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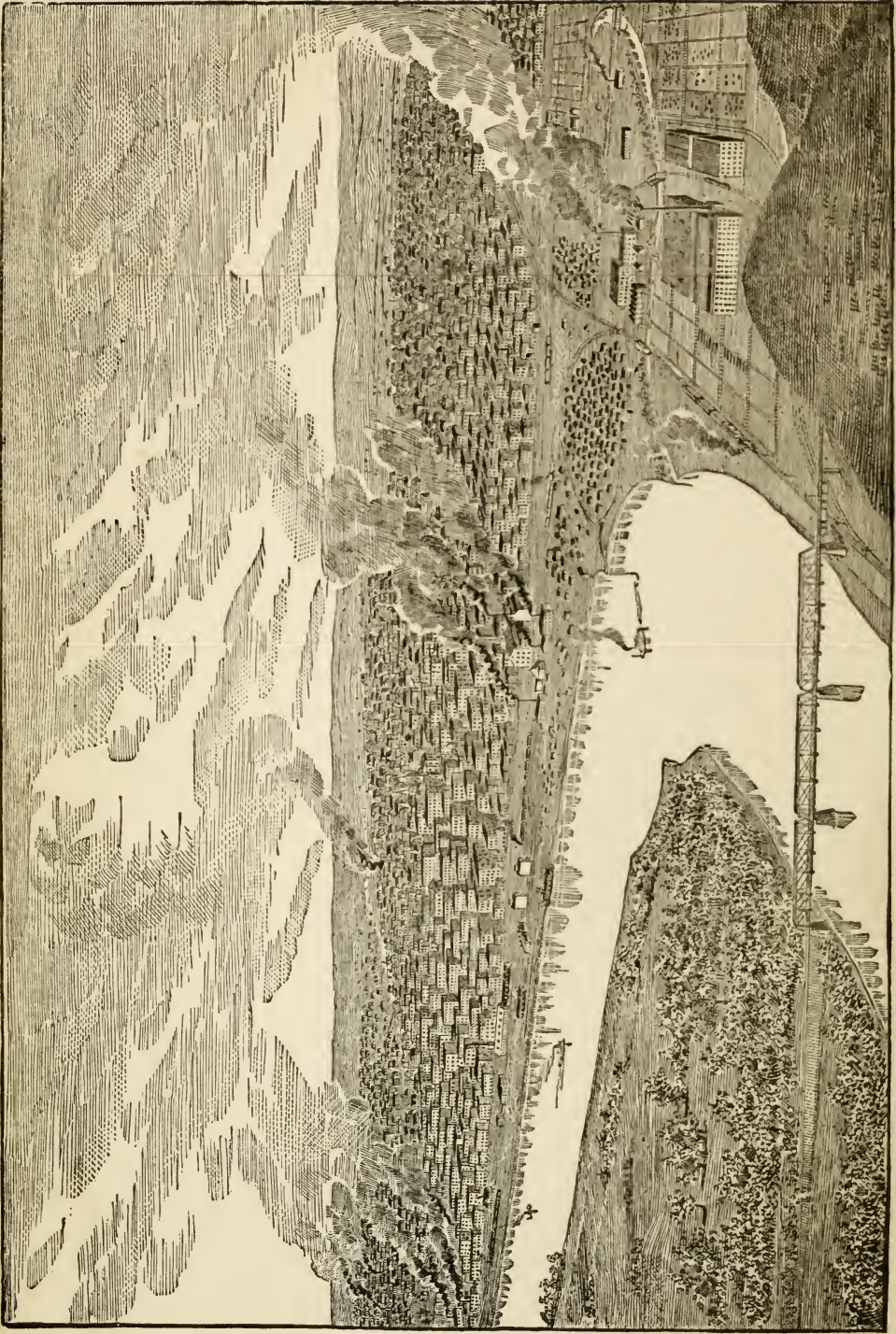
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FRONTISPIECE. SIOUX CITY AND RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS MISSOURI RIVER.

◇ L I F E ◇

IN THE

WORLD'S WONDERLAND

ILLUSTRATED.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST,

FROM THE

Mississippi River to the Land of the Midnight Sun.

INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF

SIoux FALLS, SIoux CITY, FREMONT, LINCOLN, KANSAS CITY, OTTUMWA,
FORT MADISON, AND ALL THE WONDERS OF THE UNRIVALED
YELLOWSTONE PARK, THE MINES AND CANONS OF THE
ROCKY MOUNTAINS, THE BEAUTIES OF THE OREGON
AND COLUMBIA RIVERS, AND THE FAMOUS IN-
LAND PASSAGE FROM TACOMA, WASHING-
TON TERRITORY, TO SITKA, ALASKA.

Descriptions of the Old Indian Battle Fields,

INCLUDING

THE LAST BATTLE FIELD OF GENERAL CUSTER ON THE BIG HORN RIVER;
THE STORIES OF OLD TRAPPERS, FREIGHTERS, MINERS, AND IN-
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(1886)

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WITH

INTRODUCTION

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A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

MY DEAR UNKNOWN, — This letter introduces to you my “Life in the World’s Wonderland,” a larger portion of which has never seen the light before. That its descriptions are at best imperfect no one will know better than myself. They have no special merit to commend them to your favor. They cannot be termed scientific, historic, geographic, or biographic. Two classes are interested in the World’s Wonderland which I have here attempted to describe. Those who have visited it and those who have not. If each of these reads my book it is all that I can expect. In this letter I wish to acknowledge the special obligations which I have incurred in the preparation of this volume.

MY TRAVELING COMPANION, J. R. LIBBY,

Ever gentlemanly, obliging, mirthful, willing to assist me in every manner, ready at a moment’s warning for an adventure or a lunch, his presence transformed the most tedious portion of our journey into a brief pleasure trip. A prince of good fellows, his name will long be preserved in the gallery of my memory.

MY PENCIL-STUBS.

They rode in nearly every pocket. Short, stubby, ill-formed, perhaps, but faithful — so well drilled they became, that when hands and eyes were fully engaged in maintaining our seat upon the coach, these stubs (as if by instinct), standing upon those little peaked points, would move around upon the page of the note-book and describe the journey in sprawling, crooked characters peculiar to themselves.

THE TYPESETTER,

patient and toiling. He whose cunning brain and adroit fingers skillfully unraveled the tangled web of manuscript and transformed those dim, unsightly scrawls into these beautiful characters. The typesetter, "May his tribe increase."

MY OLD BOOTS.

I cannot find it in my heart to pass them by. We were not strangers to each other when our Western pilgrimage began. It was a little doubtful if they were equal to the task, but our associations had been so pleasant I could not leave them behind. They were my constant companions. They stood by me in every emergency. Through States and Territories they led me safely on. From St. Paul to Alaska they never faltered. Amid the wilds of the Columbia Valley they were fearless, heroic. At the terrible Dalles, when a big salmon, maddened because he had come into collision with my hook, nearly pulled me into the river, my faithful friends clung to the soil and preserved my life. We tramped together through the boiling water of the National Park; down by the great falls of the Yellowstone; and through rain, hail, and mud in the Grand Cañon. When we emerged from our sojourn in the park, they looked sickly; I feared that the hour of separation was at hand. During the night they met a young colored physician in the Pullman car, and when I awoke in the morning they were beside my berth, their cheeks glowing in ruddy health. Home was reached and my gratitude promoted my companions to the most exalted position. But objections were made, they were so big and coarse, and to my great sorrow they were forced upon the retired list, where, amid their venerable companions, they will relate the wondrous adventures of their journey.

MY GALLANT STEED.

That grand old iron horse, "The Northern Pacific Railway." It has cost me a struggle to introduce him here; my poor, lean, dilapidated pocketbook has entered its protest; and I suppose that from business

principles alone he has no claim to be mentioned. And yet when I recall his service, gratitude compels me to write. It was a glorious ride, full 5,000 miles and more. That splendid steed — so fleet, his motion so restful, and not a slip or break the entire distance. I gave him free rein and rode wherever he elected to go. The path he took (such marvelous instinct he showed) led me through the Wonderland, and every league of the way afforded me the greatest delight. The intense heat and the great clouds of dust which, on previous summer rides across the continent, had afflicted us so much were unfelt and unseen on this great Northern trail. I had dreaded the ride so much before it began; I had not forgotten the small, dingy, depot dining-saloons, west of the Missouri River, along the Union and Southern Pacific lines. The crowds of loafers around the doors; the fumes of whiskey and clouds of tobacco-smoke through which we would crowd in our desire to obtain a dinner for which we had halted fifteen minutes. Three minutes we would sit beside the small black table, and then shout "Waiter!" No response. Two minutes more vanish; then "*Waiter!*" Five minutes more and then in a tone of desperation above the bedlam around us we yell, "WAITER!" That lordly personage then puts in an appearance. The order is given and just sixty-five seconds before the conductor shouts "All aboard!" the dinner makes its appearance, and as we look upon it we feel like thanking the waiter that he did not bring it sooner. We pay our dollar for the opportunity we have had to expand our lungs, and go on our way. It was sport for a few meals, but after that it became tedious. We had expected to repeat that experience on this ride. Imagine then our joy and surprise on the first evening out of St. Paul, as our steed was flying Westward, to hear a messenger, who had entered the rear door of our Pullman, shout: "Supper is now ready in the dining-car!" Joy! I could have embraced that messenger. (It was a male.) Once in the dining-car an elaborate bill-of-fare was served by a waiter with the air of a Chesterfield. And so it was three times a day for the entire journey. Blessings upon those dining-cars!

The officials and employees were so obliging and kind. I had told

the general passenger agent that I was to make the journey in quest of information ; and that my Yankee curiosity might weary his associates and their employees. He immediately gave me permission to exercise unlimited inquisitiveness, and before I reached St. Paul on my return I had exhausted the supply. That gallant steed — he carried me to every point named in this book. We went by the most direct routes, through the finest scenery on the continent, in the most comfortable manner, and at the least possible expense. Reader, if you propose to visit the Northwest, any point north of Omaha, Cheyenne, Salt Lake, and San Francisco, go direct to St. Paul and journey over the Northern Pacific Railroad : the finest course that leads over the Western plain.

Having thus performed my duty to those who in part at least are responsible for my work, I write, Good-by.

T. G.

BIDDEFORD, Maine, December 1, 1886.

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CHAPTER I.

SIOUX FALLS.

NATURE hath decreed that each life must have its beginning, and each beginning implies a birth-place. And where can our "Life in the World's Wonderland" find a more appropriate birthplace than Sioux Falls, Dakota? But I must "begin at the beginning," and inform you how I chanced to find this beautiful city. Years ago a friend and brother who was a member of the East Maine Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, after sixteen years of faithful labor in the Master's vineyard, went to Dakota, hoping to regain his shattered health. And from Southern Dakota he wrote me of that wonderful country; of the fine climate, the fertile soil, the increasing population; of the schools, the churches, and fine religious society. And I, rejoicing in the supreme ignorance of a genuine Down Easter upon the actual condition of things in Southern Dakota, wrote to him about his icebergs, eternal snow, endless winter, frozen mercury, whirlwinds, cyclones, blizzards, Indians, and other things equally as foolish. I was honest in my motive, and wise in my own estimation; for had I not been taught from my youth to believe that Dakota was a barren,

desolate land within the Arctic circle, designed especially for Sioux Indians and grizzly bears? But one day there came from my friend a communication containing the following statement, which I read over and over again, wondering if my good brother Mooers was in his right mind when he wrote it:—

“I have visited the West Indies nearly every month in the year; been in South America, Asia, and Africa; have wintered on the coast of Florida and in lower California; have traveled through the United States extensively, both north and south, and am prepared to say, after a residence here of four years, that I have never found, all things considered, so fine a country as Southern Dakota.”

That was a pretty strong statement to believe, notwithstanding the source from which it came. In my own mind, I decided that my old friend was a little excited, and had unintentionally overstated the matter. After many invitations were received, I decided to visit him and look upon the wonderful city of which I had heard so much. An express train bore me westward beyond the Mississippi River, through the fertile fields of Northern Iowa and Eastern Dakota. It was noon, a bright, hot day in May. I was tired, sleepy, dusty, and hungry. “SIOUX FALLS! SIOUX FALLS!” yelled a brakeman. The train came to a sudden halt, and, with big grip sack in hand, I landed upon the platform. I had decided in my own mind just what

I should find. I had visited a great many of the new towns west of the Mississippi River and north of Arizona, which I need not describe, although the task



COMMERCIAL HOUSE, SIOUX FALLS.

would be an easy one, as I distinctly remember the long, straggling rows of wooden shanties which constituted so many of them. And after having journeyed nearly

2,000 miles to visit my friend, the old familiar spectacle was to be reproduced. I was fully prepared for it, and had determined not to make mention of the rude shanties in the presence of my host. I looked, but what did I behold? Was I dreaming? Right up the street before me towered three immense hotels, edifices which in size and elegance of structure would honor a city of 50,000 inhabitants; and not only these, but there were great business blocks built of stone and bricks, four and five stories high. Through an error made in the supposed hour of my arrival in the city, my host did not meet me at the depot, as he had designed, and I was so much surprised at what I saw that I never thought to take a hack or even inquire where my friend resided. Up the principal street, through heat and dust, I went, lugging my heavy valise, and, like a countryman when making his first visit to a city, I was looking at the residences and business houses, every now and then stubbing my toe against some obstacle in my path unnoticed until that moment, so absorbed was I in looking. I had nearly reached the upper end of the city. The perspiration was streaming from my face. A valise in my hand, an overcoat on my arm, I stopped to get a moment's rest, and asked a gentleman, who at that moment passed by, "Sir, can you inform me where the Rev. J. H. Mooers resides?" He pointed to a beautiful cottage near by, and passed along. I hastened on. The threshold was passed. I was among friends, and my pil-

grimage for a time was at an end. Now I must tell you of Sioux Falls.

The natural advantages of Sioux Falls, its wonderful water-power, fertile soil, beautiful scenery, and inexhaustible beds of granite, attracted the attention of the



CATARACT HOUSE, SIOUX FALLS

early pioneers as a natural location for a great and prosperous city; and as early as 1856 a town was platted, mills built, and a paper published, and a flourishing village started. But these bright hopes were all blighted by the outbreak of the Sioux Indians in Minnesota, in 1862.

The town was burned, and every vestige of civilization destroyed. In 1865, Ft. Dakota was built at this place, and it remained a military reservation until 1870. In that year the new town was started, and in 1880 the population was 2,190; in 1885, 6,900; in 1886, 8,200, with property assessed at \$3,091,360; in 1887, 10,000, with property assessed at \$4,060,500.

A correspondent of a great Chicago daily recently visited this charming city, and in the following language wrote of what he saw : —

“ If I were to go east and wanted, at one fell swoop, as it were, to convince the most conservative person that all the *Inter Ocean* has said about Dakota is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, I don't think I could hit upon a plan surer to succeed than to send him to Sioux Falls, and obtain his promise to spend a few days in seeing with his own eye and mind what it is that is behind and greater than the boom, and that supplies the faith of reason respecting the Dakota movement. Sioux Falls is the largest and brightest of the growing young cities of the proposed new State, and there is an air of thrift, enterprise, and public spirit about the young metropolis, that, pointing to the future, is unmistakably suggestive of a seat of commercial empire. Into the composition of Sioux Falls there enters the stability of an eastern city like Buffalo, and the spirit of an Omaha or Kansas City — a happy combination calculated to build up a magnificent metropolis.”

That we may correctly measure the commercial

importance of any city, and give it its true position, we must carefully consider the sources of wealth to which it can justly lay claim.

Every dollar that the world has ever had has come from one or the other of four sources—agriculture,



POST OFFICE, SIOUX FALLS.

mineral deposits, manufactures, and commerce. Communities have been established, and have grown and flourished with only one of these as a foundation; others have enjoyed two or perhaps three of them; and it is

fair to infer that the city which can boast all four—agriculture, mineral resources, manufacturing facilities, and commercial advantages—may confidently depend upon permanent prosperity. This is something which only needs the barest statement in order that it shall be appreciated by everybody. Now, if it can be readily demonstrated that Sioux Falls possesses all these four sources of the world's wealth, it follows without special argument that she is destined to a future such as no



NEW B. C. R. & N. RAILWAY DEPOT.

community not similarly blessed can hope to rival. It will be the purpose of the following pages to show that this city does enjoy all these essential elements of prosperity, and that every person disposed to improve them can have the privilege by becoming a resident there and exercising that enterprise, industry, and discretion which are necessary for success, even under the most exceptionally favorable circumstances; for all that Sioux

Falls offers to anybody is simply a chance for the exercise of his or her gifts, and anybody who wants anything more than such opportunity wants something for nothing.

First, we will consider the great agricultural resources of the city.

Sioux Falls is situated in the wonderful Big Sioux Valley, the rich soil of which will grow crops in greater variety of seasons than any section to be found elsewhere. Its admirable drainage protects it against wetness, and the peculiarity of its subsoil guarantees moisture sufficient to insure good growth in the driest seasons. There has not been a year since the country was settled which would not grow all the crops that the north temperate zone was capable of producing. All the cereals yield abundantly and surely—not only wheat, oats, rye, barley, and flax, but also corn, that great staple, the growing of which is so essential an element in the prosperity of any country assuming to engage in diversified agriculture. The growing of corn is the key to the successful raising of stock, and also an indication of the length of the growing season. A farmer in this vicinity has an accurate record of his corn culture for nine years, showing unquestionably that this crop has steadily yielded him a handsome profit; and the numerous corn-cribs scattered along the valley are a sure indication to the traveler that this cereal is a feature of their farming operations. There is no branch of agricul-

ture which cannot be successfully carried on in the Sioux Valley. This is no exaggerated statement, but one which a personal visit there will demonstrate to the most skeptical inquirer. The rich alluvial deposit of the valley gives a soil that is inexhaustible in fertility, and one that will grow anything planted in it. The first season will insure a crop, the freshly broken sod yielding a fair crop of corn and an assured crop of flax. There are instances in which a single crop of flax grown on the sod paid for the land and the cost of breaking and planting. An ordinary yield of flax planted on the prairie sod is from twelve to fifteen bushels per acre, and the ruling price in Sioux Falls is from \$1 to \$1.20 per bushel, so that the result per acre is about \$15. It costs at the outside \$5 per acre to break the prairie, buy and sow the seed, and harrow it in, leaving \$10 per acre as the net profit of the crop—more than enough in ordinary cases to pay for the land in a single season. Furthermore, flax is one of the best pulverizers that can be grown on the sod, and fits the ground excellently for working the next season for any kind of crop. These are facts that can be fully substantiated by evidence. The marvelous growth of nutritious grasses makes the country especially adapted to stock raising, while the healthfulness of the climate prevents the prevalence of those diseases that create such havoc among the flocks and herds in so many sections of the country. Stock growing has made handsome returns to every person

who has engaged therein, and there is scarcely any industry for which this section is more peculiarly adapted. Those who adopt it are as certain of success as any kind of enterprise anywhere can ever make them. Those who prefer to pasture can have their fields fenced with iron posts and barbed wire at sixty cents per rod; but the farmers generally prefer to herd their cattle, as it gives them a much wider range than pasturing, and the stock is the better for it. The native grasses are a surprise to every person who investigates the facts regarding them. Hundreds of growers declare that stock will do better and fatten faster upon the hay here, than upon a mixture of hay and grain in the East. Prairie hay can be cut at any time from June to October at a cost of \$1.00 per ton, and the usual autumn weather permits it to be stacked without injury, and it remains in excellent condition until fed out, without other shelter than that formed by the exterior layers of the stacks. Cattle, horses, hogs, and sheep are grown so easily, and there are such few drawbacks to the industry, that an investment in stock farming is as sure as government bonds, and will yield eight or ten times the profit. The market is always certain. The rapid development of the country makes a greater demand for horses than can be supplied by natural growth, thus guaranteeing the best prices. Cattle are bought here at high prices for shipment in all directions, keeping the demand much greater than the supply, and main-

taining figures which insure immense profits to growers. Hogs thrive on grass without a particle of other feed during the summer and fall, and the excellent health which characterizes the herds makes them most easily fattened when they are put on corn. Sheep growers declare that in no country have they obtained better results. The absence of swampy sections prevents the foot-ail which is so prevalent in some sections and so disastrous to flocks. The stock has the benefit of the same conditions which keep the health of the people so remarkably good. While the feeding season is longer than in more southerly regions, the merely nominal cost of hay and the plentiful supply of grain which can be secured makes the expense nothing like what the shorter seasons below require. Water for stock is no more convenient in any country than right there, and farms which do not have running streams will constantly supply water by the digging of wells from ten to fifteen feet deep, and the erection of wind-mills for pumping. The introduction of fine blooded stock is engaging the attention of a large proportion of the growers, and they unanimously declare that the success of the movement is unequalled. Farmers immigrating to that section are advised to carry with them all the stock they can, and not much else; everything in the way of agricultural implements, furniture, and all kinds of household articles being purchased in Sioux Falls at rates as cheap as in any market in the entire country.

The yield of milk there is prodigious, the quantity supplied by a cow daily, and the length of time the supply is maintained, being matters of constant surprise with all qualified for making comparisons with other sections. The quality equals the quantity, and every person who handles cows is satisfied that there is no section which excels the Sioux Valley for dairying enterprises of any character or on any scale. Cows need no such care as is required in the East, the wide range they can have making it cheap to herd them; and the abundance of hay and the low price at which it can be put up reduces the cost of keeping to an almost nominal sum. Good shelter is very easily provided, and there is no drawback whatever to making dairying altogether profitable. Persons who desire to make the production of milk incidental to their other operations can sell the cream to the creameries, which send men right to the farms, who do the skimming and pay as much for the cream as the butter would ordinarily bring, their product being of such excellent quality that it commands a price in eastern markets sufficient to warrant the high figures for cream. The average home-made butter produced here is unexcelled in any section of the world, the sweet, nutritious grasses giving it a quality and flavor which even ordinary bad handling could not overcome.

The culture of sorghum here has been surpassingly successful, and the improvements which have been made

in the manufacture of syrup have resulted in a quality which consumers purchase in preference to many grades of the ordinary sugar-cane product. The demand guarantees a reliable and profitable market, and the prospects of this branch of agriculture are very bright indeed.

In regard to the growing of fruit, it is scarcely safe to tell the whole truth concerning the possibilities of that section, because they are so much superior to the uninformed estimate of people at a distance. It is nevertheless a fact that plums, strawberries, raspberries, currants, and all kinds of small fruits are raised here in great abundance and of unsurpassed quality, and that orchards have been established which are astounding even their owners by the yields that are secured, and by the evidence given that the Sioux Falls region will, in not many years, be as much noted for its apples and large fruit generally as it already is for its cereal productions. A nursery is in operation here, which for a number of years has been practically demonstrating that this valley may be depended upon for growing anything of which the same or even a lower latitude is capable.

The yield of all sorts of kitchen vegetables, without the necessity of a particle of manuring or any extra care whatever in cultivation, is something which is a perpetual surprise to those who become acquainted with the facts. Potatoes, turnips, cabbages, onions, beans, and everything that grows, either above or below ground, attain monstrous dimensions and a quality which no country in the world can discount.

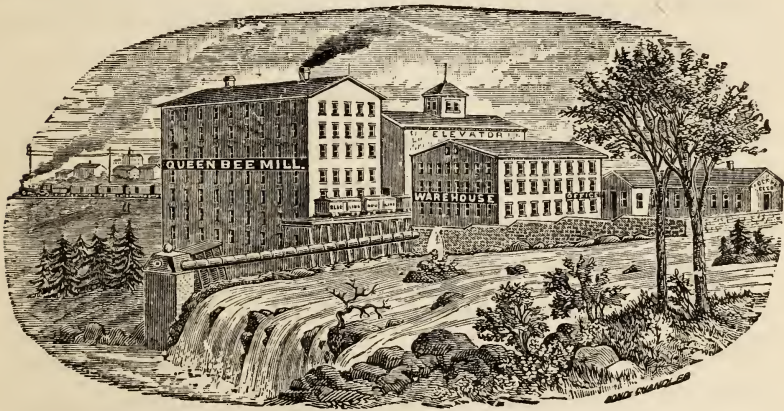
The thousands of fine groves scattered up and down the Sioux Valley, and throughout the region tributary to Sioux Falls, are a proof that the growing of timber in that prairie region is merely a matter of care and attention. Almost any kind of a forest tree will grow there if the prairie fires are kept out, and there are many farmers who now have timber large enough to supply their fuel. There is no more difficulty in growing timber in Dakota than in the most heavily wooded regions, if the prairie fires are not allowed to scorch it, and in a few years that whole country can be supplied with wood so grown.

After the agricultural advantages which the Sioux Falls region can boast, come next in importance its mineral deposits. There is to be seen there in inexhaustible quantities the most remarkable deposit of granite (also called jasper) to be found on the continent. Train-loads are shipped almost daily to Chicago, Omaha, and other cities, for use in street paving and for building purposes. The rock is a granite declared by mineralogists to be equal to the finest quarried in Scotland. It is of a reddish brown color and capable of a glass-like polish, making it adapted, not only to the coarser uses to which it is so largely put, but also fitting it for the most artistic and costly ornamental work. Mills for polishing it are already completed there, and Sioux Falls granite will shortly take its place among those materials sought for throughout the country for use where stability and

elegance are desired. Hundreds of men find employment in the quarries, many of them being imported from Scotland for that purpose; and the demand for the product is growing continually, and will still grow as the fertility of the surrounding country peoples it more compactly, creating increased demand for the stone for foundations and the better class of houses. This single resource, even if the town had nothing else, would guarantee Sioux Fall's development into a busy city.

The next natural advantage to which reference may be made is the manufacturing facilities which Sioux Falls possesses. The Big Sioux River there falls through a series of cascades a distance of ninety-one feet in running half a mile, supplying opportunity for power only equaled in all the Northwest by the Falls of St. Anthony, in the Mississippi River at Minneapolis. This power has been partially developed for use at the great Queen Bee flouring mill, eighty by one hundred feet on the ground, seven stories high, built of Sioux Falls granite. The water-power has also been improved for running the Cascade flouring mills and the stone-polishing works, which are now in full operation. There is practically no limit to the work which can be done with the power of these falls, and manufacturers in any line can readily and cheaply secure connection with that power already developed, or they can arrange for purchasing power of their own. There are within a distance of three miles of the city six falls of greater or less extent

which are ready for development, so that parties desiring to obtain natural power can do so in any manner they may see fit. There is no point in the whole country which possesses such remarkable advantages for the establishment of manufacturing enterprises requiring large power. Dame Nature has supplied them with a force that only needs to be hitched to in order to make it available as a wealth producer; and those who may desire to engage in manufacturing cannot possibly find a better opportunity than right there, where there is the power to turn their wheels and the country to demand their products.



QUEEN BEE MILL, SIOUX FALLS—1,000 BBL. DAILY.

The resources and necessities of the country tributary to Sioux Falls make the city especially adapted at this time to a number of new manufacturing enterprises, among which may be specially enumerated the following:—

A woolen mill could secure a good supply of the raw

material, as the surrounding sections are admirably adapted to sheep raising, an industry which is being rapidly developed; and the market for the product of such a mill could be largely found among the people inhabiting the section which surrounds them.

The very large attention paid to the culture of flax would indicate the opportunities existing there for the establishment of a mill for extracting the oil and the production of oil cake. If manufacturers at distant points can buy their seed there and ship it to their mills, run by steam, it is difficult to see why a mill located where there is such an abundance of seed produced, and where power can be so readily obtained, should not be a profitable enterprise.

A tow-mill could secure its raw material very cheaply; the flax which is now raised, and for which the capabilities of the country cannot be excelled, being grown only for the seed, thus making the straw at this time almost valueless, enabling a tow-mill to secure the same at a merely nominal rate.

The manufacture of straw lumber is an enterprise which is rapidly attracting attention; and the abundance of woody fiber in the straw which grows there, and the plentiful supply of the material, would seem to mark Sioux Falls as a point having especial advantages for the establishment of an enterprise in this line. The fact of Dakota being a prairie country would of course create an especial and continual demand for the product of a

straw lumber manufactory, and there is no doubt that such a project would be most profitable.

Cheese factories are among the enterprises which that section requires now, and which will develop with remarkable rapidity if in the hands of competent parties. The milk is wonderfully rich, and the facilities for raising and keeping cattle guarantee plenty of it, while the market for the cheese needs no comment. A creamery in connection, to use the cream, would be necessary, and the two enterprises offer an excellent opportunity for the right parties. A project is in contemplation for establishing a milk condensery, and there is room for energy and industry in very many directions in preparing milk and its products for market.

The demand for finished lumber for special purposes which cannot be readily supplied from an ordinary yard, and the calls for brackets, scrolls, and manufactured lumber of a similar character indicate what a planing mill might do there. It could at once have a monopoly in supplying specialties in its line, and a business could be built up which would be altogether profitable.

For the purpose of supplying reliable information as to what Sioux Falls was at the beginning of 1887, I append the following condensed statements regarding the city:—

It is situated twelve miles west and three miles north of the junction of Minnesota, Iowa, and Dakota, and five hundred and fifty-three miles west of Chicago, and

two hundred and ninety miles, or twelve hours' run, from St. Paul, and three hundred and fifty miles from Duluth.

County-seat of Minnehaha county.

Height above sea-level, one thousand, four hundred and thirteen feet.

Its railroad connections via the Sioux City and Dakota, southerly with the Big Sioux Valley and with all points in Southern Dakota reached by the Milwaukee system, also with Chicago and the East by the McGregor division of the Milwaukee and the Iowa divisions of the Illinois Central and the Chicago and Northwestern.

Via the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Omaha westward with the Calliope branch of the Chicago and Northwestern, extending northwesterly from the southeast corner of the Territory to a connection with the Dakota Central at Iroquois, thence westwardly to Pierre, on the Missouri River, and eastwardly through Minnesota; also, eastwardly from Sioux Falls with St. Paul and all intermediate points, and thence with Chicago and the East; and at Worthington with the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern system extending southeastwardly through Iowa to the Mississippi River.

Via the Southern Minnesota northwardly through the Big Sioux Valley; also, westwardly to the valley of the James; and eastwardly through Southern Minnesota to the Mississippi River at La Crosse, thence to Chicago and the East.

Arrangements are concluded for the construction of a line from Sioux Falls to a connection with the Wabash system, opening up a large expanse of new country as a market for granite, flour, pork, beef, and manufactures, and giving ready access to the coal fields of Iowa. This line will also be extended northwesterly to the Northern Pacific country, enabling the two sections to exchange their commodities.

Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, connecting with all parts of Iowa and the great Rock Island system.

The Illinois Central has just completed its main line to Sioux Falls, and the Manitoba Railroad is nearly graded to Sioux Falls, making an air line to Duluth.

MANUFACTURES.

The Sioux River here falls ninety-one feet through a series of cascades within the city limits, the total power to be procured from which is estimated at six thousand horse-power, one third of which is now developed.

Among the manufacturing establishments located here, either on the river or elsewhere, may be enumerated the following:—

The Queen Bee flouring mill, already mentioned, eighty by one hundred feet, seven stories, built of Sioux Falls granite, costing \$350,000; daily capacity, one thousand, two hundred barrels.

Cascade flouring mill; capacity, two hundred barrels.

Granite polishing works, for manufacture of monuments, mantels, tables, and stonework for interior and exterior architectural ornamentation.

Beef and Pork packing establishment, with capacity of four hundred hogs daily, and one hundred beeves; directly connected with all three railroads, and sending product throughout the Northwest.

Two foundries and machine shops.

Three yards for manufacture of pressed and common brick.

A miscellaneous list of smaller enterprises, such as wagon and plow works; general machine shop; bottling-works; marble-works; vinegar factory; creamery; power printing-establishments; gun factory; two cigar factories; extensive cornice factory; large cracker factory.

Several wholesale houses have started since the completion of the Burlington road. There are several branches of wholesaling that will pay on a larger scale, such as iron and hardware, boots and shoes, dry goods. The rate of freight is the same from Chicago to Sioux Falls for wholesaling as to Sioux City and other Missouri points.

The deposit of granite, the surface of which is exposed within the city limits, is one mile in area, and there are no means of knowing the extent to which it penetrates the surrounding country, nor how far it reaches down from the surface; but the fact that it belongs to the most ancient rock on the continent, and that nowhere is there an instance of any formation underlying this, leads to the conclusion that it extends tens of thousands of feet towards the centre of the earth. The

supply is absolutely inexhaustible. The stone is the most durable in the world, and has withstood every possible test of fire, frost, travel, sustaining pressure, and all other incidents and accidents to which it can ever be subjected in any use to which stone is to be put. Paving done with it in Chicago, Omaha, and elsewhere has given the highest satisfaction. The stone is supplied at such cheap rates that it can be used in the erection of foundations for farm stables and buildings of any kind. The industry of its development is only in its infancy, and is a resource the importance of which no man can at this time estimate.

The climate there is so healthy that many people go to Sioux Falls from less favored sections in the East to improve their physical condition, particularly those afflicted with pulmonary complaints. The atmosphere is most bracing and invigorating, and is so dry that a degree of cold which in most regions would cause suffering is there scarcely appreciated. The average temperature, as officially reported by the United States signal officer, is given below, and a comparison of it with reports from other stations will show that this is not the Arctic region which so many erroneously suppose. Average for the year, 44.4 degrees; for six spring and summer months, 55.6; for six fall and winter months, 33.1.

Although it is a prairie country, the prices of fuel are not nearly so high as many are led to believe. The

best Pennsylvania anthracite coal can be bought at \$8 per ton, bituminous coal at \$3.50 per ton, and hard maple wood at \$6.50 per cord.

Wells dug to the depth of from twenty-five to fifty feet furnish a never-failing supply of the very best water in the world for culinary or drinking purposes, with no taint of alkali or other deleterious ingredient.

The large island just at the head of the falls, overlooking the series of cascades, is covered with a fine growth of several kinds of forest trees, forming a natural park, which is a favorite resort, not only for the citizens, but for excursion parties from sections a hundred miles distant.

The Sioux River abounds in a splendid specimen of pickerel, bass, perch, channel cat, and other varieties. Pickerel weighing as high as fifteen pounds are caught, and the river furnishes ample sport for anybody who can cast a line or throw a spear. Prairie chickens are still plentiful, and wild geese and ducks by the thousand blacken the ponds and water-courses of the entire country during their seasons of migration, the slaughter of wild fowl by the numerous Nimrods making no perceptible reduction of the supply.

The public schools of the city have an enrollment of over one thousand pupils. The schools regularly employ seventeen teachers, more than any other city in the Territory. Instruction is furnished in all the high school branches. Four very large brick buildings and one frame are in use.



INSURANCE CO. OF DAKOTA BUILDING, SIOUX FALLS.

The Baptist College, a denominational school for all Dakota, is located here, with a beautiful building costing \$25,000. The school was founded in 1883, and has one hundred and forty students.

Diocese School for Dakota, under the charge of Bishop Hare. Built in 1884, cost \$40,000, now has ninety students.



DEAF MUTE SCHOOL, SIOUX FALLS.

Rose School, the diocese school for the Catholic church of Dakota, is also located here, and they are making extensive improvements.

The Sioux Falls Commercial College is fitted with all the facilities for supplying education in book-keeping, stenography, type-writing, telegraphy, etc. Attendance, forty scholars.

The Deaf Mute School for Dakota is located here, and

consists of two fine granite buildings, cost \$40,000; there are fifty-six pupils.



MASONIC TEMPLE BUILDING, SIOUX FALLS.

There are ten stone, brick, or frame church buildings, some of them costing \$10,000 each, as follows: Advent-

ist, Baptist, Catholic, Congregational, Episcopal, Free Methodists, Methodist Episcopal, Reformed, Scandinavian Lutheran, and Presbyterian. There are also regularly organized societies of the Swedish Lutheran, Scandinavian Baptist, German Lutheran, and Unitarian denominations, some of which have already purchased ground on which to build houses of worship.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has two hundred members.

I have thus given an outline of some of the more important features of this remarkable city, but there are other features which figures could not indicate. The culture and intelligence of the community is something with which one must become personally acquainted in order to appreciate it. Society is to be found here as refined as that of which the best established sections could boast, and there is no warrant whatever for the impression in some sections of the country that a removal out here means a relinquishment of social advantages.

The number of churches is an indication of the attention paid to religious matters, and people who come here are surprised and delighted to find the attendance upon public worship so large and the services so admirably conducted. Fourteen denominations are represented here, with regular pastors and services.

The educational facilities are the wonder and admiration of those who investigate them, and the items given

in this chapter concerning the public schools, the college, and kindred institutions will probably be a revelation to people who have acquired the erroneous idea that the inhabitants of this region are intent solely upon breaking prairie, quarrying stone, improving water-powers, and working railroad schemes.

Sioux Falls is a community in which any good healthy head or heart can find satisfaction for its desires, and evidence herein adduced ought certainly to be convincing that the material resources of this section will guarantee opportunities of return for enterprise, industry, discretion, and all commendable qualifications in any of the directions in which they are to be exercised. No man who has been guided by them has failed of success there. If you cherish any doubt as to the truthfulness of the statements here made, follow our advice and example—go and see. Then you will be convinced.

CHAPTER II.

SOUTHERN DAKOTA.

THE Territory of Dakota comprises 147,700 square miles. Texas and California are the only States which exceed it in size. The Territory will undoubtedly be divided in the near future, the line of division being drawn at the 46th parallel. The portion of Dakota south of that line will contain 80,000 square miles. This will become a State by itself. Within this block of 80,000 square miles there are 40,520,000 acres of arable lands, 3,614,000 acres of pasturage, and 4,096,000 acres of timber lands. In 1860 the population was 4,837; in 1870, 14,181; in 1880, 135,177; in 1882, 211,000; in 1884, 350,000; in 1885, 416,000; in 1886, 503,000. The assessed valuation in 1880 was in round numbers \$21,000,000, in 1881, \$31,000,000; in 1882, \$48,000,000; in 1883, \$70,000,000; in 1885, \$100,000,000; in 1886, \$135,000,000; in 1887, \$155,000,000. When these figures are carefully considered, it is evident that great cities must spring into existence at the natural outlet of these vast resources, which are being so rapidly developed; and great expectations have been cherished in regard to Fargo, Bismarck, and other cities in Northern Dakota, which have claimed to be the central metropolis of this vast Territory. But of late these

towns have failed to prove the title to their claims, and a conviction has gone forth that in Southern Dakota must be located the centres of trade and commercial importance. If a careful study had been given to the geographical formation of the Territory at the beginning of its history, this fact would have been discovered at that time. But in our haste we neglected to read the irreversible law that was written so plainly upon this grand Territory that "he who ran might read."

The Missouri River, as is well known, drains, not only nearly the entire Territory of Dakota, but also a large portion of Montana. It is a universal rule, with but few exceptions, that the trade of a country follows the rivers in their journey to the sea. The great valley of the Missouri is no exception to the rule, and any attempt to drain Dakota so that its products will flow to the eastward and reach Minneapolis and St. Paul can meet with but partial success, and that but for a short time. Railroad lines are already springing into existence from north to south. And that entire country which borders the Missouri River to Fort Benton, on the north, and the rich Gallitin Valley, on the west, will find these lines of transit their nearest and most natural transportation to market. Southern Dakota must become the most important part of the Territory; and any city in that section, the natural location of which will commend itself to the railroad syndicate,

will become the metropolis. Thus far Sioux Falls has had no successful rival. Other cities in that immediate locality have endeavored to win the prize, and their failure to do so cannot be attributed to any lack of energy or effort on their part. The difficulty with them was and is that they have not the right location. Sioux Falls has become the railroad centre of Southern Dakota. The following statement will show what a railway centre this city has already become:—

The Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railroad is just completed, giving Sioux Falls a connection with the Rock Island system. She is the permanent terminus of the Sioux City & Dakota and the Southern Minnesota railroads, each a portion of the great Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul system, extending to every important point in the upper Mississippi and Missouri valleys. She has also the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha—a portion of the great Chicago & Northwestern system, which has connections throughout the entire Northwest. By the

SIOUX CITY & DAKOTA

line Sioux Falls has direct and ready access to every point south, southwest, and southeast, enabling wholesale houses to send their shipments to customers more readily than the same could be secured from any other point, thus capturing the trade of a large section, which it only needs cultivation to secure as permanent patrons of the jobbing trade here. By the

SOUTHERN MINNESOTA

the country north, northeast, and northwest is similarly covered, so that Sioux Falls has commercial relations with a scope of territory extending more than a hundred miles in some directions penetrated by the Milwaukee system, and which is only limited by the enterprise which her wholesale houses may display in making conquests.

THE CHICAGO, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS & OMAHA

gives direct connection to the East and West, reaching regions not tapped by the Milwaukee system. It gives Sioux Falls easy access to scores of points in Southwestern Minnesota and Northwestern Iowa, but its especial advantage is that by the line extending westward there may be made tributary to Sioux Falls the very large scope of country extending west from the Minnesota State line to the Missouri River along the Dakota Central division of the Chicago & Northwestern. This whole expanse of country can be more readily supplied with its purchases from Sioux Falls jobbing houses and manufacturers than from any other source, and it already sends her a very large proportion of its surplus grain. A line connecting the

NORTHERN PACIFIC

section directly with Sioux Falls is projected, and its completion will be a great blessing to both, enabling each to secure the products of the other.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD

is now nearly finished to Sioux Falls. This is the most extensive in the country, guaranteeing rivalry and competition in business, thus securing the lowest practicable rates for the shipment of goods from eastern markets. This new enterprise is a certainty, and its completion will add materially to the commercial advantages of the city.

THE MANITOBA SYSTEM

is now building a road from Wilman, Minn., to Sioux Falls, a distance of one hundred and forty-five miles. This line will be completed in 1887, and will give Sioux Falls an air line to Duluth, a distance of three hundred and fifty miles.

Real estate in Southern Dakota can now be secured at low rates. The boom in prices has not struck so heavily there as it has elsewhere in the West, but it cannot be long delayed. Everything combines to bring Southern Dakota to the front. Its climate I believe to be the finest in the world. An old friend who had traveled the world over, and had wintered in nearly every favorite clime beneath the sun, told me that, all things considered, Southern Dakota had no equal. Cyclones, of which so much has been said and which so many people dread, are unknown in the vicinity of Sioux Falls. The oldest inhabitant has as yet failed to discover the trail of a single cyclone. The best wheat belt on the globe is in Southern Dakota, and Sioux

Falls is planted in the midst of this fertile and measureless expanse. He who invests money in such real estate will reap a golden harvest. The investment is as secure as United States bonds, and will pay an annual dividend of twenty-five per cent. My advice to those who wish to make farms in the West, to those who wish to make safe investments for their money, or those who wish to deal in real estate as a business, is, go to Southern Dakota and look that field over with care before driving your stakes elsewhere; and the nearer your investment is made to Sioux Falls, the larger and more speedy will be your returns. I have crossed the continent again and again on the various lines of railway, and visited nearly every section of the republic, including the Pacific coast from Puget Sound to Southern California; but for New England people I have found no section where both society and climate combined are more congenial to the taste, or where capital invested warrants so large and rapid returns, as in Southern Dakota.

Five years hence the population will have doubled several times; the cities will have made great gains in population and wealth; and the real estate will then be in the hands of syndicates, who will place a full value upon it, and thus place it beyond the reach of many.

Those who contemplate changing their residence to the West will do wisely if they act promptly and secure this land, and enjoy the benefit of the rapid increase in value, which is already being felt in the real estate mar-

ket. One thousand dollars wisely invested in Southern Dakota now will be a competence for its owner ten years hence. A word to the wise is sufficient.

I wish now to remove, if possible, a few errors which exist in the East in regard to the religious, moral, and intellectual condition of Southern Dakota. The Church Extension societies of the various religious denominations in this country have generously assisted in the erection of churches in that portion of the Territory, which, with the gifts of the people themselves, have provided beautiful houses of worship, so that Southern Dakota is as well provided with churches as the State of Maine. So far as attendance upon divine worship on the Sabbath is concerned, I fear that our goodly State of Maine would suffer in comparison, for I found by actual observation that in Dakota they are a church-going people. There is not nearly as much profanity heard on the streets, in the stores, depots, railway cars, and hotels as is heard in New England. I consider their school system one of the best in the United States, and it is very remarkable how this Territory has marched onward, until it now actually holds a position in the front rank of States, so far as schools, seminaries, and colleges are concerned; and the people in every town seem to have a great pride in the success of their educational institutions, and are giving them a large measure of financial encouragement.

