

TOURING
ALASKA
and the
YELLOWSTONE

CHARLES · M · TAYLOR · JR ·

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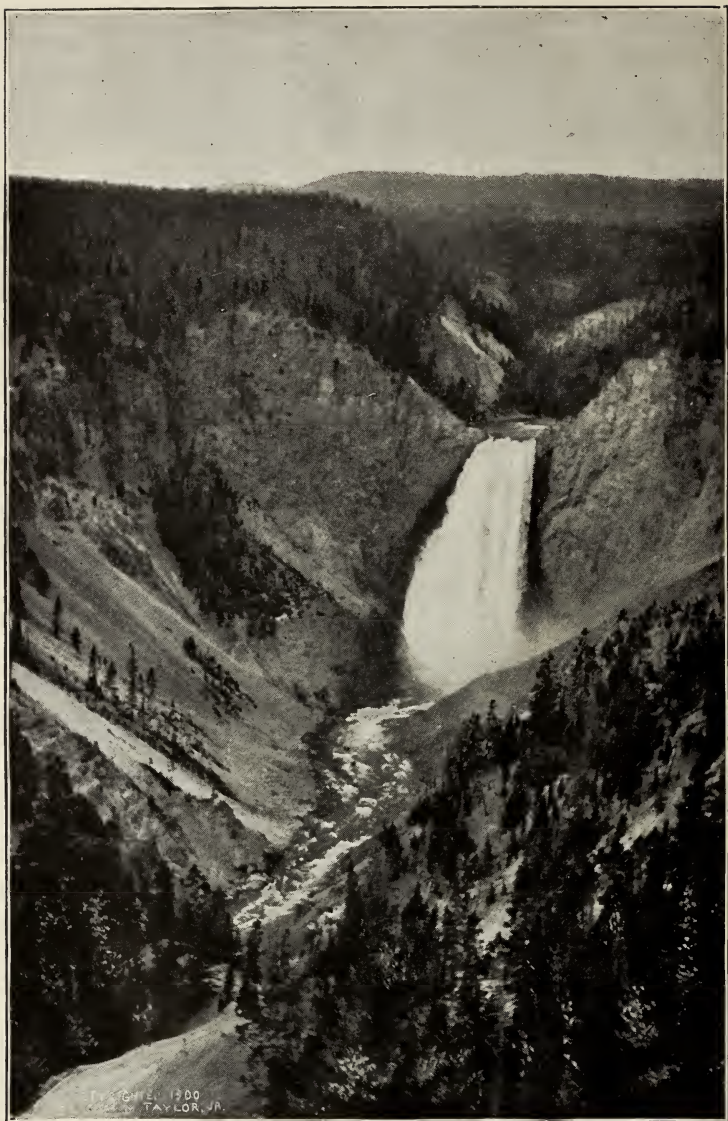
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Touring Alaska
and the Yellowstone





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LOWER FALLS, GRAND CAÑON, FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

Frontispiece



**OURING
ALASKA
and the
YELLOW-
STONE**

By **CHARLES M. TAYLOR, JR.**

Author of "Vacation Days in Hawaii and Japan," "The British Isles through an Opera Glass," "Odd Bits of Travel with Brush and Camera," etc., etc. * * * * *

Profusely Illustrated from Photographs
v v v by the Author v v

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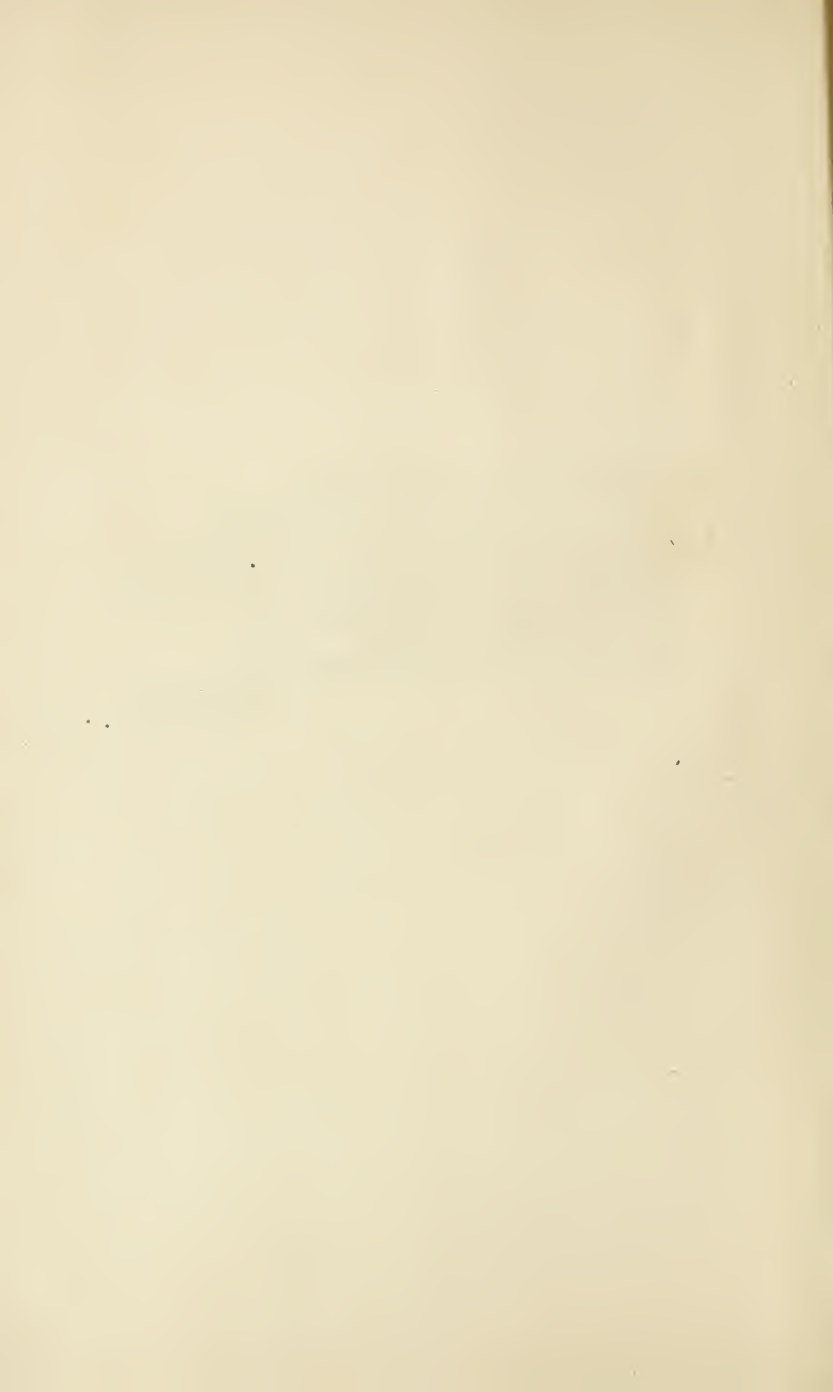
UPB

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED TO MY
BROTHER
Fred. W. Taylor,
MY LIFELONG FRIEND AND COMPANION



If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—no tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears.

—*Longfellow.*



PREFACE

EVERY traveller is affected to a certain extent by the scenes through which he passes. The climate, customs and associations of each place, whether he will or not, have an influence upon his whole being.

Let a citizen of the northern lands visit a tropical country, such as fair Hawaii—inhalé its fresh pure breezes laden with the mingled odors of the rose and honeysuckle, and the fragrant blossoms of the fruit trees—look heavenward and behold the constantly changing panorama of beautiful cloud effects, which continue here from dawn till eventide. Let him study the wonderful variety of its trees and plants—gaze upon its mighty craters as they breathe forth their volumes of fire and smoke—pass through its miles of jungle, plucking at will wild oranges, lemons and innumerable berries. Will

not his whole nature be moved by the new life here experienced ?

Or, let him cross the threshold of Japan, establish himself in one of her cities or villages, and observe the strange religious customs—curious tea houses—picturesque costumes, and skilled workmanship of these people. Let him feel the thrill of an earthquake— Does he leave these shores uninfluenced by the various phases of life here witnessed ?

Should his route lie amid the scenes of a more modern civilization, even here he will find relics of ancient history—cathedrals, abbeys, ancestral homes—wonderful lochs and castles, which he cannot afford to pass unnoticed, and peculiar characteristics which thrust themselves upon his attention, and leave an ineradicable impression upon his mind. From each in turn is won a different estimate of humanity—of nations—of history—of life itself.

What then has America to offer that is new or passing strange, to the world-worn traveller, seeking still a new sensation ? Neither ancient temples, cathedrals, nor the excavated ruins of buried cities as yet adorn her plains. Yet she is ready to contribute her share, and no trifling one, to the education and entertainment of mankind. For who can

view the magnificent scenes of the Yellowstone Park, with its steaming geysers, emerald lakes, and hills of petrified foam—its precipitous mountains, lofty waterfalls and deep ravines without being stirred to his inmost depths? Who can behold the majestic beauty of the Selkirk and Rocky Mountain Ranges, the chain of vast lakes, the “Big Trees,” and not feel more strongly than before, the mighty presence of that Infinite Power which rules the Universe.

Can one visit the arctic region of Alaska, whose snowy peaks and giant glaciers are unsurpassed by the known wonders of the globe—whose untold wealth reminds him of the subterranean treasures of the genii,—and come away no richer in thought and feeling from the experiences of this journey to the land of the midnight sun?

Yes, America comes with both hands filled, and offers her gigantic spectacles, her unparalleled wonders to add to the great store of human knowledge.

In describing the scenes of my journey, I would use the pigments of an ardent lover of nature, with truth and fact as my background. Should the colors not seem to blend harmoniously, it is not from any fault in the pictures, but solely to the inexperience with which I handle my materials. For

this I ask the lenient judgment of the hitherto patient reader—whose encouragement has induced me to launch this volume upon the wings of a new century.

C. M. T.

January, 1st, 1901.

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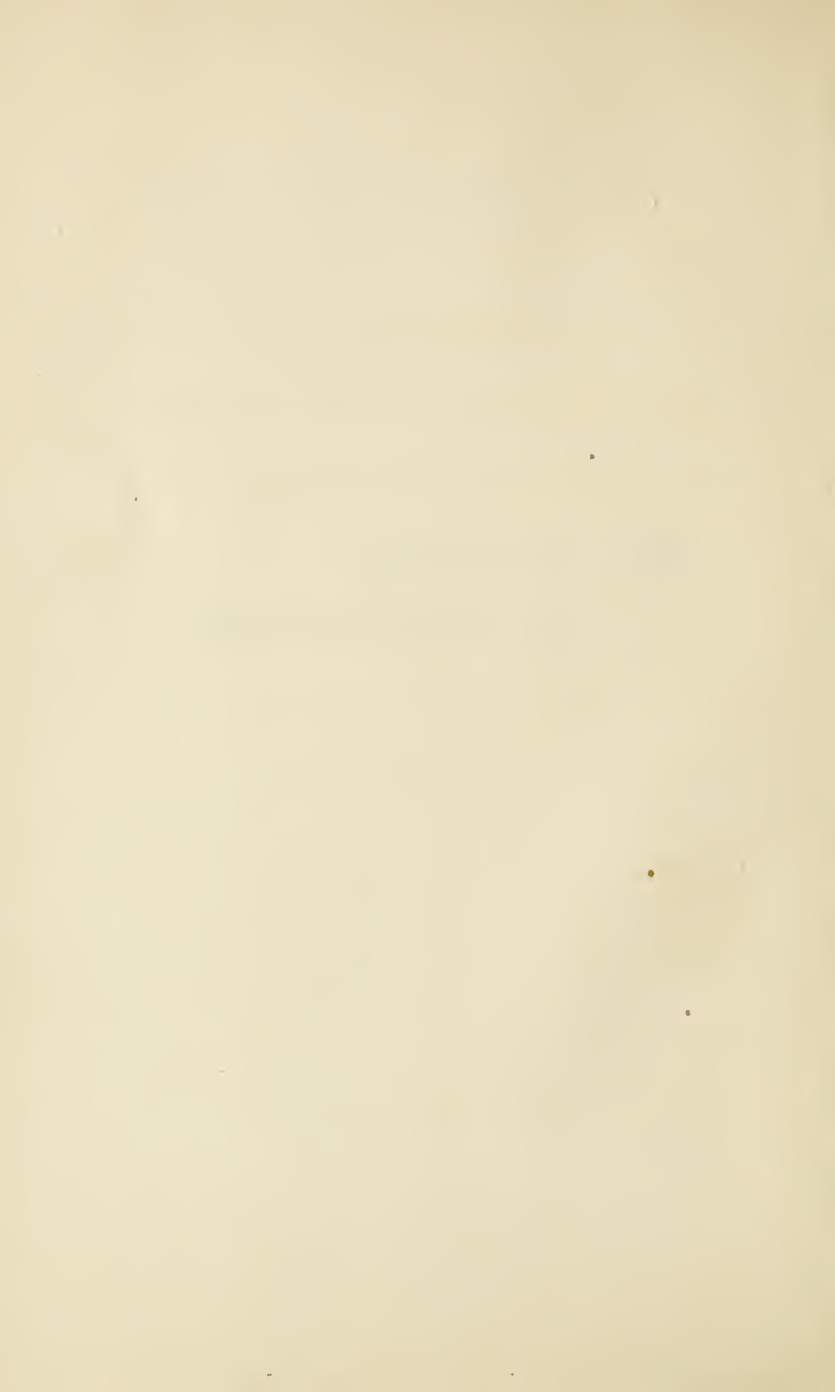
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From Montreal to
the Rocky Mountains



CHAPTER I

From Montreal to the Rocky Mountains

Montreal—A Mixed Population—Old Homesteads—Sawmills—
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—Fort William—Brandon—The Ranchman—Wheat District
—Railroad Lands and Crops—Cowboys—A Dream of the
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—Many Lofty Peaks—Banff—A Magnificent Mountain
Region—Banff Springs Hotel—Mountain Trout—Noted
Guides—A Delightful Drive—Sulphur Springs—An En-
thusiastic Englishman—A Superb View—The Bow Valley—
Ride to Devil's Lake—The Sunken Lake—The Scene at
Night.

UR train, speeding on its way from Phila-
delphia to Montreal, lacked no detail that
could add to the comfort and luxury of
modern travel. The interesting panorama
of ever-changing scenes gave the mind food for
reflection, and, while the body sometimes grew
weary of the ceaseless motion of the cars and the

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rumbling noise of the machinery, many beautiful pictures were stored in the memory, to be brought forth and rejoiced in again on a future day.

Take a peep through the window of your sleeper as you lie at rest. A far-reaching landscape, bathed in silvery moonlight, gleams out mistily and mysteriously, with a vague suggestiveness that haunts you as you sink back into drowsy comfort, with the accompaniment of the swiftly moving train, and a delightful feeling of expectation which is utterly beyond expression. Your slumber is filled with dreams in which mingled fact and fancy weave glowing pictures that thrill you even in your waking hours. When again you part the curtain which veils these fascinating scenes, behold a magnificent lake has spread itself out before you, shimmering in the morning sunbeams, with a mountain background glorified by the rising monarch of the day, who smilingly unites the whole in a picture of exquisite beauty and harmony.*

The country around Montreal is rich in verdant fields and meadows, with bits of woodland here and there between the substantial and comfortable looking farmhouses. At St. John's Station, twenty-five miles from Montreal, the Custom House officials inspect your baggage, to see that you are not

smuggling whiskey, tobacco, etc., into his Majesty's dominions.

Montreal is a picturesque old town, with many interesting associations awakened by the quaint architecture and French names which greet one on the pretty narrow streets. Her park of over four hundred acres lies on the summit of Mount Royal, from which you may have a delightful view of the St. Lawrence River and the surrounding country. Her cathedral of Notre Dame is a replica of more famous places of worship on the other side of the Atlantic.

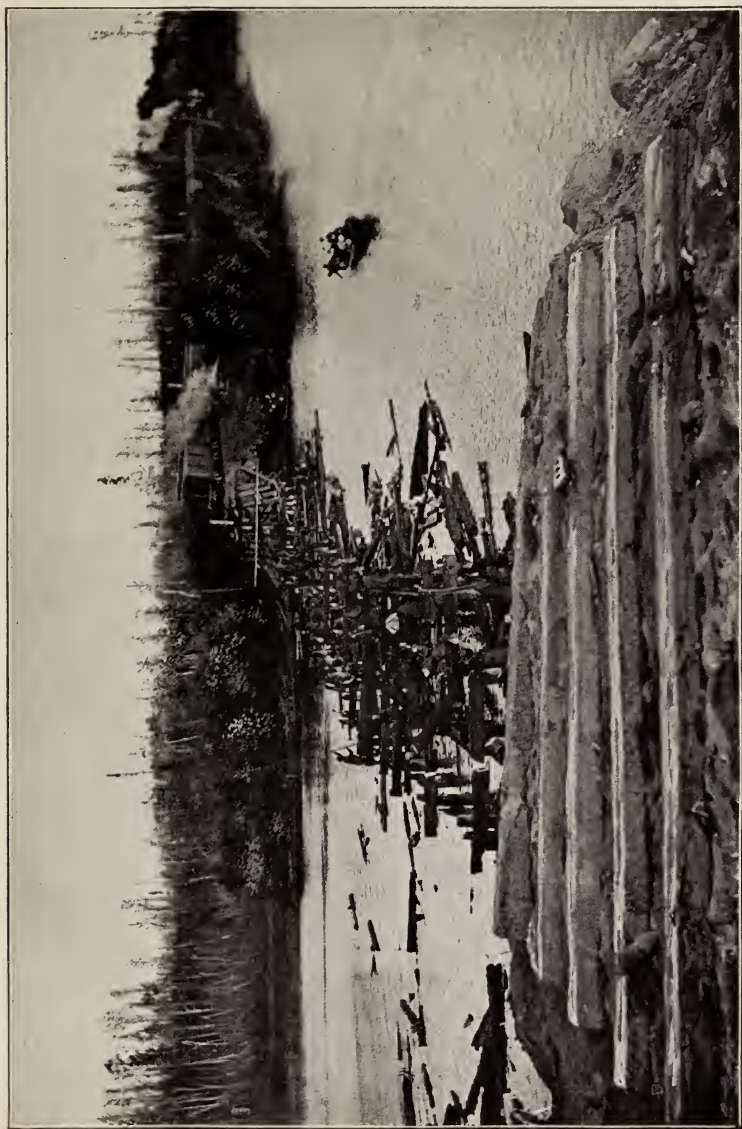
The city is built on terraces rising one above the other from the bank of the river. Here is found a strange mixture of French, English and Irish population. Whether the Irishman defers to the Frenchman, or the Frenchman to the Irishman, or both to the Englishman, I did not try to ascertain, for the arousing of national factions by indiscreet questions might have proved fatal to the success of our tour of sightseeing. In truth the place appeared to me much like a Scotch city, such as Glasgow on a small scale. At the time of our visit, a French mayor had just been elected to serve his second term of three years.

We left the borders of this attractive city on a

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lovely June day, with a clear sky overhead, and a temperature of seventy-two degrees. As we journeyed westward, a rich variety of beautiful color tones appeared in the landscape, softening or deepening into every shade of green as wheat, corn, oats or rye diversified the fields. Evidences of culture abounded, and the promise of a full harvest was everywhere apparent. The plain is broken here and there by strips of forest land whose monarchs look down from lofty heights upon the toil and fruition of man; perhaps wonderingly, since to them nature is lavish in her supplies, and yet "they toil not, neither do they spin." We followed the charming blue stream of the Alfred amid a succession of lovely scenes with high hills in the background. The old homesteads, mostly built of logs, with spacious barns close by, did not impress the beholder with the idea of extravagant expenditure, but they bore witness to thrift, comfort and success; and in their generally well ordered atmosphere seemed to demonstrate the truth of the old and trite maxim: "Heaven helps those who help themselves."

Sawmills were scattered freely along our route, and the rivers and other streams over which the train passed were filled with floating logs awaiting



BURNT BRIDGE, NEAR CHAPLEAN STATION

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From Montreal to the Rocky Mountains 29

their turn to be ripped up and transformed into shapes available for the manufacturer and builder. Innumerable fields on either side of the railway presented every stage in the process of devastation, from the thinned ranks of the noble standing forest to bare stumps and burnt roots, or piles of débris soon to be carted away or burnt to ashes and scattered over the soil. So civilization moulds the materials at her command into almost unrecognizable images, and everything in nature must pay tribute to the great Cæsar whose name is progress.

As we were whirled through towns and villages we were cheered by scores of lively boys and girls who looked healthy and well-cared for. And well might they cheer! The "Imperial Limited" was a masterpiece of modern science and mechanism. Right royally he swept over his course, drawing in his wake nine heavily equipped cars. His resonant voice uttering its shrill "ooo-ooo-ooooo," with a fierce threat in the notes, never failed to clear the track of every living being, and the echoes caught up his tones and spread the news far and wide, so that all the wild creatures shivered and darted into coverts as this despot of the road flashed like a meteor across the path, to disappear as suddenly,

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with a rush and a whirr that seemed to shake the universe.

Quite worthy of this great courser was the man of genius who ministered to—his Majesty? Oh, no—to the inferior creatures whom he deigned to bear as witnesses of his triumphal passage. Since “civilized man cannot live without dining,” surely next in importance to the “Imperial Limited” himself was the peerless chef whose masterly knowledge of his art caused the hours of refreshment for the material man to prove a delightful break in the monotony of railway travel. His talents and skill are, however, too well known to need even these few words of praise from me.

While enjoying the numerous courses of a well-served dinner, our conductor appeared with a telegram just received, announcing the destruction by fire of the bridge spanning the Moose River at Chaplean Station, hence all passengers must leave the train at that point with their baggage, and be rowed in small boats to the opposite bank, there to be transferred to special cars. The transportation was to occur at about four o'clock on the following morning. A pleasant prospect to dream over! However, good travellers should not complain of such local issues.

From Montreal to the Rocky Mountains 31

From Mattawa there was a change in the face of the country: the flat or undulating cultivated fields gave place to rocky bluffs and mountain ranges extending miles along either side of the track. The farmhouses were more scattered, and a wild, isolated region surrounded us. The descending sun, however, made the scene resplendent with beauty. The soft grey floating clouds became brilliantly tinged with gold, and cast glowing reflections upon the distant mountains, while the twilight sent faint misty shadows over the whole landscape and mingled its violet tone with the radiant glory of the sunset.

In the early morning hours all the travellers were awakened by a powerful voice shouting: "Chap-lean Station! All passengers alight here, carrying grips and other hand baggage." This was no dream, but stern reality. Confusion reigned supreme, as bags, bundles, trunks and all other portable articles were hustled out of the cars and shot down an embankment to the water's edge. We were fully three hours being transported to the other side in boats.

This at length accomplished, with accommodations somewhat less comfortable for many of the passengers than before, we proceeded on our way,

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passing through miles of forest which seemed principally a second growth, with much underbrush. The trees were mostly pines and cedars. We now made up lost time, and sent forth clouds of white steam as the milestones flew by in rapid succession.

The rails are laid on great stone embankments, at the bases of which, fully a hundred feet below, we perceived many small lakes. We felt that we were leaving civilization behind us when at Missanabie Station we beheld the settlement of one of the Hudson Bay Company's posts. Indians, cowboys, and some women sat about this cluster of small frame houses, and the skins of various animals were hanging up in the sun to dry. From this point onward we saw many Indians, generally in citizen's dress, and wearing the soft black hat "a la Chinee."

One after another, mountain ranges came into view. Now we rushed through a deep tunnel, now, poised dizzily aloft, glided over tall trestles, or hugged the mountain-side for miles, viewing with delight the constantly changing panorama of glistening lake and river, wonderfully tinted forest and ravine.

With difficulty I clutched the guard rail with one



CASCADE MOUNTAIN, BANFF

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hand and my camera with the other, taking a snap shot here and there, as the train swung recklessly over the road, twisting itself into every conceivable angle.

On approaching Fort William we were surprised to see three large elevators and a line of empty freight cars on the side track, telling of the transfer of grain to boats to be carried eastward.

The city looked rather imposing from the station, with its parallel lines of rails stretching miles along those iron bound shores. The distant mountain skirting the horizon of Lake Superior is called the "Sleeping Giant," and there is, it is said, an Indian legend connected with the name. Who knows what ancient Barbarossa is immortalized here? Or, is this only a repetition of the old myth that all the mountains are the tombs of sleeping giants who will arise some day and reconquer the world?

The country around Fort William is flat, cultivated, commonplace and uninteresting. There is a gradual rise as we move westward, until at Brandon, 1,557 miles from Montreal, the altitude is 1,150 feet. Here the country spreads out like a vast garden under careful cultivation, and miles of wheat and grass refresh the eyes of the traveller. We found the air balmy and filled with the fragrance of

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newly mown hay. In this region the true life of the ranchman is experienced: houses are miles apart, and the office of doctor, butcher, baker, everything, is rolled up in one personage—the ranchman himself. The expression “a vast ocean of land” has been fitly applied to this section of the country, which is famous as a wheat producing district. The road is dusty and herds of wild cattle roam hither and thither in groups of from fifty to a hundred.

From a ranch owner on the train we learned that land on either side of the Canadian Pacific Railroad is worth twenty dollars an acre, but is rarely offered for sale. The yield of wheat averages about thirty bushels to the acre, and the price at Brandon is sixty cents a bushel, net. The railroad taxes are two cents per acre. The land is cultivated from fifty to a hundred miles back from the road, the farms consisting of six hundred acres or more each. Wheat has been raised for fifteen consecutive years without the use of phosphates. No corn is planted, the crops being generally of wheat, oats or grass. Cowboys have full charge of these ranches, under the supervision of a general manager, receiving as wages, food, horses, (without saddles), and thirty dollars a month.

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As evening descends over this vast table-land, one's thoughts revert to the days when the red man hunted the buffalo and other wild game on these plains, and as the dusky gloom magnifies the shadows of a group of bushes on an embankment, the blood curdling war whoop of the Indians seems about to break the silence, followed by the shrill shriek of the victim; and now the train is suddenly surrounded by merciless savages, tomahawk in hand, and, oh the horror, the utter helplessness and terror of the situation!

The brilliant illumination of the car speedily banishes this nightmare of the past, and with a bound, your spirit leaps forward to the present, with a new appreciation of the security and enjoyment of the traveller of to-day. Happy days! And happy change! I wonder if the spirit of the Indian chief has progressed with the years, or if in those upper hunting grounds he still retains that cruel, revengeful spirit which delights in ornaments of scalps, and experiments upon the endurance of his victims by fiery ordeals and other pitiless forms of torture. Methinks, however, the conditions there are somewhat different, and we must not forget that here the red man had his grievance.

At Qu'Appelle Station, 1,738 miles west of Mon-

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treail, we reached an altitude of 2,050 feet: there is a gradual elevation from here to Medicine Hat, a station named in memory of an old Indian medicine man: from this point it falls off again to 2,150 feet.

In this region are some lumber lands, and the knolls are the favorite resort of vast herds of cattle. Some of the farms are of great extent: one of 1,200 acres, thoroughly irrigated, is devoted to stock raising. Seven thousand cattle and five hundred horses are not uncommon numbers in describing the possessions of these wealthy ranchmen. Here six thousand sheep are raised and sheltered. This portion of the country is especially adapted for the purpose: the grasses are rich and possess great attraction for the cattle. The valleys and groves of timber provide ample shelter at all seasons, and the numerous streams flowing from the neighboring hills afford an inexhaustible supply of water.

Again we began to ascend, and Calgary Station found us at an elevation of 3,388 feet. The air was exhilarating and the day clear, with a temperature stimulating enough to make a brisk walk enjoyable. How healthy the people appeared. Rosy cheeks, strong bodies and an active, business-like manner prevailed everywhere. At Calgary Station we had covered 2,264 miles in an almost straight

line from Montreal. This is an English settlement, and we were informed that the society is composed of excellent families, who are not unworthy representatives of the best classes in the mother country.

At Calgary we had our first glimpse of the Rocky Mountains on a day that seemed sent from heaven for our especial benefit. Far in the distance rose the noble peaks whose snowy robes and silvery gleam are visible for miles. Great seams in the mountain-sides appeared filled with snow almost to the base, proclaiming the inexorable reign of winter on those heights. The country around is hilly, and huge boulders imbedded in the earth everywhere tell of the fierce battle of the giants that raged here in some forgotten age. Groups of wigwams were visible here and there from the car windows, and occasional glimpses were had of the sullen face and stalwart form of the red man, gay in his many colored blanket and gorgeous feathers, or the more humble figure of his squaw bending industriously over her bead work or basket making. These tents, although by no means attractive, in consequence of a great dearth of cleanliness, are decidedly picturesque and break the monotony of the landscape on the lower levels.

Farther and farther into nature's heart we

penetrated: into regions of ever increasing beauty and grandeur. The gap or valley through which we passed presented a succession of views of indescribable magnificence. We whirled by these scenes with scarcely time to appreciate one before another burst upon us. Huge mountains towered above us on either side, and the temperature grew colder, the air more invigorating and refreshing. The verdure in the valley formed a fairy pageant, and the green trail could be traced climbing the mountain-side to where the barren rocks uttered their stern edict: "Thus far." The various tints of purple, blue, red, white and umber formed an enchanting combination to the observing eye.

At the feet of these heights large streams are formed by the hundreds of springs and rivulets oozing from seams and hollows in the sides of the mountains. Sometimes a lovely waterfall dances gayly down upon the massive boulders below, and the misty veil thus formed flings out into the sunbeams a glory of prismatic hues. Sometimes a wild cataract dashes madly over the rocks, sweeping every obstacle out of its way, reckless of aught save its own desire to reach the valley.

The sonorous whistle of our engine was caught

up by the echoes and carried from peak to peak, each of which in turn lent a new melody to its notes, until at last it was borne far away beyond our ken, but I doubt not that it is still going on, uttering a soft musical call in some undiscovered country where the lofty summits mistake it for the sighing of the wind about their brows as they stand in solitary state, all unconscious of the existence of that puny creature called man.

As our road mounted higher an extra wrap was found necessary, and now the majestic peaks seemed to hasten by with scarce a greeting in response to our ardent exclamations of wonder and delight.

As we approached Canmore, we found the views so charming that we longed to leave the train and spend at least a week in exploring its hidden beauties, but our unsympathetic engine bore us relentlessly onward without a pause. We passed a number of tourists at the various stations, and some of the ladies presented a very picturesque appearance in their mountain suits: one in particular was so charming in her dress of Scotch plaid, that I involuntarily thought of the Waverly novels, and felt sure that Sir Walter Scott could have had no more lovely picture in his mind when he described

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his romantic heroines, than that of this young girl as she stood upon a grassy knoll near the station eagerly watching the approach of the train.

How our great iron steed puffed and strained under the weight of the long train of cars! And every moment the scenery seemed to increase in grandeur and beauty. As we drew near Banff we felt that we were entering the ideal of nature's aspirations. Here we had our first glimpse of Cascade Mountain, whose noble and majestic dome pierces the clear blue ether at an elevation of 9,796 feet. Its snowy summit reflects the rays of the sun with startling brilliance, and the long seams made by its constantly flowing cascades are nearly filled with snow and ice which cast forth dazzling rainbow lights almost to the base of the mountain.

As we pushed farther into the valley, we were surrounded by still greater grandeur: I can compare this magnificent scene only to the rocket winding its serpentine pathway through heavenly space until at last it bursts, and all the upper world is aglow with sparkling gems. Banff seems to be the culmination of this wonderful experience, for here we were surrounded by the master work of the Creator. This is the home of the giants: here in splendid solitude stand the aristocrats of nature, and



SPRAY FALLS, BANFF

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none may dispute their sovereign right to rule the realm. Here are Sulphur Mountain, 8,000 feet in height, Goat Range, 8,500 feet, Rundle Mountain, 9,798 feet, the Three Sisters, 9,704, 8,810, and 8,860 feet, Fairholm, 9,275 feet, Peechee, 9,585 feet, Inglismaldie, 9,685 feet, the Vermilion and Sanback Ranges more than 9,000 feet, and the Bourgean Mountains also over 9,000 feet. Is it strange that the brain almost reels in the presence of a glory and grandeur utterly beyond description?

As the conductor shouted the simple monosyllable "Banff" the train stopped, and the man to whom our thrilling experiences were an everyday affair, with an impassive countenance, assisted the passengers to alight.

"The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps
And thron'd eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!—
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below."

Banff is a bewilderment—a delight—a paradise—the centre of the Rocky Mountain Park, situated at an elevation of 4,500 feet above the level of the sea.

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In the guide book it is simply mentioned as: "Station for Rocky Mountain Park and the Hot Springs; a medicinal watering-place and pleasure resort." It is well known, however, that this park is a national reservation, twenty-six miles long and ten miles wide, established by the Canadian government for a public pleasure ground forever. This wonderful pleasure ground is diversified by rivers, lakes, cascades and waterfalls, and is the very heart and soul of the Rockies. No region in this part of the country exhibits a greater variety of sublime and entrancing scenery. It embraces portions of the valleys of the Bow, Spray and Cascade rivers, Devil's Lake, and some noble mountain ranges; and nowhere are fine points of view and features of special interest more accessible, as good roads and bridle paths lead from the hotel in every direction.

A spacious coach drawn by four strong horses met our train and carried passengers and baggage to the Banff Springs Hotel, two miles distant. This hotel is a modern structure, perched high on a pinnacle of rock, commanding magnificent views of mountains and valleys. It is a haven of rest to the weary traveller, who finds here not only comfortable, but luxurious apartments, with all the

conveniences of city life. It is owned and managed by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

Words fail in attempting to describe the scenes that meet one here. You gaze in silence upon ice bound peak and flowing river; and ever new summits claim your glance. The atmosphere is so clear that pyramid and glacier, snow-capped spire and waterfall gleam forth above winding stream and forest dark, as though to challenge the admiration of the world. Here too is sport for hunter and fisherman. Would you relax a little from the tension caused by too continuous concentration upon the majestic scenes around you, let the porter bring you a hook and line; walk a short distance to the Spray Falls, cast in your line, and in a short time you will draw forth enough fine trout to afford a sumptuous supper for yourself and friends.

The walks about the hotel are all delightful: guides may be secured to conduct a party over the mountains. These men are perfectly reliable, many of them being of well-established Swiss and Canadian reputation. We engaged a carriage and trustworthy driver, whose knowledge of road and path and hidden nook was all that could be desired. With implicit faith we yielded ourselves to his

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guidance; now coasting the mountain-side along a narrow path which overlooked the valley, and revelling in the beautiful effect of the many colors blending with the clouds that suddenly drooped curtain-like over the lofty peaks; now threading the shadowy forest where sparkling water courses make sweet musical accompaniment along the way, but always and everywhere in the midst of scenes of rare and wondrous beauty. The silence of the mountains fell upon us, and a gentle rain descended, softly, as though the atmosphere were too sacred for sound: through its misty veil we looked down the glistening valley.

“Tears—floods of tears

Lay frozen at her heart, but now like rills
Let loose in springtime from the snowy hills,
And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,
Through valleys where their flow had long been lost.”

We found the temperature quite different from that of our eastern cities: at times the mercury would reach fifty degrees: the air was so fresh and exhilarating that it could not fail to prove beneficial to the health. Sulphur springs, both hot and cold, abound in these regions, and there are good bathing houses on the Sulphur Range, 6,000 feet above the

sea. The water is considered of great medicinal value.

There can be no monotony in one's stay at Banff, nor is there any necessity for the making of plans for the day's pleasure; for there is always something new to be seen, whether one simply gazes from the window or wanders in the grounds about the hotel. The scenes are ever varying; ever growing more wonderful and beautiful. There are many favorite drives and walks, and the visitor could spend many days here, finding a new and unexpected pleasure in every hour. An enthusiastic Englishman, who had been exploring this region for four weeks previous to our arrival, exhibited genuine astonishment upon learning that we had allowed ourselves only four days in this enchanting spot.

"What! Four days!" he exclaimed. "I have been here four weeks, and yet feel that I am still only in the preface of one of the grandest of nature's books. You Americans are so rapid; so restless that I wonder your brains do not become paralyzed with the snap shot criticisms you make of such masterpieces as these."

I agreed with him, saying that much might indeed be written of these magnificent scenes, but that I

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could merely allude to them in common with many others that lay along a journey of 12,000 miles. The windows of our room commanded a superb view of the Bow valley and the beautiful winding river that rushes swiftly down from its source in the mountain and dashes over the rocks with foam and whirl until it reaches the peaceful bed of the valley. Upon one side towers Rundle, or Razor Back Mountain, whose nickname fits its lofty ridges well. Upon its highest peak one of the noted Swiss guides has planted a spirl or gaff on the extreme edge of the precipice. It stands there as the representative of a feat of courage and daring, as well as a challenge to be plucked therefrom by one as fearless as himself.

On the left is the ever beautiful, defiant Cascade Mountain, whose name is made evident by the lofty cataracts dashing down its sides, through its ravines, and over precipices and crevasses. In the distance may be seen the long ranges of Inglismaldie and Mount Peechee, while in the valley, the picturesque, winding Bow River is dotted here and there with islands covered with trees and underbrush.

Forests extend from the river banks as far as the eye can see. The whole picture of sky, snow-



MOUNTAIN ROAD, NEAR BANFF

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capped mountains with their hazy blue and purple effect, the lovely greens and other hues reflected in the shining water, the dark mysterious forest; all combined, form a scene of unrivalled charm and beauty.

Take with me but one of the many drives in this enchanted country. Our destination is Lake Minnewanka or Devil's Lake, about nine miles from the hotel. Our road is through the valley amid the most delightful scenery—we skirt the base of Cascade Mountain and follow the serpentine course of the Devil's Head River, at times ascending a grade of 300 feet, then quickly again reaching the level. We pass a national park in which such game as elk, buffalos, wild-cats and mountain lions are protected. Sportsmen are allowed to hunt in the forests and on the hills. This is the experience: a noble fellow will be caught unaware—in his fright he will snort and whirl about, and before you know it he is off like the wind.

Noble and rugged, the Cascade Mountain looms up before us: hardy trees make patches of green on its slopes, while in many of the crevasses the snow reaches almost to our driveway. A sharp turn, and we enter Devil's Head Canon: a rustic and not altogether safe looking bridge spans the river here.

