THE STAMPEDE PASS.

How It Was Sought, Found, Explored and Named.

TOLD BY ENGINEER V. G. BOGUE.

A Hard Trip Across the Range in the Winter of 1880-81—The Naming of Eagle Gorge.

Virgil G. Bogue in the Bulletin of the American Geographical Society.

I reached Tacoma December 27, 1880, meeting instructions from Col. Smith to make a reconnoissance of the Cascade range between Tacoma pass and the head of Cedar river, in order to cover the still unexplored region about the headwaters of Green river. I was also to make such surveys of the several Green river passes as might seem advisable.

The work, this time, was to begin from the west side, by cutting a trail across the jungle to Green river, thence moving on up the stream, till stopped by deep snows. Here a base of supplies could be located, progress beyond to be made on snowshoes. With the help of John D. McAllister, the efficient commissary, our preparations were soon made and I found myself, on January 17, at the ranch of James McClintock, one of the settlers mentioned. Here was to be the base of supplies, which could be reached by wagon. My party, all skilful woodsmen, had preceded me some days and already cut their way into the jungle several miles. We were well equipped with axes, brush-hooks, saws, camp outfit, and a pack train of cayuse ponies.

We continued the trail cutting and building without delay, the exploration and tree blazing, which should indicate the route, naturally falling to my lot, as the head of the expedition. Usually one man accompanied me to provide against accidents. A generally easterly course, toward Mount Enumclaw, was at first selected; but, as we neared the foothills and occasionally gained a point whence they could be seen, the direction was gradually changed to a more northerly one. We soon found that exploration for this trail was a serious matter. Swamps and hollows impeded our progress, and we had to force our way through fir thickets and over fallen tree trunks of great size. There were many places where the undergrowth had been bent down by snow to a nearly horizontal position, forcing us to a choice between scrambling or walking over, or crawling under on all fours. We had many falls, and were soon black and blue about the arms and legs. Often at night, when worn out by a day of such toil, bruised, scratched and sore, and soaked to the skin, our reflections were such as would hardly bear publication.

As usual in winter, the rain fell in torrents much of the time, forming morasses across our route, where, at another season, few would have been found. After having cut out the trail through the tangled masses of forest debris, the party was, therefore frequently obliged to return and lay corduroy, or build rough bridges of cedar puncheons to afford footing for the ponies. While we made many detours to avoid labor, kept the camp well toward the front, and gradually increased the size of the party until forty or more well-equipped men were employed, our progress was exceedingly slow. Some days the impediments were so numerous that not more than 1,500 feet of actual advance could be made. Still, believing that our course ought to intersect Green river within a distance of twenty miles from McClintock's, and that, once there, we could perhaps get on faster; and, animated by an ambition to open a road across the jungle that had hitherto kept the Green river watershed tightly sealed against the intrusion of mankind, we let no day go by without adding to the length of finished trail. One evening I returned to camp with the news that during the day I had climbed to the summit of a high ridge, undoubtedly part of a spur which, followed, would have led me down to Green river. Also, that from this ridge, looking eastward, I could see far into the mountains, along the break formed by the course of the stream. On January 26, but a few days after this, we reached Green river at a point about forty-four miles from Tacoma, by the existing railway, twelve in a direct line from McClintock's, or sixteen, following the sinuosities of the trail.

We now hoped to make more rapid progress, but found ourselves in a canyon, along whose rocky slopes the work was even more arduous than before, every step of advance being met by some new difficulty, to which rapidly deepening snow was soon added. It rained or snowed almost constantly.

Before February many of the men weakened, compelling me to relieve them; but, as their places were promptly filled, this caused no serious delay. Experience with other streams of the range had taught me that the canyon we were in would not be many miles long, and that, beyond it, we should probably find bottom lands on one or both sides of the river. And so it proved; for on February 8 we reached a large tributary, on whose border we camped, finding the canyon beyond much less pronounced. At this point occurred the first forest of good timber. The snow, now two or three feet deep, forced us to stop all trail cutting for the time, and to locate here the base of supplies for an advance on snowshoes. This was Camp 7, where we remained until the 14th, improving the trail behind us and building a log cabin and shed. We also commenced the construction of a canoe for boating supplies farther up Green river, but soon abandoned it, because a little exploration disclosed many rapids and tree jams in the stream above. This circumstance, however, gave the name to both stream and camp, which were thereafter known as Canoe creek.

Leaving some of the men behind to resume the cutting of the trail as the snow should permit, I started on, with those best fitted for my purpose, a part of them bearing packs on their backs, the others hauling loads on sleds, and all traveling on snowshoes. Our progress across ravines, projecting spurs and swamps, through brush and over fallen trees, was slow and exasperating. Occasionally a man would go half out of sight in some cavity beneath the snow, or stumbling, roll down a slope until stopped by bushes or logs. As all were equally liable to these mishaps, no ill feeling was caused by the laughter that greeted their occurrence.