The people in Southern Dakota are very largely of

American birth. I doubt if any other section of the country, outside of New England itself, contains so large a proportion of New England people as does Southern Dakota; and, as a loyal New Englander, I of course claim that the good morals, the religious life, the intelligence, and the enterprise of Southern Dakota can be traced directly to their New England origin. But of all the agencies of civilization which I found in South Dakota, not one astonished me so much as did the newspaper press. For of all the marvels of the great territory of the Northwest there is hardly one more remarkable than the press. The newspaper press of Dakota is perhaps the most signal index to the intelligence, energy, and progressiveness of the people of the Territory. It is useless to go into the statistics of the subject. If the informed world had not ceased to be surprised at any demonstration of progress in Dakota, comparisons could be made in both the number of papers, the extent of their issues, and the percentage of distribution with reference to population, which would be surprising in the last degree. But such figures and comparisons, suggestive as they are, and showing that the newspaper press of Dakota is superior to that of more than one third of the States of the Union, would fall far below the real truth. Only one who, day by day, and month by month, and year by year, reads and studies the many-paged book of the territorial press, and sees in all their stages the processes of its growth, is

really prepared to appreciate this marvel of marvels.

It is an absolute fact that there are towns and villages in Dakota in which, in the course of a decade or half a decade, have been built up papers far beyond the standard of towns of ten times the population in the eastern States, and that, too, those States standing high in intelligence. The daily press, morning and evening, in point of sheer ability, will compare most favorably with that of States—not looking beyond the northern half of the Union—which have the tremendous advantage of a history of twenty-five or fifty years; while, in the measure of enterprise, of the daring and the alertness indispensable in establishing and maintaining a daily paper, there is nowhere in the Union a parallel to the achievements of the territorial press. This is moderation of statement. This statement really falls short of a description of the fact. That fact, too, is otherwise a most pregnant one in its ultimate bearings and inferences. It means vastly more than the simple energy and capacity of the men directly engaged on the Dakota press—of the men who put their blood and brains into the work of publishing papers. There is not energy enough in the whole land to create by itself a single newspaper, a real newspaper. Unless there be a popular intelligence, a general hunger to respond to the strivings of energy, it would beat itself to exhaustion and die of sheer starvation and hopelessness. The magnificent press of Dakota, therefore, is only an inti-

mation of the breadth of the intelligence of its people and of the glorious stretch of their ambition, of the generous foundation they have laid. Nothing less than such a spirit among the people at large, demanding information of all that is doing in the great world, keeping pace with and outstripping it, could furnish a basis or an invitation to newspaper enterprise, or make it so phenomenally successful. There are counties in the southern States which have been populous for over a century, wealthy, and containing considerable towns, where, nevertheless, the newspaper press, in quality and extent, is as far below that of localities in Dakota as the earth is below the heavens. Why? Simply because the hereditary tendency of the people to ignorance, unthrift, and universal stagnation is such that enterprise cannot take root. There could be no more striking contrast than that between the newspapers of Dakota and the newspapers of the South. The latter, with a century of time in their favor, are in all essentials a quarter of a century behind the former. And this great gulf of difference is simply the difference of popular temper and spirit; the difference between unthrift and the paralysis of ignorance, in the South, and the glorious unrest and competition for progress exemplified in the newspaper press of the great territory of the Northwest.

CHAPTER III.

SIOUX CITY.

IN this journey through "Wonderland" we pass from north to south—from Sioux Falls to Sioux City, from Dakota to Nebraska. Sioux City is not located on the soil of Nebraska, and yet there is not a city within all the limits of that vast State that holds more important relations to its vital interests and prosperity than Sioux City. It is the natural gateway from the East to the heart of that empire.

The history of Sioux City is a remarkable one—more romantic than romance itself; and as I perused its magic pages I could only think of Sioux City as a rugged, heroic sentinel, stationed at the natural gateway of the Central West, to render a double service: His right arm was flung eastward, giving direction to railway construction and also to streams of eastern capital flowing westward for investment; and so unerring was the inspiration thus imparted that great trunk lines of railway radiate out from Sioux City like the spokes of a carriage wheel, while eastern gold has transformed itself into the beautiful mansions and princely business blocks which adorn the streets of this wonderful city. The left arm of this sentinel was stretched to the west-

ward, across the broad, turbid waters of the mighty Missouri, far away over the measureless but fertile plains of Nebraska and Dakota, claiming their undeveloped resources as his own rightful heritage.

It was a task so infinite in its extent, so arduous in its performance, and requiring such elements of faith and heroic daring, that even the most famous character of heathen mythology would have shrunk from the responsibility; for it must be remembered that this call to duty was not yesterday or last year, when the great West is alive with enterprise, and the pulsative throbs of a cultured civilization are pouring through each valley and streaming over every mountain range. But this bugle call to duty came in 1848, when William Thompson, the first settler, drove his stakes down upon the present site of Sioux City. In 1855 the town had increased to the importance of two log cabins. During that year the first mail arrived, and the first steamer put in its appearance the following year. Then followed rugged, weary years in the history of this brave frontier sentinel. The Indians occupied the surrounding domain, their authority being but feebly disputed. Then came the trappers, few in number, but mighty in deeds, following the streams and rivers far up among the hostile savages. Then followed the miners and a scattering band of squatters. All these looked to Sioux City for their supplies. It was also to them a rallying point in times of danger from Indian outrages.

The unwritten history of those years would constitute a story both thrilling and of rare interest. The years were passing, and tides of emigration from the thickly settled East came surging to the unsettled West. Capital, with unerring instinct, followed the "prairie schooners" of the emigrants; and the general government opened its treasure-house with rare generosity to construct road-beds of steel across the continent. The grim old sentinel already described was evidently not a favorite in the political circles which controlled the legislation of those days. His heroic services were forgotten; he was too grim, bluff, and honest to be a welcome visitor in such councils.

North and south across the continent were the great lines of transcontinental railways built, but Sioux City was left to depend upon its own resources; and more fortunate rivals predicted that it was but a question of time when the old sentinel, grown gray with service and exposure, would yield in the unequal contest and step down from the rampart of defence. But elements unnoticed by all, save the person most directly interested in the result, were entering into the conflict—forces more potent in this struggle than those which Blücher led to reinforce the shattered line of Wellington at Waterloo. One of these was the strategic point which Sioux City had selected for its site. From British Columbia, with its mountains of ice, in the North, to the Gulf of Mexico, in the South, there could be found no

point more valuable for the upbuilding of a vast metropolis than that which was occupied by the pioneers of Sioux City. Such wisdom can scarcely be called an accident, but an overruling providence of the all wise Father. The great rivers seem to have entered into a league hundreds of years ago to hold up the financial arms of the old sentinel during his struggle for victory. The vast Missouri, up nearly two hundred miles amid the wild mountain ranges of Dakota, changes from his course to the south, and for that distance runs nearly east to Sioux City; then bends backward to the south as he passes on to the Gulf, as if his mission was to inspire the heroic city with the inspiration of its presence and its burden of commerce; also, to throw the countless millions of wealth, represented in the thousands of square miles of fertile lands upon its banks, at the feet of the brave sentinel, thus enabling him to develop into financial proportions, to bridge the great river, and seize the treasures upon its western bank. In this movement the Niobrara River of Nebraska, the Big Sioux River of Dakota, and the smaller but important rivers of Iowa joined the Missouri, and from nearly all points of the compass they pour their liquid treasure around the site of Sioux City; and, as is always the case, the commerce of the country, whether borne by steamers, railways, or horse-power, always follows the great highways of Nature.

These elements have all combined to lay the foundations of the present prosperity of Sioux City. That its

growth was not more rapid, that it did not develop and keep pace with the cities of Omaha and Kansas City, is not to be wondered at when we remember that the farming territory tributary to Sioux City was not opened for civilization as soon by fifteen years as was the territory to the south, for reasons already named; and Sioux City has consequently reached its present proportions by its own efforts, against the warmest spirit of rivalry and, at times, the most discouraging circumstances. But the day of its triumph has dawned, and, while it lays not claims to the rightful heritage of its sister cities, it finds itself in a condition where it may easily hold a position in the front rank in size and commercial importance. No wonder, then, that all classes, creeds, and parties join in singing that good old orthodox hymn, "The Morning Light is Breaking."

The transient visitor cannot fail to be deeply impressed by the calm, strong confidence in the future commercial greatness of Sioux City that pervades all its business classes and, in fact, its entire population. The most cool and level-headed business men and capitalists will quietly and earnestly assure the visitor that this is destined in the near future to become the foremost city in Iowa, in point of size and commercial importance, and that it will outstrip all other cities of the Missouri Valley, with the possible exception of Kansas City. They confidently expect it to become the commercial metropolis of the great and rapidly developing North-

west, as Kansas City is of the Southwest. This is what they most religiously believe, expression to which is given, not in windy boastings, but in form of great undertakings and enterprises requiring capital and energy as well as courage. In short, they show their faith more by their works than by their words. All human experience proves that faith and works are essential elements of success in business, as in the domain of morals and religion. These two potent factors are combined in an eminent degree in the development of this city. This fact is impressed upon all observant visitors, even if they tarry but a single day. The enterprising people here not only believe in the future greatness of their city, but they are also ready to give an answer to every man that asks a reason for the faith that is in them. The intent of this chapter is to present, in part at least, the substantial facts that serve as a basis of confidence.

Let it be noted, first of all, that the indefinable thing sometimes called a "boom" has never been worked up here to inflate prices and balloon flagging enterprises over the slough of despond. Within the present decade the city has made a marvelous growth, having quadrupled its population, and increased its business in a still greater ratio. Call this a boom if you please, but it is essentially different from the ephemeral and spasmodic efforts that have been put forth in behalf of some other places.

The growth has been steady, though rapid, bringing with it all the elements of stability. In 1880 the official report of the Census Bureau showed a population here of only seven thousand, three hundred and sixty-six. That was the closing year of a period of business depression, attended with a series of partial crop failures in the Northwest. The next census, taken under State auspices in 1885, showed a population of nineteen thousand and sixty. Two years later, or within the present year, an enumeration made wholly by private enterprise, the work being done by city assessors, showed nearly twenty-eight thousand people living within the limits of the city and its platted suburbs. There is no city in the Northwest that can boast such a phenomenal increase of population within the same period. This is a bulge infinitely better than any "boom" that was ever constructed of gauze and inflated with gas.

But a still more striking fact is that business expansion has been in a much greater ratio than the increase of population. The balance sheets of banks and the ledgers of merchants and manufacturers show that since the year 1880, while the population has quadrupled, the aggregate of business has increased nearly eightfold. This is more significant than the mere aggregation of people within the city limits, showing that there was something here to draw them and to give ample support and prosperity.

And another fact to be noted is that in this growth and increase of business the city has but partially met the demands made upon its resources and energies by the rapid settlement of the vast country beyond. At any time during the past five years Sioux City could have done more than double the business actually transacted, if the capital and the goods had been here to supply the demand. This proves that the city is not an artificial production, but a natural growth. It is, in fact, a necessary sequence of the evolution of an empire from a vast wilderness so recently traversed only by savages and buffaloes. A glance at a recent railroad map will show the extent of the territory which makes such prodigious drafts upon the jobbing business and manufacturing industries of this city. It comprises a number of counties of Northwestern Iowa and Southern Minnesota, and a belt through Northern Nebraska and Southern Dakota, two hundred miles in width, extending to the Black Hills and into Wyoming. This trade area is two hundred miles wide and seven hundred miles long, making one hundred and forty thousand square miles, or more than the area of Iowa and Nebraska combined.

Situated at the gateway of this vast and rapidly developing region, there must of necessity be a great city at or near this point, to serve as an *entrepôt* of its expanding trade and the mart of its increasing products. That territory is as yet sparsely settled, as compared with other sections, and in the ratio of its increase of popula-

tion this city must expand its business and enlarge its manufacturing capacity. This tributary region is for the most part very fertile and productive, and in extensive portions of the belt we find the richest soil of the continent. The greatest wealth of soil is within the radius of a hundred miles of this city, inclusive of the alluvial bottom lands of the Missouri, the Floyd, the Big and Little Sioux rivers, and their various tributaries. Within this area alone a city of a hundred thousand could be built up and sustained, even if there were no exterior region of trade.

This is near the northern line of the corn belt, and in this region there never was a failure of the corn crop caused by drought or excess of rain. The drift and alluvial soils are naturally underdrained, whereby they are enabled to withstand extremes of wet or dry seasons. The bluff deposit is also marvelously productive, and geologists assure us that it contains elements of even greater fertility than the ancient valley of the Nile. So altogether this is an exceedingly rich country, with inexhaustible mines of wealth spread upon the surface. All the output of Colorado's silver mines does not equal the value of the product of the soil with the belt tributary to this place.

And this leads to the statement that Sioux City's greatest resources are in the production and marketing of meat and grain. It bids fair to become within the coming year the second city in packing importance. The immense corn fields of the lands, referred

to above, are immediately tributary to this market. The best corn-fed hogs and cattle of the world are grown and fattened here. The great cattle ranges of Wyoming, Dakota, and Montana lie to the west and northwest, and the matured stock are moved eastward to this market to be corn-fed and prepared for packing or for shipment to eastern markets.

These interests are the foundation of the packing of beef and pork at this point. The packing business is now carried on by a single establishment, with a capacity of two thousand hogs per day, running winter and summer. The sales of meats last winter aggregated \$3,000,000, the product being shipped to the Pacific coast and to the Gulf States. This business is to be increased by the erection of three large packing-houses, with a combined capacity of thirteen thousand hogs per day. This will give a packing capacity of fifteen thousand hogs each day, giving employment to two thousand men. In addition to this, a beef-packing house is being built, with a capacity for packing fifteen hundred beeves per day. From this statement an idea can be formed of the magnitude and importance of the packing industry at this point.

One of the most gigantic enterprises projected and taking form within the current year was the purchase and improvement of the Union Stock Yards. These include one thousand, four hundred acres of suburban

lands and two hundred city lots. The entire property is worth to-day \$1,500,000, and when the projected improvements are completed it will be doubled in value. It is located along the Missouri banks, above the highest flood line, and most admirably adapted to the purpose of handling and feeding stock. On these grounds the new packing-houses are now being erected. Several miles of rail will be laid to afford shipping conveniences.

Though only just begun, the average sales at the stock yards are \$30,000 per day. This is the outgrowth of the splendid market for live stock that is made here by the operation of the natural laws of trade. In the near future these extensive grounds will be the scene of the greatest activities, and will witness the interchange of untold millions annually.

Sioux City has always been a jobbing centre since the early days when it was but a frontier trading post. The foundation of the jobbing trade was laid long before the day of the railroad, when the Missouri River was the means of transportation to this place and to the smaller trading points beyond. This was the result of the geographical relations and the natural advantages of the place; and the subsequent development, by the centralization of railroads, is a natural unfolding of the logic of the situation.

The leading business in the jobbing line is in groceries. There are four houses engaged in that trade,

one of which is the largest in the Northwest, its sales aggregating over \$1,000,000 annually. The total sales now average over \$2,500,000, employing twenty traveling men.

In dry goods and notions a single house does a business of \$500,000 a year, and the annual sales of the two houses amount to \$900,000. There is a demand for another large dry-goods jobbing-house to supply the wants of this constantly enlarging territory.

In hardware the sales now average \$1,000,000 annually. There are three houses, two of which started since January 1.

The boot and shoe jobbing is as yet done by a single house, which has all it can do, selling about \$400,000 annually.

In saddlery hardware there is one establishment doing a business of about \$300,000 a year.

In wholesale drugs a very handsome business is developing. One of the houses engaged in that line carries the largest stock in the State, doing a business of \$500,000 yearly. There are two other houses, with total sales amounting to nearly \$1,000,000.

The general commission business employs ten traveling men, and the records show annual sales of \$500,000.

Besides the branches above enumerated, wholesale business is being done, and rapidly developing in the lines of clothing, queensware, furniture, stationery, confec-

tionery, oils, agricultural implements, furs and hides, and liquors.

The entire jobbing trade of the city employs a capital of \$3,000,000, sending out one hundred traveling men, and averaging \$10,000,000 in annual sales.

In addition to its present and prospective packing business, Sioux City has attained the rank of a manufacturing town of very considerable importance. In fact, that is one of its strongholds for future prosperity.

Foremost in this line is the mammoth oil mill, which handles the flax crop of a large number of counties, its aggregate sales of oil and oil-cake amounting to over \$500,000 annually. The total milling business of the city shows an output of a full \$1,000,000 per year.

Another important branch of manufacture is the foundry and machine works which make the celebrated Sioux City Corliss Engines. These goods are extensively shipped to the Pacific coast, having a market as far north as Seattle and south to Los Angeles.

In addition to these establishments, the city can boast an extensive vinegar and pickling factory, two planing mills, and works for the manufacture of plows, sash and doors, lumber, wagons, cigars, mattresses, soaps, patent medicines, brewery products, mineral waters, brick, tile, spices, etc.

The Sioux City Nursery and Seed Company employs sixty men, growing all kinds of nursery stock, and handling all sorts of seeds.

All these various industries make annual sales amounting to \$5,000,000, and employ fifty-seven traveling men. There are more than two hundred commercial men residing there, representing Sioux City's various branches of trade and manufactures in the tributary region round about. From this necessarily condensed statement of facts and figures, the reader can form a fair estimate of its commercial importance; and, when the fact is understood that the tributary country is only about thirty-five per cent settled, it will be seen that this city's growth is amply assured.

Sioux City has already attained the rank of one of the most important railroad centres in the West, and additional roads are in process of construction.

The Sioux City & Pacific is the pioneer road, being completed to this point in 1868, affording an eastern outlet, which was then regarded as an immense achievement. The road now has a line of over five hundred miles west of the Missouri River, extending into Wyoming Territory.

The Illinois Central—originally the Dubuque & Sioux City—was the next road to reach this point, being completed and running in 1870.

The Sioux City & St. Paul was the third line built. It is now the Chicago, St. Paul & Omaha Road, and practically a part of the great system of the Chicago & Northwestern. Extensive railroad shops of the system are located there.

Across the river cars are transported by ferry-boats, and from that point three shorter lines radiate — one to Norfolk, one to Ponca, and another to Omaha, Neb.

The Dakota system of roads radiating from this point now constitutes a part of the great Milwaukee & St. Paul system.

A summary of the railroads of Sioux City shows five great trunk lines, with ten roads and branches leading out in all directions, and several more are being constructed at a rapid rate. For example, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Company has just completed a branch from Sioux City to its main trunk line at Manilla, and it is nearly ready for the rolling stock. Within a few months that company will be running two magnificent trains per day, with elegant dining and sleeping coaches, from Chicago through Sioux City to Bismarck, D. T. — a distance of over eight hundred miles without change of cars.

Eighteen years ago one little mixed train a day comprised Sioux City's railroad advantages. Now twenty passenger trains daily leave this city, traversing the various radiating lines.

During the year 1886 Sioux City's freightage amounted to fifty thousand, six hundred and nine car loads, or nearly a thousand cars per week. This does not include the immense traffic by rail through this place to points beyond. These various railroads give constant employment here to five hundred and fifty men.

By authority of an act of Congress there is to be constructed at this point across the Missouri River a magnificent railroad bridge, with ample provision for the transfer of the cars of all the railroad lines centering there. It is to be a structure of which the State, as well as the city, will be justly proud. Work on the new bridge is being pushed with great vigor, and rapidly nears completion. From the western end of this bridge surveys have been made for a line to Denver, Col., which, it is believed, will be built at an early day.

The banking capital of the city is now \$2,000,000, having doubled within the past eighteen months. And still the leading bankers say the demand is for more capital and enlarged banking facilities to transact the business centering here. The country banks look to Sioux City for accommodations, and the demand is greater than the present supply.

There are seven banking-houses — three national, two State banks, and two savings banks. During the past twelve months they sold exchange to the amount of \$29,000,000. The deposits are large and constantly increasing.

OTHER RESOURCES.

Within the city limits pure white crystal sand is found in inexhaustible quantities, which may be utilized at no distant day in the manufacture of the best plate glass. The sand is as clear and pure as can be found in the

United States. Near by are extensive beds of fire clay, potter's clay, and other qualities of clay for brickmaking. Works are now being erected for the making of brick equal in quality and beauty to the best St. Louis pressed brick. These will be in operation the coming autumn.

Besides the sand and clay, discovery has been made recently of a stratum of pure emery, which will in time be a mine of wealth to the owner.

The corporate limits of Sioux City have included only four square miles, and the city has grown beyond these lines in all directions. But an election has been held, and by an almost unanimous vote the limits were extended to include a large amount of territory outside. This was one of the most important steps ever taken by the city, and the citizens are already reaping their harvest in the stream of capital already flowing here for investment.

The only boom that appears to have struck this city has made itself tangible and durable in form of brick and mortar and other substantial improvements. While other places have been ballooning prices, the people here have been steadily building and filling up vacant lots along the business streets and among the residences. During the year 1886 the building record showed an expenditure of \$1,300,000. Some of the buildings put up are very costly and elegant — the Hotel Garretson being one of the number, costing \$218,000. Nearly all the business houses and public buildings are handsome

structures, erected with an eye to architectural effect as well as solidity. This makes a favorable impression upon the transient visitor.

The probabilities are that the year 1887 will go beyond the year 1886 in the building line. There are now over \$1,000,000 worth of building improvements in sight, including a grand opera house, chamber of commerce, the packing-house, and several very handsome business blocks.

The street-car lines now in existence and in process of construction are giving value to suburban property, annihilating distance by means of rapid transit.

The horse-car lines now being operated cover a distance of about seven miles on some of the principal business and residence streets. A motor line is being built from the West Side to the splendid suburban properties known as Highland Park and Riverside Park, destined to be popular summer resorts, as well as desirable for residence. This line is to be, when completed, about six miles in length, equipped with five cars, and run by steam motors. It will be in operation to the Big Sioux River by June 1. A full description of that notable suburban improvement would require a chapter of space. It is undoubtedly destined to become a famous centre of cultured wealth.

One of the most important projected improvements to give the future residents of Sioux City the means of rapid transit is the cable-car line, which is now being

constructed due north from the principal business street into the centre of a very desirable property recently platted as an addition. Hundreds of teams are at work grading the streets, and within a short time the cable cars will "get there." All these facilities for transit will enable the coming thousands to spread out in various directions from the now crowded residence portions of the city.

The city is lighted by gas and two electric-light plants—the Brush and the Edison's incandescent. It has a telephone exchange with many miles of wire through the city, connecting with some twenty-seven of the principal towns in this section.

Pure water is supplied by an excellent system of water-works—a combination of the Holly and reservoir. An abundant supply is obtained by a system of drive wells, yielding a sufficient quantity to serve a city of more than double its present size. The water must of necessity be of the purest quality.

The principal streets are paved and sewerred for twenty-seven miles. The pavements used are the Nicholson patent, and it is now estimated that they extend a distance of sixteen miles. There are also twenty miles of water mains.

The moral and religious sentiments of the citizens of Sioux City are equal to those of any city that it has been my privilege to visit, east or west. This conviction expresses itself to the visitor in the twenty-two religious organizations, and nearly that number of edifices, which

already exist in Sioux City. The Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Men's Christian Association, and various other kindred societies are in a prosperous condition.

For a number of years Sioux City, like other frontier towns, was made up in part of the harder elements of society which drift back from the mining camps, and an element of beer drinking infidelity from Germany. The struggle for supremacy between the good and the bad was most bitter and desperate. One hundred and twenty liquor saloons were in operation day and night within the city. Brave Haddock became a martyr for the right, but the pistol shot fired by a cowardly ruffian rang out the death knell of the rum power in Sioux City; and, while the hero's blood was fresh upon the street where he fell, every liquor saloon was closed by the outraged citizens.

And in this year of grace, 1887, there is not a single open bar in the city where liquor can be procured. I have walked its streets alone at midnight, over the very spot where Haddock was shot, and through all the streets where, at that time, his enemies massed their forces and planned their infamous crimes. Now all is changed; the Sioux City of to-day is as quiet, as temperate, as orderly, and as religious as is the good city of Portland, Me., and, what is more, the citizens of Sioux City are determined it shall remain so. Through lack of proof and by the financial strength of the Frantz Brewing Company,

Haddock's murderer may escape the penalty of the law, but liquor saloons have met their Waterloo. Sioux City will never tolerate again their baneful presence. Haddock died not in vain.

Let it be noted that the population of this city are largely natives of New England and other eastern States, hundreds of the adults being graduates of eastern schools. In fact, there is no place in the West that presents more strikingly the appearance of a typical eastern city than this place, which a Chicago daily slanderously designated the "Sodom of America," because of the one notable tragic event in its annals. There is nothing whatever to justify the charge that the city is a whit worse, in point of morals, than scores of other places of equal size. In fact, in view of its location and rapid growth, it is an exceptionally staid and moral city.

The school system is well organized, and the buildings are handsome and commodious.

One of the best indications of the character and enterprise of a town is given by its newspapers; and, judged by this test, Sioux City certainly takes high rank. The daily morning *Journal* is a model paper, ranking as one of the best in the western States. The evening papers, the *Tribune* and *Times*, are worthy and prosperous representatives of the evening press. They are all elevating in tone and ably conducted. The *Sun*, a society paper, and the *Telegram* are both excellent weeklies.

REAL-ESTATE VALUES.

Sioux City has never had a real-estate boom, in the ordinary sense of the term. The people here have been too busy building up their industries, extending their lines of traffic, constructing railroads, and developing the resources of the country, to stop and spend their time betting on what certain lots will be worth in thirty or ninety days. As a consequence, there has been no gaseous inflation beyond actual values. There has been a steady appreciation in the prices of real estate, and, in fact, the increase has been of late quite rapid; but as yet prices are far below the figures said to be readily paid in the "boomed" towns.

For example, in Kansas City some of the best unimproved lots sell as high as \$4,000 per front foot. In Omaha \$2,000 per foot is about the high-water mark. In Sioux City the very best and most eligibly situated vacant lots can be obtained at \$600 per front foot.

It must be seen at a glance that, in view of the future prospects of this city, prices are very greatly below the figures obtainable in other places wherein the "boomers" have been operating. Excellent and most promising business lots can be had here on the main thoroughfares at from \$300 to \$400 per front foot. As compared with Omaha and Kansas City, these are "way down" figures, and this shows a healthy margin for appreciation. In the nature of things there must be a steady advance.

The indications are that the bridge, railroad extensions, stock-yard improvements, street-car extensions, and other enterprises will make the increase of values of real estate more marked and rapid in the near future than it has ever been in the past. Eligible lots are being eagerly bought by capitalists, not to sell again, but to cover with substantial buildings and business blocks.

In residence properties the same rule prevails. The increase has been steady, but there has been no unhealthy inflation. Hundreds of new homes are being erected in all the outlying additions, and there is an eager spirit shown by all classes to buy a lot and build a home, be it ever so humble. This has made the aggregate of transfers quite large, but the prices have not been beyond the reach of men of moderate means.

BUSINESS ORGANIZATIONS.

The Real Estate Board of Trade of this city was recently organized with the following officers: E. C. Palmer, president; T. P. Murray, vice-president; A. S. Garretson, treasurer; J. G. Miller, recording secretary; and H. D. Clark, financial secretary.

The Sioux City Chamber of Commerce is another organization of business men. The officers are: T. J. Stone, president; James F. Peavey, vice-president; G. R. Badgerow, secretary; and A. S. Garretson, treasurer.

The jobbers and manufacturers are also organized, with the following officers: H. A. Jandt, president;

James E. Booge and T. P. Gere, vice-presidents; J. F. Peavey, treasurer; and J. V. Mahoney, secretary.

HOTELS.

The city has two first-class hotels, besides numerous lesser hostelries of various grades. The Hotel Garretson, a new structure, erected at a cost of about \$250,000, is one of the handsomest and best appointed hotels in the State, and would be creditable to any city in the Union. The Booge, which was for many years the leading house, is now being remodeled, and will soon be in first-class shape. The wayfaring man can here find all needed home comforts.

CHAPTER IV.

SIoux CITY AND ITS FUTURE.

ONE million, three hundred and fifty thousand and forty-eight dollars worth of real estate in Sioux City was sold during the month of May, according to the books in the recorder's office. This does not indicate a great city, but it shows a great deal of activity in a small city; and this activity is what has made Sioux City so important a place as she is, and it is her certain assurance of greater importance in the future. Thirteen hundred thousand dollars worth of real estate could not be sold on a rising market in a city where there was not the most convincing evidence of her continuous growth and prosperity.

Perhaps the two chief items going to create this activity in reality was the commencement of work on the new beef and pork packing-house and on the railway bridge across the Missouri by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway Company. The packing-house was cause, and the bridge is effect. The packing-house is here because this is the natural centre for the material with which it deals. The Missouri Valley has come to be the greatest pork-producing place in the world; and, while seven or eight packing-houses are lying idle in

Chicago, as many more are building in this valley — coming closer to the raw material, reducing the volume of freights, but giving the railroads longer hauls to the markets of the world. The railroad companies are thus benefited, while every consumer derives a direct profit from the change.

In 1886 Sioux City received on its own account 31,472 car loads of freight and forwarded 19,137 car loads. This year Sioux City will increase this showing over thirty-three and one third per cent, while the prospects are that 1888 will double that amount. In 1885 there were received but 23,207 cars of freight, while but 13,191 were forwarded. Sioux City is not booming, but growing and expanding at a healthy, normal pace. The records of her business, as well as her building investments, studied for five or six years past, all tell the same story, one uniform theme — continuous growth and progress.

It is this record, this cumulative energy, which has inspired the people of Sioux City to believe in the future great destiny of this city. And this belief, with the work which led up to it and the inspiration which it has given, is a sure forerunner of the fulfillment of the ambition of every Sioux Citizen. No test can be applied which will not show results similar to those here suggested — of growth in the past and assurance of growth in the future.

The banks, the business houses, the post-office, and

telegraph offices, the building record — all corroborate in detail and in the aggregate this story of continuous growth. The history of the prosperity of individuals here, certifies to the same thing. Nearly every old business man is well to do. Since 1880 nearly all the wholesalers in Sioux City have built or purchased handsome homes for themselves, besides going into larger quarters, to meet their increasing business. And the reasons which have contributed to this general prosperity are stronger and plainer to-day than at any past period.

Sioux City is at the gateway, and she is the natural centre of trade for a great scope of country, capable of making and sustaining another Kansas City. To the west, and directly tributary to her, are the largest and the best cattle ranges in the world, and right about her gates is the greatest corn country in the world. The cattle in the North and West will come to Sioux City and to the farmyards, where the golden corn is ripening to fatten them. And ever this interchange must go on. Young cattle will go West to grow in stature in the wider ranges, and then come East to put on the finishing fat. The time is not far distant when Sioux City will be vying with Chicago for the credit of handling the most cattle.

The corn-growing ground around here will never wear out. Corn crops that have been raised in the same field for forty years in the Missouri Valley were as good the last season, and as abundant, as the first.

And where the corn is, there will the cattle be found also. They have not come together by accident. Ever since the close of the war cattle have been taken to the ranges of the Northwest, and for some years that was the fattening district. The southern ranges, being first in the field, sent their cattle to the North to fatten, and shipped them direct from the range. But the ranges have become so circumscribed and the cattle so numerous that no man now thinks of furnishing cattle for the market without corn-feeding them. For some years past this has been so evident that the establishment of cattle yards here on a large scale became a necessity.

There is no way out of the fields of Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota, Northwestern Nebraska, and Wyoming so natural and easy as via Sioux City. Cattle-men also know now that in this western market at Sioux City they may find a place for any amount of stock they may have to ship. To go northwest to the Northern Pacific and thence east, means a heavier tax on their produce and the finding of a less suitable market or place to finish their beeves at the end of the route.

Sioux City invites the shipment of cattle by reason of the wealth of corn and tame grasses in her immediate vicinity, and also because she is the closest market for unfinished beeves. This great advantage she is bound to continue, because of her importance as a shipping-point, her facilities for handling cattle, and because no such crops of corn grow west of her.

During the year 1886, the second year of the organization of the Sioux City Stock Yards Company, one thousand, seven hundred and seventy-one car loads of cattle were handled here by that company. The total value of this stock was \$1,208,977. This year, it is safe to say, the business will be doubled at those yards; and every new railroad in the North and West adds to the assurance of the prominence of this traffic.

When Sioux City offered \$300,000 to Mr. Hill to build in from the north a connection with his great "Manitoba system," it understood that one of the chief benefits to be derived was the extension of this cattle industry. Millions of dollars' worth of cattle will come out of that country to be fattened and packed in Sioux City in the years of the near future, and when packed a great market will be found in the lumber and mining camps and the wheat fields of the Northwest.

The cattle business is not represented here by any means by the figures quoted from the Stock Yards Company, for there are a number of firms with headquarters here who were in the business long before the Stock Yards Company was organized, and who continue to do a large business.

It is safe to say that \$4,000,000 worth of cattle will be handled by the different agencies here in the year 1887. This enables every farmer in this vicinity to become a cattle feeder on his own account. Of the product of his own land he becomes, as it were, a manufacturer. He

can buy cattle whether he has money or not, by reason of his fortunate location and the fact that he has a surplus of corn to feed. The cattle-men who deal in range cattle hire him to feed them on his farm or sell them to him, protecting themselves by chattel mortgages, to be paid when the animals are fattened and marketed.

This is an absolutely safe investment, and the farmer is given the advantage of two of the three great sources of wealth, as Adam Smith enumerates them: First, the land; second, transmutation of the product of the land; third, the business of transportation.

History unfolds to us the movements of the past, observation reveals the conditions of the present; but who shall foretell the future? This, under ordinary circumstances, would be both a difficult and a dangerous task. But in the case now under discussion the hand of Destiny so clearly outlines the future upon the scroll of the coming generations that one does not require the gift of inspiration in order to become a prophet.

The future of Sioux City can be easily told. I once stood in the Northwest near the head waters of the Missouri River, at a point where the Gallatin, the Madison, and the Jefferson — three beautiful rivers — unite their forces, that by such a threefold combination, the grandest river on the continent may be made possible. So at Sioux City the four great streams of agriculture, manufacturing, mining, and commerce join in one, that by a more potent fourfold combination it shall become a financial centre of first importance.

The task now devolves upon me to describe what I saw and the facts upon which I base such an opinion. It was a beautiful afternoon in May when, in company with a gentleman well known in Sioux City, I climbed to the top of Prospect Hill, which stands upon the eastern bank of the Missouri River at the northern edge of the city, one mile south of the mouth of the Big Sioux River.

There was not a cloud to be seen. The sky was that rich, dark blue for which the great West is distinguished. The air was so sweet and balmy that it reminded me of a July morning in New England; and from the top of Prospect Hill I enjoyed the finest view to be found between the Atlantic Ocean and the Rocky Mountains. The hill itself is two hundred feet higher than the city. The river-side is almost perpendicular, so that the river appears to be beneath your feet as you stand upon the crest of the hill.

First, I want you to notice the channels along which these rivers flow. Up in Dakota nearly two hundred miles from Sioux City, the Missouri changes its course, and flows in an easterly direction to the point where Sioux City now stands. At that point it swings again, and flows in a southerly course for over three hundred miles more. So that three fourths of the territory which it divides for that distance is left upon its eastern bank; while the remaining one fourth, upon its western bank, which is Northern Nebraska, is so located by this great bend in the river that Sioux City is its only outlet.

Now, if you will notice the smaller rivers of Nebraska, Dakota, Minnesota, and Iowa, you will find this singular fact concerning them — they all flow towards Sioux City. From the east, west, and north they pour their liquid treasures in the direction of this city.

Now, if you will look at the geographical formation of the country, — the mountains, the swells, and the valleys, — you will see that they, with the same unanimity of the rivers, all point in the same direction.

The northern half of Nebraska, the eastern portion of Wyoming, and the Black Hills region in Dakota have always looked to Sioux City as their market; and Sioux City has sustained the jobbing trade of that vast country, notwithstanding the fact that no bridge of any character whatever crossed the river at that point.

If it has accomplished that task under such great embarrassments in the past, how much more easily will it do the same in the future, now that the bridge has become a reality?

If Sioux City depended alone upon the territory thus indicated for its future development, there would be no possible cause for failure; for that territory comprises an empire of the most magnificent proportions, and but few cities in the world could then rival Sioux City in that respect.

But that is only a small section of its heritage. The northwest quarter of the State of Iowa will never seek or ask for any other market than Sioux City; Chicago

is too far away; the commercial importance of Des Moines is not felt in that quarter of the State; Council Bluffs and Omaha are far to the south; and nearly one half of the territory of Iowa—and it is that portion which we may call the Garden of the Great Hawk Eye State—has already identified its interests with those of Sioux City. That block of country alone is capable of building a city equal to either Minneapolis, St. Paul, or Milwaukee in commercial importance, and Sioux City has no rival to even question its ownership as indicated above. Southern Minnesota, the most fertile and valuable section of that State, will find its market at Sioux City.

The railroad corporations have been studying these geographical facts, and have already reached the same conclusion—that Sioux City will become the greatest railroad centre on the Missouri River north of Kansas City. And now that the bridge is a fixed fact in the history of the city, the various railway companies in Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota, and Nebraska are extending their lines from all points of the compass to Sioux City; and these lines of steel join hands with the geographical formation in connecting and binding, with strongest ties, Sioux City to its natural heritage.

Now examine the city itself: Its location is as fine as could be desired, its lowest streets high enough to banish all fears of an overflow from the river, no matter how great the freshet, for miles of Nebraska would of

necessity be under the water before it could climb up over its embankment into Sioux City. There is a long, broad, level plateau for the business town. The streets are broad and regular. Fine, stately business blocks tower along these streets. The bridge, the Stock Yards, the machine shops, and the manufacturing interests are all properly located.

The saloons, thank God, have vanished. The old brewery, notorious in history and criminal in practice, is soon to follow. The slayers of Haddock may tarry for a day, but, with the brand of Cain in the forehead and the curse of God upon them, they will soon vanish from before the indignant citizens of Sioux City, whom they have so seriously outraged and disgraced.

The city is encircled on three sides with beautiful ridges or bluffs. The business of the city, which at the present time is so rapidly increasing, is fast pushing the finest residences out to these ridges. What a beautiful view we had of them from Prospect Hill! Elegant mansions they are; scores of them are the creations of the last few months, while scores more are under process of construction. Sioux City will eventually be called "The City of Palaces."

The residences are not all mansions, for nearly all the workingmen in Sioux City own their houses. There is no other city in the Union where so many of that worthy class of citizens own their homes as here—small lots bought a few months ago; small, rude

cottages, built with their own earnings. They built, however, more wisely than they knew, for the increased value of real estate will enable them to sell these little homes and build mansions nearer the suburbs of the city.

The streets were filled with teams drawing building materials. Every man was at work. The wages were all that men could desire. The air was filled with the sound of hammers, saws, the ringing of anvils, and the hoarse puffing of steam engines.

With such surroundings, and in the midst of such influences, do you wonder that I saw a glorious future for Sioux City?

The name of this city is just becoming known throughout the country; eastern mechanics and capitalists are but learning of the fine opportunities here presented for labor and investment. In the East contractors are looking in vain for business; here business men are looking for contractors to build. In the East carpenters and masons complain because no men will employ them; here men in sufficient number to do such work cannot be secured. Brickmakers in the East cannot dispose of their productions; here building has been retarded for a whole month because bricks for building cannot be secured, and a finer locality for this industry cannot be found in the whole country. In the East energetic capitalists complain that there is no inducement for them to invest; if those same men would come here and

invest their money in real estate, they would double their investment twice or thrice during each year. In the East hundreds of thousands of dollars are drawing but four per cent interest in the savings banks; here, on loans secured upon the best real-estate security, — as good as can be found in the world, — the same money will pay eight per cent.

These are not random statements; they are founded upon facts. And if my New England readers are doubtful in relation to the veracity of my statements or would criticise my judgment, I invite them to visit Sioux City.

The journey can be made in less than three days; the trip is not an expensive one; the ride is delightful. Take my advice, "come and see." And the people are coming. Within the next two years the population of Sioux City will double itself. Five years hence it will exceed one hundred thousand. And this is only the beginning. The history of Sioux City is beyond that point. The present is but an earnest of the future. And from that outlook on Prospect Hill this greater tide of prospective prosperity resolved itself into a tangible reality.

What a future! Who dares dispute its coming or limit its possibilities? Fifty years ago who could have described the Chicago of to-day? And even Chicago is only in the morning of its development. It was never growing more rapidly than now. It will never stop to breathe until it has soared beyond the million line.

The growth of such cities as Milwaukee, St. Paul, Kansas City, and St. Louis only adds to the glory of Chicago, as from her queenly throne beside the lake she impresses the royal influence of her own superiority upon all her surrounding sisters. Who for a moment will dispute but what history may repeat itself in this case, and here in Western Iowa, upon the banks of the noble Missouri, five hundred miles farther west, a new Chicago may rise before an astonished world? Its foundations are already laid. The elements necessary to such a wonderful development of Sioux City are within reach; they can be plainly seen. "He who runs may read." One year ago such a growth was thought possible; this year it is deemed probable; next year it will have become a foregone conclusion.

The heroic endurance of Sioux City is meeting its reward. The sentinel guarded not the gateway to the Central West in vain. The reinforcements have arrived. The army stands beside him. They reward him for his valor. His brow is radiant with delight.

As I turned from Prospect Hill with a last lingering look, I made one resolve: If my life be spared until the month of May, 1900, thirteen years hence, in the morning of the new century I will journey to Sioux City. If my traveling companion of to-day be then living, he must go with me, and together we will once more climb Prospect Hill. I will take an old copy of "Life in the World's Wonderland" in my hand; together we

will ascend to the cupola of some brown-stone palace which will then crown the crest of the hill, and from that elevated position we will look out once more over the field already described.

Then I shall want to read aloud, slowly and distinctly, the prophecies of this chapter; and when it is completed I will look out over Sioux City again, and exclaim, "Oh, how blind and conservative I was when I claimed so little for Sioux City as I stood here thirteen years ago!"

CHAPTER V.

FREMONT.

THIS beautiful city of eight thousand inhabitants is located on the northern bank of the Platte River some fifty miles west of the Missouri. Fremont is the New England city of the West. Let me relate the circumstances under which I entered it.

I had been riding on the Union Pacific Railway. The day was hot, and the roads were dusty. This western dust is much like all the elements of western life — perfectly irrepressible. It found its way through every crevice in the car; through the ventilators, the open doors and windows, until its dark gray mantle had wound itself around the entire company. There we sat, grim, resolute, and determined.

“Fremont!” called the hoarse, dusty brakeman, with a fiendish grimace on his dirt-stained face.

I caught my “grip,” shook the dust, not merely from my feet, but also from my person, and a moment later was in a ’bus, and, almost before I comprehended my change of base, I was at the hotel. The latter was a

model of neatness — so much like New England! A hasty bath and a much less hasty supper. Then, in the early evening, I went forth to look at the city.

Now, the reader must remember that this was in Nebraska, that State where we have been taught to believe there were no trees, no shrubs, no shelter — nothing but a vast level plain, with the sun pouring his fierce rays upon it during six months in the year, and a big, wild cyclone waltzing across it the remainder of the time. Imagine my surprise, then, as I walked up one of the business streets from my hotel, to find two rows of stately trees flinging their great green arms in the air and clasping hands across the broad street, and, as I advanced still farther, to find a whole city embowered in a magnificent forest.

I passed on through the business portion of the city, and soon reached the public park, which contains some ten or twelve acres, shaded and adorned with trees as beautiful in form and verdure as ever greeted human eye. Wearied and travel-worn, I threw myself upon the green grass, and from the seclusion of that earthly paradise looked out upon one of the most beautiful sunsets that it was ever my good fortune to see.

But I must write of Fremont, that child of New England whom I found upon the plains of Nebraska. Its site, as already stated, is upon the Platte River. The great Union Pacific and several other important lines of railway pass through this city. Fremont is the centre,

and consequently the market, of one of the finest agricultural regions to be found in all the West. Its population is made up largely of New England people, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts being very largely represented.

The whole history of the city has been marked with the good common sense peculiar to eastern people. They did not believe in the policy which has been pursued in so many places in the West of creating a boom, and then depend upon the boom to build a town. Their plan was, first build a city, and then let the city create the boom; and in pursuing this method they began to build at the base.