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Our feelings are by no means enviable while crossing this bridge: some evil little imp of suggestion is continually whispering, "Suppose one of these planks should give way, or one of the horses leap the railing (an impossible feat), dragging us after him into the boiling waters below!" But neither of these dire events transpires. We cross in safety, and behold a scene which arouses our highest admiration. Not far away some charred trees and stumps tell the story of recent fires which have ravaged the country. Beyond us Inglismaldie Mountain rears his proud head like a giant sentinel above Lake Minnewanka, making another glorious picture. We reach the sunken lake set in such wonderful surroundings, that they seem like the rich frame of a mirror; so calm and glassy is the water, so clear the reflections of the magnificent heights imaged upon its surface. Its length is sixteen miles, its width two, and it lies imbedded so deeply in the earth that its banks seem to rise hundreds of feet above its crystal depths. At the lake a small cottage offers accommodations to tourists who wish to try the excellent trout fishing, or climb the neighboring mountains.

How solemnly the giants look down upon their mighty possessions! How sacred seems the spot

where all nature pays homage to their grandeur and dignity! Their closest companions are of the upper world—the clouds, the gales, the thunder and lightning play about their noble peaks. With these the mountains hold communion, and when to man the elements seem waging wild and furious warfare, unto the giants it is but as the play of little children.

At night the scene is one of awful grandeur, save when the moonbeams bathe the heights in silvery splendor: then the heart of the romantic beholder is thrilled by the gleaming peaks and glittering glaciers, and strange fancies flit through his brain: he seems to hear in the silent night faint whispers from the mountain-tops, as though the monarchs and the gentle moonbeams have secrets together, which they sometimes share with the mysterious stars, who look downward, as though filled with unspeakable wisdom and sympathy.

TO THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS.

Hail noble mountain, lofty and sublime,
Crowned with a glory of eternal snow
Undimmed forever by the touch of time!
I pay thee homage as the sunset glow
Unto thy brow a rich effulgence lends
And robes thy changing hues in splendor bright—
And when the shimmering moonbeams round thee, blend
Thy dome majestic with a heavenly light,

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And all thy rainbow colors softly fade,
And thy form gleams a shadowy, misty thing,
More beauteous still—I, in the lowly glade,
Look up and worship thee, thou giant king.—
Behold the gentle Night Queen woos thee now—
Veiled in her silver radiance, she descends—
Her dewy kisses press thy icy brow—
Her garments trail about thee as she bends.

And thou dost suffer her—and for a space,
Clasped in her arms, thy sternness disappears—
And thou art softened into fairy grace—
Ay thou art lovely while she lingers near.—
But when with gifts of gold the day draws nigh,
Cold and magnificent thy summit towers—
The dreaming shadows that around thee lie,
Alone bear witness of those midnight hours.

Among the Giants

CHAPTER II

Among the Giants

The Banks of the Bow River—A Bewildering Group—Castle Mountain—Mountain Lakes—Eldon Station—Desolation Valley—Bald Mountain—Weird Shapes—Bowls and Pyramids—Up the Steep Ascent—Laggan Station—Time goes Backward—Amid Snow and Ice—The Great Divide—Wapta Rapids—Indescribable Scenes—Kicking Horse Pass—Cascades—Field Station—Mount Stephen—Silver Lead Mine—The Selkirks—Glaciers and Mountain Streams—Any Sign of a Grizzly?—The Beautiful Columbia—In the Cañon—Tunnels—A Gloomy Gorge—Beaver Mouth Station—Bear Creek—Stony Creek Bridge—Travelling through Space—On the Summit—Cedar Creek Bridge—Nature's Utmost—Snow Sheds—Macdonald and the Hermit—The Great Glacier—Sir Donald.

BIDDING farewell to Banff, we continued our journey westward. Our car was the regular tourist's observation car, with spacious windows and seats placed lengthwise. Our travelling companions were pleasant and social, with quick perception of the beauties of nature and of the finest points along the route. Sometimes we passed quite close to the banks of

the Bow River: recent rains had clouded the picturesque stream, and we missed the vivid reflections of mountain and forest which generally lend such a charm to the landscape. The views on every side were bewitching: tall pine trees added their touch of green to the mountain-sides, and sent spicy odors through the cool air, rendering it still more exhilarating. The day was perfect, and the clear blue sky over our heads held here and there soft fleecy clouds that cast their fluttering shadows upon hill and dale. After leaving Cascade Station, the road gradually ascended, and one stately mountain followed another, each seeming more beautiful than the last, until we were overpowered by the majesty of the ever-changing scenes, and words failed us, all our adjectives proving inadequate to describe the grandeur and sublimity around us.

On our right rose Castle Mountain, gigantic and picturesque, piercing the blue ether at an elevation of five thousand feet. In close succession, peak after peak lifted up their icy summits: Mount Bourgean, Pilot Mountain, Copper Mountain, all more than nine thousand feet above the level; and following these were nine giants, more massive still, who overlook all their neighbors. Such is Mount Ball, whose pinnacle gleams with prismatic



VIEW OF BOW VALLEY, FROM BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL

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hues at an altitude of 10,800 feet. Lakes of considerable magnitude are visible upon the sides of many of these mountains, and hotels and cottages are built on the plateaus: here tourists may rest after their journeys, or explore this wonderful realm of the giants at will.

At Eldon Station we reached an altitude of 4,720 feet. On our left appeared a beautiful hollow, called Desolation Valley. I wondered at the name, for the valley is green and picturesque, but none of our fellow-passengers could enlighten me on this point. Now we seemed to have reached the greatest of all Nature's ambitious efforts: on our left towered majestic Bald Mountain, whose topmost peaks are composed of huge glaciers of gleaming emerald hue, telling of solid masses of ice: here Mount Temple, 11,658 feet, Mount Pinnacle, 10,500 feet, Mt. Delta, Lefroy, 11,370 feet, Goat, Saddle, Sheol, Hagel, Mitre, Beehive, White, Prim, and numberless others raise their snowy heads upwards, thousands of feet above the plain, and form a wonderful picture whose grandeur and beauty may never be forgotten.

Strange and weird are the shapes some of these giants choose to assume—or is it the genii who compel them? Here one appears as great rows of

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enormous teeth—poor giant! Was it the helplessness of impotent rage thus immortalized? Here massive bowls wait to catch the nectar which falls from heaven: vast amphitheatres hold invisible audiences who listen to marvellous symphonies, inaudible to mortal ears—here pyramids formed by a hand greater than that of man defy time and the elements. Silent are all these immeasurable spaces—silent the enchanted monarchs, dreaming perhaps of other days—and in reverent silence we greet them, mentally bowing ourselves to the dust before them. Silently we leave them in their solitary grandeur. They receive our obeisance, but vouchsafe no sign.

It was no light task to draw the long train of cars up the steep ascent, but our iron steed was equal to the occasion, and at last we reached Laggan Station, at an elevation of 4,930 feet.

At this station, the terminus of the Western Division, time goes back one hour, to conform with the Pacific standard.

Shortly after leaving Laggan, we bade farewell to the picturesque winding Bow River, as we continued our westerly course to Stephen Station, at which point the greatest altitude of the railway in this section is reached—5,296 feet.

Two miles farther on we found ourselves at Hector Station, on the summit of the mountain from which it takes its name. What magnificent views greeted us here! Snow-capped mountains still lifted their heads above us, and snow and ice surrounded us. Isolated, lonely, wild and cheerless, this lofty region depresses the spirits. At this station a large powerful engine was attached to our train, in addition to our already well tested iron steed, and thus with an engine at each end, the long line of nine coaches made the descent of two thousand feet. We moved very slowly at first, then gradually faster and faster, until we began to fear that our brave and trusty charioteers had forgotten their charge.

Now we approach the "Great Divide" and here perceive the clear stream fed by the snows on the summit, suddenly separate into two crystal rivers; one flowing to the right, joins the waters which empty into Hudson Bay, while the other turning to the left, finds its way to the Columbia River, and thence to the Pacific Ocean. It is impossible to give an idea of the almost terrible beauty of the scene at this point, as we cross the wild cañon in which the Wapta or Kicking Horse River foams and churns itself into a mad torrent dashing itself

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against the sides of the narrow pass a thousand feet below. It fills one with awe to gaze down into this gorge, and hear the roaring, boiling waters pitching and tossing in their desperate leaps to free themselves from the hated bondage of the rocks, and one has a feeling of sympathy and relief when at last the fearful struggle is over, and the rebellious rapids fall exhausted into the peaceful bed of a calm and tranquil river.

Great boulders are poised on the edge of the precipice, with a hold apparently so slight that at any moment they may come crashing down with stupendous force into the pass below. Incomparably grand and magnificent are the scenes around us—and utterly indescribable. The ardent tourist drops his pencil and note-book and gazes spell-bound upon the swiftly moving panorama which his eyes can scarcely follow. The photographer mechanically adjusts his plate holders and shutter, without an attempt to focus any especial point, glad to bring away any one of these thrilling views—realizing only that everything is beautiful—everything picturesque—everything wonderful, as far as the eye can see. If he is fortunate enough to make a “snap shot” between the rapidly passing

telegraph poles, there can be no doubt of the artistic value of the prize.

The apparent recklessness of the engineers excited our astonishment, as they sped the train along at the rate of twenty or twenty-five miles an hour, meeting the numberless sudden curves with cool nerves and the utmost confidence. Many times it seemed that we must all be pitched headlong down into that boiling abyss, that frightful torrent, while the run was made along the Kicking Horse Pass. The clouds at this point hung in groups over the clustered peaks, whose snowy pinnacles formed an enchanting picture.

We passed through miles of burnt forests on the mountain slopes; while the numberless cascades wound their way like silver threads from all points, and at last fell hundreds of feet in sparkling showers to the plains below. All fears of accident vanished when we reached Field Station, at an altitude of 4,050 feet. As we approached the picturesque station, we beheld an enormous mountain looming straight up before us, and supporting almost on the edge of a steep precipice a massive glacier, eight hundred feet in thickness, green and glistening in the sunlight. This was Mount Stephen, rising 8,000 feet above the valley, a stu-

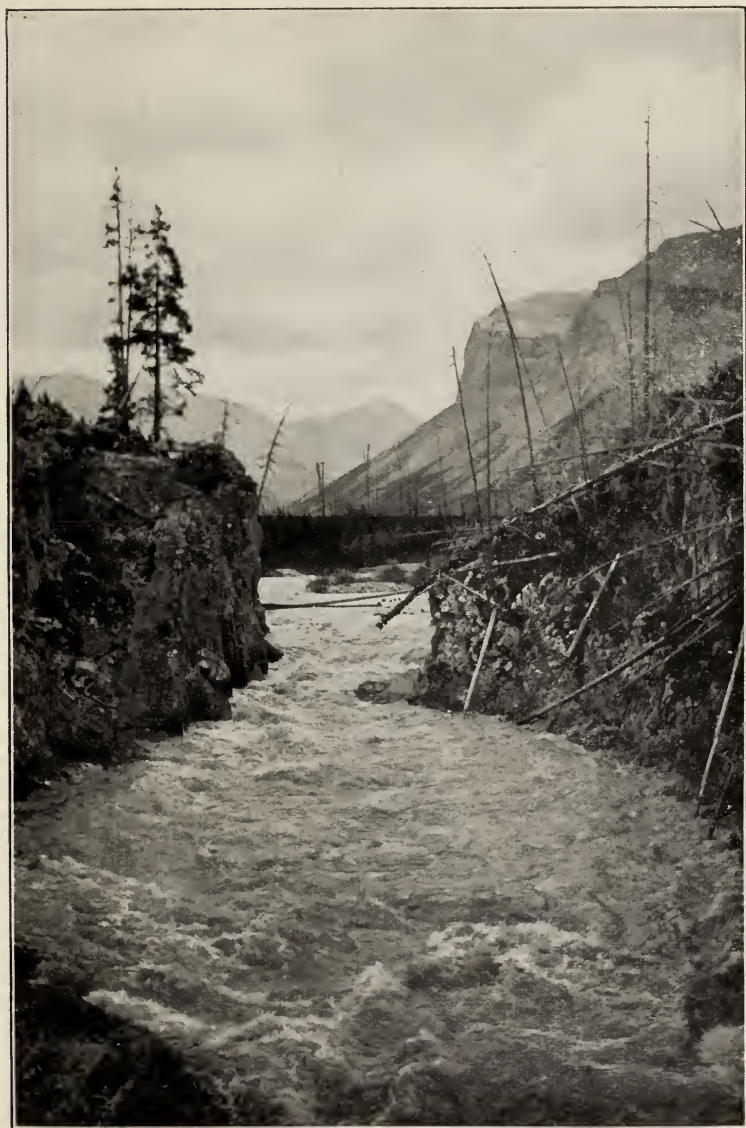
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pendous spectacle, and I could but stand and gaze upon it, unheeding the repeated calls of friends to go to luncheon: this seemed no time or place for

“The clang of plates, of knife and fork,
That merciless fell, like tomahawks, to work.”

Scenes like these are the “white stones” of a lifetime. About two thousand five hundred feet above the valley, on the side of this mountain, most picturesque and magnificent, a small house may be seen, with a tunnel close by. This is, we learned, a silver mine, whose owners, it would seem, need have no fear of tramps or thieves, for the narrow road leading to it is perilous enough to deter the most hardy villain from the attempt.

One never grows weary of contemplating these gigantic mountains, and for those wishing to make the ascent, there are always reliable guides. This is a popular station, providing good accommodations for tourists or more permanent guests. The grounds have been embellished with fountains and artistic flower beds, and present an attractive appearance. Shortly after leaving this section, we came within sight of the famous Selkirk Range. These mountains are no less grand and picturesque than the Rockies. As we steam along, their giant



DEVIL'S HEAD CAÑON, NEAR LAKE MINNEWANKA

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forms rise up massive and lofty on every side. Glaciers and mirror like lakes glitter like great jewels upon their slopes, and ever as in a kaleidoscope, the harmonies of color present different effects in the glowing sunlight or beneath the varying shadows of the clouds idly floating over their heads.

Now the silence is broken by the crash of a glacier which has edged its way too close to the steep precipice over which it leans. Now a rushing torrent bids us watch its course over bushes and stones, laughing in the sunlight, darkling in the shadow, whirling over our heads, vanishing beneath our feet, then dancing away arm in arm with a comrade to hide in the forest, and bursting forth afar off with mirthful mocking voice that grows fainter and fainter as restraining its wild exuberance it falls into the decorum of life in the valley. We never weary of gazing about us—never cease wondering at the awful summits that rise above us, or the huge glaciers lying along the gaps and crevasses, as though waiting—waiting, like the enchanted princess, for the hand of the deliverer. Alas, will he ever come? We watch closely, looking through our field-glasses for any sign of a “grizzly,” or one of the deer family, out sunning

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himself, or in quest of food, and at times fancy we see something that resembles an animal, but so rapidly are we borne along that the whole picture is a thing of the past before we have determined whether the object half hidden in the ravine is a wild creature of the forest, a clump of bushes, or only a dense shadow cast by the overhanging foliage.

The grade of the road is constantly changing, now making a steep ascent, now as sharp a downward sweep; in many places where the road descends, switches are placed at intervals along the main line, running up the mountain-side perhaps a thousand feet—so that should the train become unmanageable, or be in danger of accident, the engineer can turn it upon one of these ascending switches, when the train would be unable to proceed.

Innumerable lakes, rivers and other streams flow along the base of the mountains, fed by the cascades continually rushing over the slopes. There is more verdure and less burnt woodland visible on the Selkirk Range than on the Rocky Mountains. The eyes are rested and the brain refreshed by these green forests.

We follow the Wapta, or Kicking Horse River

for miles, as it foams and dashes along between its narrow walls until at last it meets calmness and rest in the arms of the beautiful Columbia. Now we enter a gorgeous cañon; the sky is shut out by giant pines, and here we too seem to be a part of the wonderful pageant. In and out we thread our way, through dense ravines or over velvety lawns, still skirting the Columbia River. The cañon deepens, and the mountain-sides become vertical, falling thousands of feet in an almost straight line below us. Down this fearful declivity our train rushes at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and on the very edge of the precipice. We hold our breath in terror, and for some seconds the wonderful views of valley and stream are rivaled by the possibility of what might happen so easily were our engineer a little less perfectly master of the situation. Occasionally the whistle sounds its note of warning, long and shrill, to be repeated mockingly by the myriads of demons who haunt these regions. At times we glance ahead through the car window. Great boulders apparently block the way—suddenly the daylight disappears, and we are passing through a tunnel cut in the solid wall of granite which slopes to the very edge of the river.

Now we enter a gloomy gorge, with the sounds

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of a roaring cataract in the depths below us. In consequence of recent rains the rapids here are eight feet higher than usual. It is so dark that the most enthusiastic photographer could not capture this view of towering walls and foaming waters.

Suddenly, as if by magic, daylight bursts upon us, and all nature is aglow with sunlight and color. A beautiful scene is before us. The broad Columbia lies at our feet, with the lofty Selkirk Mountains for a background. Peak after peak stands forth with indescribable effect, as though vying with each other in their efforts to reach heaven's dome.

The road-bed over which we are travelling is of perfect construction, but so swift and unexpected are the turns, so serpentine the twisting of the train, that some ingenuity is required to circumvent the powers that rule, in their evident desire to compel us to change our position momentarily. The conductor assures us that excellent fish may be caught in this river. Its depths surge and boil as though threatening to engulf the adventurous sportsman who would dare make pastime of its angry current, and yet here and there shallow places seem to offer a foothold to the ardent angler. But they are not for us.

We have followed the picturesque Columbia

through many and devious ways; she has led us through wild gorges and ravines, and along most perilous passes, and we have always looked upon her face with gladness, so it is almost with sorrow that we turn away from her at Beaver Mouth Station; but travellers are fickle folk, they hardly are "off with the old love before they are on with the new;" and lo at his altitude of 2,500 feet we find another charming river guide beckoning to us—the Beaver, a wild, rapid stream, rushing along and chafing in its deep and narrow gorge and leaping madly against the sides of its prison in its haste to pass through this stage of its existence. Picturesque and beautiful, cliff and mountain gleam forth in glowing colors, blending themselves into a harmonious whole which makes a lasting impression on the memory. In this isolated spot one might easily find enough studies for brush or pen to occupy a lifetime.

From Beaver Mouth Station our road wound upward over the mountain slopes until at Bear Creek we reached an altitude of 3,500 feet. At some points it seemed almost impossible to make the ascent before us, but the greatest experts and the most powerful engines of the C. P. R. R. are employed here, and so we rose higher and higher

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along the mountain-side. The river below grew fainter and narrower, until only a thread like streak of silver made delicate tracery hither and thither, twisting and turning through the green forests and walled in cañon a thousand feet below, until it finally disappeared altogether.

Our conductor, a genial man, gave us much interesting information; more indeed than one could write down or remember.

As we advanced we penetrated tall and stately forests, and crossed the paths of mad cataracts tearing down the mountain-sides with trains of timber oftentimes in their wake, rising and falling, pitching and tossing as they swept by.

Far and near, the mountain ranges ever kept company with us, and the succession of views was altogether beyond description.

Now we passed over one of the cascades by means of the bridge that spans the boisterous Stony Creek. This is the loftiest bridge upon the Canadian Railroad system, and I have heard it stated that it is the highest timber railing bridge in the world. It is three hundred feet in height and four hundred and fifty feet long.

As we sweep over this iron frame, poised at a dizzy height, for the valley is still a thousand feet

below, we feel as though we are travelling through space, and all our surroundings seem unreal and visionary. We now attach two extra engines, for there is some stiff climbing to be accomplished. These great iron monsters look equal to all that is required of them.

The eastern slope of the Selkirks is visible, glowing and magnificent, while below us the charming Beaver River wanders through the picturesque valley. Onward we go, over many bridges crossing deep chasms or foaming cascades until we find ourselves speeding along the summit of the mountain, having gradually ascended until we have reached an elevation of four thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea, and fifteen hundred feet above the valley.

As we cross Cedar Creek Bridge the scene around us is unsurpassed in beauty and sublimity by anything we have yet experienced.

Even at this height the snow-clad peaks seem to tower over us in greater immensity than before. Glancing downward, a boiling torrent rages far, far below. The heavens and the mountain crests commune in silence. And no words are ours. We pay the highest tribute in our power to the lofty and sublime.

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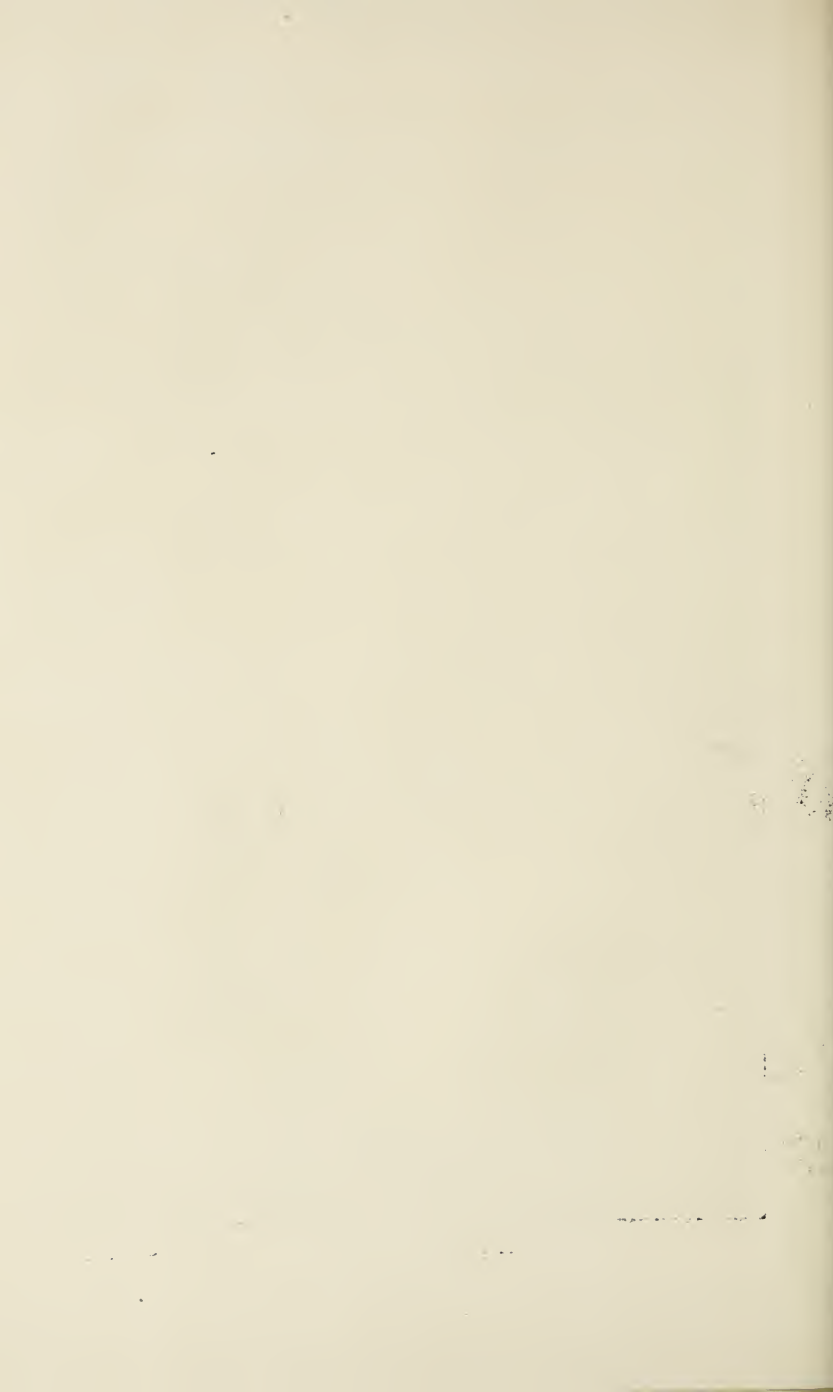
The Selkirks form the background of this wonderful picture, and as we gaze upon this new race of giants, we feel that Nature can do no more; that here indeed she has attained the height of her magnificence. We have ascended the mountain by a circuitous path, covering a distance of forty miles: but a direct line from this point to Golden Station would measure but eight miles. A vast ravine is before us, and the stately Mount Macdonald on one side and the Hermit on the other, stand guard over the narrow entrance to Rogers' Pass, and exhibit their shining green glaciers as signs that perpetual winter reigns in these realms. A rocky shape on the edge of the precipice, resembling the form of a cowed monk with his dog, has given to the Hermit Mountain its name.

Immense snow sheds have been constructed at intervals along the western slopes of these mountains, some a half mile, others a mile in width. These sheds are built of "heavy squared cedar timber, dove-tailed and bolted together, backed with rock, and fitted into the mountain-sides in such a manner as to bid defiance to the most terrific avalanche" and the mighty gales which sweep these latitudes in winter. Some of the avalanches deposit banks of sixty feet of ice and snow upon



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these sheds; snow frequently falls to a depth of eight feet, the total for a season averaging, it is stated, from fifty to sixty feet.

Now and then we are startled by the roar of a mighty cataract as it rushes over rocks and snow. We are gradually descending and soon reach Glacier Station, at an altitude of 4,122 feet.

Many pleasant acquaintances have been made as we together viewed these wonderful scenes: among these were two ladies from Boston, who had enjoyed the journey from Banff to Seattle so much that, after making the entire trip as originally planned, but a fortnight since, they are repeating this part of their route.

We reached Glacier House towards evening. The light fall of rain did not affect the majestic pictures which surrounded us. The Great Glacier is a vast plateau of glistening ice, a mile and a half from the hotel. It is estimated that this enormous mass measures from three to five miles in width on the surface, and extends many miles backward, having a thickness of fully fifteen hundred feet.

Notices are posted at the station, stating that reliable Swiss guides may be engaged by tourists wishing to make the ascent of the Glacier. On the left of this stupendous block the loftiest moun-

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tain of the Selkirk Range, Sir Donald, pierces the heavens eight thousand feet above the valley. This mountain is named in honor of Sir Donald Smith, one of the chief of the little band of brave and unfaltering spirits to whom the Canadian Pacific Railway owes its existence. Sir Donald, the father of the wonderful Glacier, is a barren, though majestic pyramid whose icy peak has never been reached by foot of man.

Notwithstanding the many rewards that have been offered to adventurous climbers, this mountain has proved inaccessible.

Other enormous heights, second only to Sir Donald, almost surround the Glacier: beyond is a snowy mountain called "Grizzly," from the number of bears encountered on its slopes. Here, vast and magnificent, stands Cheops, father of the Pyramids. Well named art thou, great giant, and as worthy of royal immortality as thy monumental tombs! Ross Peak looks down from under its snowy mantle, and on the glance is drawn from summit to summit till the shapes are lost in the veil of distance, and only the whiteness of the winter robes shimmers and glistens on the far-off heights. Summer is a half-forgotten dream, or perhaps it never existed in this region.

We are compelled to don heavy overcoats and gloves here.

We learn that there is as good sport hereabout as one may desire: the guides will scare up one or two "silver tails," and give a taste of adventure to either the novice or experienced huntsman.

From the Mountains to the Sea

CHAPTER III

From the Mountains to the Sea

A Welcome Delay—The Loop—An Early Morning View—A Deep Cañon — Hotels—Revelstoke—Kamloops Lake—Villagers—Valley of the Thompson River—Black Cañon—Landslides—Old Government Road—Thompson Cañon—Color Harmonies—Fantastic Shapes—Lytton—The Fraser—A Fearful Ravine—Frazer Cañon—Gorgeous Hues—Hell Gate—Hope Station—Devil's Lake—Silver Ore—Mission Junction—Mount Baker—Dealers in Flesh and Blood—Chinese Labor—A Ghostly Vehicle—Rest—Vancouver—A City of Wonderful Growth—A Vast Forest—Clearings—United States Customs—Seattle—Roads—Shops — Hilly Streets — Harbor — Natural Advantages—The Steamship "Queen"—Fair Prospects—Brief History of Alaska.



MUCH to my delight a despatch arrived to the effect that, in consequence of a wash-out on our line, the train would be detained here for several hours. I hoped the delay would continue till morning, that we might see this beautiful region by daylight, for I knew that we were in the midst of royal scenery. Hour after hour passed, and still no orders to move were issued: at last the news came that we would not be

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able to start before morning. Some of the passengers were disturbed by this, but it was a joy to me.

At five o'clock in the morning we began to move, and we were all at our accustomed windows in the observation car, straining our eyes to catch each point of interest along the way. As we wound along the mountain-side, we came upon what is called the Loop. Here the railroad is run in huge curves or loops all over the mountain, and as we describe these lines, our train seems to cut some strange figures, turning and twisting hither and thither, first in one direction, then doubling back upon itself, sweeping away to the other side, crossing again from right to left, then from left to right, and finally, as though nothing out of the way had happened, quietly resuming its original course, apparently innocent of any wild or erratic impulse. In these meanderings we have crossed the valley leading down from the Ross Peak Glacier, touched the base of this peak, doubled to the right a mile or more, then swept around to the left, touching Cougar Mount on the other side of the Illicilliwaet, crossed once more to the left, and at last shot down the valley parallel with our former course. And thus we made the Loop. From our car windows we could see the four parallel tracks in their relative

positions, one below the other, and as we wound to and fro, a new and apparently more beautiful view presented itself from each point.

The panorama from Glacier House onward was extremely fine: the combination of river, lake, ravine and cañon with lofty summits and picturesque mountain slopes, constantly changing in effect, filled our souls with delight.

The views were such as one may never forget. As yet clouds and mist enveloped the mountains, which appeared like huge bodies of fire, throwing out vast volumes of smoke. We moved gradually downward, having descended one thousand two hundred and seventy-seven feet in the last twenty-two miles. And now suddenly our train skirts the edge of a deep cañon whose steep walls are three hundred feet in height. We stop a minute to allow those who wish to look into this wonderful fissure. By walking a few feet from the railroad we can gaze from a railed platform down into a boiling cauldron, in which it seems that all the witches and furies might steep their fearful potions. The great walls are scarcely twenty feet apart, and between these the waters of the Illicilliwaet in wildest passion boil and foam and dash themselves upon the rocks.

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At convenient intervals along the route, the C. P. R. Co. has erected hotels, which in many cases, provide palatable meals: the hungry traveller, however, is not greatly troubled by the quality of his repast, if only the quantity is sufficient, and time enough is allowed for him to eat it. To a man who assured me that the food was better than that furnished farther east, I replied that the improvement was just in proportion to his increased appetite.

The scenery at Revelstoke is enchanting, and here we meet again our old friend, the Columbia River, which has broadened considerably while making its winding course around the Selkirk Mountains. We steam along the banks of Kamloops Lake for an hour, and here see many steamboats and pleasure yachts, a proof that even in this seemingly isolated region, local diversions are not lacking. The fishing hereabout is said to be good and the accommodations agreeable. Majestic mountain ranges rise on either side of the lake, and for hours we enjoy the views of this valley, winding around the slopes, and watching the river as it now draws smilingly near, now in sudden coyness rushes away almost out of sight.

At many of the stations along our route the vil-



DESCENDING KICKING HORSE PASS

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lagers turn out in holiday dress, and current news and gossip are frequently exchanged. But one passenger train from the East, and one from the West touch at these points daily, and it is thus that the news from both directions reaches these distant localities.

Many tunnels mark our line of travel, these being the only means of proceeding in numberless portions of this mountainous country. From Kamloops we follow the Thompson River through its valley, which is in reality a cañon, as the mountains rise up on either side to a great height; but broad and beautiful, the river flows along, twisting in and out around the mountain spurs which would fain encroach upon its banks. The railway runs close to the shore, and sometimes we venture to the very edge of the rocks, arousing a series of small shrieks and various ejaculations from the more timid passengers. I tell them this is the spice of travel. And now so closely are we pressed by these great heights that daylight almost disappears: deep lakes gleam darkly before us and giant trees cast heavy shadows across our path for many miles. On and on we go through this dismal gorge which has been fitly named the Black Cañon. Uncanny enough it is, and filled with ghostly fancies which

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we are glad to leave behind us when suddenly we emerge into the healthy, happy daylight once more.

The scenes are ever changing, and our eyes are continually delighted by pictures of greater beauty and grandeur. The deep seams that appear in these mountains are, it is said, caused by landslides, which are of frequent occurrence. Now we perceive, winding along the slope, a small wagon road: this was built by the government before the Iron Horse ploughed his way through these regions, and runs from Yale to Cariboo, a distance of five hundred miles. This old road is still used: it is said that a whole season was required to make the entire trip with a team of mules or oxen. A number of mines lie in its vicinity.

Here and there cattle may be seen foraging upon the mountains at great altitudes: sometimes they wander upon dangerous or slippery ground, lose their foothold and are dashed to death against the rocks or in the river below. The mortality in this respect is said to be large. Mountain sage brush is abundant in this section: and now and again the small individual burying-ground of the Chinaman or Indian appears.

Some of the latter are fancifully decorated with gay banners and all have the curiously carved

“totems” on which are inscribed the history or genealogy of the tribe.

Through the Thompson Cañon the passage is one of mingled fear and delight: fear, as the train dashes along at the rate of thirty or thirty-five miles an hour, oftentimes upon the very edge of a precipice: delight, when upon the broad level we may view the wonderful scenes around us with a feeling of security. The reverberating whistle of the engine seems meant to reassure us at intervals that all is well, a master hand is guarding our progress, and that solid ground is still beneath our feet. But the rapidity with which we make the sharp curves almost takes one's breath. It really seems at times as though the engineer has “lost his grip,” and we are tobogganing at wild speed down the mountain: but good tracks, broad wheels and a master's skill carry us safely through the perilous way, and now for a full hour the exquisite beauties of the cañon cast their spell upon us. The effect of the many and variously blended colors is almost indescribable, and never to be forgotten. The banks and cliffs show every shade, from creamy white to deepest orange: rusty red mingles with many greens upon the grassy slopes; and rocks and banks are worn into every conceivable shape, carry-

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ing one back to the days of goblins and elves, enchanted castles and giant ogres, and all the other phenomena which rendered the Arabian Nights and the Brothers Grimm so fascinating to our youthful days.

What a splendid achievement—what a stupendous work from beginning to end, is the construction of this railroad! Accomplished in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles, and accompanied by seemingly fatal discouragements, its promoters have won the praise of a grateful nation, the credit of an unexampled success. The trains are regular; sometimes a little late, but rarely, if ever subject to long detentions: and what a magnificent realm is here opened to the tourist and lover of nature!

The kaleidoscope is ever turning, ever bringing together new combinations of light and shape.

At Lytton, a small trading town, we have nearly reached the level: our altitude is only six hundred and seventy-five feet. And now the cañon suddenly widens, and a grand and awe-inspiring scene presents itself. The Fraser, the chief river of the province, comes rushing down between two great mountain walls with terrific force utterly swallowing up the green waters of the Thompson. The gorge is dark and terrible: the steep mountains al-

most wholly shut out the rays of the sun. We steam along, skirting the cliffs, hundreds of feet above the river. High, high above us tower the lofty peaks. Huge boulders seem to block the way, but nothing stops us: through the rocks, over chasms, along the craggy walls we glide for hours; breathing a sigh of relief when at last the daylight dawns upon us, and less awful scenes surround us.

Now and then a lonely Indian may be seen sitting on the rocks, fishing: groups of red men are also visible near the water's edge, or in the meadows, drying salmon, which is the principal food of the people in the long cold winters. Here miners and Chinamen wash for gold along the sand bars. Now we run close to the cliff, now dart into the midnight darkness of a tunnel: then out into the daylight, sweeping around a sharp curve; scarcely realizing one situation before we find ourselves in another.

We pass station after station—North Bend—Spuzzum—and still we are in the Fraser Cañon with all its stupendous and startling beauty. This may not be compared with other scenes.

Each has its individual points of grandeur or sublimity: indeed, as many times before, all expressions fall short of the reality, and Fraser Cañon must be seen to be appreciated.

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The mountains around us are vivid and gorgeous in coloring, the cañon twists and turns in every direction, and the railroad follows its course. We watch the scene in a state of bewildered admiration, feeling ever that now nothing can come that is more charming or more magnificent; only to meet with a new and astounding spectacle at the next turn.

Such names as are familiar in describing the Infernal regions are here used to designate some of the points along our route.

Ten miles below North Bend, for instance, is Hell Gate, where the river is forced through a narrow pass between steep mountain walls, its course obstructed by great boulders or rocky cliffs, until its rush and roar are almost maddening.

At Hope Station we have nearly reached the level, being only two hundred feet above the valley. Now we gradually draw away from the towering peaks and massive giants, and soon find ourselves in the midst of green fields and sunny meadows, with the mountains in the background. This is a wide, pleasant valley, with fine timber lands and evidences of agriculture.

Indian villages sweep by us, with their odd looking huts and strange temples. Chinamen too have their settlements and characteristic Joss houses in

this region. Still following the Fraser, we come to the apparently bottomless Devil's Lake, a body of water as black as ink, and as deep as the Inferno itself, with an evil gleam upon its shining face, as though the spirit within were lying in wait to cast a spell upon the unwary and draw them down to its fathomless depths. A gruesome spot, and we are not sorry to escape its dismal atmosphere.

The Hope Peaks, with their beds of silver ore, only awaiting the magic touch of the capitalist, arouse many conjectures, and we have attractive visions of untold wishes realized by the possession of a tithe of the wealth lying idly on these mountain slopes. The cañon widens, and the views seem less inspiring. We may lean back awhile, and weary eyes and bodies, as well as tired brains can enjoy a season of well earned repose.

At Mission Junction we have the first good view of Mount Baker, gleaming white and majestic, 14,000 feet above the valley, and nearly fifty miles away. As our train is about twenty-four hours later than schedule time, it is decided by the railroad officials to push through to Vancouver: those passengers who wish to go to Seattle can be accommodated the following day. This will give us a glimpse of Vancouver.

