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Spokane Falls Review.

VOL. I. SPOKANE FALLS, SPOKANE COUNTY, W. T., SATURDAY NOVEMBER 24, 1883. NO. 28.

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Notice of Publication, Rebecca Kruger, LAND OFFICE AT SPOKANE FALLS, W. T., October 23, 1883.

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M. H. WHITEHOUSE, Watchmaker, HOWARD ST., SPOKANE FALLS, W. T.

LOVE'S POWER, "What are these things doing here?" I queried, as I sat down in the stern of the boat.

THE FACE IN THE MOON, We had all observed for sometime that Tom Eaton had been unlike himself.

STRAYED, FROM Spokane Falls, on or about the 13th of October, one mare and colt, and two or three calves.

STOLEN, THE VICINITY OF THE NEW Catholic College, Saturday night, Oct. 20th, a team of one white horse and one black horse.

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"What are these things doing here?" I queried, as I sat down in the stern of the boat.

"They are my tools," he replied. "We did not speak for some time. Eaton pulled hard and fast, and I lay back with my hands under my head and looked up at the sky."

"It was just before moon rise, and the heavens were in their golden glorious expectancy. I did not care to break the silence. The secret of the night was grander and more interesting than any petty human confidences could be. Eaton spoke first:

"You are serious?" "Yes, my dear friend, I am serious."

"He was silent again for a few moments. "I am going to be a great painter," he said, suddenly.

"Ah! It was not a love secret then!" "But to accomplish my end I must make terrible means. I must condemn myself to years of agony. I must condemn, also, another being to a brief but very horrible torture."

"Then it must be a love story after all." "Yes?" I replied, as he paused, putting as much expression as I could into the words.

"My mind, curiously enough, rambled back to another moonlit night when I was quite a lad, and when I sat in the stern of a boat with such a beautiful little girl, Anita Grayson by name, a child of twelve, perhaps. Some one sitting by had said: "Anita looks like the moon," and I had watched her during the rest of the evening and wondered why, and gone home to dream that I saw the moon in the water and that Anita's face in the water was dimly recalling this and half listening to my friend, I became suddenly quite roused from my dream. Eaton had been saying something about his incapacity to catch a likeness."

"I cannot make the people I paint impress me. One face follows another so swiftly, and my model flits away with these spectres. Now, one thing can impress a face upon my mind, I feel sure—impress it so that it will stay by me and haunt me by day and print itself on my soul at night. I have thought it all over. There is but one way. God help me! I must commit a crime."

"I must do it in grays or browns. It must be a mono-chrome, or we shall ruin it." I spoke impatiently. So I did it in grays. The jut of black rock, the waves, the moon resting on the waves, and little Anita's face, with the half-smile, half-sneering look upon it.

"The strange scene, the manne beside me, my own former fear and present excitement and the stirring of my fancy gave me a certain fictitious strength. In less than an hour, as I should think, I had finished my sketch. It was certainly not a bad one, and as it seemed to me, strong, and in the distance I half suggested the boat, and two men in it, one gazing eagerly toward the moon and the other, and the other lying in the stern, his arms over his head, his eyes toward the heavens. The boat and the men were small and well in the shadow."

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Eaton. "Don't take it again! Give me the brush! Here!" I spoke impatiently from my fingers he wrote his name, "Thomas Eaton," in bold black letters under the boat. "This is my work, remember—mine, not yours. I will be a great success, and you!—he paused and looked at me—"you have saved your life." Saying which he jumped into the boat with my sketch, laughed a harsh, bleak sort of laugh, and rowed away round the ledge of rock.

"For a few moments I sat still thinking it over—the strange, ridiculous, yet almost tragic scene. "I am not sure that little Anita didn't save my life after all." I thought to myself. It did not take me long to get out of my close quarters, but the walk home over the dreary, rough coast was long, and it was late before I reached my village. What a strange eerie walk it was, with the sea chattering the moist air, and the moon contracting and expanding before my eyes through the mist that had risen. Anita shared the walk with me.

"I found a telegram telling me of my father's very serious illness at Baden-Baden, and it was busy packing and driving through the chill, early morning toward the nearest railway station, so that I had no chance to look up Eaton. I remember that I told my driver something about an artist, a friend of mine who had turned up, who seemed wrong in his mind and ought to be looked after. I believe I wrote a line to the same effect to Gleason. I know I meant to do so. But the anxious voyage and more anxious weeks in Europe put all other thoughts from my mind."