The sleds, an importation from British Columbia, where they are much used by voyageurs and prospectors, proved hardly satisfactory on such rough ground. They were often bottom up, and, in getting over many places, only furnished an additional burden for the men to carry. However, before night, we reached a place already selected by previous exploration, suitable for a cache. This was about five miles from Canoe creek by our trail, and at the mouth of a brook some twenty feet wide, which became known as Cache creek. The next morning we cached some of our supplies, and I detached several men from the party to bring more from Canoe creek, until a certain quantity was accumulated. By this time they would get word to follow on with provisions to some other camp indicated by me, in order to prevent detention of the leading party by lack of food. A party following could always overtake the one ahead, its road being already marked out by the latter, which lost much time in waiting for explorations to determine its route.

In making further advance we encountered the usual difficulties, and in addition to them the necessity of crossing the river, a most difficult accomplishment at that time. This we were forced to do because of a precipitous mountain, which obstructed our progress on the south side, where we had hitherto held our way. But, on the evening of the 19th, we camped in the canyon about one mile above the present railway station of Eagle Gorge, on the north bank. This was Camp 10, the distance from Tacoma by present railway line being fifty-one miles. And now began a rain which lasted, with practically no intermission, for four days, filling all the streams and gullies, and causing the river to rise to a height I had not supposed possible. Our bridge, which consisted of two great foot logs, one across a slough and the other across the main channel of the river, was threatened, but fortunately held its own. During these days all we could do was to remain in camp, keeping up the fires and speculating on the doings in the camps below and our chances ahead. On the morning of the 24th the cessation of rain permitted a resumption of our efforts. We had not gone far when the fog, which had shrouded us, suddenly lifted, revealing a comparatively open space, on which the sun shone brightly, bringing courage and hope to our spirits, depressed by recent experiences.

Just at this moment we caught sight of a large eagle, flying about in widening circles, directly above our heads. This appearance, which seemed to all a good omen, furnished a timely suggestion as to a name for the canyon we were leaving; and ever since it has been known as Eagle Gorge.

Progress continued slow and laborious, the principal obstacles now being the sloughs and channels which frequently cut through the bottom lands. Accumulations of driftwood, the dense undergrowth and the soft snow, liable to give way at any moment, precipitating one into a pool of ice-cold water, added not inconsiderably to our annoyances. But on March 2 we reached Camp 13, among a number of fir trees of immense size, and about a mile above a stream called, by the two Indians of the party, Smay creek.

This point is sixty miles from Tacoma by the present railway.

Meantime, although our supplies had been replenished from Cache creek, the outlook was not encouraging; for, with a party of ten, provisions disappeared rapidly. All had suffered greatly from exposure and labor under such unfavorable conditions, and were discouraged. But, some time previously, I had learned from Col. Smith that the two men at Ellensburg were to go on to Thorp, and, with those remaining there, convey such supplies as they could pack on their backs across Tacoma pass, going from cabin to cabin until they reached Cabin 4; thence on as far down Green river as possible, where they were to build another cabin (Cabin 5), and try to make connection with us.

In view of this fact and our present plight, and believing that if these instructions had been executed we could not be many days' journey from Cabin 5, I decided, before we again sought the repose of our blankets, to push on with only three men, and make a spurt that should hurry the expedition to a conclusion. Accordingly all hands were called out early the morning of the 3d. From among them I selected one as foreman and put him in charge of operations between Canoe creek and Smay creek, with orders to have more provisions packed up to the latter camp, those at the former being replenished from time to time by the commissary.

The men were then named to accompany me, the principal one being Joseph Wilson, a Canadian voyageur and prospector about 55 years of age. An accomplished woodsman, he had a physique that endured any hardship, and was withal intelligent and kind-hearted. The others were Indians, Peter and Charley. Our outfit, which was as light as we dared make it, consisted of one or two blankets each, besides our rubber blankets, a small fly, a frying pan, tin kettle and coffee pot, and a few provisions, principally flour, baking powder, beans, bacon and coffee.

We parted from the others and soon lost sight of them. Our progress being slow and difficult, we took to a ridge which we thought might parallel the river and afford us a more rapid and certain route. But after some time we found ourselves getting farther and farther away from the stream, and were obliged, with what speed we could make, to again descend towards the river bottoms. In this way little direct progress was made that day, and we encamped at night in a hollow of the hillside above some warm springs, which have now become well known, being near the present railway station of Hot Springs, sixty-two miles from Tacoma. The next morning our route lay among large fir trees on the north side, where the accumulations of snow covered so much of the forest debris as to permit faster travel on snowshoes than had hitherto been possible.

