



Bees Keepers' Convention.

Present, Dr. J. W. Morris, Arthur Warner, A. F. Miller, J. D. Rusk, John Rowan, E. E. Charman, W. P. Shannon, N. W. Randall, Dr. Morris and S. Waldron. Vice-President A. Warner in the chair.

After the preliminary order of business, Judge A. E. Wait was admitted to membership; also, T. A. Apperson and Mrs. Dr. Morris.

Mr. Miller moved that the next annual meeting of the society be held at the State Fair, subject to the call of the President, and also suggested that the convention consult the Agricultural Society regarding offering proper premiums and preparing proper accommodations. A good display will attract.

Mr. A. Warner was appointed to consult with Mr. Apperson, President of the Oregon State Agricultural Society.

Mr. J. D. Rusk gave a verbal report of how he handled and raised queens. He was willing to take samples of hives and bees to the State Fair; also, other features which would be attractive. He spoke of his extractors, hives, etc. He preferred the Italian to any other method at the present time.

A general discussion regarding hives was entered into. Each known hive was thoroughly discussed and its merits and demerits shown up.

Regarding foul brood it was conceded that it was caused by cold instead of warm air. Mr. Rusk thought there was more than 1,000 stand of bees in Clackamas county.

Mr. Warner did not believe honey dew was any more than a deposit from an insect. He did not think bees thrived on it or made honey from it. He thought Eastern Oregon better for bee culture on account of its early and long warm season. He said his bees were feasting in Captain Apperson's alsike pasture, but the Captain said he had not received any honey as yet in payment.

Mr. Warner said that basewood, locust and barberry were good for bees.

Mr. Randall said that he noticed they worked on barberry extensively. It was conceded that the best honey was produced in the fore part of the season from apple blossoms and clover, and hence inferred that these were best. He thought that all should consider the quality, size of swarms and hives, and the localities, so that it could be ascertained what was preferable as food for bees.

Mr. Waite thought that honey in Southern California was made from white sage, which grew abundantly. He also thought that a good locality for honey bees; that cattle in Eastern Oregon ate and thrived upon the white sage, and why not bees?

Mr. Warner said he found around Walla Walla that bees had done splendidly. He especially alluded to Mr. Gilliam's place.

Mr. Randall asked if the convention thought it was preferable to set hives so as to get the first rays of sun?

Mr. Waldron thought this was the best. Mr. Waite preferred an easterly aspect, but was governed by the prevailing winds.

Mr. Rusk thought the Italians better to force moths from hives. He had known them to eat up a moth when they could not force him out by strength.

Mr. Waldron said bees invariably worked on the second bloom of red clover, as it possesses more honey deposit than when first becoming.

Mr. Rusk had reports from several localities, including Yaquina, which was very favorable, for bees feed on salala and manzanita. This was the best report received. Clarke county, W. T., reports that the bees fed on alsike clover, and thought more attention should be given to the alsike.

Mr. Rowan thought the common black bee could not reach the salala, but thought the Italian could reach it quite easily.

Mr. Miller said it would not pay to sow alsike for bees alone, but thought that he ought to plant something that would be valuable for hay also, and desired to know how alsike clover was for hay. He alluded especially to buckwheat, and thought it preferable all around.

Mr. Apperson said he sowed thirteen acres two years ago, and had used it for horses and cattle, and found it fully equal to timothy, and that it would go two tons to the acre. His land was fern land, and his experience was that there was no grass so profitable as alsike, as stock ate it close, while red clover grew too rank, and it cures easier than the red clover.

Mr. Warner had had it fourteen years; had had good luck; knew bees liked it; horses preferred it. It will grow on damper land than red clover, although it does better on rolling land.

We were obliged to leave at this time, and do not know what more was done. We en-

joyed ourselves very much, and found an intelligent set of men in attendance. Much good can be accomplished by this organization.

Hunting Ducks with a Bad Boy to Carry the Game.