They selected a good town site. They laid out broad, regular streets. They planted hundreds of thousands of shade trees. They built substantial business blocks and cosy, beautiful residences. They introduced a bountiful supply of pure water. They erected fine churches, schoolhouses, and other public buildings. Their merchants were men of enterprise and integrity.

The fame of this city soon spread throughout the State, and business from all the surrounding country poured into this centre. As a result its growth has been steady and solid. Real estate has advanced in value from the beginning of its history — not as rapidly, it is true, as in some other localities; but the prices have not declined, they have steadily advanced. There has been no panic or break in prices. Fremont has now reached

a point where its development is to be more rapid, its growth more marked.

The reasons for this are perfectly natural, as the following statements will prove: As already indicated, Fremont is the wholesale and retail centre of a vast surrounding country, and the outlying villages for many miles in any direction look upon Fremont as the central point of trade. The railroad facilities are such that stock, corn, wheat, and all the other products of the country can be shipped to Chicago as directly and upon as favorable terms as from Omaha or any other city on the Missouri River; while real estate can be rented or purchased at a much lower figure, thus giving a decided advantage to Fremont. As a result, large packing-houses and kindred institutions peculiar to a western city are springing rapidly up, and are giving Fremont an air of commercial importance unknown until recently. And all appearances indicate that a much more rapid growth may be expected within the next few years.

In the immediate vicinity of Fremont stock raising has reached a degree of perfection found no where else in the country, and any person who is passing through the State of Nebraska will do well to stop at Fremont for a few days and visit the stock farms. I have never found their equal in any other section of the country.

In company with a citizen of Fremont, I visited the farm owned by the Standard Cattle Company, situated on the Union Pacific Railway near the Platte River,

about seven miles west from Fremont, which is only one of several such farms in that section.

The stables were constructed upon a magnificent scale. In them over three thousand cattle can be stalled at the same time. There is a great elevator and grist mill in connection, both operated by steam; also, a steam pump, which supplies water for the stock. These cattle are taken from the range and placed in these stables, where they are fed with hay and meal for several months, until thoroughly fattened, when they are shipped to the Chicago market. When I made my visit they were shipping two train loads each week. From twelve to fifteen thousand cattle are thus fattened each year.

So perfect are the arrangements that the cattle can be supplied with water in all parts of the stable in less than a minute's time, while the entire three thousand cattle can be fed by half a dozen men within the space of eight minutes. These stock companies feed enormous quantities of corn each year, which they purchase from the farmers, often paying a larger price for the corn than the farmers could secure in Omaha or other large cities in the distance, which is a great benefit to the farmers themselves; and, as the money is expended in the immediate vicinity of Fremont, that city also receives a benefit by exchanging its goods for the cash.

These farms are paying large dividends to the owners, and, as that section of Nebraska is especially

adapted to that business, many similar corporations will soon be organized. Many are already raising blooded stock, in which the Hereford blood predominates; and all these ventures thus far in stock raising have paid beyond the most sanguine expectation of the investors.

There are also several horse farms near to Fremont. On these can be found the best imported horses in the country. I saw one noble Persian stallion as beautiful as a picture. His weight was an even two thousand pounds; his motion was as graceful as an Arabian horse, but he was as gentle and docile as a lamb. A colt only two years old easily tipped the scales at one thousand three hundred pounds.

Fremont is a city which any person who designs making a home, finding employment, for investing capital, can visit without any fear of disappointment or loss. Its society is as desirable as can be found in any other section of the country. Its citizens are very public spirited, and hold themselves in readiness to assist every enterprise that will promote the interests of Nebraska, and will welcome business men who desire to engage in any branch of commercial business in their city. And I know of no place in the West where better opportunities are offered for capital to be thus invested than at Fremont.

It has not the wild rush of Lincoln or Sioux City, but it has a rapidly developing business, without any

of the intoxication of the great booms which exists in the other cities named. Money can there be invested at eight per cent upon real estate, the valuation of which is as well established as it is upon the great blocks of Washington street in Boston, Mass.

No men who desire work need to remain idle in Fremont. There is a great demand for laborers, not only in the city, but upon the surrounding farms. A hundred of our skilled young farmers of Maine could easily find lucrative positions upon the great farms in the immediate neighborhood of Fremont. Competent men who can manage farms of seven or eight hundred acres each are much sought after.

There are many opportunities where farms can be rented or worked upon shares, and upon terms which bring large returns to the laborer. There are also many cases where men can, with a small capital, help stock a farm, the owner furnishing a farm of perhaps eight hundred acres, worth \$20,000, and one half the stock, while the other furnishes one half the stock and his labor, and having one half the increase for his reward. In this way, with prudence and energy, he will soon own the farm himself, and he finds a market at his door for all the produce of his farm. And in all the history of that section of Nebraska the crops have never been cut off.

The geological formation is such that neither droughts nor freshets seriously affect the crops. In the most severe drought, an inch from the surface the soil is moist,

and, within a few moments after a heavy rain storm has ceased, the soil has become so dry that it will not even adhere to your boots.

Grasshoppers, cyclones, and other frightful things which we who live in the East have been taught to believe would "swoop" down upon us as quickly as we reached that western country are unknown in the locality of Fremont. The winters are mild. They usually begin about January 1, and continue until late in February or early in March. The snow is not deep, and frequently there are winters when a sleigh can be used but little during the whole season. The cold is never intense, but is much more steady and even than in New England. So they escape those sudden changes and frightful extremes which are so ruinous to human health in the East.

I never enjoyed a more delightful ride than the one which carried me across the meadows and over the fertile fields around Fremont. A pair of spirited horses, a top buggy, a companion who was familiar with every section of the country, and who told me much of the early history of the country through which we were riding; of the Indians, who were once the undisputed masters of Nebraska, and of the immense herds of buffaloes which once subsisted upon those plains. We rode for a stretch of six miles or more through a rich meadow which would easily cut two tons of hay to the acre; beside fields of corn where a single field would contain

several hundreds of acres; vast herds of cattle and horses, thousands of grunting, rooting, black swine, so thick and countless they appeared, that I almost concluded that these ugly creatures sprang spontaneously from the soil. Frequently we passed clumps of timber, surrounded with fences, within which cattle had been wintered in the open air with no protection but the grove. The percentage of loss in these herds is very small, and the stock usually comes forth in the spring in excellent condition, all showing how mild the winter season must be.

The raising of hogs is one of the most lucrative pursuits of that State, and no locality is better adapted to this business than that in the immediate neighborhood of Fremont; and, with the packing-houses already established there, the raiser has a great advantage over others who in other localities are obliged to ship their hogs to Kansas City or Chicago.

Fremont takes a just pride in its streets, its trees, its educational institutions, its public halls, its churches, and its private residences. Its schoolhouses I believe to be equal in all respects to those of any city of the same size that it was ever my good fortune to visit. Its churches are models of beauty and convenience, and, better than all else, are well filled on the Sabbath day with devout worshipers. The private residences of Fremont are gems. In that city they have evidently believed in having room,—breathing room, room enough to swing

round,—so they carve out good, big, generous lots. Instead of building a house on a lot with a front of only forty feet, they measure out four or five acres. They plant shade trees. They plant fruit trees. They cultivate vines and flowers. They procure fountains and all kinds of beautiful additions for use and adornment. And then, in the midst of a bower of beauty and fragrance, they build their homes—magnificent edifices built in the latest styles of architectural genius.

In these palaces they live and enjoy life. The New England people whom I met in Fremont had not forgotten the old friends left in the distant East, but they assured me that in their western home they were enjoying all the advantages possessed by New England, without many of the disadvantages under which the latter labors, and that it would require a very strong inducement for them to change and return to their former homes.

Fremont is a city rich in historical incidents, for from its location upon the famous Platte River it was the centre of that vast theatre of Indian wars, and many prominent scouts, trappers, and warriors won their laurels in its vicinity; one of the most celebrated of whom is "Buffalo Bill," who the present season has created such interest in London with his "Wild West." From reliable sources in Fremont I gathered the following facts as to the manner in which he received his name.

Wm. F. Cōdy, a famous scout and Indian fighter, made a contract with the Goddard Brothers, who were boarding twelve hundred construction employés, who were working upon the Kansas Pacific Railway away back in the sixties, to furnish them with meat. The amount required was five buffaloes per day, to procure which involved hard riding; but the labor was small, compared with the danger to be incurred from the Indians, who were killing every white man they could find in that section. Nevertheless, an offer of \$500 per month for the service made Billy unmindful of the exertion or peril, and he went to work under contract to supply all the meat required. During this engagement he had no end of wonderful escapes from bands of Indians, not a few of whom he sacrificed to secure his own safety. By actual count he also killed, under his contract with the Goddard Brothers, *four thousand two hundred and eighty* buffaloes. To appreciate the extent of this slaughter, by approximate measurement, these buffaloes, if laid on the ground end to end, would make a line more than five miles long; and, if placed sideways, on top of each other, they would make a pile over two miles high.

By special arrangements all the heads of the largest buffaloes killed by Bill were preserved and delivered to the K. P. railroad company, by which they were turned into excellent advertisements for the road. Many of these heads may still be seen in prominent places mark-

ing the centre of an oval board containing the advertisement of the road.

So well had Billy performed his part of the contract that the men connected with the Kansas Pacific road gave him the appellation by which he is still known throughout the world, "BUFFALO BILL."

A record of all his battles with the Indians during this period of professional hunting would be so long that few could read it without tiring, for there is a sameness connected with attacks and escapes, which it is difficult to recite in language always sparkling with interest. But Buffalo Bill, being a brave man under all circumstances when bravery is essential, and cautious when that element subserved the purpose better, was almost daily in a position of danger, and many times escaped almost like the Hebrew children from the furnace.

So justly celebrated had Buffalo Bill now become that Kit Carson, on his return from Washington City in the fall of 1867, stopped at Hays City to make his acquaintance. Carson was so well pleased with Bill's appearance and excellent social qualifications that he remained for several days the guest of the celebrated buffalo killer and scout. Upon parting, the renowned Kit expressed the warmest admiration for his host, and conveyed his consideration by inviting Bill to visit him at Fort Lyon, Col., where he intended making his home. But the death of Carson the following May prevented the visit.

Like every other man who achieves distinction by superior excellence in some particular calling, Buffalo Bill (who had now shed the familiar title of Billy), had his would-be rivals as a buffalo killer. Among this number was a well-known scout named Billy Comstock, who sought to dispute the claim of champion. Comstock was quite famous among the western army, being one of the oldest scouts and most skillful hunters. He was murdered by the Indians seven years after the event about to be recorded, while scouting for Custer.

Buffalo Bill was somewhat startled one day, upon receipt of a letter from a well-known army officer offering to wager the sum of \$500 that Comstock could kill a greater number of buffaloes in a certain given time, under stipulated conditions, than any other man living. This was, of course, a challenge to Buffalo Bill, who, upon mentioning the facts, found hundreds of friends anxious to accept the wager, or who would have put up any amount that Bill's claim to the championship could not be successfully disputed by any person living.

The bet was promptly accepted, and the following conditions agreed to: A large herd of buffaloes being found, the two men were to enter the drove at eight o'clock A. M., and employ their own tactics for killing until four o'clock P. M., at the end of which time the one having killed the largest number was to be declared winner of the wager and also the "champion buffalo killer of America." To determine the result of the

hunt, a referee was to accompany each of the hunters on horseback and keep the score.

The place selected for the trial was twenty miles east of Sheridan, Kan., where the buffaloes were so plentiful that thousands could be found without difficulty; and the country, being a level prairie, rendered the hunt easy and afforded an excellent view for those who wished to witness the exciting contest.

There was so much excitement created by a general publication of the match that when the day arrived several hundred visitors were present, among the crowd being an excursion party of one hundred people from St. Louis, which was accompanied by Buffalo Bill's wife and youngest daughter.

Comstock was well mounted on a strong, spirited horse, and carried a 42-calibre Henry rifle. Buffalo Bill appeared on his famous horse, Old Brigham, and in this he certainly had great advantage, for this sagacious animal knew all about his rider's style of hunting buffaloes, and therefore needed no reining.

The party rode out on the prairie at an early hour in the morning, and soon discovered a herd of about one hundred buffaloes grazing on a beautiful stretch of ground just suited for the work in hand. The two hunters rode rapidly forward, accompanied by their referees; while the spectators followed a hundred yards in the rear. At a given signal the two contestants dashed into the centre of the herd, dividing it so that Bill took the right half, while Comstock pursued those on the left.

Now the sport began in magnificent style, amid the cheers of excited spectators, who rode as near the contestants as safety and non-interference permitted. Buffalo Bill, after killing the first half-dozen stragglers in the herd, began an exhibition of his wonderful skill and strategy. By riding at the head of the herd and pressing the leaders hard toward the left, he soon got the drove to circling, killing those that were disposed to break off on a direct line. In a short time witnesses of this novel contest saw Buffalo Bill driving his portion of the herd in a beautiful circle; and in less than half an hour he had all those in his bunch, numbering thirty-eight, lying around within a very small compass.

Comstock, in the meantime, had done some fine work, but by attacking the rear of his herd he had to ride directly away from the crowd of anxious spectators. He succeeded in killing twenty-three, which, however, lay irregularly over a space three miles in extent; and therefore, while he killed fewer than his rival, he at the same time manifested less skill, which, by contrast, showed most advantageously for Buffalo Bill.

All the party having returned to the apex of a beautiful knoll, a large number of champagne bottles were produced, and amid volleys of flying corks toasts were drunk to the buffalo heroes, Buffalo Bill being especially lauded and now a decided favorite.

But these ceremonies were suddenly interrupted by the appearance of another small herd of buffalo cows

and calves, into which the two contestants charged precipitately. In this "round" Bill scored eighteen, while Comstock succeeded in killing only fourteen.

The superiority of Buffalo Bill was now so plainly shown that his backers, as well as himself, saw that he could afford to give an exhibition of his wonderful horsemanship, while continuing the contest, without fear of losing the stakes. Accordingly, after again regaling themselves with champagne and other appetizing accessories, the cavalcade of interested spectators rode northward for a distance of three miles, where they discovered a large herd of buffaloes quietly browsing. The party then halted, and Buffalo Bill, removing both saddle and bridle from Old Brigham, rode off on his well-trained horse, directing him solely by motions of his hand. Reaching the herd by circling and coming down upon it from the windward quarter, the two rival hunters rushed upon the surprised buffaloes and renewed the slaughter. After killing thirteen of the animals, Buffalo Bill drove one of the largest buffaloes in the herd toward the party, seeing which many ladies who were among the interested spectators became very much frightened, showing as much trepidation, perhaps, as they would have manifested had the buffalo been an enraged lion. But when the ponderous, shaggy-headed beast came within a few yards of the party, Bill shot it dead, thus giving a grand *coup d'etat* to the day's sport, which closed with this magnificent exhibition of skill and daring.

The day having now been far spent and time called, it was found that the score stood thus: Buffalo Bill, sixty-nine; Comstock, forty-six. The former was therefore declared winner, and entitled to the championship as the most skillful buffalo-slayer in America.

In the seventies an expedition was organized to penetrate the Republican River country, the command being entrusted to General Thomas Duncan, who was first officer under Brevet Maj.-Gen. Emory. Now, it chanced that Gen. Duncan, while one of the best and bravest soldiers, was a rigid disciplinarian, and at the same time full of eccentricities. In fact, he had but to be sounded, when immediately there would escape so much good humor and infectious jokes that the whole regiment would be almost paralyzed with uncontrollable laughter. There was fun ahead for the boys, though duty was always imperative with their commander.

The expedition was accompanied by Maj. North's Pawnee scouts, who, while they had done genuine fighting service, had never been placed on guard duty. But Gen. Duncan was determined that they should be in every sense thorough soldiers, and consequently the Pawnees must be initiated. Of course, being with white men only for a short season, and having an officer over them who was fluent in their own language, the Pawnees were absolutely ignorant of English, save to repeat, like a parrot, a few words which they heard frequently used. But this fact was ignored by Gen.

Duncan, who ordered the guard stationed around camp, and that every post should call each hour of the night as it was sounded, thus:—

“ Post No. 1, ten o'clock, all is well.” “ Post No. 2, ten o'clock, all is well,” and so on, until the entire guard had made the call.

This order was explained to the Pawnees by Maj. North; but with all his explanations they could not comprehend the meaning, or, if comprehending, their ignorance of English prevented them from executing the order with intelligence. The result was as follows:—

The hour being called by one of the soldiers, the Indian occupying the adjoining post would sing out through a distorted remembrance:—

“ Ploss numbler five cents o'clock — go to h—l — don't care, big chief.”

Another would try to repeat and stumble onto:—

“ Ploss numbler half past— How! — heap John — drink.”

They started out right, but after the first two words recollection came to them only in expressions which they had previously fixed in their minds.

This system, while it was superbly ridiculous, furnished food for laughter, and every night came to be a regular love-feast of fun; but, like a joke frequently told, it at length grew tedious, and Gen. Duncan was compelled to countermand the order, which relieved the Pawnees from guard duty, much to their satisfaction.

The expedition, after remaining out for several days, met a party of Indians who had massacred the Buck surveyors, and had a running fight with them. Buffalo Bill had a whip shot from his hand, and a bullet went through his hat; but he killed two Indians by way of compensation for his narrow escape. Meeting with no further adventures, the command returned to Fort McPherson, where, upon arrival, Bill received from his wife the celestial gift of a first son, whom he named Kit Carson.

Peace being now restored, and all the troublesome Indians having returned to their reservations, Fort McPherson became a quiet place, save for the usual disturbances indirectly chargeable to sutler's stores.

Bill, though still chief of scouts, performed little scouting service except between quarters and refreshment stations, which is always a congenial occupation to good trailers.

One day, as he was cracking jokes, spinning yarns, and keeping things about the post in good humor and condition, Gen. Emory approached him and said:—

“Cody, I am annoyed very much by the petty thieving that is going on about here, nearly every day having to hear complaints from persons who have either lost horses or other personal property. We need a justice of the peace very badly, and I have decided to bestow that office on you.”

“Good gracious! general, I appreciate the compli-

ment; but, if you can pick out any one of the government mules about here that knows less of law than I do, then I'll give him my recommendation for the appointment."

"Well, you are not required to know much law; rather to discriminate between right and wrong, and mete out proper punishment."

"I know," answered Bill, "that it's wrong to get drunk; in fact, against the law — military — but just what written law I could n't tell."

"I can, perhaps, deal with drunkenness in camp; I want you to deal with the thieves."

"All right, general, I can string a thief without mercy; and, if that's the purpose of my appointment, why, just put your fist to the commission."

Bill was duly appointed 'squire, and in about fifteen minutes after receiving his authority a party living at McPherson sought him with the following complaint: —

"Say, 'squire, a yaller-legged rancho, that lives up on the Beaver, has jist stole one o' my hosses, an' I want a writ o' replevin."

"Want a writ of replevin? Why, don't you want your horse? What good would a writ of replevin do you without you first had the horse?"

"I don't know; they told me down here at headquarters that you was the 'squire, and to ax you for a writ o' replevin."

"Where is your horse now?"

“Why, old yaller-legs is a drivin’ ov him like h—l to’ard Beaver.”

Bill turned around, and, taking Lucretia Borgia, his rifle, from the rack, went out, mounted his horse, and told the complainant to lead off in the direction taken by “Yaller-legs.”

The two rode rapidly for several miles, until they caught up with the thief, who was driving several head of horses.

Bill accosted him: “Hello! you’ve got a horse in that herd that belongs to this complainant; that piebald on the off side he says belongs to him.”

“Well, what are you going to do about it?”

“I’m going to make you cut out the horse, put a rope around his neck, and deliver him to this man,” answered Bill, at the same time bringing his rifle to a position suggestive of slaughter.

The thief obeyed the order with alacrity; but, after turning over the horse, Bill told him there were some damages to settle, and, if the settlement were not made at once, he would take him back to McPherson.

“I can’t go back there, my time is too precious; what are the damages?”

“Twenty dollars,” replied Bill, which sum was immediately paid over and duly credited to Buffalo Bill’s “official” account.

Soon after this incident, the knowledge of there being a squire in McPherson prompted a sample resident of

the place to call on Bill and arrange terms with him for performing a marriage ceremony.

“How much money have you got, young man?” asked Bill.

“Oh, I h’aint got much, but maybe I could raise \$10.”

“Ten dollars goes,” replied Bill. “Bring over the girl, and I’ll hitch you according to the law and the prophets.”

After the applicant had departed, Bill got down a copy of the Nebraska statutes, and for more than an hour tried with becoming assiduity to find the form prescribed for marriage, but it was worse than hunting for Indians during a dark night in high prairie grass; he could n’t find it.

Thus unprepared, Bill was soon called on by the intended groom and bride, both of whom were apparently bowed down with either the gravity of the situation, or an innate diffidence, which was greatly increased by the motley crowd that stood around in the room waiting to witness the ceremony.

Bill infused some courage into the bewildered couple by saying:—

“Are you the parties who want to get married?”

A feeble “yes” came from the groom.

“Well, then, brace up and answer the questions the law makes it my duty to ask you.”

To the bridegroom—“Do you take this woman to be

your wedded wife; to honor, support, and protect her through life?"

"Yes, sir."

To the bride — "Do you accept this man for your lawful husband; to love, cherish, and obey him, through good and ill report?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's good; now join hands while I pronounce the benediction: I now declare you man and wife, and let me add that whomsoever God and Buffalo Bill join together let no man put asunder. May you live long and prosper. Amen!"

The ceremony being completed, Bill kissed the bride, after which there was an adjournment for irrigating purposes.

Scores of incidents could be related of the exploits of those brave men if space permitted. And the city of Fremont will always possess a charm for those who admire the heroic and chivalrous. I trust that it will be the good fortune of all my readers to behold its beauty, enjoy its hospitality, share in its prosperity, and listen to the rich historical adventures of its founders.

CHAPTER VI.

LINCOLN.

NO name in American history has such a peculiar charm for the American ear as the name of Lincoln. At its mention our thoughts fly back through the past years to that painful period in the life of our republic when we looked upon Abraham Lincoln as our national deliverer. But it is not of that noble man that I propose to write, but of the beautiful city of Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska.

This city requires no introduction to New England readers, for many of them have already visited it, and others have read reports of its vigorous life and rapid growth. But I cannot resist the temptation to devote one chapter of this book for the purpose of describing this wonderful city, which has sprung into life so recently upon the soil of Nebraska, and which will undoubtedly become the chief commercial centre of that great State.

Its citizens are a most peculiar people. They all devoutly believe in the future of Lincoln, and this belief has become a portion of their life; so that all their ambitions, words, works, and influence combine to push on the growth of the city. I think that there is some-

thing in the atmosphere of Lincoln that inspires the people with this faith; and that inspiration is not confined to the citizens alone, for I discovered that it affects visitors in a similar manner.

I did not reach the city until ten o'clock in the evening; but in one hour's time, as from the veranda of the hotel I looked upon the busy streets and noted the energy and enterprise of the people, the inspiration came, and I retired for the night to dream of Lincoln; not merely the sturdy, heroic, working, toil-begrimed, pushing Lincoln of to-day, but the developed, beautiful Lincoln of twenty years hence.

Humanity in the West affords a study of peculiar interest to an eastern man. Vim and bustle pervade every artery of trade. Things are moving and moving rapidly. The western people all appear running to catch a train about to pull out. The eastern millionaire is like the man who has just caught it and takes things easy.

To-day Nebraska is full of men who in the near future will safely land on that train; or, in other words, the fortunes of to-day are being made more rapidly in the West than in the East. Lincoln, Neb., particularly, offers some striking examples. We here find the former \$15-a-week clerk of A. T. Stewart able to draw his individual check for \$50,000 and get it cashed. A young lawyer of Albany, N. Y., is making his thousands a year by a few judicious investments in real estate, and

all who have come to this city with energy, talent, and a little capital are reaping a rich harvest. And why?

Because the natural location and advantages of this beautiful city command the attention of the most judicious financiers and business men of the country, who are not slow to back their judgments with their cash.

Lincoln to-day is a remarkable city, and bids fair to distance some of its most pretentious rivals before many years have passed. It possesses all that goes to make up a model city. Its broad avenues and palatial business houses proclaim culture and wealth; while its public buildings, of which there are many, are monuments of modern architectural skill. Its citizens rank among the most progressive of western towns, being mainly composed of New York and New England people.

The city was started twenty years ago, when the State capital was located at this point. Though but a little hamlet then, it was readily noticeable that, owing to the advantageous topographical contour of the country, railroads would necessarily seek this point, which future events have amply demonstrated.

The first Legislature met at Lincoln in January, 1869, the population hardly numbering one thousand. This figure was doubled the next year, with the advent of the Burlington & Missouri River Railroad, which was then being completed. This was followed by the Atchison & Nebraska Road, and, creating competition, attracted a number of desirable jobbers to this point.

The Midland Pacific Railway was next organized, with a line from Nebraska City to Lincoln, and west to York and Aurora. During all this time immigration was heavy, the census of 1875 showing the remarkable figure of seven thousand three hundred. Nebraska found itself on the high road to prosperity; manufacturing was being commenced, and wholesale houses showed a heavy volume of trade. The old Capitol building was superseded by a magnificent structure, of which the State may well be proud.

A new era was dawning upon the citizens of Lincoln, which now as a commercial city had ceased to be an experiment. Railroads kept coming in, a line being built south to make connection with the Union Pacific system in Kansas. The Missouri Pacific Railway commenced entering the city, closely followed by a branch of the Chicago & Northwestern, making a grand total of ten railroads leading into Lincoln; and it can readily be seen by the visitor that, as a railroad centre, Lincoln offers better facilities than any other city of its size in the United States.

Aside from these roads a number of others are pointing Lincolnward. The Rock Island road has announced that the capital city is the objective point for one or more of its new Nebraska lines. Another will be a westward branch of the Missouri Pacific, probably a route for a Denver extension. Then the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road, not to be outdone by its giant

rival, the Rock Island, is one of the prospective lines. But of greater importance to Lincoln is the organization of the Lincoln, Hartland & Gulf Railway, the course of which will be from Lincoln through the western part of Kansas to Hartland, thence south through No-Man's-Land into Texas, and on to El Paso or the Gulf. The projectors are succeeding in interesting eastern capital in this undertaking, and, if assured, it will make Lincoln the great terminal point, and attract to it all the great trunk lines extending from Chicago to the Missouri River.

Already Lincoln enjoys very satisfactory rates for merchants; but, in view of the rapidly increasing magnitude of the jobbing trade, an energetic move has been put on foot by the Board of Trade to gain further concessions from the different roads, so as to be able to successfully compete with other and larger points.

Starting with a population of only 1,000 in 1869, the city has steadily grown, as is shown by the following interesting statistics: 1869, 1,000; 1875, 7,300; 1880, 13,000; 1885, 20,000; 1886, 29,000; 1887, 40,000, which, from present indications, will swell to 100,000 before 1890 has passed. And with this increase a wonderful transformation scene has taken place.

Solid business blocks, beautiful residences, and a score of magnificent public improvements have been erected. To-day Lincoln can boast of four State institutions besides the Capitol.

The Capitol City Street Railway Company built four miles of track in 1883-85, while the Lincoln Street Railway Company had eight miles of road completed and equipped in 1886. A cable line will be in operation this season, running from the Stock Yards to the Penitentiary, a distance of five miles. Fine water-works, projected in 1883, were completed in 1885. A thorough and complete system of sewerage was inaugurated and \$80,000 invested in that direction. The well-known Wesleyan University of Nebraska was also located at Lincoln the end of last year.

Perhaps few improvements are more deserving of extended notice than the Nebraska Stock Yards, which were organized with a view of making a market in Lincoln for the live stock of the West, and whose success has been phenomenal.

The Nebraska Stock Yards Company was incorporated Feb. 26, 1884. John Fitzgerald, president, and John Gillispie, secretary. The capital stock is \$1,000,000. The improvements are complete, with all modern conveniences, and with a capacity to accommodate three thousand five hundred cattle and six thousand five hundred hogs and sheep. The company owns one thousand one hundred and twenty acres of land adjacent to the city and in close proximity to the "Great Salt Basins," where salt is being manufactured and extensive works are being erected. The Stock Yards Company has laid out a town near by called West Lincoln, where

a thriving city is springing up. The company has five hundred and sixty acres of land reserved for manufacturing purposes, and is giving free lands to manufactories and other industries, with ample railroad facilities, having the C. B. & Q., U. P., Missouri Pacific, and Chicago & Northwestern tracks centering at its yards.

Two large packing-houses are now in active operation, with a capacity of five thousand hogs per day, and in connection with killing hogs will also slaughter cattle and sheep. The Lincoln Stock Yards, being located at the junction of numerous railroads, make it one of the greatest stock centres west of Chicago for packing. Situated in the western extremity of the great corn belt of Nebraska and adjacent to Kansas, and near the great cattle ranges of Montana, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Arizona, Idaho, Texas, and New Mexico, connected by direct railroad lines, where grass cattle will find the nearest fattening pens, makes it, beyond doubt, one of the best locations in the West for slaughtering and shipping dressed meats to the great marts of the East—as well as a great manufacturing centre.

MANUFACTURING INTERESTS.

It is in these that Lincoln rightfully looks toward the East for earnest and liberal support. With the railroad facilities as referred to at her command and a thickly settled and most prosperous farming community to

draw from, it goes without saying that no better field than Lincoln is opened or presents itself to the eastern manufacturer desirous of a western location. The citizens of Lincoln cordially invite them, and will cheerfully extend to them every reasonable inducement.

At present the manufacture of salt promises to become one of the leading factors there. Just west of the city the saline lands of the State are located, and experiments have shown that underneath the surface salt exists in sufficient quantities to make its manufacture one of the greatest industries in Nebraska. After some legal squabbles the State secured full possession of the big salt basin and adjoining lands in 1885, and a contract was entered into with the M. C. Bullock Manufacturing Company, of Chicago, to sink a well to the depth of two thousand feet for the purpose of testing the land at the various depths. Thus far a depth of one thousand four hundred feet has been reached, and the results have exceeded the anticipations of the most sanguine, who now look upon the extensive manufacture of salt as a certainty.

One of the largest harness, collar, and saddle factories in the West is in successful operation here, giving employment to fifty men and aggregating about \$150,000 worth of goods the present year.

The only firm engaged in the manufacture of agricultural implements on a large scale in Nebraska is located at Lincoln. It consumed \$52,000 worth of

raw material in 1886, manufacturing \$85,000 worth of goods. It employs one hundred and three men.

Some new parties have just commenced the manufacture of artificial stone, with fine prospects ahead.

The best pottery-works in the State are located there, where the quality of clay is eminently superior. Business in 1886, \$50,000; men employed, forty.

The extensive packing-houses in West Lincoln, which have been in operation but a few months, have averaged the handsome figure of \$300,000 worth of meats per month, with \$3,000 distributed in weekly wages. More than \$200,000 has been paid to the farmers of the State for hogs every month.

The Brick and Tile Works are putting in new machinery, and expect to turn out ten million during the year. Half a dozen other brickyards are scattered over the city.

Lincoln leather is a prime favorite in the market, and a tanning factory turned out \$100,000 worth last year.

Besides these, Lincoln is the happy possessor of three foundries, two planing mills, four flour and feed mills, a glove factory, three cornice-works, cigar factories, a trunk and broom factory, besides a few good carriage factories.

All of these establishments are doing well, and the manufacturer of the East will do well to make a special note of Lincoln, if looking about for western branches.

In the wholesale and retail trade Lincoln is blessed

with abundant material to supply the demand, and it is one of the noteworthy features that the merchants consider the interests of Lincoln subservient to all others.

EDUCATIONAL.

As in other branches, so does Lincoln rank foremost as an educational centre. The University of Nebraska is now one of the most prosperous and promising of all educational institutions, and in the eighteen years of its existence it has given instruction to thousands of students. - Nearly four hundred students are in constant attendance. The Wesleyan University of Nebraska is being erected about three miles from the State House, at a cost of \$100,000, and will be one of the handsomest and most influential institutions in the West. The citizens of Lincoln are also holding out strong inducements for the Baptists to locate their State University there, with indications of success. Special pride is taken by the citizens in their public schools, which comprise a number of substantial and well-arranged structures, in charge of the best talent the country affords. In the matter of education no other western cities can surpass Lincoln; and within quarter of a century more it is doubtful if it will have any peer as an educational centre in the whole country.

CHURCHES.

The large number of churches bear strong testimony of a law-abiding and God-fearing community, and we

find those edifices devoted to all creeds and sects. These churches comprise the St. Paul Methodist Episcopal Church, a very attractive structure built of stone. This church affords a striking illustration of church growth and enterprise. Its history dates back but a few years, and it has a membership of one thousand three hundred. Last year it built a church edifice, costing \$12,000, in what was then a suburb of the city, and a few of the members of St. Paul's Church took church letters and formed a new organization. That church has now two hundred and fifty members, supports a pastor upon a salary of \$1,500 a year, and the suburb has become a thickly populated part of the city; while St. Paul's Church proposes to build at least two and probably three more such edifices in other portions of the city this year. Other churches are pushing their work in a similar manner — the Church of the Congregationalists, the Presbyterian Church, the Baptists, the English Lutherans, the Church of the Holy Trinity, the German Evangelical St. Paul's Church, Swedish Lutheran, the Christian Church, Church of St. Theresa (Catholic), the Universalist, the Adventist, and a few others. Most of these are very handsome structures, and do great credit to the city.

In conclusion, a word of praise is due the leading journal of the State of Nebraska, the *Daily Nebraska State Journal*. This excellent paper was started in 1869, and to-day is the most thoroughly equipped news-

paper office in that section of the country. The splendid publishing building contains a fine Hoe perfecting press, costing \$16,000, and the *Journal* ranks among the brightest of western papers, reflecting perfectly the high character of the citizens of the capital city.

With all these advantages, with a country tributary to Lincoln supporting more than one million people and capable of sustaining five times that number, a thorough railroad distributing system, a wholesale trade aggregating \$8,500,000 per year, a production of \$7,500,000 of goods, can any one doubt the possibilities of Lincoln?

Is it a wonder that the value of real estate is enhancing daily, and shrewd men come forward and buy Lincoln property rather than government bonds? Has any more healthy and remarkable growth ever been recorded?

But I must tell you of what I saw on the morning after my arrival, as I went out to look the town over, and discover, if possible, the sources of its power.

It did not require long to ascertain some of the elements of Lincoln's success. It is the greatest railroad centre of its age in the world. From every point of the compass the iron steed dashes into Lincoln. Nearly all the great railway systems of Nebraska, Kansas, and Iowa have extended their lines to Lincoln, which fact speaks volumes for the favorable location of the city

and the enterprise of its citizens. In nineteen years the population has increased from four hundred to forty thousand, ten thousand of which were added in 1886.

This city has made itself the great distributing point for all that section of Nebraska which lies south of the Platte River; and it has come to pass that the trade of Nebraska, which the city of Omaha once fondly dreamed was all its own, has been passing into other channels — Sioux City the north, Fremont the centre, and Lincoln the south.

Lincoln has never been one of the dreaming kind. From the moment it seized the prize of the State capital from Omaha, it has meant business; and within the space of five years from this date it will have passed Omaha in point of population, as it already has done as a centre of commercial importance. The citizens of Lincoln are thoroughly alive to every enterprise to develop the resources of their city and the surrounding country. Thousands of fortunes have been made there during the last few years, but the money is immediately reinvested in other enterprises to develop and beautify the town.

In company with Rev. Dr. Creighton and two other Methodist clergymen, we rode through the city and also around its outskirts. The growth is simply marvelous. Dozens, scores, and hundreds of new residences are springing into existence. The brief period of a single season changes the whole outlook. A man may

leave his home in the country for a month's absence, and upon his return will find himself in the city.

Some western towns grow well on paper, and thus develop into the most remarkable proportions. Lincoln, however, has not taken kindly to such a plan. The city has never troubled itself much about organizing itself into an advertising agency to attract attention. It has not covered the outlying country with wooden stakes and posts, to mark thousands of vacant lots which the expected millions of people are supposed to purchase.

Its lumber has been put into buildings. The land surveyors who have been sent out to plat the additions have scarcely been able to keep out of the way of the builders. And the strange medley of surveyors, mechanics, and the builders of streets and street railways — all intermingled — is frequently seen in Lincoln.

To this date in its history it has not required great financial skill to make money in Lincoln, for during all these past years real estate in every portion of the city has increased in value at a rate sufficiently rapid to make an eastern man bewildered. Thus far a man has had but to pay the current prices, retain his purchase for a few months, and then dispose of it for two, three, and often four times the sum he gave for it. It has not been an unusual thing for property to increase four times in value within the space of a single year. Up to this time every investor has made money, for the

good reason that there has been no possible opportunity for him to lose.

Property in Lincoln was never increasing in value more rapidly than this year. The real-estate business in the West is conducted upon entirely different principles from what it is in the East. In the latter section a rich man will purchase a desirable block of land and hold it for a long series of years. No matter how much that land may be needed for building purposes, that the town may grow, your eastern capitalist will hold on to his purchase until he realizes his price.

In Lincoln, however, as it usually is in the West, all real estate is for sale; and, when the owner can secure a fair rate of advance over what he paid, he will sell and then invest again. Each owner fixes his price, and the stranger who wishes to purchase can secure as good a bargain as can the veteran land speculator.

The question is frequently asked, How long can this tide of advancing prices in real estate at Lincoln continue to flow? There are no visible indications why it may not for ten years to come. The growth of the city and the prices of real estate have not been overstrained; it has been but the natural aggregation of forces to this centre. The growth of the city is but in its infancy. The country around it must within ten years increase an hundred-fold in population and wealth. Outward appearances all seem to testify that for a decade of years any shrinkage of prices is an

impossibility. Lincoln, as I have already stated, will have a population of one hundred thousand in 1890. And it is not improbable that a quarter of a million may be reached by the close of this century.

Many persons who may wish to invest money in Lincoln or in other western cities have the mistaken idea that they must reside in the city where their purchase is made, in order to guarantee its success. Such a course may be preferable, but in every city there are reliable gentlemen in the real-estate business who for a small commission will invest money wisely and carefully look out for sales and reinvestment. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have thus been made by men who have never seen the land they purchased, or the agents who made the investment, and who have never even visited the West.

Great caution should be used as to the locality where your investment is to be made. Do not put your money in paper cities. They may promise large returns, but you will do well to avoid them. Select a vigorous, growing city that is a natural centre for a vast outlying agricultural territory. Then put your money in the hands of safe, conservative men whose reliability is guaranteed by the local national banks, and there is but small danger of possible loss.

Lincoln must continue to be in the future, as in the past, a favorite field for such investments. Lots are held at prices which seem large to the uninitiated, but

each succeeding month the current prices rise higher as the vacant lots are required for building purposes. The value of real estate in the heart of the city is increasing in value as rapidly as it is elsewhere, so that, no matter in what section or locality your investment is made, it is bound to increase in value.

The climate of Lincoln and Southern Nebraska is delightful—not too hot in summer or too cold in winter. The spring and autumn are both delightful. The winters are short, and extreme cold is unknown. Its cyclones up to date have existed entirely in the brains of sensational reporters who correspond for eastern journals, and, being confined to such a small locality, they have not been dangerous in any degree.

Some of the finest farms in the world are in the vicinity of Lincoln. At the stations along the various lines of railway, villages and cities are springing into life, and all these in turn become feeders to the wholesale trade of Lincoln. The water supply is abundant. The city is but a few feet above the level of the Platte River. Living water is found from five to twenty feet from the surface. The great steam pumps which supply the city with the purest water draw their supplies from a depth of only twenty feet. Forty feet from the surface there is a thick strata of quicksand, and from this an unfailing supply of water can always be secured. There are vast quarries of stone east and south of

Lincoln, from which splendid building materials can be easily secured.

The fall of rain in Nebraska has increased very much within the last ten years. The thermometer for a year by actual test did not differ from Columbus, O., with the single exception that it was much more steady in Lincoln than in Columbus. Nearly all the rain falls in the night.

The winter usually begins in January and continues until March. During the summer the days are warm and the nights are cool and breezy. During a year there are twice as many hours of sunshine as in Ohio. Immediately after a rain storm the atmosphere is clear and dry, so that earth, air, and sky all combine to make Lincoln prosperous, beautiful, and healthy.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEBRASKA WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY. — A SAMPLE OF
WESTERN SAGACITY.

THE West is full of new enterprises. When it comes to plant institutions, it has the advantage of older States, in being able to improve by their experiences and add new features to almost every venture.

The NEBRASKA WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY is a marked illustration of this western trait. It is unique, and has no parallel in any State of the Union.

The "disease of small colleges," as Bishop Ames called it, has afflicted every State east of the Missouri River, and its contagion began to afflict the West. Nebraska had two Methodist colleges and another about to be launched, giving one for each of the three annual conferences of that denomination. Each of these was, as usual, the most important centre of education, and, as the custom goes, heavily in debt.

This state of things it was proposed by western sagacity to remedy. A few of previous birth had died prematurely. To abandon the remaining three was to turn the interests of higher education over to the State University, which, though richly endowed, was not

regarded as competent to meet the moral demands of the church.

Accordingly, it was proposed to unify all the colleges under one board of trustees, and found a university. Each of the conferences appointed commissioners, and each of the colleges sent representatives with power to act; and, as a result of three days' deliberation, the following plan was adopted:—

First, all the existing institutions to become departments of one university.

Second, these departments to teach preparatory studies, and only to the end of the Sophomore year of the regular college courses.

Third, the university proper to be located by said commissioners, and to comprise all necessary departments and accessories for a first-class institution of learning. It was to teach all the various courses of study, and complete the junior and senior years for the existing colleges, and confer all the regular and classical degrees. Thus the colleges were not permitted to confer any degrees except such as belong to an academy or normal school, while their students were to be admitted to the university in any corresponding class without examination, and permitted to graduate in the regular courses by two years' study after completing the college course.

Fourth, the university trustees were to fix the courses of study, and each college was to use the same course and the same text-books.

Fifth, the university board were to nominate a local board of trustees for each college, and the several conferences elect them; the duties of these local boards to be confined to the local management of these several institutions.

This plan having been agreed upon, the next step was the location of the university proper. For this, every college was a contestant, and it is doubtful if the plan of agreement above cited would have been carried had it not been that a chance for the location of the head of the system was anticipated.

Aside from these, Omaha and Lincoln were in the field, and each city came forward with a bonus, and the competition was intensely exciting. Lincoln, with its ten lines of railroad and centre of interest as the capital of the State, offered two hundred and forty acres of land and \$50,000; and a vote by ballot gave Lincoln the university.

The campus and its contiguous land are three and one-half miles from the Post Office, and it is one of the most beautiful sites in that noble State. The District Court has appraised the value of the property at \$276,000. The campus contains forty-four acres, and the adjoining land of two hundred acres is divided into residence lots, and reserved for the future endowment of the institution. Only enough of them will be sold to induce residents and enhance the value of the rest.

The first building is to be a magnificent structure of

modern architecture, one hundred and fifty feet long by seventy-one feet wide, and four stories high. The contract price is \$70,000; and, with the work of erection now going on, it is proposed to complete the building, ready to begin the school, by September, 1888.

Rev. C. F. Creighton, D. D., an alumnus of the Ohio University, who has been identified with the enterprise from the first, is chancellor elect, and it is proposed to complete the Faculty with the best material that can be found, not merely for the sake of the institution itself, but in order to compete with the State University, located in the same city.

A large number of the students of that institution are Methodists, attracted thither by the superior advantages afforded by the State; and this powerful competition is recognized by that denomination as a necessity for corresponding facilities. Doubtless it will stimulate both institutions, and result in the best that can be afforded.

SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY.

Prof. H. G. Sedgwick, M. S., has been elected in charge of the mechanical department of the university. He is said to own the finest collection of apparatus belonging to one individual of any in the West, and this is to be placed in the institution with such other appliances as are necessary to equip the departments of wood, iron, and brass. The course of four years, requir-

ing two hours daily from each student, is to be crowned with an appropriate degree. We give the course entire, because we believe it to be an index of the design of this department and one of the best of its kind in the United States.

FIRST YEAR.

First Term.

Wood.— Fibre, texture, adaptation, wood-working tools, carpentry, cabinet, scroll, pattern, wood lathes, veneering, arch, bridge construction.

Second Term.

Wood continued.— Polishing, preservation, design, ornamentation, carving, engraving, combinations.

Iron.— Composition, fibre, texture, adaptation.

Third Term.

