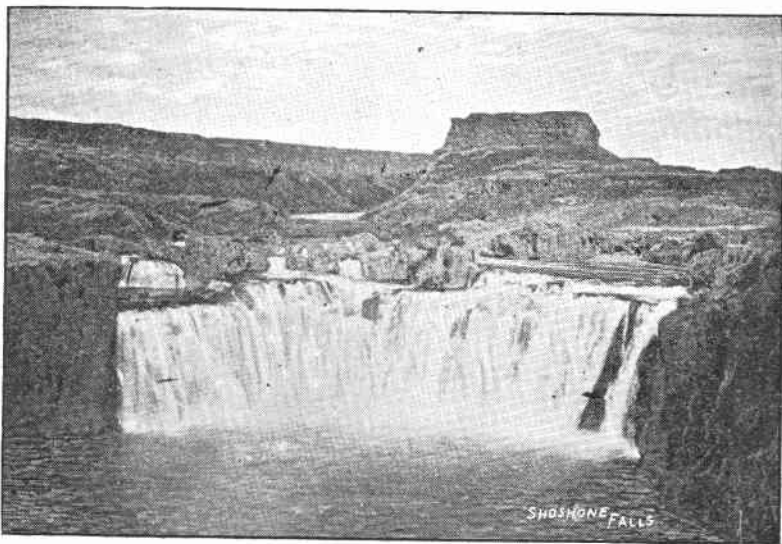
U. B. SCOTT, President.

Oregon Short Line

oo

SHORTEST LINE

QUICKEST TIME



1½ Days to Salt Lake. 2 Days to Denver. 3 Days to Chicago. 4 Days to New York.

**City Ticket Office, 142 Third Street,
PORTLAND, OREGON.**

F. R. OLIN, CITY TICKET AGENT.

W. E. COMAN, GENERAL AGENT.

When Dealing with our Advertisers Please Mention the OREGON NATIVE SON.



284 Washington Street

Fashionable Jewelry

We have a full line of the latest in Watches and Jewelry. Our diamond stock is complete and sells at the lowest prices. It is our business to make lenses for defective sight upon scientific principles, and we test the sight free, and fit with glasses that renew the vision. We are opticians in every sense of the word.

JUST OPENED UP A COMPLETE LINE OF THE FINEST CUT GLASS IN AMERICA. Call and examine it.

THE L. C. HENRICHSEN CO.

PORTLAND, OREGON



For an Enjoyable Trip East

.... TAKE THE

DENVER & RIO GRANDE

Scenic Line of the World

Three Trains Daily between Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo and all eastern points, and **all points on the Pacific Coast**. Most magnificent scenery on this continent. The leading feature in connection with this trip is that the through trains pass through the scenic attractions of the **Rocky Mountains of Colorado in daylight**, thus affording passengers a cool, pleasant, and enjoyable ride, **free from dust** and the annoyances experienced via other lines. Superb dining car service on all through trains. Service a la carte, pay for what you order. Through standard and tourist sleepers. **Stop overs allowed** on all classes of tickets anywhere between Ogden and Denver.

Call on your nearest ticket agents for tickets, rates, and all information, or address,

R. G. NICHOL, General Agent, 251 Washington Street, Portland, Oregon

When Dealing with our Advertisers Please Mention the OREGON NATIVE SON.

Oregon Agricultural College

The Industrial School of the Northwest



New Buildings

New Machinery

Tuition Free

And no charges for incidental expenses

AGRICULTURE

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

ELECTRIC ENGINEERING

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE

PHARMACY

ASSAYING

THE NEXT TERM WILL BEGIN SEPT. 21, 1900

For Catalogue Address,

THOS. M. GATCH, President

JOHN D. DALY, Secretary

Board of Regents, Corvallis, Oregon

"The Greatest Book of the Age."

"McLaughlin & Old Oregon"

BY MRS. E. E. DYE

Price, \$1.50 Mailed to any address

The J. K. Gill Co.

Booksellers and Stationers.

Portland, Oregon

A Few Interesting Facts....

When people are contemplating a trip, whether on business or pleasure, they naturally want the best service obtainable so far as speed, safety and comfort is concerned. Employees of the WISCONSIN CENTRAL RAILWAY CO. are paid to serve the public and our trains are operated so as to make close connections with diverging lines at all junction points.

Pullman Palace Sleeping and Chair Cars on through trains.

Dining Car service unexcelled. Meals served *a la Carte*.

In order to obtain this first-class service, ask the ticket agent to sell you a ticket over

The Wisconsin Central Railway Co.

and you will make direct connections at St. Paul for Chicago, Milwaukee and all points East. For any further information call on any ticket agent, or correspond with

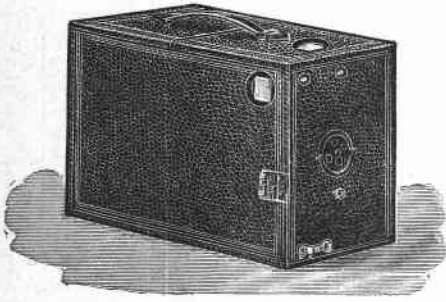
JAS. C. POND,

General Pass. Agent,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Or JAS. A. CLOCK,

General Agent
246 Stark Street,
Portland, Ore.

