

Oregon, Washington and Alaska; Sights and Scenes for the Tourist eBook

Oregon, Washington and Alaska; Sights and Scenes for the Tourist

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Contents

Oregon, Washington and Alaska; Sights and Scenes for the Tourist eBook.....	1
Contents.....	2
Table of Contents.....	5
Page 1.....	6
Page 2.....	8
Page 3.....	10
Page 4.....	12
Page 5.....	14
Page 6.....	16
Page 7.....	17
Page 8.....	19
Page 9.....	20
Page 10.....	21
Page 11.....	22
Page 12.....	23
Page 13.....	24
Page 14.....	25
Page 15.....	27
Page 16.....	29
Page 17.....	31
Page 18.....	32
Page 19.....	33
Page 20.....	34
Page 21.....	35
Page 22.....	36

Page 23.....	37
Page 24.....	39
Page 25.....	40
Page 26.....	41
Page 27.....	43
Page 28.....	45
Page 29.....	47
Page 30.....	49
Page 31.....	50
Page 32.....	51
Page 33.....	53
Page 34.....	54
Page 35.....	55
Page 36.....	56
Page 37.....	58
Page 38.....	59
Page 39.....	61
Page 40.....	63
Page 41.....	64
Page 42.....	66
Page 43.....	68
Page 44.....	70
Page 45.....	72
Page 46.....	74
Page 47.....	76
Page 48.....	77



<u>Page 49.....</u>	<u>79</u>
<u>Page 50.....</u>	<u>81</u>

Table of Contents

Table of Contents	
Section	Page
Start of eBook	1
OREGON, WASHINGTON AND ALASKA.	1
LIST OF AGENTS.	1
PULLMAN'S PALACE CAR COMPANY	3
PULLMAN DINING CARS	5
PORTLAND	5
WASHINGTON	16
SPOKANE FALLS	25
THE COEUR D'ALENE MINES	26
THE GRAVES	32
THE SEAL FISHERIES	39
	43
	44
Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg-tm	48
	48



Page 1

OREGON, WASHINGTON AND ALASKA.

SIGHTS AND SCENES FOR THE TOURIST.

By E.L. Lomax, General Passenger Agent,
Union Pacific System.
Omaha, Neb.

1890

[Illustration: Oregon, Washington and Alaska. Sights and Scenes for the Tourist.]

[Illustration: Union Pacific Overland. Sights and Scenes in Oregon, Washington and Alaska for Tourists. Compliments of the Passenger Department, Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.]

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Page 4

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Page 5

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* * * * *

Sights and scenes in Oregon, Washington and Alaska.

Oregon is a word derived from the Spanish, and means "wild thyme," the early explorers finding that herb growing there in great profusion. So far as we have any record Oregon seems to have been first visited by white men in 1775; Captain Cook coasted down its shores in 1778. Captain Gray, commanding the ship "Columbia," of Boston, Mass., discovered the noble river in 1791, which he named after his ship. Astoria was founded in 1811; immigration was in full tide in 1839; Territorial organization was effected in 1848, and Oregon became a State on 14th February, 1859. It has an area of 96,000 square miles, and is 350 miles long by 275 miles wide. There are 50,000,000 acres of arable and grazing land, and 10,000,000 acres of forest in the State.

The Union Pacific Railway will sell at greatly reduced rates a series of excursion tickets called "Columbia Tours," using Portland as a central point. Stop-over privileges will be given within the limitation of the tickets.

First Columbia Tour: Portland to "The Dalles," by rail, and return by river.

Second Columbia Tour: Portland to Astoria, Ilwaco, and Clatsop Beach, and return by river.

Third Columbia Tour: Portland to Port Townsend, Seattle, and Tacoma by boat and return.

Fourth Columbia Tour: Portland to Alaska and return.

Fifth Columbia Tour: Portland to San Francisco by boat.

PORTLAND

Is a very beautiful city of 60,000 inhabitants, and situated on the Willamette river twelve miles from its junction with the Columbia. It is perhaps true of many of the growing cities of the West, that they do not offer the same social advantages as the older cities of the East. But this is principally the case as to what may be called boom cities, where the larger part of the population is of that floating class which follows in the line of temporary growth for the purposes of speculation, and in no sense applies

Page 6

to those centers of trade whose prosperity is based on the solid foundation of legitimate business. As the metropolis of a vast section of country, having broad agricultural valleys filled with improved farms, surrounded by mountains rich in mineral wealth, and boundless forests of as fine timber as the world produces, the cause of Portland's growth and prosperity is the trade which it has as the center of collection and distribution of this great wealth of natural resources, and it has attracted, not the boomer and speculator, who find their profits in the wild excitement of the boom, but the merchant, manufacturer, and investor, who seek the surer if slower channels of legitimate business and investment. These have come from the East, most of them within the last few years. They came as seeking a better and wider field to engage in the same occupations they had followed in their Eastern homes, and bringing with them all the love of polite life which they had acquired there, have established here a new society, equaling in all respects that which they left behind. Here are as fine churches, as complete a system of schools, as fine residences, as great a love of music and art, as can be found at any city of the East of equal size.

[Illustration: *Portland, ore.* On the Union Pacific Ry.]

But while Portland may justly claim to be the peer of any city of its size in the United States in all that pertains to social life, in the attractions of beauty of location and surroundings it stands without its peer. The work of art is but the copy of nature. What the residents of other cities see but in the copy, or must travel half the world over to see in the original, the resident of Portland has at his very door.

The city is situate on gently-sloping ground, with, on the one side, the river, and on the other a range of hills, which, within easy walking distance, rise to an elevation of a thousand feet above the river, affording a most picturesque building site. From the very streets of the thickly settled portion of the city, the Cascade Mountains, with the snow-capped peaks of Hood, Adams, St. Helens, and Rainier, are in plain view. As the hills to the west are ascended the view broadens, until, from the extreme top of some of the higher points, there is, to the east, the valley stretching away to the Cascade Mountains, with its rivers, the Columbia and Willamette; in the foreground Portland, in the middle distance Vancouver, and, bounding the horizon, the Cascade Mountains, with their snow-clad peaks, and the gorge of the Columbia in plain sight, whilst away to the north the course of the Columbia may be followed for miles. To the west, from the foot of the hills, the valley of the Tualatin stretches away twenty odd miles to the Coast Range, which alone shuts out the view of the Pacific Ocean and bounds the horizon on the west. To the glaciers of Mt. Hood is but little more than a day's travel. The gorge of the Columbia,

Page 7

which in many respects equals, and in others surpasses the far-famed Yosemite, may be visited in the compass of a day. The Upper Willamette, within the limits of a few hours' trip, offers beauties equaling the Rhine, whilst thirty-six hours gives the Lower Columbia, beside which the Rhine and Hudson sink into insignificance. In short, within a few hours' walk of the heart of this busy city are beauties surpassing the White Mountains or Adirondacks, and the grandeur of the Alps lies within the limits of a day's picnicking.

There is no better guarantee of the advantageous position of Portland than the wealth which has accumulated here in the short period which has elapsed since the city first sprang into existence. Theory is all very well, but the actual proof is in the result. At the taking of the census of 1880, Portland was the third wealthiest city in the world in proportion to population; since that date wealth has accumulated at an unprecedented rate, and it is probable it is to-day the wealthiest. Among all her wealthy men, not one can be singled out who did not make his money here, who did not come here poor to grow rich.

Portland enjoys superb advantages as a starting-point for tourist travel. After the traveler has enjoyed the numerous attractions of that wealthy city, traversed its beautiful avenues, viewed a strikingly noble landscape from "The Heights," and explored those charming environs which extend for miles up and down the Willamette, there remains perhaps the most invigorating and healthful trip of all—a journey either by

Stream, sound, or sea.

There must ever remain in the mind of the tourist a peculiarly delightful recollection of a day on the majestic Columbia River, the all too short run across that glorious sheet of water, Puget Sound, or the fifty hours' luxurious voyage on the Pacific Ocean, from Portland to San Francisco.

Beginning first with the Columbia River, the traveler will find solid comfort on any one of the boats belonging to the Union Pacific Railway fleet. This River Division is separated into three subdivisions: the Lower Columbia from Portland to Astoria, the Middle Columbia from Portland to Cascade Locks, and the Upper Columbia from the Cascades to The Dalles.

* * * * *

The upper Columbia.

First Tour.—Passengers will remember that, arriving at The Dalles, on the Union Pacific Railway, they have the option of proceeding into Portland either by rail or river, and their ticket is available for either route.

[Illustration: *A Glimpse of Mount Adams, Washington.* As seen from the Union Pacific Ry.]

Page 8

The river trip will be found a very pleasant diversion after the long railway ride, and a day's sail down the majestic Columbia is a memory-picture which lasts a life-time. It is eighty-eight miles by rail to Portland, the train skirting the river bank up to within a few miles of the city. By river, it is forty-five miles to the Upper Cascades, then a six-mile portage via narrow-gauge railway, then sixty miles by steamer again to Portland. The boat leaves The Dalles at about 7 in the morning, and reaches Portland at 6 in the evening. The accommodations on these boats are first-class in every respect; good table, neat staterooms, and courteous attendants.

This tour is planned for those who may wish to start from Portland by the Union Pacific Railway. Take the evening train from Portland to The Dalles. Arriving at The Dalles, walk down to the boat, which lies only a few yards down stream from the station. Sleep on board, so that you may be ready early in the morning for the stately panorama of the river. Another plan is to give a day to the interesting country in the near vicinity. The Dalles proper of the Columbia begin at Celilo, fourteen miles above this point, and are simply a succession of rapids, until, nearing The Dalles Station, the stream for two and a half miles narrows down between walls of basaltic rock 130 feet across. In the flood-tides of the spring the water in this chasm has risen 126 feet. The word "Dalles" is rather misleading. The word is French, "dalle," and means, variously, "a plate," "a flagstone," "a slab," alluding to the oval or square shaped stones which abound in the river bed and the valley above. But the early French hunters and trappers called a chasm or a defile or gorge, "dalles," meaning in their vernacular "a trough"—and "Dalles" it has remained. There is a quaint Indian legend connected with the spot which may interest the curious, and it runs something on this wise, Clark's Fork and the Snake river, it will be remembered, unite at Ainsworth to form the Columbia. It flows furiously for a hundred miles and more westward, and when it reaches the outlying ridges of the Cascade chain it finds an immense low surface paved with enormous sheets of basaltic rock. But here is the legend:

The legend of the dalles.

In the very ancient far-away times the sole and only inhabitants of the world were fiends, and very highly uncivilized fiends at that. The whole Northwest was then one of the centres of volcanic action. The craters of the Cascades were fire breathers and fountains of liquid flame. It was an extremely fiendish country, and naturally the inhabitants fought like devils. Where the great plains of the Upper Columbia now spread was a vast inland sea, which beat against a rampart of hills to the east of The Dalles. And the great weapon of the fiends in warfare was their tails, which were of prodigious size and terrible strength. Now, the wisest, strongest, and most

Page 9

subtle fiend of the entire crew was one fiend called the “Devil.” He was a thoughtful person and viewed with alarm the ever increasing tendency among his neighbors toward fighting and general wickedness. The whole tribe met every summer to have a tournament after their fashion, and at one of these reunions the Devil arose and made a pacific speech. He took occasion to enlarge on the evils of constant warfare, and suggested that a general reconciliation take place and that they all live in peace. The astonished fiends could not understand any such unwarlike procedure from *him*, and with one accord, suspecting treachery, made straight at the intended reformer, who, of course, took to his heels. The fiends pressed him hard as he sped over the plains of The Dalles, and as he neared the defile he struck a Titanic blow with his tail on the pavement—and a chasm opened up through the valley, and down rushed the waters of the inland sea. But a battalion of the fiends still pursued him, and again he smote with his tail and more strongly, and a vaster cleft went up and down the valley, and a more terrific torrent swept along. The leading fiends took the leap, but many fell into the chasm—and still the Devil was sorely pursued. He had just time to rap once more and with all the vigor of a despairing tail. And this time he was safe. A third crevice, twice the width of the second, split the rocks, riving a deeper cleft in the mountain that held back the inland sea, making a gorge through the majestic chain of the Cascades and opening a way for the torrent oceanward. It was the crack of doom for the fiends. Essaying the leap, they fell far short of the edge, where the Devil lay panting. Down they fell and were swept away by the flood; so the whole race of fiends perished from the face of the earth. But the Devil was in sorry case. His tail was unutterably dislocated by his last blow; so, leaping across the chasm he had made, he went home to rear his family thoughtfully. There were no more antagonists; so, perhaps, after all, tails were useless. Every year he brought his children to The Dalles and told them the terrible history of his escape. And after a time the fires of the Cascades burned away; the inland sea was drained and its bed became a fair and habitable land, and still the waters gushed through the narrow crevices roaring seaward. But the Devil had one sorrow. All his children born before the catastrophe were crabbed, unregenerate, stiff-tailed fiends. After that event every new-born imp wore a flaccid, invertebrate, despondent tail—the very last insignium of ignobility. So runs the legend of The Dalles—a shining lesson to reformers.

