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PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

A "warm" breakfast—the kind that sends you out ready braced for a good day's work—should be eaten in a warm room. You lose half the good of the meal if you are shivering in discomfort while you eat it. A Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater makes breakfast a cosy meal for the whole family. No smoke or smell with a Perfection. Easily cleaned. Easily moved from room to room. An ornament anywhere; a luxury in the bedroom; a necessity in the sewing-room or the bathroom. Dealers everywhere; or write for descriptive circular.

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I wish to call your attention to those beautiful dishes I am giving out **FREE** to cash customers. **A new lot just arrived.** Those paying their bills on or before the third of each month will be considered cash customers and will be entitled to dishes the same as those paying at the time of purchase.

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No. 11, Soo-Spokane-Portland 9:27 a. m.
No. 5, Ore. & Wash. Exp. 10:35 a. m.
No. 1, Portland Local 3:09 p. m.
No. 17, Ore. & Wash. Limited 5:43 p. m.
EAST BOUND
No. 2, Pendleton Local 10:00 a. m.
No. 18, Ore. & Wash. Ltd. 11:55 a. m.
No. 8, The Dalles Local 6:20 p. m.
No. 10, Fast Mail (mail only) 8:24 p. m.
No. 4, Ore. and Wash. Exp. 10:25 p. m.
No. 12, Soo-Spokane-Portland 10:55 p. m.
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November 10 to 16, '12

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THE LURE OF GOLD

Romance and Tragedy of the Old Bonanza Trail.

A ROAD TO WEALTH AND CRIME

It Led to the Richest Deposits of Gold, in a Relatively Small Territory, Ever Discovered—Days of Strenuous Life and Frenzied Lawlessness.

The Bonanza trail began at Fort Laramie, Wyo. It ran east of the Owl Creek mountains, west of the Big Horn mountains, in a northwest direction to Livingston and Bozeman, then forking to the present Helena and Virginia City. In war and Indian department annals it is known as the Bozeman trail. Immediately, however, it was given the more romantic name, and for the best of reasons. It led to what were the richest deposits of gold, in a relatively small territory, that the world had ever seen.

Out of Alder gulch and Last Chance gulch, within 200 miles of each other in Montana, was taken, in ten short years, considerably more than \$500,000,000 in pure gold. It was anybody's fortune, and the wonderful luck of the California gold diggers a few years before roused men to brave every hardship for these prizes.

It did not matter at all that these gulches were 2,000 miles from the nearest railroad and that other gold fields were far easier to reach. Here was the great El Dorado, and without a quail the gold seekers hurried into the unknown territory, defying "Red Cloud and every other Indian, outlaw, renegade and holdup man."

How many lives were sacrificed along this trail to wealth will never be known. All that is certain is that there never was another chapter in the world's history like this. The long road into the mysterious country and the settlements of mining camps grew up almost in a single night. There were only five men in the little party when Bill Fairweather "washed" the first pan in Alder gulch and made a discovery even more wonderful than any in the palmy days of California or even in the later era of the Klondike.

Two years later Alder gulch, at one of the Bonanza trail's two ends, was among the most picturesque places in the country. The world was ransacked for men and women to give performances at the theaters, to offer free entertainment to the patrons of the various resorts. The gold hunters, gorged with prosperity, wanted amusements. Fine restaurants were opened and food brought in at great expense from beyond the seas. The smallest money was a twenty-five cent pinch of gold dust, taken from a pouch. It bought less than a copper cent does in any part of the United States today.

Meantime an unending stream of people poured into the new country. It is estimated by some that 90,000 in all took the trail at Fort Laramie.

The days of the trail were those of frenzied lawlessness, and many are the picturesque stories that have come down. Over the big road disputes about cards were of daily occurrence. The man who started an argument did so with the knowledge that it was his life or the other man's, for he was calling into question the "honor" of the "shark." Swindlers sold "mines," fought with their proposed victims and killed without compunction.

Armed robbers ran off stock, stole horses from one class of immigrants and sold them to another. As the horse was the sole means of transportation and valuable beyond human life, "hoss stealing" was set down by the "districts" as a crime punishable by death. There were few courts, and such as there were were miles from the trail. A jury would hence be at once impeached among those present, the man tried and if found guilty hanged to a tree without ceremony.

Hotels flourished and were prosperous beyond imagination, for every one spent money, and there was much flaunting. In the higher grade establishments beverages were served in cut glass; champagne was common. Every resort was crowded with people. The newcomers frequented these places in quest of information, paid 25 cents for a glass of beer made from barley grown by the ex-Confederate soldiers at Bozeman and sold to the Virginia breweries for 8 cents a pound, and not enough could be received to supply the demand. Table board cost \$7 a day for the very cheapest, and if one slept in a chair in the hotel lobby at night, when the rooms were all rented, he paid \$1.50 for the privilege.

Gold was the only medium of exchange. A pinch of it, between the forefinger and the thumb, as has been said, counted 25 cents. There would be a tendency with some men to take just a little bit more. When that tendency was noticed in a man he was given hours to leave town—and it was seldom over two hours. The wise man did not stand on ceremony or protest—he "rammed" in camp venetian.