"It was after my father's death late in the fall that I sailed for home. Taking up a paper that came out on the pilot boat I saw the notice of the Salmagundi exhibition. Coupled with it was an announcement of the death of poor Tom Eaton, who had died in a mad-house the week before. "An unsuccessful but pit-making artist," the review went on to say, "it is somewhat surprising that the only work he has left of any strength should be now hung at the black and white exhibition. This sketch was made after his madness was fairly upon him. This picture is in grays, oddly colored, but in composition and drawing quite full of a certain weird power. Not to be funny at a dead man's expense, this gives the poor fellow a good send-off at any rate, as a friend of his remarked the other day. The picture, taken in connection with the tragic death of the artist, has created some little stir, more particularly as the face in

her! I have not even broken her heart! Tell me about her!" "She is young, very mystical, yet very real, with a smile at one side of her mouth, while the other looks quite grave."

"This was a characteristic of Anita's mouth, and it was she I was describing—Anita as I fancied her grown older, for I had not seen her, scarcely, indeed, thought of her, since that day when we were children."

"It's a pity you can't paint her for me," said Eaton, imitatingly, as he gazed at the moon. "I don't quite see her, but she sounds great."

"I might try to paint her to-morrow," I suggested, taking a cigarette from my pocket, and relaxing into my calm manner again.

"You forget—to-morrow will be too late. But you shall paint her to-night—now, before I kill you."

"He put up his ears as he spoke and came toward me, drawing a rope through his heavy hands. He was in a state of wild excitement, and I felt my light airy manner slipping away as he approached. I was chill as—as my watery grave was like to be. Yet I let him bind me hand and foot, and instinctively counted his deep breaths the while by way of something to do. A lurch, a struggle, and I should have been overboard and lost. Now that there seemed a chance for life, I was in terror, and I was more than half out of my senses as I watched my Charon lay me on the bitter side of his stream. He took me from the boat as if I had been a child. Then he built a fire.

"I can mix colors by firelight," he cried, and unfastening my hands set his canvas and easel before me, gave me a brush and bade me begin.

"For the life of me, and in spite of the threatened death so near at hand, I could not feel an interest in the freak."

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the sketch is strikingly like that of a young Boston beauty who is making her debut in New York."

"So poor Eaton was dead, and his picture—my picture—was a success, and Anita had lived in Boston when she was twelve!"

"I hurried to the black and white that very afternoon, and found quite a crowd collected about my picture—Eaton's picture. I laughed somewhat nervously as I stood before it. Some one behind me spoke. It was Gleason. "You needn't laugh, man! I am glad to see you back, by-the-way. There is some force in that, and I am glad for poor Tom's sake that he has left this sketch behind him. I give you my word, I had no idea he could do so well. He couldn't have while he was sane. Every one is surprised. How are you? You look pale. Have you come back to stay?" etc. etc. I lingered around for awhile, and found myself back again, and again, before my picture—Eaton's picture—the picture never to be claimed as mine now. It changed I had told the story to no one. There had been no opportunity. Now, of course, I never must. As I stood looking at it, and somewhat moved, perhaps, more by the remembrance of that night than by anything actually before my eyes, two girls and an elderly woman approached and stopped.

"It certainly is like her, mamma; I wonder if she will set it herself? It is quite time she were here, by-the-by. She promised to meet us at 3, you know."

"I don't think it does her justice," replied the elder lady, "after looking through her glasses, critically. "She is a very beautiful creature, and this face is less so," she ended rather indefinitely, and with some hesitation in her voice, so that I fancied the picture grew on as she looked, and that she might yet reverse her decision."

"The other girl spoke now. She had a discerning face, as I could see, and that long upper lip that goes with speech faculty. "It is like," she said, "more like her soul than her body. It is like the way she will look to her guardian angel, or her lover." She turned abruptly to greet some people who were walking toward us.

"I was singularly excited. The man in the boat had no such paralyzing power over me as this potentiality in a soft gray gown with a long, gray glove outstretched. My heart beat and the picture swam before my eyes, for this might be, might it not, Anita herself? I heard a voice exclaim: "This is the picture!" A lady in black with the gray girl began an apology: "We are late. As usual, Signor Boldini and some new music. Ah!" interrupting herself, "it is like—why, yes, very. "Don't you think so yourself?"—the name at last, surely—but no—"don't you think so yourself, dear?"