At noon, when we had stopped to make coffee, it was thought best to send back the two Indians, who, by remaining with us, would soon demolish our small stock of provisions. I therefore told them to return to Smay creek, get more supplies, and then follow on our trail until they should overtake us, wherever that might be. Wilson and I pressed on, making camp (15) at a late hour near the mouth of what seemed to be a slough of Green river. We concluded we must be near Cabin 5, and that the following day we should keep a sharp lookout for any sign of white men. But, in spite of diligent search, no trace of our friends appeared along our route, which had been as close to the stream as the undergrowth permitted, in order to discover any large fork coming in on the south. If one became visible the plan was to cross and explore it for some distance at least, with the hope that it might be the main stream, where would be found some sign of those we sought. The view, however, was much obstructed, the south side appearing, in occasional glimpses, steep and forbidding, while on the north there was little to oppose our progress in the open forest. We were moving on the line of least resistance.

Toward night we camped in the angle between two creeks, each about fifty feet wide, which united to form the stream that had been our guide through the day. Some further search was then made, but without result, excepting a full consideration of our situation as we sat by the evening campfire. We were certain that no large fork had been passed on the north side since leaving Smay creek, a fact leading plainly up to the inference that one of the two creeks meeting at our camp must be Green river proper, while the other was its north fork; that is, unless our keeping to the north side had lost us the main stream altogether in the dense forest. Although the latter supposition appeared, after all, the correct one, we did not like to abandon our position without exploration of the two streams mentioned. The north fork, reported to have been seen by Mr. Sheets, might be one of these creeks; or, possibly, the one we had been following during the day, or even some other stream yet to be discovered. Green river was, doubtless, made up of several tributaries coming in from the main and lateral divides. We were among forest-covered mountains, permitting no view that might settle the vexed question of the location of the main watercourse and its north fork. The only plan, therefore, was to examine everything as we went along, and to do this most thoroughly we must make a laborious ascent of the hillside opposite on the north, follow its slope eastward, and, finally, toward the south, crossing the creeks higher up between the camp and the divide. This would take us over many ravines and ridges, but would incure our crossing the trail of our friends, if it lay along any of the watercourses found. But, in spite of our hopes, the two days thus consumed seemed lost, so far as any clue to the whereabouts of the other party was concerned, and we became satisfied that the search must be made elsewhere. However, it appeared best to put in another day here and thus make this presumption a certainty.

We had to endure constant discomforts caused by the weather and our situation, not the least of which was the effort to dodge the masses of soft snow falling at intervals from the trees while we were on the march. But even with our fatigue and the annoyance caused by a growing belief that we had struck the wrong track and thereby lost several precious days, there came to us a determination to see our mission through, at whatever cost of trouble or hardship.

And, to speak without exaggeration, matters were becoming somewhat serious. Our supplies, scant enough at first, be it always remembered, on account of the difficulty of transportation, were now nearly gone, and there was no present assurance of more under existing circumstances. For the finding of the other party had, through our mishap, become a very uncertain matter, and on the Indians, we feared, there could be placed but little dependence. Hence it appeared necessary to at once do something to help ourselves. Wilson then proposed to return alone to Smay creek, or till he met the Indians, and take from them the provisions, while they turned back to procure more. His proposition meeting my approval, he started out with a small pack early on the morning of March 7, expecting to be gone two days.

Being left alone, I continued the unfinished work of the day before. Climbing the spur behind the camp, I struck out along a ridge towards the main divide and consumed a good part of the day in fruitless examinations. There was nothing to indicate that any man had ever preceded me here. But, on my return, when about a mile from camp, and retracing my path of the morning, I came upon the footprints of a wolf. The creature had crossed the ravine from the north, and, on meeting my tracks, had turned and kept along them toward camp. I had seen but few signs of animals for weeks, and was quite unprepared to find these now, fresh and clean cut, on the white snow, leading in that particular direction. But Mr. Wolf must have changed his apparent intention of raiding our ill-stocked larder, for his path soon left mine, turning down a slope and into a ravine on the south. As there still remained somewhat of daylight, I passed beyond the camp along the creek to the northeast, more to see the fine fir trees than for any other purpose. In a few moments there appeared more footprints, this time those of a big bear, partly obliterated by recent snowfalls, and about a hollow tree, which had evidently been his winter quarters. He must have been out a few days before, but, not satisfied with the weather, had returned to sleep the rest of the season.

In the lengthening shadows I prepared a solitary supper, and ate it without my usual appetite, and as quietly as possible. Sitting by the fire thinking over my situation, I realized that it was somewhat dangerous, especially as I supposed Wilson to be fifteen or twenty miles away. Firearms there were none, except my revolver, which could hardly be taken into account, not having been discharged for months. But the reflection, that never in my own experience had I known harm to come from wild beasts, greatly served to still my fears, already partially lulled by Nature's potent soporific, fatigue. I therefore crawled into my blankets and composed myself for sleep in the best manner possible under the circumstances.