Page 10

Leaving The Dalles in the morning, a splendid panorama begins to unfold on this lordly stream—"Achilles of rivers," as Winthrop called it. It is difficult to describe the charm of this trip. Residents of the East pronounce it superior to the Hudson, and travelers assert there is nothing like it in the Old World. It is simply delicious to those escaped from the heat and dust of their far-off homes to embark on this noble stream and steam smoothly down past frowning headlands and "rocks with carved imageries," bluffs lined with pine trees, vivid green, past islands and falls, and distant views of snowy peaks. There is no trip like it on the coast, and for a river excursion there is not its equal in the United States.

The Isle of the dead.

Twelve miles below "The Dalles" there is a lonely, rugged island anchored amid stream. It is bare, save for a white monument which rises from its rocky breast. No living thing, no vestige of verdure, or tree, or shrub, appears. And Captain McNulty, as he stood at the wheel and steadied the "Queen," said:

"That monument? It's Victor Trevet's. Of course you never heard of him, but he was a great man, all the same, here in Oregon in the old times. Queer he was, and no mistake. Member of one of the early legislatures; sort of a general peacemaker; everybody went to him with their troubles, and when he said a lawsuit didn't go, it didn't, and he always stuck up for the Indians, and always called his own kind 'dirty mean whites.' I used to think that was put on, and maybe it was, but anyhow that's the way he used to talk. And a hundred times he has said to me, 'John, when I die, I want to be buried on Memaloose Isle.' That's the 'Isle of the Dead,' which we just passed, and has been from times away back the burial place of the Chinook Indians. It's just full of 'em. And I says to him, 'Now, Vic., it's fame your after.' 'John,' says he, 'I'll tell you: I'm not indifferent to glory; and there's many a big gun laid away in the cemetery that people forget in a year, and his grave's never visited after a few turns of the wheel; but if I rest on Memaloose Isle, I'll not be forgotten while people travel this river. And another thing: You know, John, the dirty, mean whites stole the Indian's burial ground and built Portland there. Everyday the papers have an account of Mr. Bigbug's proposed palace, and how Indian bones were turned up in the excavation. I won't be buried alongside any such dirty, mean thieves. And I'll tell you further, John, that it may be if I am laid away among the Indians, when the Great Day comes I can slip in kind of easy. They ain't going to have any such a hard time as the dirty whites will have, and maybe I won't be noticed, and can just slide in quiet along with their crowd.'

Page 11

"And I tell you," said the honest Captain, as he swung the "Queen" around a sharp headland, and the monument and island vanished, "he has got his wish. He don't lay among the whites, and there isn't a day in summer when the name of Vic. Trevet ain't mentioned, either on yon train or on a boat, just as I am telling it to you now. When he died in San Francisco five years ago, some of his old friends had him brought back to 'The Dalles,' and one lovely Sunday (being an off day) we buried him on Memaloose Isle, and then we put up the monument. His earthly immortality is safe and sure, for that stone will stand as long as the island stays. She's eight feet square at the base, built of the native rock right on the island, then three feet of granite, then a ten-foot column. It cost us \$1,500, and Vic. is bricked up in a vault underneath. Yes, sir, he's there for sure till resurrection day. Queer idea? Why, blame it all, if he thought he could get in along with the Chinooks it's all right, ain't it? Don't want a man to lose any chances, do you?"

[Illustration: *Multnomah falls, Columbia river, ore. On the Union Pacific Ry.*]

So much has been said of this mighty river that the preconceived idea of the tourist is of a surging flood of unknown depth rushing like a mountain torrent. The plain facts are that the Lower Columbia is rather a placid stream, with a sluggish current, and the channel shoals up to eight feet, then falling to twelve, fifteen and seventeen feet, and suddenly dropping to 100 feet of water and over. In the spring months it will rise from twenty-five to forty feet, leaving driftwood high up among the trees on the banks. The tide ebbs and flows at Portland from eighteen inches to three feet, according to season, and this tidal influence is felt, in high water, as far up as the Cascades. It is fifty miles of glorious beauty from "The Dalles" to the Cascades. Here we leave the steamer and take a narrow-gauge railway for six miles around the magnificent rapids. At the foot of the Cascades we board a twin boat, fitted up with equal taste and comfort.

The middle Columbia.

Swinging once more down stream we pass hundreds of charming spots, sixty miles of changeable beauty all the way to Portland; Multnomah Falls, a filmy veil of water falling 720 feet into a basin on the hillside and then 130 feet to the river; past the rocky walls of Cape Horn, towering up a thousand feet; past that curious freak of nature, Rooster Rock, and the palisades; past Fort Vancouver, where Grant and Sheridan were once stationed, and just at sunset leaving the Columbia, which by this time has broadened into noble dimensions, we ascend the Willamette twelve miles to Portland. And the memory of that day's journey down the lordly river will remain a gracious possession for years to come.

The legend of the Cascades.

Page 12

There is a quaint Indian legend concerning the Cascades to the effect that away back in the forgotten times there was a natural bridge across the river—the water flowing under one arch. The Great Spirit had made this bridge very beautiful for his red children; it was firm, solid earth, and covered with trees and grass. The two great giants who sat always glowering at each other from far away (Mount Adams and Mount Hood) quarreled terribly once on a time, and the sky grew black with their smoke and the earth trembled with their roaring. And in their rage and fury they began to throw great stones and huge mountain boulders at one another. This great battle lasted for days, and when the smoke and the thunderings had passed away and the sun shone peacefully again, the people came back once more. But there was no bridge there. Pieces of rock made small islands above the lost bridge, but below that the river fretted and shouted and plunged over jagged and twisted boulders for miles down the stream, throwing the spray high in air, madly spending its strength in treacherous whirlpools and deep seductive currents—ever after to be wrathful, complaining, dangerous. The stoutest warrior could not live in that terrible torrent. So the beautiful bridge was lost, destroyed in this Titan battle, but far down in the water could be seen many of the stately trees which the Great Spirit caused to remain there as a token of the bridge. These he turned to stone, and they are there even unto this day. The theory of the scientists, of course, runs counter to the pretty legend. Science usually does destroy poetry, and they tell us that a part of the mountain slid into the river, thus accounting for the remnant of a forest down in the deep water. Moreover, pieces which have been recovered show the wood to be live timber, and not petrified, as the poetic fiction has it. The Columbia has not changed in the centuries, but flows in the same channel here as when in the remote ages the lava, overflowing, cut out a course and left its pathway clear for all time. Below the lower Cascades a sea-coral formation is found, grayish in color and not very pretty, but showing conclusively its sea formation. Sandstone is also at times uncovered, showing that this was made by sea deposit before the lava flowed down upon it. This Oregon country is said to be the largest lava district in the world. The basaltic formations in the volcanic lands of Sicily and Italy are famous for their richness, and Oregon holds out the same promise for agriculture. The lava formation runs from Portland to Spokane Falls, as far north as Tacoma, and south as far as Snake river—all basaltic formation overlaid with an incomparably rich soil.

[Illustration: *Bridal veil falls, Columbia river, ore.* On the Union Pacific Ry.]

Page 13

The trip from Portland by rail to "The Dalles," if the tourist should chance not to arrive in Portland by the Union Pacific line from the east, will be found charming. It is eighty-eight miles distant. Multnomah Falls is reached in thirty-two miles; Bonneville, forty-one miles, at the foot of the Cascades; five miles farther is the stupendous government lock now in process of building around the rapids; Hood river, sixty-six miles, where tourists leave for the ascent of Mount Hood. It is about forty miles through a picturesque region to the base of the mountain. Then from Hood river, an ice-cold stream, twenty-two miles into "The Dalles," where the steamer may be taken for the return trip. In this eighty-eight miles from Portland to "The Dalles" there are twelve miles of trestles and bridges. The railway follows the Columbia's brink the entire distance to within a few miles of the city. The scenery is impressively grand; the bluffs, if they may be so called, are bold promontories attaining majestic heights. One timber chute, where the logs come whizzing into the river with the velocity of a cannon-ball, is 3,328 feet long, and it is claimed a log makes the trip in twenty seconds.

The lower Columbia.

Second Tour.—While the Upper Columbia abounds in scenery of wild and picturesque beauty, the tourist must by no means neglect a trip down the lower river from Portland to Astoria and Ilwaco, and return. The facilities now offered by the Union Pacific in its splendid fleet of steamers render this a delightful excursion. On a clear day, one may enjoy at the junction of the Willamette with the Columbia a very wonderful sight—five mountain peaks are on view: St. Helens, Mt. Jefferson, Mt. Adams, Mt. Hood, and Mt. Rainier. St. Helens, queen of the Cascade Range, a fair and graceful cone. Exquisite mantling snows sweep along her shoulders toward the bristling pines. Not far from her base, the Columbia crashes through the mountains in a magnificent chasm, and Mt. Hood, the vigorous prince of the range, rises in a keen pyramid some 12,000 feet. Small villages and landing-places line the shores, almost too numerous to mention. There are, of the more important, St. Johns, St. Helens, Columbia City, Kalama, Rainier, Westport, Cathlamet, Knappa, and Astoria at the mouth, a busy place of 6,000 people. Salmon canneries there are without number. It is about 98 miles by the chart from Portland to Astoria. Across the bay is the pretty town of Ilwaco. Ft. Canby and Cape Disappointment look across to Ft. Stevens and Point Adams. From Astoria, one may drive eighteen miles to Clatsop Beach, famous for its clams, crab, and trout, and Ben Holliday's hotel. But the fullest enjoyment is obtained by making a round trip, including a lay-over at Ilwaco all night, and returning to Portland next day, and sleeping on board the boat. A railway runs from the town to the outside beach, a mile and a half distant. There is a drive twenty-five miles long up this long beach to Shoal Water Bay, which is beautiful beyond description. This district is the great supply point for oysters, heavy shipments being made as far south as San Francisco. Sea bathing, both here and at Clatsop Beach, is very fine.

Page 14

The boats of the Union Pacific Ry. on the Columbia leave nothing to be desired. The "T.J. Potter," a magnificent side-wheel steamer, made her first trip in July, 1888. She is 235 feet long, 35 feet beam, and 10 feet hold, with a capacity of 600 passengers. The saloon and state-rooms are fitted with every convenience, and handsomely decorated. The "Potter" was built entirely in Portland, and the citizens naturally take great pride in the superb vessel. In August, 1888, this steamer made the run from her berth at Portland to the landing stage at Astoria in five hours and thirty-one minutes. Then there are two night passenger boats from Portland down, the "R.R. Thompson" and the "S.G. Reed," both stern-wheelers of large size, spacious, roomy boats, well appointed in every particular. The Thompson is 215 feet long, 38 feet beam, and 1,158 tons measurement. In addition to these, there are two day mail passenger and freight boats; they handle the way traffic; the larger boats above mentioned make the run direct from Portland to Astoria without any landings.

