

uproar of the storm. When the otters are reached, the hunters fall upon them with great energy, dispatching them one after another as quickly as possible by blows upon the head with short, heavy clubs. In the roaring of the breakers the noise and confusion of this deadly work are so lost that many are killed before the others take alarm and plunge into the sea. Two Aleuts have been known thus to kill seventy-eight in one attack, which is surely a good day's work, the skins being valued at not less than \$4,000.00. The danger they encounter in navigating an angry sea in so frail a vessel, and in landing upon the breaker-swept rocks of these almost submerged islands, certainly entitles them to a rich reward.

H. L. WELLS.

PORTLAND AS A FRUIT MARKET.

UNTIL the past few years, the fruit brought to Portland was chiefly for local consumption, but now the shipping trade overshadows all others. The superior size and flavor of Oregon apples, pears, plums, prunes and cherries assure them a hearty welcome in any market they may be able to reach at a reasonable expense. The transportation facilities we now have enable our dealers to supply a large and extending market, and the still better facilities that will surely be given us will increase these opportunities. From the time the Royal Ann cherries ripen until the winter apples are marketed, thousands of pounds of fruit are shipped from the city daily, often by the car load. In quantity the apple leads, followed by the pear, prune, plum, cherry, grapes and peaches. The apple shipments will probably always lead the others in quantity, but in value the prune is destined to head the list. This is a fruit whose superior merit commands attention wherever it goes, and finds no rival worthy the name in any market it reaches. For the fruit raised in Western Oregon and Southwestern Washington, Portland is the distributing market, and will always so remain. Orchards that can supply car load lots, of which there are but few now in good bearing condition, but will be many in a few years, will load cars at the nearest railroad points; but the immense number of smaller orchards must market their product through the hands of experienced packers and commission men, such as are now building up this great shipping industry in this city. Apples are being sent to Japan, China and Australia by our enterprising dealers. Some of them have large drying houses, and are preparing immense quantities of prunes and other dried fruits for market, using the product of orchards not sufficiently extensive to warrant the owners in doing this work for themselves.

The enterprise of Portland dealers is paving the way for the large orchardists. It is they who have been the pioneers in opening up new and distant markets, assuming the risk and introducing the fruit often at a pecuniary loss. It is they who demonstrated to the railroads that a cheaper rate on fruit would add materially to the traffic of the roads. They have persisted in their efforts until the unfavorable conditions for distant shipments have been so modified as to open to Oregon orchardists markets they never dreamed of entering. These men will always maintain the lead. As the orchards increase in number and productive capacity, so will the volume of fruit handled by the Portland dealers increase, and as their efforts to open distant markets become successful, they will extend the field of their labors to other still more distant or now dominated by the products of other regions. Portland will always remain an important fruit market, upon which thousands of producers and consumers will depend.

HUNTING WILD HORSES AND WOLVES.

AN immense black stallion lay dying on the hillside. His eyes were fast glazing over with the film of death, as his blood slowly ebbed away from a bullet hole in his lungs.

"There," said the old ranchman, as he stooped over the dying horse, "I guess you won't steal any more of my mares, you old rascal, you," and he contemptuously kicked the carcass. The ranchman was old Steine, a well-known horse raiser in the Big Horn mountains.

"What did you kill him for?" I asked.

"What did I kill him for?" said old Steine, in astonishment. "For stealing my mares, of course. You didn't suppose I killed him for fun, did you?"

"I didn't know," I replied, modestly, "but it seems a pity to kill so fine a beast."

"Guess your experience at horse raising, then, is rather limited, stranger," said old Steine; "but as you ask me a civil question, and seem to be an honest sort of a chap, I'll tell you all about it."

"Didn't you never hear of wild horses?" he suddenly asked. "Well," continued Steine, "that's one of them, lying there, and I reckon he was the biggest thief in the whole lot. You see they run in gangs of fifty to a hundred, and the stallions steal our mares and drive them off into the wild bands, and that's the last we see of them, unless it is with a spy glass. They just go plum wild, and seem worse 'an the real wild mares."

I then learned from the old ranchman some curious facts about the wild horses of the plains. Every