I had become fairly tranquil, speculating dreamily on the probability of an awakening before morning caused by the howling of wolves, or by the intrusion of a bear's snout among my blankets, when roused to an acute perception of surrounding things. A sudden loud snap, painfully audible in the stillness of the night, as of a branch breaking on the other side of the stream, I felt sure was caused by the bear, which might, at any moment, approach my resting place. In this I was, however, presently proved mistaken, as Wilson, and not Bruin, peered in under the fly, saying, cheerfully, "Boss, are you asleep?"

He had met he Indians and taken from them most of the provisions, sending them back for more. A long, weary day he had made of it, and, as he told his story, I conceived a gratitude and friendship for him which I shall never lose. For, in spite of a fatigue so extreme that he felt feet and legs could endure no longer, he had left his snowshoes on some bushes, crawling on hands and knees the rest of his journey, more than half a mile, and all because he felt it his duty to return to me that night.

We were now confident of being on a north fork, instead of the main stream. To regain the latter we must retrace our footsteps, carefully on the lookout for its mouth on the south side. The start the next morning was a late one, our rest after so much fatigue having been undisturbed, long and refreshing. Departing from this abiding place of uncertainties, we christened it Lost camp, while the north fork became known as Sunday creek. Keeping as close to the creek as possible, we observed no change either in forest or stream, for nearly three hours, when appeared a comparatively wide basin, such as might be looked for at the junction of two watercourses. Wilson, pressing forward through the heavy undergrowth, said there were indications of a large tributary on the other side, a little below, and that we had better cross and explore. This we did, partly on driftwood and partly wading, and were soon repaid for our efforts by the sight of a stream, considerable enough in size to assure us that it was the main river. Following it, as we had already planned, in less than half an hour we suddenly came upon the nearly obliterated imprints of snowshoes. All these led eastward, or up stream, and could only have been made by the men who were to build Cabin 5. They had evidently done what they could and returned to Thorp.

Tracing back the snowshoe tracks a few hundred feet across the stream we found the cabin, a rude affair, evidently built in haste. There being nothing in or about it to detain us more than a moment, we pushed forward, intent on going as far as possible before nightfall, following the trail of our friends leading across Tacoma pass to Thorp. Success raised our spirits, giving us new strength for the rapid journey of the day. About 3 p. m. Cabin 4 appeared, so buried in the snow that a descent of some feet was necessary to reach it. We entered through the door, left purposely unfastened by the party preceding us, and were rejoiced at the sight of a rough fireplace, provisions and utensils for cooking them. As we had eaten nothing since morning this opportunity was by no means neglected. Leaving here such articles and supplies as could be safely dispensed with, we started again, intending to reach Cabin 3 before night. The hills soon closed in upon us, steep and slippery. The stream, which now plunged in cascades down a gorge, was bridged in many places by foot logs, placed from ten to forty feet above the torrent, whose crossing was perilous, while the ascent beyond became slow and toilsome. When we finally arrived at the summit fast-falling snow and approaching darkness made it difficult to read the two aneroid barometers I had carried throughout these journeys. Over the descent, on the east, night fell suddenly, shutting out all signs of the trail and leaving only as a guide the features of the ground, which kept us in the depression between the hills. Traveling thus for about an hour, we came abruptly upon a big mound of snow, which, on close inspection, proved to be Cabin 3. This was only a bare shelter, where we made a light supper on some food we still had with us and passed a comfortable night, early dawn seeing us on our way. The course was now nearly all down hill. The woods were comparatively open, the trail was well marked, and the snow, which covered many obstructions, in good condition for snowshoeing. Thus it was that we made a rapid march, reaching Thorp before dark, and meeting the men we sought. They had arrived but three days before, and were preparing to return to Cabin 5 with more supplies.

Having sent Wilson and a companion to Tacoma with a report of our trip, I left Thorp on the 14th and went to Cabin 3, where supplies for the proposed expedition northward along the range had preceded me. One man had been left behind in care of the place, and with instructions to observe and note the readings of an aneroid at morning, noon and evening of each day of our absence. The remaining three men, James Gregg, Andy Drury and Mathew Champion, accompanied me. The next day we explored about Tacoma pass and Sheets pass. On the 16th, everything being in readiness, we started northward, following a tributary of Cabin creek to its source, on a spur, elevation 4,400 feet, where we camped for the night in deep snow, among balsam trees and within a short distance of the main divide. In the morning we climbed to the top, where there was but little timber, and where the range was sharp and well defined, with a course nearly due north. Progress was rapid until afternoon, when the general direction curved to the northeast and a mountain confronted us, up whose sides the forest extended to its very peak. At its summit the barometer marked nearly 5,500 feet elevation. Here the timber ceased abruptly, affording a grand panorama of the surrounding mountains, except toward the north, where projecting spurs and the forest cut off the view.