Some random notes.

A mistaken idea has possessed many tourists that the Puget Sound steamers start from Portland; they leave Tacoma for all points on the Sound, and Tacoma is about 150 miles by rail from Portland.

One steamer sails every twelfth day from Portland to Seattle.

One steamer per month leaves Portland for Alaska, but she touches at Port Townsend before proceeding north.

One steamship leaves Tacoma for Alaska during the season of 1890, about every fifteen days, from June to September.

The Ocean steamers sail every fourth day from Portland to San Francisco.

There are semi-weekly boats between Portland and Corvallis, and tri-weekly between Portland and Salem.

On the Sound there are three boats each way, daily (except Sunday), between Tacoma and Seattle; one boat each way, daily (except Sunday), between Tacoma and Victoria; one boat each way, daily (except Sunday), between Seattle and Whatcom, and one boat, daily (except Sunday), between Whatcom and Seminahmoo.

Only one class of tickets is sold on the River and Sound boats; on the Ocean steamers there are two classes: cabin and steerage. The steerage passengers on the Ocean steamers have a dining-room separate from the first-class passengers—on the lower deck—and are given abundance of wholesome food, tea and coffee.



On River and Sound boats, a ticket does not include meals and berths, but it does on the ocean voyage, or the Alaska trip. The usual price for meals is 50 cents, and they will be found uniformly excellent. Breakfast, lunch, and a 6 o'clock dinner are served.

The price of berths on these boats runs from 50 cents for a single berth to \$3 per day for the bridal chamber.

No liquors of any kind are kept on sale on any River or Sound steamer, but a small stock of the best brands will be found on the Ocean steamers.

Page 15

State-rooms on the River and Sound steamers are provided with one double lower and one single upper berth.

Passengers can, if they choose, purchase the full accommodation of a state-room.

The steerage capacity of each of the three Ocean steamers is about 300.

The diagram of the Ocean steamers and the night boats to Astoria can always be found at the Union Ticket Office of the Union Pacific Railway in Portland, corner First and Oak Streets.

Tourists receive more than an ordinary amount of attention on these steamers, more than is possible to pay them on a railway train. The pursers will be found polite and obliging, always ready to point out places of interest and render those little attentions which go so far toward making travel pleasant.

On River and Sound boats, the forward cabin is generally the smoking-room, the cabin amidships is used for a "Social Hall," and the "After Saloon" is always the ladies' cabin.

All Union Pacific steamers in the Ocean service are heated with steam and lighted with electricity; all have pianos and a well-selected library. The beds on these boats are well-nigh perfect, woven-wire springs and heavy mattresses. They are kept scrupulously clean—the company is noted for that—and the steerage is as neat as the main saloon.

One hundred and fifty pounds of baggage is allowed free on board both boats and trains.

Boats leaving terminal points at any time between 10 p.m. and 7 a.m., arrange so that passengers can go on board after 7 p.m. and retire to their state-rooms, thus enjoying an unbroken night's rest.

Sea-sickness is never met with on the Sound, and very rarely on the voyage from Portland to San Francisco. On the Pacific, the ship is never out of sight of land, and the sea is as smooth as a mill-pond.

The heaviest swell encountered is going over the Columbia River Bar. The ocean is uniformly placid during the summer months. The trip, with its freedom from the dust, rush, and roar of a train, and the inexorable restraint one always feels on the cars, is a delightful one, and with larger comforts and more luxurious surroundings, one enjoys the added pleasure of courteous and thoughtful service from the various officers of the ship.

Taking the "Columbia" as a sample of the class of steamships in the Union Pacific fleet, we notice that she is 334 feet long, 2,200 horse-power, nearly 3,000 tonnage, has 65

state-rooms, and can accommodate 200 saloon and 200 steerage passengers. Steam heat and electric light are used. In 1880 the first plant from Edison's factory was put on board the "Columbia," at that time a great curiosity, she being the first ship to use the incandescent light.

[Illustration: *Crater lake, ore.* Reached via the Union Pacific Ry.]

Crater lake.

Page 16

Crater Lake is situated in the northwestern portion of Klamath county, Oregon, and is best reached by leaving the Southern Pacific Railroad at Medford, which is 328 miles south of Portland, and about ninety miles from the lake, which can be reached by a very good wagon road. The lake is about six miles wide by seven miles long, but it is not its size which is its beauty or its attraction. The surface of the water in the lake is 6,251 feet above the level of the sea, and is surrounded by cliffs or walls from 1,000 to over 2,000 feet in height, and which are scantily covered with timber, and which offer at but one point a way of reaching the water. The depth of the water is very great, and it is very transparent, and of a deep blue color. Toward the southwestern portion of the lake is Wizard Island, 845 feet high, circular in shape, and slightly covered with timber. In the top of this island is a depression, or crater—the Witches' Caldron—100 feet deep, and 475 feet in diameter, which was evidently the last smoking chimney of a once mighty volcano, and which is now covered within, as without, with volcanic rocks. North of this island, and on the west side of the lake, is Llao Rock, reaching to a height of 2,000 feet above the water, and so perpendicular that a stone may be dropped from its summit to the waters at its base, nearly one-half mile below.

So far below the surrounding mountains is the surface of the waters in this lake, that the mountain breezes but rarely ripple them; and looking from the surrounding wall, the sky and cliffs are seen mirrored in the glassy surface, and it is with difficulty the eye can distinguish the line where the cliffs leave off and their reflected counterfeits begin.

Oregon National park.

Townships 27, 28, 29, 30, and 31, in Ranges 5 and 6 east of the Willamette meridian, are asked to be set apart as the Oregon National Park. This area contains Crater Lake and its approaches. The citizens of Oregon unanimously petitioned the President for the reservation of this park, and a bill in conformity with the petition passed the United States Senate in February, 1888.

* * * * *

Third Tour.—From Portland to Port Townsend, Seattle, and Tacoma.

WASHINGTON

Is 340 miles long by about 240 wide. The first actual settlement by Americans was made at Tumwater in 1845. Prior to this, the country was known only to trappers and fur traders. Territorial government was organized in 1853, and Washington was admitted as a State, November, 1889. The State is almost inexhaustibly rich in coal and lumber, and has frequently been called the "Pennsylvania of the Pacific Coast." The precious metals are also found in abundance in many districts. The yield of wheat is prodigious. Apples, pears, apricots, plums, prunes, peaches, cherries, grapes, and all



berries flourish in the greatest profusion. Certain it is that there is no other locality where trees bear so early and surely as here, and where the fruit is of greater excellence, and where there are so few drawbacks. At the Centennial Exposition, Washington Territory fruit-tables were the wonder of visitors and an attractive feature of the grand display. This Territory carried off seventeen prizes in a competitive contest where thirty-three States were represented.

Page 17

It is a pleasant journey of 150 miles through the pine forests from Portland to Tacoma. Any one of the splendid steamers of the Union Pacific may be taken for a trip to Victoria. Leaving Tacoma in the morning, we sail over that noble sheet of water, Puget Sound. The hills on either side are darkly green, the Sound widening slowly as we go. Seattle is reached in three hours, a busy town of 35,000 people, full of vim, push, and energy. Twenty million dollars' worth of property went up in flame and smoke in Seattle's great fire of June 6, 1889. The ashes were scarcely cold when her enthusiastic citizens began to build anew, better, stronger, and more beautiful than before. A city of brick, stone, and iron has arisen, monumental evidence of the energy, pluck, and perseverance of the people, and of their fervent faith in the future of Seattle. Then Port Townsend, with its beautiful harbor and gently sloping bluffs, "the city of destiny," beyond all doubt, of any of the towns on the Sound. Favored by nature in many ways, Townsend has the finest roadstead and the best anchorage ground in these waters, and this must tell in the end, when advantages for sea trade are considered. Victoria, B.C., is reached in the evening, and we sleep that night in Her Majesty's dominions. The next day may be spent very pleasantly in driving and walking about the city, a handsome town of 14,000 people.

[Illustration: *Cascades, from the Oregon shore, Columbia river.* On the Union Pacific Ry.]

A thorough system of macadamized roads radiates from Victoria, furnishing about 100 miles of beautiful drives. Many of these drives are lined with very handsome suburban residences, surrounded with lawns and parks. Esquimalt, near Victoria, has a fine harbor. This is the British naval station where several iron-clads are usually stationed. There is also an extensive dry-dock, hewn out of the solid rock, capacious enough to receive large vessels.

In the evening after dinner, one can return to the steamer and take possession of a stateroom, for the boat leaves at four in the morning. When breakfast time comes we are well on our return trip, and moving past Port Townsend again. The majestic straits of Fuca, through which we have passed, are well worth a visit; it is a taste of being at sea without any discomfort, for the water is without a ripple. As we steam homeward there is a vision which has been described for all time by a master hand. "One becomes aware of a vast, white shadow in the water. It is a giant mountain dome of snow in the depths of tranquil blue. The smoky haze of an Oregon August hid all the length of its lesser ridges and left this mighty summit based upon uplifting dimness. Only its splendid snows were visible high in the unearthly regions of clear, noonday sky. Kingly and alone stood this majesty without any visible comrade, though far to the north and south there were isolated sovereigns. This regal gem the Christians have dubbed Mount Rainier, but more melodious is its Indian name, 'Tacoma.'"

Page 18

A legend of Tacoma.

Theodore Winthrop, in his own brilliant way, tells a quaint legend of Tacoma, as related to him by a frowsy Siwash at Nisqually. "Tamanous," among the native Indians of this section, is a vague and half-personified type of the unknown and mysterious forces of Nature. There is the one all-pervading Tamanous, but there are a thousand emanations, each one a tamanous with a small "t." Each Indian has his special tamanous, who thus becomes "the guide, philosopher, and friend" of every Siwash. The tamanous, or totem, types himself as a salmon, a beaver, an elk, a canoe, a fir-tree, and so on indefinitely. In some of its features this legend resembles strongly the immortal story of Rip Van Winkle; it may prove interesting as a study in folk-lore.

"Avarice, O, Boston tyee!" quoth the Siwash, studying me with dusky eyes, "is a mighty passion. Know you that our first circulating medium was shells, a small perforated shell not unlike a very opaque quill toothpick, tapering from the middle, and cut square at both ends. We string it in many strands and hang it around the neck of one we love—namely, each man his own neck. And with this we buy what our hearts desire. Hiaqua, we call it, and he who has most hiaqua is wisest and best of all the dwellers on the Sound.

"Now, in old times there dwelt here an old man, a mighty hunter and fisherman. And he worshipped hiaqua. And always this old man thought deeply and communed with his wisdom, and while he waited for elk or salmon he took advice within himself from his demon—he talked with tamanous. And always his question was, 'How may I put hiaqua in my purse?' But never had Tamanous revealed to him the secret. There loomed Tacoma, so white and glittering that it seemed to stare at him very terribly and mockingly, and to know of his shameful avarice, and how it led him to take from starving women their cherished lip and nose jewels of hiaqua, and give them in return tough scraps of dried elk-meat and salmon. His own peculiar tamanous was the elk. One day he was hunting on the sides of Tacoma, and in that serene silence his tamanous began to talk to his soul. 'Listen!' said tamanous—and then the great secret of untold wealth was revealed to him. He went home and made his preparations, told his old, ill-treated squaw he was going for a long hunt, and started off at eventide. The next night he camped just below the snows of Tacoma, but sunrise and he struck the summit together, for there, tamanous had revealed to him, was hiaqua—hiaqua that should make him the greatest and richest of his tribe. He looked down and saw a hollow covered with snow, save at the centre, where a black lake lay deep in a well of purple rock, and at one end of the lake were three large stones or monuments. Down into the crater sprang the miser, and the morning sunshine followed him. He found the first stone shaped like a salmon head; the second like a kamas

Page 19

root, and the third, to his great joy, was the carved image of an elk's head. This was his own tamanous, and right joyous was he at the omen, so taking his elk-horn pick he began to dig right sturdily at the foot of the monument. At the sound of the very first blow he made, thirteen gigantic otters came out of the black lake and, sitting in a circle, watched him. And at every thirteenth blow they tapped the ground with their tails in concert. The miser heeded them not, but labored lustily for hours. At last, overturning a thin scale of rock, he found a square cavity filled to the brim with hiaqua.