"Yes, do tell us what you think. Isn't she weird? and can you look like that?" cried the girls.

"Ah! the other me!" said a new voice, softly—"a voice with a low thrill in it. "It is like what I might have been, I'm sure. Some one told me once when I was a child, I remember, that I was like the moon, but having lived eight years since then in a flood of sunshine—and the gray hand touched the black glove near her's, a grateful touch, I felt sure—"why, I am not so much like it now as I was."

"In spite of the smile that you always will and always won't smile outright. That is the face in the moon, too, you see. Did you ever meet Mr. Eaton?"

"And do you think the girl very beautiful, and very much like a man's face's dream?" broke in the shorter girl. "Do tell us, Anita."

"So then it was Anita. I turned, and as I walked away faced the blue-gray eyes, like violets, and the hair like shaded moon-beams, and the smile! Not the little twelve-year old Anita this, but a beautiful, sunny creature, with the other Anita somehow suggested, and yet not there. This one more of the world, with a serene, fair face bygone the moon-beams. I had meant, if it were she, to speak to her at once and boldly. As it was, I simply gazed, and when her eyes met mine I fear it was I, not she, who flushed. But she recognized me. My identity was all in my face, I am sure. I saw a puzzled look in her eyes, and I seized my chance. I bowed. I spoke:

"Years ago you knew me, Miss Grayson, when I was a boy in Boston, and when you were like the moon."

"I was presented to the aunt in black. My father had been one of the old family friends. So in a few moments I was talking like an old friend myself. Mrs. Grayson too had on my recent loss, and then, as I turned to leave, said:

"I should be glad to know your father's son. Can you dine with us on Sunday next?"

"So the golden gates were opened for me, and Sundays came and Sundays went and I was fathoms deep in love. I could not point, I could not talk, I heard a great deal of music, and I suppose—black and blue—a real poetry. Fatal habit of lovers! And so at last it came to the point when I must tell her. Armed with a shield of violins I met her in her aunt's drawing-room, one Sunday, again toward twilight. A day in April it

[Continued on fourth page.]

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SCRAPINGS.

November 24th.
Thanksgiving next Thursday.
It is about time for old winter to get up and howl.

The Spokane College is almost ready for occupancy.
Another light visitation of the beautiful Monday night.

Rima has received the inside blinds for his store building.

"Man in Maze" Combination at Cannon's Hall to-night.

We see that the law firm of Hyle & Still has been dissolved.

J. C. Hanna's residence, south of the depot, is about completed.

A number of our lawyers will attend court at Rathrum next week.

Good building lots in Cannon's addition at from \$50 to \$225. Catch on.

The final passage of the division bill created no excitement in this city.

Another bakery has been added to the list of business houses in the city.

District Attorney Hyle's new law office, on Howard street, is almost completed.

What is now wanted more than any other thing is a mail service into the mines. Charles Sweeney is building quite an addition to his residence, on Second street.

The weather is as bright as spring as we go to press, but its continuance will not do to count on.

The What-so-Ever Society is figuring on an entertainment to be given in the near future.

Those arches that have had the freedom of the streets for two months were removed last Saturday.

A new firm has secured the room at the rear of the postoffice, and has opened a bankroll store.

Sam Hayes takes a Government saloon license into the mines with him, made out for Hayes City.

We understand that a new time-table will go into effect before long on the North Pacific Railroad.

A. H. Termon received a lot of Christmas goods from St. Louis. He is taking time by the forelock.

We are informed that packers are charging eight and a half cents per pound for packing into the mines.

The plateau west of town is sprinkled over with new houses, some of them large and expensive buildings.

The scaffolding in front of Union Block has been removed and the block is taking on the appearance of a finish.

Some snow, a little mud, a sprinkle of water and considerable chill has combined to make up a week of weather.

The reply to patronize the public Thanksgiving dinner, given by the ladies of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

If you want good, fresh coffee call on Mr. Griffin. He has a mill for grinding the berry, and makes no extra charge.

We hear it reported that Judge O. F. Wood is to be associated with J. J. Browne in the practice of law—a strong team.

Six new houses erected in Cannon's addition within ten days. If you want a good lot speak or you lose the chance.