"Since pa quit drinking," said the bad boy to the groceryman, "he is a little nervous, and the doctor said he ought to go out somewhere and get bizness off his mind and hunt ducks, and row a boat and get strength; and pa said shooting ducks was just in his hand, and for me to go and borrow a gun, and I could go along and carry game; so I got a gun at the gun store, and some cartridges, and we went away out West on the cars, more than fifty miles, and stayed two days. You ought to see pa. He was just like a boy that was sick and couldn't go to school. When we got by the lake he jumped up and cracked his heels together and yelled. I thought he was crazy, but he was only cunnin'."

"Well, after shooting twenty or thirty times at ducks without killing one, I heard some wild geese squawking, and then pa heard them, and then he was excited. He said you lay down behind the muskrat house, and I will get a goose. I told him he couldn't kill a goose with fine shot, and I gave him a large cartridge the gun store man loaded for me, with a handful of powder in, and I told pa it was a goose cartridge, and pa put it in the gun. The geese came along, about a mile high, squawking, and pa aimed at a dark cloud and fired. Well, I was awful scared. I thought I had killed him. The gun just reared up and came down on his jaw, and on his shoulder, and everywhere, and he went over a log and struck on his shoulder, and the gun flew out of his hands, and pa he laid there on his neck with his feet over the log, and that was the first time he didn't scold me since he got religion."

"I felt awful sorry, and got some dirty water in my hat and poured it down his neck, and laid him out, and pretty soon he opened his eyes and asked if any of the passengers got ashore alive. Then his eyes swelled out so that it looked like a blue door knob, and pa felt his jaw and asked if the engineer and fireman jumped off, or if they went down with the engine. He seemed dazed, and then he saw the gun, and he said take the dam thing away, it is going to kick me again. Then he came to his senses, and wanted to know if he killed a goose, and I told him no, but he nearly broke one's jaw, and then he said the gun kicked him when it went off, and kept kicking him more than twenty times when he was going to sleep. We went back to the tavern where we were stopping. We told the tavern keeper that he fell over a wire fence; but I think he began to suspect, after he spit the loose teeth out, that the gun was loaded for bear."

"Has your pa talked much about it since you got back home?" asked the groceryman.

"Not much. He can't talk much without breaking his jaw. But he was able to throw a chair at me. You see I thought I would joke him a little, 'cause when anybody feels bad a joke kind of livens 'em up, so we were talking about pa's liver, and ma said she seemed to be better since his liver had become more active, and I said: 'Pa, when you was rolling over with the gun chasing you, and kicking you every round, your liver was active enough 'cause it was on top half of the time.' Then pa throwed the chair at me. He says that he believes I knew that cartridge was loaded."

"But you ought to see the fun when an old sea-deacon of pa's church called to collect some money to send to the heathens. Ma wasn't in, so pa went to the parlor to stand her off, and when she saw that pa's face was tied up, and his eye was blacked, and his jaw was cracked, she held up her hands and said: 'Oh, my dear brother, you seem drunk again. You have backslid. You will have to go back and convince your probation all over again.' And pa said: 'Damned,' and the old sea-deacon screamed and went off without getting enough money to buy a deck of round-cornered cards for the heathens.'—Missaukee Sun.

A DREADFUL HUSBAND.

A middle-aged lady, with a black alpaca dress, worn shiny at the elbows, and a cheap shawl, and a cheap bonnet, and her hands puckered up and blue, as though she had just got her washing out, went into the office of a prominent Mason a few mornings since, and took a chair. She wiped her nose, and the perspiration from her face with a blue-checked apron, and when the Mason looked at her, with an interested, brotherly look, as though she was in trouble, she said:

"Are you the boss Mason?" He blushed, told her he was a Mason, but not the highest in the land. She hesitated a moment, fingered the corner of her apron, and

curled it up like a boy speaking a piece in school, and asked:

"Have you taken the whole two hundred and thirty-three degrees of Masonry?" The man laughed and told her there were only thirty-three degrees, and that he had only taken thirty-two. The other degree could only be taken by a very few who were recommended by the grand lodge, and they had to go to New York to get the third-degree.

The lady studied a moment, unpinned the safety pin that held her shawl together, and put it in her mouth, took a long breath, and then said:

"Where does my husband get the other two hundred degrees, then?"

The prominent Mason said he guessed her husband never got two hundred degrees, unless he had a degree factory. He said he didn't understand the lady.