"He was a millionaire.

"The otters retired to a respectful distance, recognizing him as a favorite of Tamanous.

"He reveled in the treasure, exulting. Deep as he could plunge his arm, there was still more hiaqua below. It was strung upon elk sinews, fifty shells on a string. But he saw the noon was passed, so he prepared to depart. He loaded himself with countless strings of hiaqua, by fifties and hundreds, so that he could scarcely stagger along. Not a string did he hang on the tamanous of the elk, or the salmon, or the kamas—not one—but turned eagerly toward his long descent. At once all the otters plunged back into the lake and began to beat the waters with their tails; a thick, black mist began to rise threateningly. Terrible are the storms in the mountains—and Tamanous was in this one. Instantly the fierce whirlwind overtook the miser. He was thrown down and flung over icy banks, but he clung to his precious burden. Utter night was around him, and in every crash and thunder of the gale was a growing undertone which he well knew to be the voice of Tamanous. Floating upon this undertone were sharper tamanous voices, shouting and screaming, always sneeringly, 'Ha, ha, hiaqua!—ha, ha, ha!' Whenever the miser attempted to continue his descent the whirlwind caught him and tossed him hither and thither, flinging him into a pinching crevice, burying him to the eyes in a snow drift, throwing him on jagged boulders, or lacerating him on sharp lava jaws. But he held fast to his hiaqua. The blackness grew ever deeper and more crowded with perdition; the din more impish, demoniac, and devilish; the laughter more appalling; and the miser more and more exhausted with vain buffeting. He at last thought to propitiate exasperated Tamanous, and threw away a string of hiaqua. But the storm was renewed blacker, louder, crueller than before. String by string he parted with his treasure, until at the last, sorely wounded, terrified, and weak, with a despairing cry, he cast from him the last vestige of wealth, and sank down insensible.

[Illustration: *Rooster rock, Columbia river, ore.* On the Union Pacific Ry.]

Page 20

"It seemed a long slumber to him, but at last he woke. He was upon the very spot whence he started at morning. He felt hungry, and made a hearty breakfast of the chestnut-like bulbs of the kamas root, and took a smoke. Reflecting on the events of yesterday, he became aware of an odd change in his condition. He was not bruised and wounded, as he expected, but very stiff only, and his joints creaked like the creak of a lazy paddle on the rim of a canoe. His hair was matted and reached a yard down his back. 'Tamanous,' thought the old man. But chiefly he was conscious of a mental change. He was calm and content. Hiaqua and wealth seemed to have lost their charm for him. Tacoma, shining like gold and silver and precious stones of gayest lustre, seemed a benign comrade and friend. All the outer world was cheerful, and he thought he had never wakened to a fresher morning. He rose and started on his downward way, but the woods seemed strangely transformed since yesterday; just before sunset he came to the prairie where his lodge used to be; he saw an old squaw near the door crooning a song; she was decked with many strings of hiaqua and costly beads. It was his wife; and she told him he had been gone many, many years—she could not tell how many; that she had remained faithful and constant to him, and distracted her mind from the bitterness of sorrow by trading in kamas and magic herbs, and had thus acquired a genteel competence. But little cared the sage for such things; he, was rejoiced to be at home and at peace, and near his own early gains of hiaqua and treasure buried in a place of security. He imparted whatever he possessed—material treasures or stores of wisdom and experience—freely to all the land. Every dweller came to him for advice how to spear the salmon, chase the elk, or propitiate Tamanous. He became the great medicine man of the Siwashes and a benefactor to his tribe and race. Within a year after he came down from his long nap on the side of Tacoma, a child, my father, was born to him. The sage lived many years, revered and beloved, and on his death-bed told this history to my father as a lesson and a warning. My father dying, told it to me. But I, alas! have no son; I grow old, and lest this wisdom perish from the earth, and Tamanous be again obliged to interpose against avarice, I tell the tale to thee, O Boston tyee. Mayst thou and thy nation not disdain this lesson of an earlier age, but profit by it and be wise!"

So far the Siwash recounted his legend without the palisades of Fort Nisqually, and motioning, in expressive pantomime, at the close, that he was dry with big talk and would gladly "wet his whistle."

The town of Tacoma contains about 15,000 inhabitants, and is in a highly prosperous condition. From here one may start on the grand Alaskan tour, winding up through all the wonders of sound and strait, bay and ocean, to the far North summerland—a trip of most entrancing interest. The return from Tacoma to Portland may be made by either rail or boat.

Page 21

So much has already been said in preceding pages about Puget Sound that it would seem the subject might be somewhat overdone. But it still remains to be said that justice can never be done to the scenic glories of this beautiful inland sea. The views from different points, and from almost every point on the Sound, are of sublime grandeur. On the east are the Cascade Mountains, ranging from 5,000 to 14,444 feet in height, Mount Rainier for Tacoma, (as it is also called) being of the latter altitude, and only third in height of the mountains of the United States. On the west are the Olympic Mountains, the highest peaks of which reach up to 8,000 feet. Both ranges, brilliantly snow-crowned, are within view at the same time from various points, and the scenery in its entirety, with its continual changefulness and features of sublimity, can not be excelled. Strangers and travelers who have visited every part of the world never leave the deck of the steamers while going through the waters of the Sound country. In noting a single feature, Mount Rainier, Senator George F. Edmunds wrote as follows: "I have been through the Swiss mountains, and am compelled to own that there is no comparison between the finest effects exhibited there and what is seen in approaching this grand and isolated mountain. I would be willing to go 500 miles again to see that scene. The Continent is yet in ignorance of what will be one of the grandest show places, as well as sanitariums. If Switzerland is rightly called the play-ground of Europe, I am satisfied that around the base of Mt. Rainier will become a prominent place of resort, not for America only, but for the world besides, with thousands of sites for building purposes that are nowhere excelled for the grandeur of the view that can be obtained from them, with topographical features that would make the most perfect system of drainage both possible and easy, and with a most agreeable and health-giving climate."

A more enthusiastic writer says: "Puget Sound scenery is the grandest scenery in the world. One has here in combination the sublimity of Switzerland, the picturesqueness of the Rhine, the rugged beauty of Norway, the breezy variety of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, or the Hebrides of the North Sea, the soft, rich-toned skies of Italy, the pastoral landscape of England, with velvet meadows and magnificent groves, massed with floral bloom, and the blending tints and bold color of the New England Indian summer. Features with which nothing within the vision of another city can be placed in comparison are the Olympic range of mountains in front of Seattle, and the sublime snow peaks of the Rainier, Baker, Adams, and St. Helens, with their glaciers and robes of eternal white, and the great falls of the Snoqualmie, 280 feet high, near by."

[Illustration: *Mount st. Helens, Washington, from near mouth of the Willamette river. Reached via the Union Pacific Ry.*]

Page 22

The geography and topography of this sheet are alone a wonder and a study. Glance upon the map. The elements of earth and water seem to have struggled for dominion one over the other. The Strait of Juan de Fuca and the Gulf of Georgia to the south narrow into Admiralty Inlet; the inlet penetrates the very heart of the Territory, cutting the land into most grotesque shapes, circling and twisting into a hundred minor inlets, into which flow a hundred rivers, fed in their turn by myriads of smaller creeks and bayous—a veritable network of lakes, streams, peninsulas, and islands which, with the mountain ranges backing the landscapes on either hand, can not fail to be picturesque in the extreme. Here on the placid bosom of this inland sea, the pleasure seeker can enjoy all the delights and exhilarating influences of ocean travel without its inconveniences. No sea sickness, no proneness to reflect on “to be or not to be,” but, amid the bracing breezes, the steady, easy glide of the commodious steamer over pleasant waters, takes him through scenes as fair as the poet’s brightest dreams. This “Mediterranean of the Pacific” throughout its length and breadth is adorned with heavily-wooded and fantastically-formed islands. The giant firs are the tallest and straightest in the world. Here the “Great Eastern” came for her masts, and here thousands of ships obtain their spars yearly.

To repeat, the scenery is indeed something unsurpassed. A ride over these placid waters, in and out, around rocky headlands, among woody mountains, along beautiful beaches and graceful tongues of velvety meadows—all ’neath the shadows of towering, snow-clad peaks, is a delight worth days of travel to experience. It enraptures the artist and enthuses even ordinarily prosy folks. There is no single feature wanting to make of such places as Tacoma, Seattle, and Port Townsend, the most delightful and agreeable watering places in the world. Surrounded by magnificent and picturesque scenery, with beautiful drives and lovely bays for yachting purposes, with splendid fishing and sport of every description to be had, with a climate that would charm a misanthrope, why should they not become the favorite resorts on the Great West Coast? These facts led to the building of the magnificent Hotel Tacoma, at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars. Other such caravansaries will follow, and in time Puget Sound will be famous the world over for its incomparable attractions for the health and pleasure seeker.

The average traveler has but a faint idea of the wonderful resources of this grand empire. Puget Sound has about 1,800 miles of shore line, and all along this long stretch is one vast and almost unbroken forest of enormous trees. The forests are so vast that, although the saw-mills have been ripping 500,000,000 feet of lumber out of them every year for the past ten years, the spaces made by these inroads seem no more than garden patches. An official estimate places the amount of standing timber in that area at 500,000,000,000 feet, or a thousand years’ supply, even at the enormous rate the timber is now being felled and sawed.

Page 23

In the vicinity of Olympia, the capital of Washington, are a number of popular resorts for sportsmen and campers—beautiful lakes filled with voracious trout, and streams alive with the speckled mountain beauties. The forests abound in bear and deer, while grouse, pheasants, quail, and water-fowl afford fine sport to the hunter of small game.

The new empire of eastern Washington.

The recent extensions of the Union Pacific System have aided in the most important way the development of the richest and most fertile lands of Eastern Washington. The great plains of the Upper Columbia, stretching from the river away to the far north, are incomparably rich, the soil of great depth and wondrous fertility, rainless harvests, and a luxuriance of farm and garden produce which is almost tropical in its wealth. This favored region has been for years known as the

Palouse country,

And is reached from Portland via Pendleton, on the main line of the Union Pacific Ry. From Pendleton to Spokane Falls on the north the soil is rich beyond belief; a black, loamy deposit so deep that it seems well-nigh inexhaustible. This heavy soil predominates in the valleys, and while the uplands are not so rich, still immense crops of wheat are raised. For hundreds of miles on this new division of the Union Pacific the country is a perfect garden land of wheat and fruit, and these farms are often of mammoth proportions. Here are 13,000,000 acres of land possessing all the requirements and advantages of climate and soil for the making of one vast wheat-field. The enormous yield of 7,000,000 bushels of wheat has been harvested in one valley.

The authentic figures of the crop yield in this splendid country seem almost incredible. Fifty thousand bushels of wheat have been raised on 1,000 acres of land. As low as 35 bushels and as high as 74-1/4 bushels of wheat to the acre have been harvested in this section. The average covered seems to be from 47 to 55 bushels per acre, and no fertilizers of any sort being required. The berry in its full maturity is very solid, weighing from 65 to 69 pounds per bushel, this being from five to nine pounds over standard weight. While wheat is the staple product, oats are also grown, the yield being very heavy. Rye, barley, and flax are also successfully cultivated. Clover, bunch-grass, and alfalfa grow finely.

