

sound to the Pacific ocean, are rapidly encroaching upon these hunting grounds, and soon there will remain but little game to claim either the attention of the professional hunter or attract the sportsman. Where elk and deer now roam in bands a few seasons hence none will be seen. It seems a great pity when we contemplate that the stately elk will soon be a thing of the past, and that more stringent laws regarding its slaughter or prohibiting its killing altogether can not be passed. Why could not this little spot, where game is now so plentiful, be set aside as a park and the game protected altogether?

H. D. CHAPMAN.

#### TRIAL TRIP OF THE SAN FRANCISCO.

On the front page is given an engraving of the new United States cruiser *San Francisco*, which made such a splendid showing on her trial trip on the 27th of August, for the second time demonstrating that steel vessels of the highest class can be built on the Pacific coast as successfully as anywhere in the world. The official trial was made in Santa Barbara channel over a course forty knots long, the requisite speed being nineteen knots an hour, a premium of \$50,000 being granted for every quarter knot in excess of that figure. The trial was a most satisfactory one in every respect, an average of 19.7 knots being made and a speed of 20.6 knots being maintained during the last half hour of the trip. This places her in the front rank of swift cruisers and at the head of the United States navy. Her battery will soon be received from the Washington foundry, and as soon as the guns are mounted the vessel will be put in commission and stationed on this coast, probably becoming the flag ship of the Pacific squadron, an honor now possessed by the *Charleston*. The harbor defense vessel *Monterey* and one of the new large battle ships are now under construction by the same establishment that built these two vessels, the Union Iron Works, of San Francisco. There is no reason why iron and steel vessels could not be constructed with equal success on the Columbia river and Puget sound.

#### ETCHINGS.

Never fight smoke, but hunt for the fire.

The wheat crop sometimes fails, but the crop of poetry never.

The toes of some people point outward, some inward and some straight for the saloon door.

Goaded by repeated attacks, Senator Quay will "make a statement." It will probably be pitched in a high key.

In Kansas they have "reemissionists." They have submitted to prohibition once, and now want a chance to submit to it again.

The "Universal Reform Club" has been organized in Portland. Anyone in search of a job that will last for a million years should join the club.

When I see two pigeons billing and cooing in public I am not surprised, because they are only pigeons; but when I see two human beings doing the same thing I imagine the pigeons have grown into geese.

An exchange says: "The law requiring licenses to marry should be repealed." True enough, so it should. There is too much license in this country now without requiring it to marry and propagate.

John L. Sullivan thinks there is more money in making himself a guy on the stage than in making a chopping block of some one else. When the novelty wears off, Sullivan will not draw any more than a condemned street car horse.

If a man owns a farm in Oregon worth \$10,000 and has a mortgage on it for \$8,000, he is assessed on a valuation of one-half, or \$5,000, and is allowed full credit for his debt of \$8,000, or a difference in his favor of \$3,000, which, to be consistent, the state ought to pay him.

Already this year 29,000 more immigrants have landed in America than came in the same period in 1889, and they are not of as desirable a quality as those who came when you and I did, gentle reader, or our fathers or grandfathers. If they are averaging so very much worse than we are the country can not stand it long, and the tide must be turned back.

One never fully realizes how "fearfully and wonderfully" he is made until he sees a quack doctor's illustrated advertisement covering a whole page in a newspaper—how fearfully and wonderfully he is made a fool of. Perhaps those papers that sell their souls—at least their insides—to quack doctors for coin are doing the community a service by thus calling attention to a fraud which so flourishes upon the gullibility of the people that it can afford to pay for such advertising. Also, perhaps they are not.

The *Illustrated American* should change its name to the *Anglomaniac*, after the shamefully unpatriotic, untrue and poltroon illustration it gave of a scene between Poncefort, Blaine and Tracy on the Behring sea question. Cartoons, as such, can be as absurd and sarcastic as possible, but a picture that purports to be a true one, and is not, and reflects upon the honor and manhood of his country should never be published by an American. If the publisher of that paper has a place in his cranium where he keeps his sense of shame, he ought to unlock it.

It was a sad case of misplaced confidence, that of Robinson's. He was a prominent business man of a western city and was one night found wandering through the streets, muttering an incoherent gibberish of words that went out of use years ago, and did not seem to understand the meaning of many words used by the policeman and others. He was taken to the station and the next day committed to the insane asylum. A week later he was discharged cured, when it was learned that the cause of his malady was one of those forty-year-old dictionaries some newspaper had given him as a subscription premium.

"Veterans should stand together. They must do so."—*Home and Country*. Yes, if the veterans would preserve the honors they so nobly won they must stand together—stand up like men, and repudiate the sentiments and utterances made in their name by conscienceless pension strikers. It was noble patriotism and true manhood that preserved the union in its darkest hour. Let it not perish. Let not the glory of the deeds of valor be tarnished by the unchecked greed of the mercenary. The editor of this valorous sheet injects into the body of a resolution that was offered at the encampment of the G. A. R. the following purile, senseless and absurd braggadocio: "Who ever knew a gray uniform to scare anybody?" Truly, the veteran should pray to be delivered, not only from the mercenary, but the fool.

A man made final proof on a tract of land in the Spokane Falls land district and paid the receiver \$400, for which he holds a receipt. The receiver embezzled the money and never forwarded the proofs to Washington, and they were burned last year. Now the department has ruled, following official precedents, that the receiver was not an agent of the government, but of the claimant, and that the money must be paid again. This is both an absurdity and an outrage. The land office is established by law; the receiver is appointed by the president and his salary paid by the government; the settler is compelled to transact business there and can do so nowhere else; he can not go to the United States treasury with his money, for it would not be accepted. To say that when he pays money into a government office, to a government official made by law the only person authorized to receive that money, he is not dealing with a legal agent of the government, is to say what is absurd in logic and outrageous in principle. If former secretaries have enforced this monstrous rule Secretary Noble can not too soon reverse it and do justice to the men whose brawn and sinew are developing the great west and adding millions to the wealth of the nation.

W.

#### THE AUTUMN WOOD.

Now sleeps the purple haze upon the hills;  
Within the wood the maple's crimson leaf  
Casts envious eyes on rival flame beneath  
Of blood-red vine. A breeze the forest fills,  
And falling leaves choke up the flowing rills.  
The branches moan, as though, with secret grief,  
They see the end of Autumn's glories brief,  
And fear the coming Winter's icy chills.

Bare-legged boys, with sack and club in hand,  
Look up to lofty limbs that hold the prize,  
And envy much the squirrel's nimble feet,  
With which he runs while yet they gazing stand,  
Secures the nuts before their very eyes,  
And bears them safely to his dark retreat.

HARRY L. WELLS.