"Does my husband have to sit up with a corpse three nights out of a week?" asked she, her eyes flashing fire. "And do they keep a lot of sick Masons on tap for my husband to set up with the other three nights of the week?"

The prominent Mason said he was thankful that few Masons died, and only occasionally that one was sick enough to call for Masonic assistance.

"But why do you ask these questions, madam?" said the prominent Mason.

The woman picked the fringe of her shawl, humph her head down, and said:

"Well, my husband began to join the Masons about two years ago, and he has been taking degrees or sitting up with people every night since. He has come home twice with the wrong pair of drawers on, and when I asked him how it was, he said it was a secret he could not reveal under the penalty of being shot with a cannon. All he would say was that he took a degree. I have kept a little track of it, and I figure that he has kept two hundred and thirty-three degrees, including the grand Sky Fugle degree which he took the night he came home with his lip cut, and his ear hanging by a piece of skin."

"Oh, madam," said the prominent Mason, "there is no Sky Fugle degree in Masonry. Your husband has deceived you."

"That's what I think," said she, as a baleful look appeared in her eyes. "He said he was taking the Sky Fugle degree, and fell through the skylight. I had him sewed up, and he was ready for more degrees. After he had taken about a hundred and fifty degrees, I told him I should think he would let up on it, and put some potatoes in the cellar for winter, but he said when a man once got started on the degrees he had to take them all, or he didn't amount to anything. Sometimes a brother Mason comes home along with him in the morning, and they talk about a 'full flush,' and about their 'pat hands,' and 'raising 'em out.' One night when he was asleep I heard him whisper, 'I raise you ten dollars,' and when I asked him what it meant, he said that they had been raising a purse for a poor widow. Another time he raised up in bed, after he had been asleep, and shouting, 'I stand pat,' and when I asked him what it meant, he said he was ruined if I told it. He said he had spoken the pass word, and if the brethren heard of it they would put him out of the way. Meter, 'stand pat' your pass word?"

The Mason told her it was not. That the words she had spoken was an expression used by men when playing draw poker, and he said that he didn't believe her husband was a Mason at all, but that he had been lying to her all these three years.

She sighed and said: "That's what I thought when he came home with a lot of ivory chips in his pocket. He said they used them at the lodge to vote on candidates, and that a white chip elects and a blue chip rejects a candidate. If you will look the matter up and see if he has joined the Masons I will be much obliged to you. He says he has taken all the two hundred and thirty-three degrees, and now the boys want him to join the Knights of Pythias. I want to get out an injunction to keep him from joining anything else until we get some underclothes for winter. I'll tell you what I'll do. The next time he says anything about Sky Fugle degrees, I will take a wash board, and make him think that there is one degree in Masonry that he has skipped, and now good-bye. You have comforted me greatly, and I will lay awake tonight till my husband gets home from the lodge with his pat hand, and I will make him think he has forgot his ante."

The lady went to the grocery to buy some bar soap, and the prominent Mason resumed his business with a feeling that we are not all truly good, and that there is cheating going on around.—Ez.

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THE PACIFIC COAST.

RAILROADS IN THE FAR NORTHWEST.

A Sketch of the Early and Later Growth of Oregon and Washington—The Northern Pacific and Other Willamette Railroads—The Present Condition of the System.

The country and its progress as seen by a special correspondent of the Springfield, Mass., Republican.

PORTLAND, OR., Oct. 22, 1882.