Iron continued.— Tools — the forge, the crucible, the blowpipe, the muffled furnace, anvil, hammer, chisel, file, clipping, bolt, and pivot.

SECOND YEAR.

First Term.

Iron-working continued.— The engine lathe, the iron planer, the shaper, drilling, screw cutting, surfacing, polishing, grinding, micrometer, calipers.

Second Term.

Steel.— Composition, fibre and texture, adaptation, various kinds and properties, methods of working, Bessemer, English, stubs, spring, hairspring, Damascene, tempering, staining, polishing, grinding, edge tools, stamps, dies.

Third Term.

Brass.— Composition, moulding, sheet, spring, tube, seamless drawers and welded, artistic turning, fitting, finishing, staining, gear wheels and pinions, cast, brazing, soldering, engraving.

THIRD YEAR.

First Term.

Gear and Pinion.—Machine-cut spur, gear, and pinions, circular and diametrical pitch, construction of trains, bevel and mitre, involute and epicycloidal, internal and worm gears.

Second Term.

Hydraulic Machinery.—Water motor, wheels, pumps, simple and compound, suction and force, water systems, siphon pumps.

Pneumatic Machinery.—Wind engines, the land blast, air and vacuum brake, the anemometer.

Third Term.

Steam.—Boilers, construction, pressure, gauges, pressure, feed, injectors, safety, steam heating.

Engines.—Simple, compound, high and low pressure, rotary, the Westinghouse, the Corliss cylinders, steam-chest, valves, rotary and slide, balance, eccentrics, link motion, governors, steam gauge.

FOURTH YEAR.

First Term.

Mechanical Design.—Devices, machine tools, models, experimental construction, printing and hoisting machinery, artistic engraving.

Second Term.

Mechanical Design continued.—Sewing machines, the mower, reaper, the universal milling machine, dividing engines, type writers, the perfecting press, electric machinery, simple and duplex telegraph instruments, artistic engraving, common watchwork, repair work, irregular forms, improved methods, electro-plating and gilding.

Third Term.

Escapement Work.—Cylinder, lever, duplex, chronometer, sidereal clocks, chronographs, the time lock, the magnetic lock, the electric light, experiments in general mechanical sciences.

Students desiring to prepare themselves for any specific trade may, by permission of the chancellor, have specific instruction in the branch selected, excluding other studies in this department.

The institution is to be equipped with all the regular departments of classic and scientific grades, and its projectors are hopeful that it will eventually have \$1,000,000 of endowment and a thousand students.

The college at York has ten acres of campus, a body of land within the town limits reserved for endowment, and two commodious buildings.

The college at Central City has a fine building, a one-hundred acre campus, and a large body of land contiguous to it, which is platted into town lots and reserved for endowment.

The college at Bartley is a new enterprise, having a large campus and a larger body of land, and a building in process of erection.

These have, at present, in all about four hundred students, and are, as parts of the university, under the one system. While the colleges do the preparatory work and provide for local patronage, the head of the system, at Lincoln, furnishes everything that is necessary for the higher education of the Methodist Church in Nebraska.

The consolidation of schools is a wise and economic arrangement. The colleges have the advantages of re-receiving tuition from the preparatory classes, which are always much larger than the more advanced, and save the expense of provided teachers and appliances for the smaller and more advanced classes.

The university proper at Lincoln has the advantage

of these colleges as feeders, that will contribute students to its advanced classes; and the church can afford to provide for one institution what it could not furnish for three or four; viz. high-priced professors and modern and costly apparatus and appliances. Moreover, the degrees conferred by the university will be of some standing among scholars, and will be sought by ambitious students who would care little for the degrees of a second-rate college.

The location at Lincoln is remarkably happy. The capital of the State and its chief railroad centre, it is now a city of forty-three thousand inhabitants, and increasing at the rate of nearly a thousand a month. The denomination is strong in the city, and its leading charge has more than a thousand members. The members of its board of trustees are men of push and energy, and the promise of future success in this new enterprise is flattering in every particular.

This unique plan of consolidating many colleges into one it is believed will not end here. Since Nebraska has set the example, Kansas has begun an attempt of a similar character, and the same denomination is now engaged in the same work in that State. May the tide of western enterprise flow eastward, and result in the unification of colleges in older States!

CHAPTER VIII.

KANSAS CITY.

WHO has not heard of Kansas City, its romantic history, its marvelous growth, the fabulous amount of business transacted each year, the energy of its people, its internal improvements, schools, churches, blocks, hotels, cable lines, and a thousand other things which space forbids us to name? Thousands of poor men have suddenly become rich by the unexampled rise in the value of real estate.

The city is situated on the south bank of the Missouri River two hundred and seventy-five miles west of St. Louis and one mile below the mouth of the Kansas River. Latitude, 39 degrees, 61 minutes. Longitude west, 94 degrees, 30 minutes.

Its elevation at the surface of the river is seven hundred and seventy-five feet above the sea-level and about three hundred and eighteen feet above the Mississippi at St. Louis; so that the fall of the Missouri is nearly fifteen inches to the mile. The territory within the limits is four miles east and west, by an average of

three miles north and south, its area amounting to seven thousand six hundred and eighty acres.

Its surface is very irregular, rising from low, level bottom lands, along the river banks, to bluffs and hills more than two hundred feet high. The natural drainage of the city is consequently excellent, and these elevated positions furnish beautiful and healthful sites for residences.

The population of the city proper is about one hundred and forty thousand; while the suburbs, including the adjoining towns of Westport and Harlem, in Missouri, and Kansas City, Wyandotte, and other towns, in Kansas, swell the aggregate to one hundred and sixty thousand people, nearly all of whom are dependent upon the commerce of Kansas City for their subsistence and prosperity.

The towns in Kansas just referred to are separated from Kansas City by an imaginary line—the boundary between Kansas and Missouri—and by the Kansas River, which is spanned by not less than four bridges, crossed by railroads, cable cars, and an elevated road. Some of the most important industries of the place and many of the finest residence sites are to be found on the Kansas side of the line, and should be visited by every visitor of Kansas City.

The Missouri River is unusually narrow and deep just at this point, and is spanned by the first bridge ever built over it,— a combined wagon and railroad bridge,—

as well as by another now in course of construction two miles lower down, but still within the city limits.

The level lands along the Missouri and Kansas rivers, together with the valley of Turkey and O. K. creeks, furnish abundant room for railroad and manufacturing enterprises, to which and to the heavier mercantile interests, such as agricultural implements, groceries, hardware, etc., they are devoted. The lighter branches of business, including wholesale dry goods, boots and shoes, etc., are carried on upon the streets running back southwardly from the river and upon those intersecting them. Most of these business streets are graded and paved — some with the Medina stone, others with white cedar blocks upon a concrete foundation ; others, again, are macadamized.

The water supply of the city is very complete, and the quality of the water very good, as is shown by the comparative analysis which has been officially made. At present, the supply comes from the Kansas River ; but new and very extensive works are now being constructed above Wyandotte, by which, within a very short time, the city will be supplied from the Missouri River with water that is proverbially pure and wholesome.

Natural gas has been found and utilized at four different points within the city limits, and at one or two just over the line in Wyandotte county, Kansas. All indications are that it exists in immense quantities, and a

corporation with abundant capital has just been formed to explore for it on an adequate basis.

Clay for brick and stone for masonry is found in almost unlimited quantity on all sides, within the city.

Gas is furnished by the local company at very reasonable prices, varying with the amount consumed, from \$2 downward per thousand feet.

Coal of excellent quality is furnished in inexhaustible quantities from along ten different railroads and the Missouri River, at lower prices than it can be procured for similar purposes in Chicago, and of better quality than at St. Louis; and yet, with increased demand, these prices can be materially reduced.

Of streets paved with stone blocks there are 1.35 miles; macadamized streets, 6.9 miles; streets paved with wooden blocks, 19.15 miles.

The means of communication between the city and adjoining towns and suburbs are unusually good; there being an elevated railroad, a horse-car line, and a cable line connecting it with Wyandotte, two and one-half miles; a horse-car line to Armourdale, three miles; a horse-car line to Westport, four miles; a motor line under construction to Independence, ten miles; a cable line from the Union Depot to the eastern limits on both Eighth and Ninth streets, two and one-half miles; a cable line, now ready for the cars, crossing the city

from west to east on Fifteenth street, two miles ; horse-car lines in the same direction on Independence avenue, Twelfth and Eighteenth streets, two miles, which are to be changed to cable lines during the year 1887 ; an electric railroad crossing the city from Main street east, one mile, which is about to commence running. Extending north and south, in addition to the Westport line, there is a horse-car line from Sixth on Main street, by way of Broadway and Madison avenue to the southwestern portion of the city, one and one-half miles ; a cable line, with the track all laid from Eighth street out Troost avenue, a distance of two miles. In addition to these there are accommodation trains on the Missouri Pacific, Union Pacific, Santa Fe, and other railroads several times daily to Independence, Wyandotte, and other neighboring towns, which enable citizens who prefer to live outside of the city to come and go without delay or inconvenience and at a trifling expense. Other franchises have been granted recently to local companies to build additional lines of cable and horse-car lines on other streets.

The whole amount of paved streets in the city is 27.4 miles, about equally divided between those extending north and south and those running east and west. There are 54 miles of sewers, 74.37 miles of water mains, and 47 miles of gas mains.

The class of buildings now being erected on the business streets would be creditable to any city in the

country. Among these may be mentioned the Sheidley Block, which cost \$200,000; the Nelson Block, \$400,000; the Merchants' Exchange, \$500,000; the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, \$250,000; the Beal Block, \$150,000; the Coates House, \$250,000; the Walnut Street Hotel, \$700,000; the County Court House, to cost \$500,000, besides hundreds of other business houses, costing from \$15,000 to \$100,000 each. The style of the residences is on a par with that of the business houses, costing, for the better class, from \$5,000 to \$80,000. The number of buildings of all kinds erected within the past year was 4,024, and cost \$10,533,039. Last year, 1886, there were 3,775 buildings erected, at a cost of \$7,151,629.

The superintendent of business insists, from his knowledge, that the cost of buildings should be increased by fifty per cent. Adopting his estimate in this matter, and we have a total of over \$15,000,000, representing the building activity in Kansas City, Mo. In fact, then, Kansas City, Mo., invested more money in buildings during the year 1886 than the total for the years 1883, 1884, and 1885.

The total wholesale trade of the city for 1886 was about \$60,000,000, divided as follows:—

Groceries, 8 firms	\$11,000,000
Dry Goods, 3 firms	2,700,000
Agricultural Implements, 90 firms	14,000,000
Lumber, 10 firms	4,400,000
All others	20,000,000

The total value of articles manufactured at Kansas City for 1886 was about \$59,000,000.

As it is generally admitted that the quality and price of fuel are the most important factors in manufacturing, it may be well to call special attention to the fact that coal is found in abundance within one hundred miles on ten of the railroads leading into Kansas City, as well as along the Missouri River within the same distance.

The capital directly invested in the coal business in the city is \$200,000, but the capital of the companies located here who own mines and do large business elsewhere is estimated at about \$4,000,000. This capital, while it is largely invested elsewhere, virtually belongs to Kansas City's business interests. The owners here are interested in mines in Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, Texas, Indian Territory, and to some extent in Iowa and Illinois.

While the amount of real estate transactions may not appear legitimately entitled to a place in enumerating the advantages of Kansas City as a mercantile and manufacturing centre, still, since many of the prominent capitalists of Boston, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, etc., have during the past few years become so thoroughly convinced of the permanency of her future as to have invested largely in her business property, it may be well to call attention to the remarkable table on next page, showing sales during the year 1886.

Months.	Total considera- tions paid.	No. transfers recorded.
January	\$2,035,262	489
February	1,929,836	530
March	4,527,711	969
April	6,052,017	1,158
May	7,858,222	1,150
June	5,658,111	1,043
July	4,568,780	951
August	4,369,739	862
September	2,760,616	663
October	4,822,630	924
November	4,401,678	852
December	5,655,381	900
Totals	\$54,640,082	10,491

It may also tend to increase the confidence of those who are governed by the judgment of others to point out the fact that the railroads, Stock Yards, Union Depot, bridge over the Missouri River, street-railroad system, belt-line road, and the water-works are largely owned by eastern capitalists; also, that such wealthy corporations as the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company and the New York Life Insurance Company have made large purchases of central property, and are spending millions of dollars in erecting splendid buildings upon them.

To give an idea of the packing business of Kansas City, it may be stated that it is the second beef and pork packing city in the Union, and that the beeves and hogs of Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Texas, and Iowa are levied upon to keep its packing-

houses busy. During the year 1886 101,489 cattle and 1,755,691 hogs were slaughtered and dressed in the six packing-houses located there, their total business amounting to over \$36,000,000.

There can be no question but what Kansas City owes much of its commercial importance to its great railway systems. Before the days of railroads, the large overland and the country trade of that region were distributed between some half a dozen towns scattered along the Missouri River. But the railroads have changed all this, and, by the fortunate location of Kansas City, it became the headquarters of railroad enterprise. A Pacific railroad was built up the valley of the Kansas River; other roads from the East sought a connection with it, and thus the work went on.

A survey of the map shows why this was the natural place for a commercial centre. The great bend of the Missouri, giving the farthest projection of water navigation west and south, and the valleys of the Missouri and Kansas rivers, forming favorable grades for railroads, were the determining features.

Thus the first railroads were projected to or from Kansas City upon natural causes and conditions. At the same time its early citizens, attracted hither by an appreciation of these causes, and with unflagging faith that destiny had marked the spot for future greatness, were untiring in their efforts to secure for the city the results that its natural advantages entitled it to. Steadily

the city developed from insignificant proportions, and attracted to itself other roads. The surrounding country, surpassing in its general good qualities any other equal area on the continent, also rapidly developed and supplied in abundance the necessary commodities for the growing trade of the city and the traffic of the railroads. Started at the first because the conditions were favorable, and from these causes securing to itself one line of transportation after another, it has reached a point where these original considerations are lost sight of, except as remembrancers of the reasons why it exists at all; and now every railroad that seeks the traffic of this part of the country is straightening its lines or building anew without regard to water grades, for the purpose of making the best possible connections here.

A brief *resumé* of the transportation facilities of Kansas City will show that they are not surpassed by those of any other city in the world, and that, considering the almost boundless resources of the tributary country, in coal, iron, lead, zinc, gold, silver, lumber of nearly every kind, live stock and agricultural products, no other point presents greater attractions to manufacturers and those who convert these articles from their natural states to the uses of man.

In the first place, there is that original channel of transportation, the Missouri River. Though sharing in the obscurity of all river lines as compared with the more rapid work of railways, its importance is never to

be lost sight of. It is navigable for over two thousand miles to the northwest, through a growing country of great natural resources. It connects with water lines as far east as Pittsburg, to the coal and iron regions of the South, and from St. Paul to the Gulf. Its carriage of heavy articles is and always has been considerable, and with the improvement of its channel, which is being prosecuted by the government, it is destined in the future to play a more important part in the carrying trade of the country than it ever has in the past.

Kansas City now has five lines of railway to the east; viz. the Rock Island & Chicago, Burlington & Quincy (Hannibal & St. Joseph), to Chicago; the Chicago & Alton and the Wabash to both Chicago and St. Louis, and the Missouri Pacific to St. Louis.

To the southeast she has the Kansas City, Springfield & Memphis, now running to Memphis, and being rapidly extended to Birmingham, Ala. This line is of vast importance to Kansas City, as it thus opens the sections of Missouri and Arkansas which contain almost inexhaustible resources of hard and pine lumber and of coal and iron, and penetrates that part of the South which also abounds in iron and coal, and in which vast industrial development is now taking place. It opens an immense market for the flour, meats, and grain, and will form a connection that will give Kansas City a new outlet to the sea through southern ports, which is likely to work great changes for its advantage

in the future. It will force eastern trunk lines to more direct connections at Kansas City.

To the south, southwest, and west there are the Missouri Pacific, to Texas, and the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Gulf, both traversing regions rich in coal, lead, and zinc; the Southern Kansas; the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, which is being extended through the Indian Territory to Texas, and is already running to Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, California, and Old Mexico; and the Union Pacific to Denver and beyond. Both the Santa Fe and Union Pacific make almost the entire mining country of the West tributary to Kansas City, which, with her cheap fuel, gives it great advantage as a smelting point.

To the northwest and north there are the Burlington, through Kansas and Nebraska to Denver, and the Missouri Pacific and Kansas City, St. Joseph & Council Bluffs to Omaha.

Here are fourteen great and distinct lines of railway, which, with their numerous branches and affiliated roads, form a network over the surrounding country for hundreds of miles in every direction, making it all tributary, in the closest possible degree, to Kansas City. From the Mississippi River to the Pacific coast, and from Dakota to the Gulf, the country is mainly covered by lines that terminate in Kansas City, while at their other termini their connections give direct access to every part of the continent.

But ample as are Kansas City's present transportation facilities, a number of other lines are being added to its system. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is being rapidly built to this city. This will add another line to Chicago and the East, and will give direct communication with the great lumber region of the Northwest. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe is about building to Chicago. Two other lines are building from the East across Missouri, and are understood to be extensions of eastern trunk systems to this city. The Kansas City, Wyandotte & Northwestern is being constructed northwestwardly to Nebraska. The Missouri Pacific has nearly completed a new line to Paola, for the purpose of making a more direct connection between Kansas City and its vast system to the south and west. Others will follow, for, as "all roads lead to Rome," so all lines point to Kansas City.

While special products are found on particular lines, every one of these roads traverses a well-settled country of the most fertile character, abounding in all kinds of live stock and every agricultural product known to this latitude.

The internal transportation facilities of the city are also of a superior order. Local switches exist in great number, and a belt railway circumscribes the city. An elevated railway is in operation, and many miles of cable and electric street railways are completed or being constructed.

Kansas City can safely challenge comparison with any other city with respect to desirability of climate, fertility of soil of the surrounding country, and wealth of resources of the tributary sections in almost everything that is found within the bosom of the earth or that grows upon its surface. And it can point with equal assurance to its increasing fine facilities for transportation to and from every part of its vast domain.

With such conditions existing, how inviting is the field for merchants and manufacturers of almost every kind! And what can permanently stay its growth or subvert its future?

CHAPTER IX.

OTTUMWA.

IN visiting an old friend, the pastor of the Baptist Church in Ottumwa, Ia., I found one of the most beautiful and enterprising cities in the West. Its name, according to the best authorities of the present day, means perseverance and self-will. Away back in the past, an Indian chief whose name was Appanoose and his band of warlike braves determined to make this point their home; while a rival chief, Wapello, and his warriors disputed their claim, and fought vigorously to drive their rivals back in defeat.

The historical events of those early years, if gathered up, would fill many volumes with most interesting narratives. But tradition is the only medium which now connects us with the distant past, and, while the reality of some of these old legends may be doubted, Ottumwa is a reality. Its existence cannot for a moment be doubted by any person who has walked its busy streets or associated with its enterprising people. All this I may safely say, if my guide referred to above be a fair sample of the citizens of Ottumwa.

It has never been my lot to exercise more violently while endeavoring to keep pace with any guide between

the two oceans than I did while following this gentleman through Ottumwa. It has long been an accepted fact that his religious denomination moves largely by water; but in this individual case there were both fire and water, for it did appear to me, as we toiled along the busy streets and climbed the hills outside the city, that he was propelled by steam.

In Ottumwa, as in nearly all the cities of Iowa, there are many New England people, also a large detachment of old soldiers. On every hand you see them—grand army badges, erect forms, bronzed faces, empty sleeves, and canes and crutches. Grand men they were! Of all the troops in the United States service during the Civil War, none won brighter laurels than the sons of Iowa.

At the time my visit was made in Ottumwa, the battle-flag movement, recently made by our national administration, had just struck Iowa. Loud and long were the protests made by the boys who had assisted in capturing those emblems of treason, and in their protest they simply voiced the indignation of the northern people at the thought of the unwarrantable act that was about to be performed.

The New Englander at Ottumwa will first of all want to visit the school buildings, of which the city is justly proud. There are five of them in all, each evidently costing some \$30,000, built in modern style, and well located in various sections of the city. These schools bear the

names of honored men, as Adams, Lincoln, and Garfield. They are furnished with every convenience and luxury for the comfort and improvement of the students. The spacious grounds around them are well laid out in walks, constituting beautiful parks.

Flowers and shrubs are extensively cultivated, and add much to the beauty of the city. In New England we pride ourselves upon our educational facilities; but, if we should compare the school edifices in some of our New England cities containing ten thousand inhabitants or more with those of Ottumwa, we should find that we had more cause for shame than boasting.

After having visited the schoolhouses, you will need rest and refreshment; so step on board a street car, and ride out to the famous mineral spring, about one mile from the city. There sit down in the parlor of the magnificent hotel, and sip the elixir of life. It is claimed that the old Spanish explorers, who early discovered some of the natural wonders of the great West, sought for long, weary years after the spring whose waters would give immortal youth and vigor, and then died broken-hearted with disappointment, because they failed to discover it. I suppose their task was an hopeless one; but, if they halted near the present site of Ottumwa and drank from these waters, they would have found as near an approach to the object of their search as will ever be discovered.

I will not attempt to give the results of an analysis

of its waters. That they possess rare medicinal properties, there can be no doubt; and hundreds of visitors each year gather in the hotel to drink this water, and to bathe in its limpid, health-giving waves. Its praises have extended across the republic, and the hundreds of to-day will give way for the thousands of to-morrow. Whoever passes through Southern Iowa should visit these famous springs.

The church edifices of Ottumwa are numerous and beautiful in design and finish. The pastors I found to be men of earnest convictions, and they are doing an heroic work for God. The people are evidently a church-going community, whose example more Eastern cities could wisely follow.

The principal line of the great Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway passes through Ottumwa. A magnificent depot and many other buildings are about to be erected by this company, at an expenditure of over \$1,000,000, which will send a new thrill of life through the entire city, and will rapidly advance the price of real estate.

The water power of Ottumwa is unrivaled. The Appanoose River at this point falls rapidly for a long distance, affording magnificent sites for mills and manufacturing purposes. Thus far, these are only partially improved, and any persons who may wish to go West and enter into such business would do well to visit Ottumwa, and look at these privileges before locating elsewhere.

The land-owners at Ottumwa have been in the past a little too grasping, placing their property at too high a figure, and not holding out inducements for enterprising capitalists to locate there. But they are now learning wisdom from the experience of the past, and are entering upon a new departure from the old selfish methods; and, if such a course be pursued in the future, the water-power of the city is destined to make it a great commercial centre.

Large packing-houses have there been erected, and these are doing a very large business; and the facilities for packing must all be enlarged at an early day, to accommodate this industry which is so rapidly increasing.

While visiting these premises, we were much interested in a huge artesian well that was just completed. Its depth was over eleven hundred feet, and it discharged over six hundred gallons of water each minute. These waters were highly impregnated with mineral bearing a close resemblance to the mineral spring already mentioned. Several other artesian wells are soon to be bored. The water at the depth of eleven hundred feet was proved to be nearly "blood warm."

The streets of Ottumwa are broad and regular. Fine shade trees stand like great sentinels in long rows, throwing their dense foliage above the beautiful homes of the city.

In point of cleanliness and beauty, Ottumwa is a typical New England town. In business enterprise and

prospective growth, it is a genuine western city, with lots of rush, grit, and muscle. Many manufactories exist there in a thriving condition which I have not space to describe here, but he who is fortunate enough to visit this charming city will see them all for himself.

Now, it must be remembered that Ottumwa is already a railroad centre, and that new lines will soon reinforce those already there, and that it is also the centre of a great farming region which is one of the most fertile to be found west of the Mississippi River; that for many miles in any direction Ottumwa has no rival at all, but is the natural and acknowledged centre for the exports of all that country.

Coal is found in the immediate vicinity of Ottumwa in abundance, thus affording rare inducements for all manufacturers. The city already contains eight thousand people, and all indications point to a very rapid increase in the immediate future. There is no valid reason why Ottumwa real estate may not double in value during the next two years; and there cannot be the least possible chance for any piece of property to depreciate from its present valuation, for the business of Ottumwa is firmly established. The town has a solid commercial basis. The hour of uncertainty has passed.

As an eastern man stands in the streets of a western city like this, and looks upon all the golden opportunities for success, and thinks of the thousands of young men in the East who have but scanty employment and

small pay for their services at best, and who in some cases are obliged to depend upon the caprice of their employer for that, the question arises, Why do they remain where their services are not needed, and are but poorly paid? Why do they not turn their steps towards the great West, and seize the possibilities which are there offered on a most magnificent scale to win great success?

In Ottumwa, as in all other western cities, you will meet scores of business men on the road to success and financial prosperity who but a few years ago came from the East, and whose only capital was indomitable courage and unflagging zeal, and who have already gained positions in the financial world which they never could have occupied, had they not transferred their energy to western fields of labor.

These opportunities have not passed. In all the history of western growth and development — and that history is more romantic than romance itself — there has never been a period when men could find a more inviting field than at the present time. Horace Greeley, in all his busy and eventful life, never said a wiser thing than when he advised young men to go west. And there are hundreds of thousands of men possessing large wealth in the West at the present time who thank him for the advice thus given. All the boasted civilization of New England is reproduced in Ottumwa. It is a beautiful city, in which any person would be delighted to reside.

Many things combined to give me a very favorable impression of this beautiful city, not the least of which was the hospitable board at which it was my good fortune to sit as a guest during my visit — a table presided over by a New England lady; one who learned all the science of cookery upon a magnificent farm in Penobscot county, in the goodly State of Maine.

The West justly boasts of its wonderful productions; and, while I am willing to grant nearly all its claims, I am compelled to draw the line at cooking. New England leads the world in that respect, and, unless the West makes most remarkable headway in that direction, we have nothing to fear from it for a long time at least. The westerners know our superiority in that field quite as well as we do ourselves, but they are usually unwilling to admit it. And they all pride themselves upon being able to prepare New England dishes in a manner that will outdo New England itself.

In a magnificent hotel up on Puget Sound, when I registered my name, the smiling landlord graciously remarked: "Ah, you are from New England; we will give you a treat; we shall have baked beans for dinner, and we claim that our cook can excel even New England in preparing this dish."

To say that I was delighted, is stating the matter very mildly. Dinner came, and with it appeared the baked beans. Horror of horrors! what a mess they were! A great bowl was placed beside my plate, the outside of

which I at first thought was draped in mourning; but I soon discovered that this color had been produced by the heat of the oven, and the watery contents of the bowl boiling over its edges.

The bowl was about one half filled with a famous trio. There was a piece of fat pork in the centre, baked hard on top and boiled soft at the bottom. It reminded me of the old adage, "You pay your money and take your choice." There were quite a number of beans in the bowl. I looked them over with tender solicitude, and decided that, if a coroner's jury had been summoned, they could not have decided whether the beans were the victims of flood or fire. The third article was a small quantity of greasy water, which evidently had at one time been hot and steaming, but was now passing through a cooling process. The surface was quite hard, and the burned pork looked like a black island in the midst of a frozen sea.

After dinner, when the guileless host asked, "Were your beans delicious?" I could not find it in my heart to disabuse his mind, for "where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise."

But in Ottumwa, in a neat, comfortable parsonage, at a table presided over by a queenly lady from the Pine Tree State, each article of food so nicely prepared, it was quite difficult for me to make myself believe that I was actually west of the Mississippi River.

The visit was to me a delightful experience, and it

was a fortunate thing for my good friends that business gave an imperative command for me to go, or my stay might have been prolonged to an indefinite period. I left on an early train. The sun had just soared above the rim of the horizon, and was pouring his golden light upon Ottumwa, one of the most beautiful cities in America.

CHAPTER X.

FORT MADISON.

ON the western bank of the great Mississippi in Southeastern Iowa is located Fort Madison, one of the most beautiful cities in the whole West. It is the seat of Lee county, and is at the present time occupying a large space in the attention of American capitalists.

Its history is more thrilling than romance itself. In 1805 the United States government sent troops there, under the command of Capt. Z. M. Pike, to erect a fort and plant a military station, and thus protect the country from the ravages of both the British government and the hostile tribe of Indians. These soldiers and their attendants were the first settlers of all that section. The name was given to the fort in honor of President Madison, then a rising and popular statesman. A trading-post was also established at the same time, to which was given the name of "Le Moine Factory," which was stocked with goods; and these were traded with the Indians for furs.

The erection of this fort angered the great Indian Chief Black Hawk and his followers, who considered such an act a violation of the treaty of 1804, and they

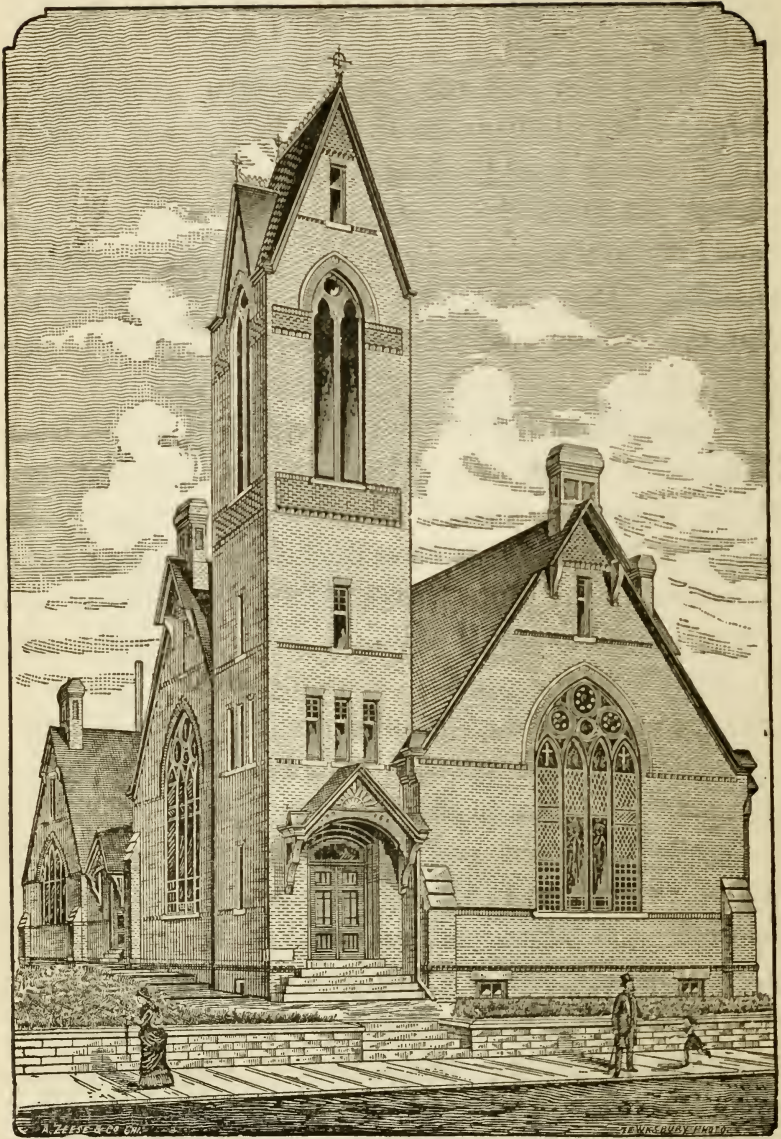


undertook to destroy the fort, but failed in their endeavor.

Around the fort was constructed a stockade. A large party of Indians would visit the fort, and a few of their number would ask and receive permission to go inside the stockade, leaving their arms behind them, and interest the soldiers by engaging in their wild, savage dances. They pretended to have great friendship for the officers and soldiers, and soon gained their confidence.

Among these Indians was an old chief whose name was "Quah-a-qua-ma." These amusements continued for several weeks, when, one bright summer's day, several hundred Indians appeared at the fort, manifesting great affection for the white braves. The old chief told the officers that he wanted to amuse them that night with a grand Indian war dance before the principal gate; and as soon as it was dark a large number of the Indians, decorated in their peculiar costumes, appeared before the gate and began to dance.

While the dance was in progress, a young Indian squaw entered the fort, and asked to see the commanding officer, to whom she was much attached. She informed the officer that a deep plot had been planned by her people to capture the fort and murder the garrison, that the dance was only a ruse to divert attention from their movements, and that the attack would soon be made.



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

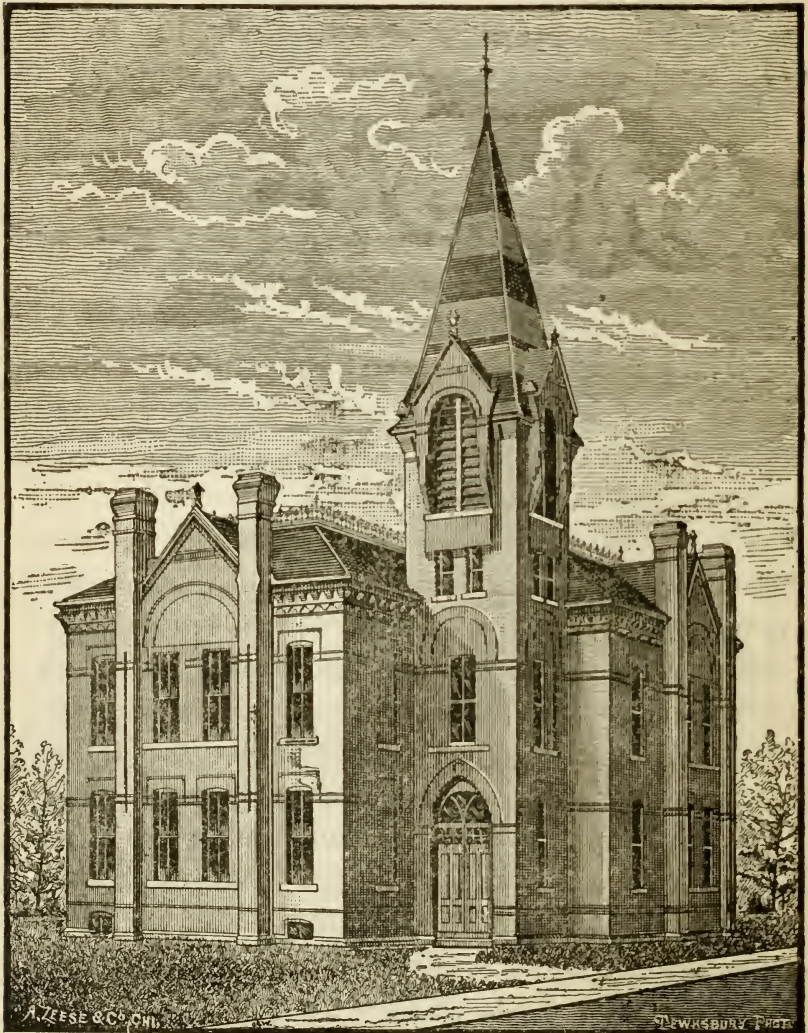
The commander immediately had a six-pound cannon loaded with grape shot and stationed so as to cover the entrance to the stockade. He then placed a sentinel on the gate, with orders to let but one Indian pass in at a time, and, if more than one made the attempt, to bar the gate.

The old chief and a number of his warriors were admitted in this manner. During one of the rounds in the dance the whole force of Indians made a sudden dash for the gate. At that moment the commander uncovered the cannon, which, with its open mouth, was presented to the savages; while a soldier, with a torch in his hand, stood ready to touch it off. The commander then made known to the chief his danger, and charged him with treachery.

The Indians made a hasty retreat, and the old chief managed to make his escape. Some of the warriors were captured, and concealed weapons were found upon their persons. They confessed the whole plot, and expected to be put to death; but after a brief imprisonment they were liberated, with a warning that if they repeated their treachery they would all be put to death.

No further attempts were made to capture Fort Madison until the war with Great Britain broke out in 1812. During that war the Indians made another savage attack upon the fort, and, failing to carry it by assault, a regular siege was laid. The sutler's storehouse was outside the stockade behind one of the block houses.

A few of the Indians got into this block house and, by firing into the port holes of the block house near it, suc-



HIGH SCHOOL.

ceeded in wounding several of the soldiers. It was soon discovered that the plan of the besiegers was to wait until the wind was favorable; then fire the block house they had captured, and thus destroy the fort and roast out the garrison.

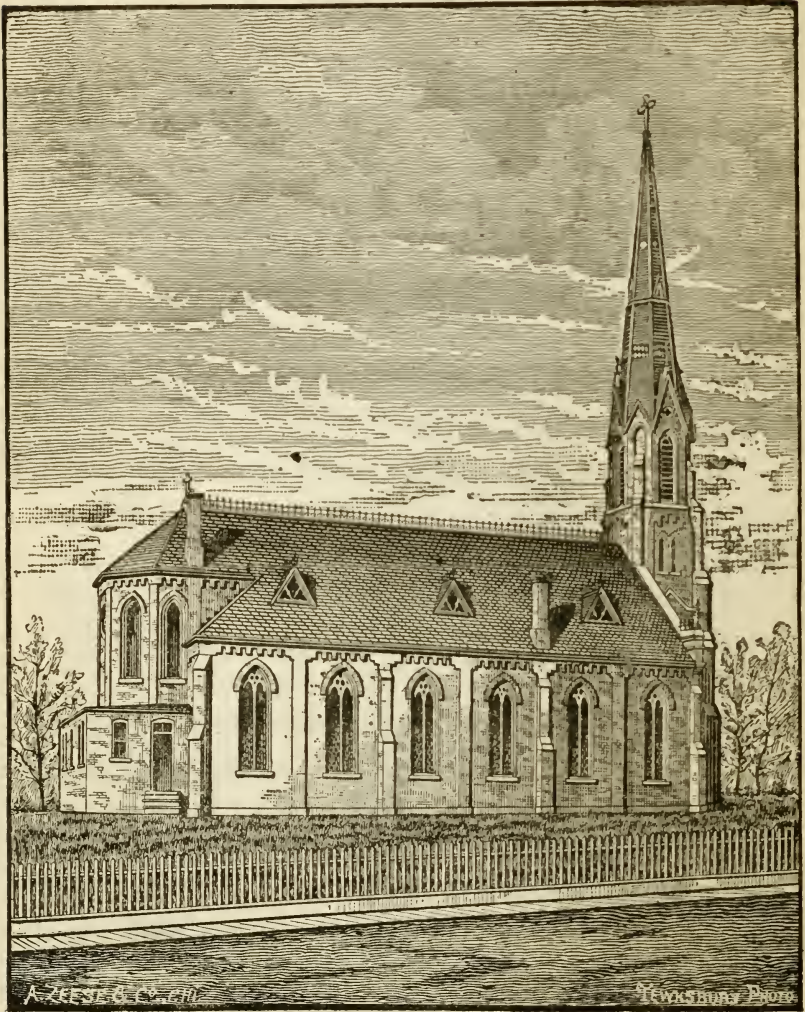
On the night after this discovery was made, the wind blew from the right quarter for the besieged, and one or two soldiers managed to creep out from the fort and fire the block house, held by the Indians, which was soon reduced to ashes, and the danger was averted.

The Indians then endeavored to burn the fort by shooting ignited arrows upon its roof; but the soldiers used their musket barrels as squirt guns, and succeeded in extinguishing the fire.

The besiegers then held a council of war, after which they demanded the surrender of the fort. This demand was refused. They then asked for a parley; and their chief, who could speak French, wanted to discuss the situation with the commander of the fort. There was a young man in the garrison who could also speak the French language, who asked the chief what he wanted to say. The chief, who was concealed behind the bank of the river, began to talk. The young man answered that he could not hear him; whereupon the Indian, to make himself heard, raised himself a little above the river's bank, when the young man fired his rifle, and the chief fell mortally wounded.

Having lost their chief, the Indians abandoned the at-

tempt to destroy the garrison, and fled. They returned, however, with a large force the following year, and, being again repulsed, they once more besieged the fort,



ST. JOSEPH CATHEDRAL.

cutting off all sources of supplies. The garrison was reduced to the greatest extremity, and for a long time subsisted upon a scanty supply of potatoes. But these were finally exhausted, and preparations were made to abandon the fort. They cut a deep trench from the block house to the river, prepared a few small boats, set the fort on fire, and embarked upon the river. So skillfully was the movement made that the fort was nearly reduced to ashes before the Indians knew of their retreat. The soldiers made a landing on the opposite side of the Mississippi River, where the town of Warsaw now stands. Just then a boat load of supplies came up the river. The soldiers determined to retreat no farther, and a new fort was built, which was called Fort Edwards.

After the burning of Fort Madison, the first white settler was Peter Williams, who built his cabin near the ruins of the old fort in 1832.

It was my good fortune to visit Fort Madison this season. I had heard much of its enterprise, its manufacturing interests, and the beauty of its location, but was not fully prepared for all that I saw or for the kind reception which I received from the hands of all the citizens with whom I came in contact. There was no person in the city whom I had even enjoyed the pleasure of meeting before; but, when my visit was ended, and I took the express train for Chicago, I felt that I was leaving many friends in Fort Madison, whose kindness would ever be cherished in my memory.

Fort Madison is worthy a description at the hands of every person who may be fortunate enough to visit it.

The Mississippi runs westerly at Fort Madison, and the city is situated on the north side, on a plateau that



METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

is about ten feet above the highest water-mark. The bluffs north of the city are about one hundred and seventy-five feet high, well sodded with grass or covered with natural growth or planted trees and a few

dwelling. The plateau, from the bluffs to the river, descends slightly, so that it makes surface or under drainage easy and complete. The soil is sand and sandy loam, which insures dryness and freedom from mud. This, and from the fact that the river banks are entirely clear from swamps and marsh, makes Fort Madison the most healthy city of the West. A gentleman who has lived there thirty years, pursuing the practice of medicine, assured me that during that time there had been no severe epidemic of any disease. While other cities of Iowa, and even the farmers on the prairies surrounding, have had more or less serious epidemics of typhoid fever, scarlet fever, dysentery, diphtheria, etc., Fort Madison has had only sporadic cases of these sometimes deadly diseases, and the few they have had have been very mild and seldom fatal. Add to the causes before mentioned of the excellent sanitary condition that they have very pure well water, and in profuse quantity, on digging from twelve to thirty feet. Water-works, on the reservoir plan, also furnish them entirely healthy and pure water for all uses. Outside the main business part, the city is well shaded with maples and elms, which add greatly to its beauty and the comfort and welfare of the citizens. They have also, in the midst of the city, two public parks, called the Upper, or Old Settlers', and Lower, each comprising five acres of ground and filled with fine trees of several varieties, making beautiful shade and a pleasant and healthy resort in the heat of summer.

They are also used for public out-door meetings, and are a great attraction for the people of the cities and country about, who often make up excursions to come there and enjoy the beautiful green carpet and the cool



EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

shade of the graceful trees. The parks are well seated, and contain beautiful fountains, fine covered speakers' stands, etc. In the Old Settlers' Park stands an old-fashioned pioneer log cabin, where, on the annual assembly of the Old Settlers' Reunions, matronly dames

entertain their old and young friends in pioneer style. On one of these occasions there was estimated to be twelve thousand people in the park at one time. Excursions come from all parts of the State, Northern Missouri, and Western Illinois. Fort Madison has always been noted for its hospitality, and has, for this and many other reasons, entitled itself to the name of "Iowa's Gem City." In the country about the city, both in Iowa and Illinois, there are also beautiful natural forests and groves, where the people often resort for picnics and various recreations.

FISHING AND HUNTING.

Fishing for sport, as well as profit, is most excellent. Hunting of ducks, in the spring and fall, is fine sport. Wild turkeys, prairie chickens, quail, snipe, squirrels, rabbits, etc., are hunted in season, with great pleasure to the numerous sportsmen.

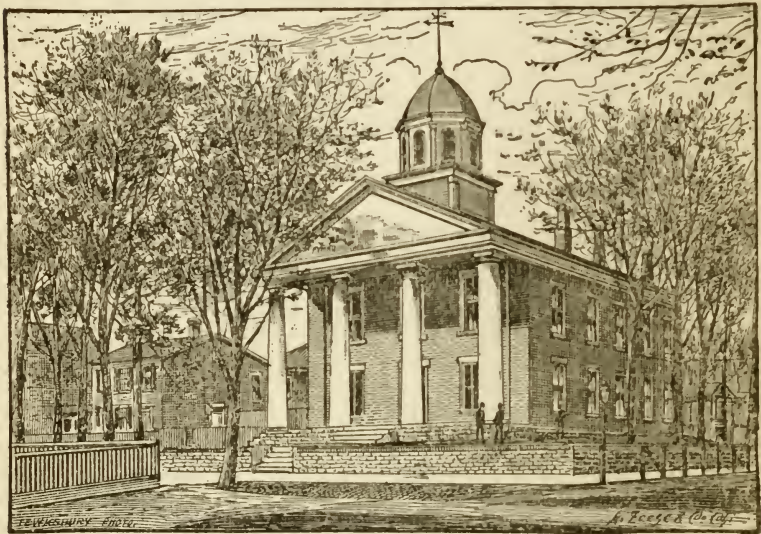
Sailing and rowing on the noble river give healthy exercise and great enjoyment to those who have the leisure during the summer, as also do coasting, ice-yachting, and skating in the winter.