In the growing of fruits and vegetables this grand empire of Eastern Washington is quite unsurpassed. At one of the recent agricultural fairs a farmer exhibited 109 varieties of fruits, vegetables, and cereals. These included the best qualities of Yellow Nansemond sweet potatoes, mammoth melons of all varieties, eggplant, sorghum and syrup cane, broom-corn, tobacco, grapes, cotton, peanuts, and many other things, some of which do not attain to so high a degree of excellence elsewhere farther north than the Carolinas. Peaches, apples, and prunes of superior quality delighted the eye. Peaches had been marketed continuously, from the same orchards, from the 15th of July to the 15th of

October. There were hanging in the pavilion diplomas awarded at the New Orleans Exposition to citizens in this valley for exhibits of the best qualities and greatest varieties of corn, wheat, oats, barley, and hops.

Page 24

The advantage to the farmer of rainless harvesting months is obvious. The wheat is all harvested by headers, leaving the straw on the ground for its enrichment. Thus binding, hauling, and sacking are largely dispensed with. The grain, when threshed, is piled on the ground in jute sacks, saving the expense of granaries and hauling to and from them. These jute sacks cost for each bushel of grain about 3 cents, which is far less than farmers elsewhere are subjected to in hauling their grain to and from granaries and through a system of elevators until it reaches shipboard.

Here, as well as in Western Washington, most vegetables grow to an enormous size, and are of superior quality when compared with the same varieties grown in the East. Those kinds that require much heat, as melons, tobacco, peppers, egg-plants, *etc.*, grow to great perfection. The root crops—beets, carrots, parsnips, potatoes, turnips, *etc.*—yield prodigiously on the fertile bottom-land soils, without much care besides ordinary cultivation. The table beet soon gets too large for the dinner-pot. It is nothing unusual for a garden beet to weigh ten pounds, and they often grow to eighteen or twenty pounds' weight. Mangel wurzel, the stock beet, sometimes grows to forty and fifty pounds' weight, if given room and proper cultivation. They may easily be made to produce twenty-five tons per acre on good soil. All other vegetables, such as parsnips, carrots, peas, beans, tomatoes, onions, cabbages, celery, and cauliflower, are perfectly at home on every farm of Eastern Washington. Market gardening is becoming quite an important pursuit, and holds out particularly high inducements to the farmer, because of the superb market now afforded by the non-producing mineral and timber regions, easily accessible in this and adjacent Territories.

There are over 2,000 square miles of arable land in this magnificent region, and there has never been a crop failure since its settlement. Outside of Government lands prices range at from \$4 to \$10 per acre for unimproved, and from \$12 to \$20 for improved lands.

[Illustration: *Horse tail falls, ore.* On the Union Pacific Ry.]

Along the line of Union Pacific in this grand new empire will be found many energetic, thriving young towns, all possessing those social and educational facilities which are now a part of every Western village. Pendleton, on the main line, is a wide-awake, bustling young city, situated in a fine agricultural district. Walla Walla, Athena, Weston, Waitsburg, Dayton, Pullman, Garfield, Latah, Tekoa, Colfax, Moscow, Farmington, and Rockford are all thriving towns, and are already good distributing centers. The last-named town enjoys the advantage of being in the center of a fine lumber district, and within a circuit of five miles from Rockford there are ten saw-mills, besides an inexhaustible supply of mica. Crossing the border into Idaho, rich silver and lead mines are found along the Coeur d'Alene River.

Page 25

Rockford is twenty-four miles from Spokane Falls, and has about 1,000 population; its elevation is 2,440 feet. Four miles distant is the boundary of the Coeur d'Alene Reservation, a lovely tract, thirty by seventy miles in extent, embracing beautiful Coeur d'Alene Lake and the three rivers, St. Joseph, St. Marys, and Coeur d'Alene, which empty into it. There about 250 Indians on this reservation, and they enjoy the proud distinction of being the only tribe who refuse Government aid. They have been offered the usual rations, but preferred to remain independent. They live in houses, farm quite extensively, and use all kinds of improved farm machinery; many of them are quite wealthy. The lake is one of the prettiest sheets of water on the continent; its waters are full of salmon, and in the heavy pine woods are many varieties of game, from quail to grizzly bear and elk. The town of Rockford will in the near future assume importance as a tourist point, both from its own healthy and picturesque location, and its nearness to Coeur d'Alene Lake. A Government Commission is now at work on a settlement with the Indians, whereby the whole or a part of this noble domain will be thrown open to the public. The peculiar attractions of Coeur d'Alene must in a short time render it a much sought for resort.

SPOKANE FALLS

Is one of those miracles possible only in the alert, aggressive West. When Mr. Hayes was inaugurated it was a blank wilderness. Not a single civilized being lived within a hundred miles of it. One day in 1878 a white man came along in a "bull team," saw the wild rapids and the mighty falls of the Spokane River, reflected on the history of St. Paul and Minneapolis with their little Falls of St. Anthony, looked at the tide of immigration just turning toward the farther Northwest, and concluded he would sit right down where he was and wait for a city to grow around him. This far-sighted pioneer is still living within earshot of those rumbling falls, and they make a cheerful music for him. The city is there with him, 22,000 people, and he can draw a check to-day good for \$1,000,000. For several years his eyes fell on nothing but gravel-beds and foamy waters. Now, as he looks around, he sees mills and factories, railroad lines to the north, south, east, and west, churches, theatres, school-houses, costly dwellings and stores, paved streets, and all that makes living easy and comfortable. The greater part of this has come within his vision since 1883. But even then there was quite a village. After this pioneer had spent a lonely year or two on his homestead, two other men came along. They were friends, who, upon an outing, had chanced to meet. They were captivated by the waterfall, and by what the pioneer told them of the fine fanning lands in the adjacent country, and they offered each to take a third of his holding. Then they began to advertise, and to place adventurous farmers on homestead claims.

Page 26

They were wise in their day and generation, and they worked harder to fill the country with grain-producers than to sell real estate around the falls. They soon had their reward. The merchants were quickly provided with store-houses, rental values were kept low, every inducement was offered that could possibly stimulate building activity, and in three years the farming country was made to perceive that Spokane was its natural point of entry and of shipment. The turbulent waters of the Spokane River, a clear and beautiful mountain stream, were caught above the falls, and directed wherever the factories and mills that had been established above them required their services. Four large flouring-mills quickly took advantage of the rich opportunity growing out of this unique situation. From two enormous agricultural areas they are enabled to draw their supplies of grain, flour, therefore, being manufactured for the farmers more cheaply at Spokane: than anywhere else. This circumstance alone exercised a large influence in giving the new town a hold upon the country districts. These constitute more than a region—they are really a grand division of the State, and form what is known as the Great Plain of the Columbia River.

THE COEUR D'ALENE MINES

Have reached a high and profitable state of development. These mines extend over a comparatively limited area. They are close together, and their ores, producing gold, silver, and lead, are all similar. Their output for the last three years has been quite remarkable, and has placed the Coeur d'Alene district among the foremost lead-producing regions in the country. Gold, associated with iron, and treated by the free-milling process, is largely found in the northern part of the district, but the greatest amount of tonnage is derived from the southern country, where the Galena silver mines, a dozen or more in number, have been discovered. That minerals in large quantity existed in this country has been known for years. But the want of railroad facilities for a long while prevented any serious effort to get at them. The matter of transportation is now laid at rest, and within the last three years \$1,000,000 has been spent in development. The returns have already more than justified the investment.

Tributary to Spokane, and reached by the various railroads now in operation, are five other mining districts, at Colville, Okanagan, Kootenai, Metaline, and Pend d'Oreille. They are in various stages of development, but their wealth and availability have been clearly ascertained. Spokane's population, in a degree greater than that of most all these new cities, consists of young men and young women from the New England and Middle States. They have enjoyed a remarkable and wholly uninterrupted period of prosperity. Some of them have grown quickly and immensely rich from real estate operations, but the great majority have yet to realize on their investments because of the large sacrifices they have made in building up the city. They are to-day in an admirable position. As they have made money they have spent it; spent it in street

railroads, in the laying out of drives, in the building of comfortable houses, in the establishment of electrical plants, and in a large number of local improvements, every one of which has borne its part in making the city attractive.

Page 27

Wonderful vitality.

It has been well said of Spokane Falls, that "it was another fire-devastated city that did not seem to know it was hurt."

If Washington can stand the loss of millions of dollars in its four great fires of the year, at Cheney, Ellensburg, Seattle, and Spokane, it is the strongest evidence that its recuperative powers have solid backing. It does seem to stand the loss, and actually thrive under it.

The great fire at Spokane Falls on the 4th of August, 1889, burned most of the business portion of the city. Four hundred and fifty houses of brick, stone, and wood were destroyed, entailing a loss, according to the computation of the local agent of R.G. Dun & Co., of about \$4,500,000.

The insurance in the burned district amounted to \$2,600,000.

No people were ever in better condition to meet disaster, and none ever met it with braver hearts or with quicker and more resolute determination to survive the blow.

The city was in the midst of a period of marvelous prosperity. Its population was increasing rapidly, many fine buildings were in process of construction, its trade was extending over a vast region of country which was being penetrated by new railroads centering within its limits, and there were flowing to it the rich fruits of half a dozen prosperous mining districts.

[Illustration: *Oneonta gorge, Columbia river, ore.* On the Union Pacific Ry.]

Its working people were all employed at good wages, and money was abundant with all classes.

Hardly had the sun of the day following the fire risen upon the scene of smoking desolation, when preparations began for rebuilding. It was felt at once that the city would be rebuilt more substantially and more handsomely than before.

The rebuilding of Spokane commenced on a very extensive scale; the city will be entirely restored within twelve months, and far more attractively than ever before. The class of buildings erected are of a very superior character. The new Opera House has been modeled after the Broadway Theatre, New York; the new Hotel Spokane, a structure creditable not only to the city, but to the entire Pacific Northwest; five National Bank buildings, at a cost of \$100,000 each; upon the burned district have arisen buildings solid in substance, and beautiful architecturally, varying from five to seven stories in height, and costing all the way from \$60,000 to \$300,000. This sturdy young giant of the North arises from her ashes stronger, more attractive, more substantial, than before. And there is abundant reason for solid faith in the future of Spokane Falls.

It is the metropolis of a region 200,000 square miles in extent, including 50,000 square miles of Washington, or all that portion east of the Cascade Mountains, more than half of Idaho, the northern and eastern portions of Oregon, a large part of Montana, and as much of British Columbia as would make a State as large as New York.

Page 28

It is the distributing point for the Coeur d'Alene, the Colville, the Kootenai, and the Okanagan mining districts, all of which are in a prosperous condition, and all of which are yielding rich and growing tributes of trade.

It has adjacent to it the finest wheat-growing country in the world, producing from 30 to 60 bushels per acre.

It has adjacent to it a country equally rich in the production of fruits and vegetables.

It has adjacent to it the finest meadow lands between the Cascade and Rocky Mountains.

It has adjacent to it extensive grazing lands, on which are hundreds of thousands of cattle, sheep, and horses.

It has, adjacent to it, on Lakes Pend d'Oreille and Coeur d'Alene, inexhaustible quantities of white pine, yellow pine, cedar and tamarack, the manufacturing of which into lumber is one of the important industries of the city, and a source of great future income.

It has a power in the falls of the Spokane River second to none in the United States, and capable of supplying construction room and power for 300 different mills and manufactories. The entire electric lighting plant of the city, the cable railway system, the electric railway system, the machinery for the city water works, and all the mills and factories of the city—the amount of wheat which was last year ground into flour exceeding 20,000 tons—are now operated by the power from the falls. One company alone, the Washington Water Power Company, having a capital of \$1,000,000, is now spending upward of \$300,000 in the construction of flumes and other improvements for the accommodation of new mills and factories.