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While awaiting the coming train, I have the good fortune to meet a resident of this district who is well informed regarding people and conditions hereabout. From him I learn that there are several Chinese firms in this part of the country, owning millions of capital, whose business is to barter Chinese flesh and blood—in other words, to sell the Chinamen as slaves. These firms pay one hundred dollars for each Chinaman imported to this country, and three dollars a year as individual tax. The managers see that the sums are gradually paid back: thus until the obligation is cancelled, the persons of the Chinamen are held as collateral security, and for the time, they are slaves in every sense of the word. Should a Chinaman become sick, or be the victim of an accident, his employer is, according to the Chinese code, bound to provide for him, even though he should become a cripple for life. It seems, however, that the obligations on this side are not always fulfilled; for a Chinaman became seriously ill at one of the mining camps not far distant, and the members of the camp, not wishing to take care of the patient, moved away, bag and baggage, leaving the poor man to die or recover, as time might determine. Chinese labor is employed in this section, to a very great extent. Indians are



MOUNT STEPHEN

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frequently seen in the neighborhood, and some strange stories are told about them. One of the oddest is the following—

A wealthy Indian coming into the town one day, saw a hearse with a pair of fine black horses attached, standing in front of one of the residences—evidently waiting to convey the body of the deceased resident to the cemetery. While the funeral ceremonies were going on inside the house, the Indian made arrangements for the purchase of the hearse and team. The sale was quickly made and the outfit delivered over to the red man, who drove away to his ranch with his prize, and thereafter made daily excursions with his family in this ghostly vehicle.

Resting comfortably at Vancouver, we plan for the journey to Seattle, a distance of one hundred and seventy-eight miles, as we wish to have a glimpse of this attractive city before we sail for Alaska. Experience teaches the traveller that brain as well as body must have perfect rest after a continuous strain of many days. Should one by over indulgence tax too greatly the digestive organs, the physician who is called in prescribes rest from food of any kind, for a day or two. Now the brain is similarly strained—the experienced “globe trotter”

knows the necessity for a few days of repose, and yielding to this, soon regains his normal condition.

Vancouver, with its mountain views on every side, its fine wharves, beautiful residences and public buildings, is a wonderful city, when one remembers that less than fifteen years ago this site was covered by a dense forest. Steamships from many countries leave their cargoes at its long wharves, or bear them thence; and trains for the east carry tea, sugar, furs and various other articles to the shores of the Atlantic. Charming views meet the eyes here, whether they rest upon the lofty snow-clad summit of Mount Baker, the beautiful Cascade group, or the misty heights on Vancouver Island. Looking towards the harbor, a mass of shipping presents itself, and the glance wanders over the varied characteristics of different nations, as well as a multitude of local craft, from the canoe of the gaily robed Indian to the bark of the hunter, with its valuable load of furs.

From Vancouver our road lies through a vast forest. It has been stated that this district contains the largest lumber tracts in the world: the density of these woods, the huge trees, lofty and symmetrical, such as firs, spruce and cedars, the enormous mills, whose buzzing saws may be heard

hundreds of feet away, convince one of the truth of the assertion.

We come across many small clearings in our journey through the forests, and here are little settlements of log cabins or frame houses nestling close to each other. Ofttimes we see the backwoodsman at his labors, or his wife standing in the doorway shading her eyes from the sun, while many sunburnt tots cling about her skirts. They all wave their arms vigorously as we pass by. The charred stumps of noble trees, measuring three and four feet in diameter, and standing up six or eight feet from the ground, tell the story of great fires sweeping through this region at different periods.

At Sumas Station our train is legally "held up" by the officers of the United State Customs House, who enter the cars and make a somewhat perfunctory examination of our belongings. We have an unusually merry party on board, and there is much sport over this farcical investigation. One jolly traveller declares audibly that the ladies should take off their shoes in order to prove beyond doubt that nothing dutiable was hidden therein. The officers retort with much dignity that they have never before seen so much "truck."

Seattle, like many other western cities, possesses

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numerous and varied interests. Days might glide into weeks while exploring the attractions of this busy town. But in books of travel, the reader does not like his guide to dwell too long on one theme, so I will not weary my reader with a detailed account of its charms, merely alluding to a few general points. As of old it was said that all roads led to Rome, so of Seattle one may say that from this city radiate routes to all parts of the country. Posters, circulars, handbills, in conspicuous places, are distributed throughout the city, advertising Special, Regular and Favorite routes to Cape Nome, Dawson City, Juneau and many other well-known gold fields in Alaska. The most important of these placards to us is that which announces the fact that the Steamship "Queen" is upon the list of boats run by the "Pioneer Line" of the Pacific Coast Steamship Co., sailing for Wrangel, Juneau, Ketchikan, Skagway, Sitka and Glacier Bay. It also makes the attractive statement: "The fastest Steamship running to Alaska," and its final and cheering words are: "Safety, Speed and Comfort."

Numberless shops almost besiege the visitor with their tempting signs. Here one may obtain everything necessary for the explorer, or for the ad-

venturer who is ambitious and daring enough to try his fortunes in those wild and isolated regions. You could almost imagine yourself in New York or Chicago; the busy life gives one the impression of vast swarms of bees unceasingly carrying on their laborious work of accumulation. The streets are so hilly that he who would make haste must ride along their steep ways, and when in the car, you are reminded of a toboggan speeding over an apparently endless course. Seattle is the oldest American settlement on Puget Sound, and possesses a fine spacious harbor. Its residences and public buildings are built of brick and stone, and give evidences of a prosperous population. The city is very attractive in its environment, the beautiful Lake Washington, but a mile to the east, supplying it with an abundance of pure water. Here are picturesque hills covered with noble fir, spruce and cedar trees. Vast coal fields are connected with the town by railways, and the country lands are fertile, producing rich crops of hay and oats. A fine hop growing valley affords a profitable industry for those who reside in its neighborhood.

After a few days of rest and entertainment in this pleasant city, we engage our berths on the "Queen," the favorite boat in the service of the

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Pacific Coast Steamship Company, for the entire route through Alaskan waters to Skagway and return. We are particular as to location of berths, meals and other matters, for the steamer is to be our home for a fortnight or more. We are favorably impressed by the Captain and other officers, and make careful notes regarding proper clothing, tobacco, medicines, chairs, photographic supplies and the hundred other things that come up in planning a trip of this kind. We scan the passenger list in the hope of finding the name of a friend, relative or congenial acquaintance who may prove companionable on the voyage. Although none of these appear, the outlook is promising, and we return from our tour of investigation quite satisfied with the conditions of our prospective expedition.

Of course many books have been written about the country we are going to visit. Its gold fields have attracted the attention of the whole civilized world. Experts have described in detail its geology, natural resources, climate, topography and routes of travel. Tourists have given to the public their impressions of this most interesting land, and guide books have been compiled by steamship lines and railroad companies; but apart from general statistics, each traveller is differently affected by the

scenes through which he passes. To his individual mind appears a picture corresponding with the mind which he brings to bear upon his surroundings. And so, laying aside all published records of these wonderful regions, I note what I saw from the standpoint of a business man as well as from that of the lover of nature who rejoices in all the various phases in which she presents herself to him.

I must, however, make one exception to the statement just expressed by inserting here some paragraphs of history copied from one of the many circulars which have fallen in my way.

“Klondike is a corruption of the Indian expression ‘Throndirck,’ signifying ‘Plenty of fish.’ To the world at large it now means ‘plenty of gold.’ The Klondike is one,—and a small one, at that—of hundreds of tributaries of the great Yukon River of Alaska. This vast territory, then known as Russian America, was bought from Russia by the United States in 1867 for \$7,200,000. Its name—Alaska—meaning in the Indian tongue, ‘Great Country,’ was suggested by Charles Sumner, and in view of its extent and possibilities is eminently appropriate.

“Its westernmost point, Cape Wrangel on Attu Island, is six degrees farther west of San Francisco than that city is west of the eastern boundary line

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of Maine; putting the California metropolises three longitudinal degrees east of the geographical centre of the United States. Including its outlying islands, Alaska has an area of 617,703 square miles, or 395,329,920 acres, nearly equal to all the United States from the Mississippi River to the Atlantic Ocean, and from the St. Lawrence River to the Gulf of Mexico.

“The Yukon, the great river of Alaska, is in many respects second only to the Amazon among the rivers of the new world.

“It is navigable for large steamers, as one unbroken flood, one thousand nine hundred and sixty-five miles from its mouth, to where the Lewes and Pelly rivers unite to form it, or farther than from New Orleans to St. Paul, and more than twice as far as from New Orleans to Chicago;—and it is navigable for light-draft boats hundreds of miles farther up each of these arms, and others like the Hootalinqua and Big Salmon. At its mouth it is about sixty miles wide, and fourteen miles above, it is from eight to ten miles across. It drains an empire of more than five hundred thousand square miles, and discharges nearly as much water into Behring Sea, as the Mississippi does into the Gulf of Mexico.”

In Alaskan Waters

CHAPTER IV

In Alaskan Waters

“Muggins”—Admiralty Inlet—Port Townsend—Inland Route—Victoria—Fragrant Roads—Gulf of Georgia—Islands—“A Day without a Night”—Walk on Deck—Various Characters—In the Saloon—Returning Steamers—Twilight—A Changing Panorama—Silence—Whales—Seymour Narrows—Lonely Cabins—A Haunt of the Fairies—Adventurers and Speculators—An Important Experiment—Clouds, Wind and Rain—Milbank Sound—The Story of the Moose—Graham Reach—Labyrinthian Water Ways—The Home of the Wild Creatures—“The Coquittam”—Camera Fiends—Salmon Canneries—Native Fishermen—Through the Telescope—Eagles—Aërial Reflections—Future Prospects.



WE have on board, a character whose sense of his own importance and responsibility is greater than that of any one on the ship, whose self-esteem is unbounded, and who is the familiar friend of every one of us, and an invaluable adjunct to the entertainment of those who find the scenery monotonous and the voyage tedious. This is no other than “Muggins,” a little Skye terrier, the intimate of

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Captain, mates and cook; whose inquisitive nose leads him into every nook and corner of the steamer, utterly regardless of such signs as "No Admittance," or even the well respected privacy of the ladies' staterooms.

Should you retire to a secluded portion of the deck for a few moments' private meditation, a certain well known sound will cause you to look up and find the inquiring eyes of "Muggins" peering into your own. In the saloon—on the bridge—on the promenade deck—everywhere it is the same, and one begins to feel that the creature is ubiquitous. He is certainly a veritable Napoleon in the skill with which he manages to be in one place when he is supposed to be in another: but to do him justice, I must say that he is always welcome, for he is the pride and pet of every one on board. And he is well aware of this; in fact he considers the personal welfare of every soul on the steamer as his especial province. I wonder often that his great activity and his many cares do not make him ill. At times he does succumb from sheer exhaustion.

As we glide into the placid waters of Admiralty Inlet, we behold the beautiful blue range of the Olympic Mountains; the gathering twilight and

drooping masses of cloud partly obscure the loftiest peaks of these mountains with charming effect. A faint breeze stirs the shining waters into gentle ripples, giving just the touch of life needed to the lovely scene. Our first stop is at Port Townsend, "the Key City of the Sound." This seaport is an active business place, of salubrious climate. It is said that more than two thousand vessels enter here annually, not including hundreds of others which pass in and out under coasting licenses. Here is the United States Custom House, and the number of American steamships sailing from this harbor to foreign shores is greater than from any other port in the United States.

Puget Sound embraces a shore line of sixteen hundred miles. It is a vast inland sea, placid and beautiful, containing innumerable bays, harbors and inlets, and the waters of many streams lose themselves in its bosom. From port Townsend to Victoria, one's physical sensations are apt to prove a little unsatisfactory, although our line of travel is almost wholly inland, lying between the many islands, and through straits, gulfs, sounds and other charming waterways. When we arrive at Victoria, at half-past four in the morning, the radiant daylight pouring through the windows, is flooding

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our stateroom. We stop here for a short time. Beyond the fact that this is the capital of British Columbia, there is little to attract the tourist here.

Victoria is situated seventy miles from the mainland, and has a cosmopolitan population, including many Chinese. This very quiet town is pleasantly situated, with the sea on three sides, and high hills in the background. Here are wooded suburbs, containing giant ferns, wild rose-bushes, an abundance of fruit and the wild syringa which fills the shaded roads with its fragrance. Flowers attain an unusual size, and the whole place has the appearance of a delightful park.

Having taken on board freight and a number of passengers, we are off again, ploughing the smooth waters of the Gulf of Georgia. Our passengers seem restless, moving from one side of the ship to the other, anxious to lose no point of the beautiful scene which changes continually as we advance.

The misty blues and browns of the distant mountains, the long picturesque shore line and the shimmering green seas around us are most harmonious in their effects. On many of the islands the fresh verdure and green trees grow close to the water's edge; and earth and rocks, sky and snow-capped heights delight us with new and surprising

combinations as though to bid us heed that the last word can never be said of the infinite resources and wonderful beauties of nature.

Looking downward, the duplicates of all these pictures glide swiftly by in the mirror-like waters of the gulf, with a subtle charm and mysterious spell which rival the glory of the great originals themselves. Here and there the water is so shallow that we see the shifting shadows on the sands below. It is now six o'clock, but no signs of approaching twilight are visible in this region, for in Alaska, a mild summer day is a day without a night. Here one may view at will the picturesque scenes around him at almost any time during the twenty four hours.

Let us walk on deck, and observe how the majority of the passengers are employing the time. A stroll from our stateroom in the forward part of the ship, to the nose of the steamer assures us that the temperature has fallen considerably, and we return to don a heavy overcoat as a matter of prudence, for to be sick on this voyage means the failure of all our plans—a very unwelcome prospect.

How I love to watch the sharp bow of the steamer cleave the waters, flinging the silvery spray high in the air, and enveloping one in mist which

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seems to exhale the very spirit of those hidden depths beneath. Suddenly, as with my camera I have just captured a lovely view ahead, I hear the growl and bark of my little friend "Muggins." But he has stopped merely for a passing greeting: his time is full this evening; he does not wish me to feel neglected; a brief but expressive pantomime passes between us, and away he darts to find his master, the Captain, with whom, it seems, he has important business. His devotion in this quarter is remarkable, and the Captain treats him with such unflinching kindness, that his little heart responds with an almost human affection.

Many of the passengers are walking to and fro. This is the hour for the constitutional promenade, and those who must make their two miles after meals, are steadily approaching the goal. This is a duty which may not be shirked, rain or shine.

Here the staid married couple, with sober mien and measured step, cast disapproving glances upon the romping schoolgirl, full of the vitality of youth, who haunts the footsteps of the Captain and other officers, dons their caps, and steals their buttons, until the poor fellows are reduced to the necessity of safety pins. Here is the camera fiend, as a matter of course, for whom no situation is too

difficult, no light too dim for the chance of a "snap shot." What matter if the plate does turn out a bad picture? The excitement is in the intense delight of shooting off the shutter at the critical moment. Here too, we behold a romantic elderly person, dwelling in a dreamland of her own, to the utter exclusion of the world outside, no doubt enraptured with these glowing scenes, and peopling the rugged mountain slopes and picturesque islands with the ethereal creatures of her fancy. To and fro she wanders, absorbed in her musings, and the crowd disturbs her not.

A peep into the saloon reveals the lover of games deep in his favorite pastime of chess or cards, the reader with his book, the musician at the piano drawing forth soft harmonies, invoked by the charm of these wondrous waterways. Each enjoys the passing hour as his temperament suggests. And the lovers,—they too are here, but it is not so easy to find them. Happy, buoyant, they look out with dreamy eyes from the shadows of a drooping awning, or the huge smoke-stack. The world was made for them. And this ideal voyage through fairy-land—Can life ever hold a greater joy?—The play goes on—unconsciously we fill our appointed rôles, forgetful that fate sends into our paths just

those whom we are bound to meet, and that the attractions and repulsions experienced in a company of this kind, are inevitable in consequence of our temperament, and the natures of others with whom we come into contact. No credit is ours that the friendship of a lifetime is cemented upon this voyage: no blame if we shrink from the stranger whose conversation is, as it were, in an unknown tongue. Here it is as it is the world over, and so it will be until the end of time.

Now and then we pass a steamer, returning to Seattle, laden with the hard-earned spoil of the prospectors. As the ships pass each other, a volley of cheers rings out upon the air, and floats away in echoes among the distant mountains. Twilight sets in at last, and what an ideal hour! Faint, misty, beautiful, filling the soul with almost painful ecstasy. Indescribable are the scenes and their effect. He alone who has experienced the charm of these surroundings at this hour can truly appreciate and understand it.

As late as half-past nine or ten o'clock one may snap a photograph, and be pretty sure of a satisfactory result. I obtain some very fine views of mountains, clouds and water, but alas, no photograph can repeat the unrivalled enchantment of

these pictures, even though it be the best that can be taken. The unobserving traveller might declare that the character of these scenes is monotonous, but this is far from being the case, for though we have always the mountains, the sea and the clouds, the combinations, shapes and hues are constantly changing. The clouds of various density, ever floating, flying, shifting into most fantastic and suggestive shapes; the mountains, individual in grandeur, leave each its own impression upon the beholder, and this shimmering sea of emerald green, winding in and out between the verdant islands, at every turn presents a new face to us, flashing now in the sunlight, now bearing the reflection of the fleecy clouds or the forest foliage drooping over the edge of the shore, now portraying the unspeakable majesty and grandeur of the mountain walls, with their magic color harmonies contrasting with the dazzling snows which envelop their summits. The greatest of all Artists has used only the three primary colors, and behold what wondrous masterpieces He has created.

On the British Columbia side are numberless wooded islands, which appear like great untrodden forests, without any sign of human life. The opposite shore too, that of Vancouver Island, is solitary

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and silent. For miles and miles we travel thus silently and serenely onward, the spell unbroken, the stillness undisturbed, save by an occasional school of dolphins, or an enormous whale which spouts forth a fountain of spray at least twenty feet in height, and an instant later shoots ten feet out of the water, then plunges headlong back again. Some idea of his weight may be ascertained by the force with which he falls into the waves. If he thinks to entertain us by these sportive manœuvres, he certainly succeeds.

As we leave the Gulf of Georgia and enter Seymour Narrows, the scenes on both sides assume greater grandeur. The lofty Blue Mountains of the Cascade Range form a majestic background to the picturesque islands with their stately forests of spruce, pine and fir trees. These trees are of all ages, and some of them are of great girth. The soul of the lumberman would be filled with longing at the sight of these woodlands. As evening closes over the scene, and a misty veil envelops the mountain peaks, the picture is one of soft and dreamy beauty. Looking back from the stern of the boat upon the island groups dotting the waters, one seems to be sailing through an enchanted realm. Surely, surely this is the home of the



THE GLACIER, FROM GLACIER HOUSE STATION

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“Elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot,
Do chase the ebbing Neptune.”

Can you not see the rival courts of Oberon and Titania? Those are not dewdrops; they are their jewels glistening through the night. And here is tiny Queen Mab, “in shape no bigger than an agate stone on the forefinger of an alderman.” Yon silvery opening is the fairy ring in which they will dance when the moon is high; and look, in the shadow of that giant fir lurks Puck, the “mischief-loving sprite,—the jester of the fairy court,” only waiting an opportunity to set the whole realm of fairy-land at odds. Here too are Pea-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seed, the dainty Ariel and the rest. How well we know them all in their robes of green, as they wander over hill and dale and through the rustling forest. List! Can you not hear their song?—

“By the moone we sport and play,
With the night begins our day;
As we frisk the dew doth fall,
Trip it, little urchins all,
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three,
And about goe wee, goe wee.”

This Pass is narrow indeed, and great boulders

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are seen, thrusting their huge elbows into the water, as though endeavoring to obstruct our passage through the strait. This is considered quite a dangerous way on account of the protruding and jagged rocks, and many vessels have been lost here, owing to ignorance of the perilous points. The United States government, however, is at work on surveys and charts, marking these spots and otherwise reducing the dangers of travel. Our Captain is exceedingly cautious in making all these narrow waterways, and studies the tides to insure the safety of his ship. Many times I have seen him with two of his officers on the bridge, watching every change in the current, every indentation of the shore.

Now we see little groups of unpainted houses of one story; probably the homes of gold-diggers or trappers. Here and there a solitary cabin fills the heart with pity for the lonely life of its inhabitants, whose sole companions are the forests, the mountains and the sea in summer; the bleak winds, the snows and storms in winter. One can imagine this wild and isolated region to be the haunt of a great number of wild animals, who live their natural life here with little fear of the wiles of their persistent and mortal enemy, mankind.

On the Vancouver side are mountains, thousands of feet in height, with their snowy robes reaching half-way to their bases. At their feet, here and there, rings of blue smoke curling upward, tell of the existence of a little group of cottages, and these settlements prove that civilization is slowly but surely making its way into this remote region. The mountains continue in almost unbroken ranks, all snow-capped, and glowing with reflected brightness in the sunset light.

I am frequently entertained by the conversation of men who are making the trip to the Klondike in search of gold. The adventurers and prospectors, of whom there are many on board, are looking hopefully forward to this goal of fortune. This is a new experience for a number of them.

About thirty of these men have assembled in the bow of the boat, idly lounging on coils of rope or sails, talking over their plans, or listening to the stories of those who have been over the route. Some are on their way to Dawson City, some to Nome, while others are on a purely prospecting tour, and are filled with the spirit of speculation. How buoyant they seem!

Most of them are young and strong, physically able to endure labor and hardship. I join this group

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and enter into conversation with them, advising them freely from the standpoint of an outsider, and soon win their interest and attention. One young fellow, handsome and athletic, is full of enthusiasm, yet evidently affected by some depressing influence. He seems to feel the importance of the step he is taking, and his earnest questions convince me that this is a turning-point in his career. Later, in private conversation, I learned that he is making the expedition in opposition to the wishes of every member of his family, and that their disapproval is a source of great sorrow to him; but that he is determined to succeed, and show them that he was right in undertaking it. If he should fail—

He said no more, but his expression was not to be mistaken.

I assured him that his strong will and unswerving resolve to do right would bear him through, and predicted a prosperous issue to his journey, and a happy return to his family.

He seemed very grateful for the encouragement, adding that when a young man's family opposed his efforts, it made the battle doubly hard. I then cited examples of many of the self-made men of our time, and at last succeeded in lightening the sad reflections which weighed so heavily upon his mind.

A short, burly man, of perhaps forty-five years, seemed to be the leader among the seekers after fortune. He possessed an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes relating to adventures in the gold fields, and the numerous parties he had escorted thither—telling how some had won untold wealth, others, a competence, while a few had returned to their homes neither richer nor better for their varied experience. This man developed an especial fondness for my society; whenever opportunity offered, he was at my side, discussing the prospects of certain localities, and displaying his really extensive knowledge of the country. Only in the last days of the voyage did I learn the reason of this apparent preference. He wanted me to capitalize a company, engaging him as chief prospector; and promised to lead the party to a spot where gold was to be found in greater abundance than in the Philadelphia or San Francisco Mints. I assured him that gold was oftentimes more abundant in the pocket of a capitalist before his investment in the gold fields than afterwards. And we parted without profit on either side.

Although we are generally surrounded by scenes of unrivalled beauty, there are days of rain and fog, and chilly atmosphere, when staterooms and saloons

are in favor. Then the weary sleep, others read or pursue their favorite pastime, and only the ceaseless hammering of the engine convinces us that we are still driving ahead. The rain, clouds and wind, however, only increase our confidence in our gallant Captain, who will not fail to lead us through these narrow straits in safety, and with the greatest possible comfort.

We slumber serenely through the hours that belong to night, and awaken joyously, with the sun shining in our windows, and nature once more in her old enchanting mood bidding us come on deck and worship at her shrine. In Milbank Sound the views are most inspiring—mountains loom up to a great height close beside us, and their fresh green foliage adds its charm to the early morning effect. The more distant slopes seem robed in deepest purple, while their lofty peaks are veiled in mist which grows more transparent as the day advances, and slowly rises in faint filmy clouds. The air is still moist, and afar heavy shadows encroach upon the blue, as though warning us not to count upon a whole day of sunshine. Dwarf pines and firs cover the numberless small islands to the water's edge.

Early this morning I was informed by several of the passengers, that a moose with great antlers had

been seen swimming across the sound, just ahead of the steamer. He did not appear at all frightened, but went quietly on his way, evidently trusting to the friendliness of the ship's company. Later in the day, I heard the story repeated, but this time the moose had no antlers. Again I listen, as a fellow-passenger relates the incident, and he declares the moose, with or without horns, to be a deer. I wonder if the creature may not prove to be a bear—or a whale—according to the mind of the next observing narrator.

In the distance a small lighthouse stands upon a point of rock, blinking at us, as one who wakens confusedly after heavy slumber. The sun shines upon its windows with dazzling effect.

As we arrive at Graham's Reach, I say to myself: "So far, all is well, we have had a safe and pleasant voyage!" We have sailed through a labyrinth of waterways of every description; myriads of islands surround us, whose rugged shores and picturesque harbors often invite us to pause and view more closely their charming shores. Towering mountains, whose caps are white and whose skirts are green have watched our passage through the straits and sounds, and many a rushing cascade has tumbled at our feet, in its haste to come down ere

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we had vanished around the curve. Now and then a fierce torrent has beset us, or rude, gigantic crag, like the ogres of old, has tried to bar the way; but we have pursued our course serenely, accompanied by an ever-changing panorama of exquisite views, of noble and magnificent scenery.

On our left lies the Princess Royal Island, on the right, the country of British Columbia. The waters through which we sail are smooth and placid, reflecting the glowing scenes in all the harmony of their rich coloring. The sun adds a radiant glory, and the mountains beneath his rays become more gorgeous in their royal robes, while those in shadow wear softer shades, in charming contrast to their brilliant neighbors. Here and there upon the slopes are the marks of great landslides.

These regions are ideal haunts for the bear, the elk, moose and other wild creatures who love to roam far from the resorts of humankind. The rainfall at certain seasons, is remarkable in this locality. The storms are so sudden and unexpected, that one needs to be prepared at all times for such emergencies.

As a small steamer comes in sight, the signal is given by some of the passengers on board the "Queen," and about forty of the ship's company

run to the port side to give her greeting. She proves to be the Steamship "Coquittam," a small freighter, bound for Vancouver. The air resounds with cheers from both vessels; then appear the ever active, indefatigable camera fiends, aiming their deadly weapons at the harmless stranger. As she glides abreast of our steamer,—bang—bang—bang! What a volley of ammunition is fired off—reminding one of a sham battle, where there is much smoke but no bloodshed.

The mountains on both sides of the channel slope to the water's edge. Their summits are barren, and only mosses and lichen are visible upon their rugged sides. Many lovely cascades appear here, foaming, pitching, and plunging into the placid waters below.

When we ascend to the promenade deck after luncheon, mist and rain have again changed the face of our surroundings. As it is impossible to sit on deck, we return to our staterooms, from their windows to enjoy what we may of the passing scenes: but the patter of raindrops soon ceases, "Old Glory" shines forth once more, and the pictures are now so fresh and clear, the air so invigorating, that passengers assemble from every part of the ship to enjoy them. The air is generally

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balmy and delightful, the colder temperature being experienced only when the winds blow directly from those frozen heights above us.

Upon the bank of a small sluice in Graham's Reach is a large Salmon Cannery. Great numbers of fish are caught in these waters by the natives. There are numerous other canneries in the neighborhood, and many steamers ply to and fro, bearing thousands of cases of salmon, besides hundreds of tons of halibut, cod and mackerel to the ports of the States.

It is a great pleasure to look through a powerful field-glass up to those barren heights. How bleak and bare they are! It scarcely seems possible that while we are basking in the rays of the sun, furious storms are raging on the mountain tops. As I gaze in silent awe and admiration, two eagles appear in that great altitude, floating about with such ease and grace, that I envy them, and wonder in what age man will perfect his experiments in flying, so that we too shall "mount up on wings as the eagle." Some time, somewhere shall all our aspirations be fulfilled. When we have reached that stage, and float airily through space, without a care for the plodders on the lower plane, will we, I wonder, remember the days of slow locomotion,

and the trains which to our unenlightened minds seem now to bear us onward with such marvellous speed? As I watch the swift passage of those majestic birds, I realize how slow indeed we are, in comparison with the winged creature of the air.

Here again are the wandering cascades, adding their touch of fairy grace and life to the mountain ranges which never fail us. These great masses are of every size and shape, wondrous, lofty, magnificent and sublime; now looking down upon us, with the brightness of the sun upon their faces, and reveling in robes of luxuriant green; now with stern and icy mien, bleak, rugged, inaccessible, uncared for save by the winds which hover round their summits, and the constant water at their feet which ever bears their images upon its bosom. Be they stern or smiling, whether clad in noble evergreens, or harshly thrusting forth rude crags and giant boulders, their lover is still the same. Even when they fling down rocks and spoil her pictures, she simply gathers herself together again, smiles back upon them, and holds their images in her heart forever.



Through the
Archipelago to Wrangel

— SEA —

CHAPTER V

Through the Archipelago to Wrangel

Baker's Inlet—Sea-gulls and Eagles—A Recluse—Storms—Metlakahtla—A Christian Village—Persecution—Wrecks—Brown's Pass—Sunset—A Gorgeous Pageant—Dundas Islands—The International Boundary Line—In American Waters—Annette Island—New Metlakahtlans—Their Rules—Industries—Ketchikan—A Dismal Town—The National Holiday—The Program of the Sports—Tongas Narrows—A Difficult Pass—Prince of Wales Island—Change of Route—Clarence Strait—Native Tribes—Wrangel—Front Street—Dilapidated Buildings—Numerous Dogs—Dealers—Old Woman—Shops—"Hunter's Rest"—Photographs—Totem Poles—A Christian Pastor—"The Northern Light"—Tide-water Glacier—The Spirit of the Thunder Bird—Arctic Regions—The Home of the Walrus and Seal—Sumner Strait—Land of the Kakes—"Good-Night, or Good-Day?"



As we approach Baker's Inlet, the scenes increase in beauty and grandeur, the colors of land and water are superb, and the floating clouds continually assume more fairylike shapes.

A few sea-gulls fly in our wake, watching for the biscuits which the passengers and sailors now and then throw to them.

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Many eagles may also be seen, circling about at lofty heights.

I presume they are American eagles, and like ourselves, in British territory only as visitors.

Occasionally the little cabin of a solitary Indian may be seen at the foot of the mountain, or close by a rushing waterfall.

The recluse who dwells in this solitary spot, depends solely upon his gun and rod for his subsistence. The mental history of such an one must be most interesting. Nature is his only companion. To him she yields her cherished secrets: to him the winds whisper a mysterious language, as he sits by his lonely fireside; he can interpret the notes of the birds, and he is known among all the wild creatures that dwell in the forests. Only to human life he is a stranger, and none may come to him and speak his own language.

As the evening hour draws near, many of the passengers assemble on the bow of the steamer, and much pleasant conversation ensues. We are like a large family, each one in turn contributing something to the entertainment of the others. When we see in the distance a steamer gliding gracefully through the water towards us, many are the speculations as to her destination,



MALACCA PASS

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her company and her experience in these northern seas.

It is strange to see the grass and trees growing so closely to the water's edge, and yet displaying such beautiful and vivid greens: for the straits and other passes here are all of briny taste, coming, as they do, from the Pacific Ocean.

The air, even after rain, is not so humid as in the states, but dry and exhilarating.

How suddenly the storms come upon us! The rains are so frequent as to remind one of the story of the traveller who asked a little Scotch girl in the Valley of Glencoe if it rained there every day; and the little maid's reply: "No, sir, it sometimes snows." We pass the deserted village of Metlakhtla, once a beautiful colony and flourishing community, where for twenty-seven years the missionary, William Duncan, had gathered together from the various islands a Christian village of a thousand Indians. By his individual efforts, he raised these people from barbarism to self-respecting, industrious citizens, who kept the laws and followed all the pursuits of the white men. Here the people lived in peace and prosperity until their leader was driven from the island by the official persecutions of both church and state.

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Mr. Duncan settled upon Annette Island, the nearest American shore, and was followed thither by many hundreds of his people, who cheerfully abandoned their homes and all their cherished possessions to share the life of their beloved pastor. The forsaken village soon fell into ruins, and the forest sent out its armies of underbrush to reclaim the land which had been cleared and portioned off into thrifty farms and homesteads.

Our progress is not very rapid, in consequence of the extreme caution which is necessary at all times. There have been numerous wrecks in this vicinity, owing to the fact that all the dangerous spots have not been discovered and marked. About half-past nine we enter Brown's Pass, a noteworthy occasion, marked by the rocking of the steamer when we come into direct contact with the waters of the Pacific. Many of the passengers are quite sick at such times, which, fortunately, are of rare occurrence. The evening view off Dundas Island is unsurpassed in loveliness. Long slanting rays of sunlight glide down and touch the surface of the water, and lo, as if by magic, the fogs that infest the way "fold their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away," amid a wondrous glory of soft prismatic hues. The mountains are gorgeous in the

sunset light, the clouds and water, rich in color, dazzling in effect. It seems as though nothing in the whole realm of nature can rival the beauty of this scene.

One last supreme effort, and the sinking monarch flings out all the most brilliant glories of his treasure house. Violet, crimson and gold gleam forth in all their resplendent shades, and indescribable magnificence, for a few short fleeting moments,—then suddenly all grows dim, the great King falls back, exhausted, the fires are extinguished, and the gorgeous scene has melted into the glow of a silvery twilight. So swift has been the transformation that with a slightly dazed feeling, we wonder if we have not been the subjects of an illusion,

“A flattering dream,
A watery bubble lighter than the air.”

While passing through Chatham Sound, we have a full view of the picturesque Dundas Islands, three in number—Dundas, Middle Dundas and South Dundas. Beyond these islands is a small space of open sea, upon which we rock as if in a storm. The wit of the party asks me gravely how I account for our sudden change of motion?—I reply that doubtless the tremendous upheaval is caused by our ship

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crossing the International boundary line, and that probably our bow and propeller have become entangled in the line. He looks at me darkly, and walks silently away. From this time onward we are in American waters, a fact which sends a thrill of pride through the heart of the American born citizen, who is naturally happy in the progress and possessions of his country. The air seems more delightful here, the scenery has a newer charm, as we scan the country far and wide, and know that we own it all.

We are now abreast of Annette Island, upon whose shores the Metlakahtlans, or, as they are termed, the New Metlakahtlans, have found refuge. These people obtained from the United States Government the reservation of the island for their own use, subject to their own administration. The following are the rules which are signed by all residents on the island:

1. To reverence the Sabbath, and to refrain from all unnecessary secular work on that day; to attend divine worship; to take the Bible for our rule of faith; to regard all true Christians as our brethren; and to be truthful, honest, and industrious.
2. To be faithful and loyal to the Government and laws of the United States.

3. To render our votes when called upon for the election of the Town Council, and to promptly obey the by-laws and orders imposed by the said Council.

4. To attend to the education of our children and keep them at school as regularly as possible.

5. To totally abstain from all intoxicants and gambling, and never attend heathen festivities or countenance heathen customs in surrounding villages.

6. To strictly carry out all sanitary regulations necessary for the health of the town.

7. To identify ourselves with the progress of the settlement, and to utilize the land we hold.

8. Never to alienate, give away, or sell our land, or building lots, or any portion thereof, to any person or persons who have not subscribed to these rules.

The chief industry of the people is salmon fishing, but all the occupations of the white man are followed here. The silversmiths are remarkable for their designs in bracelets and other forms of jewelry, the carvers perform artistic work, and the beautiful colored baskets, woven by the women, find a ready sale.

I am more than disappointed that our steamer

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cannot make a short stop here, as I would like to visit this independent Christian community. We reach Ketchikan at nine o'clock in the evening, and in consequence of a dense fog, remain here till morning. Here we have the novel experience of beholding the wharf, which on our arrival lies level with the ship, tower fifteen feet above us on the following morning. This seems quite astonishing until one remembers the ebb and flow of the tide in this^{*} region. The town is forlorn and dismal in appearance: houses, people, atmosphere, all have a depressing effect. Although situated in one of the richest fishing sections, it has no attractions for the visitor. As I step ashore soon after breakfast, the first sight that greets my eyes is the body of a suicide, surrounded by a little group of natives.

Upon inquiry I learn that the deceased was a dissipated young man, who came here penniless and friendless: failing in his efforts to make money, or perhaps using recklessly what little he earned, he thus suddenly ended the struggle, trusting, it may be, to the mercy of a kind Providence, in the hope that in some future existence he may be granted an opportunity to retrieve the faults and mistakes of this life. As I watch them bear him to the public burial-ground, I think:

“How peaceful, and how powerful is the grave!”

Our national holiday is at hand, and it is interesting to observe the preparations being made to celebrate it in this out-of-the-way region. I copy the following program of sports, as an illustration of the diversions of the residents in these Northern districts.

Programme for Celebrating the Fourth of July at Ketchikan.

W. W. Catlin, -- Orator.

D. Smith Harris, -- Reader of Declaration of Independence.

Reception Committee,

W. J. Broderick, F. N. Whitney and W. L. Yost.

Music Committee,

Charles Urquhart, J. J. Campbell and Samuel Girytot.

Committee on Fireworks,

W. A. Patterson, Gus May and Frank Gingrass.

Committee and Judges of Sports.

INDIAN CANOE RACE.

KLUTCHMAN'S CANOE RACE.

I. R. Hickman, M. E. Martin, W. J. Donley.

Course, from buoy front of Young's store, New Town, to buoy, off Ketchikan Wharf, and return to starting point.

First Prize, \$50.00. Second Prize, \$25.00.

ROCK DRILLING CONTEST.

W. H. Gilman, George McKenzie, S. Listchinstader.

Team and Single handed. -- Time, 15 minutes, $\frac{7}{8}$ Steel.

Prizes: Team: First, \$50.00. Second, \$25.00.

Single: First, \$25.00. Second, \$10.00.

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YACHT RACE.

L. A. Babcock, Peter McKinnin, Harry Inman.

Course, starting line front of wharf, sail to buoy at Saxman, thence to buoy off Charcoal point, and back to starting point.

All boats wishing to enter, must apply to the judges on July 3d for measurements.

First Prize, \$50,00. Second Prize, \$25,00.

RIFLE PRACTICE.

A. H. White, James Bannedin, Samuel Guyot.

100 and 300 yards, - Open Sight.

First Prize, \$50,00. Second Prize, \$25,00.

TUG OF WAR *vs.* TUG OF WAR.

Whites *vs.* Indians. Kids.

Ed. Stanley, W. A. Patterson, R. E. McCoombs.

ROWING RACE.

Same course as canoes.

Otto Inman, J. H. Garrett, A. L. Hoodley.

CATCHING GREASED SIWASH DOG.

Ham. Anderson, Jack Hannot.

GENERAL FIELD SPORTS, ETC.

For further particulars, see committee.