Our course was now nearly due east, until we reached a much lower elevation, where we halted for the night. At the beginning of the descent one of Andy Drury's snowshoes caught in the other, throwing him headlong down a steep slope and plunging him into the snow, nearly out of sight. From this incident came the name of the mountain, Snowshoe butte. The railway now skirts a portion of its base. For several days we had been blessed with fairly good weather, but the next was one of the most dismal I remember having seen. It blew a gale and was severely cold. With the wind came a thick fog, which, added to the gloom of the balsam forest, made our movements groping and uncertain. The moisture seemed to congeal in small, sharp crystals, which found lodgment in every wrinkle or fold of our clothing, and also made it difficult to face the wind. Making for the highest ground, we did our best to follow the divide, whose crest was no longer clearly defined. This, however, soon changed its course from an easterly to a southeasterly one, and also fell off rapidly in elevation. As we felt our way along, the constantly descending course of the ridge led us to conclude that since morning we had, somehow, missed the main range and must be following a spur which would lead to the Yakima river. So little was visible that some brief explorations only added to the uncertainty, and we spent the whole day crawling about the northerly slopes of the mountain, in the endeavor to find a ridge so decidedly bearing north as to give assurance that it was the main divide. At night we brought up near the previous night's camping place, annoyed at the loss of time, but now quite certain that our morning journey was in the right direction, and that, if we had pursued the ridge farther, we should have come to a bend to the north, an indication that it was none other than the main range.

Those who have ever had occasion to trace an unknown divide, where the view is cut off by dense forests, understand how easy it is to get astray on some spur, or lateral ridge, and follow it, perhaps for hours, before the mistake is discovered.

Starting early on the 19th, with our route for the morning, at least, quite settled upon, and with favoring skies that lightened our hearts, we made excellent progress. A little after 9 o'clock appeared a sharp bend in the ridge to the north, as anticipated, whence we descended along a well-defined crest so rapidly that in less than an hour the barometer marked only 3,495 feet elevation, at a point where for a little distance about us there were no trees. It was evidently one of the lowest parts of the divide. To the east a spur cut off much of our view, but facing west we looked down on Sunday creek. Beyond its confluence with Green river were the mountains to the south, covered with dark fir forests, and back of them the great snowy mass of Mount Rainier sharply defined against the blue sky. It was a beautiful scene, and so impressive that for a moment all were silent.

Thence we continued our trip northward, finding several other depressions in the range, but none as promising as the one just described. We finally descended from the divide to Lake Kitchelas, the source of the Yakima, arriving at Thorp the afternoon of the 23d.

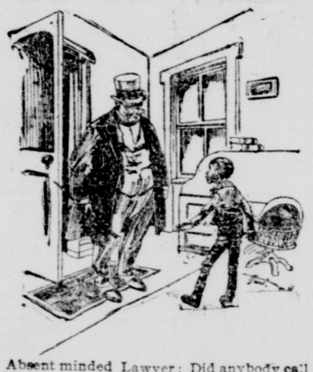
The exploration now finished, although toilsome and often discouraging, had made the Green river region accessible. Surveys which then succeeded were followed by the building of the Cascade division of the Northern Pacific, under my own direction, through the pass we had found, thus closing the gap in the main line that connected Lake Superior's waters with those of Puget sound.

The pass was for a time known as Garfield pass, in honor of the president during whose last days it was discovered, but later it was named Stampede pass, from the following incident. Some weeks after its discovery, while encamped on Sunday creek, I became dissatisfied with the progress of the party cutting trails which would be required before instrumental surveys could be extended across the divide, and sent them a foreman well known as a hard worker. His arrival became the signal for the flight of several men from the locality which was but a few hundred feet west of the summit, and which thus obtained a name, both their camp and the small lake near it, and later the pass itself being called Stampede. The elevation of the pass, as corrected by the aneroid at Thorp, whose elevation was known from instrumental survey, proved to be 3,725 feet. As determined by spirit level it is 3,693 feet. The summit tunnel, 9,850 feet in length, reduces this figure to 2,850 feet.

The traveler of today, who crosses the Cascade range with the ease and rapidity made possible by the railway, cannot realize that nearly three months were consumed by the expedition I have described, while at no time was the party more than 100 miles from Tacoma.

When one visits the thriving cities and towns reached by this railway, where before its construction stood mere settlements or unbroken forest, one begins to appreciate what a significant factor it has become in the development of a most interesting and important section of the country, and the engineer feels how great a thing it is to be one of the many forces that go to the consummation of such an enterprise.

TELEPHONE NOT A TELESCOPE.



Absent minded Lawyer: Did anybody call while I was out.

Willie: No sir, but a man named Smith called you up on the telephone.

A. M. L.: A man named Smith; let see, was he a short man with blue eyes?

Willie (disgusted): Naw, he was deaf and dumb.