The development of Oregon, Washington, Northern Idaho and Northwestern Montana, constituting the great northwest corner of the United States, has been long delayed, but is now at last well begun, and promises to proceed hereafter at a rapid rate. Although the moving force behind this new and broader growth is the railroad, the iron way as the Germans call it, this country had a life and made a history of its own long before any railroads were built on the Pacific Coast. The first settlements in Oregon were made in the Willamette valley by representatives of the Hudson Bay Company in 1824, though trading posts had previously been established, one of them at the mouth of the Columbia river in 1811, which was called Astoria in honor of John Jacob Astor. During the next 16 years several religious missions, Methodist and Catholic, were established here, and in 1840, a direct immigration from the eastern States began, which has continued since. The earliest settlement of importance was at Oregon City, on the east side and 24 miles above the mouth of the Willamette river, which runs north parallel with the coast and empties into the Columbia 98 miles from the ocean. Other towns were located later. Portland among them in 1849. The liberal policy pursued by its founders attracted to it many settlers, and this fact, coupled with its fortunate situation as a river port accessible to ocean vessels, gradually gave it a lead over the town of the new country, which it has since maintained unchallenged. Portland lies 12 miles from the mouth of the Willamette, chiefly on the west bank of the river, though it is now spreading across it, and is, therefore, 110 miles from the sea. Since 1851, it has been the great distributing point for the whole Pacific Northwest, carrying on a direct trade with New York and other eastern ports, with Europe, with the Sandwich Islands, and at times, with China and Japan. Its river steamers have run up the Columbia and Snake rivers 401 miles eastward to Lewiston in Idaho, making two portages in this long distance, one at the Cascades of the Columbia, 65 miles from Portland, and the others at The Dalles, 110 miles, where the river runs at great speed through a narrow passage in the rocks which here forms its boundary and bed. During the excitement created by the gold placer mining in Eastern Washington and Oregon in 1859, railroads of a somewhat primitive character were constructed over these portages, one six miles and the other 13 miles long, and the river traffic assumed larger proportions. Smaller steamers ran from Portland up the Willamette 70 miles to Salem, and the line is still maintained. The town prospered through the profitable trade of its merchants, many of whom acquired large fortunes, and growing by legitimate and healthy means, it assumed a character of solidity and sobriety unique among cities west of the Mississippi. This character it has preserved, and to-day it more closely resembles a New England community than the typical western town. It is relatively one of the two or three richest cities in the country, and has now a population of 30,000 people, including the suburbs on the east side of the river.

But Portland has been the capital of a remote and isolated territory. Communication with the world outside has been slow, sometimes interrupted, and always in a measure uncertain. In early days the news of events transpiring in the East often first reached this northern coast by way of the Sandwich Islands. Now the quickest passage into or out of the country is by steamer connection every four days with San Francisco, the passage occupying three or four days, or by rail and 275 miles of stage, requiring four or five days. Since the rich wheat lands of eastern Washington and Oregon have been discovered and cultivated, the river boats have found it impossible to move all the grain that was offered them. Portland and the entire region behind and around it have long suffered from the lack of proper local railroad facilities and rail connections with the East. Ben Holladay, known as the proprietor of the old overland stage, was the first man who attempted to supply this public want. While still running the overland stage he had become owner of the Oregon steamship company, whose boats ran from San Francisco to Portland. When the first Pacific railroad was finished in 1869 Holladay began to give closer attention to his Oregon interests, and started to build a railroad from Portland to San Francisco. Two hundred miles of road were constructed to Roseburg with the proceeds of \$11,000,000 of bonds which were sold, principally in Germany, at 90 cents on a dollar, but under the Holladay style of financing only netted the railroad company 50 cents. Another line of road 96 miles long was also built by Holladay on the west side of the Willamette, the original line being on the east, connecting Portland with Corvallis, for what purpose it would be hard to say, except that it gave him further opportunity for financing. In 1874 the Oregon and California railroad was found to be bankrupt, and a committee of the bondholders was sent over from Germany to examine into the condition of the property and effect a settlement with Holladay. Among them was Henry Villard, who had been varying his eventful life in America by a short residence at Heidelberg. The negotiations with Holladay resulted in his surrender of all interest in the railroad, and likewise of the Oregon steamship company property for

the benefit of the creditors. Complications continued, however, for several years, and finally the railroad passed into the hands of English capitalists, the Germans selling out on good terms, while the steamship company was taken by Mr. Villard and his friends, who consolidated it in 1879 with the Oregon steam navigation company, which they bought out for \$4,000,000. The latter company controlled the river traffic of the country, owning the portage railroad and all the steamers on the upper Columbia. The new organization was called the Oregon Railway and Navigation company, and started with a capital of \$6,000,000. Meantime no work had been done toward the extension of the railroad to California, and it was not resumed until last year. Now the line has been completed and is in operation 25 miles south of Roseburg, and is being actively pushed forward. One hundred and fifty miles remain to be built to the California State line where the Central Pacific people are expected to meet it with an extension of their California and Oregon road 150 miles north from Redding, its present terminus. It is not probable that the gap of 300 miles will be entirely filled under two or three years. Although Mr. Villard has but a slight pecuniary interest in the Oregon part of this line, he is president of the company, and through the commanding position given him by the control of all the other railroads in the State, he is able to practically direct its policy. He is known to desire an independent connection with California in order to develop the business and strengthen the position of the Northern Pacific on the Pacific coast, and it is quite possible that the Oregon and California may ultimately be extended through California to San Francisco bay. Such an enterprise would be welcomed with great heartiness by the Californians, who are suffering so severely through the Central Pacific monopoly.