J. W. STEDMAN	} Finance Committee.
W. A. BRYANT	
J. BOYD YOUNG	

Ketchikan is surrounded by a rich mineral region, and, besides its Salmon Cannery, which sends out fifteen thousand cases annually, it has extensive

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halibut fisheries, and a large sawmill, run by Indians. After leaving this island we steam through Tongas Narrows, a channel scarcely wider than that of an ordinary river, lying between steep mountain walls. It is like many other straits in these waters, a difficult piece of navigation, and only by extreme watchfulness and the perfect knowledge of the pilot, is our safe passage assured. Three officers are constantly on the bridge, on the lookout for the dangerous points.

Although a long experience in these waters renders them confident, they never relax their vigilant watch.

The day is charming,—one of the finest passed upon these seas; the scenery, as ever, delightful, although it has been surpassed at other points along our route. We are abreast of Prince of Wales Island, the largest of the Alexander Archipelago. It is two hundred miles in length, and from twenty to sixty in breadth, and shelters us from the rough current of the Pacific. Lofty mountains, picturesque lakes and magnificent forests beautify this island; stately cedars rise to a height of one hundred and twenty-five feet, with trunks five and six feet in diameter, and many fine salmon streams empty into its lakes and bays. Portions of the

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island are associated with the early history of this country.

The fog at Ketchikan delayed us six hours, in consequence of which, it is said, we are obliged to go around by Dry Island, and thus, a hundred miles out of our course; but we are not particular as to time, so no one objects to this.

The scenery along Clarence Strait is much the same as that which precedes it, the mountains presenting lovely green slopes which are restful to the eye. We have all grown so familiar with these picturesque views, that we sometimes find ourselves assuming a critical attitude towards Nature, and feeling aggrieved if each new prospect does not exceed in grandeur and beauty all that has gone before. So we sit on deck, judging and comparing, and as for many of those around us, it would be impossible to stir them to enthusiasm, unless perhaps a gold mine should open at their feet, and offer to them its inexhaustible store of treasures.

The waters of the strait are placid, as usual, and so deep as to appear of inky blackness beneath the mountain walls—so black, that still more difficult grows the task of avoiding its hidden dangers.

We have just learned that the steamer has again changed her course, and instead of going around

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Dry Island to avoid Wrangel Narrows, we are to make our original route, from Wrangel, by Sumner Strait to Labouchere Bay, thence by Cape Decision, up Christiana Sound to Pillar's Bay and Frederick Sound, and continue our course up Stephen's Passage to Juneau.

Before going farther in these northern latitudes, it may be well to give some account of the native tribes inhabiting them, and the peculiar characteristics of these people. With this view, I copy here an extract from one of the many articles written on the subject.

“The nations of Alaska are divided into many villages, but are grouped under three general classes—Innuits or Eskimos, who inhabit the coast—Tenneh, of the Yukon district, and the Aleuts, who live on the islands of the Western Archipelago. The natives are frequently spoken of as Indians, yet they are different from the red men of the United States in appearance, habits and customs. They seem to have had a Japanese origin, have Mongolian cast of features, and, unlike our Indians, are naturally intelligent, with industrious habits, keen in trade, good mechanical ideas, quick to learn, while some are very skillful in carving wood, bone and metal. Some of them have become good home builders.

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They are, of course, very superstitious. Visitors will remember a variety of racial and tribal titles, as Tlingits, Haidas, Metlakahtlans, Chilkats, Hoonahs, Auks, Takus, Sitkans, and the like, but the tribes of Tlingits race will be the ones most generally met with in the Sitka trip, because they constitute the native population of southeastern Alaska."

At noon we sight Wrangel, nestling cosily among her hills.

A massive, snow-covered mountain rises in the background, while her sides are guarded by lofty hills, whose graceful slopes are covered with verdure. The city of Wrangel is situated upon the island of that name, at the mouth of the Stikine River. As we approach the town by the harbor, the houses seem low and squatty, but the prevailing color, white, is artistic, with here and there a red building, by way of contrast.

Picturesque churches are scattered throughout the town, and now as we sail abreast of it, the enthusiastic amateur with his camera pushes every one unceremoniously aside, and makes one "snap shot" after another of the neighboring views. The gang-plank is lowered, and as we step ashore, a huge sign, swinging from the ship's side, announces that we have three hours in which to explore the town.



PASSING S. S. AL-KI, CHATHAM SOUND

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How delighted we are to stretch our limbs, and walk once more on terra firma.

Wishing to see as much as possible in the short time allowed us, we seek the main street of the place, known as Front Street, and facing the harbor. It runs straight through the town, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile. The board walk along which we make our way, is so shaky, the buildings on each side so dilapidated, that one's glance wanders timorously from the loose and broken planks to the apparently tottering houses, in constant dread of a sudden and general collapse. Here are numerous dogs of every size, shape and color, but among them all, there is not one you would like to carry away as a memento of this town. The inhabitants are not more attractive than the dogs, all seeming to be relics of an era previous to the institution of the morning bath.

Families sit on the dingy porches of the palsied houses, offering for sale uninviting wares of their own handiwork; such as baskets, diminutive totem poles, bead and shellwork, etc., but seem perfectly indifferent as to whether any one purchases their goods or not. Here an old woman, sitting before her shanty, washes some garments, which as she hangs them in the sun to dry, look past all redemp-

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tion in the way of cleanliness. Her age is such that she cannot have many years to live, so that to change her in thought or habits would be an impossibility. The shops, such as they are, line one side of this street. Some of them display signs in the windows, such as: Hardware; Curios; Drugs; Men's, Boys', and Children's Clothing; and here too is the Fort Wrangel Brewery. A little apart from the others, is a building of one story, with rude porch and dilapidated roof, set about fifteen paces back from the sidewalk, and bearing the sign:

"Hunter's Rest.
Beer Hall."

I shudder at the thought of rest and comfort in this tumble-down and dismal looking place. Lounging about its antiquated portal are about a dozen presumable hunters,—or perhaps thirsty followers of Gambrinus. These men have a restless, haggard and dogged expression, as though life, from their standpoint, had not proved very satisfactory.

I stop several native old men and women, and by giving them a trifling sum of money, am allowed to take photographs of their homely faces. At Wrangel, it is said, one has his best opportunity of seeing the old totem poles, which are fast disappearing

from the southern part of this country. We find these poles near the abodes of the living, as well as the burial-places of the dead. They are completely covered with carving, and vary in height and thickness. As much has been written concerning the history and meaning of these relics, I will insert here an extract that may prove interesting to the reader.

“There is a variety of opinions as regards the real signification of the totem poles. They appear to be designed to commemorate important deeds in the lives of the departed, near whose graves they stand, as well as to indicate the family arms or crest of those for whom they are erected.

“The different tribes have their own characteristic emblems, the bear, eagle, hawk, whale, etc. The poles are usually covered with carvings from bottom to top, and the size and height designate the social status and wealth of the individual in his tribe.”—
Again: “The crow or raven upon the pole is supposed to represent Noneau, the creative principle, and the wolf, the aggressive or fighting creature. These are the totems of the coast, and each is subdivided into clans. Men do not marry women of their own totem. The totemic is stronger than the family or tribal bond. Men often elect indi-

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vidual totems, usually the animal seen or dreamed of during their lonely fasts in the woods preceding their majority and their initiation into the rites and great ceremonies of the clan. These elective totems, added to the clan and family totems, account for the storied images on the totem poles. The totem pole has no religious significance, and is not an object of idolatrous worship. Its heraldic designs and quarterings are displayed in the same way and for the same reason that the European parades his crest and Scutcheon."

One cannot help regretting the decline of these quaint and interesting characteristics of the native tribes.

Seven or eight years ago, many of these curious poles, with their legendary carvings, adorned the lodges of the Stikines' Village. Now but a few are left to arouse the wonder and admiration of the traveller.

Wrangel possesses a fine large harbor, set in a picturesque framework of noble mountains, with loftier, snow-crowned peaks rising beyond these as far as the eye can see.

The land otter, the bear, the fox, the mink, and other animals dwell in the forests, and an abundance of fish inhabit the streams. The civilized portion of

the town lies along the shore, at the foot of a hilly forest, between the lines of low, square and rough cabins of the natives. Here are several stores for the sale of goods to the tribes, also for the purchase of curios, furs, etc., by travellers. The place was named in honor of Baron Wrangel, governor of Russian-America in 1834. A garrison of United States troops is stationed here, and it can boast of a newspaper, schools and churches, besides its sawmill and breweries.

On our way back to the steamer, we came across a small, unpretentious frame building, which proved to be a Christian church. As we stopped to observe it, a pleasant faced man came from within, greeted us kindly, and invited us to enter.

This was the pastor, who gave us an interesting account of his work among a little flock in this out-of-the-way country.

Here indeed was self-sacrifice, for the man had left a congenial home and friends, to dwell among a lonely people, in order to benefit and elevate them. His sole aim in life seemed to be to do his duty towards his Creator and his fellow-creatures. It was he who had been instrumental in establishing *The Northern Light*, a bi-monthly paper, devoted to religious work in Alaska.

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"'Tis thus the spirit of a single mind
Makes that of multitudes take one direction."

"The readers of this paper, (*The Northern Light*), are already acquainted with what changes have come over Klanack during the past year. The work, though entirely unassisted, except by occasional visits from the pastor of the Wrangel Church, and by one visit from Mr. Marsden, is proving itself to be wonderfully permanent. What does this phenomenon suggest? Does it not suggest the value of Salvation Army methods for pioneer mission work? Bishop Ridley, of the Church of England, has long recognized the value of it, and as a consequence, has organized what is known as the church army, which has done much valuable pioneer work. There are two methods of carrying on pioneer work. One is to attract attention by gifts, and the other is to do that which appeals to the imagination of the native. The former is expensive, and pauperizes the native; the latter does no harm, and prepares the way for education and instruction. The experiences of the last year in Alaska, (1900), have proved that the Salvation Army methods are useful, and there is no reason why they should not be employed, when they can be used to advantage."



TOTEM POLE, WRANGEL

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Our day at Wrangel was clear and beautiful. We learned from a native that it was one of fifteen bright days during the past three months. Sol was very good to us.

Here we have our first view of a tide water glacier—the Hutli, or Le Conte Glacier, at the end of Thunder Bay, northeast of the town. This dazzling iceberg is a magnificent spectacle, reflecting the rays of the sun from myriads of sparkling points, as it stretches outward from a deep cañon, surrounded by stately forest trees. It presents a pure white surface, half a mile in width, and many miles in length, and contains numberless deep fissures. Its icy cliffs rise from one hundred to two hundred feet above the waters of the bay, and as the glacier advances, moving, it is said twenty-seven feet a day, they constantly break into huge blocks and fall crashing down into the waters of the bay, forming serious obstacles to navigation. The natives believe that the mountains were once embodied spirits, and they have long worshipped them. The glaciers are the children of the mountains, and of the ice spirit, whose voice is heard in the angry roar of the North wind, and in the crackling of the mighty floes. “He hurls down bergs in his wrath, tosses them to and fro, crushes

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canoes, and washes the land with great waves. Sitth is their general name for ice, and even their dull imaginations conceive a hell of ice, a place of everlasting cold as the future state of those who are buried in the ground, instead of being cremated."

Now indeed, we realize that we are in Arctic regions—in the home of the Seal and the Walrus, the Moose and the Otter, the Ptarmigan and the Beaver. Occasionally we see a V shaped line of ducks in their rapid passage through the water, at times coming so close to the steamer, that one who is only a moderately good shot could make sad havoc in their picturesque procession.

Leaving Wrangel, the bow of our ship points towards Sumner Strait and the scenes are wild and beautiful, as we turn and twist among the islands. Wonderful effects of light and shade greet our eyes, and densely wooded mountains, in all the harmonies of their varied hues surround us, with here and there the shining edge of a glacier becoming visible as we round a point. At Cape Decision, the long roll of waters coming from the Pacific Ocean is quite perceptible. Here on our right are the Kupreanoff and Kuiu Islands,—the land of Kakes, of which little is known, as the native tribes bear a bad reputation, and are more dreaded than any

other Northern Indians. Their islands are covered with thick forests of cedars and other evergreens. The waters here are broad, and give distant ocean views, which have a charm peculiarly their own.


Our ship's company is composed of exceptionally social and agreeable elements, the passengers, as a rule, being more anxious to give than to receive pleasure; consequently many delightful hours have been passed on board, and not a few of them will live in our hearts and memories forever. It is now half-past eight, and while the hour denotes the approach of night, the sun is shining on deck with noonday splendor. As I sit serenely enjoying the never failing beauty of the panorama, a passenger passing wishes me "Good-night, and pleasant dreams." I arouse myself, and look about me. Is it possible that this is night? "Good-night," I reply, "but surely it would be more fitting to say 'Good-day.'"

Juneau, and the
Famous Treadwell Mine

CHAPTER VI

Juneau, and the Famous Treadwell Mine

Juneau—Flashing Cascades—A Varying Population—Curio Shops—Seward Street—Newspapers—Grand Concert—On Juneau Hill—Enchanting Views—Fickle Dame Fortune—The Methodist Church—A Gay Social Atmosphere—Fisheries—Native Women—National Holidays—The Volunteer Fire Brigade—Douglas Island—Artillery of the Mine—The Greatest Quartz Mill in the World—Pantomime—Gold Quartz—Miners' Pay—A Dissatisfied Group—The Village—Ill Luck—John Treadwell—A Chance Investment—Lynn Canal—A Magnificent Panorama—Eagle Glacier—Lower Temperature—The Great Auk—Icy Summits—A Performing Whale—Brothers and Sisters—A Brief Night—A Shower—The Rainbow—Chilkoot Inlet—At Midnight—Skagway—A City of Rapid Growth—Newspapers—The Future of the Town.

HE first scene that greets our eyes this morning is the city of Juneau nestling cosily at the foot of a great mountain on our right, while on the left is the picturesque Douglas Island, with its tall peaks rising a thousand feet or more above the sea. As we approach Juneau, we are charmed with the many beautiful cascades that flash and sparkle adown the mountain-sides. We skirt the shore of Douglas

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Island, as we steam slowly and cautiously along Stephen's Passage, thus having a fine view of the largest quartz mill in the world.

It is not long before the gangplank is lowered from our ship's side to the wharf at Juneau, and a notice put up warning us not to delay our return to the vessel later than twelve o'clock, which allows us several hours in this largest of Alaskan towns. The Camera Brigade, with the rest of the passengers, lose no time in alighting, and soon we are all scattered in different directions, each wandering whither his impulse leads him. This city is named in honor of Joseph Juneau, a French Canadian, who discovered gold on the island in 1880. It is well known that Juneau is the headquarters and centre of the mining district in this region, as numerous rich quartz and placer mines are located in its vicinity.

The population varies with the seasons, being much larger in winter, when the miners resort hither, as they are then unable to work on account of the ice and snow. It averages about two thousand five hundred, has newspapers, churches, schools, hotels, breweries, a hospital, and last but not least, an opera house.

We soon find our way to some of the curio

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shops, in which are displayed photographs, beads, totem poles, wooden dolls, and attractive little gold nuggets for rings, chain mountings, etc.; also skins of the otter, seal, beaver, squirrel and other animals, most of them old and dingy with use. Here too, are fish or salmon plates, which are purchased by the visitors, simply as mementos of the place, I hope. These dishes are of different lengths, varying from eighteen to forty-eight inches, shaped like a flat canoe, and highly ornamented with carving. When we stray into Seward Street, we begin to feel quite at home, for here are many good stores, selling every variety of goods, as in other cities. The newspapers are a credit to the town. Of course there is much gossip, and news of a local character, all of which may be truthfully said of our own leading journals.

Handbills are scattered about the town, announcing:

GRAND CONCERT AT THE OPERA HOUSE,

MONDAY EVE, JULY 2, 1900.

AT 8:30 P. M.

PROF. F. CLYDE LEATHERS, Musical Director

Vashon Conservatory of Music,

Assisted by the leading and best talent in Juneau.

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Every ticket for this concert will be numbered to a certain limit, and the holders of the lucky numbers will be entitled to one year's free tuition in the VASHON CONSERVATORY.

The tickets have been placed at the extremely low price of 25 cents, in order that all may be reached.

Tickets for boxes, 50 cents: each ticket entitled to two numbers.

Secure a Seat early.

Thus business and pleasure go hand in hand, even among the gold mines of this Arctic region.

We climb a steep slope to an eminence called Juneau Hill, from which we have a fine view of the town, the harbor, and Douglas Island. While admiring this beautiful prospect, we are accosted by a pleasant looking stranger, who greets us courteously, and after welcoming us to the town, inquires from what part of the country we have come, and when we reply "From Philadelphia," his interest increases, for that is also his native city. With much hospitality, he wishes to entertain us at his home in Juneau, but we are compelled to decline his cordial invitation, as we have but a short time to remain in the city.

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The views from this point are remarkably beautiful—the shining waters lapping the shores of Douglas Island, with its snow-covered peaks and rich verdant slopes, with the picturesque town of Juneau in the foreground, form a combination of such lofty grandeur and charming repose, that one longs to store it away among the choice bits in his portfolio. Looking across a deep ravine, I observe a little gold mine at the base of Mount Juneau. Our new acquaintance tells us that he is the owner of it, and speaks hopefully of his venture, adding however, that one must prepare himself for deprivation and hardship if he would engage in such an undertaking. A man must separate himself not only from friends and relatives, but from the congenial atmosphere of life among familiar surroundings, in order to seek this golden treasure ; and then he is not certain of success, for Dame Fortune is a fickle goddess, leaving many a noble heart in dismal, gloomy depths, because she does not choose to smile, her all transforming smile, upon his efforts.

In our wanderings we come upon the Methodist Church of this town—a simple, but attractive, and well cared for building—quite encouraging to the Christian visitor ; and we learn that it is doing its share of hard, honest work among the people.

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I do not wish to give the impression that Juneau is a place devoid of social atmosphere. This is by no means the case. Many families of culture and considerable means reside here, and numberless are the entertainments, theatre parties, and other social functions of this class. The majority of those whom I have met have attracted me by their pleasant manners, and generally prepossessing appearance.

The streets here seem very much alike, and the dwellings, which are mostly built of wood, are similar in structure. The town is built on the sloping side of a hill, and, like all other settlements in this region of rich, fresh and abundant water courses, and extensive forests, carries on large fisheries and sawmills. The natives are about as uninviting as those we have seen elsewhere upon our journey, although it is said that the women of this district are expert and industrious, being noted for their skill in weaving, and their artistic designs in coloring and combining figures in their baskets ; while the men display curious and original carvings on silver bracelets, horn and wooden souvenirs, and little totem poles. In the heart of the town, the natives may be seen daily, sitting upon the ground, along the sidewalks of the principal streets, offering for sale, fish, berries, vegetables, and their little



ASCENDING SUMMIT WHITE PASS

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stock of curios. These women, for the market is carried on chiefly by women, sit huddled up behind their wares, wearing great, heavy woolen blankets over their shoulders, with a similar, but smaller covering for their heads. They are evidently much distressed by my attempts to photograph them, and shrink together if a camera is but pointed at them. They have a peculiar fashion of drawing their shawls over their heads whenever this is done. Unless they are taken unawares, the snap shot proves an utter failure. The only way is to stand in the neighborhood, apparently unconcerned, or interested only in what they have for sale and snap the camera without their knowledge.

Throughout the American settlements, the greatest enthusiasm is manifested over the holidays, such as Christmas, Washington's Birthday and the Fourth of July. I have a gorgeous placard in flaming red and blue letters ; a sample of hundreds scattered over the town, reading as follows :

1776

GRAND

1900

FOURTH OF JULY

CELEBRATION

JUNEAU.

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National Salute at Sunrise

STREET PARADE; SPORTS; ORATIONS.

MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS.

GRAND BALL, JULY 3, 9 P.M. FIREMAN'S HALL.

Thus it is that we find the spirit of the "Father of his Country" and his little band of patriots existing in the remotest corner of the earth, wherever there is a man who is proud to call himself a citizen of the United States.

As Juneau has no paid fire department, each citizen feels it incumbent upon him to volunteer his services in case of fire. It is therefore well understood that when the fire-bell rings in the belfry of the old church, those hearing it must run with all speed to the hose house, drag the hose-carriage to the nearest available water plug, and attach the hose. The natural force of the water flowing down the mountain-side, is sufficient to reach the spot attacked by fire and subdue the flames. A number of stories in this connection have been related to us. The following is one of them :

A fire suddenly breaking out in the house of one

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of the citizens, the church bell as usual, summoned the volunteers to the spot. The day happened to be the Sabbath, and the minister was in the midst of his sermon; but he immediately dismissed his congregation, with the words: "The meeting will adjourn until the fire is extinguished, when the congregation will return and resume the service."

Another anecdote is told of a funeral procession, which was suddenly arrested on its way to the burial-ground by the ringing of the fire-bell. The pall-bearers, in obedience to the summons, instantly deposited the coffin by the roadside, and with the rest of the mourners, hastened to draw the hose-carriage to the scene of the fire, and quickly extinguished it.

In Juneau we feel that we have once more entered a region of civilization, as much of the familiar atmosphere of home life is to be found here. But all too soon the deep bass notes of our steamer's whistle call us from our interesting wanderings; and now the passengers may be seen, coming from every corner of the town, all hurrying in one direction, till, laughing and breathless, we find ourselves assembled once more on board our floating palace.

Our destination this time is quickly reached, be-

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ing just across the harbor to Douglas Island, to view the largest quartz mill in the world. As we approach the island, a continuous, and almost deafening sound greets our ears, varied at intervals by explosions like the thunder of artillery. This excites us so that we impatiently await the moment of landing upon these world renowned shores. About half-way across the channel, I succeed in making a picture of the mill, wharf, and surrounding mountains.

One naturally pauses in the presence of such a scene, to reflect upon the magnitude of the enterprise, and the wonderful wealth of this island, seamed from end to end with gold bearing quartz, which is practically inexhaustible. Upon the platform of the long substantial wharf are piled bags of the precious metal, worth thousands of dollars, waiting to be sent to the smelting mills. The enormous structures of the company occupy many acres of ground. The village, but a short distance from the mines, where the homes of the miners are built, the high hills and mountains with their marvellous stores of treasure, may be seen at a glance. We anchor here to receive and deposit freight, as well as to give the passengers an opportunity of visiting the mines.

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There is but one landing-place, and thence we follow the pathway to the mills. The noise increases as we approach the scene of action, and when we enter the vast building, it is so incessant and tremendous that we cannot hear each other's voices. Many of our company hold their hands over their ears, and begin to retreat, fearing they have come to the wrong entrance. But we are soon assured that all is right, and the foreman begins, in pantomime, to explain the various operations around us: all information is obtained through our eyes. As he points hither and thither, shakes his head and moves his lips, we all involuntarily do likewise, and like a group of marionettes, follow in his footsteps, nodding, laughing, gesticulating, as he sets the example: but his language is very clear to us, and we have no difficulty in understanding his ideas and explanations. He leads us to the crushing department, where the mighty cannon-ading is going on. The mill runs eight hundred and eighty stamps, and with its machinery, has cost more than half a million dollars. In this department the quartz is hammered to powder and cleansed of all superfluous matter. The valuable residue is then gathered up, dried and put into bags, containing about a hundred pounds each. These

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are stored on the wharf in large quantities, to await shipment to Tacoma, where the gold is extracted. The quartz obtained here is not so rich as that of many other mines, but the working process is so much easier, and the quantity so enormous, that the aggregate results are unparalleled. The yield averages from three to seven dollars to the ton. The dust, after washing, is valued at the rate of a dollar and a half per bag of a hundred pounds. The whole wharf is covered with this dust, and one has the feeling of treading on a roadway of gold. The manager does not object to our filling our pockets with the dust, remarking indifferently: "The company can well afford these small robberies by the tourists."

The thunders of the dynamite blastings are repeated at intervals of a half hour, and resound about forty times in rapid succession. They may be heard miles away. Each discharge is followed by great clouds of smoke from the blasting pit. The quartz thus obtained is carried in small cars directly to the crushing mill. The wet weather which prevails here is extremely favorable for the operations of the company, as an abundant supply of water is required to treat the gold bearing quartz properly.



LOG CABIN STATION, SUMMIT WHITE PASS AND YUKON ROUTE

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So energetic are the managers of this opulent syndicate, that the entire mountain-side has been quarried and it will not be long before the remaining portion must succumb to man's insatiable desire for gold. We are informed that these mills are operated, with but two exceptions, during the whole year. The only days and nights of rest for men and machinery are Christmas and the fourth of July. Twenty-eight hundred tons of quartz are mined each day, the work being all above ground. At night the scene is brilliantly illuminated by electric lights. Hundreds of men are employed here, the majority of them receiving two dollars a day and their board. The single men live at the company's general boarding-house, while those who are married have the advantages and comforts of their own homes.

Provisions and clothing are rather higher here than at Seattle and the laboring element seems to be in a very unsettled state. This class is formed chiefly from the ranks of men returning from the Klondike, who have been stranded, and are working their way back to the States. The usual limit of the working day is ten hours; those who labor during the night, one week, are placed upon the day force of the following week—and vice versa.

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The work is indeed very hard, and I would say that the miner more than earns his two dollars a day.

The second class fare from Douglas to Seattle is fifteen dollars a head. I observed a group of ten or twelve dissatisfied miners congregated upon the wharf, all loud in their complaints against the company. They were awaiting a returning steamer to carry them to Seattle. Of course every one knows that in such cases there is something to be said on both sides : yet judging by the scanty stores of baggage the men were bearing away, I could not feel that they had had the best of their bargain.

The village of Douglas consists of the little homes of the miners, and the boarding-houses and stores of the company. These buildings are of wood, rough, plain and very unattractive. Along the wharf sat a number of Indian women, wrapped in their blankets, who, with pleading looks, offered their wares in exchange for the cash of the visitors. Greasy, dirty and uncouth looking, it is hard to believe that a ray of happiness brightens the forlorn existence of these women.

Such sights are not encouraging to the newcomer, who has staked his fortune, and left the atmosphere of a prosperous city to seek wealth in this not always friendly territory. It is true that we meet

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some miners who have had "luck," as they call it, but where one has made a fortunate venture, dozens appear with disappointment and misery written on their countenances. Only too well have they realized the old maxim: "All that glitters is not gold." The brilliant prospects which have lured them hither have resulted principally in benefit to the capitalist and the transportation companies.

Douglas Island was named by Vancouver for his friend, the Bishop of Salisbury. It is twenty-five miles long, and about ten in width: until 1881 it was an untrodden wilderness. Then some miners, too late to establish their claims on Juneau, made a camp here. John Treadwell, a San Francisco builder, reluctantly, it is said, took the claim on Paris Creek as security for a loan of one hundred and fifty dollars, and afterwards bought the adjoining claim for three hundred dollars. With San Francisco partners to back him, he remained on the ground and protected his property, until his title was secured. It had been stated that \$16,000,000 have been refused for this property.

It is late in the afternoon when we turn our backs on these picturesque shores, and steam along the Lynn Canal towards Skagway. The canal, one of the finest fiords on the coast, was named for Van-

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couver's native town in Norfolk, England. It is fifty-five miles in length, and finally divides into the Chilkat and Chilkoot inlets. It has a depth of four hundred and thirty fathoms, and its banks present a magnificent panorama of mountains, forests and glaciers, with sometimes precipitous walls rising to a great height on either side. The temperature at this time is about sixty degrees. Here is an icy mountain, gleaming between tall peaks, and surmounted by a curious rock, "which resembles our national bird so much more than does the figure on the new dollar, that we christened it the Eagle Glacier," wrote Captain Beardslee in August, 1879.

But this is a stretch of imagination, and does not truly describe the picture before us. The glacier presents a surface about a mile in width, and extends far back into the valley. It is probably a thousand feet in depth, and affects the atmosphere perceptibly as we approach it. The thermometer registers a fall of four degrees within the last few minutes. This great mass is like an ice floe, exhibiting no peaky formations. The mountains slope beautifully to the water's edge, and here and there wooded islands form charming contrasts in life and color to the glistening, steely blue surface of the glacier.

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Scarcely has the Eagle disappeared from view, when the great Auk Glacier demands its share of our admiration. It is similar in appearance to the other bird, and is perhaps as worthy a representation of its namesake. It gleams forth imposingly from the mainland shore, and affiliates with the icy summits in the background, and the snows, quite pure in color, which creep down the mountain-sides. How repelling are those distant peaks, in their unchanging draperies of ice and snow! Their children, the glaciers, cling to their slopes, and though mist and fog oftentimes surround them, they are ever the same,—bleak, barren inaccessible.

Suddenly we are called to the other side of the steamer, by some friends to witness a “Performing Whale,” as I dub him. He is quite close to the ship, and seems to delight in his playful antics, rising, falling, and splashing the water high in the air; then spouting forth great streams like fountains. With spread tail and proud as a peacock, he flaunts himself about his watery domain, posing really artistically, much to his own delight, and that of the observers. It is said that the natives formerly believed these great creatures of the sea were once bears, but, going to sea, wore off their fur on the rocks, and had their feet nibbled away by the fishes.

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It is now eight o'clock in the evening, and although many clouds hover over our heads, they are brilliantly illuminated by the sunbeams, so that one could easily imagine it to be the middle of the afternoon. Near us are two picturesque mountain ranges; the Three Sisters and the Three Brothers. How can I describe their beauty? Imagine peak after peak glowing in rainbow hues beneath the dazzling sunlight, their ermine robes gleaming in royal magnificence! Their majesty, their forms, their tones are wondrous and sublime! The waters of the canal repeat the bewildering effect, and the whole forms a glorious picture, of which you can have but a faint idea from these brief and inadequate expressions. Truly a noble group of kings and queens! It is a supreme moment. The soul has entered the portals of an enchanted realm; and who knows what message comes to each one of us in these unspeakable experiences?

“ Admire—exult—laugh—weep—for here
There is much matter for all feeling.”

Prominent upon our right are the Chilkoot Mountains, towering high above us, and casting deep shadows where the cliffs jut out over the water. We are now so far north that the night seems but a

pretense, a brief shadow, across which one day may greet another;—for light is always visible. The sun is shining brightly now at ten minutes past nine in the evening, and will not sink below the horizon for nearly a half hour; then we will have light from the heavens until midnight, and the day breaks at one o'clock, so if one wishes to retire, he must make a semblance of night by artificial means. It certainly is a novel experience to shut one's self up and sleep when the sun is shining. However, the time comes when I must say to my friends: "I retire to sleep now. Good-day."

But quickly, as usual, the sky is overcast, and a shower is upon us, while still smiling, the sun peeps through; and as I take a last glance at the beautiful scenes, I behold a charming addition to their beauty. It is a rainbow, which the sun has gotten up for a parting gift to the day, "Robed in heavenly dyes," and poised between the earth and sky, a faithful reminder that the Great Spirit above will never fail the mortal who trusts in His promises.

It is now midnight, and I rise from my berth, dress, and slip out on deck, wondering that the steamer is at a standstill. We have reached Chilkoot Inlet, and are discharging freight. I linger, admiring the brightness of the night. It is so lumi-

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nous that one can read or write with ease. Taking a pencil, I make a note in my diary, as an evidence of this fact, to convince my mind on the morrow, when things nightly may seem but as a dream. The test is satisfactory: this is no dream on my part.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we are within sight of Skagway, a city of wondrous and rapid growth. Its appearance is very attractive, as it lies at the foot of a lofty mountain, and is evidently a wide-awake place, with much "Go" in it. The town began with a few cabins in 1897, when the Klondike excitement had just started, and suddenly sprang into a city, with a population of from 5,000 to 8,000. It has good wharves and landing facilities, and contains churches, schools and good public buildings, as well as hotels and saloons. It is illuminated by electric lights, and has an abundant supply of pure water from a great lake above the town, which is fed by an enormous glacier. Several spicy newspapers, both daily and weekly, are supported by this town. I have just purchased one of them. It is *The Daily Morning Alaskan*, dated June 29, 1900, and is evidently filled with local pride, which finds vent in bold head-lines, such as: "SKAGWAY IS THE ONLY REAL CITY IN ALASKA."—



BENNETT CITY (Two years old)

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“HALF A MILLION IN ONE SHIPMENT.” This last is an allusion to gold dust brought in by miners from the Klondike, and shipped from Skagway.—“SOCIAL DANCE. There will be a social dance at Armory Hall on Saturday evening, June 30. All are cordially invited. Be assured of a good time. Messrs. Metcalf & Hooker, of the committee on Fourth of July subscriptions, were closing up their canvas last night, and were confident that the total amount would not be under \$450, which will be sufficient to cover the expenses of a big celebration.” The other columns are filled with the usual order of odds and ends, gossip, business and social news, and advertisements.

The town manifests the inevitable crudeness of its mushroom growth. There are many frame houses, although it is evident that the progressive spirit of the place is demanding more substantial buildings. The modern models are stone structures, with strong foundations, which predict a prosperous career for the city. With such enterprises as the White Pass and Yukon Railroad, and its syndicate owning millions of dollars, Skagway has a great future before it in a legitimate line of business.

Over the White Pass

to Lake Bennett

CHAPTER VII

Over the White Pass to Lake Bennett

A Great Undertaking—Opening of the Road—Our Train—Clearings—An Interruption—Pinnacle Mountain—Rocky Point—The Trestle—White Pass Cañon—Forest Fires—Distant Views—Unrivalled Scenery—Blue Granite—Hanging Rocks—Blasting—Huge Boulders—Monarchs Dethroned—Tin Cans—Packhorses—Suicide Rock—White Pass City—North Fork Falls—Among the Clouds—Pioneer Days—A Series of Waterfalls—Whirling Round the Mountain-Sides—Summit Gorge—The Tunnel—Glacier Gorge—A Stupendous Feat—Nature's Road-bed—Above the Snow Line—Snowballs—Winter Gales—Old Pack Trail—On the Summit—A Lovely Lake—Mosquitoes—Under Two Flags—Bennett City—Extending the Route—Tents and Cottages—A Christian Settlement—Railroad and Church—Lake Bennett—Barge Builders—En route for the Klondike—A Fairy Scene—The Old Town—Signs—Dinner—On British Territory—A Lone Prospector.



HE resources of the town are quickly exhausted, and ambitious to behold the grander scenes of this neighborhood, we turn our attention to the trip over the White Pass to Lake Bennett and Bennett City. With little difficulty we persuade our accommodating captain to hold his steamer in port until we

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have made this expedition; and then proceed to make arrangements with the railroad officials for the round trip. The distance is eighty-two miles, and a special rate of ten dollars each, is made for our passengers. Freight costs sixty dollars a ton, from Skagway to Lake Bennett. A word or two in regard to this great undertaking may not be amiss here. Three men were foremost in the daring venture of building a railroad in the clouds, as it were, taking foothold on the precipitous side of the mountain, three thousand feet above the valley. These men were M. J. Heney, contractor, E. C. Hawkins, chief engineer, and John Hislop, assistant engineer. The road was opened July 1st, 1899, although the first train did not run over its perilous route until July 6th. The following extract from the company's circular may give some idea of the difficulties attending this undertaking.

“The most important incident of the season of 1899, relative to the development of the far northern gold fields, was the completion of the railway tracks, and the transportation of freight and passengers from Skagway, Alaska, to Lake Bennett, B. C., a distance of forty-one miles, on July 6th. The first train from Skagway to Lake Bennett was an affair of international interest. The building of the

White Pass and Yukon Route through Alaska into British Columbia and Lake Bennett, now that first-class connection by lake and river steamers for Atlin, Dawson City, Yukon and Cape Nome gold fields is secured, is certainly the most important development that has yet transpired in the gold regions of the North. From a scenic standpoint, a trip over the White Pass and Yukon Route, Skagway to Bennett, in a modern, upholstered railway coach, has no parallel. The rugged grandeur of the rocky defiles, the jutting crags, around and over which the railroad winds, the tunnels through which it cuts, the hundreds of waterfalls, thousands of feet below and above, the snow-topped summits, striving to penetrate the sky, present scenes that thrill the senses."

The construction of the road was begun February, 1898, and finished, February 22, 1899. The cost was \$1,000,000 to the White Pass summit, and another million thence to Lake Bennett. This is a glorious day; the sun shining in all his splendor, and the sky of purest blue give the key-note to the grand harmony about us. With light hearts and favorable prospects, we leave Skagway at nine o'clock in the morning. This is a narrow-gauge road, and the coaches are spacious

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and comfortable. Most of the passengers crowd into an observation car, which offers an unobstructed view of the scenery around us. The powerful locomotive is one of Baldwin's. Some idea of the construction of this road-bed may be gleaned from the statement that the freight cars here have a capacity of 40,000 pounds, while their weight is 17,000 pounds.

Our train consists of three observation cars, one drawing-room coach, and two freight cars. In our party are Captain Wallace, of the Steamship "Queen," Mr. John Hislop, constructing engineer, and Mr. M. J. Heney, contractor. We are running through acres of burnt forests, and clearings, in which scores of small frame houses have been erected. On many of these are visible the signs: "For sale," or "For Rent."

After passing the second station, we begin the ascent to the White Pass Summit, an altitude of 2,806 feet. The average grade is three and ninety one hundredths. At Skagway River we are stopped by the information that the trestle bridge over which we are about to pass, has been reported as unsafe, in consequence of high waters; and that passengers and baggage must be transferred to the inferior cars awaiting us on the opposite side of the



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river. The delay and the prospect of the second-class coaches rather dampen our ardor; but we accept the inevitable as gracefully as possible. As we mount higher and higher, our enthusiasm returns, and we enjoy the magnificent panorama before us in the vicinity of the East Skagway and Skagway River Division. Lofty mountains tower above us, giving the impression of massive strength and eternal endurance. In the distance the tall peaks of the Pinnacle Mountain rise 7,800 feet above the valley. The ascent is continuous to Rocky Point, 500 feet above the plain; thence the road turns and we are carried over a wooden trestle, whose light and airy character awakens in our minds grave doubts as to its strength, and we contemplate gravely the fearful possibility of being suddenly precipitated from its height into the wild cañon beneath. As I gaze down into the dreadful abyss, and realize that an accident would mean a clear drop of six or seven hundred feet, I wonder still more at the genius and daring of the projectors of this railroad. This is the famous White Pass Cañon, once dreaded by all travellers in this region. A great forest fire is raging on the opposite mountain-side, destroying acres of beautiful woodland. It is an impressive picture. The flames are borne to a great height by the

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winds, and tossed hither and thither, as though some gigantic demons were waving their crimson torches in every direction. The centre of the conflagration appears like a vast cauldron, red and glowing with the intensity of the blaze. These fires are of frequent occurrence in this densely wooded section, originating, most probably, in the sparks from passing locomotives. They rage until they have completely exhausted their fuel, unless a heavy rain intervenes.