Most fortunately for the city, all the milling properties and improvements on the falls and along the river were saved from the fire.

The city has a water-works system which cost nearly half a million dollars, and which is capable of supplying 12,000,000 gallons daily, or as much as the supply of Minneapolis when it had a population of 100,000, or as much as the present supply of Denver with a population of 120,000, and more than the City of Portland, Oregon, with a population of 60,000.

A bird's-eye view of Spokane falls.

It requires no very profound knowledge of Western geography, no very lengthy study of the State of Washington, to enable anyone to understand without difficulty some of the minor reasons why Spokane Falls should become a great and important city, the metropolis of a vast surrounding country. A glance at the map will show the mountain

range that extends up through the Idaho Panhandle, and then along the British Columbia frontier, to the east and north of the city. These mountains are incalculably rich in ores of all kinds, and would amply suffice to make a Denver of Spokane Falls, even if she had no other natural resources to draw from. The Spokane River is the outlet of Lake Coeur d'Alene, a sheet of water sixty

Page 29

miles by six, which is fed by the St. Joseph, St. Mary and Coeur d'Alene Rivers, and which flows through a vast plain until it empties its waters into the Columbia, the Mississippi of the Pacific Coast. From its point of junction with the Spokane, the Columbia makes a big bend in its course until the Snake River is reached, when it turns once more westward, and flows on to empty into the Pacific Ocean. South of the city, stretching westward for some distance from the mountains, and extending in a southerly direction to the Clearwater and Snake Rivers, is a vast country comprising millions of acres, through which the Palouse River and its tributary streams meander, and which is known as the Palouse Valley, a country of unlimited agricultural resources. In the center of all this immense territory is located Spokane Falls, like the hub in the center of a wheel. The word immense is not used unwittingly, for the mountains and plains and valleys make up a country that in Europe would be called a nation, and in New England would form a State. Only a far-off corner of the Union, it may seem to some readers, yet there are powerful empires which possess less natural resources than it can call its own. The city itself lies on both sides of the Spokane River, at the point where that stream, separated by rocky islands into five separate channels, rushes onward and downward, at first being merely a series of rapids, and then tumbling over the rocks in a number of beautiful and useful waterfalls, until the several streams unite once again for a final plunge of sixty feet, making a fall of 157 feet in the distance of half a mile. This waterfall, with its immense power, would alone make a city; engineers have estimated its force at 90,000 horse-power, and it is so distributed that it can be easily utilized.

[Illustration: *A fish wheel, Columbia river.* On the Union Pacific Ry.]

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Fourth Tour.—To

Alaska.

The native islanders called the mainland “Al-ay-ek-sa,” which signifies “great country,” and the word has been corrupted into “Alaska.” This immense empire, it will be remembered, was sold by Russia to the United States October 18, 1867, for \$7,500,000. The country was discovered by Vitus Behring in 1741. Alaska has an area of 578,000 square miles, and is nearly one-fifth as large as all the other States and Territories combined. It is larger than twelve States the size of New York.

The best time to visit Alaska is from May to September. The latter month is usually lovely, and the sea beautifully smooth, but the days begin to grow short. The trip occupies about twenty-five days.

As the rainfall in Alaska is usually very large, it naturally follows that an umbrella is a convenient companion. A gossamer for a lady and a mackintosh for a gentleman, and heavy shoes, and coarse, warm and comfortable clothing for both should be provided.

Page 30

There are no “Palace” hotels in Alaska. One will have no desire to remain over there a trip. The tourist goes necessarily when and where the steamer goes, will have an opportunity to see all there is of note or worth seeing in Southeastern Alaska. The steamer sometimes goes north as far as Chilcat, say up to about the 58th degree of north latitude. The pleasure is not so much in the stopping as in the going. One is constantly passing through new channels, past new islands, opening up new points of interest, until finally a surfeit of the grand and magnificent in nature is reached.

A correspondent of a western journal signing himself “Emerald” has written a description of this Alaskan tour in September, 1888. It is so charmingly done, so fresh, so vivid, and so full of interesting detail, that it is given herewith entire:

On steamship “George W. Elder,”

Puget sound, September, 1888.

We have all thought we were fairly appreciative of the wealth and wonders of Uncle Sam’s domain. At Niagara we have gloried in the belief that all the cataracts of other lands were tame; but we changed our mind when we stood on the brink of Great Shoshone Falls. In Yellowstone the proudest thought was that all the world’s other similar wonders were commonplace; and at Yosemite’s Inspiration Point the unspeakable thrill of awe and delight was richly heightened by the grand idea that there was no such majesty or glory beyond either sea. But after all this, we now know that it yet remains for the Alaskan trip to rightly round out one’s appreciation and admiration of the size and grandeur of our native land.

Some of our most delighted *voyageurs* are from Portland, Maine. When they had journeyed some 1,500 miles to Omaha they imagined themselves at least half way across our continent. Then, when they had finished that magnificent stretch of some 1,700 miles more from Omaha to Portland, Oregon, in the palace cars of the Union Pacific, they were quite sure of it. Of course, they confessed a sense of mingled disappointment and eager anticipation when they learned that they were yet less than half way. They learned what is a fact—that the extreme west coast of Alaska is as far west of Sitka as Portland, Maine, is east of Portland, Oregon, and the further fact that San Francisco lacks 4,000 mile’s of being as far west as Uncle Sam’s “Land’s End,” at extreme Western Alaska. It is a great country; great enough to contain one river—the Yukon—about as large as the Mississippi, and a coast line about twice as long as all the balance of the United States. It is twelve times as large as the State of New York, with resources that astonish every visitor, and a climate not altogether bad, as some would have it. The greatest trouble is that during the eighteen years it has been linked to our chain of Territories it has been treated like a discarded offspring or outcast, cared for more by others than its lawful protector. But, like many a refugee, it is carving for itself a place which others will yet envy. But, to

Page 31

Our trip.

There are seven in our party, mainly from Chicago. After a week of delightful mountaineering at Idaho Springs, in Platte Canon, and other Union Pacific resorts in Colorado, we indulged in that delicious plunge at Garfield Beach, Salt Lake, and, en route to Portland over the Union Pacific Ry., quaffed that all but nectar at Soda Springs, Idaho, and dropped off a day to take a peep, at Shoshone Falls, which, in all seriousness, have attractions of which even our great Niagara can not boast. We found that glorious dash down through the palisades of the Columbia, and the sail, through the entrancing waterways of Puget Sound, a fitting prelude to our recent Alaskan journey.

The Alaskan voyage is like a continuous dream of pleasure, so placid and quiet are the waters of the landlocked sea and so exquisitely beautiful the environment. The route keeps along the east shore of Vancouver Island its entire length, through the Gulf of Georgia, Johnstone strait, and out into Queen Charlotte Sound, where is felt the first swell of old ocean, and our staunch steamship "Elder" was rocked in its cradle for about four hours. Oftentimes we seemed to be bound by mountains on every side, with no hope of escape; but the faithful deck officer on watch would give his orders in clear, full tones that brought the bow to some passage leading to the great beyond. In narrow straits the steamer had to wait for the tide; then would she weave in and out, like a shuttle in a loom, among the buoys, leaving the black ones on the left and the red ones on the right, and ever and anon they would be in a straight line, with the wicked boulder-heads visible beneath the surface or lifting their savage points above, compelling almost a square corner to be turned in order to avoid them. At such times the passengers were all on deck, listening to the captain's commands, and watching the boat obey his bidding.

From Victoria to Tongas Narrows the distance is 638 miles, and here was the first stop for the tourists. The event here was going ashore in rowboats, and in the rain, only to see a few dirty Indians—a foresight of what was to follow—and a salmon-packing house not yet in working order.

From Tongas Narrows to Fort Wrangel, thousands of islands fill the water, while the mainland is on the right and Prince of Wales Island on the extreme left.

Fort Wrangel.

Like all Alaska towns, it is situated at the base of lofty peaks along the water's edge at the head of moderately pretty harbors. It seems to be the generic home of storms, and the mountains, the rocks, the buildings, and trees, and all, show the weird workings of nature's wrath. In 1863 it was a thriving town where miners outfitted for the mines of the Stikeen river and Cassian mines of British Columbia; but that excitement has temporarily subsided, and the \$150,000 government buildings are falling in decay. The streets are filled with

Page 32

debris, and everything betokens the ravages of time. The largest and most grotesque totem poles seen on the trip here towered a height of fifty feet. Those poles represent a history of the family and the ancestry as far as they can trace it. If they are of the Wolf tribe a huge wolf is carved at the top of the pole, and then on down with various signs to the base, the great events of the family and the intermarriages, not forgetting to give place to the good and bad gods who assisted them. The genealogy of a tribe is always traced back through the mother's side. The totem poles are sometimes very large, perhaps four feet at the base. When the carving is completed they are planted firmly in front of the hut, there to stay until they fall away. At the lower end, some four feet from the ground, there is an opening into the already hollowed pole, and in this are put the bones of the burned bodies of the family. It is only the wealthier families who support a totem pole, and no amount of money can induce an Indian to part with his family tree.

[Illustration: *Sitka harbor, Alaska.* Reached via the Union Pacific Ry.]

THE GRAVES

of those not having totems are found in clusters, or scattered on the mountain sides, or anywhere convenience dictates. The bones are put in a box with all the belongings of the deceased, and then deposited anywhere. The natives are exceedingly superstitious and jealous in their care of the dead, and would sooner die than molest or steal from a grave. That tourists who are supposed to be civilized, refined, and Christianized should steal from them is a crime which should never be tolerated, as it was among the passengers of our steamer.

The natives have a belief that all bodies cremated turn into ravens, and that probably accounts to them for the endless number of those birds in Alaska. Ravens are sacred birds to them, and are never molested in anyway. There are other methods of disposing of the dead in different parts of Alaska. The bones are sometimes put in a canoe and raised high in the air on straddles; again, in trees above the reach of prowling animals, or set adrift in a discarded canoe.

Juneau—the Treadwell mine.

After leaving Wrangel the steamer anchored off Salmon Bay to lighten eighty tons of salt for fishermen, then on to Juneau and Douglas Islands. Here was the same general appearance of location, the gigantic background of densely wooded mountains, the tide-washed streets, on broken slopes, the dirty native women with their wares for sale, with prices advanced 200 per cent, since the steamer whistled, and behind them their stern male companions, goading them on to make their sales, and stealthily kicking them in

their crouched positions if they came down on their prices to an eager but economical tourist.

Page 33

Juneau is the only town of any importance on the mainland. It has arisen to that dignity through the quality of its mines, and it is now the mining centre of Alaska. Here we found Edward I. Parsons, of San Francisco, erecting an endless-rope tramway for conducting ores to a ten-stamp mill now under construction. Mr. Parsons has had large experience in this line, and his tales of "Tramway Life" in Mexico are intensely thrilling and full of interest. It is to be hoped that the good people of Juneau will see to it that he does not have to eat the native dishes, as he did in the land of the greasers. The festive dog is all right in his place, but rather revolting to an epicure.

The famous Treadwell gold mine lies across the bay, on Douglas Island. It is noted, not so much for its richness per ton, but for its vast extent. The 120-stamp mill makes such a deafening noise that there is no fear that the curious minded will cause employes to waste any time answering questions, for nothing can be heard but the rise and fall of the great crushers and the crunching of the ores. The ore is so plentiful that an addition of 120 stamps is being added to the present capacity. The hole blasted by the miners looks like the crater of a huge volcano without the circling top, and sloping down to an apex from which is the tunnel to the mill. The Treadwell yields about \$200,000 per month, and will double that when the mill is completed.