When Dealing with our Advertisers Please Mention the OREGON NATIVE SON.



An Eastman Kodak for just ONE DOLLAR

A PERFECT PICTURE-MAKING MACHINE

"There are Others"

Our catalogue tells. **FREE**

Send us your name

WOODARD, CLARKE & CO.

The largest Photo Supply house on the Coast
Portland, Oregon

History
Law
Poetry
Religious
Medical
Scientific, Etc.

Don't Buy New Books

When Second-hand ones just as good can be had at

The Old Book Store ...

HYLAND BROS., 229- 231 Yamhill St.

School Books
Magazines
Largest Stock
Of Novels
In Portland,

Oregon Phone Black 922.

Commercial Printing Co.

H. K. Finch, Mgr.

122½ FRONT STREET

Good Work—Low Prices

**Martin & Forbes,
FLORISTS**

TELEPHONE 269

Choice cut flowers
A specialty.....

290 Washington St.

Favorites--Everywhere

The reputation of these bicycles is beyond reproach. They Represent the highest art of the builder, are fully guaranteed and are sold by a reliable concern. A Columbia, Cleveland, Hartford or Pennant name plate assures you good service and your moneys worth

Columbia Chainless (Bevel-Gear) Bicycles	-	\$50, \$75
Cleveland Chainless (Bevel-Gear) Bicycles	-	\$75
Columbia or Cleveland Chain Wheel	-	\$40, \$50
Hartfords	-	\$35
Pennants	-	\$25

"A Really Good Bicycle is a First-class Investment"

Terms Cash or Easy Payments

Columbia, Cleveland, Hartford and Pennant Bicycles

Salesroom 132-134 Sixth Street



Columbian Chainless Model

\$65—\$75

When Dealing with our Advertisers Please Mention the OREGON NATIVE SON.

ESTABLISHED 1882.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

E. HOUSE'S CAFE128 THIRD STREET,
Portland, Oregon.

Clams and Oysters ❁ ❁ Homemade Pies and Cakes

Cream and Milk from our own Ranch.
The best cup of Coffee or Cocoa in the city.

We call for, press and deliver one suit of your clothing each week for \$1.00 per month. ❁ ❁

UNIQUE CATERING CO.
347 Washington Street.

Oregon Phone Main 514. Col. Phone 736.

BISHOP SCOTT ACADEMY

Founded 1870. J. W. Hill, M. D., Principal

A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL**UNDER PRESENT MANAGEMENT****SINCE 1878** ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁For Catalogues or Information Address the
Principal,**J. W. HILL, M. D.****P. O. Box 17, PORTLAND, OREGON**

Primary, Preparatory and Academic Departments.
College Preparation, Military Discipline, Manual Training.
Boys of all ages received.

UNION PRINTING COMPANYWe make a
specialty of first
class Magazine
and Book Work.We have the
machinery and
workmen to turn
out the best ❁❁❁❁ **PRINTERS** ❁❁❁**170 1-2 SECOND ST.. ❁ PORTLAND, ORE.**

When Dealing with our Advertisers Please Mention the OREGON NATIVE SON.

The only line running directly through
Salt Lake City is the

Rio Grande Western Railway

Stop overs allowed on all classes of tickets.
Choice of three routes through the Rocky
Mountains. World's most magnificent scenery.
Perfect dining car service. Personally conduct-
ed tourist excursions. Through sleeping cars
and free reclining chair cars.

Tickets for sale by all railroad agents.

M. J. ROCHE,

J. D. MANSFIELD,

Trav. Pass. Agt.

Gen. Agent

253 Washington Street, Portland, Oregon

TWO OPINIONS.

"That preacher preached to beat the band," said the lady to her husband, as they descended the steps of one of the city's fashionable churches, a few Sundays ago.

"I thought," replied her husband, "he preached to beat the devil."

The reader knows the opinion of the lady, but it is hard to guess what the gentleman had in mind.

"ALIS VOLAT PROPRIIS." *

Her eyes are like the eagle's

When they look upon the sun,

Her breast is mirrored in the streams

That feed this mighty one;

Her feet are swift to scale the cliff,

To climb the mountain pass,

But most they linger where the plough

Turns back the dewy grass.

Her white wings spread in every gale

That blows the wide earth round,

Her mission is to feed the world,

What nobler could be found?

Onward and upward be thy flight

O! strong young state of ours,

Freedom attend thee, and sweet peace,

With all the heavenly powers.

Motto of the State of Oregon:

"She flies with her own wings."

MITCHELL, GOLDEN EAGLE, AND PHOENIX BICYCLES

Call and see them
or write us for
Catalogue. . . .