FAST FRIENDS.

(Life.)

THE "END OF THE CENTURY GIRL."

Brooklyn Life.

The California readers of the Post-Intelligencer will find it on sale daily at Cooper & Co.'s stationery store, 746 Market street, just one block up Market street from the Chronicle office. Price 5c.

HIS TITLE CLEARED.

Complete Victory for Squire in King-Osgood Suits.

HE HAD BOUGHT THE PROPERTY

Remington's Partners Deeded to Him as He Paid for It and He Sold It to Squire at a Loss.

The opinion of the New York state court in the case involving the Squire property in Seattle has been received in the city. It has attracted considerable attention on account of the large amount of property involved and the prominence of the parties concerned. It sets at rest the title of Senator Squire to all the real estate called into question.

The court decided that the evidence proved that Remington, Osgood, Shepard, King and Goodwin, in 1871, entered into a partnership to buy and sell lands in the vicinity of Seattle; that, pursuant to the partnership arrangement Remington and Osgood came out here and purchased the property in question, in July, 1871, and took the title in their own names; that $60,000 was raised in New York upon the note of Shepard, indorsed by Remington and Osgood, and that from this money the purchase price of the property was paid, amounting in all to $52,510 in gold, and that the remainder of the $60,000 was used in the purchase of other property elsewhere in the territory, and in the payment of expenses, that is to say, traveling expenses, attorney's fees, and examinations of title, etc.; that the note for $60,000 was thereafter paid by Remington alone, out of his own money. That in March, 1876, Goodwin quit-claimed his interest to Remington, and in April of the same year, Osgood deeded his interest to Remington. That in July, 1876, Remington and wife deeded the property to Squire for the consideration of $55,000; that Squire took immediate possession of the property and held it as his own, and expended large sums of money in its improvement, and that no claim to the property or of any interest therein was ever made by any of the plaintiffs in this case until the year 1893, when King, Osgood and Shepard advanced the claim which culminated in this action.

Remington Paid for It.

The court also decided that at the time of the sale by Remington to Squire in 1876 Remington had put into the property $60,000 (the money with which he had paid the note) and the interest thereon, amounting then to $21,000, and that Remington's total investment at that time was about $81,000. That none of the other parties had put any money whatever into the property, or had paid Remington any money; that Remington sold the property to Squire for $55,000, and applied that sum upon his, Remington's, investment; and though it left him to bear the loss of the difference between $55,000 and $81,000, that is to say, about $26,000, he called on none of the other parties for any portion thereof, nor did they ever offer to pay him any part of it. The court also decided as a fact that in the purchase Squire acted in the most perfect good faith, and that he paid Remington the full value of the property; that Osgood, Shepard, King, all of them, knew of the sale made by Remington to Squire in 1876; knew that Squire had taken possession of the property, and that he was improving it at his own expense, and that neither of them objected or claimed that any fraud or wrong had been perpetrated upon them.

They Did Not Offer to Share Loss.

The court, in its opinion, says: "When this property was purchased in 1871, it was supposed that Seattle would be the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, and that the property would therefore be of great value in the immediate future. But prior to 1876, Tacoma had been made such terminus instead, and there was little appreciable increase in the population of Seattle, and real estate had advanced but little in market value. The future prospects of Seattle and of real estate values there were very uncertain and speculative. For some years Squire held the property without any material advantage to himself, but by and by, Seattle and its real estate values began to improve. Squire took the property in hand, and from that time on he gave his time, his ability, his energy and his means, to improving, caring for and selling the same. During all the years down to 1893 he talked with these three men about what he was doing with reference to the property, and they listened but made no objections, nor claimed any interest in the property themselves. Not until 1893, when Seattle had grown to be a large, populous, wealthy city, and its real estate, including that conveyed by Remington to Squire, had come to be of great value, did these men first come forward with their claims to some interest in the property and their objections to the sale and conveyance by Remington to Squire. The conclusion from these circumstances seems irresistible, either that these men understood that they had no interest in the property at the time it was conveyed to Squire, or else that they believed the sale to be fair and honest and without any fraud as to them. * * * It is very significant that they said nothing when the property was apparently worth less than the amount Remington had invested in it, and only came forward to complain and make claims when in the hands of Squire the property had come to be of great value."

King Had Renounced His Claim.

The court also finds that in 1884, in his famous Minneapolis suit with Remington, King made and filed an affidavit stating that it had been agreed between Remington and King that Remington should accept the interest of King, Osgood and Shepard in the Seattle property, and release them from all liability on account of moneys advanced by Remington. Also that King, in 1877, went into bankruptcy, and the schedules of his property filed by him as required by law and verified by his oath, contained no mention of any interest in the Seattle real estate, although in his petition for discharge from his debts he stated he had not concealed any portion of his estate, or property belonging to him at the commencement of the proceedings.