Fort Madison is at this time in the exciting experience of a genuine real-estate boom, caused by a railroad and carriage bridge now being built across the Mississippi River at that point by the great Atchison & Santa Fe Railway.

The citizens of Fort Madison have endeavored to

make their city a railway centre from the beginning of their career, as the following bit of railroad history will show:—

In 1853 the citizens unanimously authorized the city to subscribe \$75,000 and \$30,000 toward two railway projects, neither of which was fortunate enough to reach completion, notwithstanding an additional subscription



COURT HOUSE.

of \$30,000, made two years later. In '58 or '59 a road was constructed from Keokuk to Montrose, then known as the Keokuk, Mt. Pleasant & Muscatine Railway. Early in the sixties a road was built from Fort Madison to a point one mile below Viele. The two were afterward connected, making a twenty-five mile line between Fort Madison and Keokuk, and was called the Keokuk & St.

Paul. In '69 it was purchased by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and continued to Burlington, nineteen miles north, affording the city connection with the outside world both from the north and south. This line was for several years used only as a branch of the "Q," but now forms a part of the "Long Line," between St. Louis and St. Paul, over which run daily through trains, connecting the "Great North" with the "Great South."

THE CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & KANSAS CITY.

In '70 and '71 was built the Burlington & Southwestern, from Viele Station (six miles west from Fort Madison) southwest into Missouri. Fort Madison's citizens assisted largely in this enterprise, as in the ones which preceded it. This road was afterward purchased by the popular and powerful Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and has since been christened the Chicago, Burlington & Kansas City. It has been added to, until now it forms one of the popular through lines from Burlington to Kansas City via Fort Madison.

THE FORT MADISON & NORTHWESTERN.

Realizing the convenience and necessity of a road opening into the countries west and northwest, a stock company was formed in this city, and, assisted by financial encouragement from the citizens generally, the Fort Madison & Northwestern Narrow Gauge Railway was commenced and built as far as the city of West Point.

The company then sold the road to a construction company, and the road was constructed to its present terminus at Collett, a station forty-five miles distant, within six miles of Eldon, a point on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad. The road is now under the efficient



CENTRAL STATION.

management of General Charles A. Gilchrist, a practical railroad man. It is believed that before many months elapse this road will be purchased by either the Santa Fe or the Rock Island, extended and widened to a standard gauge.

THE CHICAGO, SANTA FE & CALIFORNIA.

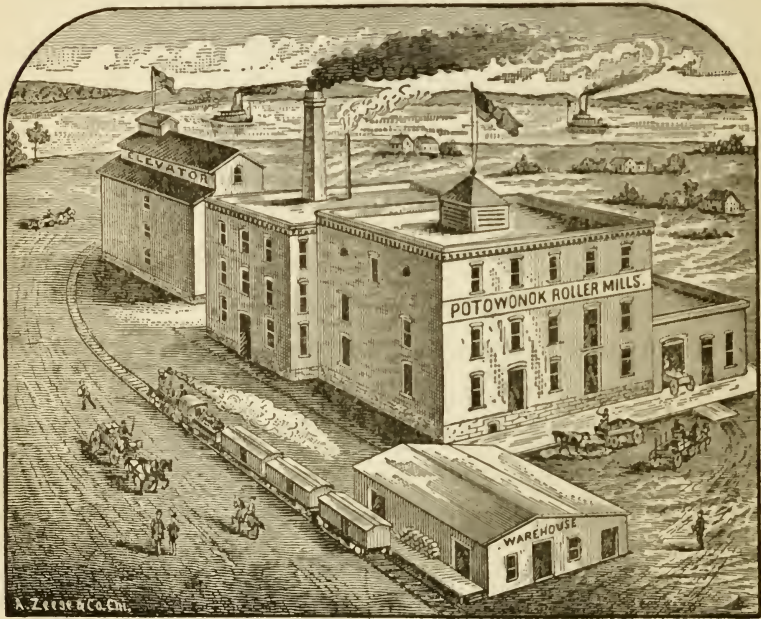
Off and on for several years, surveys have been made to and through Fort Madison from the east and west. The unexcelled natural lay of the city has been a great attraction to railroad projectors, and it has for a long time been believed by its citizens that sooner or later some wealthy corporation would build a line connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific through this nature-favored city, crossing the grand old Mississippi by a fine bridge. This belief is fulfilled by the coming of one of the greatest railways in operation to-day — the Chicago, Santa Fe & California (Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe). Work is now going on at a rapid rate at various localities along the line. Sixty acres of valuable land, donated by the city to this magnificent road, located in the western end of the city, is fairly webbed with tracks and covered with material for the new road. This ground will be used for the extensive machine shops when the ground is again cleared of its numberless cords of ties and thousands of steel rails, iron tiling, spikes, fish plates, bolts, and other things which enter into the construction of a railroad.

Fort Madison has been made an important division and the midway point between Chicago and Kansas City. These shops are being constructed upon the most mammoth proportions, extending over many acres of land, and employing thousands of men.

This railway system is also erecting its parent hospital

at this place, at a cost of \$100,000. The establishment of the above named shops will add at least ten thousand people who are connected with the railway to the population of Fort Madison, while the volume of business thus introduced into the city will bring as many more.

The Fort Madison Street Railway has recently been



POTOWONOK ROLLER MILLS.

organized, and will be immediately constructed; the rapid manner in which the stock was subscribed showing the citizens have large faith in the development of the city. The reports of this mighty enterprise have gone forth to the world, and hundreds of tourists from all sections of the Union are visiting Fort Madison, a large

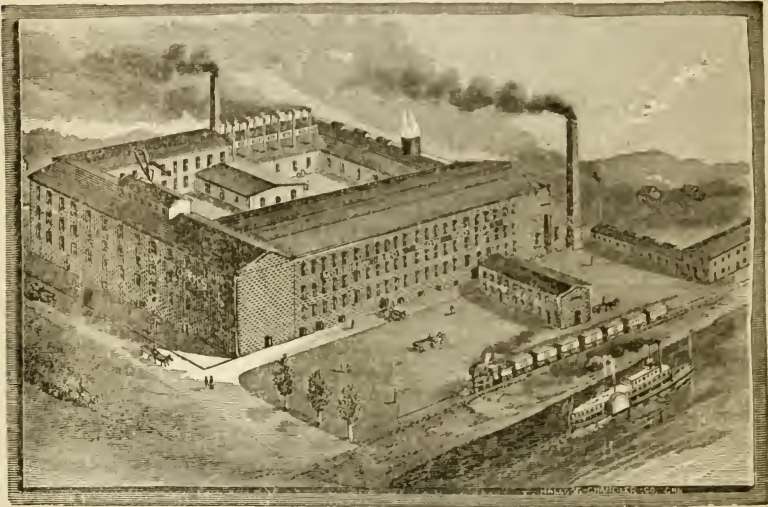
majority of whom secure an interest in some piece of real estate before they leave the city.

The distance from Chicago to Kansas City in an air line is very nearly five hundred miles. Fort Madison is midway between the two, thus possessing a fortunate as well as a magnificent location. The country adjacent to Fort Madison for scores of miles in any direction is very fertile, and capable of supporting a large population. There are also many villages and towns scattered through the surrounding territory, all of which are increasing rapidly in population, and bear indications of great thrift and enterprise. As these develop in size they will add to the wealth and importance of the central city, Fort Madison.

For many years there has been a healthy rivalry between Fort Madison and the city of Keokuk, located several miles farther down the great river. The latter city possesses courage and energy, and has made a noble fight for the leadership. When the great Santa Fe Railway system determined to construct an air line from Chicago to Kansas City, it was easily seen that this road would either pass through Fort Madison or Keokuk. Both cities were determined to secure the prize, for its possession would practically decide the struggle for mastership which had been so long continued. Owing to the superior advantages of its location and the princely generosity of its people, Fort Madison won the prize, and takes her true position at the

front; while her less fortunate rival, although occupying but second rank, will lose none of her energy or ambition, and will doubtless rejoice in the rapid growth of her successful rival, to which she will now naturally look as her commercial centre, and will thus become a valuable tributary and feeder to Fort Madison.

In this city, as in many other western towns, the rapid growth of a town is often due to the wisdom and



MORRISON BROS.' PLOW WORKS.

public spirit of its principal citizens. In this respect Fort Madison is especially fortunate. The men who represent its business interests without exception are as fine gentlemen as it was ever my good fortune to meet. From the gray-haired gentlemen who laid the foundations of these great industries, already referred to, down to the man who has been there but a few brief months,

they all have a supreme faith in the future of the city, and all stand ready to welcome and assist every agency designed to develop its resources. All are united, and I saw no indications of those business rivalries which exist in some communities, and which always paralyze every movement for good. Each man is willing to put forth his labor and money to promote local improvements; and, when any such enterprise is brought before the people, they are all united in sentiment and effort. There are no faultfinders, no drones; but each man is contributing freely to push his beloved city to the front.

The business policy which these gentlemen have adopted in relation to the prices of real estate is a very honorable one; it is based upon the good old rule of "Live and let live;" for, in the midst of the great business boom which has swept over the city this season, no effort has been made by the real-estate owners to push the prices up to a fabulous point. Large amounts of real estate have been sold, but the original owners have been satisfied with a fair increase, knowing that it was for the good of Fort Madison for them to pursue this course. Certain blocks have changed hands several times since the first of last May, in each case the owner realizing a handsome profit upon his investment; and the rates at which the property is now held do not compare with the valuation placed upon real estate in many other western cities where the situation is not nearly as favorable.

The result is that a large amount of eastern capital is being transferred to Fort Madison. The safe, conservative men of New England are finding in that city a point where they can safely invest their money beyond the danger of loss, and with a comparative certainty of receiving a large annual dividend. If many other western towns with small resources and large ambitions would pursue the same policy, it would be much better for them in the end.

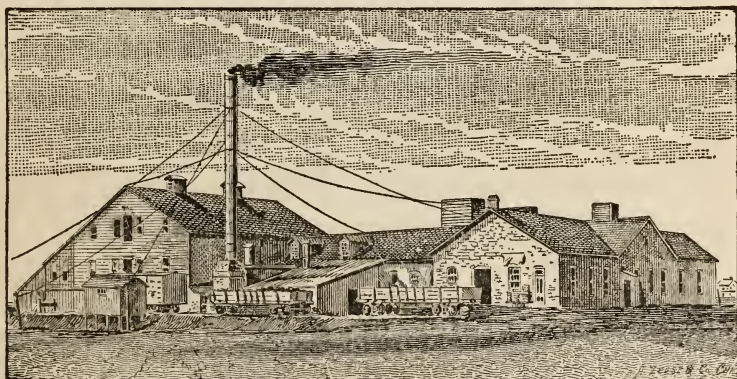


PRISON.

The churches in Fort Madison are all vigorous and thriving. The edifices in which they worship speak well for the religious convictions of the people.

The description of my sojourn in this charming city would not be complete if I did not mention my visit to the State Penitentiary, which is there located. The officials were the most gentlemanly and obliging of any institution of the kind I ever visited. Over three hundred convicts were there imprisoned, nearly all of whom

were at work. In the little company which passed through the prison was a lady standing high among the temperance workers of the West — one of that noble band which has succeeded in making Iowa a prohibition State. She is a prominent official in the State organization of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. This lady pointed with pride to the fact that prohibition had largely reduced the number of convicts in the State institutions of Iowa, and that nearly all the county jails

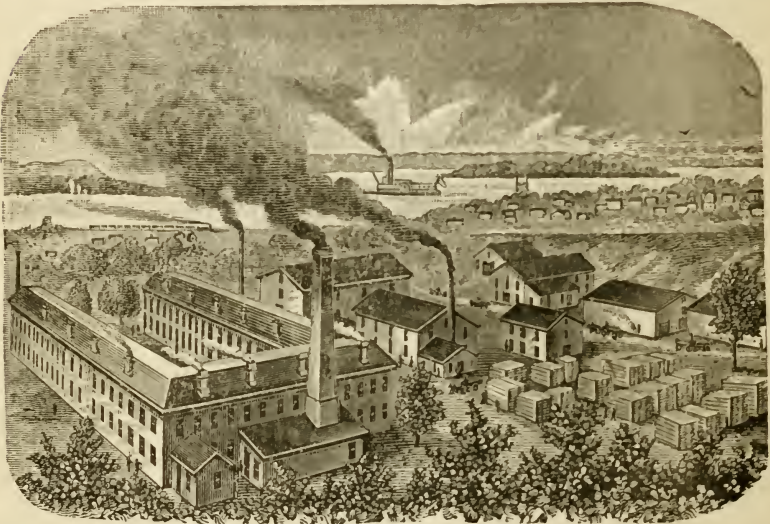


PAPER MILL.

were vacant. She was deeply interested in the coming presidential campaign of 1888, and gave her companions to understand that Robert Lincoln of Chicago was the coming man. Well, we shall see.

We have now visited several of the most wonderful cities in the great West. This journey I trust will be one of profit to the reader. There has never been a period in the history of the country when the attention of so many eastern people was directed to the West as at the

present time. Young men are turning in that direction for employment, expecting to find fortunes; middle-aged men are moving there with families to build homes, to rear and educate their children; capitalists, small and large, are sending their money there for investment. Notwithstanding all these facts, the East has but an imperfect knowledge of the West—of



FARMING TOOL CO.

its climate, its geography, its resources, its development, its civilization, and also the most desirable localities for men to either locate or invest their money.

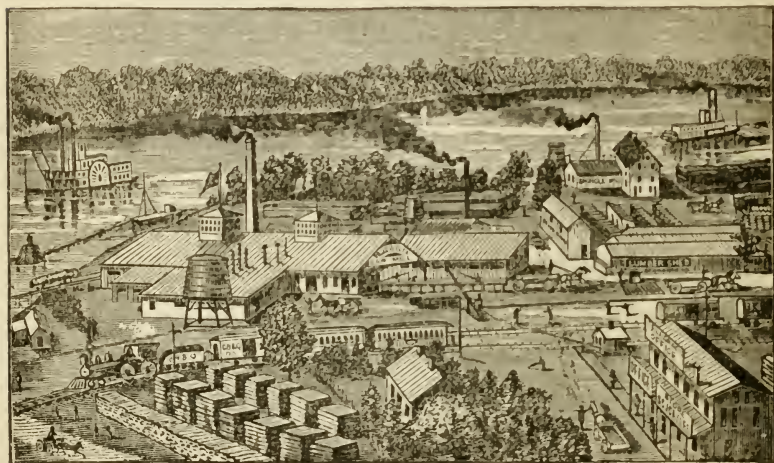
In these chapters I have endeavored to give a truthful description of these cities and the surrounding territory. In the West there may be other points which hold out advantages for eastern emigrants and capi-

talists, but no cities offer superior inducements in any direction than these. And we advise any persons who may propose to visit the West to follow the outline here given. For if you design to locate in Dakota, by all means select Southern Dakota, and in Southern Dakota Sioux Falls is the city you will wish to see. If you prefer Northern Nebraska, go to Sioux City, which is its gateway, and you can there learn more about Northern Nebraska than you possibly can at any other point. In Southern Nebraska you will want to visit Fremont and Lincoln, for at no other points can you find the opportunities you seek so lavishly provided as there. Before you enter or locate in the great State of Kansas, you will want to look upon Kansas City, and note its wondrous growth. There are many persons who may contemplate a journey or a removal to the West who do not desire to go so far from New England; then go to Fort Madison and Ottumwa, in Southeastern Iowa, and you will be charmed with their beauty and business enterprise.

The belt of country herein described, which lies between the Mississippi River, on the east, and the Rocky Mountains, on the west, Kansas City, on the south, and Sioux Falls, on the north, possesses a climate which is congenial and healthful to eastern people. We would not advise them to go any farther north or south, and we doubt if it will be for their interests to go any farther west; and there are but few inducements for

New England people to locate east of the Mississippi River.

In these chapters I have described the works of man, the creations of his genius and his energy. In some of the succeeding chapters I shall describe the works of the Creator — the unrivaled, majestic, terrible works of God as revealed amid the rugged splendors of the Yellowstone and the lonely solitudes of the great wilderness of Alaska.



H. J. ATLEE.

The transition from the one to the other will be quite brief, although the distance is great. But with the powerful steam-horse of our day we can almost annihilate distance. We bid adieu to our generous hosts at Fort Madison on the bank of the Mississippi River, and vault into the saddle, which is a Pullman sleeping-car. Amid the cushions and pillows we soon sleep

soundly, and our noble steed dashes up the river. There are a dozen steel trails, any of which he may follow. Through Iowa, Minnesota, and Dakota we dash, rivaling the speed of the most distinguished cyclone that ever originated in the brain of that most promising correspondent in the office of the *Boston Globe*. After a race of forty-eight hours or less, we are on the Northern Pacific Railway, west of the mighty Missouri River. Our train is plunging westward, and we are reaching the outer rim of the natural wonders which are to delight and terrify us in turn during the next few weeks. We pass into the Bad Lands of Dakota, up the Yellowstone Valley, past the battle field of General Custer, upon the Rose Bud, and alight from the train at Livingston, one thousand miles west of St. Paul, that being the point of departure for the Yellowstone Park.

CHAPTER XI.

THE "BAD LANDS" OF DAKOTA.

IT was two o'clock on a beautiful June afternoon when we bade farewell to the main line of railway and started forth from Livingston to Cinnabar. On our left is the Yellowstone River, which is of itself quite a curiosity, from the fact that it is not nearly as large at this point as it is when it pours from the Yellowstone Lake, many miles above. Whether the water escapes from the river's bed by some unseen channel, or is worn away by the dashings upon the rocks, the deponent doth not say. The valley through which we rode was some four or five miles wide, rich in its agricultural resources, and beautiful in its appearance; by some it has been most appropriately named, "Paradise Valley." Thousands of horses and cattle, sleek and fat, were nibbling in the sweet green grass as our train passed by. On our left, far up and beyond the river, towered a range of mountains, their peaks covered with a mantle of eternal ice, while the cañons between them contained huge drifts of snow. On our right was another range of hills, bald, rugged, and frowning upon us, as if they considered our visit an invasion of their sacred seclusion.

Cinabar was soon reached, where we exchanged the railway-car for the famous Western coach. It was our good fortune to fall into the hands of "Charley," a large-sized, full-bearded man, who, from an experience of thirty years' staging in the great West, thoroughly understands all the mysteries of the business. He handled the ribbons over his six horses in a manner so skilful that I found myself almost envying his ability. I sat on the box beside him, and was shown many of the points of interest. Before the stage left Cinabar, Charley remarked: "There is the 'Devil's Slide.'" I looked away up to the right not far from where Electric Peak looked down upon us from its altitude of eleven thousand feet, and there I saw two walls of stone extending down the side of a mountain, running parallel with each other for a distance of nearly a mile. These walls were some twenty feet thick, with smooth perpendicular sides, and rose to a height varying from seventy-five to two hundred feet. The space between these massive walls

SODA AND MUD SPRINGS.



was some thirty rods wide, and it was down this steep smooth avenue, it is supposed (I infer from the name), that his Satanic Majesty once indulged in the sport of coasting.

From Livingstone we journeyed due south. After leaving Cinabar, we soon reached the little town of Gardiner, named, I presume, from the Gardiner River, which here joins the Yellowstone. Near this town we crossed its northern line and entered the great Yellowstone Park. Some facts in relation to this now famous locality may be of interest to my readers. The Yellowstone Park is situated in the midst of the most elevated part of the Rocky Mountains, whose gigantic peaks form a mighty rampart around it. The streams of water which flow through the park are the headwaters of the Missouri, Columbia, and Colorado Rivers. The territory which it embraces was taken from western Wyoming, southern Montana, and eastern Idaho. Its extent is fifty-five miles in width from east to west, and sixty-five miles in length from north to south. This was set apart by Congress in 1872 as a National Park. The lowest elevation within the park is six thousand feet above the sea-level, while the highest peaks range from nine thousand to twelve thousand feet high. Within the park the nights are cool and seldom free from frost. During the summer the days are delightful and especially adapted to the pleasure-seeker. The government permits no game to be killed within the limits of the park. If this law

continues to be faithfully enforced, it will be but a few years before buffalo, elk, deer, and other game will fill its forest to overflowing. A small corps of competent officials are looking after the interests of the government appropriations of money (which thus far have been far too small), which have been made by Congress to construct roads and make other improvements within the park. It would be an act of wisdom for Congress to immediately expend half a million of dollars in these much-needed improvements. The park is already visited each year by thousands of tourists; and, to illustrate how cosmopolitan these visits are, on the hotel record at the Lower Geyser Basin, where I registered my name with less than twenty fellow-pilgrims, I saw that they represented the States of Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, California, Oregon, Idaho; also England, India, South America, and Germany.

From Gardiner City our coach rolled rapidly through the cañon of the Gardiner River. Steep, rugged walls rose on each side of the narrow way. Massive cliffs five hundred feet above us were overhanging the road and filling our minds with fear as we contemplated the result that would follow if one of them should topple down upon us. Our driver pointed out to us an eagle's nest far up on a great cliff. The "Old Indian's Face," carved upon the solid rock and of heroic size, was also shown us. The six horses were trotting sharply along the

narrow pike, when there was a sudden rustle and noise down the mountain-side, and a thick cloud of dust arose from the pike close beside our leaders, which immediately reared and plunged in great fright.

“What is that?” I asked in terror.

“Only a chunk of the scenery that has fallen from the cliff,” carelessly replied the driver, as the coach-wheels smashed over a rock some two feet square that was then lying in the track. “Yonder,” said the driver, pointing to his left, “is the place where you can catch a fish from the Gardiner River, and, without moving from your tracks, swing him into a hot spring and boil him. And, by the way,” he continued, “there is a good story to be told about that. Three years ago this summer a lady came here from New York City. She went down there to fish and sat upon that rock. In a few moments she caught a fine trout and, without rising from her seat, cooked it in the boiling spring. When she returned to New York she told the story to her friends, and the following summer one of her lady friends came out here. When she reached the hotel above here, she went immediately to see Mr. Wakefield, the proprietor of the stage line, and told him of her friend’s experience and informed him that she had journeyed to the Yellowstone Park for the express purpose of repeating the act of her friend, and could he assist her? Mr. Wakefield is very much of a gentleman, and of course he could aid her. He would order a hack and convey her that very hour to

the same rock and spring where her friend had caught and cooked the fish. The lady smiled her gratitude, and the gallant proprietor of the transportation line ordered his most nobby coach, and in company with the New York lady and several friends whom he invited to share the pleasure of the trip, they rode to the Gardiner River. 'This is the place!' cried Mr. Wakefield. 'Now you sit down upon this rock, and throw your hook in there. You will catch a fish in a moment. Then throw him in this spring, where the water is boiling hot.' The lady obeyed, her face being radiant with expectation. The other members of the party looked on in lively interest, the proprietor dwelling with much enthusiasm upon the wonderful hot spring; and bending down over it, he, with the greatest caution, touched his finger to the water. But a look of blank consternation immediately seized his features. The water was — icy cold. He undertook to explain. But that New York lady, with that degree of charity for which many persons are distinguished, arose from her seat and remarked: 'It is about as I expected.' The gentleman confessed afterward that he would gladly have given five thousand dollars to have been out of the dilemma. The party rode back in silence to the hotel. There Mr. Wakefield made known his strange discovery, when an old trapper and explorer who was present remarked with a sneer: 'Oh, you are a *tenderfoot* and went to the wrong spring.' A wager was immediately made as to which was right, and they both repaired to the

spring. 'Thar she is,' said the trapper, and, confident that he was about to win the wager, he put his hand to the water. It was cold! The old man arose with a look of disgust upon his features; his only remark was: 'It is time for me to quit the territory,' and he went."

While the driver was telling the above story, we were climbing the steep hill, rolling under the shadow of Mount Evarts. Another steep ascent, and the horses dashed across a small level plain, and we halted at the veranda of the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, which has the finest accommodations for five hundred guests. This hotel, as its name indicates, is located at the Mammoth Hot Springs, at an altitude of over six thousand feet above the sea-level. The springs are over one thousand feet above the Gardiner River, into which their waters flow. These springs are directly in front of the hotel, and as they rise in terraces one beyond the other, a fine view can be obtained from the veranda.

At five o'clock in the evening we sallied forth to look at these marvelous springs. As we passed over the level plain in front of the hotel, we saw many deep, cavern-like pits, which were formerly boiling springs. The earth beneath our feet was composed of the peculiar gray-colored formations made by the overflowing springs. The first terrace is nearly half a mile in length, and quite five hundred feet high. It is quite destitute of any vegetable growth. A great cloud of white steam is constantly arising from its crest, while the boiling waters

flow swiftly forth, running down over the white terrace, and staining it with many beautiful colors in its passage. There are four terraces, each crowned with its springs of



NATIVES OF BIG HORN MOUNTAINS.

boiling water, ranging from one to three hundred feet in diameter. The water in a large majority of these is as

clear as crystal, and, as you stand by the edge of the spring, you can look down fifty feet or more within its boiling depths. Some are tinctured strongly with sulphur; others with lime and chalk. Any metallic substance placed under the water of the latter will, within the space of a few days, be thickly coated with a white lime formation solid as rock. Upon the upper terrace, two thousand feet above the hotel, is a small lake, a hundred yards long by thirty wide, where one may enjoy a delicious bath. The water in one end of the lake is boiling hot; in the other it is icy cold. Any degree of temperature can be found in the space between. Up on these terraces amid the hissing steam, the boiling water which flows downward in a thousand streams, the beautiful caves and magnificent formations of calcareous matter, one is almost lost in bewilderment and wonder. It would, under such circumstances, be quite easy to imagine that one had awakened in a new world, were it not for indications of the old familiar civilization which meet you at every turn in the form of notices printed on boards in great black letters: "Do not walk on the formations;" "Gather no specimens;" "Write no names." At the foot of the springs, not far from the hotel, rises a shaft fifty feet high and twenty in diameter at its base; it is the cone of an extinct geyser. It is composed of overlapping layers of sediment, and was built up by the overflowing waters from its top. It is named "Liberty Cap." A hundred yards farther west is a similar cone,

though smaller in size, which is known as the "Giant's Thumb."

The deposits, which result from evaporation at the margin of each basin, are exquisite in form and color. The edges are fretted with a light delicate frostwork, and the outside of each bowl is adorned with a honeycomb pattern, while the spaces between the curves are often filled with glistening stalactites. The coating of the sides of the basins takes on every tint and shade; rich cream and salmon colors are preferred, however. These deepen into red, brown, green, and yellow. The crust between the springs is rather treacherous, and it is impossible to walk among them without soaking the shoes in hot water. Around the hottest of the pools in many cases there are strung along the rim, like beautiful beads on a necklace, a row of nodules as large as hazelnuts and as hard as adamant. In many places you can hear the rush and gurgle of water beneath the crust upon which you stand. I saw one crevice a foot wide and over a hundred yards in length, the whole extent of which you can trace the stream of boiling water below. Wonderful Mammoth Springs — so far beyond my most ardent expectations! And yet I shall find before these five days pass that thou art but the doorway through which we pass to the unrivaled wonders beyond.

CHAPTER XII.

YELLOWSTONE PARK.

OUR means of locomotion from the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel was to be "two four-horse stages." One was a magnificent team of grays, driven by a knight of the ribbons who had won his spurs from long years of service in California on the "great Yosemite route." The other team was made up of four fine bays, with a driver who for a long series of years had made the cañons of Montana echo with his prancing steeds and the sharp clang of his coach-wheels. The hand of neither had lost its cunning, and we congratulated ourselves that we were so fortunate in being thus provided for in our forthcoming ride through the Yellowstone Park. Our party was composed of ten persons, each of whom was a person of such importance during that famous ride that he deserves an introduction to my readers. First and foremost shall be introduced a gentleman and lady from Jersey City; and as the former was a representative lawyer, we christened him "Jersey." His wife, a lady of rare intelligence, combined with her husband in doing all in her power to add to the pleasure of the company. Their cheerful words and pleasant smiles will long be remembered. Next in my list, but not second in impor-

tance, were a gentleman and lady from Los Angeles, California. The former had explored, hunted, and



BEEHIVE GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

camped upon the mountains and plains of the Pacific Coast. His experience in shooting deer, elk, and bears,

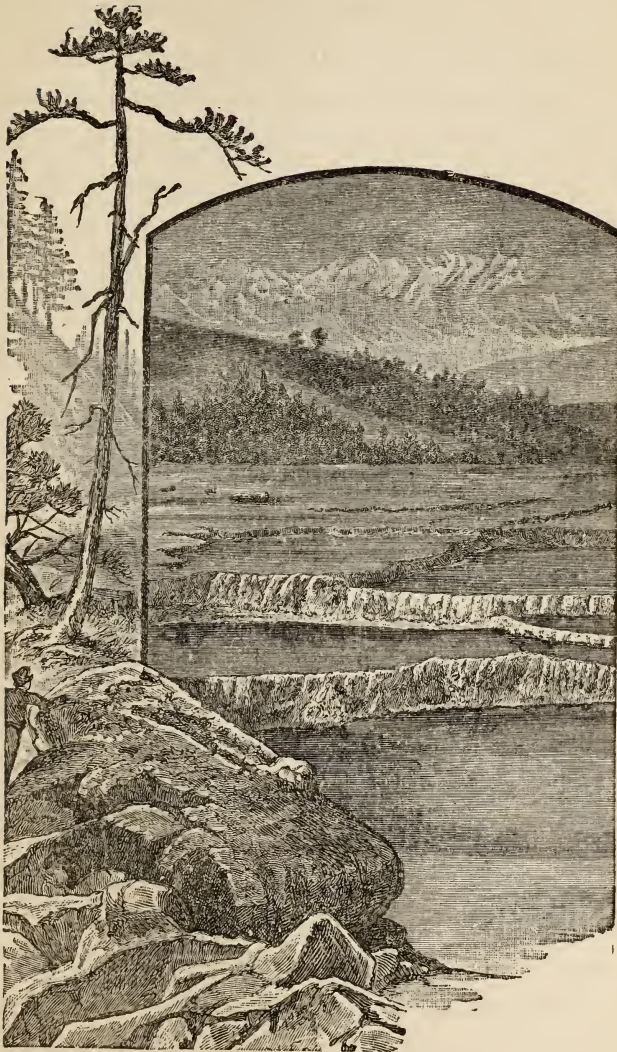
related in his own inimitable way, would always bring an inspiration of excitement and pleasure in the most tedious hour of our ride. His wife was an artist, who had visited all the points of interest in the Southwest, and possessed fine powers of description. The splendors of the Yosemite and other famous places were painted in words of rare selection for our edification and comfort. Next was a young English gentleman, who, with his sister, was making a tour of America. Genial, cultured, devoted to each other, and anxious to contribute to the happiness of the whole party, their presence was a benediction to all.

Six of our party are thus introduced and vouched for. The remaining four demand attention largely because on this occasion, at least, they were in good society. Number one of this unpromising quartette was an Englishman by birth, a Chilian by adoption, a silver-miner by profession, and a gentleman by instinct. The great treasures of his mines and the greater treasures of his family were located in Chili, South America. This gentleman was so loyal to that South American republic, and had so large a faith in its future, that we immediately called him "Chili" — a name which he was proud to wear, but which on one occasion, at least, produced a very amusing mistake. It was at the Lower Geyser Basin, where we were to stop for the night. It was a trifle damp and cold. While we were registering our names, the landlord heard us address our friend as

“Chili.” He misunderstood the term, and, thinking that the gentleman was actually suffering with the cold, took it upon himself to relieve him if possible. So when “Chili” was ushered to his room, he found it to be a small one directly over the kitchen. A red-hot stove-pipe passed up directly through the room, the thermometer in the room at that time marking about 175 degrees in the shade. Poor “Chili”! The host had indeed tendered him a warm reception. Number two was fortunate enough to be *almost* a New Englander. Connecticut blood had for generations flowed in the veins of his ancestors. His father had gone as a missionary to a foreign country, and while there toiling in the Master’s service, this son was born. When quite young he returned to America, located in Cincinnati, Ohio, and has worked his way upward to a partnership in one of Cincinnati’s largest business firms. There was so much energy and good sense in his make-up, that we insisted upon calling him “Conn” — an arrangement which was quite satisfactory to him. His health had been impaired by close application to his business, and he was now endeavoring to regain that greatest of all earthly blessings. From the Yellowstone he was to journey to distant Australia. May his mission be crowned with success! Number three (the traveling-companion of number two) was a genuine son of the Buckeye State. Of course no other name than that of “Ohio” would satisfy him. He was the central light of our party — an acknowledged authority on all questions

of dispute. He had read all the current literature, traveled extensively in America and Europe, possessed a fine memory, was an excellent conversationalist, good-natured, with a fund of sparkling wit, that flowed forth as naturally as either of the great springs we visited, to amuse, interest, and instruct his companions. He was a Congregationalist in theology, a republican in politics, and a merchant by profession. Cincinnati is to him the most beautiful city on the globe. I long to pull that latch-string on Walnut Hills, and greet number three once again. Fortunate indeed will be the Buckeye lass who captures this prize. I limit the field to Ohio, for a man with a loyalty so intense for his mother-State would disdain in a matter of such vast importance to go beyond its limits, no matter how much superior the attractions might be. Last, and least of all, was a man whom they termed "Maine," whose society was kindly endured, whose mistakes were overlooked, and who is deeply indebted to his fellow-pilgrims for their large kindness and patient forbearance.

The morning of our departure from the Mammoth Hot Springs, like nearly all summer mornings in that altitude, was cloudless, and the dark-blue sky never looked half so lovely as when at seven o'clock the drivers shouted "All aboard!" and our party of ten climbed to their seats. In our front were the lofty terraces of the Hot Springs, on our left was the Gardiner River with Mount Evarts looming up beyond it, while upon our right



MAMMOTH HOT-SPRINGS.

and in our front, Electric Peak, Mount Holmes, and Bunson's Peak thrust their snowy caps with audacious boldness through the canopy of heaven. Landlords, agents, clerks, porters, tourists, all stood upon the veranda to shake hands and wish us a pleasant journey. The long whiplash cleft the clear air and came down with a pistol-like report upon the ear of the careless leader, and eight horses sprang with impatient stride along the great pike, while ten passengers leaned back in their seats and laughed loudly in anticipation of the great treat that was in store for them.

My seat during this ride was beside Harris, the Montana driver, and from that elevated position I will endeavor to point out to the reader some of the most interesting objects. The hotel which we had just left is 6,500 feet above sea-level, but we immediately began to climb to a greater altitude, and soon became aware of the fact that we were getting up in the world. We were following up the cañon of the south fork of the Gardiner River, which stream foamed and boiled over the rocks at our left. Beyond the stream Bunson's Peak looked down upon us from his elevation of 10,000 feet, and from beneath his white crown smiled a cheerful "Good-morning;" on our right was a long high reef of white rocks called Sheep-eater's Cliff, named from the tribe of Indians who once inhabited the country beyond them. Four miles from the Mammoth Hot Springs we entered the "Golden Gate," a point where the south fork of the

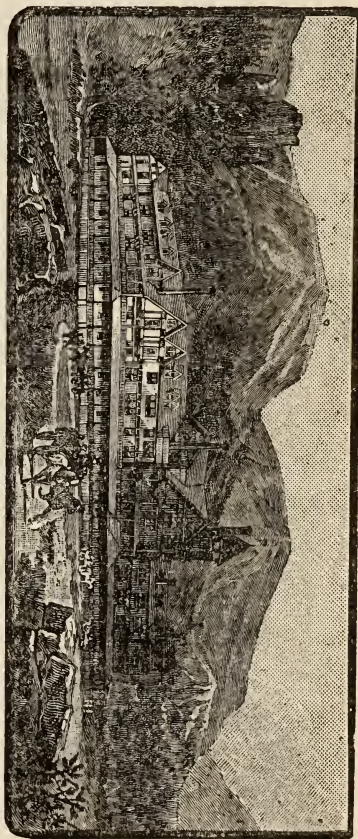
Gardiner had cut a narrow passage through the great mountain-chain. Into this narrow cañon we rode; Bunson's Peak with its overhanging cliffs over one thousand feet above us on one side, and a great rocky wall piled up eight hundred feet on the other. A shelf has been cut upon the side of the mountain-wall which serves as a road, and by a skilfully constructed trestlework we were enabled to ride up through the cañon, stopping for a moment to admire the river as it laughingly takes a perpendicular plunge of fifty feet down over the rocks. We then rode upon a broad open plain. Swan Lake on our right glimmered like molten silver in the bright sunlight. Just beyond, and but a few feet above, were the big sprawling mountains covered with snow. There in July you can gather the most beautiful flowers with one hand, and at the same time scrape up snow in the other. Extremes touch each other frequently in that country. As we comprehended that we were riding upon a level with the snow and ice upon a sultry summer's day, we held our heads correspondingly erect.

We forded the Indian Creek, passed Willow Park, and entered a thick pine forest. Old Montana, pointing to the tree, remarked: "Thar's the frontiersman's compass;" but a clear, close look on our part failed to reveal to us any such instrument. Then followed the explanation. The south side of the tree being nearest to the sun was burned nearly black, while the opposite side remained its natural color—gray. "Soda Springs," so called,

boiled out from a little hill beside the road. We tasted its waters, and voted that it could as appropriately be called anything else as "soda." Then we halted for a moment beside Beaver Lake. Far out in the water we saw a large but dilapidated and deserted beaver mansion, while long lines of log-dams could easily be traced across the lake. Scores of stumps were visible above the surface of the water, showing the prints of the teeth of these industrious workmen. Obsidian Cliffs, 1,000 feet long and 250 feet high, rise in marvelous beauty upon the left of the road near Beaver Lake. This mountain, composed of volcanic glass, glistens beautifully in the sunlight. Great streaks of red and yellow enter into its composition, and thus relieve the monotony of black. Large blocks have at some time become detached from the mountain and are heaped together at its base. The turnpike has been constructed through these blocks, and we enjoyed the novelty of riding for one fourth of a mile over a solid roadbed of pounded broken glass. The Indians used to use this glass for arrowheads to shoot the white people with, before the days when our government gave them Winchester rifles with which to do the same work. What Indian will dare to say that "these latter days are not better than the former"?

At noon we reached the Norris Geyser Basin, the first name being given in honor of General Norris, one of its earliest explorers. The hotel at this point has the highest site of any in the park — 7,500 feet. Here we

found hot springs and geysers in such profusion that we were bewildered with their array. These are evidently the oldest geysers within the park, and age has served to tame their fiery impulses to such an extent that many of them are at the present time in an inactive state. The whole basin is literally packed with boiling springs — paint-pots, chalk-pits, mud-pools, and frying-pans, all of which boil, bubble, steam, spout, groan, and frizzle in the most approved manner. “Old Steamboat Vent” is a hole through which clouds of steam emerge at regular intervals of about twenty times each minute, with a puffing noise so loud that it is easily heard a fourth of a mile away, sounding as if a great ocean-steamer was at her wharf blowing off steam. We saw but few geysers in operation here, and as the larger geysers were to be seen in the Upper Basin, we paid special attention in the Lower Basin to the springs, the contents of which were found to



MAMMOTH HOT-SPRINGS HOTEL.

be of every degree of consistency, from the limpid water, clear as crystal, to mud and paint so thick that it could scarcely boil. Black, red, gray, and yellow were the predominating colors. One of the most beautiful of the springs is known as the Emerald Pool, the waters of which have the bluish-green tint of a beryl. A little way beyond this spring, and at the foot of the ridge, is a geyser known as the "Minute-man," which once in sixty seconds boldly spurts a stream of water thirty feet high through an orifice in the rock about seven inches in diameter. "Old Monarch" is not far away, and he once each twenty-four hours throws a stream of water from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five feet high. This eruption continues twenty minutes, and the flow of water is immense. Near by the "Monarch" is the "Fearless;" which is inferior to its neighbor in size, but it makes amends for that in throwing out water so dark-green in its color that it is one of the most beautiful geysers in the park. Some of the geysers in Norris Basin are becoming less powerful each year, and will soon become extinct. Others, however, are increasing in power, and bid fair to rival those of the Upper Basin within a few years.

After leaving the Norris Basin, we soon crossed Elk Park, a beautiful meadow five miles in circumference, surrounded by lofty mountains. As we crossed the meadow to enter Gibbon Cañon beyond, great spiral columns of steam were rising on each side of the road,

indicating to us the location of the Gibbon Paint-pot Basin and the Monument Geyser Basin, where some very wonderful paint-pots and geysers are to be seen. Our coach soon entered the great cañon named from the Gibbon River, which flows through it. The scenery was romantic beyond description—the overhanging walls of rock towering on either side of the narrow cañon, and the coaches dashing over the pike beside the swiftly-rushing river. The walls in some places rise to a height of 2,000 feet above the road, which runs at one point on the very verge of the bank one thousand feet above the river. Four miles from the entrance to the cañon we came to Gibbon Falls, where the river pitches eighty feet in a most reckless manner over a perpendicular rock. In order to obtain a good view of the falls, it was necessary to descend one thousand feet over the steep bank on our right. The heat was so intense that the other members of our party decided not to make the descent, but anxious to obtain my “money’s worth,” I went down alone. The steep bank was covered with pine-trees, and the spills fallen from the trees caused the bluff to be nearly as slippery as it would have been with a coat of ice. I clung to the small trees and brush as I slipped downward, and by skilful tacking here and there, the descent was made; and as a reward for my effort, I stood at the foot of the falls where the enormous quantity of water plunged over the falls and upon the rocky bed of the river. Clouds of white spray were suspended

above the place where I stood, and the sun, sinking rapidly down the western sky, painted a beautiful rainbow over my head. The climbing up was much more difficult than the getting down. For thirty minutes, at least, I pulled myself upward as best I could before I reached the turnpike. I sat down to rest before the ascent was completed. Several round bowlders were around me. I managed to loosen one from the soil, which was about the size of a barrel, and started it on its journey down the cañon. For five hundred feet it rolled at an angle of forty-five degrees, gaining velocity as it went. After coming in contact with trees, but gliding to right and left, it would dash on until it reached a point where there was a sheer fall of five hundred feet, when it would seem to hesitate an instant on the very brink, and then plunge out twenty feet in mid-air and crash downward to the river, causing the deep cañon to reëcho with the force of its fall. I rolled a dozen of these fellows down, and was then obliged to desist from my amusement, as my companions were calling loudly for me to return, as they had been savagely attacked by — mosquitoes.

Our coaches hastened on. They soon crossed Cañon Creek, and for an hour our horses pulled through a great forest of pine and fir, up-hill and down, on a round trot, passing a large force of men who were at work on the road, and another squad who were erecting telephone-lines to connect all the hotels within the park.

