

isted in the president's family, the cheerful relations between father and children and the deep well-spring of love that bound husband and wife in such perfect bonds—constitutes one of the most affecting pictures ever transmitted from the lives of earthly rulers.

Forty years ago he was a barefooted boy, born to a life of toil. He had the inestimable advantage to be a citizen of the great republic where all men are free and equal. He had another inestimable advantage—a noble mother. Yet again, he possessed the cheerful temper, the indomitable will, the perfect courage and the pure principle, out of which time and history create greatness. Coupled with this he had commanding genius, with yet the single-hearted modesty that wins for genius and greatness the popular approbation that crowns them with recognition. If the public men of America had more of the spirit of Garfield and less of the spirit of self, if there was less venality and self-seeking, and more love of country, of liberality and humanity—there would be no fear for the future of America.

From the barefoot boy the Genius of Liberty created Garfield. The mutations of time wreathed for him chaplets of fame, and he had richly won them. Forty years have wrought such changes that to-day his embalmed body lies in state in the Capitol, and the offerings of many lands appear as tributes to his greatness. Queen and King and Emperor vie with the humblest American to do him honor. Scholars and poets grieve for genius that is no more. The trappings of state surround him, and great men guard his bier, but through all this pageantry of mourning the people who loved him trace back his history to the time when, poor and unknown, he toiled and suffered, and sympathized with them.

The incidents of the last few weeks have bound the world in sympathy with our nation, and within our own bounds, for the present at least, faction is still, and the voice of the partisan silent. A great affliction has fallen upon us as a nation. In the presence of this death-bed man feels more kindly to his fellow-man, and the heart of humanity is humble. Incidents occur in public and in private life, that lead the participants out of the narrow course of selfish feeling, and broaden and enlarge the sympathies by which we rise above the

brutes that perish. Here is one that in its broad reach stills the pulse of America and thrills the heart of the world. Beside the death-bed of this first citizen of the republic and in the presence of this bravely dying man and his brave wife, we realize that:

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

SPOKANE FALLS, W. T.

The chief town in the Spokane region is named above, and the name is derived from the vicinity of the beautiful and romantic falls, on the Spokane river, which will one day add to the importance of the town, because such water power must be valuable when the development of the country will set industrial enterprises at work. Spokane Falls is already a good trade center and will improve as a business locality with the progress of the surrounding country, but the people who are interested in the town also own the water-power and their expectation is to see it become a manufacturing center. The fine engraving in this issue shows two things: that the far off interior is certain to build up good towns as fast as the railroad can get there to encourage them, and last, but not least, that the WEST SHORE will certainly keep up with the development of both town and country.

THE UPPER COUNTRY.

Every visitor to the upper country, afflicted with *caerules scribendi*, at once begins to write it up as soon as he gets five miles out of town. Some see nothing but the dark side, others, all sunshine, but we prefer to take hold of the smooth handle and speak of things as we found them.

After leaving here by rail, which most assuredly is the best and cheapest way to travel, we came to Wallula Junction; next, to Ainsworth. The country all around those places is only fit for chicken ranches and men in the poultry business, for it abounds in gravel and sand. Above Ainsworth, and almost to the very gates of Ritzville, the country is open for more henneries, but nothing more. It is the Sahara of Washington Territory, and few men pass over it without feeling a pain in the side and sand in their eyes. After passing Ritzville, which is between Snake river and Columbia, 122 miles by rail from this city, one begins to see

brighter scenes. Green grass on every hand, points to the fertility of the soil, but there being no water and not a tree or shrub, the country, after all, is as yet but a desert drear; yet the time will come, when a sudden transmigration will take place and cities will spring up, where now the hungry cayote refuses to roam. On nearing the Big Lake country, signs of life and civilization begin to hover in sight and weary passengers commence to brace up, rub their eyes and gaze silently at the grand panorama stretched out before them. Sprague is next reached. Here it looks again like business. Two saloons, a hotel, a blacksmith shop and a big corral, also, a fine depot, comprise the town; but there is room for improvements, and it being situated at a point where the Colville road crosses the N. P. R. R., we feel inclined to think well of the little hamlet's future. From here on the climate gradually seems to change as we delve into the pine-clad hills of the great Spokane country. Here we noticed good land and bad land, and in some places no land at all, along the road, but it must be remembered, that the best agricultural land is not nestled along the track, hence can not be seen, far less properly appreciated. Cheney, as we said before, is a thriving little infant city. It looked to us like a mining town with shallow placer diggings, easily worked all around it, and we sometimes fear that when the railroad is finished, and the diggings peter out, rents in Cheney will be low, but we hope for the best, even at the risk of being called a poor prophet. Between Cheney and Medical Lake, a distance of ten miles, the land again is variegated, some rich, some poor, and all more or less rocky. We firmly believe that the whole of Spokane county, with all its gravel beds, tule lakes and rocky points, will make pleasant homes; and for successful raising of hops, rye, oats, barley, flax-seed for oil, and timothy hay, it has no equal in Washington Territory, but it is not what we would term a wheat or fruit country, for the summer season is too short, and heavy frosts too frequent, both late in the spring and early in the fall, to warrant success in that direction.—Walla Walla Watchman.

Rich silver ore said to assay as high as 66 oz. per ton has been discovered in the vicinity of Mount Adams.