In the opinion, the court decides as a matter of law that the arrangement between King, Osgood, Shepard, Goodwin and Remington, was a partnership for the purpose of buying and selling lands; that one partner had the right to sell the lands in the interests of the partnership, and he could sell and convey the lands for this purpose if the title was in him; that Remington had the title in him for the express purpose of selling and disposing of the lands in the interests of the partnership, and that Remington, pursuant to this right, did sell and dispose of the lands, for the best possible price, to Squire; and that both Remington and Squire acted in good faith, without any attempt or desire to wrong the other members of the partnership in any way; and that therefore the conveyance to Squire was perfect and could not be attacked. Accordingly the court rendered judgment, dismissing the case and awarding costs of the action to Senator Squire.

VICTORIA NYANZA TO THE SEA

The British Railway to Open the Heart of Africa to Trade.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Uganda railway, which the British government has decided to construct from some point on the Victoria Nyanza to Mombassa, on the Indian ocean, will at last give an adequate outlet to the trade of Central Africa. Hitherto all the products of the country have had to be carried by caravan to the Zanzibar coast, or by caravan to the navigable waters of the Nile, and from thence to the marts of the Nile. These ways were both extremely hazardous and expensive, and the new scheme will to a large degree obviate these objections. England will of necessity be compelled to establish a protectorate over the country through which the railway will pass, and the cost of transportation by rail is much cheaper than that by caravan.

Uganda is a country well worth developing. It occupies about 90,000 square miles to the west and northwest of Victoria Nyanza, and is about 600 miles from the Indian ocean. It is a part of the territory in East Central Africa allotted to England by the Anglo-German agreement, and it has been occupied by Great Britain ever since 1890, when an invitation to enter was given by the native king and his people. The capital of the country is Mengo, on the northern coast of Victoria Nyanza, and the headquarters of the Imperial East Africa Company are at Kampala, which will ultimately be the terminus of the railway. The natives of the country are the Waganda, a fine, intelligent race of negroes, under the rule of the notorious King Mwanga. Mwanga has no sons, and his successor will be chosen, according to present plans, from among three of his nephews, one of whom is Mohammedan, the other two being Catholics, as are a large proportion of the influential people of the country. An active missionary propaganda has been carried on in Uganda of late years, with the result that the people are divided into two great factions, the Protestant and the Catholic, each of which claims about 3,000 baptized adherents. There are also many thousand men who side with each of these Christian elements, which together possesses the dominant influence in the country. There are also, of course, large Mohammedan and heathen elements among the 400,000 people who are said to inhabit Uganda.

To the efforts and writings of Henry M. Stanley is due to a large measure the determination of the British government to establish this railway, though, of course, political influence was brought to bear by the Imperial East Africa Company. Writing in advocacy of the railroad's construction, Mr. Stanley has said: "Uganda is the center of a region which is inhabited by millions of the finest people in Africa. Victoria Nyanza, around whose northen coast the country lies, has 1,500 miles of coast line of its own. At one point it is but 150 miles from Lake Tanganyika; from Beatrice gulf it is only sixty miles; from Albert Nyanza it is barely 100, and the navigable Nile is also within easy reach, so that by this lake we have, roughly speaking, access to about 3,000 miles of lake shore and 5,000 miles of river banks. To join these with the sea will be to establish a vast trade. I regard the region through which the railway must run as only a means to the end, although the intervening country will then become naturally of great value. It is the 'Pearl of Africa.' That is our object. Many have triel to account for the term by adducing the fertility of the soil and the variety of its products, but the truth is that the term, applied as it was by the Portuguese, aptly illustrates the superior value of Uganda, because of its populousness, the intelligence of its people, its strategic position for commerce and for spreading Christianity—all of which make it pre-eminently a desirable colony for a trading and civilized nation like ours. Uganda was indeed 'The Pearl of the Crown of Portugal.'

"I have met no African race which impressed me so much with its mental, spiritual and moral capacity as the Waganda. Administered by a British commission, assisted and directed by British officers, educated by British missionaries and trained in industrial crafts by British teachers, Uganda and its people are capable of astonishing Central Africa, as the Japanese have astonished the far East."

Peace Resolutions of French Socialists.

New York Evening Post.

The peace resolution adopted recently by the French Socialists in their congress at Romily is worth quoting, if only for its reference to Germany: Considering that peace is the indispensable condition of the development and triumph of socialism, and that no one but a madman or a criminal would ever dream of hurling against each other nations equipped as modern nations are for death; considering, moreover, that armed peace is more and more tending to crush production and is leading Europe to bankruptcy, the national congress of the French Labor party joins the German Socialist Democracy in declaring peace between peoples to be its sole foreign policy. It charges the deputies of the party, moreover, to bring immediately before parliament a bill tending to the reduction, by international conventions, gradually and simultaneously, of the time of active service in European armies." It was also decided to carry into departmental councils and municipal councils the same spirit of obstruction which has been so effective in the chamber of deputies, and never to lose an opportunity of putting forward Socialist candidates for any and every office which might become vacant from one end of France to the other.