Since the organization of the Oregon Railway and Navigation company three years and a half ago, it has greatly enlarged its capital and extended its field of operations. The capital stock is now \$18,000,000, of which \$2,000,000 is water, being stock given away to the early subscribers for bonds when the success of the enterprise was held to be somewhat doubtful, and the bonded debt is \$6,000,000. In addition to its fleet of ocean and river boats, which has been considerably enlarged and improved since the property was bought, the company now owns 350 miles of completed railroad, controls by lease 150 miles of narrow gauge, and is pushing its lines in various directions. Its main line, extending from Portland along the south shore of the Columbia river 213 miles to Wallula Junction, is now in operation for 173 miles, and will be open for general traffic over its entire length by the 10th of next month. It has been a difficult and expensive road to build, the rocky hills and mountains which rise precipitously from the river, beyond Wallula Junction, a system of branch lines is under construction and partly in operation, intersecting in various directions that part of the fertile wheat belt of Eastern Washington and Oregon which lies between the Columbia and Snake rivers. From Umatilla, 185 miles east of Portland, an important branch, known as the Blue Mountain branch, has been already built 43 miles southeast to Pendleton, and is now being extended to Baker City, 127 miles to the east. Another branch line will meet the Oregon Short Line, now building by the Union Pacific, from Granger, near Green river, on their main road. The distance from Granger to Baker City is 628 miles, and through to Portland by this route will be 983. The ground between Baker City and the Snake river, 50 miles, is now in dispute between the Union Pacific and Oregon companies. The latter has occupied the Burnt river canyon, which is believed to be the only practical pass for a railroad, in force and proposes to contest the field sharply. This road will afford an approach to the Oregon and Washington country which the Villard companies must guard and control if they will maintain their position as the sole railroad and steam navigation proprietors of the Northwest. The narrow gauge lines operated by the railway and navigation company run up the Willamette valley from Portland on both sides of the river and were built by Scotch capitalists, from whom they have been leased for 99 years.

The people of Oregon and Washington have looked forward long and impatiently to the completion of the Northern Pacific railroad as the one thing necessary to secure to their country its full growth and prosperity. The enterprise has been attended with strange vicissitudes since the building of the road was begun in 1870, but its ultimate success has now for some years been assured, its managers have displayed energy in pressing it on to completion and we are now promised that the road will be opened for traffic before the close of the year 1883. The original projectors of the Northern Pacific always contemplated the location of their principal western terminus on Puget Sound for the reason that it affords the best harborage for large ships to be found anywhere on the Pacific coast north of San Francisco bay, but their charter authorized, and they expected to build a branch line down the Columbia river to Portland. The building of a railroad from Portland into Eastern Oregon and Washington by the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, as well as the connection of that region with the coast by the steamers of the same company on the Columbia river, led the Billings management of the Northern Pacific to postpone the definite location and construction, both of the line over the Cascade mountains to the Sound and of that to Portland on the north side of the Columbia, and to direct their energies toward the completion of the overland road between the Missouri river in Dakota and the Columbia in Eastern Washington. In the early days of the enterprise, however, a piece of road 105 miles long had been built from Kalama on the Columbia, 40 miles below Portland, to Toconoma on the Sound, and the latter place was selected for the western terminus.

