

THE STRANGE STORY OF JAMES MOORE, DRUGGIST.

“O earth, so full of dreary noise!
O men with wailing in your voice!
O delved gold the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o’er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And ‘giveth His beloved sleep.’”

—*Elizabeth Browning.*

THE early servants of the Hudson’s Bay Company resided behind the palisades and within the fort, or clustered in one-story cabins of hewn logs, white-washed inside and out, and built without the slightest regard to architectural effect or sanitation. The men who came here in pursuit of gold in 1858 erected their places of business along the line of Yates and Wharf Streets, and disposed of their goods on a strictly cash basis. The thoroughfares, which were wagon tracks in summer, in winter became quagmires in which horses and drays often stuck and men sank to their knees. The navigation of what are now our chief business streets forty-five years ago required a man who was able to “take the sun,” as they say at sea, to cross them dry-shod and mud-free. Above Broad Street, as