Growth of Socialism in Germany.

New York Evening Post.

There is some interesting and suggestive reading in the report of the recent progress of the German Socialist party, published in the Voerwarts and prepared for the congress at Breslau. It speaks very disdainfully of the anti-revolutionary bills and the recent movement in favor of exceptional legislation against the Socialists, and says that whatever plans may be formed in the future to suppress the propaganda the social Democrats will be able to ward off the blows. The Socialists, it appears, possess at the present moment in the Saxon and Bavarian diets fourteen seats, in that of Altenburg four seats, in the diets of Baden and Hesse three seats and in those of Weimar, Gothar, Meiningen, Reuss and Schwarzburg one seat. It is further remarked that the participation of the Socialists in the communal elections is continually increasing; that the party is represented in the communal councils of almost all the German states, and that the terms "Social Democracy" and "laboring classes" are becoming more and more nearly synonymous. The party press consists of seventy-six political journals, in addition to which there are fifty-three organs of workmen's associations. Since September 2 the central organ has been much more widely sold, and the report says that it will leave the question undecided whether this is a result of the imperial appeal to the nation or not. The revenue of the party from October 1, 1894, to August 31, 1895, amounted to 247,450 marks, and the expenditures to 189,354 marks. During the last eleven months the Socialists have come into frequent collision with the state authorities, and the total penalties inflicted on various members of the party in that period were eighteen and a half years' penal servitude, sixty-four years' imprisonment, and fines to the amount of 34,120 marks.

Italy Has No Need of Colonies.

Ouida in London Truth.

Official statistics state that in Italy there are 100,000 persons dying of pellagra, 6,000,000 living on malarious land, 1,720 communes in which corn is rare, 1,440 communes with scanty and foul water supplies, 600 communes which have to doctor within reach, and over 300 communes which have no burial place. Every week steamships laden with emigrants sail out of her ports for Brazil and the Argentine. From Calabria alone 70 per cent. more emigrants have gone this year than last. Every month farms are abandoned and no one can be found to take them. Even in the rich country of the Lucchesia and Lunsigiana many lie untilled, while in the poorer regions southward from the Marches vast tracts of land are returning to their natural wild state owing to the provinces being depopulated by emigration. What does a country under these conditions want with African colonies? What it wants is to better the condition of its people on their native soil and to keep them at home. African colonies may be the desired outlet of a superabundant and overcrowded population, but there is not such a thing in Italy. There is not population enough for the needs of the country; and those who do remain at home are harried out of their lives and driven into crime by taxation, conscription and the espionage of the police. The present government has confirmed for another ten years the tax of the dazio consumo (the food tax). It is the most cruel, inquisitorial and harassing of all imposts; it is a hunger tax, striking the poorest in their famished entrails; to abolish it would be more comfort to the Italian nation than all the victories of a Sulla or a Pompeius.

THIS CANNIBAL IS CONVERTED.

but—oh, what a temptation.—*Truth.*

AMBIGUOUS

Our Last Rose of Summer Poet: Did you get my book of sonnets I sent you?

Cycliste: Oh, yes—delightful, I couldn't sleep till I'd read 'em.

CHAPPIE AND HIS SENSITIVE ENGLISH TROWSERS.

Latest report from London: Raining steadily for the last four hours.

Heavy showers reported in all parts of the kingdom.

Rain still continues, and lower part of city flooded.

Later: The river Thames rising rapidly.—*Life.*

VARICOCELE

The scientific term, "Varicocele," is used to describe a swollen, lifeless condition of the veins leading to the vital parts. It is the most treacherous of life eating diseases and is responsible for the destruction of vital strength in men more than any other disease known. It is becoming more common every day. Being undemonstrative at first, starting from a strain, from indiscretion or excesses, it gradually develops in the scope of its destructive influence until it saps the very foundation from the vital structure. It leads men to Spermatorrhœa, Impotency and General Nervous Debility. The best remedy for the cure of Varicocele is

Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt.

"I had Varicocele, weakness, pains in my back and could not sleep. I was going into general nervous debility. My troubles had been growing on me since 1889. The No. 6 Belt which I got last March gave me relief at once. In a week the pains were gone and the Varicocele began to disappear. I quickly recovered my strength and am today, at 49, as strong as any man of my age."—L. L. Jaccard, Jeweler, San Leandro, Alameda County, California.

This insidious life-eating disease, and its cure, is given attention in Dr. Sanden's famous book, "Three Classes of Men," a pocket edition of which can be had free upon application. By mail it is carefully sealed. Address

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