Subsequently an addition of 30 miles was made to this isolated short line, connecting Toconoma with some promising coal fields lying near the Sound, and the town which grew up in the vicinity of the mines was called Wilkeson after Samuel Wilkeson, secretary of the company. Under the Billings management the Pen d'Oreille division of the main line extending from the confluence of the Snake river with the Columbia 210 miles northeast to Lake Pen d'Oreille in Northern Idaho, was for the most part built. In the Spring of 1881 Mr. Villard secured control of the Northern Pacific property by means of the famous blind pool, and it has since been managed in harmony with the Oregon roads. The line over the Cascade mountains to the Sound, which would measure 220 miles at great expense on account of the heavy grades necessary, has been given up for the present, though it will in all likelihood be carried through in time, and Portland is happy in being the main western terminus of the Northern Pacific. It is proposed now to connect Portland and Kalama by rail, and thus secure a through rail route to the Sound, which will be about 150 miles longer than the direct line over the Cascade range, but will afford an easier route for heavy freight traffic. The Northern Pacific and the Oregon roads will thus secure at once a deep water terminus, where they can load directly on to the largest shipping in the world. The railroad will sooner or later be extended from Tacoma, which lies at the southern arm of the Sound nearer to the sea, in order to save shipping the passage inland.

The railway and navigation company's main line from Portland now connects with the Northern Pacific at Wallula Junction, 12 miles south of the Snake in Eastern Washington; the Northern Pacific has been extended 76 miles up the valley of Clark's Fork from Lake Pen d'Oreille into Montana, and there is, therefore, an unbroken line of road completed for 520 miles east from Portland. By November 10th it is expected that the track will reach Thompson river, 538 miles from Portland, and the unfinished gap between the eastern and western divisions will then be reduced to about 450 miles. Over much of this intervening space the grading has already been done, and the two long tunnels required in passing over the continental range are well under way. The Missouri tunnel, 15 miles west of Helena, Montana, is 3850 feet long and 4970 feet above the water, and the Boston tunnel is 3000 feet long and stands at an elevation of 4900 feet. The highest point on the road barely exceeds 5000 feet and is 3000 feet lower than Sherman on the Union Pacific. The construction of the Clark's Fork division over the Cour d'Alene mountains is attended with many and serious difficulties. Although the steepest grade does not exceed 52 feet to the mile, the grade through which the river runs is so narrow that a large amount of rock cutting has been done, and the tunnel is 3000 feet long and stands at an elevation of 100 and even 200 feet above the river, barely clinging to the mountain sides. The work of construction proceeds as rapidly as possible, however, and for miles in advance of the track gangs of Chinamen and Irishmen swarm along the line preparing the road-bed.

For the purpose of managing harmoniously the Oregon and Northern Pacific railroads, Mr. Villard and his friends organized the Oregon Trust, a continental company with an authorized capital of \$30,000,000, of which \$30,000,000 has been paid in and \$10,000,000 more has been called for recently. This company owns a controlling interest in both the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company and the Northern Pacific, and is building for the latter road various branch lines into the grain districts of Minnesota, Dakota and Wyoming, which will be leased to the Northern Pacific and ultimately part of it. The Oregon Improvement Company is another corporation with \$5,000,000 capital, owned largely in Boston, which has bought out the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, of San Francisco, and running steamers to Vancouver and Alaska. The same company is engaged in large land operations in eastern Washington, owns and carries on several coal mines and oil prospects and some shortlines of railroad. Other continental companies have been formed for managing the extensive terminal facilities of the railroad and steamboat lines at Portland and other kindred purposes. The entire system of railroad, steamship and improvement companies recognizes its head and front in Henry Villard, who now seems to hold this great northwestern territory completely in his power to make or mar. So far his policy has been to mine, and there is reason to hope it will continue to be. He is not an ordinary railroad king, but a man of broad and liberal views, of great enthusiasm, of generous impulses and high purposes. If he is able to retain his power in this country and wield it wisely and conscientiously, no man in America has greater opportunities for good. He is in fact now regarded here in the nature of a benefactor, since he has secured for the country the railroad facilities which it has so long needed, and has also done many generous things for Portland and other communities in Oregon entirely outside of his business operations.

Sponge Cake Roll.—Take four eggs, beaten separately, one teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of cream tartar mixed in the flour and half a teaspoonful of soda in a little water. Bake quickly in a biscuit pan; turn out on a damp towel; put in jelly or lemon butter, and roll while it is warm.

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