

The Northern Pacific has awarded a contract for forty mogul and eight consolidation locomotives. They are similar to engines of the same classes which have been previously built for the road. The eight consolidations are of the "octopod" class. They have 22x28 inch cylinders, and weigh, in working order, about 150,000 pounds. The first engines of this class, for the Northern Pacific, were built in 1888, and since that time the company has had built twenty-four engines of that type, or thirty-two with the eight now ordered. The orders for them have been continued almost every year since the company began using them.

At Seattle Judge Hanford recently rendered a decision in which he held that honest and proper land entries cannot be annulled by officers of the general land office, and that the powers of the commissioner of the general land office are limited and do not extend beyond the jurisdiction of the courts. The opinion will tend to prevent claim jumpers from wresting from honest settlers the fruits of their toil by flimsy pretenses.

Placer mines in eastern Oregon have produced \$10,000,000, and if properly worked could be made to more than duplicate that amount. Baker City, to which most of these mines are tributary, is working hard to obtain the trade of the Seven Devils district in Idaho. There will be a big rush to that section this season.

## POETS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

Under this heading are published as many as possible of the poems entered for the monthly poetical contest. See announcement in advertising columns for particulars.

No. 41.

### 'NEATH THE ALDERS.

O, tempt me no more  
From this dark river shore,  
Nor tell me of home, and of ease;  
No home can be found  
In this wide world around,  
No rest, but beneath these old trees.  
  
Only help me forget  
That we ever have met,  
Let your face from my mind, fade away;  
Let me ponder alone  
Of the one who is gone,  
And remember no more, this sad day.  
  
For my heart is at rest  
With that still, manly breast,  
And my hopes are gone, as the leaves,  
Which, fluttering around,  
Soon fall to the ground  
On his grave 'neath the old alder trees.  
  
'Twas here that his love,  
Like the alders above,  
First, sheltered, then cast o'er a gloom;  
For the same sweet shade  
That the tall trees made  
Now rests like a pall o'er his tomb.  
  
I entreat, think no more  
Of the maid by the shore,  
And seek one more fair to be thine;  
For my heart till the last  
Will cling to the past,  
And my thoughts 'round this grave will entwine.  
  
O, fate broke my heart  
And tore us apart,  
Ere I came as his own cherished wife;  
O, then ask me not  
To desert this dear spot,  
Nor to leave all that's dear to my life.  
  
But here let me lie,  
As time passes by,  
When time, and all else for me cease;  
Here, close by his side,  
Let them bury his bride,  
'Neath the shade of the old alder trees.

Boisfort, Washington.

ADDIE ROUNDTREE.



### CLANCY'S.

'Twas noted through the country  
As among the very best—  
That eerie place of Clancy's  
Up there in its mountain nest,  
When stormy was the weather,  
When tempest demons rode  
O'er butting peaks in fiendish glee  
With lightning flash for goad.  
Then Clancy's nest was downy  
And filled with gracious pride,  
It opened up its arms to all  
Who sought its chimney side,  
A whole-souled host and chipper  
Was that clever little man,  
Who knew enough to brew potheen  
With spices in a pan.

Ah! Clancy's twins were brighter  
Than the fairest stars at night,  
Their tresses shone like golden sheen  
Upon their shoulders white;  
Their eyes were blue as heaven's own,  
Their smiles would win a guest  
And make him swear allegiance to  
The witches of the nest,  
Their lips were like the heart's that burst  
Upon the rose's vine;  
Methinks I still can feel them yet—  
Their hands in both of mine.

Poor Clancy died from fever  
And the twins, they went away;  
The mountains turned to shadows  
And the sky to silver gray.  
The path, no longer beaten,  
Leading up against the west,  
Grew rank with weeds and grasses  
To the door sill of the nest,  
The roof that leaned so gently  
Up along the mountain's pride,  
Was rent to let the rain beat down  
The dear old chimney side.

The twins have gone forever,  
And old Shasta seems to moan  
With sorrow, when the demons ride  
Above the cabin lone,  
They say that Clancy's shadow  
Still awaits to greet the guest  
Who would commune with spirits  
In his shattered eerie nest,  
A whole-souled host and chipper  
Was that clever little man,  
Who knew enough to brew potheen  
With spices in a pan.

Utica, New York.

H. S. KELLER.

### A PLEASING SENSE

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