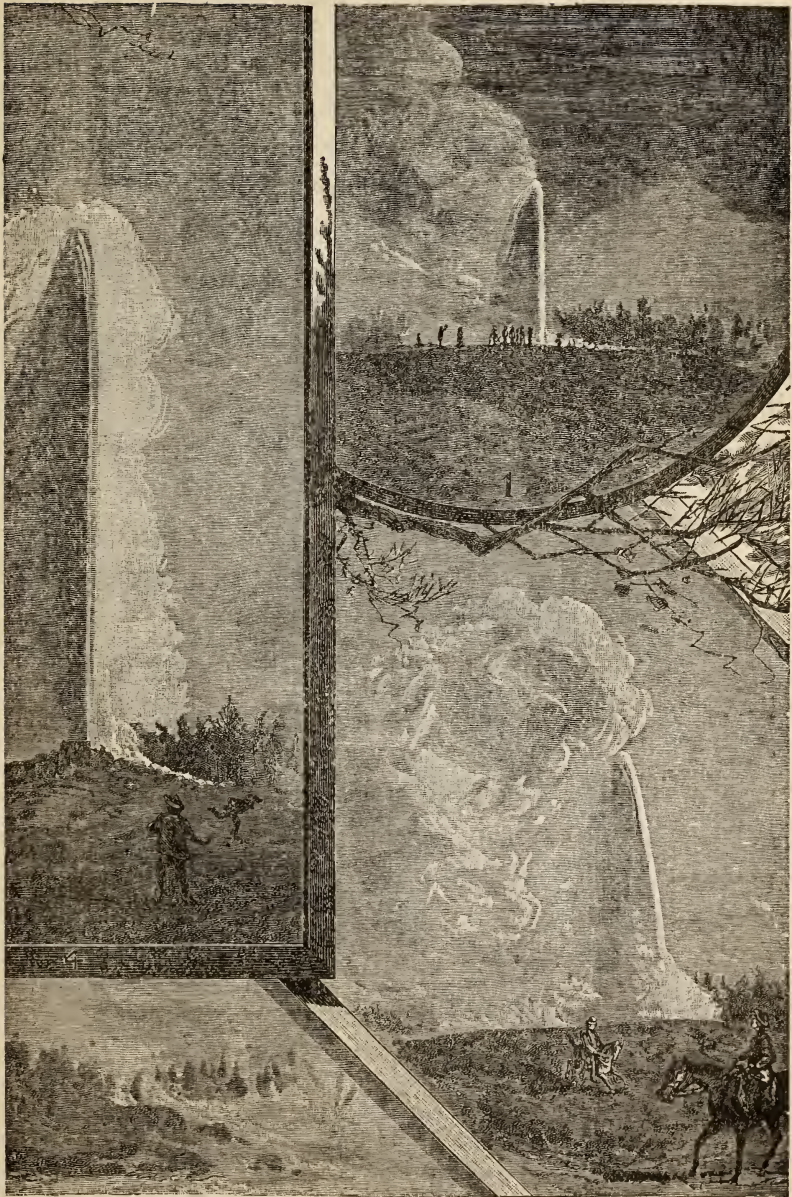
At five o'clock P.M. we dashed out into an open field, forded a branch of the Madison River, and halted at a hotel where we were to tarry for the night two miles below the famous Lower Geyser Basin.

We were expecting a day of exciting interest, and at an early hour were ready for a start. The forenoon was to be devoted to the Lower Basin. A ride of two miles from the hotel brought us to its most famous collection of geysers, hot-springs, mud, and paint-pots. The basin itself extends several miles in either direction and contains many groups of geysers and springs, but a brief description of two of these groups must suffice. The first group is in the centre of a broad treeless plain. The ground over which we rode was but a formation made from the deposits of the boiling springs. This rang out hollow beneath the horses' tread. The Fountain Geysers is the most important one in the basin. Our carriage halted within twenty feet of its edge. It looked like a spring. Circular in form and thirty feet in diameter, its rim was some four feet above the surrounding formation. We could look down within its walls for fifty feet; it was simply a great boiling, bubbling spring. "I think," said old Montana, "she will go off in thirty minutes." Of course we were all willing to stop, and anxiously watched for further developments. Twenty minutes passed and there was no visible change. Then the boiling became gradually more furious and the water rushed out over the rim

of the spring. Then it suddenly bounced up ten feet in the air. Just as the thirty minutes expired, the guide shouted: "Thar she goes!" and sure enough, with a mighty throb of invisible power, up went the great column of water, like a vast tower, seventy-five feet into the air, and held there as if by an unseen giant for the space of fifteen minutes, the boiling water in the meantime forming quite respectable rivers, which went pouring down over the plain. Within fifty yards of the Fountain Geyser are the famous "Paint-pots." These are forty-five feet wide and sixty-five feet long. The rim which encircles them is five feet high. Within this rim there is a great mass of fine white, pasty siliceous clay or paint. This is in constant agitation — a continuous bursting of bubbles with a plop, plop, that reminds one of the good old days of hasty-pudding. This paint, about as thick as that which painters spread upon the walls of a house, is thrown up in the most fantastic and singular forms. In one end of the spring the substance is thicker, as if it were passing through a cooling process. Here are all shades, arranged with a precision so exact that it would delight the heart of the most methodical artist in Christendom — pink, olive, hazel, straw, brown, gray, yellow, green, red, and many more, each occupying a small circular section by itself over the spot where it had boiled up from the earth. Many efforts have been made to sound these paint-pots, but thus far they have not been successful. They are, to all appearances, bottomless.

The Jet Geyser is close beside the Fountain, and is what the boys would term "a little one for a cent." It only plays when its big neighbor is in motion. It shoots the water up in a thousand little streams about eight feet high, and puffs and blows like a little giant. Then after having worked for about three minutes, with a big groan of satisfaction with its own work, it sinks to rest.

Two miles from the group of springs we have just mentioned, and in the direction of the Upper Geyser Basin, we reach another important group which is known as Hell's Half-acre. I was surprised at the name, for it would indicate to a stranger that this particular concern was run at least on a small scale. The Western people, in giving names to places, are hardly ever guilty of doing such a thing. But on our arrival we discovered that it was on a scale much beyond a half-acre; for up on the bare shoulder of the hill above Fire-hole River, there were at least ten acres, all steaming, boiling, hissing, and spouting together. The central points of interest in this group are the Excelsior Geyser and the Grand Prismatic Spring. The former is a most singular, cranky, and formidable fellow. He seldom deigns to work, but when he does, he goes with awful vengeance. General Norris had the rare good fortune to witness its eruptions two or three times. Before the eruption took place, the ground was shaken by the force of the pent-up waters, and a loud roaring



GREAT GEYSERS.

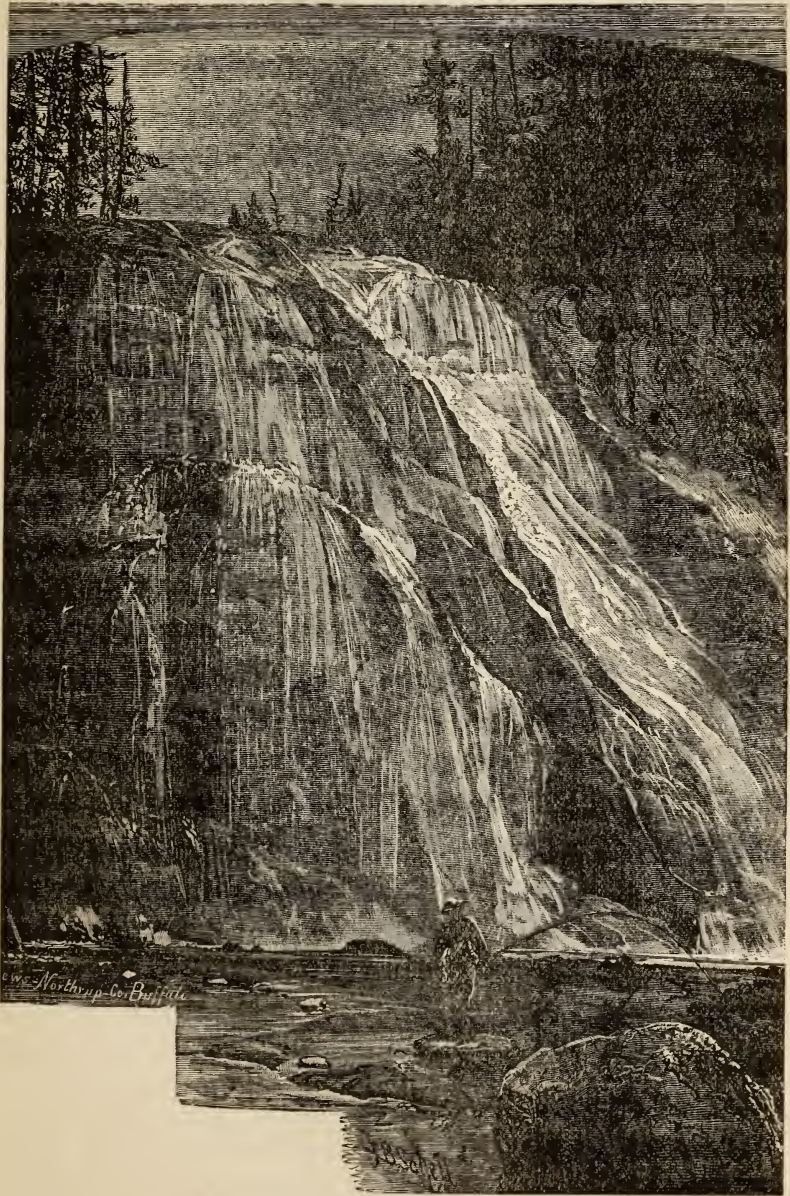
sound issued from the mouth of the cone that was heard six miles away. Then came a torrent of water which rose to an altitude of three hundred feet. The fall of water was so great which poured into Fire-hole River that two bridges were carried away. The river at that point is one hundred yards wide, and these bridges were several feet above the surface of the water before the eruption began. Rocks, some of which weighed one hundred pounds each, were hurled from the mouth of the cone and borne to the river twenty rods from where they came forth. We gazed down its awful throat and listened to its mutterings and threats, but did not have the pleasure of seeing it in operation. The Prismatic Spring is as beautiful as its neighbor is terrible. It is 350 feet long by 250 feet in width. The dense cloud of steam which is constantly rising from it conceals its central beauty, but in walking around it a fine view can be obtained of its outer beautiful circle. The spring receives its name from the lovely tints of its waters. The deeper portions of the water are tinted green and blue; nearer the edge, this changes into yellow and orange. Outside the rim of the spring there is a broad sidewalk, which one could almost imagine to be made of marble. This deposit is beyond all powers of description. Its colors are perfect — purples, browns, and grays, all mixed in circles, stripes, and squares, placed in with a precision as exact as the placing of any marbles in our most magnificent structures. There was something

so unique and unexpected in this extravagant outlay of skill and material on the part of the Great Builder, that ten persons could have been seen walking in Indian file around the spring, gazing at the beautiful walk beneath their feet, and repeating as they went, "Wonderful! Wonderful! Wonderful! Wonderful!"

From this group of springs a short sharp ride brought us to the famous Upper Geyser Basin. As the stages halted at the hotel, ten voices cried in the same breath: "How long since 'Old Faithful' went off?" "That is what they all ask," replied the smiling landlord. At this basin we placed ourselves under the care of the assistant superintendent of the park, Mr. J. W. Weimer, who, having learned that I was writing for the press, out of pity, I suppose, for my readers, kindly volunteered to show me the chief points of interest in the Upper Basin; and under the intense rays of the sun, which poured down fiercely upon the white formation, without the friendly shelter of a single tree, we tramped for at least nine miles. "California" alone had the hardihood to follow us through all that tramp. My face burned almost to a blister, but I was determined to see "the elephant," and tramped on, declaring to my companions, who were two rods in advance, that I was not a bit tired, and that I would be glad to have them go a little faster. It was both an exciting and exhausting tramp. Space will only permit me to describe a few of the many things which we saw. Old Faithful, the most distinguished

geyser on the globe, must come first. He stands like a giant sentinel at the upper end of the basin, as if to guard from invasion all his tribe farther down the valley. Once each sixty-two minutes, as regularly as the watches of our company marked off the time, "Old Faithful went off." His crater is two feet by six within the cone. A few minutes before the general eruption, the water splashes in great violence from the crater. Then on the tick of the watch a magnificent stream of water rises directly up in the air to a height of one hundred and fifty feet. It is sustained there for five minutes, during which time it falls in a sparkling, boiling torrent upon the white pavement. Soiled linen placed in the crater is thoroughly cleansed and uninjured in the process; woolens are, however, destroyed. Being able to time its movements, we were permitted to see five of its magnificent upheavals.

Among the most famous of the other geysers are the "Beehive," "Lion," "Lioness," "Giant," "Giantess," "Castle," "Splendid," "Grotto," and "Riverside," each of which possesses remarkable features peculiar to itself. Some of these we saw in operation, and it would require columns of space to describe their splendor and power. One, however, must not pass unnoticed. Its very name will give it a peculiar charm for New England. It is known as the "Mugwump"! I asked the superintendent why this name had been given it. His reply was: "Wait until it goes off, then you will see." Two



GIBBON FALLS.

hours later he shouted: "Let's run over and see the Mugwump work!" and run we did with a will. "Now wait and you will see why it received its name." We waited. It was a spring some six feet in diameter. Clouds of steam began to rise; then came a thunderous, groaning roar, as if all the warring elements of the earth were about to burst forth. The waters began to rise as if to threaten our safety. Then came the supreme effort, and amid groans and sobs a tiny stream of water rose six feet into the air. It trembled there for a brief moment, then fell, and all was still. Without speaking a word, our guide led us away. Each one was thus permitted to cherish his own thoughts and form his own conclusions. Up in the edge of the pine-forest we found a beautiful geyser called the "Solitary." The formation around it was magnificent. A fringe of beadwork eighteen inches broad encircled the entire spring, which was circular in form and twenty feet in diameter. These beads ranged in size from a small pea to a large hazelnut. They were beautifully tinted — pink, green, blue, red, and yellow. Back of this fringe was a walk ten feet broad, smooth and hard, all painted in the most royal colors — red, green, black, and yellow — upon a groundwork of white. The pattern was nearly all in stripes, each six inches broad, encircling the entire spring. We saw a mountain of sand one hundred feet high, built in the form of a great cone, fifty feet in diameter at its base, and at its crest there came forth a small column of steam

with a singular regularity and beauty. The "Devil's Punch-bowl" is located on a knoll twenty feet high. It is perfectly circular in form. The cone around it is two feet high, and so level that the overflowing water runs over the entire circle at an equal depth. It is twelve feet in diameter. The inner side of the bowl is tinted in a very pretty manner. The water in the centre of this basin is boiling furiously all the time. We could look down thirty feet within the spring. The Black Sand Basin is another singular formation. The sand-hill is perhaps three hundred feet high. Near one side a bowl has been scooped out that is one hundred feet in diameter at the top. This is partially filled with water, the surface of which is forty feet in diameter, perfectly round, boiling with a tremendous fury. It has been measured to a depth of two hundred feet, but no bottom was discovered. As you stand upon the steep edge of the spring and look down into its fearful depths, you almost shudder at the thought of falling into this boiling flood. A large stream of water is constantly issuing from this mammoth spring.

Three hundred feet below this Black Sand Basin is a broad field twenty acres in extent, over which these waters flow and upon which they have made a most singular deposit. The stream from the spring to the field runs like a mill-race. Upon the sides and the bed of this stream, with its tiny falls, are traced the most beautiful colors — red, green, gold, and yellow. The

field itself is covered with a substance in which the same colors are blended and which has been moulded in fantastic forms. The water runs across the field in small streams, and between these streams there are banks of pearls, clusters of marbles, and a thousand other formations, no two alike, but each rivaling all the others in beauty and elegance. Those on the side nearest to the spring were soft and unfinished, but farther on they were hard and polished. The effect of this great mass, so highly polished and tinted with every hue, all blended together in the most beautiful harmony, was very pleasing. A simple cluster or spray of those pearls, as a natural curiosity, would be worth almost a fortune; but the one sentence conspicuously placed in black letters: "Gather no specimens," dispelled all thoughts of securing a prize. The government officials found that it was absolutely necessary to enforce this law in order to preserve the park in its natural condition. Nearly every geyser cone displays the blows which were showered upon them by the axes of the ruthless relic-hunter before this law was enforced.

In the Geyser Basin we encountered a gentleman whose presence added much to the enjoyment of our trip. He was a doctor from Boise City, who spends the summer months hunting and fishing for pleasure in these great forests. He drives a span of horses, rides in a covered carriage, carries three guns, a small tent, blankets, a few cooking-utensils, and lives upon venison and fish.

Three or four months are thus passed each year. His long residence in the West had given him an ample fund of information. Four dogs accompanied him — splendid Scotch hounds they were, great favorites with their owner, who had named them Moody, Sankey, Beecher, and Brigham. I enjoyed the pleasure of riding several miles with this gentleman and then, sitting beside his little tent, took tea with him. The meal consisted of jerked elk and cold water.

While our party were resting at the hotel in the Upper Basin, preparatory to their evening ride back to the Lower Basin, I walked out and climbed up the mountain-side, until I could obtain an unobstructed view of the basin. It was a wild, weird scene. Steam was rising from a thousand geysers and springs, curling and winding in fantastic forms through the air until a vast dense cloud was formed, which drifted northward upon the wings of the evening breeze. At that moment "Old Faithful," the "Splendid," "Riverside," "Sawmill," "Castle," "Giantess," and several smaller geysers, were all in active operation. These vast volumes of water, rising two hundred feet in the air, through which they descended in floods, in the bright clear light of the sun sparkled and gleamed until every drop looked like a diamond. I could distinctly hear the hissing steam, the roar of the spouting torrents, and the heavy throbbings of pent-up power, which was desperately seeking an opportunity to escape. No sound was heard save that of

these warring elements. Nature was here undisturbed. Its own great forces were marshaled. There were none to dispute its authority. Bishop Foss writes of it as follows : —

“ Nowhere else on the face of the earth can there be found such a multitude and variety of natural wonders, and especially such abundant evidences of intensely heated subterranean waters. The eye of the tourist is arrested, delighted, and startled in turn, by grand mountains flecked with perpetual snow and radiant with strange varieties of color ; lovely lakes, roaring torrents, the greenest of green, and the bluest of blue ; towering precipices, immense gulches and cañons, cliffs of volcanic glass, mighty cataracts, verdant valleys, seething pots of many-colored mud ; boiling springs — many hundreds of them — of every conceivable variety, some of them large steaming lakes of wondrously transparent depth, and of indescribable richness of coloring — emerald, turquoise, topaz, prismatic ; appalling caldrons, roaring steam-vents ; above all, genuine geysers of every size, form, and period of eruption, including much the largest known in any land. . . .

“ By far the largest collection of geysers is in the Upper Geyser Basin, fifty miles south of the Mammoth Hot Spring. Here, in a narrow valley two miles long, are geysers far surpassing, in number and in size, those of Iceland, New Zealand, or any other part of the world. Some of their names are very suggestive : ‘ Old Faithful,’

'Beehive,' 'Castle,' 'Splendid,' 'Grand,' 'Giantess,' 'Giant,' 'Lion,' 'Lioness and Cubs,' the 'Sawmill,' 'Comet,' 'Riverside,' 'Fan.' Some of them have built up sloping mounds covering many acres and capped with cones from four to twenty feet high. Their periods of eruption vary from a few seconds to fifteen days or longer; their height, from a few yards to three hundred feet; their volume, from an amusing spray to an awful flood. Some are steaming, sizzling, boiling, roaring, or groaning constantly; others, entirely quiet until just before eruption. The first large geyser I saw in action was Old Faithful; and, as its stately column rose to a height of one hundred and fifty feet, this deep impression thrilled me: 'Great and marvelous are thy works, O Lord God Almighty!' For two days, whenever I sat at my tent-door, the same august spectacle greeted me, at intervals ranging from forty to seventy-five minutes, with an ever-heightening impression. Majestically beautiful art thou, Old Faithful! Thou shalt ever keep thy place in the picture-gallery of my memory beside Jungfrau, Lake George, and the Milan Cathedral."

CHAPTER XIII.

YELLOWSTONE PARK.

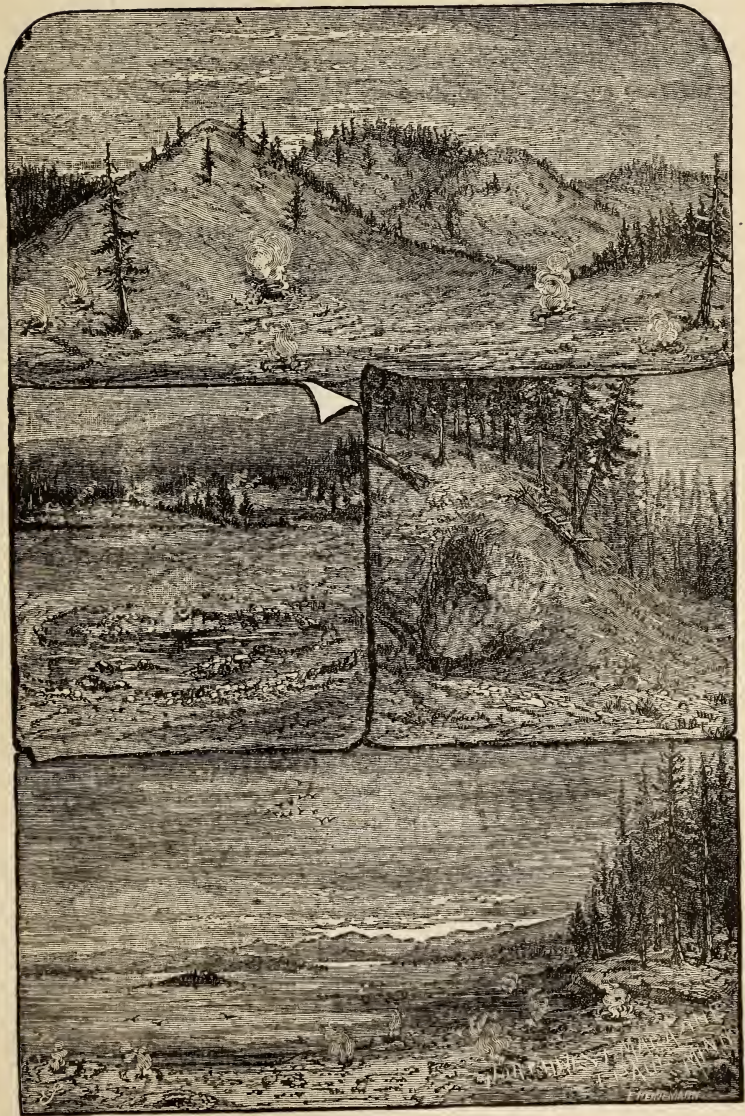
THE lake is a beautiful sheet of water nearly twenty miles long and at some points nearly as wide. Its shores and the surrounding country are filled with treasures of curiosity and surprise for the visitor, but time (and in our case a stage-coach) waits for no man, and a passing glance must suffice for us. The one point which surprised us all was the remarkable altitude of this large sheet of water — 7,788 feet above the sea. If our own Mount Washington, of which we New Englanders are all so justly proud, should by some accident be dropped down in the Yellowstone Lake, we should never be able to recover him; for if his base should go down to the sea-level, his topmost stone would then be one half a mile below the surface of the water. Grand old Mount Washington, we all love him! He is big enough for us in New England, but we advise him to be content with his present position, for if he should follow the famous advice of Mr. Greeley and “go West,” he would get lost among the Rocky Mountains; he could not rank as a mountain there; he would be fortunate indeed to even pass as a foothill. It is the old adage: “Better be a big toad in a small puddle than be a small toad in a big puddle.” 1

have no doubt but that this advice will be appreciated, and that Mount Washington will remain where he now is.

It is nearly twelve miles from the foot of the lake down to the Upper Falls. The Yellowstone River is here at its best, containing a much larger amount of water than it does many miles below at Cinebar and Livingstone. Through the pine-forests between the lake and the falls it rolls rapidly downward with great force, as if girding itself with power for the fearful ordeals which await it. Long before we reached the Upper Falls we could hear the shriek and agonized roar of the waters as they crashed upon the rocks. The carriages were left at the hotel and, following a narrow, crooked path down the steep side of the cañon, we toiled down to the Upper Falls. The place is easily found by the great cloud of mist and spray which is constantly rising from the rocks. The river at that point is only about sixty feet wide, but very deep, and running at the rate of eighteen miles an hour. The walls of the cañon are beginning to frown upon either side, and the water, as if made desperate at its situation, takes a mad leap of 140 feet down over the rocks, where it is broken, dashed, and churned into mountains of foam in its struggle to go free. As you stand at the foot of the falls and look upward, you are charmed and awed by the spectacle.

Only a third of a mile intervenes between the Upper and the Lower Falls, and we will pass along the bank from the one to the other. As we thus toil downward,

great caution must be exercised; the bank is so steep and slippery that there is danger of falling into the rushing torrent just below where we stand. Clinging for safety to the bushes and trees, we succeed in reaching the head of the Lower Falls. The walls of the cañon now tower thirteen hundred feet above us. Great drifts of snow are in those deep, broad seams and extend almost to the water's edge. The river is only fifty feet wide. It glides onward to a point where a broad, smooth, level stone paves the entire passage. Then without a murmur the water falls three hundred feet into the awful chasm below. A rude little scaffold has been built out over the falls, upon which you may stand and, leaning over the single rail, look down three hundred feet and see the river running in a narrow stream far on in the cañon below. In the midst of those awful solitudes I did not, however, care to display great courage, and, as no other members of my party were present to laugh at my performance, I made my *début* upon the scaffold on my hands and knees, and holding on in great desperation, peered through under the rail and with bated breath watched the water as it crashed straight downward three hundred feet. A pebble dropped from my hand convinced me that the fall was very nearly perpendicular. I felt grateful that my friends were not with me. It would have seemed a sin to have had the sacred solitude of that place broken and disturbed by a human voice. Slowly I departed from the place and



YELLOWSTONE PARK.

toiled up the side of the cañon fifteen hundred feet to rejoin the party, which had been following the trail down the cañon.

THE YELLOWSTONE CANON.

To comprehend its magnitude and beauty, one must visit it. To even describe it after having visited it is a much more difficult task than to make the journey across the continent to look upon its wonders. Its extreme length must be twenty miles or more; for a distance of eight miles below the falls it is pronounced (by those who should know) the most magnificent cañon on the globe. Its route is from southwest to the northeast. The country is rough — great rolling hills thickly covered with a growth of pine. Game is very plenty in that section of the park, but we were not fortunate enough to see any. We saw tracks of deer, elk, and buffalo when we returned from the cañon, which had been made during our absence. Let the law of defence and protection be enforced, and such game will be as plentiful as are the flocks of sheep and herds of cattle in New England.

Now the reader must comprehend that in some way or other the Yellowstone River has cut its channel through these hills. Either by some great internal upheaval, or by its own power, a mighty gash has been cleft through the hills, through which the river flows to the sea. As we attempt to sketch the scene we will take our position upon Prospect Point, half a mile below the Lower

Falls. Here at the top the cañon is three hundred yards wide. Prospect Point is a huge shoulder of rock that juts itself out into the cañon so far that the narrow river is directly beneath it. We shall need to exercise some caution as we walk upon this point, for heads are a trifle light in this atmosphere eight thousand feet above the sea; and the sight to be revealed here is enough to affect the strongest nerves. We walk out to a point within three feet of the edge and cling to the trunk of a friendly pine sapling that is growing upon the rock. For three miles to the right and left the cañon opens to our vision. The Yellowstone River looks like a broad strip of white ribbon spread out among the rocks two thousand feet below the point on which we stand. To our right, half a mile up the river, are the Lower Falls; you look, and you stand entranced at the beauty of that scene. There is something so enchanting about that fall of three hundred feet as you look upon it from this point. The quantity of water at Niagara is much greater, but this fall exceeds that one hundred and twenty feet, and in its beauty it remains unrivaled. You then look across the river and gaze upon three miles of sculptured, painted, emblazoned rock, averaging from 1,500 to 2,200 feet in height. Its effect upon your mind is marvelous. What a host of sculptors and painters have been there employed for countless ages! Frost, snow, heat, vapor, lightning, rain, torrent, glacier, have been actively employed, and from the invisible resources of the rock they have brought

forth iron, sulphur, arsenic, lime, and lava, to robe these cliffs in this glorious apparel. Those who have seen both declare that the famous paintings found in the cathedrals of the Old World are tame and insignificant when compared to these colorings. You will want to gaze for a full hour with unbroken look upon that mighty mass of rock so marvelously sculptured and so artistically painted, before you are satisfied. Remember, that three-mile wall is not a great smooth rock, — coarse and ungainly, and made beautiful merely by its rich painting, — for it has been chiseled with great care. Look yonder! Do you see those pillars carved upon the solid wall? A score or more of them stand side by side. Twenty feet in diameter each must be. They look as if they had been placed in position up against that wall but yesterday. Their base rests upon the foundation at the bottom of the river. Their capstones are two thousand feet above. How smoothly are they carved, how nicely are they polished! and all this was done before the painting began. The rare beauty of proportion and finish which the world has admired for the last one thousand years in the old Grecian and Corinthian styles is not to be spoken of in the same hour with this.

Look now to your left. Upon the same side of the river on which you stand, and but one fourth of a mile below, are apparently the ruins of a grand old castle. If so, strong men must have been its builders, for, you see, it once filled that vast opening in the side of the cañon,

and its outer wall was over two thousand feet high. But, alas! it is now in ruins. The outer wall, once so thick and high, has fallen. The square blocks of which it was constructed are scattered away down in the depths of the cañon; portions of the end walls, some turrets and towers, still remain. There is one tower that must have been erected at one of its outer corners. It is perfectly square, sixty feet in diameter at its base, tapering slightly as it rises. The square at its top is as perfect as its base, twenty feet in diameter. It is eight hundred feet high. Talk not of Egyptian pyramids and obelisks thousands of miles away, when such mighty monuments as this can be found in our own land! Smaller towers are seen in great numbers. Some have fallen, others are leaning. Some look so slender and weak that you imagine you could push them over with your hand, providing your arm was long enough to reach them. We dropped several stones down over the edge where we stood; it required a long time for them to reach the water. We walked five miles down the cañon, and there were many points of observation like that which I have described. In some places, where the cañon was wider, the sides sloped off at an angle of forty-five degrees from the top to the edge of the water. We rolled several large boulders down these grades, each of which created a great sensation before it reached its destination, for as it went plunging down the hill it would strike another and set it in motion, and before the water was reached

there would be twenty of these rocks, great and small, rolling, leaping, jumping, as if each were anxious to outdo all the others in its race for the water.

A week's time could be profitably spent in exploring this single cañon. Should you descend and follow the stream in its tortuous course, you would find many places where the overhanging cliffs seem almost to touch each other two thousand feet above your head; and as you peer up between these rocks, you can see stars in the sky each hour in the day. From the top of Mount Washburn far down the cañon the scene is magnificent. We did not have time to see it, and I have not space to write of all we saw. There was one spectacle, however, with which we were favored that will not be forgotten by those who saw it. The summer afternoon had been a sultry one. It was five o'clock. We were at Prospect Point on our way up the cañon to the hotel. A thunder-storm was at hand. For several hours we had heard the muttering of thunder, but were so occupied in looking upon the wonderful scenery around us that we had not thought of a storm. We now saw that it was so close at hand that we could not possibly reach the hotel before its fury would be upon us, and "Ohio" proposed that we remain where we were and from that cliff watch the storm; and as there was nothing else for us to do, we consented. The clouds, propelled by a strong wind, swept down the river at so low an altitude that we could almost touch them with our hands. The cañon began to fill with mist.



YELLOWSTONE LOWER FALLS.

A heavy rumbling sound was heard above the clouds, which made the great cliffs shudder. Eagles came flying wildly up the cañon and sought their nests, which we plainly saw upon the tallest rocks below us. The most intense lightning that I ever saw gleamed almost constantly from the clouds and shot into the depths of the cañon. Thunder crashed, bolt after bolt, until it seemed as if the cliff on which we stood was reeling down into the frightful chasm. The great falls were shut in from our view, and their awful roar was hushed in the fury of the storm. Flash after flash of lightning came in quick succession, until the mists beneath us were illuminated with its light and looked like one mass of fire. Then came the rain. Thick and fast fell the great drops, but these gave way to hailstones which came in a dense cloud, little and big, round and square. For half an hour they poured upon us, until the ground and rocks were robed with their purity. Then tired, wet, hungry, but satisfied, we returned to the hotel, and during all the evening we were grouped around the great stove in the office, drying our clothes, for, like true pilgrims, we had no change of raiment.

Our host was at his desk scanning the names which had been registered that day, as he was obliged to copy the list each day, giving the residence of each, and forward it to the hotel at the Mammoth Hot Springs. These names on that day hailed from nearly every civilized country on the globe. There was only one name which

he could not translate. For an hour he had studied its rugged lines in silence, but in vain. At last, in a despairing tone, he remarked: "It is of no use; I cannot make it out. It must be a Dutch name. Not a single letter in it can I read. I wish some of you gentlemen would help me make this thing out." "Ohio" was, of course, upon his feet in a moment. "He would gladly assist if it was in his power to do so." How proud we all were of "Ohio" as he thus volunteered. How fortunate it was to have an expert with us in every emergency! He stood beside the host, who pointed to a long string of strange characters which had been drawn in ink upon the page before him. "There it is," said he; "it was done to-day, but by whom I cannot tell." "Ohio" looked. A genial smile played upon his features as he replied: "Why, bless you, sir, that is my signature: '—, Cincinnati, Ohio.'" In the general laugh which followed neither the host nor "Ohio" joined very heartily.

That evening I came in contact with one of the most famous characters in the Northwest, J. X. Biedler, the ex-United States Marshal of Montana. I had heard much of him prior to our meeting. He had been pronounced by all as the coolest, bravest, most efficient officer that ever served in all the Northwest. For over twenty years he had served in the above-named position, beginning with the earliest history of Montana. After some little skirmishing I succeeded in getting him to talk. "Yes, I was with John Brown in Kansas in '56. There

I got this bullet in my hip from the rifle of a border ruffian that has made me a cripple for life. I was with John Brown a year. He wanted me to go to Harper's Ferry with him, but when he went there I went to Denver. John Brown was a 'rustler.' I tell you there was mighty good leather in the old man. No matter how much fighting he had on hand, he took time to pray every morning and night, and every man in the company had to kneel down too, while he prayed. If any fellow had refused, old Brown would have thrashed him on the spot. If any man swore an oath in his hearing, he had to do double duty. Yes, old John was a hero." And thus he talked until past midnight. They tell a good story about "J. X.," as they call him, and the famous Buffalo Bill. A few years ago his friends induced J. X. to go East as far as New York. There in a hotel he met Buffalo Bill, who was exhibiting his Indian show. The gentleman introduced J. X. to Bill as a Western man. Bill shook back his yellow mane and with a fierce look replied: "I never saw you, sir;" to which J. X. replied: "I suppose not, *for I have been out West.*" "Well," thundered Bill, "I have been out West too." "Yes," responded J. X., "but you went out West in a *palace-car*, and I crossed the plains with a pack-mule twenty-five years ago." Buffalo Bill left without even saying good-by. "Yes," soliloquized J. X., as I was about to retire, "I served the first warrant ever issued in this Territory. I served under Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, and Arthur, but our new Presi-

dent, Grover, got in, and he had no place for me. He has appointed a man marshal up here in Montana whom I knew down in Kansas, and he was n't on John Brown's side either. I know of one instance where he sent the body of a Union man down the river lashed to a log, so he would not vote against slavery at the election the next day." And the old hero limped away to his room.

We were to leave the Grand Cañon at eight o'clock in the morning. I wanted to look once more upon the splendors of the great cañon, and at an early hour I left the hotel and hastened to Prospect Point. The stars were shining in the sky when I began the trip, and at Prospect Point the sun was throwing his golden threads of light upon the falls. Higher he rose, until the awful gorge before and beneath me was bathed in his mellow light. For an hour I stood and exulted in that scene. And as I at last reluctantly turned away, I recalled the words uttered by Bishop Foster when upon that most exalted height of inspiration in the delivery of that peerless sermon: "Oh, how grand is God and the universe he has made!"

This morning we were to say good-by to our host at the Yellowstone Falls. There were two routes along which we could reach the Mammoth Hot Springs. One was to ride thirty miles to the Lower Geyser Basin, and then forty-five more by the way of the Norris Basin to the Mammoth Springs. The other was across the country twelve miles to Norris, thence to the Mammoth Springs. The former

would occupy two days, the latter but one. Our time was limited, and we all said we must go the short route to Norris. But the road was not passable. It was simply a "tote" road at best; but being so much more direct, it had been used by the passenger coaches until within a day or two, when it was abandoned as a hopeless case. Passengers related to us their terrible experience in passing over it — the stumps were so thick, the mud-holes so deep, the hills so steep and sidling. The drivers also had all caught the distemper, and that twelve miles of forest road became the horror of all. But now we must go that way. The drivers shook their heads. Mr. Wakefield, the proprietor of the stage line, said it was impossible; but we pleaded the necessity of other engagements, and the day's time must not be lost. At last a compromise was made. The stages would go the twelve-mile road to accommodate us, but we must run our own risk. If bones were broken, the stage line was not to be held responsible for the damage. If the road was rough and impassable we were not to find any fault or enter any complaint.

This was mutually satisfactory, and at eight o'clock in the morning we sallied forth. Our coaches were at the door. Our two English friends had tarried to pass a longer time at the Upper Geyser Basin. There were but three passengers in our coach — the gentleman and lady from California and myself. I descended from the quarter-deck beside the driver and occupied the rear seat in the



YELLOWSTONE UPPER FALLS.

coach ; and forward we went. I did not anticipate much difficulty, for had I not ridden over rough roads before? "California" was also confident that it would not prove nearly as rough as roads with which he was familiar on the Pacific Coast. For a good long mile nothing unusual occurred. Up a steep hill our horses slowly toiled. We were quite highly elated, and reasoned in our own minds: "Of course the roads are not rough." Then we entered the pine-woods. Here our sorrows began. A thick cloud settled upon our spirits. The woods did not resound with our laughter. We even stopped trying to make ourselves believe that the roads were not rough. That was the most provoking pine-forest that I ever saw. The trees grew from eight to ten inches in diameter, and they grew so thickly together that I wondered how a rabbit could run between them. There were little pines to the right of us and little pines to the left of us, pines in front, pines in the rear. Take it together, it was the most piney and pining time I ever saw. The road had been cut through the previous spring. Now if the trees had all been cut off at an equal distance from the ground, we should then have had a road very much like a Chicago street paved with wooden blocks ; but those who had the matter in charge very carelessly employed men to cut those trees who were not of a similar height, and, as a result, of course, he who was six feet tall would cut his stump one foot higher than he who was but five. On this principle, I judged that they employed men who

ranged in height from four feet six to six feet four, and, as a result, the stumps were very uneven. The first section of stumps was about eighty rods long. It was a sort of foretaste of the bliss that was to follow. The horses pricked up their ears when they saw the stumps, and by the way they began to step I plainly saw that they considered it a "go-as-you-please." I prepared for the ordeal as best I could, determined to utilize all the available material that I possessed in order to outride the storm. I spread myself out along the seat, braced both feet, and clutched desperately with both hands. I held my breath and bowed my head in abject humility. The critical moment came. "Old Montana," with a malicious gleam in his eye, sat upon his seat erect, grim, and defiant. There came a crash. The horses sprang forward. "Montana" shouted to encourage them. The wheels of the coach began to rise and fall in the most unexpected manner. Up and down, crash! whang! bang! they went. I forgot that "California" and his wife were in the coach. I forgot all about the other coach. I forgot about the Yellowstone Park. I nearly forgot my own name. I distinctly remembered, however, that I was in the coach. My right foot slipped from its anchorage; my left, being unable to trump, "followed suit." One by one my hands were torn asunder from the fastenings upon which I had depended for safety. My head suddenly assumed an upright position, and then more suddenly changed to its previous position. But the end

was not yet. The carriage-wheels were cutting the most singular antics as they flew over stumps of both low and high degree. I soon discovered that I was not resting upon the carriage-seat but a small portion of the time. The balance of it was occupied by myself in rising and falling; not graceful, perhaps, but forceful I am confident. Each time I rose I drew a sigh of relief. Each time I fell my teeth voluntarily came together as if in rage. One moment I was almost down on the bottom of the carriage. A gigantic thump, and I rose with the occasion until my head touched the top of the coach. Then with a trip-hammer blow I landed upon my seat. By that time we had crossed the first section. You may ask me, What about the gentleman and lady on the front seat? I tell no tales out of school. They are my friends. They were husband and wife. They struggled heroically. Their embraces were perfectly proper.

When that section was passed there was a change. This was of itself a relief, but it was a change from bad to worse. We were floundering in a mud-hole so deep that the bottom had not been reached. The leaders went down in the mud not quite to their ears. The pole-horses stopped. The carriage-wheels began to sink. "Old Montana" was equal to the occasion. He rose to his feet and his whip cracked like the report of a Winchester rifle. "Get!" he shouted; and *get* they did with a vengeance. The mud-hole had been paved over weeks before with pine-boughs; these were now dry and

broken. It was a strange mixture — pine-sticks and mud ; but how that mixture flew as the four horses floundered on ! Both wheels on the right side went down, and at the same moment the two on the opposite side of the vehicle, as if rejoicing over the misfortunes of their rivals, tried to climb into the carriage. Just as I thought they would succeed in doing so, fortune changed. The ups went down and the downs came up. Then for forty rods it was neck and neck, as to which of the rival pairs would succeed in getting into the carriage first. I became very much interested. I do not know whether it was the intense excitement, or some other cause, but it seemed impossible to me to remain quiet. And my movement from one end of the seat unto the other became so rapid that it actually appeared as if I could look from both sides of the carriage at the same time. "Montana" remained as grim as fate itself. The gallant bays floundered on, and I drew a great sigh of relief when we emerged from the mud and once more began to pound over the stumps. And thus for four mortal hours we alternated — mud, and then stumps. When in the former we sighed for the latter, and when among the latter we prayed for the former. Neither was better, for both were worse. My only inspiring or consoling thought during that ride was my life insurance.

At twelve o'clock we reached Norris Basin. The coach halted. We rolled out, and to our great joy, if not surprise, we found that we were whole. We imme-

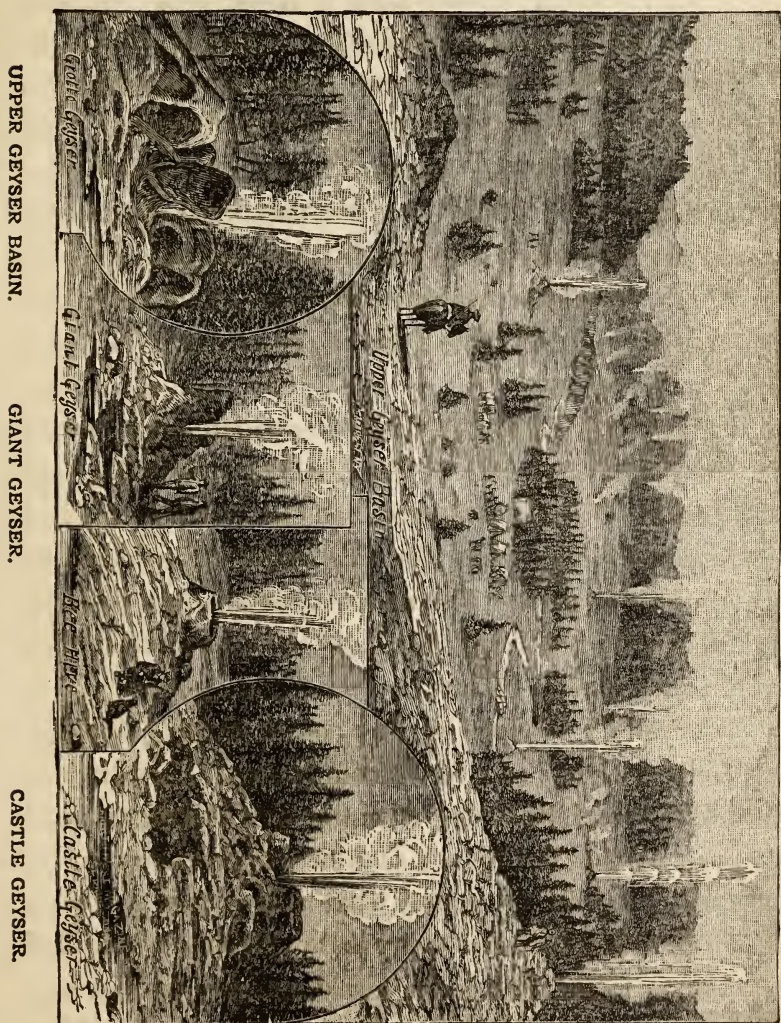
diately sent the following dispatch to Mr. Wakefield: "Ride completed. Beautiful scenery. No dust. Thanks." Signed, "Pilgrims."