A car containing three Western Union steam road wagons, directed to W. P. Dart, was switched off at this station Thursday.

A new lunch house, to catch the hungry element, has been put up and is now in running order east of Moore's warehouses.

A number of persons have been down from the mines this week, awakening a still greater interest in that neighboring territory.

Within the last ninety days A. M. Cannon has sold to various parties in this city over \$2,000,000 worth of lumber. Do we progress?

A number of lots in Cannon's addition have been sold this week. If you want a good lot take one before the opportunity slips by.

French's new confectionery and refreshment parlors were thrown open to the public Wednesday evening, and great was the raid on the bivalves.

A. Grandy has rented his section of Union Block to a firm now in Cheney, which will open an enormous stock of goods before the close of the year.

Mr. Prichard informs us that the trails over the mountains are heavy and rough. Travel, only in cases of absolute necessity, will soon be suspended altogether.

We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend a ball to be given by the mechanics of Fort Coeur d'Alene, on next Wednesday evening, November 27th.

A daily, or at least a tri-weekly stage line, carrying the mail, should be put in operation between Spokane Falls and Colville. It is a public service greatly needed.

The lumber on the ground for a new building of some kind at the corner of Mill and Sprague streets. It is evident that the construction of houses will continue all winter.

Bargains in real estate at E. S. Kaufman's Agency on east side of Howard street. Now is the time to make selections, before the rise, which is sure to come, before spring.

One hundred and fifty packages of fruit trees were delivered at this station this week, an indication that our people are awakening to the necessity of planting orchards.

Andy Connor had his pugilistic ire aroused Thursday. He was paid for his little old line like a man. Follows can't keep their temper under all circumstances.

Those desiring confectionery, canned goods, fruits, nuts, etc., should call at E. S. Kaufman's Agency on east side of Howard street, on Riverside avenue. A full stock always on hand.

Officers were in the city Tuesday evening looking after a man charged with killing a Chinaman at Moscow. If he had been at that time the officers failed to get their clutches on him.

J. W. Stewart, the gentleman who will open a store south of the railroad freight depot, is finishing up a new two-story frame edifice that is second to no frame building constructed this season.

FROM THE MINES.

Tuesday evening Sun. H. Hayes, of Rathrum, who is now located at Hayes City, in the Coeur d'Alene mines, and from whom, by-the-way, the new town takes its name, arrived in this city direct from the diggings.

From him we have the latest news from a section that is now interesting the entire upper country. Mr. Hayes tells us that the winter. Windy has set in in the mountains, but in a much milder form than generally at this season of the year. So far there has been no severe weather. The roads leading in are now in very fair condition. Prospectors are still flocking to the diggings, while quite a number are running out for the winter.

He thinks that between eight hundred and one thousand men will remain on the ground through the season.

At present there are forty-two buildings in Hayes City, and several under way. There are seven stores and ten saloons in full blast. Money is plentiful, a good sign for the camp. So far no serious trouble has occurred among the miners, outside reports to the contrary notwithstanding. The first case of attempted theft and punishment occurred, however, last Friday. A party named O'Brien, from Montana (not the young man from Spokane), started in on the night mentioned to rob the sluice boxes on the McComber claim, that had not been cleaned up for several days. New Thomas heard some one at the boxes, and stepping out of the cabin with a shot gun, emptied a load of shot in the offender's back. The individual took the reception as a sign that his presence was obnoxious to the owners of the claim, and lit out. So great was the "hit" thereof that the punctured prowler ran against and knocked down about forty feet of flume and sprained an ankle in the struggle. O'Brien was found by some parties and conveyed to Hayes City. Thomas heard of the cripple and reported that if the game was his the sufferer carried his (Thomas) trade mark in his back. On inspection O'Brien's back was found to be pretty well peppered with small shot. Mining law is inexorable. Theft is a crime that must be frowned down. It is a fault that calls for prompt measures in such a community.

O'Brien was given a certain time to vacate the camp, and the unfortunate fellow struck out on crutches before the all-nighter. Naturally the filices of the punishment was deserved, and it will prove a salutary lesson to others.

Very little is being done on the placer claims, although those at work prove that the gold is still there. New placer diggings have been discovered on the North Fork, eight miles from Hayes City. The find was made by a party of Frenchmen in the month of August. The first wash cleaned up 212 of coarse shot gold in nine pans of dirt. The locators have named the place Missoula Gulch, and promise to be as rich as anything heretofore discovered.