We mount higher and higher, drawn by two powerful engines, whose boilers seem oftentimes about to burst with their strenuous efforts. In the distance the charming waters of Lynn Canal are visible, and the town of Skagway nestling picturesquely at the foot of her mountain. It is impossible to give an idea of the wild grandeur and beauty of the views above, below and around us. New visions of harmony; of peaceful loveliness, of rugged defiance, of sublime majesty constantly pass before our wondering eyes. We say at each point: "Surely nothing can surpass this!" And while we are yet speaking, a glory bursts upon us that transcends them all. It is utterly vain to attempt any description of these scenes. They are beyond all feeble efforts of tongue or pen.

An immense gateway, through which we pass, is cut in the solid rock called blue granite. Swiftly we whirl under the canopy of the Hanging Rocks, whose huge boulders project ten to twelve feet over our heads, and weigh hundreds of tons. We are out of their shadows ere we have time for a passing thought of their enormous size and powers. Mr. Heney informs me that some of the cuttings through these granite rocks are seventy and eighty feet deep. They are made by blasts of Black Giant powder, of which from nine to ten thousand pounds are used for one explosion. In the largest of these, twelve thousand pounds of powder were used, and the recoil was so great that the mountains seemed to tremble at the concussion. Boulders, weighing thousands of tons, are scattered along our line of travel. Great is the devastation caused by the hand of man. Truly it appears more like the work of demons. The great granite blocks are split and jagged, and torn into every conceivable shape. The echoes of the blastings roll hither and thither among the mountain peaks, repeating to them ever in reverberating tones that eternity is no longer theirs. The solitude of nature here is forever undone, and the absolute reign of the monarchs is over. Alas for the giants! Are they

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grieving beneath their icy crests that their haughty heads must yield to the demands of the universe, or have they too hopes of a hereafter?

Still ascending; still awestruck, or mute with excess of delight! No point is without its majesty, no depth without its charm. Down in the picturesque valley is the gleam of half a score of tents, probably a little colony of travellers to or from the gold fields. Traces of many other campers are visible as we steam along. Here and there piles of tin cans may be seen, sometimes assuming the proportions of hills from fifty to sixty feet high, with a base from seventy five to one hundred feet in length. These must be the accumulation of years. It has been stated that previous to the construction of this railroad, from twenty-five hundred to three thousand packhorses were killed or disabled while making the journey from Skagway to Dawson City, during the winter and spring of 1898. A speculator, it is said, as an experiment, bought twenty packhorses to hire out for transporting merchandise from Skagway to Dawson City, and charged five dollars a day for each horse. On the first trip, but two horses out of the whole number reached Dawson City. The others perished on the way.

Here is the continuation of the old Pack road over the White Pass, and I listen to another story in connection with this road. I will leave the reader to decide for himself how much truth there is in it. A miner one day plodded wearily over the trail, followed closely in the footsteps of his horse, until they reached a pass at a great altitude, when suddenly the animal made a determined stand, and refused to proceed. His master urged him onward with all the means, both gentle and violent, at his command, but the beast moved neither forward nor backward—finally, with an almost human expression, he looked about him, shook his head, and deliberately jumped over the side of the precipice; choosing death, rather than the prospect before him. This incident has given the name, Suicide Rock, to the crag which stands out so prominently at this point.

In the valley, a thousand or more feet below, there is a little settlement, called White Pass City. It is of sudden growth, and consists of perhaps a score of frame houses, presumably the homes of foresters. It has been estimated that during the seasons of 1897 and '98, when the gold fever was at its height, at least ten thousand emigrants were encamped on this spot, on their way to the Klondike.

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Many beautiful cascades and waterfalls may be seen, sparkling on the mountain-sides. Sometimes we pass almost through their silvery spray. One of the most striking of these makes a descent of fifteen hundred feet, but half-way down the mountain wall it breaks into three lovely graceful cascades, from which it has received the name of Pitchfork Falls. Another, if possible, more picturesque still, is the North Fork Falls, which comes leaping and foaming from its lofty source, glistening in the sunlight, and singing a glad song as it hastens away to the valley.

We are at an elevation of fifteen hundred feet, and seem so far removed from ordinary travel that we feel as though we are wandering among the clouds. A fellow-traveller entertains me with interesting tales of adventures experienced during the pioneer days, before the possibility of such a road as this was dreamed of. In those days he travelled over the old "Tote Road," and paid as much as fifty cents a pound for the transportation of his goods to the Klondike or Dawson City.

As we ascend, more waterfalls appear, and near the snow line the temperature is cooler, and the air fresher. Here, following each other in close succession, are Wren Falls, Little Mojave, and Pythea's

Falls; each have a charm and beauty distinct from the others. As we whirl around the precipitous mountain-side, at an altitude of 2,000 feet, one instinctively holds his breath, and feels his hair rise to an angle of forty-five degrees, especially if he is standing on the platform of the car, looking down into the wild cañon below. I certainly feel chills running down my back, and wild phantoms flit across my brain.

We reach the Main Gorge, shoot by it, and quickly attain the Summit Gorge. Here great torrents make a mad rush over the rocks, and leap into the Skagway River at the foot of the mountain. The engine sounds its sonorous whistle, and I look ahead. Before us are large blasting operations, and rocks of every size and shape are scattered in all directions. In the distance, at the very edge of the precipice, is a tunnel. Before we enter this, we cross a rough wooden trestle, spanning a wild cascade, and follow the Glacier Gorge. As I look upon the scene before me, I am filled with admiration for the brains that conceived, the brave spirits that executed such a piece of engineering. The tunnel is about three hundred feet long, and fully two thousand feet from the surface of the earth. During its construction, I am told by the contractor,

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the workmen were let down by strong ropes, and held almost in mid air, while drilling and blasting.

There is no fear regarding the durability of this road-bed, for it has existed since the beginning of the earth, and is composed of solid granite, whose natural foundation is two thousand feet in depth. Upon this immovable support the railroad finds its perch. These wooden trestles spanning the gorges are to be replaced with structures of iron and steel.

At the White Pass Cañon, we are far above the snow line, travelling through a white world of surpassing beauty.

At the tunnel, we are switched back, and train and engine are reversed; also at Round House. Our altitude now is 2,200 feet. As we stop to adjust the engine and train, I walk away from the track, about a hundred feet, and from a deep crevasse gather huge snowballs, with which I pelt the passengers, to the amusement of all of us. Think of a genuine snowball fight on the twenty-ninth day of June, with the sun shining brightly down upon us!

During the winter months severe gales rage through these gorges, and the temperature falls to thirty-five degrees below zero. Much credit is



OLD PORTION, BENNETT CITY

due to the excellent management and system of this railroad company for the fact that during the whole winter season, there were only three weeks of impassible roads by reason of heavy snow-drifts. With the exception of these, the trains made their runs in all kinds of weather, forcing a passage through almost insurmountable obstacles. One of the snow cuts, I am told, through which engines and trains passed, was thirty feet in depth.

A telegraph line is established between Skagway and Dawson City. The rate is, I believe, two dollars and a half for ten words. At one time during the construction of the road, seventeen hundred men were employed. Laborers were paid fifty cents a day more than the men who worked on the end of the line. The tracks are single to the summit, and to Lake Bennett, and two passenger trains are run daily.

As my eyes follow the old Pack Trail, in fancy I see the brave men trudging along it as in pioneer days, enduring untold hardships and privations. Doubtless many a poor fellow has dropped by the wayside, unable to reach the end of the journey. As the summit is reached an expression of relief dawns upon every countenance. Within a few rods of the station is a beautiful lake, with clear cool

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waters, which, we are told, abound in mountain trout and white fish. This lake is at an elevation of 2,886 feet. The view from the summit fills us with delight, notwithstanding the many magnificent scenes through which we have passed. Groups of icy mountain crests surround us, glistening in the sun like great diadems of precious stones. Everything about us seems to gleam and scintillate. It is a scene of enchantment, and it seems that at any moment the magician will exclaim: "Presto, change!" the whole picture will disappear, and we will find ourselves moving about in our every-day earthly atmosphere.

The road is being repaired by a corps of workmen, whose faces are screened by netting. I wonder at this, but soon learn the reason in a very practical way. Clouds of mosquitoes fly about our faces, annoying us beyond expression. Day and night these pests surround one in these high latitudes, during the summer season: it is vain to hope to escape them.

I am invited by some of my companions to take a glass of beer in a small frame building close by, with the words Stage Saloon painted over the door. The beverage is cool and refreshing, and costs seventy cents a quart.

A number of our party have climbed to the extreme point of the summit, and planted the American and British flags on their respective sides, and when our photographs are taken as we stand there, we call the picture "Under Two Flags."

As we descend the mountain to Lake Bennett, we come upon the chain of three lakes which form the head waters of the great Yukon River. They are called Summit, Middle and Shallow Lakes. The first two are six miles, the last, three-quarters of a mile in length. In winter, ice forms here to a thickness of four feet. We pass several odd, primitive looking hotels and stations. One of the former boasts of the original sign: "The Nugget Sunset House."

By gradual descent, amidst exquisite views of mountain and forest, we come to Bennett City, and the end of our route. It is the intention of the railroad company to extend the road as far as Dawson City, a distance of five hundred miles, and the work is being rapidly pushed forward. When finished, the present delays, hardships, and risks of life and property, between these points will be reduced to a minimum. So the irresistible power of progress opens the way for the traveller and adventurer, cleaving the massive boulders, leveling the moun-

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tains and bridging the chasms, that it may girdle the globe with its bands of iron, and plant its standard with its watchword "Excelsior," upon hitherto inaccessible summits.

As the old pioneer tote trail, still visible, winds in and out along the mountain-side amid grand and wonderful scenery, I cannot help contrasting our present luxurious mode of travel with those early days of adventure and enthusiasm. Yet for every gain, something is lost, and though we think with pity of the little bands of fortune-seekers, with their knapsacks strapped upon their backs, making step by step, the arduous journey of hundreds of miles to a home in the wilderness, we lose sight of the hopes that brightened the pathway, the companionship that lightened the burdens. What great expectations, what joyous excitement filled the hours as they pressed forward into these unknown regions. What close ties are knit between congenial spirits by labors and privations shared together, and what opportunities are offered daily, nay hourly, for deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice. We, sitting in our comfortable compartments, know nothing of the experience of those days of close communion with nature—the nights of dreamless slumber—the magnetism of continuous contact with Mother Earth.

It is true we have gained much in these days of wonderful scientific knowledge, but we have lost something as well.

Bennett City is situated at an elevation of 2,200 feet, about 800 feet lower than the White Pass Summit. Indescribable are our feelings on beholding this white city of the far north. From an elevated point, we take a bird's-eye view of the town. Here is plenty of space for him who would build a home untroubled by close neighbors—plenty of space for his neighbors, too. A score or more of wooden houses of primitive structure meet the eyes, and dozens of tents, in which miners and railroad employees dwell temporarily. The white canvas gleams out in picturesque contrast with the majestic mountains at the feet of which they are scattered. Upon the barren slopes are deep crevasses, filled with snow, which trails down in graceful wreaths to the base of the mountains and lightens the deep purples and browns, forming a rich harmony of color. In the distance are indications of a Christian settlement, for a large church with a tall belfry, from its elevated position, overlooks its congregation, as they pursue their weekly avocations, and on the Sabbath calls them from their labors, to gather here for a service of prayer and thanksgiv-

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ing. In my conversations with many of the brave men who have made their way into this frozen region, I have always observed a respect for the forms and ceremonies of religion, and a trust in the Divine Ruler of all things. Many of them are members of some religious sect, and not once have I heard them use sacrilegious expressions, or appear ignorant of their duty to their church and their community.

“ At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place.”

The temperature is pleasant, and the pure air fills our lungs with new life, our spirits with a joyous exhilaration. Fresh evidences of the energy of man are constantly meeting us, as he labors with untiring zeal to benefit his fellow-beings by opening up new fields of enterprise. Church and railroad are of incalculable influence in these districts. This settlement is typical of many others throughout the gold regions of Alaska. The people are pleasant and generally hospitable, welcoming gladly the influx of visitors from the outside world.

I stand upon the shore of Lake Bennett, whose beautiful waters are refreshing to the weary traveller. On either side stand giant sentinels, lifting their lofty summits thousands of feet above me. Not far off groups of men are hard at work on some

barges, for Bennett has been the scene of many operations in this line. There is much timber suitable for the purpose in the neighborhood, and a small sawmill is run. Every one makes boats, either for sale or to hire. These boats are from twenty-six to thirty feet in length, flat bottomed, and spread at the sides.

At the time of the first rush for the gold fields, Bennett was one of the busiest places to be found in the country. It is said that within but a few months hundreds of craft of every size and shape were launched upon the lake, and the shore was packed with tents. The Bennett Lake and Klondike Navigation Company have built a number of small steamers for the navigation of the upper Yukon, which lessens materially the average of individual barges now employed to convey passengers and merchandise to Dawson City. As I view the interesting scene, two barges leave the wharf for their adventurous journey to the Klondike regions. The worldly wealth of the travellers is stored upon the boats, and the men as they stand about, talk cheerfully together. Here and there an apparently friendless voyager sits apart from the crowd, in solitary meditation. The lake, the boats, the surroundings are picturesque and charming enough for:

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“ One of those passing rainbow dreams,
Half light, half shade, which Fancy's beams
Paint in the fleeting mists that roll
In trance or slumber round the soul.”

Not far away is the Bennett of pioneer days, before the railroad extended its long arms into this region. The town seems to consist almost entirely of saloons, restaurants and hotels.

The following are some of the signs painted conspicuously on these buildings: “The New Arctic Saloon.” “THE SIMPSON HOTEL: Good Beds—Meals, 50 Cents.”—“Harry's Restaurant.” “Meals—Beds—Bunks—25 Cents.” “Meals, 25 Cents and Up.”

It appears as though the people here do nothing but eat and sleep. But no, at long intervals appears such a variety as: “Miss Sanna Simpson, Customs Broker.”

There is but one street, as yet unnamed. Just as I begin to feel the pangs of hunger, Mr. Heney approaches to invite about a dozen of our party to dine with him. In perfect unison we accept most cheerfully, and are escorted to a large log cabin, containing a spacious dining-room, with rough, unpainted tables, and benches without backs. A table-cloth honors our presence at one of these tables, but we



CATCHING ICE IN GLACIER BAY

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are served with the same tin cups, plates, spoons, etc., which are used by the working men. The room is capable of accommodating three hundred and fifty men at one time. Men wait on us, and the meal consists of good hot coffee, tea, bacon and beans—bread, brown and white—prunes and canned corn. For dessert one is allowed a second helping. Mr. Heney proves a delightful host, and we have a very enjoyable dinner. So it is when mind and body are at peace. We are happy—a king can be no more.

This is British territory, and we find soldiers stationed along the route to protect the English interests. The enchanting scenes repeat themselves as we return to Skagway, but this only adds to the interest with which we watch for them, often perceiving new beauties which escaped our eyes before, and probably a dozen journeys over this route would still leave some charming vista, or picturesque ravine to surprise us should we stray again into this region of lofty and sublime effects.

Upon a distant mountain I espy a lonely prospector, following in the steps of his faithful pack-horse; on his way, doubtless, to the Klondike. A weary march, but his soul is filled with hope, and even now, perhaps he sees himself, in anticipation

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returning home to startle his little world with the wealth of a millionaire. What wonderful allure-ment lies in the prospect of a fortune speedily made! How it works upon the mind of man and —

“Tempts him from the blandishments of home,
Mountains to climb, and frozen seas to roam.”

Glacier Bay, Muir

Glacier, and Killisnoo

CHAPTER VIII

Glacier Bay, Muir Glacier, and Killisnoo

Leaving Skagway—Catching Ice—Glacier Bay—Scenes at Night—Among the Icebergs—Wonderful Shapes—Aquatic Birds—Bartlett Bay—Willoughby Island—The Silent City—Sea-gulls—First Glimpse of Muir Glacier—Arctic Scenery—Inexhaustible Stores—The Face of the Glacier—Pressure of the Ice Floes—An Exciting Moment—A Stupendous Spectacle—A Giant among the Giants—Dundas Bay—San Tereta—Surrounded by Canoes—The Natives—Buying Curios—A Tattered Hat—Old Moccasins—Indian Village—Sunday—A Lonely Shore—On Terra Firma—Killisnoo—Schools of Herring—Oil Works—The Schooner—Large Hauls—The Angler—Extracting the Oil—Fisheries—A Russian Chapel—Saginaw Jake—The Kootznahos—A Peaceful Tribe—Indian Tents—Squaws—Not to be Bribed—A Picture by Strategy—The Village Street—Wares for Sale—Tides—No Physicians.



ANY of the citizens assemble on the landing at Skagway to see us off. At the same time there is some little excitement, for it is known to several of the passengers that we are to carry to Sitka for trial, five Indians who are implicated in the murder of a white man and his wife. The victims had come here to prospect, and were found dead in this vicinity. A

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number of the Indians' friends accompany them, and as I look into their faces, expressions of cruelty and cunning betray the fact that they are in sympathy with the criminals. Owing to a dense fog, we are delayed in starting; but at last the mist rises, the bell rings, and amid a chorus of cheers and good wishes, we leave Skagway for Glacier Bay. The scenery changes perceptibly as we enter these waters. How rich are the color effects—how sublime the lights and shadows! What dazzling views greet us in this region of perpetual winter! Here ice takes the place of foliage and flowers, and the fresh verdure which has hitherto accompanied our passage. A gleaming wonderland spreads out its wealth of beauty before us.

It is the custom of the steamers to gather their supplies of ice in this region; and now as the order is given, a small boat, manned by an officer and four sailors is lowered, and the ship lies at anchor while the search is made for a clear solid block. This is speedily discovered and captured. A net is adroitly slipped beneath the crystal mass, and it is towed slowly to the side of the steamer. The rope is attached to a huge derrick, and at the word of command the pulleys are set in motion, and the iceberg is transferred from its watery bed to the deck

of the steamer. It is pure emerald in color, and appears a mountain in size.

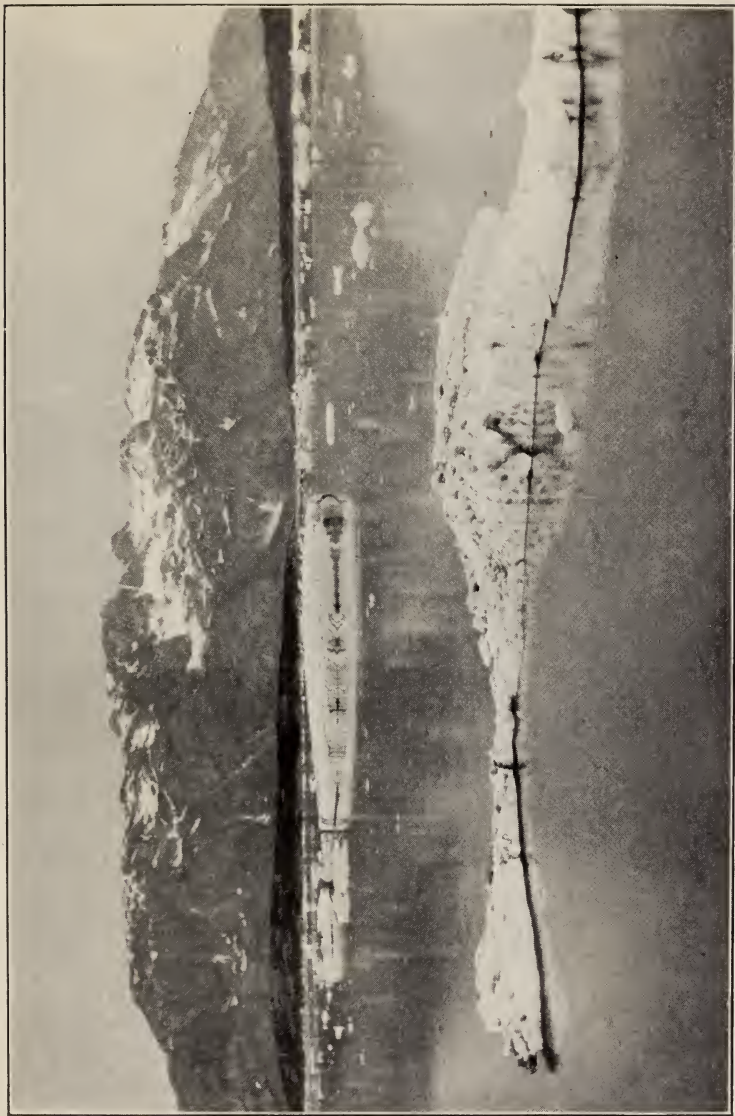
This is surely the greatest ice storehouse in the world. Thousands of tons float slowly down the water, and through seemingly pathless channels to the sea. Truly, this is a most wonderful body of water. Take with me a brief glance from the steamer's deck, as we glide past these magnificent shores, at this season of the year, flooded with undying daylight. The sun in his descending splendor, is visible at ten o'clock at night, and after sinking below the horizon, leaves in his wake a twilight that remains to greet him on his reappearance at three o'clock in the morning. You may take an instantaneous photograph at ten o'clock at night, and be rewarded by a picture with brilliant cloud effects, and a charming bit of scenery. The student requires no oil for his midnight lamp, for the great luminary of the Creator is his at will.

The panorama is indescribably beautiful during these hours. The bay is framed in snow-clad mountains, sloping gracefully to the water's edge. Wild and picturesque is the view, with its impenetrable ravines, its scintillating moraines and glaciers, its steep gorges and wonderful shapes. But why attempt to describe it? Look with me. Behold

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the dazzling glory of it all; and tell me, can any region in the universe surpass the beauty of this enchanting spot? The waters around us reflect in their shimmering waves these fairy views, illuminated by the red glow of the descending sun, and plash softly the feet of the glaciers and the ice floes whose iridescent colors rival those of the rainbow. Now and then a tiny white sail marks the boat of a solitary Indian, making some harbor, whither you cannot guess, for no human beings appear to dwell in this region. Hundreds of wildly screaming seagulls flutter about the prow of our vessel. A tender, misty veil encircles the base of the distant mountains, and still the sun, as in his prime, smiles gloriously, and the huge icebergs gathering so closely about our ship respond with dazzling light.

Muir Glacier is yet about twenty miles distant, and there is some doubt of our coming into close proximity to one of the greatest wonders of these Arctic regions; for on the twentieth of last October, (1899) the wall of the glacier was so shattered by an earthquake, that dense ice packs are constantly forming in its vicinity, preventing steamers from approaching nearer than six miles from its base. However, our gallant ship pushes forward with great determination, and we live in hope.



GLACIER BAY

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None of us can forget the experience of these hours amid the massive floes which press so closely to our sides. Varied and wonderful are the shapes of these frozen waters—picturesque, fairylike, grim and awful, their ranks close about us, and we seem to be in the power of the wizard who holds beneath his spell all these castles and cathedrals; these rocks and trees; these monsters of the deep and creatures of the land; transforming them into ice and grouping them here as everlasting monuments of his invincible might. Here, set in a background of deep blue, are wonderful icy forests; here stand in immovable majesty the obelisks of the Nile; and about these grand and awful images sport sea-gulls and wild ducks, whole families often perching themselves upon the floating masses and sailing serenely towards the open sea.

Our passengers are all closely observing the glittering pageant, and watching for the appearance of whales, seals, or schools of fish. At times some one startles us with the cry that a seal is visible basking in the sun on a huge ice floe. Every glass is quickly leveled in the direction indicated, only to perceive the dense shadow cast by a projecting rock upon the iceberg floating slowly past it.

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Here and there on the mountain-sides a group of hardy evergreens presents a charming contrast to the glittering masses of ice and snow about it. The temperature falls perceptibly as we advance, and the masses of floating ice around us become more dense, some of them rising eight, ten, and even twenty feet above the water. As fresh water ice is said to present only one-eighth of its thickness above the water, when floating, we are able to judge of the great depth of these bergs. The prow of the vessel is protected by heavy timbers, and we feel the shock as it goes crashing through the closely packed blue and emerald shapes.

Passing Bartlett Bay, beyond which gleaming summits rise to heights of from 3,500 to 4,000 feet, we glide slowly by Willoughby Island. Strain our eyes as we may, we see no trace of the Silent City which has been said to appear in this region during the longest days of the year. We would give much to behold this entrancing vision, which it seems, appears only to the natives and a few highly favored souls. No glow of radiant light upon the mountain front presages the appearance of those majestic cathedrals; those gorgeous windows; noble palaces and stately avenues of trees stretching far away in the distance. The solemn music of the cathedrals,

the chimes of bells mingling their happy melodies are not for us, but the beauties of this mundane sphere surround us in rich profusion, and never fail to win their meed of enthusiasm and delight.

Ducks and other aquatic creatures still float and fly quite near; the icebergs grow taller, more picturesque, and the floes clasp us more closely as we advance. Slowly, and more slowly still, our good ship makes her way, the struggle with the huge blocks sending tremors through her powerful frame. Still she is victor in the battle, crushing one after another of the giant masses which try to impede her way. The screaming gulls fly so near that we feel almost tempted to catch one of them, and hold him on deck while we demand the reason of this violent disapproval of our proceedings.

Our motion is now scarcely perceptible, and the scene about us beyond expression. We seem to have encountered a vast army of icebergs which are determined to prevent our farther progress—huge, massive, inexorable, they face us in all the varied shapes of this frozen region. Here a great elephant would like to twist his trunk about our ship and hurl it scornfully from his path. Here, alligators, sharks, whales are waiting to leap upon us in a body and crush us out of existence. Hundreds of gulls settle

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upon these icy monsters, fly away at our approach, and as quickly return to their favorite resting-places. Two large eagles soar above us, circling round and round, as though loath to leave us.

Now we have our first glimpse of Muir Glacier, about six miles away and directly ahead of us. We are completely surrounded by the floating ice, and feel constant shocks, as the ship forces her way through it, pushing the masses aside, and often lifting them bodily from the water. We make a detour around the base of a mountain to avoid an enormous, impenetrable block. It is quite possible that we may not reach the foot of the glacier, as the ice pack grows continually more solid and heavy. Some fear is expressed that we will break the propeller, and thus find ourselves helpless in the power of Alaska's merciless tyrants. The Arctic scenery grows constantly more vivid, our surroundings more startlingly beautiful. We entertain ourselves with the fantastic shapes around us—wild, weird, solemn, fierce, graceful, majestic and imposing beyond description. Each passenger beholds something invisible to the others. Each is thrilled with a mysterious presence which appears for him alone. Each, out of the scenes of his life, recalls here a likeness familiar to his youth. Each unconsciously feels

the glamour of some olden dream. Inexhaustible is the store from which a universe may draw.

An immense iceberg has just toppled over, with a report equal to that of a great cannon, and the echoes accompany it with their myriad voices, as it is carried down the bay. Over and over it rolls, vainly endeavoring to regain its equilibrium, and ruffling the water into great waves. At last it finds a peaceful bed, and we too, are relieved when its struggles are over, and have peace ourselves until another great berg yields to its inevitable fate, and falls shuddering down among its fellows. The waters are of a greenish blue; the icebergs white on the surface, with mingled blue and emerald on their wild and jagged edges. The mountains are of misty purple and lavender tones, and their vivid reflections in the water are entrancingly beautiful.

How the steamer strains to force her huge bulk farther and farther into this dangerous mass of ice! Inch by inch she makes her way, in spite of warning notes and threatening appearances.

The injury to the glacier caused by the earthquake of 1899 is now apparent; for the once upright wall is changed to a surface sloping from its highest point to the water's edge. It now has the appearance of a vast cataract rushing madly into the bay,

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with great wings spreading out on either side. It reaches the sea by a gateway, two miles and a half in width, between the spurs of two lofty mountains, and is surrounded by summits averging from four thousand to six thousand feet above the sea. Its icy cliffs, a mile and three-quarters in length, rise from a hundred to two hundred and fifty feet above the bay, and extend nine hundred feet below its surface. It slopes backward to the mountains, from ten to thirteen miles distant. Inexpressibly grand and awful is the appearance of this glacier. Thousands of crevasses and great fissures cross its jagged surface, as it stretches away in the winding course between the steep mountain gorges. From its rugged surface, great masses of ice are constantly falling into the water with a thundering crash that may be heard for miles.

Our Captain pushes the steamer on in spite of the increased pressure of the floes, until we are within four miles of the glacier, when he is compelled to yield to the superior force without. From the ship's bridge rings out the order: "Stop," followed quickly by the signal to turn about. It is an exciting moment. The icebergs press hard against the ship's sides, and creak ominously. The wheels turn, then stop, apparently wedged in the ice.

Many, many attempts are made without effect. A slight thrill of alarm is felt among the passengers. "What is to be done?" is murmured from one to another. At this juncture several great icebergs, towering from fifteen to twenty feet above us, topple over with such a sound that we feel that we are being cannonaded. Great showers of spray rise almost to the top of the glacier, and now bergs continue tumbling around us, while the steamer struggles to extricate herself from their icy grasp. Determination on the side of the captain, and the strenuous efforts of the crew, are at length crowned with success, and slowly, slowly the vessel turns, and begins to move towards open water. We all breathe more freely, and I overhear the captain say: "Possibly I went a bit too far into the ice jam."

The water here is a hundred fathoms deep. The thermometer at our nearest point to the glacier registered forty-four degrees.

The actual ice surface of the glacier covers about three hundred and fifty square miles. It is a stupendous spectacle, exhibiting every variety of form, exquisite in coloring, massive and terrible in its slow but irresistible progress to the sea. It is a giant among the giants. There are ten other vast

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glaciers in this bay, besides a number of smaller ones; that at the extreme north end being half as large again as Muir.

Of the five thousand living glaciers which, it is said, exist along this coast line, hundreds find their way to the level of the sea, many of them discharging icebergs directly into the sea. The daily movement of the centre of the Muir is estimated at about forty feet.

We now turn our bow southward, as we have reached the northern limit of our route in these waters. It is not long before we drop anchor in the pretty Dundas Bay, opposite the village of San Tereta. We have been favored with a clear day, and brilliant sunlight; now the afternoon is declining, and the water is so calm that scarcely a ripple stirs the surface of the bay. Our steamer home seems like a great hotel, quietly stationed on terra firma; so well are we protected from the more excitable waters of the Pacific.

In less time than it takes to tell it, we are surrounded by innumerable canoes, manned by the natives, who handle their oars with skill and grace. What a picturesque sight they make, as they stand or sit in their light boats, robed in the many colored blankets, with their gay beads and bright



SAN TERETA, DUNDAS BAY

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hued baskets about them. Their canoes respond to each wave of the bay as readily as a floating eggshell. The steps are thrown down from the deck to the water, and the Indians crowd quickly upon the steamer. Upon closer acquaintance they are anything but attractive, being greasy and homely, and none too clean. They approach the passengers, talking in their native guttural tongue, and entreat the noble white faces to buy their wares. It is astonishing to see how eager many of the tourists are to accommodate them. Old baskets, from their odor apparently used for carrying fish, are sold so rapidly that a detachment is sent off in canoes to the village for a fresh supply. Old shawls, spoons, moccasins, odd pieces that I would not care to touch are exposed for sale, and find ready purchasers.

“O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.”

A young Indian lad and girl approach the group in which I stand, and the girl extends a forlorn and dilapidated straw hat towards me. I take it reluctantly, and ask her the price.

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“Two dollars,” is the reply.

“What, two dollars?” I exclaim.

“Yes: no less.”

“O Mr. Taylor, what a lovely thing! Do you not want it?” quickly cries a young lady at my side.

“What, that dirty, torn and unattractive piece of headgear?”

“Well, I will take it,” she replies eagerly, and places the price of the hat in the girl’s hand. I do not envy her her prize. Many of the baskets are daintily woven and beautiful in color, justly commanding high prices. An Indian of large proportions offers to sell the dingy moccasins on his feet, for a dollar. The offer is taken up by one of our company, and removing them, the red man quickly hands them to the purchaser, as though fearing he would regret his bargain before it is too late. Apart from the throng of canoes that besiege the steamer, is one in which sit three old squaws and a young Indian girl. The old women are stout and homely; the young girl, slender, graceful and comely. They do not appear to have anything for sale, but simply paddle about, laughing and talking, and watching the scene on board the steamer, as they skilfully balance their canoe against the current.

It is strange to see the men hand the money they receive to the squaws, who grasp it greedily, and thrust it down into their long pockets. I wonder what use they make of money. They do not buy clothing with it, for their dress is simply a shawl and a skirt,—or food, for the fish and game that abound in these regions are more than sufficient for their needs. Doubtless there is a secret pleasure in possessing and handling that with which the white man can accomplish so much.

We are detained here many hours, as there is a large cargo of empty boxes to be delivered at this port. San Tereta is a great fishing station, and owns a large salmon cannery,—hence the necessity for the empty boxes. The constant noise of the windlass, as it raises and lowers the freight, is anything but agreeable; however, as one becomes accustomed to the sound, he forgets to notice it. The Indians offer to row us to their village, a half a mile away, for a trifling sum, and many of us take advantage of the offer. The village consists of about forty tents pitched upon the beach. The scene, as we approach, is pretty and picturesque, but the tents, like their owners, are dirty and unattractive on close acquaintance.

We now have an outside view of the many ice

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floes which lie about our steamer: beautiful are the varied hues reflected from their vast shining surfaces. While we are admiring these, a deep bass whistle sounds across the water. It is an order for all passengers to go aboard. The command is cheerfully obeyed, the anchor is hoisted, the great engines resume their work, and we say farewell to San Tereta, her natives and her curios.

To-day is Sunday,—as there is no service held on board, there is nothing to distinguish it from any other day of the week. We are steaming through serene waters, bordered on either side by wooded islands, mountain walls and inlets. The country has a lonely, deserted appearance. Save now and then a distant village, no houses or tents are discernible. The strait is several miles wide here, and we are told that at times its waters are so turbulent that navigation is impossible. The temperature in the shade at nine o'clock in the morning is fifty-six degrees.

Our course is to the village of Killisnoo, on Kenasnow Island, and as we draw near the harbor, we can take in at a glance the handful of little houses of one story, which being on a slight elevation, have a fine water view. The steamer is made fast to a primitive wharf, and we hasten to experience the

delight of treading upon solid earth again. There is no such regularity in our progress through these settlements and villages, as appears in the order of the academy catalogues. Each one goes his own way, here or there as fancy leads him, or as opportunity offers some interesting object or prospect for his observation. I have found this method of sightseeing so satisfactory that I always follow it.

Killisnoo has a reputation for its vast oil and guano works. Immense schools of herring resort hither, and the largest fish oil plant in the world was established here about fifteen years ago. The village can boast of a post-office, government school, and a Russian chapel. Here dwell the Kootznahoo Indians and their famous chief, Kitchnatti, or Saginaw Jack. The first object which claims our attention on the shore is the enormous oil and guano factory. At the wharf lies a schooner laden with great tubs of herring, which are being hoisted into cars overhead, and carried down an inclined track to the factory. This mill is capable of turning out annually two hundred and fifty thousand gallons of oil, which is shipped to San Francisco and New York. About three thousand tons of the fertilizer are also sent annually to the Hawaiian Islands.

The captain of the schooner is at my side, and in-

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forms me that the average weight of the herring is from a quarter of a pound to a pound and a half, and that the largest schools are found fifty or sixty miles from the village. The fish are caught by means of seines. The load of the present schooner, amounting to eight hundred barrels, has been taken in one haul, and it is not uncommon to capture twelve or fifteen hundred barrels at one time. The patient follower of Isaak Walton can hardly realize this enormous harvest of the nets—especially after sitting long hours with his eyes fixed patiently upon a little floating object on the water, with nothing to reward his faithfulness:—and if, after a long day spent on a shady bank beneath the rustling trees, he brings home fifteen or twenty fish of good size, he calls his friends together, and rejoices at his exceptional luck; but his meditative mind would scorn this wholesale business method of the nets, if it could be brought to comprehend it. But Isaak Walton is an angler, and a lover of the sport.

We step within the factory to witness the process, which is interesting. The small cars, holding about a ton of herring, received their load from the schooner's hold, and by the force of gravity are carried to the great doorways of the mill. Here their contents are shot into large vats, capable of contain-

ing several car loads. The vats are filled with water, and the fish boiled till they are ready to fall into shreds, when they are passed into another vat, where the water is drained off, and they are pressed until the oil is all extracted. The pulp or residue is dried and powdered, and used as a fertilizer. The factory can handle about eight hundred barrels a day.