The newspapers of the city sold for 25 cents a copy, and had from the press, and full of news of lynchings, new diggings, "clean ups," "hold ups," "bad men" and gossip of a breezy character. Ham and eggs to order cost \$2.50. Eggs were worth 50 cents apiece and an ordinary meal of deer or buffalo meat, with potatoes or coffee and bread, was never less than \$1.50. A man was very poor to get down to fare so coarse as that.

It made no difference what a man might have been back in "the states" if he was "on the square" in Virginia he was accepted at par.—F. J. Arkins in Harper's Weekly.

Commercial and Fruit Stamps

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WHEN FACING DEATH.

Pain or Fright, It Would Appear, is Rarely Present.

A distinguished British physician who has been at some pains to collect data on the subject asserts that few persons about to die have really any fear of dissolution. There is cited the case of the African explorer who was partially devoured by a lion. He declared that he felt no pain or fear and that his only sensation was one of intense curiosity as to what portion of his body the lion would take next.

Rustem Pasha, Turkish ambassador at London, used to tell of an attack made upon him by a bear during a hunt in the east. The beast tore off a bit of the Turk's hand, a part of his arm and a portion of his shoulder. Rustem solemnly averred that he suffered neither pain nor fear, but that he felt the greatest indignation because the bear grunted with so much satisfaction while munching him.

Grant Allen, whose scientific habit of thought gave weight to his words, says that in his boyhood he had a narrow escape from drowning.

While skating he fell through thin ice over a place whence several blocks had the day before been removed. He was carried under the thicker ice beyond and when he came to the surface tried to break through by butting his head against it. The result was that he was stunned, then numbed by the cold and so waterlogged that artificial respiration had to be employed to restore him. These are the impressions as recorded by him with reference to the pain he suffered.

"The knowledge that I have thus experienced death in my own person has had a great deal to do with my utter physical indifference to it. I know how it feels. I had only a sense of cold, damp and breathlessness, a short struggle, and then all was over.

"I had been momentarily uncomfortable, but it was not half so bad as breaking an arm or having a tooth drawn. In fact, dying is as painless as falling asleep. It is only the previous struggle, the sense of its approach, that is at all uncomfortable. Even this is less unpleasant than I should have expected. There was a total absence of any craven shrinking. The sensation was merely a physical one of gasping for breath.—Harper's Weekly.

THE AGE OF MAN.

Science Places It Between 400,000 and 3,000,000 Years.

It is quite possible, said Professor A. Keith in a lecture to the British association at Dundee, that man as we know him now took on his human characteristics somewhere near the beginning of the pliocene period, and while the exact date is simply a guess the best estimates available indicate 1,408,000 B. C. as not far from the truth. If the evidence of the flint collectors is accepted as authentic, pliocene man is a possibility.

Professor Keith was sure he had traced ourselves back to the middle of the pleistocene, when we were accompanied by another form of man almost as distinct from us as the gorilla is from the chimpanzee. At the beginning of the pleistocene there were at least two varieties of man—the pre-neanderthaloid of Heidelberg and the small brained man of Java—but the "representative of modern man at that early period" has not as yet been found.

If the claims of M. Rutot are accepted, the antiquity of man is at least 3,000,000 years. According to Professor Keith, the orthodox (by which presumably he meant scientifically orthodox) opinion is that "the dawn of the very earliest form of humanity lies 400,000 years behind us." From all of which it is plain that the beginnings of the age of man are still shrouded in mystery.

"The idea I wish to leave in your minds is," said Professor Keith in conclusion, "that in the distant past there was not one kind, but a number of very different kinds of men in existence, all of which have become extinct except that branch which has given origin to modern man."—New York Post.

Has His Own Death Certificate.

You never know when a man is really dead. Not even if you are a doctor. I know a man who walks about cheerfully now and occasionally pulls out from his pocketbook his death certificate, duly signed by the doctor some years ago. Just to amuse you. The doctor said he was dead. He disagreed. And his protest is the humorous presentation of the death certificate when you ask for his card.—London Chronicle.

Thackeray and Roast Mutton.

Thackeray often dropped in to dinner, sometimes announcing himself in verse. The following is one of his epigrams.

A slice of mutton, my Lucie,
I pray thee have ready for me;
Have it smoking and tender and juicy,
For no better meat can there be.
—Recollections of Janet Ross.

Wise Child.

"You may give three important illustrations of the power of the press," says the teacher to the class.

The pupil who has not hitherto distinguished himself is first to reply: "elder, courtship and politics."—Judge.

Still Looking.

He—25 years ago when I saw her she was looking for a husband, but she's married now. She—Yes, and she's still looking for him, especially at nights.

A wise physician is more than smiles to the public weal.—Pope.

Spokane Apple Show Excursion Fares

Via the North Bank Road.
Round trip tickets will be sold by the North Bank Road, November 10 to 16, inclusive, to Spokane from Underwood for \$12.25; White Salmon, \$12.10; good to return until November 23.

Spokane trains leave Underwood at 11:17 a. m. and 8:27 p. m.; White Salmon, 12:04 p. m. and 9:33 p. m. daily.

R. W. KESSELL, Agent,
White Salmon, Wash.

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