There are many pleasant homes in Juneau, and some of its society people are charming indeed. The business houses carry some large stocks of goods, and outfitting for the interior mines in the Yukon country is all done at this place. There are two weekly papers, one the *Mining Record*, an eight-page, bright, newsy paper which deserves a liberal support.

One of the most novel and grotesque features of the entire trip was a dance given by the Indians at

A "*Potlatch*,"

a term applied to any assemblage of good cheer, although in its primary sense it means a gift. A potlatch is given at the outset, or during the progress of some important event, such as the building of a new house, confirming of a sub-chief, or celebrating any good fortune, either of peace or war. In this instance, a sub-chief was building a new house, and the frame work was inclosed in rough boards with no floor laid. There is never but one entrance to an Indian hut. This is in front, and elevated several feet from the ground, so that you must go down from the door-sill inside as well as out. No windows were yet in the building, and it was really in a crude state. These grand festivities last five days, and this was the second day of merry-making.

Page 34

There are two tribes at Juneau, located at each extreme of the town. The water was black with canoes coming to the feast and dance, bringing gifts to the tyhee, who, in return, gives them gifts according to their wealth, and a feast of boiled rice and raisins and dog-meat. The richest men of the tribe dressed, in the rear of the building, in the wildest and most fantastic garbs, some in skins of wild animals. There was a full panoply of blankets, feathers, guns, swords, knives, and, as a last resort, an old broom was covered with a scarlet case. Jingling pendant horns added to their usual order, and the savage faces were painted with red and black in hideous lines. Anything their minds could shape was rigged for a head-dress, and finally, when all was ready, they ran with fiendish yells toward the beach, some twenty yards, and there behind a canvas facing the water they began their strange dance.

Only one squaw was with them, and she was the wife of the tyhee (chief) giving the feast. The medicine man had a large bird with white breast, called the loon. While dancing he picked the white feathers and scattered them on the heads of the others. The other squaws were sitting on the ground in long rows in front of the canoes reaching to the water's edge, about 200 feet below.

Their music was a wild shout or croon by all the tribe, and the dancing is a movement in any irregular way, or a swaying motion given to the time given by the voices, and they only advanced a few inches in an hour's time.

The tribe approaching in canoes had their representative men dressed in the same styles, only gayer, if possible. When the canoes glided onto the beach, four abreast, it was the signal to drop the canvas hiding the host and party, and advance a little distance to meet them. Then they broke ranks and made way for the visitors to approach the house with their gifts of blankets or other valuables for the tyhee. Most of the Indians convert their riches into blankets. These nations, seen by the tourist in an ordinary trip to Alaska, seem very much the same in all points visited. None of them are poor, all have some money, and many have

Wealth counted by thousands.

To be sure, some of them are in a measure Christianized, but the odors arising from the homes of the best of them are such as a civilized nose never scented before. Rancid grease, dried fish, pelts, decaying animals, and human filth made the strongest perfume known to the commercial or social world.

[Illustration: *Granville channel, Alaska.* Reached via the Union Pacific Ry.]

Page 35

The squaws, if they were in mourning or in love, would have their faces painted black with oil and tar. Then again, a great many wear a wooden or ivory pin thrust through the lip just below the fleshy part. It is worn for ornament, the same as ear-rings or nose-rings, and is called a labret. The missionary work done among them is a commendable one, but it seems a hopeless task. Their houses are always built with one object in view, to be able to tie the canoe to the front door. A long row of huts just above high-tide line can always be safely called a rancherie in that country. Their food is brought by the tide to their very doors, and the timbered mountains abound in wild game, and offer ample fuel for the cutting.

Chilcot, or Pyramid Harbor, is about twelve hours run from Juneau, and it is here the famous Chilcot blanket is made from the goat's wool, woven by hand, and dyed by native dyes, and worked from grotesque patterns. Here, also, are two of the largest salmon canneries in Alaska, and here, indeed, were we in the

Land of the midnight sun.

The hours passed quickly by as the supposed night wore away. At midnight the twilight was so bright that one could read a newspaper easily. Then the moon shone in the clear sky with all regal splendor until 3.30 in the morning, when old Sol again put in his claims for admission. He lifted his golden head above the snowy peaks, and spirited away the uncertain light of unfolding dawn by drawing the curtains of the purpling east, and sending floods of radiance upon the entire world. It was a sight never to be forgotten, if seen but once in a lifetime.

Onward once again when the tide was in, and our next awakening was on the grand glacier fields. The greatest sight of the entire trip, or of any other in America, now opened out before many eager eyes. For several days, icebergs had been seen sailing along on the smooth surface from the great glaciers, and speeding to the southern seas like phantom ships. As the ship neared the bay, these huge bergs increased in size and number, with such grotesque and weird shapes, that the mind is absorbed in shaping turrets, ghosts, goblins, and the like, each moment developing more and more of things unearthly, until the heart and eyes seem bursting with the strain, when suddenly a great roar, like the shock of an explosion of giant powder, turns the eyes to the parent glacier to see the birth of these unnatural forms. They break from the icy wall with a stupendous crash, and fall into the water with such force as to send our great ship careening on her side when the swell from the disturbed waters strikes her.

The Muir glacier is the one that occupies the most attention, as it is the most accessible to tourists. It rises to a perpendicular height of 350 feet, and stretches across the entire head of the Glacier Bay, which is estimated from three to five miles in width. The Muir and Davidson glaciers are two arms of that great Ice field extending more than 400 miles in length, covering more area



Page 36

Than all Switzerland,

and any one of the fifteen subdivisions of the glacial stream is as large as the Great Rhone glacier.

Underlying this great ice field is that glacial river which bears these mountains of ice on its bosom to the ocean. With a roar like distant artillery, or an approaching thunder-storm, the advancing walls of this great monster split and fall into the watery deep, which has been sounded to a depth of some 800 feet without finding anchor.

The glacial wall is a rugged, uneven mass, with clefts and crevices, towering pinnacles and domes, higher than Bunker Hill monument, cutting the air at all angles, and with a stupendous crash sections break off from any portion without warning and sink far out of sight. Scarcely two minutes elapse without a portion falling from some quarter. The marble whiteness of the face is relieved by lines of intense blue, a characteristic peculiar to the small portions as well as the great.

Going ashore in little rowboats, the vast area along the sandy beach was first explored, and it was, indeed, like a fairy land. There were acres of grottoes, whose honey-combed walls were most delicately carved by the soft winds and the sunlight reflections around and in the arches of ice, such as are never seen except in water, ice, and sky.

Mountains of ice,

remnants of glaciers, along the beach, stood poised on one point, or perchance on two points, and arched between. These icebergs were dotted with stones imbedded; great bowls were melted out and filled with water, and little cups made of ice would afford you a drink of fresh water on the shore of this salt sea.

At five o'clock in the morning, with the sun kissing the cold majestic glacier into a glad awakening from its icy sleep, the ascent was begun. Too eager to be among the first to see the top, many started without breakfast, while others chose the wiser part, and waited to be physically fortified.

The ascent is not so difficult as it is dangerous. There is no trail and no guide, and many a step had to be retraced to get across or around some bottomless fissure. For some distance the ground seemed quite solid. Soon it was discovered that there was but a thin covering of dirt on the solid ice below; but anon in striking the ground with the end of an alpine stick it would prove to be but an inch of ice and dirt mixed, and a dark abyss below which we could not fathom. It is to be hoped, for the good of future tourists, that there are not many such places, or that they may soon be exposed so they can be avoided. Reaching the top after a tedious and slippery climb, there was a long view of icy billows, as if the sea had suddenly congealed amid a wild tempestuous storm. Deep chasms obstructed the way on all sides, and a misstep or slip would send

one down the blue steps where no friendly rope could rescue, and only the rushing water could be heard. To view the solid phalanxes of icy floes, as they fill the mountain fastnesses and imperceptibly march through the ravines and force their way to the sea, fills one with awe indescribable. The knowledge that the ice is moving from beneath one's feet thrills one with a curious sensation hard to portray.

Page 37

Below, it seems like the constant wooing of the sea that wins the offering from this wealth of purity, instead of the voluntary act of this giant of the Arctic zone.

For twenty-four hours the awful grandeur of these scenes was gloried in, when Captain Hunter gave the order to draw the anchor and steam away. The whistles call the passengers back to the steamer, where they were soon comparing specimens, viewing instantaneous photographs, hiding bedraggled clothing, casting away tattered mufflers, and telling of hair-breadth escapes from peril and death. Many a tired head sought an early pillow, and floated away in dreams of ghoulish icebergs, until the call for breakfast disclosed to opening eyes that the boat was anchored in the

Beautiful harbor of Sitka.

The steamer's whistle is the signal for a holiday in all Alaska ports, and Sitka is no exception to the rule. Six o'clock in the morning, but the sleepy town had awakened to the fact of our arrival, and the inhabitants were out in force to greet friends or sell their canoes. There are some 1,500 people living in Sitka, including all races. The harbor is the most beautiful a fertile brain can imagine. Exquisitely moulded islands are scattered about in the most enchanting way, all shapes and sizes, with now and then a little garden patch, and ever verdant with native woods and grasses and charming rockeries. As far out as the eye can reach the beautiful isles break the cold sea into bewitching inlets and lure the mariner to shelter from evil outside waves.

The village nestles between giant mountains on a lowland curve surrounded by verdure too dense to be penetrated with the eye, and too far to try to walk—which is a good excuse for tired feet. The first prominent feature to meet the eye on land is a large square house, two stories high, located on a rocky eminence near the shore, and overlooking the entire town and harbor. Once it was a model dwelling of much pretension, with its spacious apartments, hard-wood six-inch plank floors, elaborately-carved decorations, stained-glass windows, and its amusement and refreshment halls. All betoken the former elegance of the Russian governor's home, which was supported with such pride and magnificence as will never be seen there again. The walls are crumbling, the windows broken, and the old oaken stairways will soon be sinking to earth again, and its only life will be on the page of history.

[Illustration: *Devil's Thumb, Alaska.* Reached via the Union Pacific Ry.]

The mission-school hospital, chapel, and architectural buildings occupied much of the tourists' time, and some were deeply interested. There are eighteen missionaries in Sitka, under the Presbyterian jurisdiction, trying to educate and Christianize the Indians. They are doing a noble work, but it does seem a hopeless task when one goes among the Indian homes, sees the filth, smells the vile odors, and studies the native habits.

Page 38

These Indians, like the other tribes, are not poor, but all have more or less money.

Many are rich,

having more than \$20,000 in good hard cash, yet the squalor in which they live would indicate the direst poverty.

The stroll to Indian river, from which the town gets its water supply, is bewitching. The walk is made about six feet through an evergreen forest, the trees arching overhead, for a distance of two miles, and is close to the bay, and following the curve in a most picturesque circle. The water is carried in buckets loaded on carts and wheeled by hand, for horses are almost unknown in Alaska. There are probably not more than half a dozen horses and mules in all Alaska—not so much because of the expense of transportation and board, as lack of roads and the long, dark days and months of winter, when people do not go out but very little. All the packing is done in all sections of Alaska by natives carrying the packs and supplies on their backs.

Sitka's most interesting object is the old Greek church, located in the middle of the town, and also in the middle of the street. Its form is that of a Greek cross, with a copper-covered dome, surmounted by a chime-bell tower. The inside glitters with gold and rare paintings, gold embroidered altar cloths and robes; quaint candelabra of solid silver are suspended in many nooks, and an air of sacred quiet pervades the whole building. There were no seats, for the Russians remain standing during the worship. Service is held every Sabbath by a Russian priest in his native language, and the church is still supported by the Russian Government. Indeed, Russia does more for the advancement of religion than does our own Government for Alaska.

The walk through the Indian ranch was but a repetition of the other towns, only that they were wealthier and uglier, if possible, than the other tribes. The Hydahs are very powerfully built, tall, large boned, and stout.