The guide-book contains an account of the fisheries of this region, from which I make the following extract:

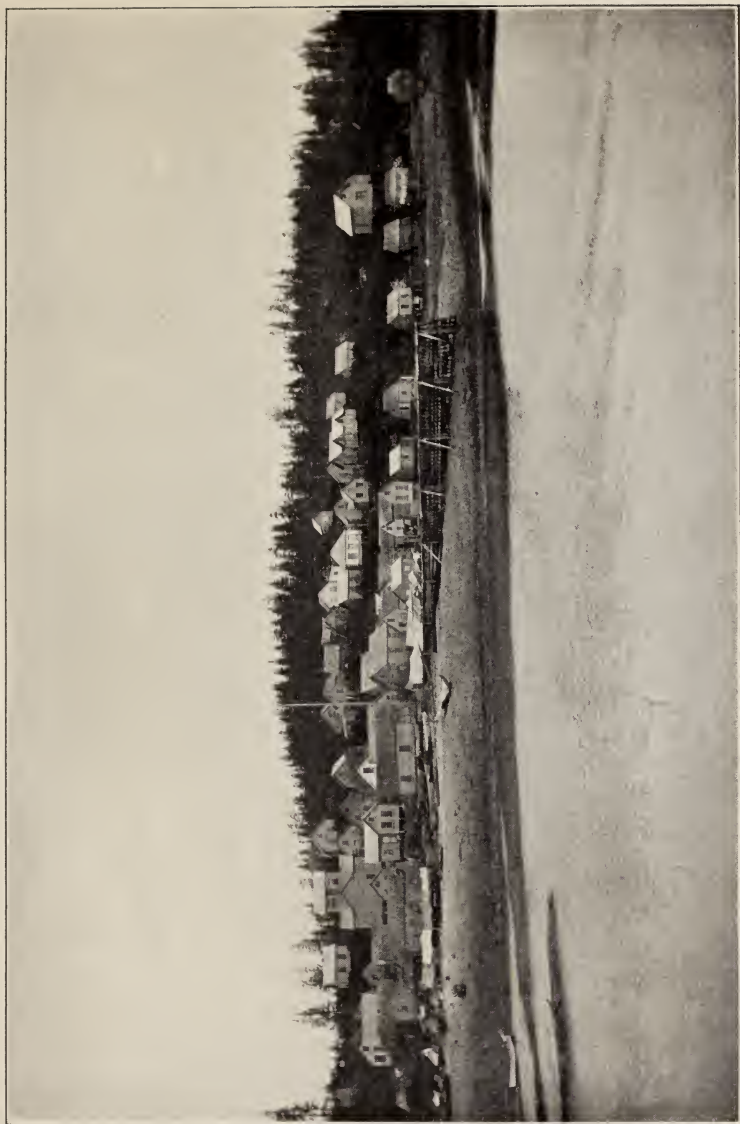
“The cod which abound in Chatham Strait were for a time packed at Killisnoo, the natives receiving two cents apiece for the 8,000 and 10,000 fish of five pounds’ average weight which they brought in daily from their trawls. The cod were dried artificially, and an excellent quality of cod-liver oil was made, but this factory could not compete with the Shumagin fleet which controlled the market at San Francisco. The herring, “which has decided the destiny of nations,” next made the fortunes of Killisnoo. From September to May all these waters are visited by great schools of herring, and once in August a steamer passes through one school for four hours—the water silvered as far as could be seen, many whales and flocks of gulls attracted by this run of plenty. The natives rake them from the

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water with a bit of lath set with nails, and a family can fill a canoe in an hour. Spruce branches are laid in shallow water along the shore, and the herring roe deposited on them are stored in cakes for winter use. The same processes and machinery are used at Killisnoo as at the menhaden factories in the East. Each barrel of fish when pressed yields three quarts of oil, valued at twenty-five and thirty-five cents a gallon. The refuse of fifty barrels of fish, dried and powdered, furnishes one ton of guano, worth thirty dollars, and is much in demand for Hawaiian sugar plantations and California fruit ranches."

The Russian chapel stands on a hill at a short distance from the factory and as we approach it, we learn that service is being held within. The congregation consists of four women, one man, and two little girls, all natives. The interior of the chapel is pretty, and the devout attitude of the little flock proves that numbers are not necessary for the earnestness and sincerity of true worship.

Of course we all wish to see the famous Indian warrior: and another short walk brings us to a little wooden house, whose owner strolls about in his plain attire, as peacefully as though no fierce revengeful spirit has ever animated his bosom.



KILLISNOO VILLAGE

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This is the once bloodthirsty Kitchnatti, who was taken prisoner in 1869 by Commander Meade, U. S. N., and conveyed to Mare Island, California, where he was confined on the Saginaw for a year. Many traditions are related of the Kootznahoos, whose name, it is said, has been spelled in fifteen different ways, and who claim a different origin from the other Indians of Alaska. But these people, like the other red men of America, are rapidly decreasing in numbers, and ere many centuries, their names will be heard as legends of the past, and their scattered tents will be sought in vain along these shores, beneath the forest trees or by the rushing waterfalls.

Sharp are the contrasts between the past and the present—like a scene in a farce is the modern life of the old chieftain who wears a shabby uniform, and posts the following verses over his cabin door:

“ KITCHNATTI ”

“ By the Governor’s commission,
And the company’s permission,
I’m made the Grand Tyhee
Of this entire illabee.

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

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The village has but a single street, on one side of which is a row of houses and tents facing the beautiful waters of Chatham Strait. Here the women display their wares, consisting of trinkets, beads and baskets made of grass and bark, and the men offer for sale the skins of deer, otter, bear and other game which abounds in this region. Here we see a black kettle of unsavory appearance suspended over a small wood-fire, and a group of natives gathered around it. An old woman is now washing her face in the kettle, and three children at her side seem to be waiting their turn. Later we perceive many of these fires and kettles in front of the tents, and suppose that this is the customary manner of making the toilet. Some of the tents are composed of pieces of canvas placed over old canoes and other boats. Here and there crossed poles are securely driven into the ground, upon which fish, skins and pieces of meat are hung to dry in the sun.

Many of the squaws are mending nets, others sit idly behind their wares, apparently indifferent whether we purchase or not. The women are all shy, especially of the camera. It is difficult to photograph them. I offer a young squaw fifty cents to be allowed to take her picture, but she is

not to be bribed. A handsome Indian girl, evidently the belle of the village, is very indignant when I level my camera at her. I offer her a dollar for the privilege, but she refuses scornfully. Not wishing to own myself defeated, I appear to give up the attempt, but return later to where she sits, and accomplish my end by strategy, and without parting with any of my cash.

There is a supply store here: the A. O. & G. Co., meaning the Alaska Oil and Guano Company. Travellers who wish to hunt the wild game in this region have no difficulty in engaging guides, and chartering launches or canoes. The tides are highest during the months of June and December, at which times they rise to a height of twenty-two feet. The winter gales are very violent on these shores, and the temperature falls to ten and fifteen degrees below zero.

There is no physician in the settlement. I ask a resident what is done in cases of illness, and he laughingly replies: "When we get sick, we work it off." This is heroic treatment. He further tells me of a settler who had a tooth which caused him constant pain. Having made several ineffectual attempts to draw it, he was compelled to go to

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Juneau to have it extracted: which necessitated a month's absence from home.

I cannot decide which is greater—my anxiety to arrive at Killisnoo, or my delight at leaving the village. One loathes so the dirt and disorder of the Indians! A good meal, served in an orderly manner with attractive surroundings, adds much to the comfort and enjoyment of the man of modern tastes.

The Capital of Alaska

CHAPTER IX

The Capital of Alaska

Peril Strait—The Path of the Steamer—A Deep Cavern—The “Columbine”—A Dangerous Channel—Old Sitka—The Capital—The Stars and Stripes—Population—Lincoln Street—Russian Church of St. Michael—Interior—Indian River Park—Alaskan Herald—Mount Verstovoi—Museum—Mount St. Elias—Ruins of the Castle—Excursions—The Return Voyage—Familiar Scenes—Rodman’s Bay—Halibut Fishing—White Headed Eagles—A Fine Prize—Settlements—Missionaries—Rainy Days—End of the Alaskan Trip—A Double Illumination—Farewell to the Arctic Regions.



WE left Killisnoo about noon, and are now on our way to Sitka, the capital of Alaska. As we enter Peril Strait, I wonder if this body of water is more dangerous than many others through which we have passed safely on this inland voyage. It is well known that the entire route is more or less hazardous to the navigator, in consequence of the great number of hidden rocks. I soon perceive, however, that like Seymour Narrows, this passage is to be attempted only when the tide is full or nearly so, and in favorable weather. The water

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rushes in torrents over and between rocky ledges, at the rate of six to eight knots an hour, and its speed is so great at certain points, that they are known as the Upper and Lower Rapids. The steamer's path lies along narrow passages, sometimes scarcely four hundred feet wide. The numerous islands, large and small, by which we are surrounded, are very beautiful with their stately forests, rich verdure, and indented shores. Here a deep cavern extends into the base of the mountain, and at its mouth is an isolated log cabin. No other signs of human life are visible. Solitary it stands amid the haunts of the wild creatures, in the very entrance to Nature's secret and subterranean mysteries.

Suddenly the deep whistle of the engine sounds upon the air, and out of the distance a shrill treble note is heard in response. We all hasten to the side of the steamer, and soon find ourselves in the wake of a revenue cutter, the "Columbine."

As we approach this vessel, greetings are exchanged by a series of whistles from both ships, and a waving of handkerchiefs and cheers from those on board. The "Columbine" is a government boat, bearing the officers and men who are locating rocks, widening the channels at difficult



KILLISNOO BELLE

See page 259

points, and otherwise increasing the safety of navigation in these waters. As the distance again widens between us, we return to our favorite posts of observation. The fresh verdure growing so close to the water is a constant source of wonder. We are told that the frequent rains in this region counteract the effect of the salt waters of the strait. Flocks of ducks and other wild fowls rise suddenly from the water and fly away before us, flapping their wings and uttering loud cries.

This strait is forty miles in length, and curves in a great bow as it sweeps along from Chatham Strait to Salisbury Sound. The name given to it by the natives is Koo-le-tchika, or a dangerous channel. Portions of the strait are swept by strong tidal currents, and beyond the Lower Rapids, where the channel is scarcely a hundred yards in width, the tide rushes in with the strength and swiftness of a cataract. As the steamer goes through at high water slack, few of the passengers are aware of the sunken rocks and hidden maelstroms which render this part of the passage so dangerous; and all are as careless and merry at the points requiring the utmost caution of captain and officers, as though sitting safely in their drawing-rooms at home.

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Before reaching the capital city, we pass a point of land, on which two houses and a large cross are visible. This is Old Sitka, the site of Baranoff's first settlement in 1799, which was destroyed by the natives in 1802. The present town of Sitka became the capital of Russian America under the administration of Governor Alexander Baranoff, the former capital having been Kodiak, on an island of the same name, five hundred miles west.

We land at Sitka at about four o'clock in the afternoon. The town is built on level ground at the mouth of Indian River, on the western coast of Baranoff Island. At its back rises Mount Verstovoi, 3,216 feet in height. The United States formally took possession of Alaska October 18, 1867, when the Union Men of War entered the harbor of Sitka, and the stars and stripes took the place of the Moscovite flag on the government castle.

The city has a population of probably five hundred whites and nine hundred natives and Chinamen. We are surprised to see so many people on the wharf on our arrival. They are friends of passengers, who have assembled to welcome the travellers to these arctic shores. Along the side of the landing is a line of Indian women, picturesque in effect, but ugly and unattractive as we approach

them. They call out to us some words in their native tongue, which we do not understand, but which we know by their gestures are entreaties to purchase their wares, consisting of the usual variety of curios found by the collectors of these articles at most of the ports here. We wander up Lincoln Street, the principal thoroughfare of the town, and behold many of the natives, who, though unkempt and repulsive, present a certain artistic fitness for their surroundings.

More curios are here offered for sale, and as eagerly as before purchased by many of our ship's company, who thus add materially to the stores of wealth in the deep pockets of the squaws. The latter smile and grunt their approval of the generosity of their white visitors, but as usual, baffle all endeavors to take their photographs. Their eyes are keen to note every move in that direction, and the appearance of the camera is the signal for the faces of one and all to disappear beneath their heavy woolen shawls. They then peep out shyly and cautiously until all danger is past.

The hotel is an uninviting looking building on our left; at the head of Lincoln Street is the Russian Orthodox Church of St. Michael, with its blue dome and chime of bells. It occupies a quadrangle

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midway in the street. Rich stores of plate, pictures, vestments and altar furnishings have been sent to this church from Russia as it was under the protection of the imperial family. All of its handsome appointments, as well as the chime of six bells in the cupola, have come hither from Moscow.

Upon payment of the customary small fee "for the support of the church," we enter this imposing building. Its interior is furnished in white and gold, and here we find striking effects in the gorgeous adornment of the altar, and fine paintings of the Madonna and other scriptural subjects, handsomely set in richly jeweled frames. The bronze doors, separating the body of the church from the inner sanctuary present portraits of saints in beaten silver, with jeweled halos and helmets. Massive candlesticks stand on either side of these doors, and in the church treasury are valuable crowns, crosses, caskets and reliquaries. There are no seats, the congregation either standing or kneeling during the entire service. Many of the natives belong to this church, whose ceremonies are of an interesting character.

The Indian River Park is about two miles from Sitka, and thither we now betake ourselves. On our way we pass a dilapidated two story frame

building, which would doubtless remain unnoticed by the tourist were it not that above its doorway is a sign which reads: *Alaskan Herald*. I stop, thinking I will enter and have a little chat with the editor; but, alas! the door is locked, and I am forced to go my way without this means of gaining information. It is said that a good imitation is the highest form of compliment. If this be true, then the newspaper of this place is perfectly innocent of complimenting any of its namesakes. It fails utterly in resemblance to the spicy journals of Bennett City, and if it ever had the faintest idea of claiming relationship with its celebrated ancestor in New York City, I fear it would find a shoulder turned towards it, even colder than those of the icy monarchs of these northern latitudes. Yet the *Alaskan* is the oldest paper in the territory, and is read as a source of information regarding this region by people in other parts of the country.

We find the park a delightful pleasure-ground, with stately trees, luxuriant thickets, fine plants and a great variety of ferns and mosses. Picturesque paths lead one to its most striking points, and rustic seats offer rest and lovely views to the weary visitor. The main path leads from the falls of the

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river to the beach, and many fairy bridges span the stream at different points.

The lover of curios is tempted to spend much of his valuable time in the museum of this city, which contains one of the largest collections in the country of the relics and oddities peculiar to this people. But our time is limited, and we prefer the outside world with all its new and wonderful appearances, to all the relics in existence. From Mount Verstovoi at the back of the town one may obtain a fine view of the country stretching out to the west. Afar off on the Pacific coast appears the icy peak of Mount St. Elias, 18,000 feet above the level of the sea—one of the familiar landmarks of this arctic region; and still farther are the fiery craters of the Aleutian Islands. Beyond these all is vague and misty, but the unknown and distant lands have a charm that overpowers the visible, and we linger under their spell, conjecturing, dreaming, till some more practical spirit suggests that time does not stand still, although we may.

The ruins of the old castle are interesting to the tourist, in consequence of the romantic stories associated with the place. This was once an imposing structure, built of logs, and situated on a rocky point commanding a magnificent view of the ocean

and the picturesque harbor dotted with lovely ever-green islands. This massive building was the scene of much social gayety in the days of the Russians, and the noble women who dwelt within its walls, proved each in turn a Lady Bountiful to the women and children of the colony. The glass cupola above the third story was formerly the lighthouse of the harbor, its lamp standing over one hundred feet above the sea. It was handsomely furnished when the city was delivered to our military commandant in 1867, but after the departure of the troops, the building was defaced and robbed of all its luxurious appointments. Some years ago the government of the United States expended many thousands of dollars in the work of repairs and restoration, but in 1894, soon after the completion of these operations, fire broke out in the castle, and it was burned to the ground.

The capital of Alaska is rich in historical associations, but contains little to interest the traveller beyond the points just enumerated. It is true we could have many delightful excursions to the neighboring mountains and among the lovely islands, but for these we have not time.

The Sitkans, it is said, are of mixed stock, being the outcasts, renegades and wanderers of many

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tribes. The word Sitka, says our guide-book, is freely translated as "the people living at the base of the mountain." They have adopted many of the customs of the white people around them, and in the Industrial School, supported by the Presbyterian Missionary Society, their children are taught various trades. The men are fishermen, loggers and boatmen, similar in their habits to the average white backwoodsman. They still have their canoes, but their lodges or "communal" dwellings have disappeared from this region, and their houses are numbered for record and sanitary inspection.

* We steam away from this beautiful harbor at break of day, with our course now towards Juneau. From this time forward, our voyage will prove a repetition of what we have already experienced; but it is a prospect which we enjoy to the uttermost. Although the route is not new to us, we still find in it a succession of delightful surprises. Again we thread these labyrinthian sounds and straits, as they take their winding course between lofty mountain walls, or past the shores of fairy islands clothed in richest verdure. Again we look down into these shining depths and follow the magnificent panorama as it glides over the mirror-like surface. The snow capped mountains wel-

come us back, the glaciers, those great icy rivers which the long ages have watched slowly working their way towards the sea, they too, as all the rest, are our friends whom we rejoice to see once more, and whom we will never forget. We pay our tribute of praise to the sparkling waterfalls, and greet them with a familiarity born of past associations. The dancing cascades, with their rainbow hues and misty veils charm us as before, as do also the rich harmonies of the mountain slopes. To each and all we can truly say:

"I owe thee much! Thou hast deserved of me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay."

Stopping at Rodman's Bay for freight, we are requested to have our lines ready for some good halibut fishing. Fish weighing from one hundred to five hundred pounds have been caught in these waters, and of a quality almost unequaled for table use.

It is needless to say that we are filled with excitement at the prospect before us. The steward is called hither and thither, and is hard pressed by the demands for hooks, line and bait. I frankly confess my complete ignorance of the proceedings, as I behold him unroll what appears to be a clothes-line, and fasten to its end a hook fully eight inches

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long. It is difficult to realize that such a length is necessary. The ladies too, share in the excitement, and enter into the sport as partners. We are a very enthusiastic party; and yet are not without our anxieties.

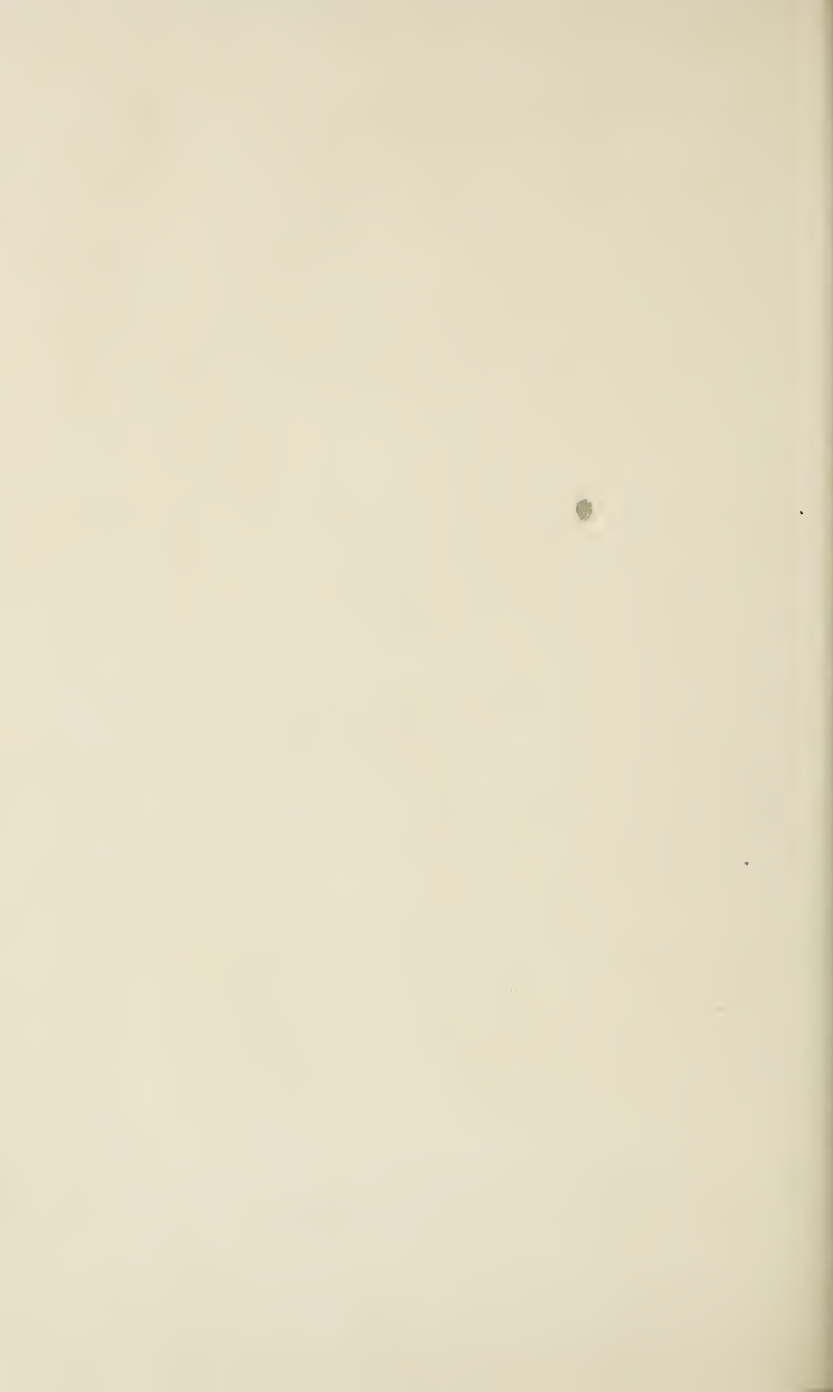
As the preparations go forward, I stand on deck and watch the many white headed eagles that float through the air above us, and a passenger at my side, chimes in with my thoughts with a remark on the flying machine, whose mechanism he has made the subject of much study. He has great faith in the future success of this invention, and I do not disagree with him, for I, too, think there are great possibilities in that line; and then, what wondrous opportunities man will have for viewing the wild and majestic beauties of nature now utterly beyond approach by railroad or steamer!

Upon a lofty branch sit two eagles, apparently unconcerned as to what is going on in the world around them. They seem interested only in each other. As I note their noble forms, an officer comments upon the faithfulness of these birds, saying at the same time, that it is a known fact that the eagle never has more than one mate, to whom he is constant during life, and even after her death.

We have dropped anchor opposite a small settle-



AWAITING CUSTOMERS—SITKA



ment, and have landed freight and two passengers on this isolated spot. Now it is interesting to observe the attitudes of our amateur fishermen. What haste each one is in to drop his clothes-line, with the great dipsey and hook attached! Large fishes are dangling on the hooks as bait. Before long mighty tugs are felt at some of the lines, and a great commotion ensues. We all shout and rush to the side of the lucky angler. Then comes the tug of war. In this case it is a lady, who calls for assistance in holding her prize. This is quickly offered by the gentleman beside her, and hand over hand, they haul away. Gradually the resisting fish is drawn nearer,—nearer,—at last he is in sight—a great halibut, weighing at least a hundred pounds. The excitement is boundless, and now the steamer's boat and three of the sailors come into the play, and the fish is adroitly landed. For several days after this we are treated to fresh halibut served in various appetizing ways.

We make frequent stops at little towns and villages on our way back to Seattle, and our voyage is never lacking in interest or adventure. The tiny settlement of perhaps a half a score of cabins and some small houses, nestling at the foot of a lofty mountain, is no uncommon sight. Lonely and

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isolated as they are, these villages are rich in natural resources, and the diminutive gardens yield the little variety which these frugal minds desire from the abundant gifts of salmon and halibut bestowed upon them by the sea. Here too the presence of a picturesque chapel gives evidence of the labors of the missionary among the settlers. I often think of the strength of character and unselfish lives of such men—how they give up home, comfort, ambition, friends, to devote themselves to the salvation of the human beings in earth's remote regions.

A succession of rainy days confines many of the passengers to the saloons and staterooms. Having seen these views, they prefer to rest and be comfortable. I cannot stay within, for I never weary of this wonderful series of magnificent scenes. The noble mountains, seen through mist and rain, appear still grand and majestic, and if perchance the sun peeps out for an instant, he flings over them such glorious lights, that it seems as though one has not until now, really seen them in all their beauty, as so lofty, stately and sublime, they radiant stand, nor feel the touch of time.

“ When nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
Nor second chaos bound thy endless reign ;
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
Baffle destruction, and elude the grave.”

The days move steadily forward amid the uniform life of a ship's company, and now we have come to the last night we shall pass on board the steamer "Queen," for to-morrow at nine o'clock we will land at Seattle. In closing the final chapter of our Alaskan voyage, it is noteworthy that in this hour so closely approaching twilight, the glories of both sun and moon should appear in the heavens simultaneously, as though Nature is doing her utmost to delight us in the last hours of one of life's happiest experiences. Silently we gaze upon the scene—on this side, the radiant queen of night, serene, majestic, with her silvery reflections dancing in each ripple of the waves, on the other, the descending day god, golden, resplendent, filling the landscape with a crimson glow. The mountains are partly in deep purple shadow, partly in glittering light; and rainbow hues gleam where the sparkling cascades cast down their foam. The clouds are divided in their allegiance, but the night queen gradually wins them over, and their crimson and gold fade softly into pearly tints and rosy violet. It is one of the most exquisite sights it has been my lot to witness.

It is difficult to say good-bye to this majestic scene, for a perfect night like this can never be repeated. This magnificent wonderland of noble

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summits and arctic splendor cannot, it seems, again fill our souls with the same delight, for though in the years to come, we should take this journey again, and rejoice once more in these changeless mountains and eternal glaciers, the pleasure would be different, because we, ourselves, would be changed, for it is impossible for the human soul to stand still. So it is a long farewell to the land of ice and snow, of mysterious gorges and ravines; of crystal labyrinthian waterways and fairy islands; of lofty summits and gigantic glaciers; of foamy waterfalls and dancing cascades. May your charming recesses, your hoary giants and your veiled princesses remain forever undisturbed by the spirit of progress, and man's insatiable desire for your subterranean treasures.

The Yellowstone Park

CHAPTER X

The Yellowstone Park

Seattle—A Busy City—Portland—Beautiful Views—En Route for the Yellowstone—By Moonlight—Trestles—Driving Cattle—Cinnabar Station—Extent of the Park—Regulations—An Abundance of Flowers—Fishing—Origin of the Name—Marvellous Coloring—Park Coaches—A Dusty Road—Electric Peak—Gardiner Cañon—A Supply Station—Northern Boundary Line—Campers—Linen Dusters—Eagle Nest Rock—Mammoth Hot Springs—Terraces and Springs—Liberty Cap—Devil's Thumb—McCartney's Cabin—Early Explorers—Jupiter Terrace—Calcareous Deposits—Temperature of the Springs—Sepulchre Mountain—Mount Everts—Angel Terrace—Many Beautiful Formations—White Elephant—Devil's Kitchen—An Uncanny Cooking Place—Orange Terrace—Bath Lake—Transformation—Dangerous Paths—Hotel System, and Transportation Company.



WE decide to remain a day or two in the "Queen City of the Northwest," which offers such an unlimited round of pleasures to the tourist. The speed with which both cable and electric cars run, gives one some idea of the busy life of this place.

Seattle has, as perhaps I have already said, beautiful natural parks and lakeside resorts. Here too,

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we rejoice in such picturesque views as the distant lofty summit of Mount Rainier, bathed in the evening light, with a luminous sky above it.

The people are agreeable, and although there is much to tempt us, we take things easily, and receive much benefit from this period of rest as well as pleasure. It is interesting sometimes to stand outside the actual life of an enterprising people, and observe the current of their activities, their aims and ambitions. This is a commercial city which has made a name for itself in the business world. Its natural resources are great, and it is the depot of a vast lumber industry, as well as a large and valuable coal business.

We go by train from Seattle to Portland, which is a charming city. Delightful music from the hotel band greets us as we enter its pleasant grounds. Here are lovely paths, flowers and shrubbery, shaded porches with comfortable chairs, and an atmosphere both restful and refreshing. The strains of music seem to have a magnetic character, for an assembly of about three hundred ladies and gentlemen have gathered on the sidewalk to listen to them. Our stay here proves most delightful. We meet pleasant acquaintances, the streets are attractive, and everywhere there is a charm which tempts one to



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CINNABAR STATION, EN ROUTE FOR MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS

linger. It is one of the few places to which the tourist can suggest no improvement. An ideal city. The cars carry you to picturesque suburbs, where beautiful homes are approached through stately avenues, or over velvety lawns; and dainty cottages seem to invite one to rest upon the porches beneath their clustering vines.

Here is an electric plant whose force is carried more than fifteen miles from the Willamette Falls. Here are farm lands so rich as to require no fertilizer—fisheries, in whose vast nets two and three tons of salmon are captured in one haul.

We drive to the highest point in the city, and have magnificent views of Mount Rainier, Mt. St. Helens, Mt. Adams and Mt. Hood. The afternoon being clear, we have a fine prospect of the surrounding country, and of the city itself, which in its fresh cleanliness, is a practical illustration of Burke's assertion that "Good order is the foundation of all good things."

The peaceful enjoyment of our visit to this city has prepared us to take up again the arduous pleasure of sightseeing,—and now we leave Portland via Northern Pacific Railway, for the Yellowstone Park. There is a fine observation car attached to our train which is fitted with every comfort and

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convenience the most fastidious traveller could desire. Here are easy chairs, a library, bathrooms, barber shops, and a spacious, well protected open platform in the rear of the car. Upon this I stand before retiring for the night, and look abroad upon a scene of wild and picturesque beauty—the moon with her silvery reflections—the distant mountains, black as ink—and adown our tracks, the long line of signal lights, bidding us come on with confidence, assured that there is no danger ahead. Safely we speed through the night at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Now we cut through the Cascade Mountains, passing through several short tunnels, then a very long one—the longest on the Northern Pacific Road, measuring 9,500 feet.

How dry and dusty everything appears. Many workmen are busy at this point, and they are of all nationalities—American, Irish, Japanese, and Chinese. We have reached an altitude of 2,000 feet. Some small mountain ranges may be seen in the distance. Now we are flying over a trestle bridge (the Mordant), two hundred and twenty-six feet high, without lessening our speed—now another (the O'Keefe), one hundred and twelve feet high. From my window I perceived a herd of cattle, driven by two men—one is a Mexican who

sits upon a bronco, the other carelessly holds his place upon a bicycle, turning in and out of the road at will, and keeping his share of the cattle in order.

At Hope Station we lose an hour, the difference between Pacific and Mountain time, and now there is a difference of two hours between this and eastern time. Without event we reach Cinnabar Station, after a charming journey in the sumptuous drawing-room coach. Our train is the North Coast Limited, the finest on the Northern Pacific Railway. Its western terminus is Portland, its eastern, St. Paul.

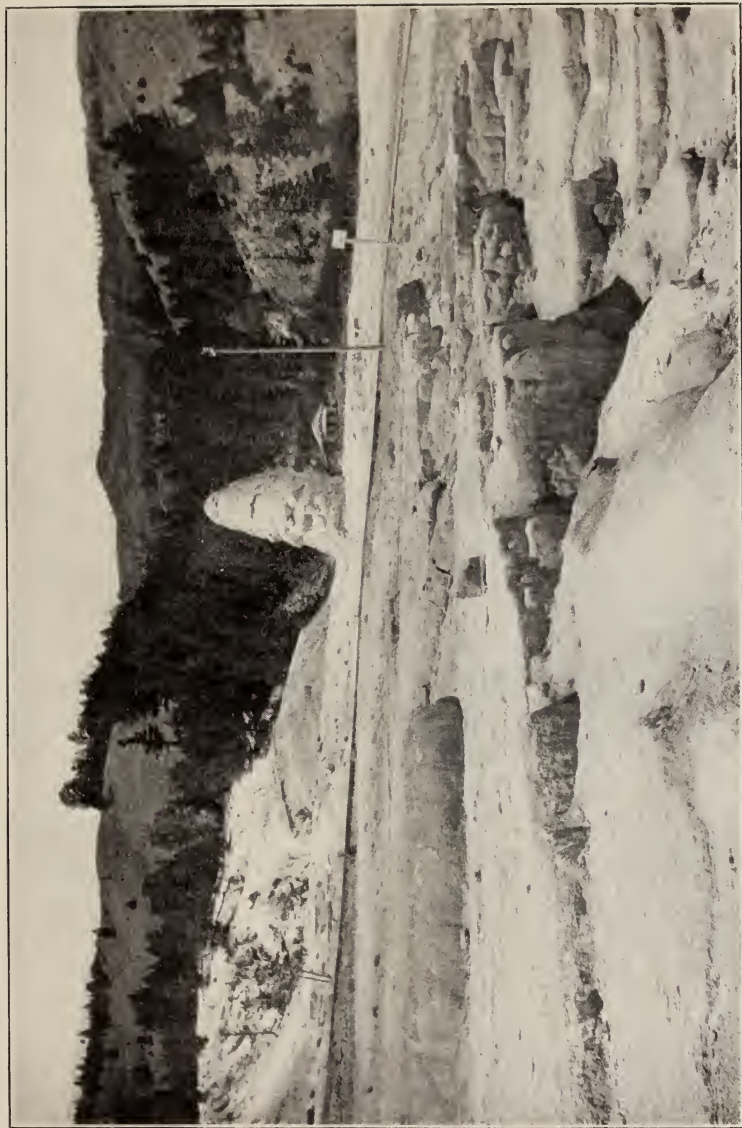
In describing our visit to the Yellowstone, I shall, as far as possible, omit all statistics and scientific explanations, giving simply the impressions of a tourist who makes the trip for the purpose of enjoying the beauties of nature. A brief statement regarding its size, position, etc., will not, however, be out of place here. In 1872, the Congress of the United States passed the act, which set aside forever as a public park, the section of the country known as the Yellowstone National Park. This territory is rectangular in shape, sixty-two miles from north to south, and fifty-four miles wide, having an area of 3,412 square miles. A later act of Congress has set aside as a limited reserve, a

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strip of land on the south, and one on the east side of the park proper. This National Park lies in the northwest corner of Wyoming, with a narrow strip in Montana and Idaho. It is about a thousand miles from St. Paul and Duluth, to the east, and Portland to the west; fifteen hundred miles from Chicago, and about the same distance from San Francisco. It is open from June fifteenth to September fifteenth.

Firearms may be carried through the Park, to be used only as a means of defense against wild animals. Permission to carry them is granted, on application to the United States guards. A few buffalos are to be found here, thousands of elk and deer, many bears, black, brown and grizzly, some antelopes, a few coyotes and small game. The Park is under the control of the government. Its fort which is called Fort Yellowstone, is at Mammoth Hot Springs. Soldiers patrol the ground daily, and during the summer season, an encampment is maintained at the Lower Geyser Basin. Any violation of the superintendent's rules is severely punished.

An abundance of flowers beautifies these pleasure-grounds, and he who seeks the more secluded haunts of these lovely children of the fields and



DEVIL'S THUMB, LIBERTY CAP AND FIRST HOUSE BUILT IN YELLOWSTONE PARK See page 300

groves is well rewarded for his pains, for he will be led into the choice spots of nature, her sweet mysterious hiding-places, reserved only for her truest lovers, and most devoted worshippers. Here then the columbine will greet you, and the aster; lupines and evening primroses, the painted cup and the bitter root; the buttercup and the forget-me-not; but why enumerate them? They are all there, and only he who loves them will care to know about them, and he will find them out himself.

The fishing is exceptionally good, and one may pursue this form of amusement to his heart's content, catching by fly and line almost every variety of brook and mountain trout and whitefish. But the pleasures of the Yellowstone can hardly be set down in black and white; they are so many and so various. He who comes hither brings in his own breast all the hidden seeds, from which spring the delighted appreciation of these wonderful works of the Creator.

There has been some doubt as to the origin of the name Yellowstone, as applied to this region. It has, however, been ascribed to the Indians who dwelt along the Yellowstone and Upper Missouri rivers, and who had a name for the tributary stream, signifying yellow rock. The French traders

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and trappers, it is supposed, adopted its signification, and called the river, Roche Jaune, and Pierre Jaune. This name would probably have been adopted, had not the policy of the United States government at that time, having recently acquired the state of Louisiana, been to give English names to the more prominent geographical features of the country. The name first appears in a report and map of the western country, based on information derived from the Indians, sent by Lewis and Clark in the spring of 1805 to President Jefferson. Here, for the first time the name Yellowstone is applied to the principal tributary of the Missouri. The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone is remarkable for the coloring of its rocks, in which yellow is so conspicuous that it cannot fail to attract attention. The Indian words are: *Mi tsi a-da-zi*, (Rock yellow River). The French and English are equivalent terms.

At Cinnabar the elevation is about four thousand feet. Here we are met by two stage-coaches, one drawn by six white, the other by six black horses, well groomed, and of such a spirited gait as to arouse feelings of admiration in all beholders. The whip, a typical westerner, holds the reins with confidence and pride. His greatest pleasure is to scare

you a little bit by making a short turn around a precipitous rocky portion of the road, while urging his horses to their utmost speed. The coach is a model of the old-fashioned stages. Its body is suspended on great strong leather bands which support its sides and are caught up at either end. These act as springs, and never was coach easier than these primitive looking wagons. Dusters are now put on, and after the hand-bags are stowed away, the lines are tightly drawn, the long whip is cracked above the ears of the leaders, and we are off for the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, about seven miles distant,—the first station in our journey through the Park. A mixture of feelings assails us as we sit aloft on the coach beside the driver, who twirls his long lash; and at every crack the horses start forward with redoubled speed. And everything rushes by us so swiftly as scarcely to leave an impression on the bewildered mind. The road is dusty—from the weeks of dry weather, the driver explains. I wonder, with a shudder, if this is to be our experience during the drives through the Yellowstone.

On our right towers Electric Peak, so named, we are told, on account of some peculiar electric phenomena observed there. This is the highest mountain in the vicinity, being 11,155 feet above the

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level of the sea. The dust continues to settle in layers upon our faces and clothing. But what of that? We are on our way to the Yellowstone. A turn in the path leads us into the Gardiner Cañon, and we now make a gradual ascent of 1,000 feet above Cinnabar Station. Ere long the little town of Gardiner appears. This is a supply station for the mining camps in the neighborhood, and for other camping and hunting parties. We do not stop, but whirl by, leaving a cloud of dust for a greeting.

We have crossed the northern boundary line of the park, and now meet many wagons, some drawn by four horses, others by two. The occupants of these are campers, who have been touring the Yellowstone, and are returning to civilization. They certainly look as if water has not been included in their arrangements for camping conveniences. These passing wagons fill the air with dense clouds of dust which envelop us so that we are scarcely able to distinguish each other. One of the necessities of the tourist in this region is a good linen duster, buttoning well up at the neck, and reaching to the knees—also a pair of dark goggles to protect the eyes from the dust and the reflections from the white limestone, which are positively injurious, as well as unpleasant.

The scenery along the way is rather picturesque. One point is especially noteworthy. This is Eagle Nest Rock, whose cliffs rise to a height of 1,500 feet above the roadway, and upon whose lofty peak an eagle has opportunely built his nest. We all direct our powerful field-glasses towards this point, hoping to see the nest and its occupants, but they are not visible, being probably away from home.

In less than two hours we reach the Mammoth Hot Springs, which are located 6,215 feet above sea level. In a short time we have selected our room, registered, washed off our dusty faces, and are ready for luncheon.

As a matter of course, before starting for the Yellowstone, we have all read much literature descriptive of the natural wonders of this secluded region. Nevertheless we are all at sea as to what is to be seen, how best to accomplish the seeing, and where to begin. Questions on these and innumerable other points are showered upon the hotel clerk, whose smiling, benignant countenance as he listens to our queries, seems to promise us all necessary information on the desired lines. And his face does not belie him, for when we leave him, the way seems plain before us. He tells us that there are

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thirteen separate terraces about this neighborhood, and a great many hot springs. The hot springs are situated on the slope of Terrace Mountain, whose wonderful phenomena cover about one hundred and seventy acres of ground.