The visitor to the National Park will not fail to notice Mount Evarts, as it towers above the Gardiner River near the Mammoth Hot Springs. That mountain has a history which for peril, endurance, and diligent search is not equaled upon the pages of fiction. Being anxious to obtain the true history, I was directed to find Jack Barronett, at the Mammoth Hot Springs. Mr. Barronett is one of the most famous and popular guides at the present time in the Northwest, and on my return from the Yellowstone Cañon, I found this gentleman in the office of Colonel Weire, the general superintendent at the Mammoth Hot Springs. I introduced myself and my business. "Yes," said Mr. Barronett, "I can give you all the facts in the case. It was in the fall of 1870. General Washburn, surveyor-general of Montana Territory, with a party of men, was exploring and surveying what is now the Yellowstone Park. It was the first party of surveyors who ever passed through it. Evarts was one of the party. They had finished their work, and were about to start through the forests for Helena. On the morning of their proposed departure, there was some discussion as to the route they should take. At the close of the conversation, Evarts, who was a man of strong prejudices, shouldered his gun and other equipments and started forth alone in the direction which he

had urged the party to follow. He evidently expected that the party would divide and a portion of them follow him. In this he was mistaken, for the balance of the party remained together and went off in another direction, supposing that Evarts would join them when he found they did not follow him. When night came on, and he had not made his appearance, they feared he was lost, and on the following morning began to search for him; but their search was a vain one. They continued it for several days until their provisions were nearly exhausted, and as a heavy snowstorm was raging, they gave their companion up as lost and, in order to save their own lives, hastened for Helena by the way of the Fire-hole Basin and the Madison River. Upon their arrival at Helena, they reported the loss and probable death of their companion. The friends of Mr. Evarts immediately offered a reward of five hundred dollars to any person who would find his remains. I had just then returned from a trip to Mexico, and as they all knew that I was well acquainted in this country, they urged me to come in search of his remains. It was late in the season to make such a trip, but as there was a possibility of finding him alive, I promised to come. I took one man and a good dog. We came by Bozeman. There was then only one log-cabin between Bozeman and this place — a distance of nearly two hundred miles. I searched for him fifteen days. On the thirty-eighth day that he was lost there was an icy sleet falling. There had been two feet of snow on the ground during that

time, but it had disappeared. This sleet was barely making the ground white; but I noticed that my dog had found some kind of a trail. By looking closely, I saw that something had dragged itself along upon the ground. I decided that some hunter had wounded a bear and that it was trying to make its way up to the mountains, and out of curiosity I followed on. When I had trailed the wounded bear for a mile or more, my dog began to growl, and looking across a small cañon to the mountain-side beyond, I saw a black object upon the ground. Yes, sure enough, there was Bruin. My first impulse was to shoot him from where I stood, but as he was going so slowly I saw that I should have no difficulty in overtaking him, and crossed over to where he was. When I got near to it I found it was not a bear, and for my life I could not tell what it was. It did not look like an animal that I had ever seen, and it was certainly not a human being. It never occurred to me that it was Evarts. I went up close to the object; it was making a low groaning noise, crawling upon its knees and elbows, and trying to drag itself up the mountain. Then it suddenly occurred to me that it was the object of my search. I spoke his name, but he paid no attention to the sound of my voice. I stooped down and easily lifted him with one hand. Poor fellow, he was nothing but a shadow! His flesh was all gone; the bones protruded through the skin on the balls of his feet and thighs. His fingers looked like bird's claws. I carried him down to the

Gardiner River, built a fire, made some tea, and gave him a spoonful. For many days and nights I watched over



him, giving him a spoonful of nourishment at a time. He was constantly delirious. My hired man went down

to the fort, and in a couple of weeks a physician and ambulance arrived. It was four weeks before we could move him, during which time I gave him my own care. He could never remember the experience of those thirty-eight days. He is now living in Washington, D. C., but has never fully recovered his reason. His friends refused to pay me because I found him alive, they saying that it was his place to pay the bills. He would not pay me because he said that if I had left him alone he would have found his own way out. The mountain which bears his name is six miles from the place where I found him."

"Yes," said J. X. Beidler, as he reloaded his pipe on the veranda of the hotel at the Yellowstone Falls, "old chief Joseph, of the Nez Perces, and General Howard had a great race through here a few years ago. They marched all through this park. The soldiers largely outnumbered the Indians, but the latter killed all the white settlers they found and got away unhurt."

"Why did n't Howard catch up with them?" I asked.

"Well, you see," replied my companion, "it was in this way: Old Joseph had a big advantage. General Howard is a good soldier, but he is a man of principle and never sacrifices principle, no matter what may happen. He is quite a preacher too, and every little while he would feel called upon to preach; so he would stop his column and have a meeting or two. Old Joseph was a good soldier too, but he did n't do much preaching on that trip. Old

Joe was a hustler and kept his warriors going, and thus escaped. Howard was all right. Of course his duty to the government must not interfere with his duty to the Almighty;" and old J. X. smoked on like a philosopher.

"Why is it," I questioned, "that our soldiers have not had greater success in fighting the Indians?"

"Lots of reasons," replied Beidler. "In the first place, the government don't want the Indians killed. They are willing the soldiers should chase them, for that gives the red fellows a little exercise and that makes them more healthy. They are willing that the soldiers shall be killed—but don't hurt the Indians. We have had but two or three officers who ever did kill the Indians, and they were all court-martialed and dismissed from the service. Not wanting to hurt the Indians, they rig up the soldiers so they cannot hurt them any way—put them on horses that cannot live out here or anywhere else without provender. Then they load them down with traps and gear. Then no soldier can shoot unless some officer with big shoulder-straps gives the word. Then they can't move unless a horn blows. And if they happen to lose the horn they send back to the States for another; and they cannot get the new horn until a committee of Congressmen decide whether the horn was lost in a proper manner or not. And thus it goes."

"Did you consider General Custer a good Indian fighter?"

"Yes; but Custer's mistake was in this: he meant

business, and he should have known that no man who killed Indians could remain in the United States service. It was just about as well for him to be killed where he was, for if he had completed the job which he undertook, and cleaned the Sioux out, the government would have cashiered him, and that to Custer would have been worse than death."

"Do the mosquitoes ever trouble you much?" I asked.

"Oh, sometimes they are quite thick. I remember once when I was in an Indian village up near Fort Benton on the Missouri River. They got pretty thick one day. I was anxious to locate the sun so as to reckon the time of day, so I took a big lodge-pole and punched up through them several times before I could get a glimpse of the sun."

Some one in the party whistled in a somewhat incredulous manner, and Beidler instantly wore an injured look upon his face.

CHAPTER XIV.

SILVER GULCH.

AT a hotel in a Montana mining town, I one evening fell in with an old army comrade, who insisted that I should accompany him to his ranche in Silver Gulch, and spend a few days; and at an early hour the next morning our horses were brought to the door of the hotel. I then found that I was suffering much more from the effects of the journey of the previous day than I expected. But my little steed was evidently as fresh as when the journey began. Joe rode a large, powerful, black horse which made mine look quite insignificant. And Joe with his oldtime wit suggested that it would be well for me to exchange him for a sheep when we reached the ranch. It was a jolly ride we had that beautiful morning, notwithstanding the fact that I was quite lame from the exercise of the previous day. My companion asked a thousand questions about the old comrades — the colonel, the captain, and all the boys. He had not seen or heard from any of them for many years. Then we talked over the old associations of camp-life; the jokes and pranks, of which there were so many. Joe laughed and screamed until the surrounding hills resounded with the echoes of his voice.

Our route extended through a valley, where ran a

large branch of the Madison River. On either side, several miles away, towered long ranges of mountains, grim and black, nearly destitute of vegetation, the crests of a portion being covered with snow. The valley itself was covered with a thick growth of short red grass, which Joe informed me was very nutritious, and that it was excellent food for stock.

“The whole valley is a battlefield,” remarked my companion as we rode on. “Here the buffalo herds used to graze in great numbers. Then the Indians came and made war upon them. Then came the white trappers and made war upon the Indians. Then followed a long, bloody struggle; scores of men were slain in that valley during those scenes of strife. The United States troops then came to reinforce the whites. These elements, combined with the tide of civilization which has poured through that country, proved too much for the Indians to resist, and they have passed away. Only a few stragglers were seen, as we rode up the valley.”

“It is too bad that the white people have treated the Indians so badly,” I remarked.

Joe laughed outright.

“That sounds well, old fellow,” he replied. “I used to make the same kind of talk too, when I lived in Maine. The Indian was then in my estimation a mighty fine fellow; but since I came out here I have changed my mind mightily. The Indians are a dirty, lazy, treacherous crowd, and the sooner our government shoots them off

the better it will be for all concerned. And if you propose to stay in these regions a great while, my advice is for you not to talk much in favor of the Indians, for that don't go down smooth with us. There have been too many women and children butchered out here to make that side of the question popular with us."

"Have you ever had any trouble with them?" I asked.

"Well, I should say I had. They have burned three shanties for me; have stolen over twenty-five horses from me, first and last. They also stampeded a thousand head of stock, so that I never found one half of them again."

"Did you ever skirmish with them, Joe?"

"Only a few times. They never winged me, but I have had the satisfaction of sending a few of them over the range so far that they will never come back to trouble us again."

I decided that Joe would be a hard subject to convert, and changed the subject.

"We will go this way," and as he spoke Joe reined his horse up a narrow trail toward some small farm-buildings which stood in the distance; "up here we will see a ranch worth looking at."

It was a true statement, for we found some of the finest blooded stock in the country. A large number of the animals had been brought from England, where they had been purchased at figures which made my head

swim. On this one ranch there were over thirty-one thousand head of blooded stock. There were also 125,000 head of ordinary stock out on the range, where they had thirty thousand acres enclosed with wire fence.

"None of your six-by-nine New-England way of doing things out here!" cried Joe, triumphantly, as he saw my astonishment at the above-named figures.

"But how do you provide for them all in the winter?" I asked in my ignorance.

Joe grinned and replied: "Oh, they all rustle;" which he supposed was an ample amount of information to supply my wants.

At noon we halted at a little shanty hotel for dinner, and that dinner was a most miserable affair. The food was scanty and poorly cooked. The butter resembled some which we had in the army when the boys voted unanimously that it would outrank General Grant. The coffee, a dirty black liquid, was cold and greasy. I watched Joe and soon discovered that the situation did not dismay him in the least degree. To the right and left he pitched in, and huge quantities of food disappeared in a marvelously short space of time. As for myself, I had not been in the West long enough to enjoy such fare.

"What would they say down in Maine if called upon to eat a meal like this at a hotel, Joe?" I asked.

The old fellow choked a moment, and then muttered: "It is good enough for any one," and then began to talk

about his silver-mines. When we paid our host, the bill was two dollars each.

“Nothing small about that, Joe,” I suggested.

“Oh, a dollar looks bigger to you skinflints in Maine than it does to us out here,” he replied, and galloped on.



SKIRTING CLARKE'S FORK OF THE COLUMBIA.

Late in the afternoon we entered a narrow cañon. On either side towered the great mountains, leaning their snowy caps against the sky. Joe had told me so much about his village that I expected to see something

that would rival one of our New England villages in beauty and cleanliness.

“Here we are!” he yelled, as he reached the crest of a small butte and drew rein to look upon the scene before him. I quickly reined in my horse beside him and looked down beyond. The sight that greeted my vision was so ludicrous that I laughed until I was in danger of rolling from my pony. Joe’s village consisted of a score of shanties scattered through the gulch. They were so rudely constructed and presented such a dilapidated appearance that a New England band of gypsies would have disdained to occupy them, no matter how sorely they were pressed for shelter. My companion was evidently surprised and indignant at my outburst of mirth, and, somewhat excited, he asked:—

“What ails you? Did you expect to find the city of Boston up here in this cañon?”

“Oh, no, Joe; I was only laughing to see how lavish of money you fellows are to build such palaces out here on the frontier;” and, unable to restrain myself longer, I rolled down upon the grass. Then Joe began to roar with mirth, and it was fully ten minutes before we were in a condition to resume our journey. Then we rode down the principal street of the city, which rejoiced in the name of Silver Gulch. I was escorted to headquarters, where Joe and his two partners camped together. These worthies were out when we arrived, and while Joe was tidying things up a little I had an opportunity to look the premises over.

The camp was less than sixteen feet square ; the walls were made of small logs, or poles ; a ground floor ; two rough berths ; a small stone fireplace ; a few tin dishes ; one or two iron kettles ; the roof being covered with a piece of thick canvas which once did good service on a prairie schooner.

“Joe, how long have you been here?”

“Almost three years ago we drove our stakes down here, and all this town has grown since then! Silver Gulch has a future. The trunk line of a proposed railroad is to be built right through this cañon, and then you will see things jump. Silver Plume will, without doubt, be the county seat, and we hope that it will one day be the capital of the Territory.”

While we were talking, two dark, sturdy men entered the cabin. They were Thom and Dick, Joe’s partners, to whom I was immediately introduced. They were several years older than my friend, and their general appearance was quite prepossessing.

“This we call Metropolitan Avenue,” said Joe, on the evening of my arrival, as after tea we sallied forth from the cabin to view the town and walked down a broad trail with a few shanties scattered along each side. “This is the most densely populated portion of the town. This street has a hopeful future. When the railroads reach us, we intend to build a large hotel on this corner.”

I found that the town was located in the cañon at a point where it was less than one mile in width. The

mountains towered on each side to an altitude of six thousand feet. The outcroppings of silver ore had suggested the name Silver Gulch which had been given the plant. The ledge of rock here broke through the soil and reared its great rugged shoulders all around us; and down through its seams and amid its deep fissures my friend and his partners were searching for silver with some success. Their main shaft was then nearly four hundred feet deep and looked dark and dreary enough as we stood upon its edge and peered down its ragged sides. The vein of silver they were working was thick and increased in quantity as they followed it downward, and must eventually pay them a rich harvest for the toil and sacrifices put forth to seize the coveted treasure. They were also largely interested in stock-raising, and owned large herds of cattle, which found rich pasturage farther up the cañon. As my time was limited, we made our plans for the future on the night of my arrival. The next day we would visit the silver-mine, and on the following day we would ride up to the range and look at the stock. After these arrangements were perfected, Joe generously entertained the company by narrating several war adventures, in which he was the hero, while myself and several other comrades did not appear to such good advantage.

“Do you remember the time you shot the sheep at the headquarters of General Griffin? And when you went on board the transport at Richmond with the sick and wounded, and out ran the surgeon who wanted to over-

take you and send you back to the company?" These gentle reminders of old delinquencies on the part of Joe had a most soothing effect upon that worthy, and as he lapsed into silence, I, at the urgent request of his friends, gave them an epitome of Joe's career in the army, and for once in my life succeeded in bringing down the house with applause.

We were up with the sun the next morning. I found that my appetite was improving at a wonderful rate, and at the morning meal I was almost able to outdo Joe himself. Then we prepared for our visit to the mine. I had no fears in undertaking this feat, as two years before I had descended some of the deepest coal-mines in the West and had become accustomed to such a task. But when we reached the shaft I was reminded of the fact that this adventure was liable to be more exciting than the one I passed through two years before. The shaft through which I had descended to the coal-mine was timbered up in a most workmanlike manner. The trap upon which we had descended was built to fit the shaft, and as we were lowered down upon the trap by the strong arm of a steam-engine, there was no possible danger of an accident, although we descended nearly one thousand feet. But this mine was in a raw or undeveloped state. Its shaft was not timbered. It was a great, yawning pit, blasted down through the solid rock.

"How deep is the hole?" I asked, as we looked down into its dark depth.

"Only four hundred feet," said Joe; "but there are lots of driftings you can explore if you wish to. You will see enough of it!"

I had no doubt upon that point, and braced myself up to meet the emergency as best I could. I ventured to suggest, however, that, as the mine was evidently damp, perhaps I had better forego the pleasure of making the descent, as it would be very unpleasant for me to catch cold and be sick so far away from home.

"Not a bit of danger," responded my companions. "The mine is as dry as a bed-chamber. You would suffer no inconvenience should you remain there all night."

"What if the rope should break?"

"No fear of that."

"What am I to go down in?"

"That tub;" and they pointed to an old mouldy tub with a big iron bale.

"I fear that it may upset, or the bottom drop out."

"Guess there is not much danger of that," kindly replied Joe; "but if it should, I fear you would never see Maine again. But there is no danger, and the only difficulty I see is how you will be able to stow both those boots into the tub at the same time."

"I will go down first," said Dick, "and show you how it is done." He stepped into the tub, seized the big rope above his head, and two men at the windlass swung him out over the shaft, and he rapidly disappeared from our view.

I saw that it was now too late to make an honorable retreat, and with grim resolution I stepped into the tub and seized the rope, feeling much as a man would when on his way to his own execution. As I began the descent, Joe sagely suggested that if anything should happen to the tub, I could shin up the rope and thus make my escape. I clutched the rope desperately, holding my breath and felt a cold shiver run down my spinal column as I disappeared beneath the surface of the earth. Onward I went into the dense blackness. The seconds seemed to be minutes. "I must have come three miles already," I thought; but there were no indications of reaching the bottom. The shaft, which was some ten feet square and in some places heavily timbered, was damp and dark. Through cracks in the rock walls tiny streams of water were trickling downwards. A small piece of rock which had become detached from the wall went crashing past me, and as it echoed far below me, I thought the shaft was about to cave in, and would have given worlds (were they mine) to have been safely landed upon the earth above. When the piece of rock dashed past me I thoughtlessly sprang to the side of the tub farthest removed from the danger. As a result of this movement my slowly descending vehicle swayed and tipped in a most threatening manner. I made manful efforts to repair my mistake, clinging to the rope and kicking in the most approved manner, but in defiance of my heroic endeavors the tub swayed away out until it

touched the wall, and, as it was descending, its bottom edge caught on a projecting point of rock and it turned almost bottom up. Out went one foot, and then I felt that I was lost. I tried to get my foot back, but in vain. Desperately I clung to the rope. The tub tipped, thumped, turned, and swayed back and forth. I groaned, yelled, and screamed until the echoes of my own voice resounding in the shaft nearly deafened me. It seemed to me that I had been four hours on the journey and must have made a distance of twenty miles. One foot was in the tub and the other waved like a signal of distress in space. I thought of home and friends and was mad with Joe because he had insisted upon my descending the mine. Great drops of perspiration rolled over my face; my breath came slow and heavy. But in the midst of my distress my carriage halted. A heavy voice cried out:—

“Here you are!” and I was relieved when he spoke to find that he did not address me in the Chinese language, for I had good reason to believe that I was near the “Celestial Empire.” But there was my friend who had preceded me down the mine, surrounded by a small group of miners, each of whom wore a small lighted lamp upon his hat.

“You are a fearless fellow, to come down the shaft the first time in that manner, swinging one foot outside the tub. One would suppose that you was accustomed to such work.”

In these words I saw a chance to escape from the embarrassing position in which I was placed, and do not think that I shall be greatly criticized because I then stood erect and quietly replied: "Oh, there is nothing here to frighten a fellow." We waited a few moments for Joe and his companion to join us.

"How did you like coming down?" asked Joe, as soon as he reached us.

"Oh, it was just glorious!" I replied; and then we began to inspect the mine. Great masses of silver-bearing ore gleamed in the dim lamplight all around us. We walked along the chambers which had been cut from the foot of the shaft through the solid rock. The work of the owners had thus far been largely preparatory; simply opening up the mine, so that when the railroad reached them they would be prepared to receive the rich ore from its place of long concealment and pour it upon the financial markets of the world. Four hours we tramped through those subterranean passages. In places they were broad and roomy, affording us ample room to stand erect and walk with the greatest ease. Then they would be narrow and so low that we were obliged to creep upon our hands and knees. In some sections the walls were solid, unbroken rock as firm as the everlasting hills. Again the rock was rotten and broken, so that small pieces could be easily removed from the wall with the hand. The hours were of interest and profit; but I experienced a sense of

relief when the time came for us to make the ascent. Joe ascended first; then Thom followed, so that my turn came next. As I stepped into the tub Dick took a stout line, making it fast around my body, and secured it to the great rock, remarking as he did so: —

“In case of accident to the tub, that will hold you.”

The signal was given, and I began the ascent. How eagerly I watched for the first ray of light that should come down through the darkness to give me a welcome back to daylight! Like a pale distant star it appeared, increasing rapidly in size, and soon I stood once more upon the earth's surface, and never was I more grateful. Then they explained to me about derricks, engines, pumps, crushers, cages, and smelters. These men were all practical miners and were superintending the whole work of preparation themselves. Their lode had been pronounced one of the richest in the Territory, and they were confident they should reap a rich harvest for their work.

“But how in the world did you ever find this place, so far from neighbors and out here among these great mountains?”

“I have been acquainted with this cañon for twenty years,” said Dick. “I used to tramp through here when there was not a white settler within five hundred miles of this place. It was then a famous range for buffalo; and many a fine fat fellow I have shot within a half-mile of where we now stand. The Indians used to be pesky

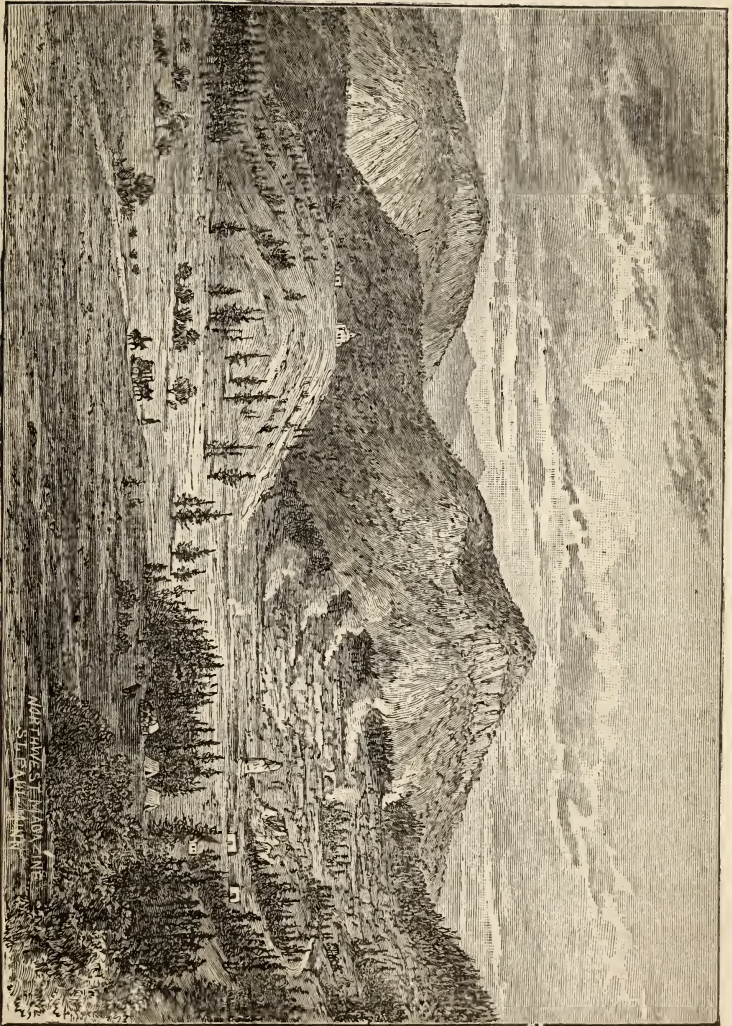
thick up here too. They had their villages stuck into the cañons through the mountains there, and then they would ride out here to shoot buffalo and lift the hair of every white man they could lay their hands on."

"They never lifted yours, I should say," ejaculated Joe, looking upon the long and uncombed locks of the other.

"No; but it was through no fault of theirs that they did n't, and sometimes they came so near it that I had mighty unpleasant sensations," replied Dick. "I remember, in 1866, that I had come through from St. Louis as a scout and guide for a squad of dragoons, who were on their way to old Fort Phil Kearney. I struck across the country from Kearney to the Yellowstone Valley, over through the Gallatin Valley, and finally brought up in this valley, where I proposed to remain through the trapping-season and enjoy life. The Sioux and Cheyennes were very troublesome, but I did not come in contact with any during the whole trip, which took me over two months to make. I came down through the notch there, one fine afternoon, walked out on the range here like a man who was at home, and shot a fine young buck. I was hard at work cutting out a steak for my supper when I heard a shout that was enough to raise the dead. I caught my rifle and ran, with twenty of those bloody Sioux at my heels. I was almost surrounded when the chase began, but I soon took the lead, and when the rascals found that they

could not take me alive, as they had intended to do, they began to shoot. The balls came too close for comfort but, as good luck would have it, they did not touch me. I did not stop to load, to take breath, or look back. I had mighty important business on hand and was very anxious to reach the timber. When I got into the brush I felt safe. I crawled into a deep hole which I found in the bluff across the creek and remained there all night, for I was well blowed. I knew in those days that there was silver in this valley, and I laid many plans in my own mind as to how I should get at it. I never told the secret to any one until I fell in with Thom and Joe. We then formed a company, put our funds together, purchased an outfit, and drove our stakes down here in earnest. We have a good showing. There are thousands of tons of silver and gold down there, waiting to be pulled up here, and, stranger, we are the fellows to pull it up."

We then began to prepare for the morrow's task of riding up over the range to see the stock. The adventures of the day gave me a good appetite for my supper, and I was also in good condition for the sleep that followed. The morning that followed was typical of the Northwest. Clear and bright, not a cloud flecked the blue azure of the sky. At sunrise we were mounted for the day's work, and started forth at a round trot up through the valley. My horse was a coal-black, sleek, clean-limbed, arching neck, flashing eye, wide nostrils,



WESTERN SCENERY.

NORTH WESTERN ADVANCE
SILVER GULCH

heavy mane and tail. I was a little afraid of him at first, but had been assured that he was as kind and gentle as a lamb. We had ridden two hours, chatting pleasantly, when Dick, who rode in advance, shouted: —

“Buffalo! or I am a liar. I did not suppose there were any here in this part of the country; these fellows must have strayed over the mountains from the Yellowstone Park.”

We all looked, and far up the valley we could see a dozen or fifteen animals grazing upon the luxuriant grass several miles away. My companions at once decided that they would dash up to the herd and, if possible, secure a young animal for a prize, while I was to ride more slowly and reach the scene of adventure after the conflict was over; and in pursuance of this plan they pressed the spurs against the flanks of their horses and rode like the wind. I soon discovered that my horse was much more ambitious than myself, and while I was quite content to ride in the rear, much preferring it, in fact, than to run the risk of breaking my neck in a race, he was not disposed to submit to the outrage. This indignation he soon made manifest to me in several ways, as he saw his mates galloping over the plain, widening the distance between us each moment. I also quickly discovered that the swifter his step, the easier the motion and the less difficulty I had in retaining my seat. This together with the excitement of the situation gave me an unexpected inspiration, and I

gradually yielded to his mute entreaties and bade him go on. In a moment that command was obeyed. The bits were caught in his teeth; he was master of the situation, and across the plain he flew. Earth and sky seemed to strangely blend as we rode on. When I fully realized the situation, I would have gladly checked the speed of my horse, but that was now quite beyond my power. My first impulse was to shout to my companions, hoping that when they should hear my cries they would slacken their speed. But the fear soon passed away and I began to enjoy that which but a moment before I so much feared. How easily I rode! no jar or jolt; the motion of the saddle was like that of a rocking-chair. My steed was so graceful and regular in his rapid strides that I suffered no inconvenience whatever. My courage rose with the occasion and I soon entered into the spirit of the race, and for the first time noticed that I was actually gaining upon my companions. Dick was fully four rods in advance of Joe and Thom, who rode neck and neck, while my gallant black was rapidly closing the gap between myself and them. The steed I rode evidently began to comprehend that I was having more confidence in him than before and repaid my investment with increased speed. His eyes flashed, his nostrils dilated, he flung flecks of foam from his red mouth as he bore me onward, his feet rose and fell in swift, regular strokes upon the plain. Imitating my companions, I bowed upon the neck of my

horse and spoke to him words of encouragement. When I caught up with Joe and his companion, we were not within rifle-shot of the buffalo; but in some manner they had been warned of our coming. Their heads were suddenly thrown up in the air and then at a breakneck rate they rushed toward the mountains. Dick was the first to detect the movement and to comprehend their design, and at full speed he changed his course, steering for a deep, narrow cañon that cut the mountain-range in twain and opened up a passage to the plains and mountains beyond. We also changed our direction, but Dick now had a long lead and it was evident that he was the only one who could possibly reach the cañon in time to intercept the flying buffalo. Grand old Dick, how anxious we were for him to win and how manfully he struggled for the prize! But the herd had the inside track, and it became evident to the old hunter that his trusty rifle was his only hope. Without checking the speed of his foaming horse, his rifle was unslung from his side. The buffalo were a long rifle-shot away, but they would soon enter the cañon and be beyond pursuit. The long rifle-barrel was loaded, and as we expected to see its flash, Dick's horse unfortunately made a misstep and nearly fell. The aim was destroyed, and before either hunter or horse could recover from the shock the last buffalo had disappeared.

"Never knew that critter to do such a thing before," remarked Dick as we rode up to the spot where he stood

beside his horse. But we had enjoyed the pleasure of a buffalo chase, even if we had not captured the prize.

It was nearly noon before we saw any of the stock, but there they were, scattered in large groups over the valley. There were red, black, brown, white, and spotted, all intermixed, making up a most beautiful picture to the eye. We dined with the cowboys in a small shanty up under a spur of the ledge, and enjoyed the luxury of eating roast fowl, as one of the men had that morning shot a wild-turkey in the timber back of the cabin. One of the cowboys I found to be a very intelligent young gentleman, and to him I am much indebted for information given me in relation to stock-raising. The details of the work, such as the "round-ups" and the "brandings," were all explained in a most interesting manner, and at my urgent request he gave some exhibitions of his skill in throwing his lariat. I had heard much of the skilful manner in which these men do that work, but was entirely unprepared for what I saw. At an early hour in the afternoon we turned our faces toward the city of Silver Gulch. I then found that I was very much the worse for wear, but, determined that my companions should not know of my condition, with a grim determination I uttered no complaint.

"There goes a band of Indians!" yelled Joe, as we were proceeding down the valley. We looked in the direction that he pointed and saw a dozen men, mounted on Indian ponies, riding in a direction nearly opposite to

our own. They had evidently seen us and were bearing rapidly off in another direction.

"The thieving rascals!" muttered Dick. "The next thing that we know they will be running off our stock."

"Let's overhaul them," said Thom, "and see who they are."

I rather demurred at that, but, as I was in a minority, my voice was not regarded. I submitted simply because I could do nothing else, and followed my companions, who at a round pace were dashing across the plain to intercept the Indians. For a moment the latter appeared to consult among themselves, and then took no other notice of us. Their little horses were trotting slowly when we dashed across their bow and Dick ordered them to halt. Not a muscle in the painted faces changed, but silently they obeyed the command. Dick then accosted them in some kind of an Indian lingo, which I did not understand, to which one of them replied in broken English, Indian, and what appeared to be a little of everything else, all of which was intermixed with signs, gestures, grunts, and scowls. By these expressive signs, and a few words of English I was enabled to understand something like this: He was Eagle Plume — big warrior — no squaw — no 'fraid — ride where he pleased — Sioux owned the whole country — big warrior, like wind would not be bound.

During the delivery of these sentences the whole band scowled and grunted in a most ludicrous manner. Then

Dick demanded the reason why they had left their reservation, reminding him that the "big father at Washington" would send his soldiers and shoot them like dogs if he knew it. Then old Eagle Plume raved and scowled worse than before. I could not distinctly understand what he said, but he was evidently consigning the "big father at Washington" to the shades of eternal darkness, and in his excitement he placed his hand upon a revolver worn within his richly ornamented belt. Dick however paid no attention to the remarks or threatening attitude of the other, but, pointing out a trail extending across the mountains in the direction of the Indian reservation, told them that if they would depart quietly for that, all would be well, but, if they hesitated or if any stock was run off or killed, he would proceed at once to the nearest United States military post and have him and his warriors arrested and punished for making this raid so far away from their reservation. At this state of affairs Eagle Plume held a consultation with his braves; then parleyed again with Dick, trying to obtain more satisfactory terms; but the latter was immovable and, knowing that he had touched a weak point in the armor of his antagonist, stood firm. The terms were at length accepted and the chief gave the most solemn pledges that they would immediately return to their reservation and, drawing his bright-colored blanket more closely around his erect shoulders, rode in the direction that had been indicated by Dick, followed closely by his warriors.

“I have known the old rascal for many years,” remarked our spokesman as we resumed our journey. “He was concerned in the Phil Kearney Massacre. He and I had a tough tussle once, and I reckon that I know how to deal with him. I hope they will do as they have agreed, for they will trouble our stock if they remain around here. It is as natural for an Indian to steal as it is for him to breathe.”

“Were you not afraid when he threatened you?” I asked.

“Oh, no; the old fellow brags a great deal: but I know so much about him that he does not want me to report him to the authorities.”

“I fear you white men have treated the Indians unfairly,” I ventured to remark. “I have been taught to believe that, as a class, they are brave, generous, and never forget a favor.”

“That is all succotash,” replied the other. “They are a cowardly pack and will never fight unless the advantage is all on their side; and I have known white settlers to feed them until they could eat no more and the same Indians would scalp him with his wife and children the same night. The Indian’s virtues exist only in imagination and on paper.”

At sunset we rode through the street of Silver Gulch, partook of a hearty supper, and then laid down to sleep and rest.

CHAPTER XV.

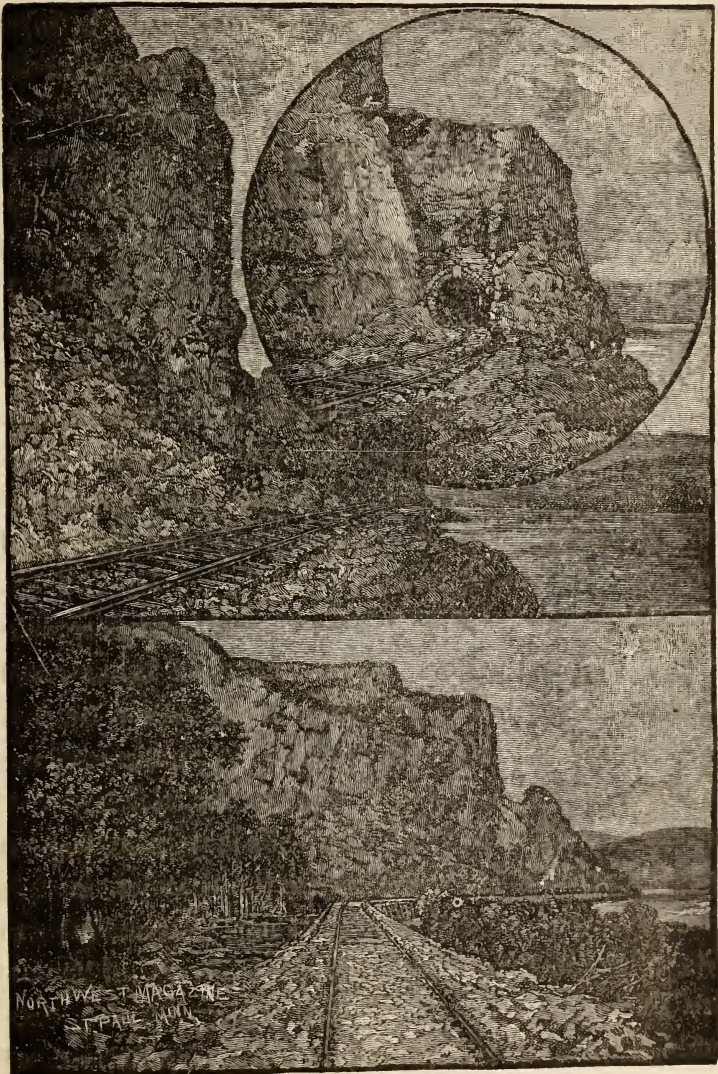
UP THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

THE Columbia River is the Amazon of the Northwest — a great mass of water rushing wildly downward through its broad roadway to the sea. I saw it in the fulness of its strength and pride, when the snow and ice melting upon the mighty mountain-ranges poured ten thousand streams downward to reinforce the grand old Columbia. The Mississippi and Missouri may boast of a greater length, but for volume of water and beauty of scenery the Columbia is the peerless queen of the republic. It was to be my good fortune to enjoy a ride upon its mighty bosom. The steamer *Wide West*, a goodly river-craft, was to take us from the city of Portland, glide down the Willamette to its mouth, then ascend the Columbia to the Cascades, where we were to change over to a railroad train for a portage of six miles past the Cascades; then embark on board another steamer and sail to the Dalles.

The morning was all that could be desired; the sun climbing through a cloudless sky, flooding the landscape with golden beauty. Half-past seven o'clock found me on board the steamer. As I stood on the upper deck I was much interested in looking at the passengers as they

came streaming across the wharf to embark for the trip. The steamer was puffing and ejecting spurts of steam, as if impatient to fly down the river. Hacks and drays crowded the wharf, while boats and vessels of nearly every description were packed within the harbor. As I was watching the people, I was approached by a very mild-mannered young gentleman, who handed me a printed tract, and in a tone of apology remarked: "I don't suppose that you often read literature like this: but when you have time, please look this over."

The moment that his message was delivered he hastened away. I did not at the first moment take in the situation, for it had never occurred to me but what my general appearance was clerical enough to denote my profession to even the most careless observer. I looked at the tract, and found that it was written by the Rev. Mr. Hastings, of Boston, Massachusetts, and was a discussion upon the inspiration of the Scriptures. Then the thought occurred to me: "What did that gentleman take me for? Who and what did he suppose I was?" I hastened to the cabin to consult a mirror and thus learn whether there was anything in my personal appearance to indicate that I was a cowboy. The old soft hat did look a little battered; its broad brim was broken, and other articles of clothing showed signs of the demoralization of hard service. After all, he was not much to blame. My first impulse was to find the gentleman and explain; but, alas, my traveling companion was in California; my



ON SNAKE RIVER.

credentials were all packed away in my baggage, and thus beyond my reach. I could only submit to the situation, and gently rolling up the despondent brim of the faithful old hat, went forth to face a suspicious world. There was a great crowd of passengers, over two hundred of whom represented a German church of Portland on an annual excursion up the river. They were a jolly crowd—little, big, old, and young crowded together; beer, pretzels, cigars, and bologna-sausage were as free as the atmosphere around us. Germans, as a rule, all drink beer, age, sex, and size making no exception to the universal custom. They were determined to make the most of the day, and, judging by the uproar they made, I decided that in this particular they succeeded.

The state election had just been held, and Republican Oregon had gone Democratic. Like all other revolutions, whether political or moral, there was a cause for this overturn and indignant upheaval of public sentiment. Republicans had voted the Democratic ticket for the purpose of "smashing the ring." In this they had succeeded, and fortunate it will be for the State if, in doing it, they had not welded a new "ring" more destructive in its influence than that of its predecessor. Politicians were thick that day on the *Wide West*. In the cabin I stumbled upon a little group of loyal Republicans, who were eating the bitter fruits of defeat. They were discussing the causes which led to their recent overturn.

The youngest member of the group closed that part of the discussion by repeating the name of their candidate for governor in the late campaign, and declaring, —

“Boys, it is his fault. We were fools for nominating him. I tell you, he is a ‘four-time loser’ and would defeat any party!”

Out on the upper deck in the bright sunshine sat a group of Democratic gentlemen, who were in high glee over the results of the struggle. From state they passed to national matters. Said one: —

“Cleveland has made an awful mistake. He had it in his power to become a great man, but he has failed. The Democrats will never elect him for a second term.”

“Just so,” put in another. “What business had he to fool with that civil service Mugwump dose. What the Democratic party wants is to entrench itself in the offices, and then we can hold the country for twenty-five years.”

Number three remarked that, in his opinion, Governor Hill, of New York, was much more of a Democratic statesman than Cleveland, and he was the man for the next President.

“What do you think of Blaine’s Portland speech on home rule?” asked another.

“Oh, Blaine is dead,” responded all the others in concert. Then each drew a deep sigh. I did not know whether the latter was caused by sorrow over the statement made or inspired by fear that it was not true.

I overheard some Irish gentlemen conversing about the same speech, and I could easily see that they at least did not consider the "Plumed Knight" as deceased. Those gentlemen, how loyal they were to the interests of Ireland! How thoroughly familiar they were with the important events then happening in England! The Irish heart can never roam far enough from the dear old Emerald Isle to lose its warm affection for the land of its nativity. As I listened to their eloquent words, picturing the sufferings of Ireland and the selfish abuses heaped upon her by England, I could not refrain from saying, —

"May God bless old Ireland, and every noble arm that is raised in her defence!"

On board the *Wide West* I encountered all kinds of people, who differed in politics, religion, and nearly everything else. There was only one thing upon which I found them a unit, and that was in the senseless, wicked cry, "The Chinese must go!" and it is a little mortifying for any one who believes in equal rights to learn, as he speedily will upon the Pacific coast, that one great source of Mr. Blaine's popularity in that section is his position taken years ago upon the Chinese problem. The presence of no class of people now in the Northwest is more essential for the prosperity and improvement of that country than is that of the Chinese. As hotel servants, domestic assistants, gardeners, and farm-hands, they excel. The cry against them originated in the hoodlum masses and has been continued by politicians who have

not possessed moral courage enough to denounce the murderous attacks which have been made upon the Chinese. "There are enough of the Chinese here now" is a popular remark in the Northwest. May we not say the same as truthfully about other nationalities which are crowding to our shores. "America for Americans!" wrathfully ejaculated a big German, with whom I was discussing. I could not refrain from asking, "What if we had said that before you came over?" The war against the Chinese on the Pacific coast is a foreign war, carried on by Irish, Germans, English, Italians, French, and Hungarians, who were the offscourings of European cities. Fortunate indeed would it be for America if we had no more dangerous or injurious race of foreigners on her shores than is the Chinese. And it is to her great shame that she does not deal as honorably with the kingdom of China as she does with that of Great Britain or Germany! In a hotel at the Dalles a German Jew delivered himself like this: "De trouble mit de tamn Chinish is dish: he don't stay. He make hish monish, den he ish gone and we see him no more." A cowboy who stood at the hotel bar quietly replied: "What a pity that all other foreigners did n't do the same!" I looked my gratitude at the speaker, and the Jew, evidently considering him a hard character, turned away in disgust.

But in describing the characters encountered on the steamer, I must not forget the magnificent scenery of the Columbia River as I looked upon it during that sail of one

hundred miles that beautiful June day. The river's channel is from half a mile to a mile and a half in width. The water at that season of the year is stained with soil and clay so that it much resembles the water of the Missouri. During the morning hours the country was flat and level; fertile farms were scattered along the banks, where magnificent crops and splendid herds could be distinctly seen from the steamer's deck. A number of beautiful villages were also seen, conspicuous among which were Vancouver and La Camas. The former, with its broad streets, elegant houses, and its large military post (where were established the headquarters of General Gibbon, the department commander), wore quite a city appearance. The flag floating from the tall flagstaff, the park of artillery, the bright uniforms of the officers, the squads of men on drill, and the sentry walking his beat, all combined to remind one of former scenes and associations, then almost forgotten; and my mind wandered after the old comrades who had scattered to all sections of the country. The last-named village is a sturdy, successful, enterprising Western town, with great prospects before it. For two days I had enjoyed the hospitality of its people, and wondered at the great resources which it possessed. Soon the great walls of rock began to rise on both sides of the river, hiding both farms and villages from our view. There are no longer any wharves or designated landing-places. Passengers get on board the steamer in the most democratic manner possible. Yonder on a rock stands a

man waving his hat. The steamer immediately changes its course, runs in close to the rock, throws out a plank, and the passenger walks on board. Others are rowed out in small boats and the steamer patiently awaits their coming, and on their arrival transfers them to its own decks.

I had some little experience in this matter that I do not care to repeat. A small lad was to row me out from a town on the Washington Territory side of the river, to take the upward-bound steamer. At that point the river was a mile and a half wide, with the current running some eight or ten miles an hour. We reached the steamer's course some little distance above that vessel and then drifted down towards it with the current. The steamer had halted and was simply using steam enough to maintain its position against the tide. We drifted down on her port side, and as we glided past under her side the sailors ran out a pole and extended it downward, intending for my boatman to seize it and thus hold the boat until they should draw me on board. For some unknown reason, however, my man did not catch the pole and went crashing down against the wheel of the steamer. For a moment I feared that the boat would be upset: but the boatman was equal to the emergency. He pulled at the oars in a most scientific manner, and as he rowed out from the dangerous position, he began to find fault with the sailors on the steamer for not knowing their business; and as we were once more borne down-

ward toward the steamer, he shouted, in a wrathful voice : " Stand by, there, you lubbers ! to lend a hand." This time we were more fortunate, and when I stood upon the seat of our tiny craft, the sailors above could barely reach my hands : and thus they lifted me up and drew me in. When they landed me on the deck, one of them gruffly demanded : " Why did n't ye jump ?" I felt that to explain why I did not jump in such a position would be casting pearls before swine, and held my peace.

