

IN A MINING CAMP.

I have succeeded in taking the photograph of a prospector's cabin. Come in and sit down on one of the three-legged stools. The sheet-iron stove is hot, the beans and coffee are bubbling a-top and the bread in the drum oven is probably burnt. The tin cups and plates are set on a home-made table. On the window ledge are bits of rock, and on the little table a *Police Gazette*, a *Century*, a candle end, a broken comb and a dishrag. In the bunk, among the tumbled blankets, will probably be found a stray pin and a needle or two. Overhead in the provision loft the chipmunks are freely abusing the miner's hospitality. Underfoot are old gum boots, steel, a towel, a kitten and another dishrag. On the log walls hang the fragments of a hat, a prize fight on pink paper, a rifle, a scrap of looking glass, sundry pans and a shirt. Here comes the man, dressed in two heavy shirts on account of the blazing heat, a pair of ragged overalls, a red cotton handkerchief round his neck and his hair down over his eyes—a figure with



INTERIOR OF A PROSPECTOR'S CABIN.

some of the savage dignity of these hills. He is bronzed, with eyes bright with sunlight, muscular and full of radiant health. He swears hard and his grammar is infamous. If you be ever so big a chief he treats you exactly as an equal, and yet will he abase himself humbly before "eddication." He has himself an education beyond that of books—varied experience, the thoughtfulness of lonely years and strong views matured in argument around the camp fire. Inform him and he will believe you; argue with him and he will worst you; exaggerate and he will lie to you with a cheerfulness, candor and good faith that you will find very impressive. Wild as his stories are he is eager to show credentials—bullet wounds, knife wounds and fractures all over his sturdy body; and everyone says he is the champion liar and the whitest man in the camp. In his own business he is oracular, possessing the following tenets, unless someone else possessing them evokes his violent opposition:

"An expert is no good.

"A small capitalist is generally a 'tin-horn'—bring him to me and I'll sell him a wild cat.

"The trader has little ways about him—charges too much for steel and powder, and for beans, the miner's ammunition; finds it easier to freight in whisky than grub, and shares the prospector's blood with the mosquitoes.

"There are some men in camp who never make a discovery themselves, but sit round the bar room stove and talk mining. They're the kind that stake off the 'extensions' and sit up till midnight to jump another man's claim. They do more harm to the country than a real estate agent.

"A prospector's a fool, anyway. He lets himself out as a mule and packs his blankets and grub up the mountains; he works like a bull team opening up his claim, and then sells out to a capitalist and puts up a general drunk for the crowd until he's dead broke. Then all the boys say he's a fool. If this here transmigration of souls is the correct doctrine, I guess I'll be an aristocrat next trip or run a gymnasium for young ladies.

"You want to buy a mine? Well, I've the best—"

When little prospectors are born into the world their mothers should easily know them. They cut their teeth, not by fits and starts, but all the time; they rob orchards before they can talk and they habitually get drowned, poisoned, horse-kicked, dog-bitten, boy-pounded, lost, stolen and strayed. If they are silent, mothers sit in strained, aching suspense, and

their presence is readily dispensed with when they are not. Never will such a boy stand behind the counter, sit at a desk, or plow. In an age in which it is the faith of old-time believers to make money, he will not worship our god, but will probably run away at the mature age of eleven. The frontier is conquered for civilization, and they who do the work are these outlawed lads, facing, shoulder to shoulder, privation and hardship, without the society of women, or the lost home love, or any guide in life. They are among the noblest men of our generation. They do not believe in religion, and are very religious. To them religion means bible and the faults of Christians. But can it be said of the average Christian that no man comes to him in want and goes away empty handed? That he will share up all the money he has with a comrade who has been on a drunk and is in need? That he makes of the stranger a friend, and will serve a friend to the death?

You took him for a laboring man when he came into the cabin and asked you at first sight to have dinner with him. He told me once that there have been times when, carrying a load up the mountains, he had lost his footing on a cliff and from sheer weariness never cared whether he lived or died. He is working, not for a day's wages, for there is no risk in that, but on a claim which may prove worthless and leave him in debt, and may prove valuable and make him a wealthy man.

Believe me that no sermons could ever teach the lessons that I have learned about sterling manhood in the prospector's cabin.

H. R. A. Pocock.

NEW BUILDINGS IN PORTLAND.

Building in Portland is progressing at a rapid rate. Business blocks and residences are under construction in every quarter of the city. There is scarcely a block where the work of improvement is not going on. West SNOW has given illustrations of many of the finer structures, such as the city hall, chamber of commerce, union depot, Marquam block, Thompson-Burrell block, Washington block, Hotel Portland and others, and in the center of this issue it presents engravings of two others.

St. Helen's Hall is being built on the plateau in the western portion of the city, just east of the city park. A more healthful and charming site for an educational institution could not be found anywhere. When the site of the old building was sold to the city for the city hall, this new location was selected and work at once begun on the elegant building shown in the engraving. The structure, now nearly completed, is built of stone and brick, in the form of an H, with a frontage of 140 feet and a depth of 100 feet on the wings. Besides ample school rooms, reception rooms, library, studio, dining room, kitchen, etc., it contains dormitories and bed rooms for 200 pupils and teachers. When completed it will be one of the best and most beautiful institutions for the education of young ladies in America.

The Hibernian block is being erected on the southwest corner of Sixth and Washington, fronting on the latter street, and will be a handsome structure of brick and stone, four stories in height and 100 x 50 feet in size. It will be one of the handsomest and most substantial buildings in the city. The cost of the structure will be \$40,000. The large hall in the upper story will be occupied by the Hibernians, and the remainder of the building will be rented for stores and offices.

THE DEER SKINNER.

On the first page is given an engraving of a man who is in bad odor with the people of the Pacific coast. He is the man—multiplied many times in Oregon, Washington and California—who is rapidly exterminating the best game of the mountains—the beautiful deer. He is not a sportsman, who spends a week or two in the mountains hunting, but a man who makes it a business to hunt deer for the value of their hides. Old and young, male and female fall equally before his deadly rifle, and the breeding season is no more sacred to this ruthless destroyer than any other. A few years ago the mountains were full of deer, and the huntsman could find them within a few miles of any settlement, but chiefly through the operations of these men who slaughter them for their hides they are rapidly disappearing, and if a check be not put to it they will become but a memory, as has the buffalo. Efforts have been made to put a stop to this work of destruction. Strong penal laws have been passed by the three states named, but the difficulty of enforcing them is very great. The Oregon Alpine Club has been very energetic in this work and has, doubtless, diminished the number of deer skinners very materially. By arrangement with the railroad and express companies it has now become almost impossible to ship deer skins to market, and this is the severest blow yet struck, for as long as a market could be found unscrupulous merchants would deal in the contraband article. It was only a few weeks ago that a prominent merchant in an Oregon city endeavored to ship a bundle of skins under the name of some other article and lost the entire shipment, as well as the respect of his townsmen.