We have but a few steps to walk along a graded path, and we are among the wonders of this marvellous region. Before us is a massive cone shaped formation, fifty-two feet in height and twenty feet in diameter. This cone has been built up by deposits formed by the overflow of the spring, now extinct, through the orifice in the top. It is called Liberty Cap, and a smaller cone, not far distant is called The Devil's Thumb. The reason for this last name I cannot guess, unless it is because he has the red hot place "under his thumb."

Not far from the Liberty Cap is a small log cabin, neither picturesque nor comfortable looking, but interesting, as the first house built within the boundaries of the park. It was built by one, McCartney, thirty-two years ago. There are numerous stories connected with him and with the early explorers of this section of the country, but they would fill a volume.

The largest of the group of terraces, called Jupiter, next claims our attention. It is difficult to describe

these phenomena. Wherever the deposits of the hot springs are of a calcareous nature, they form themselves into terraces, which rise one above the other, with overhanging bowls of beautiful form and color. These shapes appear like crystallized foam, and the fantastic appearances here are wonderful indeed. The Jupiter Terrace is like a dream of brilliant beauty and grace.

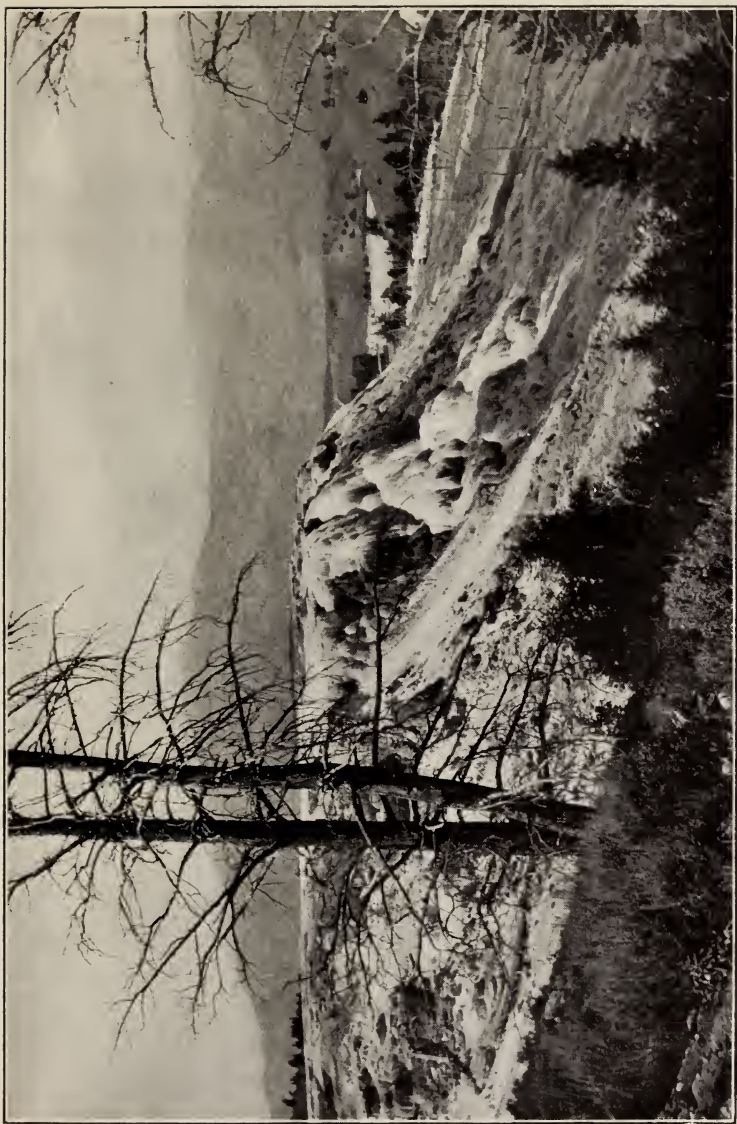
The water pouring from its crevices is hot enough to boil an egg. This terrace is fed by two large springs of boiling water, a hundred feet in diameter. It has been stated that the temperature of these boiling springs is 240 degrees. The water is composed of lime, iron, magnesium soda and sulphur. From this height of about a hundred feet, we have a fine view of Gardiner Cañon, with its gray walls and sharp pinnacles. In the background rises Sepulchre Mountain, and on the east we can distinctly see the broad table-land of Mount Everts, 7,900 feet above the sea. This mountain, which is not really a mountain, but a broad plateau, was named for the Hon. Truman C. Everts, member of the expedition of 1870, who was lost in the forest wilderness about here, and endured indescribable hardships and suffering for thirty-seven days, when he was found in a state of exhaustion, partially de-

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ranged, and perishing with cold, on the edge of a plateau near the mouth of the Gardiner River. It is said, however, that not this mountain, but Mount Sheridan was the scene of these events, and that the Washington party had already named this mountain for Everts, before he was lost, as he and a companion were the first white men to visit its summit. Facing us is the noble summit of Bunsen Peak, 9,100 feet in height. The scene is one of the utmost grandeur and beauty. Nature has lavished her gifts with a prodigal hand.

Here is Angel Terrace, delicate in form and color, and exquisitely beautiful. Its snow-white purity is not unfit to be mentioned in the same breath as the dwellers in the celestial regions, for it is unsullied by any earthly tints. Now follows a succession of beautiful formations—Hymen Terrace, Minerva Terrace, a graceful series of basins, forty feet in height, and covering an area of nearly three-quarters of an acre—Pulpit, White Elephant, Beauty Springs, Marble Terrace, and many others.

From the back of White Elephant Terrace springs a tiny geyser, throwing its small fountain about eighteen inches in the air. I think at first, its mission is to cool the Elephant's back, but when I learn that its waters are boiling hot, I change my opinion,



JUPITER TERRACE

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and feel that the little geyser is to the Elephant what the vulture was to Prometheus.

It is but a step farther to the Devil's Kitchen, which is the crater of an extinct hot spring. By means of a rude ladder, two of our party descend into the kitchen, which is forty feet deep, twenty feet wide at the base, and eighty feet long. It is said that the bones of wild animals were found here when the crater was first explored, and that colonies of bats now make it a place of resort. This does not add to one's comfort while walking about in the hot, stuffy atmosphere. The temperature is ninety-five degrees. We do not linger in this department of Hades, but are glad to escape and leave the Old Boy to work out his culinary operations in peace.

The Orange Terrace is a brilliantly colored mound, receiving its gorgeous hues from the iron impregnations in the water which flows over it. An active little geyser at its summit renders it especially attractive. The atmosphere is filled with sulphur which pervades the whole neighborhood of the terraces. I dip my finger in the water flowing over the edge of the Mammoth Hot Springs, and find it impossible to hold it there more than two or three seconds.

Bath Lake is a mysterious body of water, with no

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visible outlet. It has a diameter of fifty feet, and its depth, from four feet on one side, increases to fourteen feet on the other. Its temperature is tepid on the shallow side, and boiling hot where the current is deepest, and is the same at all seasons.

Quite close to the lake lives a Swedish store-keeper, who has an ingenious method of placing various articles, such as knives, spoons, bottles, vases and shoes under the water, and leaving them there over night. As the water flows over them it leaves a deposit of crystal, composed of sulphur, soda and magnesium, and in the morning these articles will be as white as snow. This man has also gathered quantities of the many colored stones which abound in all the hues of the rainbow, in the Grand Cañon, and, grinding them to a fine powder, has moulded from it many pretty little souvenirs.

There is something interesting about each one of the many terraces which adorn this locality. This tract of land is, it is said, a very ancient hot water deposit, and contains innumerable craters and fissures, some of which lead to great subterranean chambers and caverns, but it is impossible to explore them on account of the gases and fumes of sulphur pervading them.

Let me caution the adventurous visitor against

walking carelessly over these crusty surfaces without a guide or equally experienced companion. I ventured upon one of the formations by evening light, and soon found myself almost knee deep in the thin and brittle mass, and for a few moments it seemed that I must sink to the presence chamber of his Satanic Majesty, fifty feet below. However, I escaped without accident.

We learn that the entire hotel system in the Park is managed by a corporation, and that the one hundred coaches and three hundred and fifty horses employed are under the control of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company.

Geysers and Hot Springs

CHAPTER XI

Geysers and Hot Springs

Beginning the Tour—The Golden Gate—Devil's Slide—Bicycle Tourists—Rustic Falls—Apollinaris Spring—A Missing Boy—Obsidian Cliff—A Road of Glass—Indian Arrows—Beaver Lake—Roaring Mountain—Devil's Frying-Pan—Norris Geyser Basin — " Larry " — Luncheon — Souvenirs — Sulphuric Odors—Pine Sulphur Springs—Congress Spring—The Black Growler—Hurricane—Emerald Pool—New Crater—Devil's Inkstand—Monarch Geyser—Minute Man—The First Coach — " The Boys " — Maintenance of the Roads—Dangerous Shores — Park Drives—The Teapot—Mount Schurz—Gibbon Cañon — Beryl Spring—Gibbon Falls—Firehold River—Grizzly Bears — The Driver's Story—White Dust—" Stop-overs "—Tourists' Outfits—Still Greater Wonders—Mammoth Paint Pots—Fines — Accidents.

Tis with intense pleasure that we rise early in the morning to repack and arrange our luggage so as to obtain the required minimum, necessary for a tour through the Yellowstone. The best satchel in which to carry your belongings is the telescope bag, large or small, according to the length of the trip and your individual needs. Immediately after breakfast we put on the long dusters and dark glasses, and having

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purchased tickets for the round trip at the hotel, betake ourselves to the front entrance, where the stage stands before the porch, with its four fresh and spirited horses. The coach is quickly filled with a merry party who call out cheerful good-byes to those left behind, as the whip is cracked over the heads of the leaders, and we seem to be taken up by the wind. The day is charming, and the early morning atmosphere exhilarating.

"Luxuriant joy,
And pleasure in excess, sparkling, exist
On every brow, and revel unrestrained."

After a drive of four miles, we reach what might be termed the entrance to the Park—the Golden Gate. This is a rocky pass, through which a branch of the Gardiner River flows. The yellow wall on either side has given the pass its name.

The road here, one of the most difficult pieces of engineering, has cost the government \$14,000, although it is scarcely a mile in length. Our altitude at this point is 7,300 feet, and the scenes about us are so beautiful that with one accord we beg the driver to wait while we feast our eyes upon the wonderful pictures. On the slope of Bunsen Peak, which towers above the gate on one side, may be seen the Devil's Slide, extending from the summit to

the base. Doubtless his Majesty has coasted here many times, in his moments of relaxation from his arduous labors—if such relaxation be possible to his indefatigable spirit.

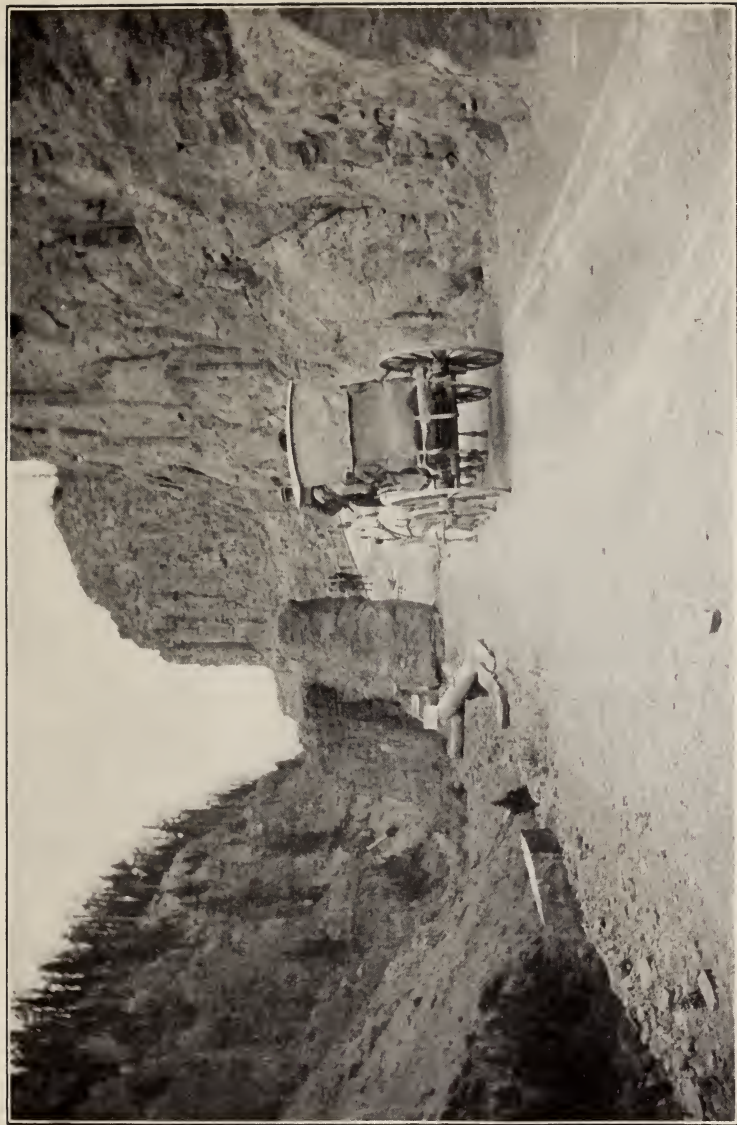
The scenes around us win constant exclamations of delight. Here is the lovely Rustic Falls, fed by ice and snow from the mountain top, gliding over the brilliantly-colored rocks, with a graceful sweep from its height of sixty feet to lose itself in the rocky mass of the cañon below. It forms an enchanting picture. Looking backward, we have a fine view of the Golden Gate Cañon, while before us loom up many giant peaks. Here are Quadrant, Antler, and Dome Mountains, each rising to a height of more than 10,000 feet. Their gigantic summits, crowned with snow, and glistening in the sun, are visible from many points along our route. They lend a glorious majesty to these views, which are ever filled with a charm of their own.

As we dash over the road, huge clouds of dust are constantly lifted into mid air, and settling upon the trees and rocks that line the way. When a halt is made to water the horses, we alight, and walking into the shady depths of a forest, refresh ourselves with the delightfully cool and sparkling waters of

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the Apollinaris Spring. This spring is three feet in diameter, and probably eighteen inches deep. Its waters are charged with soda, magnesium and sulphur. After we have climbed to our seats, and just before starting, an old lady comes running towards us, with alarm and anxiety depicted on her countenance, and asks the driver if he has seen a boy with a stray horse along the route, adding in explanation, that her son left the camp yesterday, in search of a couple of stray horses and as he has not returned, she fears an accident has befallen him. When the driver replies that he has seen nothing of either boy or horses, she bursts into a flood of tears, and we leave her thus, standing in the road and sobbing convulsively.

Our course is now to the wonderful Obsidian Cliff, a steep and towering mass of volcanic glass, whose blocks and columns, of every shape, are as black as coal. The cliff rises two hundred and fifty feet above the road, and glistens in the sun with a mirror-like effect. Red and yellow streaks are visible here and there upon its surface. The road along its base, composed of this mineral glass, was constructed with much difficulty. Huge fires were built around the massive blocks, and when in a state of their utmost expansion, water was dashed



GOLDEN GATE, YELLOWSTONE PARK

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over them, cooling them so suddenly that they were shattered into small fragments. Then with great levers, bars, picks, etc., a good wagon road was constructed along the slope. The hands and faces of the workmen were severely lacerated during these operations. The road is a quarter of a mile long, and is the only road of native glass upon the continent.

The cliff was a famous resort of the Indians, who came hither to manufacture their arrow-heads of its glass. Our driver is accommodating enough to stop and allow us an opportunity of securing some beautiful specimens of this rock. On our right, opposite Obsidian Cliff is Beaver Lake, along whose bank our pathway lies. It is about a mile long, and a half a mile wide. It was formed by ancient beaver dams, now overgrown with vegetation. Its shores are lined with rich verdure, and the artificial falls over the dams constructed here, are from two to four feet in depth, and exceedingly picturesque. The driver points with his long whip to a hill on our left, about 1,000 feet in height, and tells us it is Roaring Mountain. From its summit, several geysers are sending their hot spray from six to eight feet in the air. Many other geysers and little hot springs with their steam floating around

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them, appear along our way. At every turn something new presents itself for our admiration or surprise. Were this not the case, the lively spirits of our party would prevent the drive from being either monotonous or wearisome.

“Whoa!” suddenly shouts our Jehu, and the horses stop obediently at the Devil’s Frying-Pan. We are allowed a few moments, in which to peep into this great cooking utensil of his Satanic Majesty. We are all anxious to see what the Old Boy dines upon, but probably are ahead of time, for in the Pan appears only a great bubbling and boiling mass of water, which in its agitation rises at times to a height of twelve inches. The pan is circular, and about eight feet in diameter. Several smaller bowls close by may be supposed to belong to his Majesty’s children. We do not wait for further developments along this line, as we are all aware that a good luncheon is being prepared for us at the Norris Geyser Basin, which is our next stopping-place.

The scenes are constantly changing, as we make our progress through this wonderful region, and no point is without its attraction. With a grand flourish we pull up at Norris Geyser Basin, after a drive of twenty miles from Mammoth Hot Springs.

As the stage stops in front of a spacious tent, we are met and heartily greeted by the famous "Larry," or more properly Mr. Lawrence Matthews, and his pretty daughter Lizzie. With cordial hospitality, Larry invites us into his tent: but this is no "Will you walk into my parlor act" ? for within we find all conveniences, by means of which we may make a respectable appearance at the lunch table. We are introduced to Larry's wife, a sensible woman, who attends to the comfort of the ladies, while Larry offers to the men, with his ever ready joke, "a wee drop under the rose," which proves to be only a mild lemonade.

Our whole party is soon seated at a long table, abundantly provided with good fare, well cooked; and we all do justice to the repast. Meanwhile Larry entertains us with Irish and Yankee songs, and comic anecdotes, interspersed with serious reflections and some valuable suggestions. He "mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth." Larry's daughter Lizzie collects specimens of the native flowers of the Yellowstone, and arranges them in small albums, with such graceful and pretty effect, that they find a ready sale among the visitors to the Norris Basin. Having made our selections of these, and finished our lunch, we are

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ready for the tour of the Basin, accompanied by the experienced guides who conduct all visitors over this region of hot earth, air and water. Our altitude is 7,700 feet.

This basin, formerly known as the Gibbon Geyser Basin, was discovered in 1875 by Colonel P. W. Norris, then superintendent of the Park. Since 1881 it has been called by his name. It covers an area of six square miles, and is one of the highest geyser basins in the Park. As we approach this famous spot, we are impressed with the noisy demonstrations around us. Here are mutterings, grumblings, intermittent rumbling sounds, as though a vast work is being carried in the subterranean regions. The air is filled with steam which is constantly changing in volume, and now and then bursts forth with startling effect. Odors of sulphur and other gases assail us most unpleasantly, giving us the feeling of wandering along the outskirts of the infernal regions. We are conducted rapidly from one point of interest to another. The Pine Sulphur Spring is a body of water, boiling hot, and in a constant state of effervescence. New springs are frequently discovered in this basin, and reported, much as the astronomers announce the appearance of new planets in the heavens. We are

told that two geysers burst forth in this neighborhood, but two weeks ago. No snow remains on the ground here, even during the coldest season.

The largest spring is the Congress, whose enormous crater, forty feet in diameter, is in a constant state of violent agitation. Its pale blue waters sometimes rise fifteen and twenty feet above its rim, and volumes of steam float continually above its surface. Ere long it will be classed among the geysers. As the water subsides we look into this wonderful caldron, but can see nothing but steam which is again rising quickly to the surface, and soon it again sends forth volumes of water and steam with a force that compels us to beat a hasty retreat.

The Black Growler is an unattractive body which grumbles as it throws out large volumes of steam from its chimney-shaped crater. Its waters smell strongly of sulphur, and leave a black deposit around the rim of its opening. The Hurricane, not far away, is much more violent in its eruptions, sending forth clouds of steam which envelop surrounding objects, and leave a white coating, like a light fall of snow, upon trees and plants. These eruptions are generally destructive to the vegetation in the immediate vicinity.

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Emerald Pool, named from the beautiful tint of its waters, is so quiet that one may look down the pink walls of its sulphur lined basin to a great depth. Its surface covers an area of two thousand square feet. The New Crater burst forth upon the world in 1891, with a great commotion, flooding the ravine with its boiling torrent. It soon settled down to regular eruptions, at intervals of a half hour or less. It is surrounded by masses of orange-colored rock, which cover even its crater, and prevent its waters from rising to a very great height. We observe this crater in action; its waters rise about twenty feet, the eruption lasting two minutes. In my humble opinion, the New Crater is the gem of the series.

Here is the Devil's Inkstand, a dusky pool whose waters give an inky hue to its surrounding basin. Many springs follow these. Here is the Pearl, fifteen feet in diameter: and here the Vixen, surrounded by red rocks, and sending forth a stream, ten feet in height.

The Monarch is the prominent geyser of the Norris Basin. It sends out a column of water one hundred feet in height, at intervals of about twelve hours; but these eruptions are without warning, and are accompanied by a series of explosions. Its



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crater is double, consisting of two oblong apertures. The surrounding rocks are rich in color and present a brilliant effect. The Minute Man, as his name implies, makes frequent demonstrations of a small nature.

The phenomena of this region are wonderful indeed, to the visitor, yet he experiences a feeling of relief upon leaving the spot, where every step is taken with the utmost caution. Even the guides have been known to make a misstep, and sink to their knees in these crusty formations: and, though the occasions are rare, some of them have been injured by their falls.

“Old Satan must have his hands full, keeping his caldrons going,” said one of the visitors to me as we left the basin.

While awaiting the stage, we suddenly perceive a squad of about twenty soldiers on horseback approaching. They gallop up with much commotion, shouting, and creating general confusion, but prove quite harmless. They are the “Boys” from Fort Meade, South Dakota, who have been detailed to serve as policemen and guards in the Yellowstone.

Taking our places in the coach, we are once more en route—this time for the Lower Geyser Basin, at which point is situated the Fountain Hotel. I would

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advise the tourist making this tour for the first time to endeavor to obtain his seat in the first coach, should there be more than one; for the order in which the stages leave the hotel is maintained during the day. The advantages of the first, especially in escaping the dust raised by the others, are evident.

We follow a graded road, bounded on one side by the Gibbon River. The government makes an appropriation of \$60,000 for the maintenance of these roads. The drives throughout the Park aggregate a distance of one hundred and seventy-five miles. They are inspected and repaired every spring, after the frost is out of the ground, and the season of freshets is over. The road upon which we now are, has been recently opened, consequently there is much comment and criticism among the passengers.

Here hot springs empty their waters directly into the river, and small geysers fling their scalding fountains up from the surface of the stream. We are told that it is dangerous to fish along these banks, as at any moment one might step into a spring of boiling water. Yonder is a funny little geyser, all alone in the river, industriously spouting forth its tiny volume of steam. By common consent we christen it the "Teapot," and ask our driver to have it so re-

corded. He gives us his promise to do so; which is doubtless forgotten as soon as uttered. On our right is Mount Schurz, 8,100 feet in height, upon whose summit lies the Monument Geysir Basin, an interesting region, but inaccessible to the ordinary traveller. Many pheasants and groundhogs come out of their seclusion to stare at us, brave in their security from every shot except that of the camera.

We are now in Gibbon Cañon, whose rugged mountain pass affords the easiest road from the Norris Geysir Basin to the Valley of the Firehole. Before us is Beryl Spring, a hot flue discharging considerable steam, and attracting attention by the noise it makes while accomplishing this. It is rather attractive, but not noteworthy after the wonders of Norris Basin. It is the largest boiling spring in the cañon, being fifteen feet in diameter.

The mountains rise boldly on either side, and the river wanders on its pleasant way beside us, reflecting in its waters the white pine, spruce and fir trees which grow along these slopes. After a dusty drive of about eight miles, we reach the Gibbon Falls, a picturesque body of water, foaming in a series of cascades over a rocky ledge from a height of eighty feet. We now have on our right the Firehole River, a rapid current, receiving its name

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from the many hot springs which empty into its channel. We trace the presence of many a little hot spring by the column of steam issuing from the surface of the river. And this is the end of the twenty mile drive from Norris Geyser Basin to the Lower Geyser Basin.

As we approach the Fountain Hotel, we perceive on the edge of the forest two huge grizzly bears, quietly eating from the dump. Our driver who has entertained us at intervals with tales of his experience while acting as guide to the visitors in the Park, now proceeds to regale us with a bear story.

“There was an amateur photographer in the party,” he continues, “who wanted to photograph a bear—one of the comparatively tame ones which frequent the dump at the hotel. This bear had two cubs. The photographer advanced closer and closer to his prize, until the guide warned him that he had gone far enough for his own safety. But the amateur was of a different opinion, and continued to advance, — when suddenly Mrs. Bruin, with flashing eyes and rising fur made a dash for him. You should have seen that tourist drop his camera and plates and take to his heels,—and the bear after him. It was an exciting chase. The

tourist won, but he certainly had a great fright: and lost his picture."

We arrive at the hotel, literally covered with a coating of fine white dust, containing much carbonate of lime, which clings to our clothing, and is hard to shake off. A corps of bell-boys, however, take us in hand, and with good stiff whisk brooms soon make us fairly presentable.

Travellers who are easily fatigued should "stop over" at one or more of the larger stations, where there are always good hotels. Tickets are good until used, and it is easy to arrange for places in the coach when you are ready to continue the journey. The hotels and transportation companies have telephones and telegraph offices conveniently located, and by means of these all details may be speedily arranged. The wonders of this region are worthy of closer observation than the amateur can give, as he hastens along with his snap shots and quick plates. Meals and accommodations are good, and the air pure and wholesome to most constitutions. It is true that continued residence in these altitudes may affect some persons, as it has me, with dizziness and headache, and almost daily bleeding of the nose. At this basin we are 7,250 feet above the level of the sea.

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A dance is given at the hotel this evening, but I prefer devoting this time to the more necessary ordering of clothing, cameras and sketch-books.

We remain here several days enjoying the rest and beauty of the strange new world around us. The chief attractions of the place lie within comfortable walking distance from the hotel, and thus may be viewed by its guests by day or evening. It is stated that seventeen geysers and seven hundred hot springs are scattered over this basin. Surely this must be the central point of nature's marvellous operations. It is well that the traveller has been introduced to the Norris Geyser Basin previous to his arrival at this point, for if seen afterwards they would suffer by comparison.

A word here in reference to the costume of the traveller in this region. Experience has proved that the bicycle suit is a very convenient costume for the man tourist—but in place of the stockings I would substitute colored canvas leggings. Add to these a short round coat, felt hat, and, of course, the linen duster and the goggles, and he is ready for a tramp, ride or sail. Ladies find the short skirt of great advantage, supplemented by the linen duster, goggles and a veil. It is well also to carry an indi-

vidual medicine chest. Although a doctor may be within call, it is not always possible to secure his immediate attention.

Marvels increase as we penetrate more deeply into this natural wonderland. The Mammoth Paint Pots are only a short distance from the hotel. This name has been applied to a mud caldron whose basin is 2,400 feet in area. The fine white mixture in this basin is in a state of constant fermentation, and resembles a bed of mortar. As it bubbles up, it rises in the forms of rings, cones, etc. It is surrounded by a rim five feet in height, the lower side of which is dotted with cones, two and three feet high, in various shades of red and pink. These also are formed by the bubbling over of the mixture.

Visitors are prohibited from poking sticks, or dropping blocks, stones or any other substances in these springs and geysers; yet this is frequently done. The spirit of the old Adam continually impels the tourist to make the experiment. It is best to refrain from too close an investigation of Nature's mysteries here, as accidents are frequently the result of this prying. The rules are not unreasonable, and are made as much for the protection of the visitor, as in the interest of the Park.

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The fine for the above offense is \$1,000 and imprisonment for one year. I have some conversation with the guards stationed about this section, and learn much of their lives, accidents and adventures. One of them told me that as he was riding over the crust of this basin, (all the guards are provided with horses), he suddenly stumbled into a hot spring, and although he made every effort to extricate himself, both he and his horse sank deeper and deeper, and he was in up to his waist before help arrived. The horse died from the effect of the scalding water, and the guard sustained severe injuries.

I hear another story of a tourist, who while fishing from the bank of one of these streams, broke into one of the hot springs. His cries for help soon brought assistance, and he was rescued from his dangerous position. He was taken to a hotel, undressed, and put into a very hot bath, where he remained seven hours. Notwithstanding this, he recovered only after months of suffering. Instances of blood poisoning have also been known to occur from exposure to the waters of these springs.

In The Upper Geyser Basin

CHAPTER XII

In the Upper Geyser Basin

“No Name”—Clepsydra Spring—Fountain Geyser—King of the Basin—A Sublime Spectacle—The Jet—The Dump—Photographing the Bears—Laughing Gas—Midway Geyser Basin—Turquoise Spring—Prismatic Lake—Unrivalled Beauty—Excelsior Geyser—“Hell’s Half Acre”—The Gem—Morning Glory—Grotto Geyser—Punch Bowl—A Bewildering Wonderland—Black Sand Basin—Emerald Pool—Sunset Lake—Anticipations—Hasty Descriptions—Geyser Time Table—College Students—“The Friend of the Tourist”—A Reliable Geyser—A Marvellous Spectacle—The Patriarch—Bee Hive—Giantess—Butterfly—Topaz Pool—The Quaker—The Lion and his Family—Castle Geyser—The Largest Cone in the Park—Water of the Geysers—Sawmill—A Bluebell—Oblong Geyser—Giant—A Milk Geyser—The End of the Day.

HERE are many springs and small geysers, unnamed, or fancifully designated by the tourist. One of these is known among our party as “No Name”; a spring or pool of no especial interest apart from the general attraction of everything in this phenomenal region, save that we have adopted it, as it were.

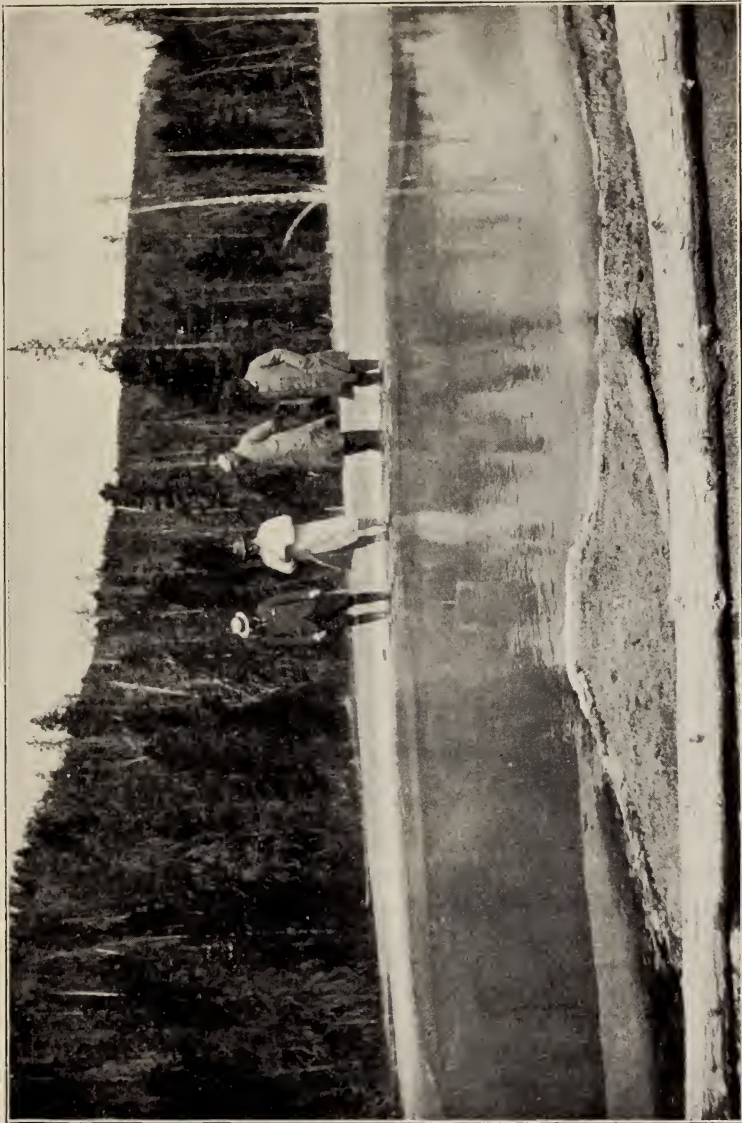
We hear a great sound of hissing and sputtering as we approach the beautiful Clepsydra Spring.

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This geyser has apparently four openings, from which steam and water are cast, sometimes to a height of twenty feet. It is active at short intervals.

Here is Little Spasm Geyser, with its constant eruptions, and here the Oyster, named on account of its resemblance to that bivalve; but the most beautiful of all is the Fountain Geyser, which stands a king among its fellows. While we observe the play of this famous geyser at intervals throughout the day, we reserve our greatest enjoyment of its beauties for the evening.

The earthy crust of this basin is not so varied in color as that at Mammoth Hot Springs. Here we find more universal the shades of yellow, white and gray. The deposits from the Fountain cover an area of several acres. Its crater is thirty feet in diameter, and is surrounded by a rim-like edge. In all the fountain class of geysers, there is no cone, but a large pool, which when at rest, bears a close resemblance to the quiescent springs. When walking upon the crust here, one feels as though treading upon thin ice covered snow, which frequently breaks, letting the walker down an inch or two. The Fountain is on an eminence, not far from the hotel, and its eruptions occur at intervals of from two to four hours, continuing with great force for



TURQUOISE SPRING

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ten or fifteen minutes. When the pool and crater are filled with water to the rim, it is an indication that an eruption will soon take place.

It is now between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, and a beautiful clear night, with the moon just spreading its silver radiance over a dark blue sky. We await the action of our favorite, impatient at the slight delay, and look at our watches every few minutes, as though saying: "What has detained our friend? He should be here by this time." But we are not kept long in this state. The heralds of the monarch begin to agitate the waters in the mouth of the crater. Now there is a gentle bubbling, which grows more violent until at last the steam bursts forth with a noise and force that increase every instant. The misty spray mounts higher and higher, until at the crowning point of the eruption, a vast body of water and steam are flung to a height of fifty feet. This continues for perhaps twenty minutes, while the noise of the escaping steam resounds about us. It is a sublime spectacle. The great white clouds, filling the air, are illumined by the silver rays of the moon. We are enraptured with the scene, the night and our surroundings. After the eruption has subsided, the water falls from twelve to eighteen inches below

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the crater's rim, and all is peace and quietness until it begins to rise gradually towards another climax.

Not far from the Fountain is a tiny geyser, named the Jet, which sends forth its fountain with a force utterly disproportioned to its size, casting up a stream, fully thirty feet in the air, with considerable noise.

Every one visits the "Dump" to see the great bears feed. Here they congregate at certain periods, the black, brown and grizzly creatures, forming an interesting group, very tempting to the photographer. But much caution is necessary in approaching these animals, or being too familiar in one's attentions. Everything of this kind is quickly resented. Twice have they rushed angrily towards me, when in my anxiety to obtain a good picture I have unwittingly approached more closely than they deemed proper.

The greatest wonders of this marvellous region are still before us,—and now our arrangements are made for the journey to the Upper Geyser Basin, a drive of nineteen miles. It is no effort to rise early with such a prospect before us. The coach leaves the hotel at eight o'clock, and we are on time. The amateur will not fail to add many rolls and plates to his photographic outfit, for innumerable are the

beauties of this Upper Basin; and unless at least fifty plates are provided, he will run short long before he has exhausted the wonders of the place.

How fresh and delightful is the atmosphere! This great altitude is so exhilarating that there is a constant effervescence of mirth and social merriment among our party. One member is so witty that no subject fails to draw from her sparkling metaphors and similes. And we greet her sallies as though we were all under the influence of laughing gas. Even our driver seems infected with the general spirit of hilarity, and as the horses step gayly forward, we feel that no more delightful company of tourists than ours has ever been carried through these regions.

At the end of three miles we come to the Midway Geyser Basin, which is really the upper portion of the Lower Basin, being situated midway between the extreme points of the Upper and Lower Basins. It contains hundreds of hot springs and geysers, and its phenomena are of a stupendous character. Its most interesting points are Turquoise Spring, Excelsior Geyser and Prismatic Lake.

Turquoise Spring is the first to claim our attention, as it is but a short distance from the road. This is a quiet pool, about a hundred feet in diam-

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eter, and fully sixty feet deep. The water is transparent, and of a brilliant blue color. Small streams are constantly flowing from its sides. The crusty formation here displays the various shades of yellow, green and brown, in evidence of the copper, iron and sulphur in the water. One can scarcely imagine anything more beautiful than this spring: yet a few steps farther we are confronted by a body of water, which surpasses all that we have yet seen in size and beauty. This is Prismatic Lake, two hundred and fifty by four hundred feet, and said to be the most perfect spring of its kind in the world. It is impossible by pen or photograph to give even a faint idea of the exquisite display of colors which gives to this lake its name. From its surface arises a mist which in the sunlight is gloriously beautiful. Its water is deep blue in the centre, changing to green, and beyond that to deep orange. Its temperature is about 146 degrees. The mound formed by its eruptions is of a brownish gray color, upon which deposits of brilliant red, shading into purples and browns, form vivid bands, distinctly marked, and wonderful in effect. The edge of the lake is curved in graceful scallops, over which the water flows in every direction, forming a succession of terraces, whose delicacy and richness of coloring

are utterly inexpressible. I doubt if anything lovelier will greet us in our journey through the Park.

The Excelsior Geyser is a vast caldron, close to the edge of Firehole River, into whose stream, it is said, it pours 4,000 gallons of water a minute. It has been inactive since 1888, but previous to that time, its eruptions resembled those of a volcano. It sent forth columns of water, fifty feet in diameter, to the enormous height of two hundred and fifty feet. It has the appearance of a vast pit, and its deep blue waters, fifteen or twenty feet below the surface, are so constantly agitated that dense clouds of steam obscure its crater, which is visible only when the wind blows them aside. Its walls are perpendicular and about twenty feet in height. This geyser has been visited by thousands of people, and previous to 1881 was known as "Hell's Half Acre." It has already had two periods of violent activity, when it ejected rocks as well as water. When it shall again burst forth to fill the world anew with awe and amazement, none can tell. In this region Nature is chary of her secrets.