Our Mitchell and Golden Eagle Bicycles are made
from **Brass Lined Safety Tubing**, have oil tempered
cranks and are guaranteed for the year 1900.

MITCHELL, LEWIS & STAVEL CO.

FIRST AND TAYLOR STREETS

PORTLAND, OREGON.

When Dealing with our Advertisers Please Mention the OREGON NATIVE SON.

Model Laundry Co.

Both Phones 734.

308 Madison St. Bet. Fifth and Sixth. Portland, Ore.



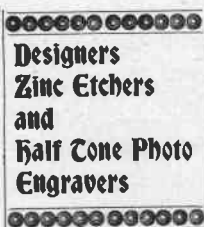
Tested
and
True

The People's
Favorite Remedy

THROUGH THE YELLOWSTONE.

The new route via the Oregon Short Line Railroad and Monida, Mont., enables you to make a delightful trip through the Yellowstone National Park, entering via Monida and coming out via Cinnacar, making it unnecessary to cover the same route twice. For beautiful descriptive booklet, write or call at Oregon Short Line Ticket office, 142 Third street, Portland, Oregon.

Half Tones in this Magazine were made by....



W. J. Thomson & Co.

105 1-2 FIRST STREET.

BETWEEN STARK AND
WASHINGTON STREETS.

PORTLAND. OREGON.

C. M. & St. P. Ry.

The above picture does not represent

a passenger train on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. No. Its trains are vestibuled, heated by steam and lighted by electricity. Each sleeping car berth has an electric reading lamp. Its dining cars are the best in the world and its coaches are palaces on wheels.

This great Railway, connecting as it does with all transcontinental lines at St. Paul and Omaha, assures to the traveling public the best service known. Tickets via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway are on sale at all railroad ticket offices to any point in the United States or Canada. For maps, folders and other information, address:

C. J. EDDY, General Agent, - - - PORTLAND, ORE.

When Dealing with our Advertisers Please Mention the OREGON NATIVE SON.

Cape Nome Gold Fields

THE QUICKEST AND
BEST ROUTE IS

VIA

PORTLAND,
OREGON



Three Ocean Steamships

SAILING DATES :

"Geo. W. Elder" and "Nome City", July 1st, 1900

"Despatch", July 15th, 1900

Regular Ten Days' Service Thereafter

RESERVATIONS NOW BEING MADE AT OFFICE OF

CALIFORNIA & OREGON COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

253 WASHINGTON STREET, PORTLAND, OR.

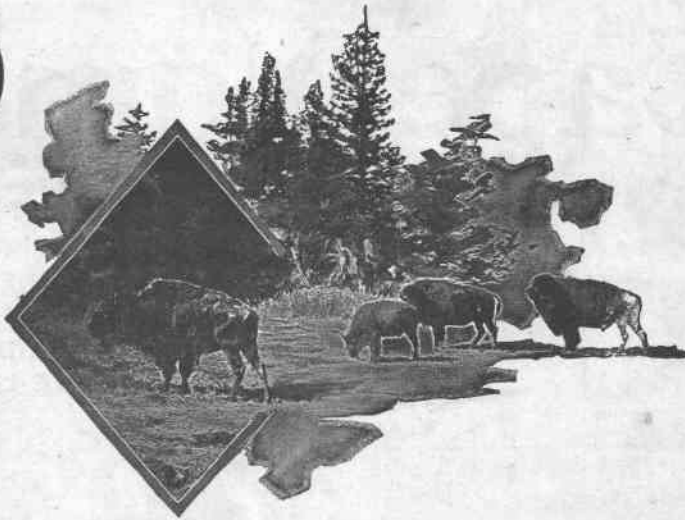
When Dealing with our Advertisers Please Mention the OREGON NATIVE SON.



The
Dining
Car
Route.



The
Yellow-
stone
Park
Line.

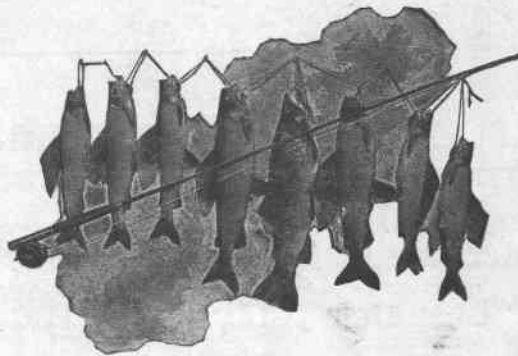


Buffalo in the Yellowstone Park.

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC

Founded on the broadest principles of equity and justice, perpetuated by the intelligences of fifteen million freemen, each a King unto himself, occupies among the Nations of Earth, the same position, that, among the great industrial and transportation interest of the World, is held by the NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Each stands first and foremost of its class, head and shoulders above all competitors



A string of 'em

A. D. CHARLTON,

Assistant General Passenger Agent,
225 Morrison Street, Corner Third,
Portland, Oregon.