Two days were spent in visiting and trafficking with these people. Then the anchor came up, and soon a silver trail like a huge sea serpent moved among the green isles, and followed us once more—now on the homeward sail.

But one new place of importance was made on the home trip, and that was at

Killisnoo.

When the steamer arrived, the evening after leaving Sitka, the city policeman met us at the wharf and invited us to visit his hut. Of course, he was a native, who expected to sell some curios. Over his door was the following:

“By the Governor's commission,
And the company's permission,

I am made the grand tyhee
Of this entire illahee.

“Prominent in song and story,
I’ve attained the top of glory.
As Saginaw I am known to fame,
Jake is but my common name.”

The time when he attained his fame and glory must have been when he and his wife were both drunk one night, and he put the handcuffs on his wife and could not get them off, and she had to go to Sitka to be released. He appears in at least a dozen different suits while the steamer is in port, and stands ready to be photographed every time.

Page 39

Killisnoo used to be a point where 100,000 barrels of herring oil were put up annually. The industry is now increasing again.

Natural wealth.

And this reminds me that I am almost neglecting a reference to Alaska's vast resources in forests, metals, furs, and fish. There are 300,000,000 of acres densely wooded with spruce, red and yellow cedar, Oregon pine, hemlock, fir, and other useful varieties of timber. Canoes are made from single trees, sixty feet long, with eight-feet beams.

Gold, silver, lead, iron, coal, and copper are encountered in various localities. Though but little prospected or developed, Alaska is now yielding gold at the rate of about \$2,000,000 per year. There is a respectable area of island and mainland country well adapted to stock-raising, and the production of many cereals and vegetables. The climate of much of the coast country is milder than that of Colorado, and stock can feed on the pastures the year round.

But, if Alaska had no mines, forests, or agriculture, its seal and salmon fisheries would remain alone an immense commercial property. The salmon are found in almost any part of these northern waters where fresh water comes in, as they always seek those streams in the spawning season. There are different varieties that come at stated periods and are caught in fabulous numbers, sometimes running solid ten feet deep, and often retarding steamers when a school of them is overtaken. At Idaho Inlet Mr. Van Gasken brought up a seine for the Ancon tourists containing 350 salmon for packing. At nearly every port the steamer landed there was either one or more canning or salt-packing establishments for salmon. Of these, 11,500,000 pounds were marketed last year.

Besides the salmon there is the halibut, black and white cod, rock cod, herring, sturgeon, and many other fish, while the waters are whipped by porpoises and whales in large numbers all along the way. Governor Swineford estimates the products of the Alaska fisheries last year at \$3,000,000.

THE SEAL FISHERIES

are still 1,800 miles west of Sitka. St. Paul and St. George Islands are the best breeding places of the seals, sea lions, sea otter, and walrus. These islands are in a continuous fog in summer, and are swept by icy blasts in winter. There are many interesting facts connected with these islands and the habits of these phocine kindred, but space is limited. Suffice that 100,000 seals are killed each year for commercial purposes. Over 1,000,000 seal pups are born every year, and when they leave for winter quarters they go in families and not altogether. An average seal is about six feet long, but some are found eight feet long and weigh from 400 to 800 pounds. The work

of catching is all done between the middle of June and the first of August. The fur company are supposed to pay our Government \$2 for each pelt. These hides are at once shipped to London to be dyed and made ready to be put on the market in the United States.

Page 40

In fact, Alaska seems full to overflowing with offerings to seekers of fortune or pleasure. Its coast climate is mild, with no extreme heat, because of the snow-clad peaks which temper the humid air, and never extreme cold, because of the Japan current that bathes its mossy slopes and destroys the frigid wave before it does its work.

Three thousand miles along this inland sea has revealed scenes of matchless grandeur—majestic mountains (think of snow-crowned St. Elias, rising 19,500 feet from the ocean's edge), the mightiest glaciers, world's of inimitable, indescribable splendor. It is a trip of a lifetime. There is none other like it, and our party unanimously resolves that the tourist who fails to take it misses very much.

* * * * *

Fifth Tour.—From Portland to San Francisco by steamer is one of the most enjoyable trips offered the tourist in point of safety and comfort, and the service is exceptionally fine.

The steamers "Oregon," "Columbia," and "State of California" are powerful iron steamers, built expressly for tourist travel between Portland and San Francisco. The traveler will find this fifty-hour ocean voyage thoroughly enjoyable; the sea is uniformly smooth, no greater motion than the long swell of the Pacific, and the boats are models of neatness and comfort. It affords a grand opportunity to run down the California coast, always in sight of land, and derive the invigorating exhilaration of an ocean trip without any of its discomforts. Among the many points of interest to be seen are the picturesque Columbia River Bar, the beautiful Ocean Beach at Clatsop, the towering heights of Cape Hancock, the lonely Mid-Ocean Lighthouse at Tillamook Rock, the historical Rogue River Reef, Cape Mendocino, Humboldt Bay, Point Arena, and last, but not least, the world-renowned Golden Gate of San Francisco.

[Illustration: *Moonlight at the old Block house, Columbia river.* On the Union Pacific Ry.]

The steamships of this company are all new, modern-designed iron vessels, supplied with steam steering apparatus, electric light and bells, and all improved nautical appliances. The state-rooms, cabins, salons, etc., are elaborately furnished throughout, the whole presenting an unrivaled scene of luxurious ocean life.

The advantages of this charming ocean trip to the tourist are most obvious; there is the healthful air of the grand old Pacific Ocean, complete freedom from dust, heat, cinders, and all the discomforts which one meets in midsummer railway travel.

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Standard publications by the passenger department of the Union pacific railway.

Page 41

The Passenger Department of the Union Pacific Railway will take pleasure in forwarding to any address, free, of charge, any of the following publications, provided that with the application is enclosed the amount of postage specified below for each publication. All of these books and pamphlets are fresh from the press, many of them handsomely illustrated, and accurate as regards the region of country described. They will be found entertaining and instructive, and invaluable as guides to and authority on the fertile tracts and landscape wonders of the great empire of the West. There is information for the tourist, pleasure and health seeker, the investor, the settler, the sportsman, the artist, and the invalid.

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This is a finely illustrated book describing the vast Union Pacific system. Every health resort, mountain retreat, watering place, hunter's paradise, *etc.*, *etc.*, is depicted. This book gives a full and complete detail of all tours over the line, starting from Sioux City, Council Bluffs, Omaha, St. Joseph, Leavenworth, or Kansas City, and contains a complete itinerary of the journey from either of these points to the Pacific Coast.

Sights and Scenes. Send 2 cents postage for each pamphlet.

There are five pamphlets in this set, pocket folder size, illustrated, and are descriptive of tours to particular points. The set comprises "Sights and Scenes in Colorado;" Utah; Idaho and Montana; California; Oregon, Washington, and Alaska. Each pamphlet, deals minutely with every resort of pleasure or health within its assigned limit, and will be found bright and interesting reading for tourists.

Facts and Figures. Send 2 cents postage for each pamphlet.

This is a set of three pamphlets, containing facts and figures relative to Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado respectively. They are more particularly meant for intending settlers in these fertile States and will be found accurate in every particular; there is a description of all important towns.

Vest Pocket Memorandum Book. Send 2 cents for postage.

A handy, neatly gotten-up little memorandum book, very useful for the farmer, business man, traveler, and tourist.

Calendar, 1890. Send 6 cents for postage.

An elegant Calendar for the year 1890, suitable for the office and counting room.

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A set of pamphlets on Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Utah, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington. These books treat, of the resources, climate, acreage, minerals, grasses, soil, and products of these various empires on an extended scale, entering very fully upon an exhaustive treatise of the capabilities and promise of the places described. They have been very carefully compiled, and the information collated from Official Reports, actual settlers, and residents of the different States and Territories.

Page 42

Theatrical Diary. Send 10 cents for postage.

This is a Theatrical Diary for 1890-91, bound in Turkey Morocco, gilt tops, and contains a list of 255 theatres and opera houses reached by the Union Pacific system, seating capacity, size of stage, terms, newspapers in each town, *etc.*, *etc.* This Diary is intended only for the theatrical profession.

Commercial Salesman's Expense Book. Send 2 cents for postage.

A neat vest pocket memorandum book for 1890—dates, cash accounts, *etc.*, *etc.*

Outdoor Sports and Pastimes. Send 2 cents for postage.

A carefully compiled pamphlet of some thirty pages, giving the complete rules of this year, for Lawn Tennis, Base Ball, Croquet, Racquet, Cricket, Quoits, La Crosse, Polo, Curling, Foot Ball, *etc.*, *etc.* There are also diagrams of a Lawn Tennis Court and Base Ball diamond. This pamphlet will be found especially valuable to lovers of these games.

Map of the United States. Send 25 cents for postage.

A large wall map of the United States, complete in every particular, and compiled from the latest surveys; just published; size, 46 x 66 inches; railways, counties, roads, *etc.*, *etc.*

Stream, Sound and Sea. Send 2 cents for postage.

A neat, illustrated pamphlet descriptive of a trip from The Dalles of the Columbia to Portland, Ore., Astoria, Clatsop Beach; through the strait of Juan de Fuca and the waters of the Puget Sound, and up the coast to Alaska. A handsome pamphlet containing valuable information for the tourist.

Wonderful Story. Send 2 cents for postage.

The romance of railway building. The wonderful story of the early surveys and the building of the Union Pacific. A paper by General G.M. Dodge, read before the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, September, 1888. General Sherman pronounces this document fascinatingly interesting and, of great historical value, and vouches for its accuracy.

Gun Club Rules and Revised Game Laws. Send 2 cents for postage.

This valuable publication is a digest of the laws relating to game in all the Western States and Territories. It also contains the various gun club rules, together with a guide to all Western localities where game of whatsoever description may be found. Every sportsman should have one.

“The Oldest Inhabitant.” Send 10 cents for postage.

This is a buffalo head in Sepia, a very artistic study from life. It is characterized by strong drawing and wonderful fidelity. A very handsome acquisition for parlor or library.

Croft's Overland Guide, No. 1. Send \$1.00.

This book has just been issued. It graphically describes every point, giving its history, population, business resources, *etc.*, *etc.*, on the line of the Union Pacific Hallway, between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast, and the tourist should not start West without a copy in his possession. It furnishes in one volume a complete guide to the country traversed by the Union Pacific system, and can not fail to be of great assistance to the tourist in selecting his route, and obtaining complete information about the points to be visited.

Page 43

A Glimpse of Great Salt Lake. Send 4 cents for postage.

This is a charming description of a yachting cruise on the mysterious Inland sea, beautifully illustrated with original sketches by the well-known artist, Mr. Alfred Lambourne, of Salt Lake City. This startling phenomena of sea and cloud and light and color are finely portrayed. This book touches a new region, a voyage on Great Salt Lake never before having been described and pictured.

General Folder. No postage required.

A carefully revised General Folder is issued regularly every month. This publication gives condensed through time tables; through car service; a first-class map of the United States, west of Chicago and St. Louis; important baggage and ticket regulations of the Union Pacific Railway, thus making a valuable compendium for the traveler and for ticket agent in selling through tickets over the Union Pacific Railway.

The Pathfinder. No postage required.

A book of some fifty pages devoted to local time cards; containing a complete list of stations with the altitude of each; also connections with western stage lines and ocean steamships; through car service; baggage and Pullman Sleeping Car rates and the principal ticket regulations, which will prove of great value as a ready reference for ticket agents to give passengers information about the local branches of the Union Pacific Railway.

Alaska Folder. No postage required.

This Folder contains a brief outline of the trip to Alaska, and also a correct map of the Northwest Pacific Coast, from Portland to Sitka, Alaska, showing the route of vessels to and from this new and almost unknown country.

[Illustration: Oregon, Washington and Alaska. Sights and Scenes for the Tourist.]

[Illustration: Tourist Map of Union Pacific and Connecting Lines.]

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