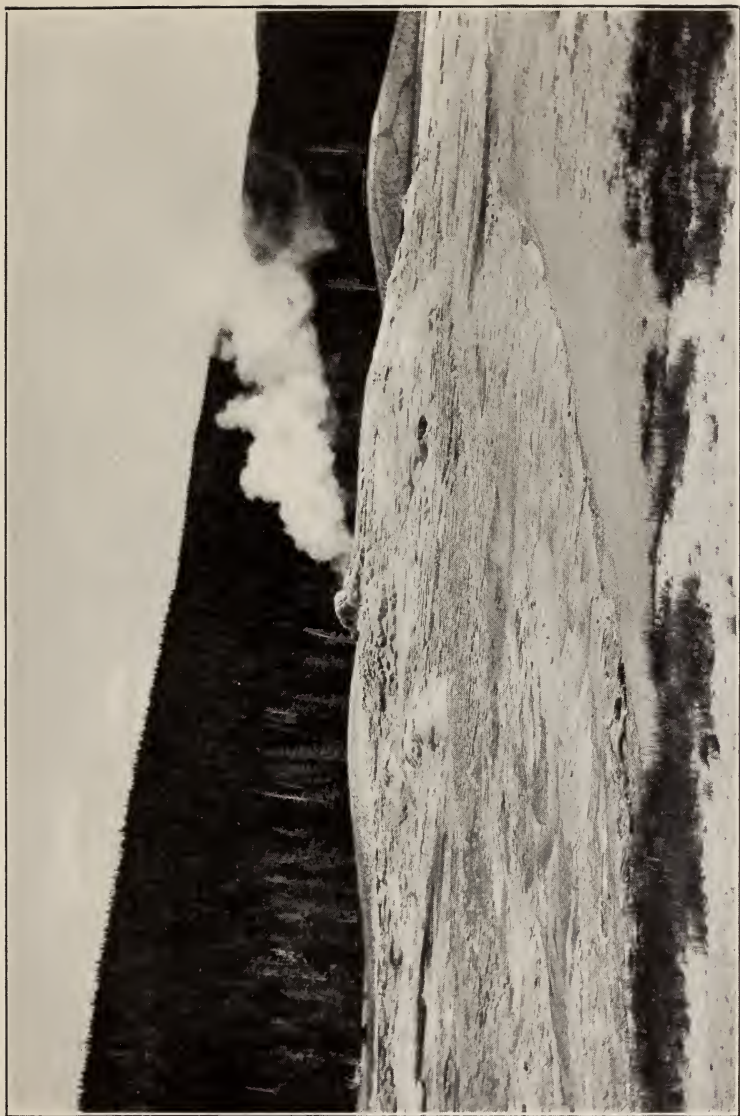
The ride from here is dusty, and we amuse ourselves by watching for the small geysers which line the banks of the Firehole River. Our ride is also enlivened by traveller's stories, and the ever ready

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anecdotes of the driver. We stop to view a silent spring called the Gem, whose surface is about twenty feet in diameter, and its waters a pure emerald. We can look far down into its depths of forty or fifty feet. The deposit left by its crystal overflow is exquisite in form and color.

Here is the Morning Glory, another quiet pool, about twenty feet in diameter, with delicately colored rim and deep blue transparent waters: and now quite suddenly we come upon the Fan, Mortar, and Riverside Geysers, on the river bank at the road crossing. They do not favor us with an exhibition of their powers. In rapid succession, and almost too quickly for record follow several geysers, then comes the Indicator, heralding the Grotto, whose cavern-like crater is worthy of especial attention. This geyser casts its stream fully thirty feet in the air, with an eruption lasting about twenty minutes. A short distance farther is the broken crater of one of the greatest geysers in the Park. And now come Comet, Splendid and Daisy, all having their regular periods of eruption, in which their waters are thrown from fifty to two hundred feet in the air. They are all beautiful, yet each possesses its individual charm.

The Punch Bowl is a lovely spring, situated on



OLD FAITHFUL (before eruption)

the summit of a small mound about five feet in height, and ten in diameter. It is set in a frame of brilliant color, eighteen inches high, and its constant overflow gives it a glistening appearance which is very attractive.

These rapidly changing scenes, the exquisite coloring of this region, and the excitement of the constant eruptions have a bewildering effect upon us, and we wonder if it is possible for anything more marvellous to appear. Our driver smiles, as he changes his quid of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other, and drawls: "You haven't only made a beginning. Whoa!" and we stop in front of the Black Sand Basin, one of the loveliest springs in the Upper Basin. The waters of the spring are of a delicate blue, and are set in a dainty rim, ornamented by what resembles a fungous growth. The sloping sides are covered with a crust of mingled brown and creamy tints, bordered with pitch stone or obsidian; from one side flows a stream, which blends the most delicate hues of pink, yellow and saffron with various shades of green. Its overflow spreads out upon a large area, called Specimen Lake, on account of the dry and lifeless trunks, which appear like specimens of petrification.

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Emerald Pool is another of the quiescent springs, exquisite in color, and a favorite with those familiar with the Park. But there are so many beautiful springs, all so wonderful in formation, so perfect in coloring, that it is difficult to pronounce any one of them as the most perfect of the series. Within this small limit of perhaps a square mile are to be found the grandest and most powerful geysers known to man, and picturesque pools of quiescent but scalding water, unrivalled in beauty of form and delicacy of coloring.

Here is Sunset Lake, a spring radiant with prismatic colors, displaying upon its walls and rim lovely combinations of brown, yellow and gray, while the centre of the pool is deep blue. It would be impossible to imitate these divine tints. They are the masterwork of a Divine Hand. Who can truly describe these scenes, as they pass before the bewildered glance in rapid succession?

During our drive to Old Faithful we see numerous small geysers and springs, all boiling and sputtering to a greater or less extent, and sending up their steam signals.

We approach the Upper Geyser Basin with lively anticipations, for we have read in the guide-books that this basin covers an area of four square miles,

and contains twenty-six geysers and upwards of four hundred hot springs; and we are impatient to behold these marvels of nature. Before proceeding further, I will for convenient reference, copy here from the schedule a list of these geysers, with the height, duration and intervals of their eruptions.

UPPER BASIN.

NAME.	HEIGHT IN FEET.	INTERVALS OF ERUPTION.	DURATION OF
Old Faithful	165	65-75 min.	7 min.
Bee Hive	200	12 hrs. to 4 days	10 min.
Giantess	125	8 to 12 days	10 to 20 hrs.
Lion	75	2 to 5 times daily	8 to 14 min.
Lioness	100	Irregular	12 min.
Cubs	3 to 10	Frequent	20 min.
Surprise	50	Irregular	25 min.
Sawmill	10 to 30	2 to 4 hrs.	30 to 60 min.
Grand	200	Sev'l times w'k.	1 to 3 hrs.
Turban	25	Irregular	30 to 60 min.
Riverside	100	6 to 7 hrs.	20 min.
Fan	30	3 hrs.	12 min.
Artemisia	100	Daily	12 to 30 min.
Jewel	30	Frequent	2 min.
Grotto	20	3 to 5 hrs.	30 to 40 min.
Giant	250	4 to 7 days	90 min.
Oblong	20	6 hrs.	10 to 20 min.
Splendid	200	Irregular	10 to 20 min.
Castle	125	8 to 12 hrs.	60 min.
Economic	30	6 min.	1 min.
Cascade	20 to 40	Half hour	2 min.

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UPPER BASIN.

NAME.	HEIGHT IN FEET.	INTERVALS OF ERUPTION.	DURATION OF
Daisy	60	Two hrs.	10 min.
Sponge	Spring.		
Punch Bowl	Spring, sometimes an active geyser.		
Black Sand Basin	Very interesting.	Fine display of color.	
Sunset Lake	"	" " " "	" "
Emerald Pool	Exquisite colored spring.		
Morning Glory Spring	"	" "	" "
Biscuit Basin	Peculiar spot, numerous beautiful pools.		
Chinaman	40	Irregular	2 min.
Spasmodic	40	Irregular	20 min.
Turban	40	Frequently	20 min.
Oblong.	50	6 hrs.	5 min.
Mortar	30	2 hrs.	5 min.
Cliff	100	4 to 8 hrs.	8 min.
Lone Star	75	40 min. to 2 hrs.	10 min.

Is it strange that we are excited at the prospect of beholding such phenomena? And our excitement increases as we enter upon these scenes of grandeur. One could spend many days in this region and still find new cause for wonder and delight. Unfortunately the hotel which stood here has been destroyed by fire. It is said that the company contemplates building another for the accommodation of tourists who wish to spend several days at this basin. The surface upon

which we walk is composed of tissues which give one the feeling of treading upon moss. The whiteness of its chalky coating is very trying to the eyes, and we turn to the woods and mountains as a refreshing contrast. The hissing sounds and noisy steam explosions remind us of a Fourth of July celebration. Our guides are rapid in their descriptions, and from frequent repetition, run over the points of each spring and geyser, much as the European guides describe the attractive features of Stratford-on-Avon. I attempt to follow them in the order of the geysers, but between photographic enthusiasm and the excitement of beholding these sudden explosions of steam and water, I am compelled to give up the race.

We enjoy, as must every one who visits this basin, one of the grandest spectacles in the country; perhaps in the world. Doubtless others have experienced the same confused sensation, as though the brain is in a whirl, on witnessing these gorgeous volumes of steam shooting into the air at every conceivable angle. We seem to be in a world of geysers. Earth and sky are full of them. They threaten to engulf us, and sweep us out of existence.

A good wholesome lunch is served here with

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college students to wait upon us. These western college boys are to be commended for their energy and ambition, and in the hotels and lunch stations where they are found as waiters during the summer vacations, visitors are served with intelligence and despatch.

Old Faithful is fitly named as "the reliable friend of the tourist." Have you not heard of him? Does he need an introduction from me? I have seen pictures of this wonderful geyser, when he seemed more like the ideal of the traveller's tale than a grand reality. But now he is before me, a majestic geyser sending his mass of steam high in the air. It seems the realization of a dream. A portrait vivified. Some one has said that any five geysers could be erased from the list, rather than Old Faithful. There may be more powerful geysers, more artistic formations, but Old Faithful is ever the glory, the delight, the pride of the visitor to the Yellowstone. Day and night, in summer and winter, through sunshine and rain, he makes his eruptions every sixty-three minutes. Storms do not discourage him, for regularity is his watchword. Yet he does not always appear the same. The views are constantly changing as the sunshine gleams over his steamy veil with prismatic effect,

or the raindrops fall to meet the rising torrent. The winds bear aloft this great cloud like a royal banner, and it sways to and fro, enabling one now and then to obtain a glimpse of the crater.

We approach Old Faithful and look down into his mouth, which is six feet long and two feet wide, but hear only a suppressed gurgle. But little steam is coming forth.

After a pause long enough for one to adjust his camera, sketch-book, or opera-glasses, considerable agitation becomes audible in the crater, and water and steam seem to be struggling for the mastery. Now the water is vanquished, and forced upward with much noise and violence. Higher and higher the torrent speeds through the air, until we behold a column, two feet in diameter, projected to a height of one hundred and fifty feet.

We stand before it mute and spellbound. Only the most practical camera bearers are active at this moment. We watch the gradual descent of the water, and when it has wholly subsided, note the time the eruption has occupied as about two minutes.

Boiling water flowing down the cone prevents our ascending to its mouth for several minutes: then all is quiet, and we collect our thoughts and

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congratulate each other upon having witnessed the wonderful spectacle. The mound of the geyser is a succession of terraces, whose bowls are now filled with crystal water, and whose delicate edges appear like exquisite fretwork. This geyser is the patriarch of the whole family, having been the first to welcome civilized man to these regions. His years may be counted by the thousands. The outpour of an average eruption, as estimated by the United States Geological survey, is not less than 1,500,000 gallons, which amounts to 33,225,000 gallons per day.

We make the round of the other geysers, accompanied by the guide who gives us a hasty description of each. Some are active, and delight us with their majestic beauty beneath the glowing sunlight; others lying dormant, are calm, clear and exquisite in color. These are the names of a few of them: The Bee Hive, whose fountain is so hot that it generally evaporates while in mid air; Giantess, upon the highest point of the Upper Basin, whose eruptions occur only once in several days, but whose display is very wonderful, continuing at short intervals through a period of twelve hours. The Butterfly, a beautiful geyser, whose eruption assumes the form of a butterfly, as it is forced from the crater of the spring.



THE SPONGE

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An Englishman in our party has the habit of poking his stick into these formations. I tell him he will subject himself to a heavy fine if discovered; but he replies that no harm is done, since his cane is not injured by the experiments.

Here is Topaz Pool—and here the Sponge, a curious formation, resembling a great sponge in character and color. Its water boils and bubbles, sending up a fountain four or five feet above its basin. The Quaker is so called from the quivering of the top scales of its crusty formation. There is a perceptible rising of three or four inches in this mass—a strange phenomenon. The Beach and the Ear are named from some real or fancied resemblance to these objects.

The fountain of the Lion Geyser shoots upward to a height of fully seventy-five feet, at intervals of from three to five hours. It frequently continues in action from five to ten minutes. Its noise during these eruptions is equal to the mighty roar of its namesake. The Lioness and the Cubs are not far off. The Cubs play frequently, as cubs should; and sometimes the Lioness and Cubs play together, but the Lion is rarely seen playing with his family.

It is impossible to pass the Castle without especial notice. This geyser occupies a prominent posi-

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tion between the Splendid Geyser and Old Faithful. Its cone is the largest in the basin, and the formation at its base is a hundred feet in diameter. It is one of the oldest of the active geysers, its eruptions occurring at intervals of from eight to thirty hours. These are preceded by occasional jets of water, rising to a height of twenty feet. The premonitory symptoms generally last five or six hours, when the real eruption bursts forth in columns of water flung to a height of seventy-five feet. This is followed by clouds of steam, which fill the air for a considerable space. Several times during the year it has a celebration, when its waters are thrown to twice their usual height, and the steam explosion which follows is proportionately violent.

It is a peculiar fact that the water of these geysers, if placed in a kettle, will remain hot much longer than ordinary boiled water. Perhaps the impregnation of mineral matter aids in the retention of heat.

The Sawmill is a small geyser, throwing its waters from twenty to thirty feet in the air. It is active at intervals of from two to four hours. Its vigorous action, accompanied by the peculiar noise which suggests its name. Its funnel throws out its water and steam with a defiant touch-me-if-you-dare air

that is very comical. Here are the Amber Pool, Economic Geyser and Beauty Spring. I am surprised to find a bluebell here growing in a crevice on the edge of a crater. It has no companions, and I am cruel enough to pluck the hardy little flower and place it between the leaves of my sketch-book.

The Oblong Geyser, whose interior, after an eruption, is exposed to a depth of several feet, presents the finest view of the inner structure of these phenomena in the Park. The Giant, which is said to be one of the noblest geysers in the world, is situated close to Firehole River. Its cone, about ten feet in height, is broken on one side, from the apex to the base, affording a view of the interior, which is in a constant state of agitation. The mound on which it rests is seventy-five feet in diameter. The Giant is active about twice a week, and continues its eruptions from one to two hours. Its vast column of water rises at once two hundred and fifty feet in the air. The close of the exhibition is preceded by a rumbling sound, which has been likened to a distant train of moving cars. We are unfortunate enough to miss this magnificent display by a few hours.

Our guide, a rather quizzical sort of fellow, asks one of the party if he would like to see a milk

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geyser? "Yes, yes indeed; where is it?" is the eager reply. Silently the guide points, with his stick, to a fine cow leisurely meandering along the roadway.

Reluctantly we turn away from this marvellous basin, and take our places in the coach. At five o'clock, we find ourselves once more in our rooms at the Fountain Hotel, feeling that we have had an experience that will stand out among the great days of a lifetime.

Yellowstone Lake and
the Grand Cañon

CHAPTER XIII

Yellowstone Lake and the Grand Cañon

The Castle Geyser Plays—Old Faithful's Farewell—Keppler Cascade—Camera Shots—Firehole Cañon—Continental Divide—Isa Lake—Craig Pass—Corkscrew Hill—Instructing the Driver—Shoshone Point—Thumb Bay Lunch Station—The Shape of the Lake—Over the Mountain Tops—A Striking Scene—Great Yellowstone Lake—An Abundance of Water—More Paint Pots—Lake Shore Geyser—Fishing Cone—Boiling the Fish—The Launch "Zillah"—Dot Island—Elk and Buffalo—Mount Sheridan—Absaroka Range—Many Lofty Summits—A Glorious Scene—Stevenson Island—Lake Hotel—Sleeping Giant—Pelicans—Alum Creek—Queer Stories—Yellowstone River—Mud Geysers—Yellowstone Rapids—The Upper Falls—A Celebrated Spot—Grand Point—A Magnificent View—The Cañon—Brilliant Colors—Inspiration Point—Point Lookout—Lower Falls—Moran Point—A Million Tints—The Ravine—Devel's Watch Charm—Grand View Point—A Rapid Descent—A Charming Walk—In the Cañon—Farewell.



HOROUGHLY rested and refreshed, we are ready to start for the Lake Hotel, in the Yellowstone Lake Region, forty-seven miles from the Fountain Hotel in the Lower Geyser Basin. It is the fifteenth of July, and six o'clock in the morning. The temperature is

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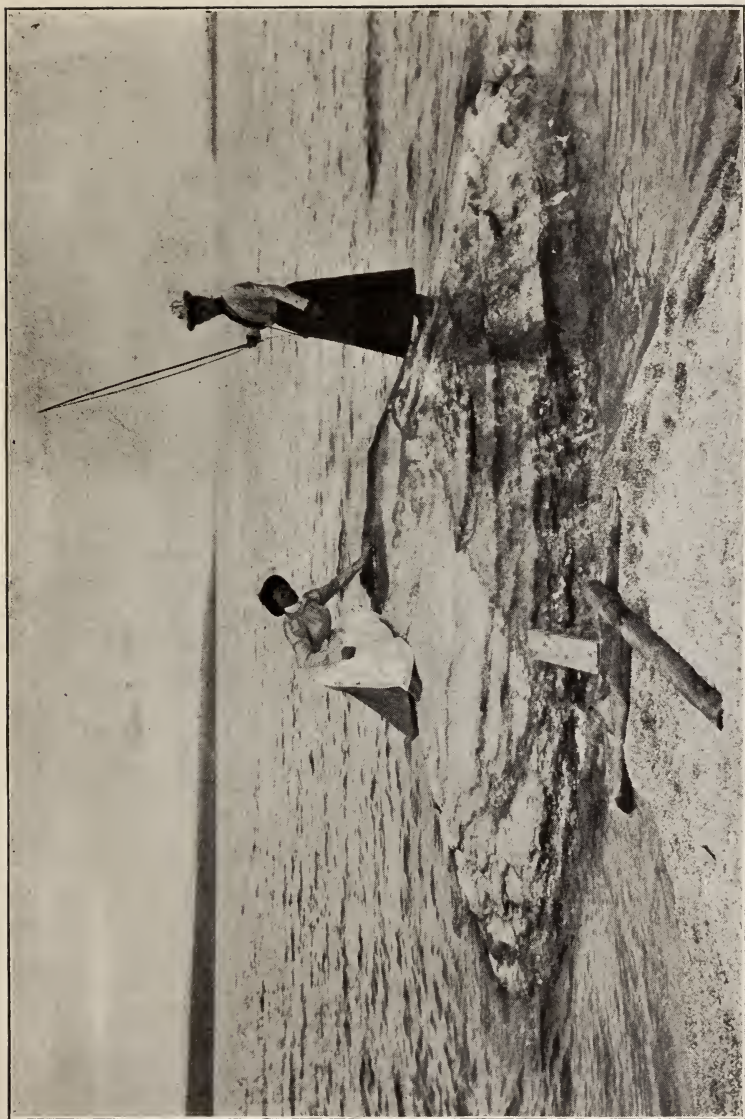
forty-four degrees—yesterday at this time it was thirty-seven degrees, and on the ninth, water froze a half inch during the night. Snow falls here at intervals throughout the whole year. I mention this fact, that the tourist may provide suitable clothing for a journey of this kind.

Everything being ready, we take our places in the leading coach as before. (These coaches are called the "Thorough Brace Concord," and are made in Concord, N. H.) The day is cool and crisp, the air delightful, and we are a cheerful, healthy company.

Our first stop is at the Upper Geyser Basin, which we visited a few days ago. Here we are so fortunate as to witness an eruption of the Castle Geyser—a wonderful spectacle, which we observe with breathless interest, the coach waiting meanwhile.

Another piece of good luck is the play of Old Faithful. Surely the Patriarch must have known of our departure from this region, and timed his exhibition accordingly. We do not fail to stop for him.

A mile and a half farther we are introduced to the Keppler Cascade, whose waters leap from a height of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet, forming a succession of falls over rocky ledges, picturesque and beautiful. The cascade is framed in the dark green forest which affords a charming



THE CELEBRATED FISHING CONE

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contrast to its foamy torrent. We all "shoot the rapids" with our cameras. Along the Firehole Cañon we wend our way amid scenes so wild and enchanting that I long to reproduce them with my camera, though neither pen nor photograph can do justice to their brilliant beauty.

It is about eleven o'clock when we reach the Continental Divide on the Pacific side, at an altitude of 8,240 feet. Here we see the lovely Isa Lake enclosed in the rocky mountain pass, 500 feet in length. Crossing the Divide through Craig Pass, we descend about 340 feet in the next two miles along the slopes of Corkscrew Hill. How well the name fits this rugged height, travellers over this road know only too well. Our experienced driver smiles as he hears the exclamations of his passengers when he makes a sudden turn in the road, close to the edge of the precipice. He tells me that he does this to make the drive a little exciting: if so, he certainly attains his object.

Apropos of this locality, he tells us that one day, while driving along the road leading to Corkscrew Hill, an English passenger attempted to instruct him in regard to the management of his four horses. The driver received the directions in silence, which seemed to annoy the tourist. When Corkscrew

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Hill was reached Jehu cracked his whip with a yell that sent the horses galloping down the winding path as though a pack of demons were after them. The traveller started to his feet with exclamations of fright, expecting every moment that coach, horses and passengers would be dashed over the sharp ledge into the rocky pass below. But on went horses and stage, rounding turn after turn with the utmost speed until at last the bottom of the hill was reached in safety, without another word from the driver. The Englishman drew a breath of relief, and broke the silence by declaring that he was convinced the western method of driving was all right, especially in a country of rough and high roads.

At Shoshone Point we have a magnificent view of the beautiful Lake and Valley of this name, bordered by the mountain slopes with their rich covering of fir, spruce and pine trees. At the back of the lake, fifty miles distant, may be seen the snow-capped peaks of the Teton Mountains, 14,000 feet in height. On the western shore of the lake is the Shoshone Geyser Basin, containing many springs and several large geysers.

Again we cross the Continental Divide, this time on the Atlantic side, at an elevation of 8,345

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feet, and now descend towards Thumb Bay Lunch Station, on the western arm, or thumb, as it is termed, of Yellowstone Lake. The lake seemed to the early explorers to resemble in shape the human hand, and so they represented it on their maps, but the likeness is so remote, that the fingers have been gradually dropped from the maps, and only the thumb left as a permanent feature. We have been travelling over the mountain tops for some hours, amid the haunts of the eagle, and close to the region of clouds. Now at a sudden turn in the road, our driver stops his horses and tells us to look ahead. Following the direction of his outstretched arm we have our first glimpse of one of the most striking scenes in this wonderful region.

Across the tree tops we behold the great Yellowstone Lake, whose silver waters gleam in the sunlight three hundred feet below us, and the dense pine forest which, growing close to the edge of the shore, frames it as a mirror. Its transparent surface reflects the floating clouds above it and the green trees that lovingly surround it. The lake is about a mile and a half above the level of the sea, and has an area of one hundred and thirty-nine square miles. Its average depth is thirty feet, although it reaches a maximum of three hundred feet. Innumerable

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trout inhabit its icy waters, and the fisherman who would explore its shore line, may travel along this border for a hundred miles. Few lakes in the world surpass it in area, in altitude or in beauty.

It is a blessing that water, both hot and cold, abounds in this region, for the amount of dust here is almost incredible, and is counteracted only by free and frequent ablutions of the outer and inner man. The tents at Thumb Lunch Station appear plain and unpretentious, but the tourist receives a hospitable welcome, and the food is abundant, wholesome and well served.

We have travelled twenty-eight miles since leaving the Fountain Hotel, and now we find ourselves amid scenes of almost overpowering beauty. Mountains tower 3,500 feet above the surface of the lake, which is almost wholly fed by the springs and snows of the Absaroka Range. It is said that these waters, now so calm and placid are lashed into wild fury by the heavy southern gales. A hot spring basin lies on the western shores of the lake. Its chief attractions are the Paint Pots, two large and beautiful quiescent springs, fully equal to those in the Lower Geyser Basin.

Here is the Lake Shore Geyser, whose fountain rises at short intervals to a height of thirty feet. A

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nameless geyser of considerable power is close by, and here too is the celebrated Fishing Cone, the delight of the angler. Upon this cone one may stand and throw his line into the cold waters of the lake, draw forth a fine trout, and without turning his body, lower his prize into the boiling waters of the Cone, where it will be cooked to perfection.

The little launch, "Zillah," blows her shrill whistle; and, bidding our faithful and entertaining driver farewell, we soon assemble on her deck, to be borne across the water to the Lake Hotel, nineteen miles distant. The stage follows the line of the shore to the hotel, where it awaits those passengers who wish to continue the journey.

The Absaroka and other mountain ranges form a picturesque background to these shores. In the distance is a wooded spot called Dot Island, towards which the bow of our vessel is turned. Ere long we stop before its primitive wharf, and land in a drizzling rain to take a peep at the inhabitants, who are principally elk and buffalo, carelessly eating within an enclosure.

Once more upon the waters, we are surrounded by charming views. Our altitude is greater than that of Mount Washington. On the west is Mount Sheridan, from whose summit may be had one of

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the finest views in this whole region. Its height is 10,200 feet. Towards the east are the serried peaks of the Absarokas, with Colter and Sunset Peaks, and Doane, Langford, Grizzly and Cathedral summits, Mounts Washburn, Dunraven and many other lofty heights piercing the clouds at an altitude of from 10,000 to 11,000 feet. On the south are the Teton Mountains, perhaps the most remarkable in the Rocky Mountain series. These mountains were long known as Pilot Knobs, as they seemed to form the principal landmarks of the overland journey through the pathless wilderness. The scene is a glorious one, and the exhilarating atmosphere, lively passengers and jolly captain render the sail one of perfect enjoyment. Passing around Stevenson's Island, we perceive the noted profile formed by the contours of two mountains, one a few miles behind the other. This is no uncommon appearance in strongly defined mountain regions.

At the Lake Hotel our altitude is 7,738 feet. A prolonged stay in the lofty atmosphere of the country extending from Cinnabar Station to this point, produces unpleasant effects upon some of the tourists. In some cases it causes bleeding of the nose, in others, nausea and fullness in the head, while many persons experience accelerated action of the

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heart. But many feel no ill effect from a residence in this unusual altitude.

In one day we have made the journey of forty-seven miles from Lower Geyser Basin. A memorable ride and sail—accomplished with comparatively little fatigue.

The Lake Hotel is picturesquely located, and well appointed, being planned for a longer visit than that of the passing tourist. Here is excellent fishing; and good boats, rods, etc., may be hired. The drives are charming, and vehicles of all kinds may be obtained by the visitors. We remain long enough to have some good sport, fishing; to take a number of drives, and enjoy a needed rest; then away we go again with our coach and team of white horses. Our road is along the west bank of the Yellowstone River—and our goal is the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, seventeen miles distant. Upon our right is the profile of the great Sleeping Giant, whose bed is the lofty mountain ridge. How peacefully he slumbers upon his rocky couch. He “heeds not the cold blast, nor winter’s icy air.”

Many pelicans are floating gracefully on the lake; others are fishing. It is interesting to watch them fly high up in the air, then suddenly swoop down upon their prey, which they carry off to the neigh-

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boring hills or mountains to eat. We are driving along a pretty woodland road, and now cross the little bridge which spans Alum Creek. Here a story is told, and said to be true, of a lady travelling in one of these coaches, who had suffered considerably with her feet. Persuading the driver to halt, she took off her shoes and stockings and bathed her feet in this creek. Upon replacing her shoes she found them, to her surprise, very much too large.

Not to be outdone, another passenger relates the story of a coach with six horses and a half a dozen passengers, which forded the creek, and upon landing on the opposite bank, the passengers were amazed to find the horses transformed into six ponies, and the coach into a diminutive chaise, while they and the driver had become pigmies.

The waters of the Yellowstone River are cold and transparent. Hundreds of trout may be seen swimming to and fro, or darting about in sportive mood. About five miles from the hotel we halt to view the Mud Geyser, which is formed of several large craters filled with blue mud of exceedingly unpleasant odor. As we look down the mouth of this formation, at a depth of thirty feet we behold a cave-like opening, through which the blue mass is forced with great violence, accompanied by a dull muffled



LEAVING LAKE HOTEL

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thud. Its outbursts are constant. The trees about us bear witness to an extremely powerful eruption in 1898.

When within a mile of the Cañon Hotel, the coach stops, and we have our first view of the Yellowstone Rapids. The river, which has hitherto flowed along its course, a tranquil, lovely stream, is here forced by the cañon walls, close to the road. Large boulders obstruct its passage, and it plunges wildly between steep banks, and over rocks, breaking into boisterous waterfalls, and casting its spray high in the air. At the first, or Upper Fall, the waters flow from a height of one hundred and twelve feet over an almost perpendicular precipice with incredible force and speed.

The hotel is a structure of unattractive exterior, which agreeably surprises one by the atmosphere of comfort and good cheer within. The tourist finds here pleasant, clean rooms, and an obliging landlord, whose aim is the pleasure and welfare of his guests. The altitude of the hotel is 7,715 feet. Take my advice and go early to bed on the day of your arrival. Do not take your first look at the Grand Cañon while tired in mind and body. After a night's rest you will be able to do justice to the scenes around you. Otherwise you will miss a

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perfect appreciation of one of the greatest pictures in the Park.

It is a clear, cool day, and we leave the hotel for our first visit to this celebrated spot. A pleasant, shaded walk leads us to Grand Point, from which we command a fine view of the Great Falls and Grand Cañon. Here we first look upon that magnificent scene which is everywhere acknowledged to be without parallel among the known wonders of our globe. It is useless to attempt to describe it. This has been done over and over again, with far better success than any words of mine may hope for. It is a sublime—a marvellous—a magnificent spectacle. One is speechless and bewildered at the first sight. The cañon itself seems too vast for expression. Nature has lavished her colors here, as if determined to outdo everything she has hitherto attempted—and she has certainly succeeded.

Here forest covered slopes have given place to loose rocks, with broken and jagged edges, jutting crags and steep precipitous walls, glowing with color, and gorgeous in effect. The cañon winds in and out, following its battlemented walls, and at its turns are points well known to the visitors, as commanding favorite views—exquisite glimpses of undreamt of scenes—visions to be carried with one

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through the years of a lifetime. The spot upon which we stand is one of these. Inspiration Point is another. The cañon is twenty miles long, and in some places the forest trees, jealous of the praise given to these gorgeous walls, have crept down over them, close to the river. The silence that prevails among us adds to the impressive grandeur of the scene.

The cañon measures two thousand feet across at the top, in its widest part, and two hundred feet at the bottom. It is about one thousand two hundred feet deep. When we are told that a better view may be obtained from Point Lookout, we are incredulous, for it seems that nothing can be grander, more beautiful than this view. However we walk to this point, and are convinced. From this lofty pinnacle, the prospect is more amazing than before. Lookout Point is a great projection of rock, overhanging the cañon, around which a rude fence is built as a protection for the visitors. The view, as we stand upon this outlook is stupendous. The eyes wander from one distinctive feature of the scene to another—from the magnificent rocky walls, for which the cañon is famous, to the glorious waterfall and beautiful river,—and the soul is thrilled with awe unspeakable.

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The wonderful combinations of color here are masterworks of Nature, which art may never hope to attain. A shower fell here a couple of hours ago, and now the sun shining upon the rocks, illumines every particle of color with splendid effect.

From this point we behold the Lower Falls, fully a half a mile distant, and can hear their rush and roar. The mist from this great falls is carried gently upward by the wind, until it catches the rays of the sun, when an exquisite rainbow adds its charm to the picture. The rocks, parting to give the river passage here, leave an opening of barely a hundred feet. Through this the water makes a plunge of three hundred and sixty feet down into the cañon. A vast volume of foam and spray almost hides the face of the river as it makes its mighty leap, and the incessant roar of the cataract may be heard for miles. The depth of the water which rushes over the precipice is estimated as thirty feet.

We stand rooted to the spot gazing into these depths, from which ever new wonders are evolved. New points of beauty claim our attention, while the whole mass of gorgeous rock and shining water, of impenetrable ravine and magnificent waterfall flings about us a witchery from which we feel that we never

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will be free. How is it possible to leave this spot? Can one ever absorb so much of its bewildering beauty that he shall say: "Enough"? Impossible!

Moran Point is the outlook from which Thomas Moran painted the sketches for his great Yellowstone Picture in the National Capitol. Mr. Moran is said to have stated that fully a million tints and shades of color are represented here.

When one can disengage his attention from the cañon, he finds many points of interest along the road which skirts the edge of the wonderful ravine. Look from the roadway across into the ravine, and you will behold a fairy realm of indescribable beauty. Here the winding stream flows gently, and its softened tones are lost in the rustling of the pine trees that almost hide it from your sight.

Here are the majestic Castle Rocks, rising 1,850 feet above the valley. About a quarter of a mile from Inspiration Point, within fifty yards of the edge of the cañon lies an enormous block of granite among the trees. This is a singular appearance, as there exists no granite within many miles of this spot. It weighs fully seven hundred and fifty tons; and this trifling trinket is named The Devil's Watch Charm. It is supposed to have been transported thither, during the Glacial Age.

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There is one point from which five different prospects of the cañon may be seen. As we approach Grand View Point we meet Mr. Walker, the proprietor of the hotel, who tells us he is about to make his customary descent to the valley.

“What!” I exclaimed; “do you go down that slope?”

“Yes,” he replies, “and in a hurry.”

In a few moments we are all assembled at the extreme verge of Grand View Point to witness this feat. The descent is fully 1,800 feet. Our landlord appears at the edge of the precipice, and makes a series of leaps and bounds, springing from point to point, and almost before we can realize it, we behold him through our glasses, a tiny speck in the landscape below. The slope is in many places at a pitch of fifty and sixty degrees. The descent was made in two minutes, but Mr. Walker occupied three hours in returning to the top of the cañon.

We are told of an English traveller, who made the tour of the Yellowstone, viewing its many wonders with an utter lack of enthusiasm, until he reached the Grand Cañon. Then as from Inspiration Point he beheld the inexpressibly glorious scenes around him, he sank upon his knees in silent adoration.

As we walk through the woods on our way back

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to the hotel, we suddenly perceive a fine buck deer, who seems as surprised as we are, and after standing just long enough for a snap shot, bounds away into the forest with the swiftness of the wind.

Many of the visitors entertain themselves in the evenings by climbing the hill in the rear of the hotel, and awaiting the appearance of the black and grizzly bears with their families. They are very shy, and you must keep yourself hidden behind the bushes, or they will remain in the backwoods, too far off for observation.

There is a lovely walk along a foot trail to the Lower Falls. The scenery along this walk is beautiful; and here you may look down the ravine and see the river, shining now and then, but oftener dark under the shadows of the mysterious forest. Now you reach the edge of a precipice, from which there is another charming view. This path leads to the very edge of the Falls, and the cañon from this point presents a grand and imposing picture. This seems to be the spot for the photographer, artist, lover, poet. Here, surrounded by the marvellous works of nature, each one is inspired in his own way to express some of their sublimity, beauty and grandeur.

Good fishing here also affords its pleasures to

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those who desire them, and lines, rods and other conveniences are at the service of any followers of Isaak Walton who may chance to stray this way. We make many pilgrimages to this indescribably beautiful cañon, sometimes remaining hours wholly engrossed by the great pictures around us. But the day comes when we must take our last walk along the shaded path—must send a last regretful glance into the mysterious ravine—and then—we find ourselves once more behind the four white horses, whirling along the dusty roads, en route for the Mammoth Hot Springs, via Norris Geyser Basin,—a drive of about thirty-two miles.

We start on our return trip at half-past six o'clock on a clear cool morning. Upon leaving the hotel, our road ascends to an altitude of 8,192 feet, and now we pass through miles and miles of pine forests. Some of the trees here are twin trees, two distinct trunks growing from one root, and standing side by side, each having its individual development.

Our horses—Bob, Dick, Larry and Whiskers—are playful and spirited, and when our whip curls his lash over their ears, they prance and show off with great intelligence. Our way is past many familiar scenes, and we waft many a greeting to the lofty



WE PASS THROUGH MILES OF PINE FORESTS

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summits that have accompanied us through the greater part of our journey. When we approach Norris Geyser Basin, we feel as though many days have elapsed since we were introduced to its wonders, now less splendid in comparison with our recent magnificent experiences. We drive along the Gibbon River, passing quickly its many lovely views, and halt just a moment to admire Virginia Cascades, which gleams in picturesque beauty in the wild rocky cañon. We meet many other coaches on our way. Now the walls of Gardiner Cañon close around us, and its wild and turbulent river rushes madly over boulders and ledges, much resembling a foaming cataract. Here are the rugged walls of gray, the long toboggan slides upon the mountain slopes, and the great boulders that seem suspended in mid air, which greeted us on our entrance to the Park.

Over the last crossing of the river, along a winding road, and through the "Silver Gates,"—those great blocks of limestone, rising to a height of seventy-five feet—we pass, and soon find ourselves once more at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, the starting point of our tour through the Yellowstone.

In conclusion I would express my thanks for the many kind attentions of the hotel proprietors, officers

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of the Transportation Company, and faithful stage drivers of the Park. While many suggestions could be made to add to the comfort of the tourist, the tour of the Yellowstone, to-day, with its dust and its geysers—its lakes, mountains and glorious cañons—its marvellous outbursts and transcendent views—is a golden opportunity for one to broaden his ideas of the universe, and to observe Nature in her most wonderful and mysterious operations.

THE END

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