On the 14th and 15th of this month two quartz ledges were struck on Prichard creek, one five and one-half miles and the other seven miles from the town, both veins showing rich indications. On the 16th Mr. Hayes noticed a flock of prairie chickens over the place and light on the mountain side but a short distance from his house. He took his gun and started after the birds. About two hundred yards from the house, on the hill-side, his eye caught a promising looking outcropping. He at once lost all interest in the game and proceeded to investigate the rock. The result is that he struck a fine ledge of gold bearing quartz. He showed us several specimens, and the rock is free from millstone grit, and the gold can be seen in the decomposed portions of the specimens in considerable quantities.

Mr. Hayes was offered \$5,000 for the claim on the spot but refused it. There are a number of men in the mountains buying placer and quartz claims, and are paying big money for the same.

The result will be just as we predicted, when the mines were first discovered. We then claimed that quartz ledges would certainly be found, and quartz mining would prove the best way to get rich. While we never doubted the richness of the placer diggings yet it stood to reason that the surface mining would eventually be a source of revenue for years to come. From the nature of the specimens, the rock is free from millstone grit, and the gold can be seen in the decomposed portions of the specimens in considerable quantities.

Monday evening our attention was attracted to two of the miners' lanterns out. In one instance the threatened danger was in the midst of a number of large frame buildings in the center of the city, which had a fire started, nothing could have prevented a big slice of the city from being wiped out. While no alarm was created, in fact only one or two persons noticed the fire, yet the danger was none the less evident. It would be well if our people exercised some care about their properties. We never saw a community where so little interest is taken in self-protection against an insidious monster that is bound to force its undesirable presence upon a town, no matter how small or well guarded, sooner or later. People seem to be perfectly indifferent to this one subject. Not that they have not had experience enough already. On the contrary, on at least two occasions they have been compelled to stand idly by and see property go up in smoke before their eyes without the power or means to avert the spread of the flame, or save the buildings in which the fire originated. There is not a city on the coast so utterly unprotected. The only thing with the semblance of a fire department are a few ladders. There is no organization whatever. Few people even know where the ladders are stored, and even if they did, what use under heaven is a ladder without an engine, without a bucket, and utterly without water. It is pretty well assured that Spokane will have water works some time next summer, but in the meantime what is to be done for protection. Many valuable buildings have been added to the city this year, and should some of these be destroyed merely because there is no measure in existence to fight fire, the loss to the city would be incalculable. If we cannot have an engine and the necessary paraphernalia at least let the citizens go to work, organize a company and establish a bucket brigade. Then let every man know just what he is expected to do in case of a fire, and with this well assured that Spokane will have water works some time next summer, but in the meantime what is to be done for protection. Many valuable buildings have been added to the city this year, and should some of these be destroyed merely because there is no measure in existence to fight fire, the loss to the city would be incalculable. If we cannot have an engine and the necessary paraphernalia at least let the citizens go to work, organize a company and establish a bucket brigade. Then let every man know just what he is expected to do in case of a fire, and with this well assured that Spokane will have water works some time next summer, but in the meantime what is to be done for protection. Many valuable buildings have been added to the city this year, and should some of these be destroyed merely because there is no measure in existence to fight fire, the loss to the city would be incalculable. If we cannot have an engine and the necessary paraphernalia at least let the citizens go to work, organize a company and establish a bucket brigade. Then let every man know just what he is expected to do in case of a fire, and with this well assured that Spokane will have water works some time next summer, but in the meantime what is to be done for protection. Many valuable buildings have been added to the city this year, and should some of these be destroyed merely because there is no measure in existence to fight fire, the loss to the city would be incalculable. If we cannot have an engine and the necessary paraphernalia at least let the citizens go to work, organize a company and establish a bucket brigade. Then let every man know just what he is expected to do in case of a fire, and with this well assured that Spokane will have water works some time next summer, but in the meantime what is to be done for protection. Many valuable buildings have been added to the city this year, and should some of these be destroyed merely because there is no measure in existence to fight fire, the loss to the city would be incalculable. If we cannot have an engine and the necessary paraphernalia at least let the citizens go to work, organize a company and establish a bucket brigade. Then let every man know just what