The *Wide West* glided up the great river. Solid walls of rock rose in places two thousand feet high perpendicularly, and often with great masses of rock overhanging the water. These rock walls are carved with crevices, through which crystal waterfalls sparkle in the sunshine in their wild leap of one thousand feet to reach the river. The Pillars of Hercules, Cape Horn, and the Rooster Rock were among the most singular formations of stone. But there are a thousand other points, either of which would be considered a great natural curiosity anywhere else. At the Cascades the river crashes for six miles through the most powerful rapids, the water being so rough that no steamer can pass ; the bed of the river being covered with huge bowlders and the water continually falling over reefs of ledge. The government is wisely constructing a system of locks and canals around the Cascades. When completed, steamboat navigation will be uninterrupted from the mouth of the Columbia River to the Dalles. The Indians have a tradition that the two



MT. HOOD AND THE DALLES OF THE COLUMBIA.

mountains, Hood and Adams, were once located on the opposite banks of the Columbia near the river, and that they were connected by a long natural bridge, under which the river passed. One day these mountains became angry with each other and threw stones and ashes back and forth until they broke down the bridge and filled the river's bed with the ruins. Then the Great Spirit, seeing the mischief which they had done, caught one with each hand and hurled them back from the river where they now stand. Both of these mountains, like nearly all the others in the Cascade Range, are extinct volcanoes, which fact may account for the traditions which exist. From the car-window we had a fine view of the Cascades, and the magnitude of the work being done by the government. On a rock island near the centre of the river we saw an old Indian cemetery. The dilapidated sheds in which were stored the remains of their dead could be plainly seen; also, several skeletons which were lashed in the treetops. On the boldest point of the rock stood a white marble slab where the remains of a white man had been buried, at his own special request, several years before. If he desired a prominent resting-place, the spot was well selected, for every visitor on that grand river will ask about that lonely rocky tomb.

It is amusing sometimes to see how true nature is to itself and how it will assert its claims in the midst of glorious surroundings. We were to partake of our evening meal upon the steamer before we reached the



MULTNOMAH FALLS.

Dalles. A large party were standing upon the upper deck, admiring the scenery. The distant mountain-peaks and their towering crags, looking so much like cathedral spires, were gilded by the rays of the setting sun. Every voice was eloquent over the scenery. They had forgotten that supper was an hour late. The following exclamations were heard on every side: "So beautiful!" "Grand!" "Beyond the power of description!" "Oh, such scenery!" The harmony of sentiment was however broken by the gruff voice of an old man, who said: "Yes, a bloody sight more scenery than grub on this river!" For a moment, at least, the spell was broken.

When you visit the Northwest, do not fail to make one passage on the Columbia. If you are westward-bound leave your train on the Northern Pacific at the Dalles and go down to Portland on the boat. Your railway ticket permits you to do this without any extra charge. But if you intend to return the same way, the better method is to leave Portland on the boat and connect with the Eastern-bound express train at the Dalles. The passage of that great river through those mountain-walls of solid rock is one of the greatest wonders of the world.

Grand, weird, majestic Columbia! Her reputation is secure. No rival, old or new, will ever be able to seize its crown of peerless superiority. It is destined to be not only a vast waterway conveying the produce and manu-

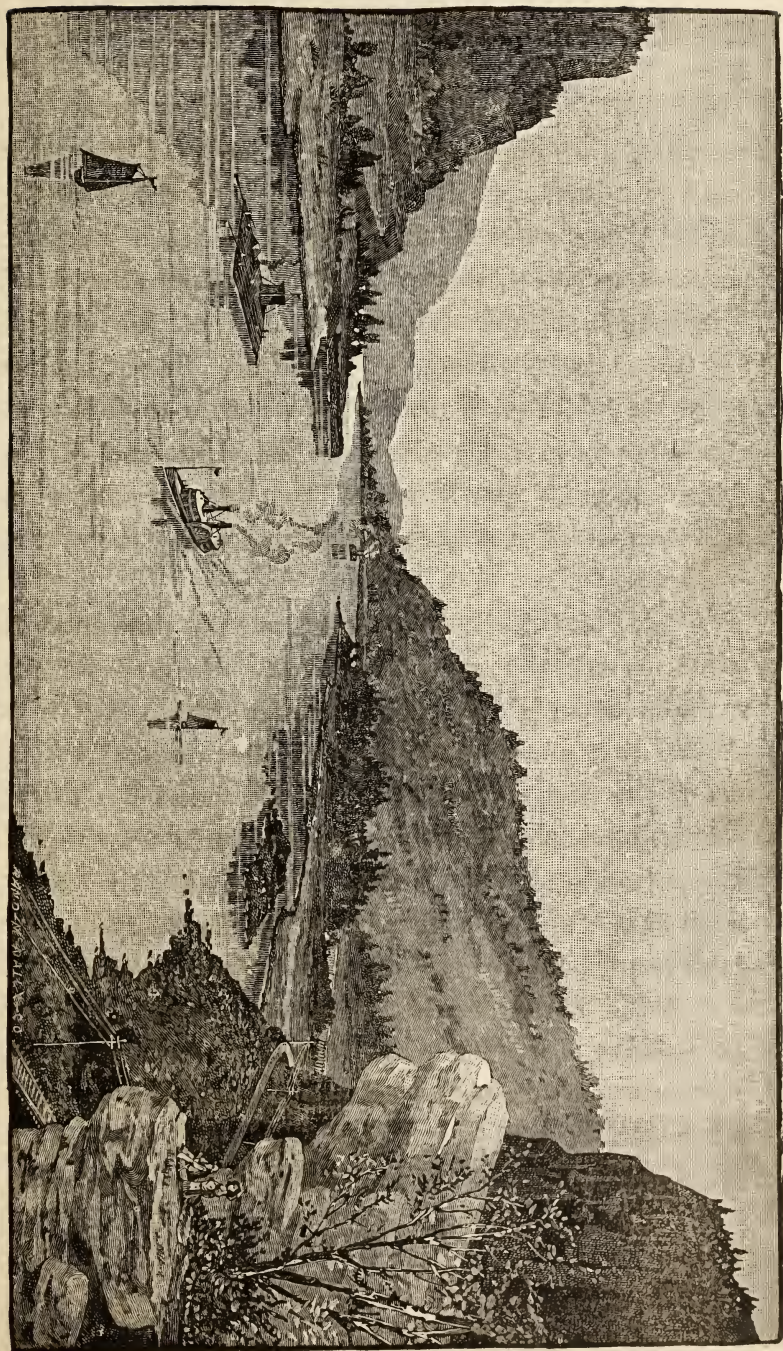
factures of a great domain to the world's markets, but it will continue to be a popular resort for tourists who delight to look at nature in her most magnificent robes. Thanks to the "Northern Pacific," the Columbia River, Puget Sound, and wonderful Alaska are brought almost to our very doors.

CHAPTER XVI.

BEARS AND SALMON.

OUR point of departure was a small town in Washington Territory. There were five persons in our party, whom we called "Michigan," "Vermont," "Oregon," "Maine," and the guide. We left the village early in the morning to ride out and look at some big timber. We had one wagon drawn by two horses, in which four of us found seats, while Michigan rode on an Indian pony. The carriage-road extended seven miles into the forest, and there in a log-stable of a deaf Dutchman we left our animals and were to make the rest of the journey on foot. We were armed with a roll of blankets, two dinner-baskets, some fish-lines, a hatchet, and a Winchester rifle. Michigan and Vermont carried the baskets, Oregon the rifle, the guide took the blankets, and Maine the fishing-lines. Under the broiling sun we made our way three miles through a dense jungle, thick thorn-bushes, fallen logs, great rocks, deep cañons, and rushing streams of water. Three hours were thus employed. Several disasters occurred during that time. Maine undertook to walk down a steep hill on a smooth fir log four feet in diameter; his feet went more rapidly than his body, and the result was that he slid for forty feet down the log

SCENE ON COLUMBIA RIVER.



upon his back. Michigan was crossing a stream of water upon the rocks when one of his feet slipped from the rock and his boot filled with water, and so great was the quantity thus absorbed that the balance of the party crossed the bed of the stream dry shod. Oregon stumbled while walking upon the great rocks across a raging torrent and then gently laid himself lengthwise of the mountain stream. There was lots of fun during these three hours. Then we halted for dinner, having reached the old Indian trail which we were to follow to the mountains. During this time Michigan and Maine had been named "The Rustlers" by their companions, a compliment which they reciprocated by calling the others "The Dudes."

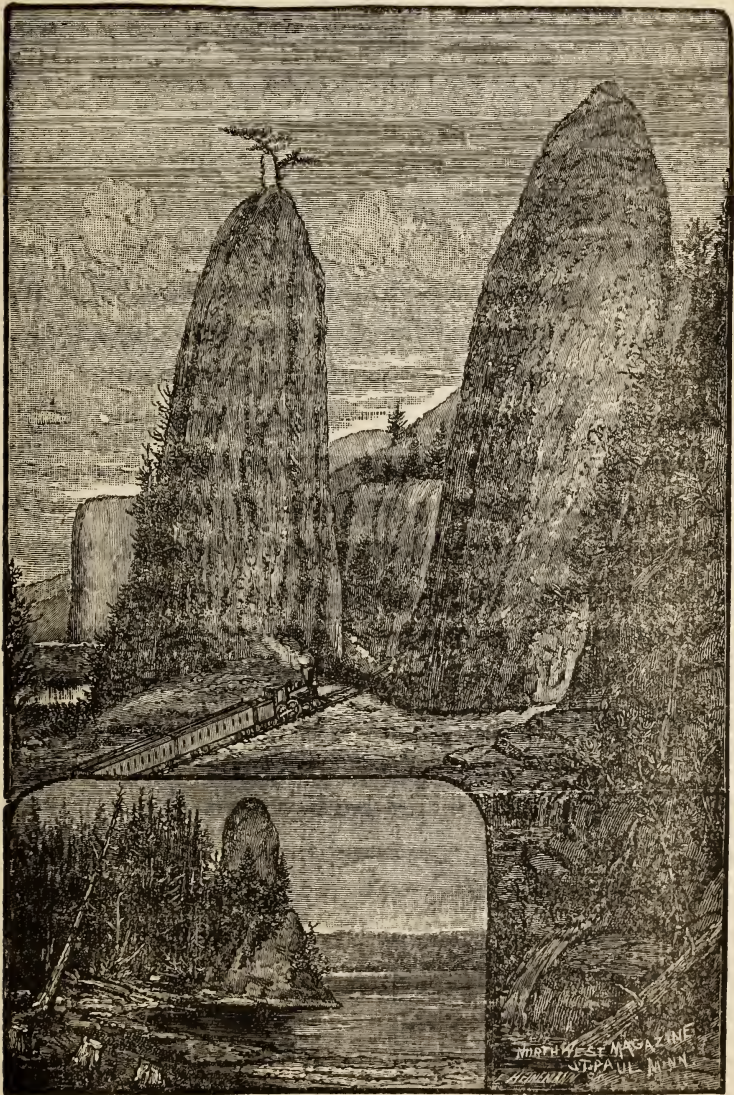
The guide now decided that there was not time enough to reach the big timber and return to the dinner-camp that night, and that we would remain where we were until the next morning, then go to the mountains and return to the village that day. The afternoon was to be passed in trout-fishing, the mountain streams affording a fine opportunity for such sport. The rustlers, however, decided that while trout-fishing might be business big enough for the dudes, it would not answer for them. So they took the Winchester and went out along the trail to hunt for bears, while the dudes began to fish for trout. We had not gone far before we saw a great red squirrel upon a limb of a tree, ten feet from the ground, and about twenty feet in advance of us. "Here goes," said

Michigan, taking deliberate aim. "It is too bad to kill the little fellow, but the temptation is too strong to resist. I hope he will die a painless death;" and crack went the rifle. The smoke cleared away and there sat the squirrel, winking for a moment in a most laughable manner at Michigan and then scampered up the tree. "It was evidently a painless death," I suggested, to which Michigan tartly replied: "The fault is either with the rifle or the pesky squirrel, for my aim was all right."

The rustlers then held a council of war and determined to play a joke upon the dudes by pushing along the trail, reaching the mountains, looking at the big trees, and returning to camp that night, while the dudes were catching a few little trout. Coats and all superfluous clothing were thrown off, and these two worthies started forth on the trail at the rate of three miles an hour. Michigan was short, stout, fleshy, and portly, while Maine was tall, lean, and lank. The trail wound over the foothills, up and down, nearly all climbing and descending. These foothills were covered with a gigantic growth of fir and cedar. The rustlers raced on through the forests, stopping now and then to measure a fir-tree which was six, seven, or eight feet in diameter, with a beautiful trunk rising one hundred and fifty feet without a limb; a forest where three or four hundred thousand feet of clear lumber can be cut from a single acre. Stately cedars six feet in diameter stood beside those mountain streams. Now and then a marsh was crossed which was covered with brakes

which stood eight or ten feet high, so that standing erect they could easily look through the grove beneath the branches as you can through the apple-trees in the orchard. On, on they went, but no signs of the mountain; it was up hill and down hill. Then the rustlers reflected upon the following points: Neither of them possessed any knowledge as to how far off the mountain actually was; they had no matches; they had no food; their clothes were wet with perspiration. They were in a dense forest, seven miles at least from the dudes, and it was four o'clock in the afternoon. They were nearly exhausted; but it would never do to go back without seeing the timber, after having traveled so far. Another hour of swift walking and the base of the long-looked-for mountain was reached. Then in the midst of a heavy shower of rain they sat under a big fir-tree and talked the situation over.

During all the afternoon there had been indications of game; fresh tracks of both bear and deer had been plenty. They reckoned that they could see to follow the trail on their return until nine o'clock; it was then five. They would climb an hour and then break for camp and trust to their good fortune to get in before dark. The mountain rose steep and rugged before them, and both were nearly exhausted; Michigan's ankles and feet were badly swollen; Maine was in but little better condition. They would climb ten minutes and then rest three, and would take turns in carrying the old Winchester, which



PILLARS OF HERCULES.

now seemed to be as heavy as a rifled cannon. Their joke upon the dudes had now become a serious matter to the rustlers, but it was too late to withdraw. It was thirty minutes past six by Pacific time. Maine was thirty rods in advance ; he was carrying the rifle in his hands, not having strength enough to get it up on his shoulder.

There was a big fir-tree fallen across the trail. It was far too long to go around, and too high to climb over, but the latter course was decided upon. And as he undertook to climb up over the log, there was a scramble and a grunt on the other side ; and as Maine peeped over, to his surprise and horror, a large cinnamon-bear appeared. There was not much danger, as these bears are perfectly harmless ; but the rustler was badly frightened ; he had not strength enough to run or even shout for help. It was a moment of intense excitement, in the midst of which he either fired the rifle or else it went off itself ; the gun either kicked or else the report paralyzed the hunter's muscles, for the next instant he found himself going down the mountain backwards and not upon his feet either. Michigan, hearing the report and seeing his companion coming down the mountain in such a manner, supposed he was accidentally shot ; he rushed up and asked in a breathless tone : " What's the matter ? "

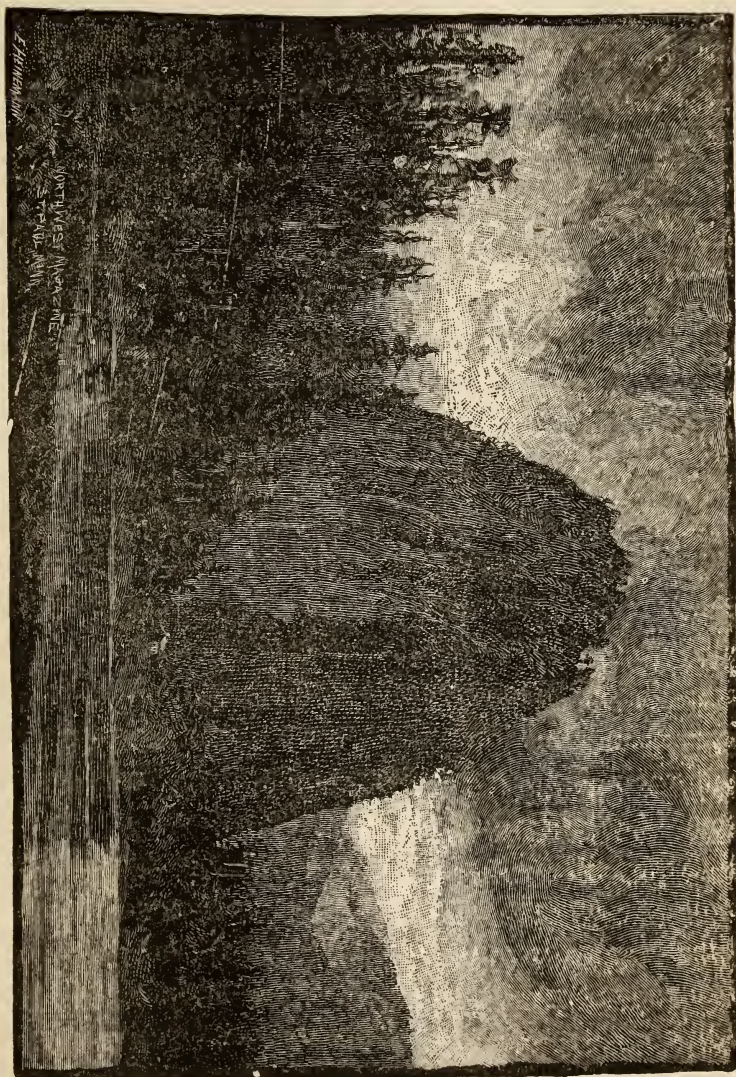
" Matter," ejaculated Maine, scrambling to his feet ; " a smart man you are to hunt bears, to stay in the rear until the danger is all over, and I be obliged to expose myself alone in this manner."

A word of explanation and then both climbed up to the log and timidly looked over. Yes, there he was, weighing nearly four hundred pounds. The muzzle of the gun was so near him when discharged that his fur had 'been singed by the fire; the ball had entered just back of his foreleg and had passed through the body. They sat upon the log and looked. "What do you think of that?" proudly asked Maine of his companion, who, after a moment's reflection answered: "*A clear case of death by accidental shooting.*"

The remains were rolled up against the log and the rustlers climbed on; at six o'clock the big timber, larch by name, was reached, growing upon the mountain-side. Great trees, some of which by actual measurement were fourteen feet in diameter and two hundred feet high before a single knot of limb could be seen. The larch is very much like our yellow pine and is quite as valuable when manufactured into lumber. For ten minutes they sat in silence, looking at the giants around them. Maine rose to his feet and said: "We must go." "Not much," said Michigan; "I am used up. I will stop here all night. The dudes will be alarmed at our absence and will rush on early in the morning and reach us with the grub." "It is too cold," said Maine; "we have no matches, and on this mountain we will perish before morning." Said Michigan: "It will take me until twelve o'clock to walk back to the dudes. It will be dark at nine, so we cannot get there." "I can reach the dudes by nine o'clock,"

said Maine. So it was decided that Michigan should keep the rifle to defend himself with during the night if he did not reach the camp. Maine was to hasten back and if he reached the dudes he was to send the guide with a torch and provisions in search of Michigan. The latter began slowly to make his way down the mountain, while Maine, feeling the responsibility resting upon him, dashed down the hill like an antelope. It was a hard race. If he failed to reach the camp before dark he must remain alone in the forest without fire or gun. The sweat rolled in great drops from his face; down hills, across streams, over logs he ran; darkness began to gather; the trail could hardly be discerned. On, *on*, ON, fainting, hungry, exhausted, but he dared not stop to rest. At nine o'clock, on a little hill covered with a dense growth of pine-trees, the trail was hopelessly lost. There was a wild, bitter search for a moment, a feeling of despair, when "HURRAH!" Through the woods there gleamed a light; it was a camp-fire on a hill only half a mile beyond. That distance was soon made. Maine fell exhausted on the ground. The story was soon told.

The guide hastened out in search of Michigan, and at twelve o'clock he returned safely with him. During the afternoon, while the dudes were fishing, some villains had stolen all our food, so we had no supper or breakfast, but the dudes kindly rolled the rustlers up in the blankets, built a big fire at their feet, and told us to rest and sleep while they sat or laid upon the ground and kept a faithful watch over us.



CAPE HORN, COLUMBIA RIVER

The next morning a thousand questions were asked about the bear. "What made you fall backward down the mountain?" asked one. "Why, the rifle kicked," I replied. "Nonsense!" chimed in all the dudes. "I will leave it for Michigan to decide whether it did or not," I urged. To this they all agreed and to Michigan we turned for a verdict. "A fact," gravely exclaimed that worthy; "the rifle kicked him down and then kicked him two or three times after he was down." Such testimony was a clincher. The dudes wisely resolved that it would not be well for them to undertake to follow the route which Michigan and Maine had passed over, and we began our march towards civilization, and very thankful we were when we reached the old German's where we had left the horses, and right royally did that gentleman entertain us with hot coffee and bread, which a fast of nearly twenty-four hours rendered the most delicious that I ever enjoyed. The horses were harnessed and we were soon on our way to the village, where Michigan and Maine claimed to be the heroes of the expedition, while the dudes persistently contended that the rustlers were not entitled to that honor.

CATCHING A SALMON.

Did you ever catch a salmon? If not, listen to the words of experience spoken by one who has. And if you profit thereby you may escape some of the embarrassing experience through which I was called to pass. I shall ever cherish in my memory that scene on the mighty

Columbia where I captured my first salmon. At times I fancy that I can hear the shouts of laughter and see the great fish darting through the white waters.

The Columbia River furnishes the greatest salmon-fishing on the globe. They are caught by thousands as they swim from the ocean up the river. They are caught in various ways. The fish-wheels turn them out by tons. These wheels are some thirty feet in diameter; they look much like the side-wheel of a steamer; they are attached to the lower end of a flatboat; this boat is anchored by the bank of the river, the swift current turns the wheel, the fish, in swimming up the river, enter the wire pockets of the wheel, and being unable to extricate themselves are turned up in the wheel, from which they fall upon a sluice made of boards, and thus slide to the bank. I saw one wheel that had turned out ten tons of salmon in twenty-four hours; another had captured four tons in two and a half hours. Five hundred thousand cases are each year canned and shipped to all the markets of the world. This industry gives employment to over three thousand men and fifteen hundred boats. During the year 1885, one hundred and twenty vessels were loaded with canned salmon in the Columbia River, each carrying, on an average, one thousand tons. My salmon were caught at the Dalles.

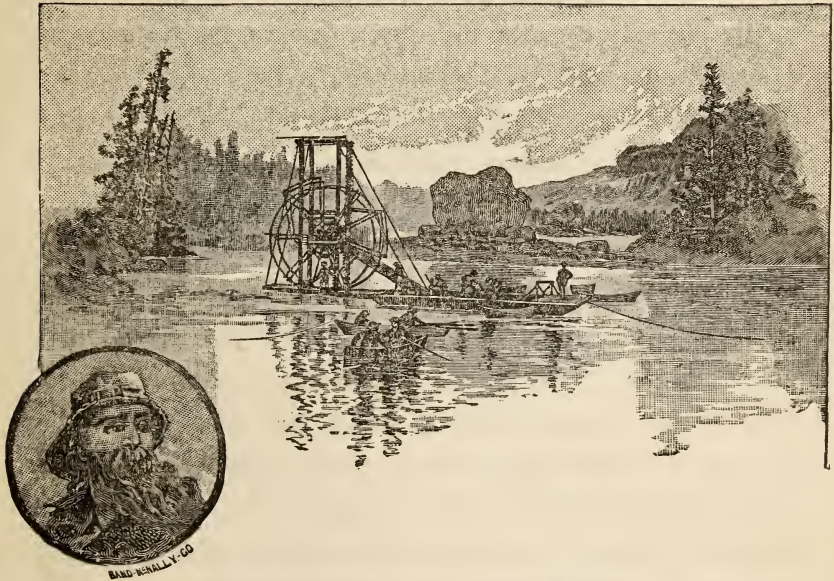
This is a place where for a long distance the great Columbia River turns over and runs on its edge. The banks of rock here come so near to each other that the

river has a space of only sixty feet to run through. A short distance below, it is a mile wide and very deep, but there it is only sixty feet wide. No one can tell how deep, but the current runs at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.

There is a city of some six thousand inhabitants which has derived its name from the Dalles, and which is located about four miles from its namesake. I reached the city at night and resolved to remain there until morning, then walk up and catch some salmon. During the evening I procured a most elaborate outfit for the work — a fine red, with a great brass reel, long lines, and a variety of hooks.

At an early hour I arose, and after eating a luncheon, tramped to the fishing-grounds. A hundred men were there before me. Wheels were turning out the fish by hundreds, men were catching them with dip-nets, with lines, and in many ways. It was a wild scene, the water running white with foam, the channel of the river so narrow; above and below the Dalles where it broadened, great rocks towered above the rushing current which broke at their base. The salmon by thousands were swimming up the river; scarcely a moment passed but what some big fellows would spring clear of the water, then go back with a wild plunge. I was too much excited to wait long, and at once began my operations. At points the water had worn out into the bank of the river, and in these places the salmon were very thick. They

would not bite, however, and to catch them with a hook you were obliged to drag it in the water until you succeeded in hooking one of them. I was very glad when I discovered that fact, for I had never met with success in fishing because the fish would never bite my bait. I have often watched fish as they have taken the greatest care,



A FISH-WHEEL ON COLUMBIA RIVER.

regardless of personal inconvenience, to go out round my hook and savagely bite at the hook of some other fellow. And on this morning when the facts became known, I rejoiced in spirit because that I knew I could drag a hook with the best of them. Several minutes passed before anything of an unusual character occurred. Then there was a sensation in the water, and I at once

comprehended that I had caught a salmon. *Swish, slush, smash*, went something in the water. It was the most happy moment of my life, but pleasure soon gave way to business. It soon appeared to me that I had something like an army contract on my hands. My line was drawn taut for a moment and then a fifty-pounder sprang clear out of the water, then plunged back in the foamy mass.

My neighbors saw my good luck. "Melican man catchee muchee bigee," ejaculated a little dirty, smoke-dried Chinaman upon my left. A tall big Indian only grunted "Ugh," and then disdained to look longer at the result of my good fortune.

My time was now completely occupied. As my prize went back into the water, I caught the slack of the line up in my hand instead of winding it upon the reel; it was not a wise thing to do, for the next moment it ran through my fingers smoking like a hot wire, and had it not been for the excitement I should have cried out in pain. My victim had not struck his colors; he would first go down stream and I would follow in hot pursuit; then in a most unexpected manner he would change directions and go up stream, then for the centre of the stream he would steer, and then back towards me he would come like mad.

What on earth should I do with him? If one of my readers had been there under similar circumstances he would have known just what to do. He would not have been excited, but would have landed that salmon in a

cool, scientific manner. But I was excited and did many things, I suppose, without stopping to consider the effect it would have upon the salmon, the bystanders, or myself. I did not stand still but moved nearly as rapidly as the fish. Up stream, down stream, back and forth, slow and fast, to and fro, I went. One moment I would stand erect, the next I would double up to obtain some fancied advantage over my antagonist. The situation became very interesting to those who were looking on.

“Pilgrim, why don't you *drown'd* him?” yelled an old stager, who was clad in a buckskin suit, laughing until the corners of his mouth trespassed upon the domain of his ears. If the pressure of my business had permitted my entering into a discussion with Old Buckskin, I should have told him that his proposition was one of the most difficult things in the world for me to do. I began to ask myself the question, Why on earth does n't he die?

As I was fondly hoping that he was about to give his last gasp, he came to the surface of the water; I saw in a moment that he was determined to do some mischief. I had no fears for my personal safety, for I knew that on dry land, at least, I would be a match for him. He evidently understood that fact because he did not attack me, but with a look of malicious malice, he turned towards the Pacific Ocean and down stream he went. I was very much excited and I suppose cannot correctly estimate his rate of speed, but it did seem to me as if he went one thousand miles a minute. The line hummed through the

brass reel. I tried to dig my heels into the hard soil to prevent myself being pulled into the river, for I was satisfied that the salmon was determined upon my destruction. At that critical moment the rod and reel parted company, the former remaining with me, while the latter followed the salmon. I looked on in mute despair.

"Why on airth did n't ye lasso him?" yelled a cowboy, and then the whole crowd laughed and howled to their hearts' content.

I knew it would be folly to think of pursuing my runaway salmon, and I did not want to leave the Dalles until I had, at least, landed one, so I went in search of another outfit. This time I secured a stout line with four big hooks fastened on one end and the other was tied to a short thick pole.

The man of whom I purchased, gave me this advice: "There, pard, you try that and when you hook on to one, no matter how big he is, drive your heels down and hold on." That was good advice, and I once more began operations. Fortune smiled upon me. I soon caught and landed a small six-pounder. That gave me new courage.

My next capture was not so pleasant. Salmon number three, to use the language of the man who helped me land him, "was a rustler." He fought for freedom like a hero. My time was fully occupied in looking after him. At times it was very doubtful to me whether I should land him on the bank or he land me in the river. At the end

of thirty minutes his struggles became more feeble and I dragged him to the edge of the water, and as my neighbors assisted me in landing him, they estimated that he would weigh fifty pounds, one of the largest caught during the forenoon. The contractors had not facilities to ship the fish to their factories as fast as they were caught, and being obliged by their contracts to take all that were caught at a stated price, they were compelled to haul them by wagon-loads and use them upon their farms as a fertilizer. When I left the fishing-ground at noon several teams were thus employed. Thus the work of destruction is carried on. One would naturally suppose that the marvelous supply would soon become exhausted, but the supply was never larger than this year. If you visit the Northwest, do not fail to visit the Dalles and spend one day, at least (if during the fishing season), in catching salmon.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE INLAND PASSAGE TO ALASKA.

FROM Tacoma, with its wonderful growth and eight thousand inhabitants, we had sailed upon Puget Sound in an elegant little steamer, visiting the city of Seattle and the beautiful villages of Vancouver and Victoria, and then, from Port Townsend, we were to sail up the sound for Alaska. The steamer was all that could be desired, combining as it did all the elements of elegance, strength, and speed. The company on board was numerous, intelligent, and deeply interested in the wonderful scenery that was presented to our view. The central figure in that company was Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, who knows more about Alaska than all other authorities combined. He has surveyed its plains, measured its mountains, ascended its rivers, threaded its limitless forests, and described its wonders in words that have thrilled the hearts of thousands of readers who have perused his articles published in the leading magazines of the country. He is a gentleman whose fund of information is only exceeded by his courtesy and kindness. In my hasty flight to Alaska, and return, I took copious notes, procured maps and other material to aid me in my task of describing that wonderland.

The chapters have been prepared with greatest care, but at the last moment I have determined to lay them aside, and in their stead place the following graphic and accurate description of that journey from the pen of Lieutenant Schwatka. I do this because, with his familiarity with the route, it must be far more accurate than any account which it is possible for one to write who has made but a hasty flight through that vast country. The following pages I commend to my readers as a truthful description of that most famous journey to the "Land of the Midnight Sun."

MAN travels for business and pleasure. The former can be easily described by a slight interpolation in a well-known mathematical definition, as "the shortest distance and quickest time between two points." The latter bears to this mathematical rectilinear exactness the relation of the curves—Hogarth's "line of beauty," the rotund circle and graceful sweep of the archimedean spiral, and bends of beauty beyond computation; and, as any of these are more pleasing to the eye than the stiff straight line, so any tourist's jaunt is more pleasing to all the senses than the business man's travels. But as all straight lines are alike and all curves are different, so are their equivalents in travel, to which we have alluded. One tourist, as a Nimrod, dons his hunting-shirt and high-topped boots, and, seeking the solemn recesses of the Rockies, slays the grizzly and mountain

lion, and thus has his "good time"; another drives through the grand old gorges of the Yellowstone Park, and the deep impressions left by a lofty nature are his ample rewards; and yet again, where physical exertion is to be avoided by delicate ones or those averse to its peculiarities, one may float down the distant Columbia, with its colossal contours, and, without even lifting a finger to aid one's progress, view as vast and stupendous scenery as the world can produce. Thus each place suits each varying disposition, from the most roysterer "roughing it," developing the muscles in mighty knots, to where the most ponderous panorama of nature may be enjoyed from a moving mansion, as it were. Could we conceive a place where all these advantages would be united into one, or where one after the other might be indulged at pleasure, we would certainly have a tourist's paradise, an ever-to-be-sought and never-to-be-forgotten nook of creation. Such a tour is to be encountered on "the inland passage to Alaska," as it is called by those knowing it best.

In this rough, rocky region, nature has been prodigal of both land and water — making the former high and picturesque, and the latter deep and navigable, and running in all directions through the other, apparently for the purpose that it might be easily viewed. From the northwest corner of Washington Territory, through all of the coast line of British Columbia and along Alaska's shores to the long-cast shadows of Mount St. Elias,

stretches for nearly two thousand miles a picturesque panorama that seems as if the Yellowstone, the Yosemite, Colorado, and Switzerland and the Alps were passing in review before the spectator; and, when the greatest nothing is gained, Greenland and Norway have added their glacier-crowned and iceberg-bearing vistas to the view. It looks as if the Yellowstone National Park had sunk into the sea until the valleys were waterways and the feet of the high mountains had been converted into shores. A grand salt-water river it is that stretches from Puget Sound, itself a beautiful sheet of water, to our distant colony of Alaska, a good round thousand miles, and whose waters are as quiet as an Alpine lake, even though a fierce gale rage on the broad Pacific outside.

Beyond the parallel of Sitka, though the grand scenery may be no more imposing than that through which the tourist will have passed in coming from Washington Territory, he will find some of the curiosities of nature which are to be found only in the dreaded frigid zones — icebergs and glaciers. Before the waters of north-western Washington Territory are out of sight, great patches of snow are to be seen on the highest of the grand mountains bordering the inland passage. These little white blotches in the northern gullies become larger and larger as the excursion-steamer wends her way northward, until the loftiest peaks are crowned with snow. Then, across connecting ridges, they join their white

mantles ; and, in a few more miles, the blue ice of glaciers peeps from out the lower edges of the deep snow. Lower and lower they descend as the steamer crawls northward, until the upper parts of the passage are essayed, when they have come to the ocean's level, and, plunging into the sea, snap off at intervals and float away as icebergs, some of them higher than the masts of the large, commodious steamers that bear tourists to this fairy-land of the frigid zone, if one can be allowed such an expression. Glacier Bay, which the excursion-steamers visit on their summer trips, has a great number of these frozen rivers of ice debouching into it ; and its clear, quiet waters, reflecting the Alpine scenery of its shores, are ruffled only by the breaking of the icebergs from the terminal fronts of the glacier, that send waves across its whole breadth, and with a noise like the firing of a seacoast cannon. Muir Glacier is the greatest of this grand group, and surpasses anything nearer than the polar zones themselves. There is no use in going into mathematical measurements—its two and three hundred feet in height and its breadth of several miles ; for they but feebly represent its grandeur, the deep impressions that figures cannot measure when viewing this frozen Niagara of the North. Not until the blue Adriatic has pierced its way into the heart of the high Alps, or some ocean inlet has invaded the valleys of the vast Yellowstone Park, will we ever have an equivalent to this display of nature's noblest efforts in scenic effects. Were the other

scenery as monotonous as the ceaseless plains, a visit to the Alaskan glaciers and icebergs would well repay any one's time and effort; but when the tourist travels through the greatest wonderland of the wide West to reach these curious sights, he or she will be paid over and over tenfold.

So far everything may be seen from the decks of an elegant steamer; but, should the tourist want a little "roughing it," let him stop over in Glacier Bay, from one steamer's visit to another, two weeks to a month apart, and clamber over the glaciers and row around among the icebergs to his heart's content, and until he almost imagines he is an Arctic explorer. He will descend from the tumbled surface of the frozen seas of ice on the glacier's surface, only to wade through grass up to his waist, that waves in the light winds like the pretty pampas fields of South America. In these fields of grasses he may pitch his tent, which, with a cook-stove and a month's rations for each person, is all that is needed, beyond the baggage of the other tourists. Hunting is found in the mountains back of the bay, fish in the waters, and small game in the woods near by.

Or, if longer and rougher jaunts are wanted, ascend the Lynn Channel, and then the Chilkat, or Chilkoot, Inlet, hiring two or three Indians to carry one's camping effects on their backs to the lakes at the source of the great Yukon River of the British Northwest Territory and Alaska—the third river of America. Going by the Chilkoot trail,

over the Alaskan coast range of mountains, which will furnish Alpine climbing enough to suit the most eager, on snow and glacier ice, one comes to a series of lakes aggregating 150 miles in extent; and along these he may paddle and return, shooting an occasional brown or black bear, moose, caribou, or mountain-goat, while aquatic life is everywhere on these pretty Alpine lakes.

Throughout the whole inland passage, one is passing now and then some Indian village, of more or less imposing appearance and numbers. In Alaska they all belong to a single great tribe, the Tlinkit, bound together by a common language, but by no stronger ties, for each village, or cluster of villages, makes a sub-tribe, having no sympathies with the other, and they often war against one another.

It is not often that one would want to call a tourist's attention to an Indian village, for the average encampment or habitation of the "noble red man" is not the most attractive sight or study; but, in the Tlinkit towns, we have no such hesitation, for, in the curiosities to be seen in their houses and surroundings, they are certainly one of the strangest people on earth. They are the artistic savages of the world. In front of each log-house, and often rearing its head much higher than it by two or three fold, are one or two posts, called "totem poles," which are merely logs on end; but, on the seaward face, the savage sculptor has exhausted all the resources of his barbaric imagination in cutting in hide-

ous faces and figures, that, with a hundred or so such terrible "totems" in front of a village, makes one think of some nightmare of his childish days. The houses, too, are carved inside and out. Every utensil they have is sculptured deep with diabolical but well-executed designs, and their spoons of mountain-sheep and goat horn are marvels of savage work. All these are for sale to tourists, and every excursion-steamer brings numbers of these romantic remembrances of a yet more romantic journey back to civilization.

But the inland passage to Alaska is not the only grand and picturesque part of that great territory visited by the excursion-steamers; for beyond and as far as Mount St. Elias, they often sail to this the greatest cluster of high mountains on the Western Continent—Lituya Peak, 10,000 feet high; and Fairweather and Crillon, a third taller; then beyond, Cook and Vancouver cluster near sublime St. Elias, nearly 20,000 feet above the ocean that thunders at its base, and whose jagged top may be seen a hundred and fifty miles to sea. How disappointing are the Colorado peaks of 12,000 and 14,000 feet to one, for the simple reason that they spring from a plain already 6,000 to 8,000 feet above sea-level, and seem, as they are, but high hills on a high plateau. How like pygmies they appear to Hood, Tacoma, Shasta, and others not so high above the ocean base line, but whose nearly every foot above sea-level is in mountain slope. How grand, then, must be hoary-headed St. Elias, whose waist

is the waters of the wide sea, and whose 20,000 feet above sea-level springs from the Pacific Ocean, from whose calm waters we view its majestic height.

But let us commence at the starting-point of our journey, and take our readers step by step over the whole route.

For many years the people of our great Northwest country, Oregon, Washington, and Idaho Territories, have spoken familiarly of "the sound" as one of their great geographical features, — in much the same way as the people of southern Connecticut or Long Island speak of "the sound," — referring thereby to Puget Sound, that cuts deep into the northwestern corner of Washington Territory. Many have visited it, and sailed on its beautiful waters; beautiful enough in themselves or their own immediate surroundings, but thrice grand and gorgeous in their silver framing of snowclad peaks and mountain ranges, surrounding them on all sides. The long, narrow, picturesque sound, that looked not unlike a Greenland fjord, or close-walled bay at the mouth of some grand river, — one of those bays so slowly converging that a person can hardly define where it ceases and the river commences, — was considered one of the most beautiful and scenic places of the Northwest; and its people delighted to show it to strangers, with its enchanting surroundings, reaching from the prettily situated capital of the Territory, Olympia, at the head of "the sound," to where the broad Juan de Fuca Strait leads to

the great Pacific Sea. Then Alaska was known only as Russian America, when it was spoken of at all, so seldom was it heard, and seemed to be as far away from the United States on that side of the continent, and as little thought of, as Greenland or Iceland is to-day with our people of the Atlantic coast. An occasional Hudson Bay Company trading-boat steamed out of Victoria harbor, and disappeared northward, crawling through a maze of intricate inland channels and Alpine-like waterways to some distant and seemingly half-mythical trading-post of that lonesome land; but, as to anything definite as to where she was going, as little was known by the people as if an Arctic expedition were leaving the harbor of New York or Boston, and not one hundredth of the *furor* was made about the departure, if, in fact, any notice was taken of it at all. With the accession of Alaska, through the efforts of Secretary Seward and Senator Sumner, the discovery of the Cassiar mines, in British Columbia, but which must be reached through Alaska, and a few other minor incentives, set many people to looking northward; they then found that they could continue their trips on a long inland salt-water river, of which the well-known Puget Sound was but a small part — hardly the equivalent of Narragansett Bay taken from Long Island Sound, or Green Bay from Lake Michigan. Not that these were the first explorations and discoveries of importance in the inland passage and its surrounding woods and waters by any manner of means. Cook and

Clerke, as early as 1776; Dixon, from 1785 to 1788; Langsdorff, in 1803-8; La Perouse, in 1785-88; Lisianski, from 1803 to 1806; Meares, of the Royal Navy, from 1788 to 1789; and especially Vancouver, from 1790 to 1795, — had all peeped into this part of the country, and many of the explorations and surveys were of the most extended nature; but, about the time of which I speak, the knowledge of the inland passage to the bulk of the people, even in these parts so near to it, was nearly as musty as the old volumes on the library shelves that gave the most information. In fact, but little knowledge or interest was to be found regarding these parts. Their history of development from that embryonic state where everything told is regarded as bordering on the mythical, to where a line of ocean-steamers visits them with crowded passenger-lists, is the usual history of such developments.

The inland passage to Alaska may be said to practically extend from Tacoma, in Washington Territory, at the head of Puget Sound, to Chilkat, Alaska, at the head of Lynn Channel, a distance of nearly 1,100 miles, where the tourist taking a sea-voyage has high shores in close proximity on either side of him, except a few places here and there, where a short communication with the ocean outside is to be had. But this "inland passage," so called, is not the only one leading between the points named. It is, rather, a Broadway in New York City, a Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, State Street in

Chicago: that is, the main way; but every few miles a vessel could turn off down another passage as readily as a pedestrian or vehicle could down a side street, and, continuing a short way, return to the main thoroughfare again. Probably all the channels and straits and sounds and inlets in this part of Alaska, British Columbia, and Washington Territory, susceptible of navigation by fair-sized ocean and river steamers, and all of them connecting with each other in a perfect network of waterways, would, if placed end to end, reach from a quarter to a third of the way around the world. Many of them are so illy charted — or not charted at all — that no craft of value would trust herself to follow their courses, while some of the smaller ways, but probably none the less picturesque, have yet to bear the first white man on their bosom. The most picturesque of all the ways through this intricacy of picturesque channels has been selected, carefully surveyed, and experienced pilots conduct the vessels to and from Alaska on its waters. The whole length of the passage is heavily timbered with various kinds of pine, fir, hemlock, cedar, and spruce. Here and there avalanches from the mountain-tops have swept through the dense timber, like a sickle through so much grain; and, although in a few years the growth is restored, yet the varying shades of green in the old and new growth of trees, running in perpendicular stripes up the steep hillsides, plainly show the ancient and recent devastations. Prettily situated Indian villages

dot the narrow, shelving shores at rare intervals along the passage ; and, when these nomads of the Northwest are seen, which is not infrequent, the chances are more than likely that it will be in a canoe, where they spend two thirds of their out-of-door life.

Says the American Cyclopædia, speaking of this interesting part of Washington Territory, the southern part of the inland passage : " Washington Territory possesses a great multitude of harbors, perhaps more than any other country of equal extent on the globe. Puget Sound, which has an average width of two miles, never less than one nor more than four, and a depth never less than eight fathoms, runs one hundred miles inland in a southward direction from the Straits of Fuca ; and Hood's Canal, twelve miles further west, with half the width, runs in the same general direction about sixty miles. These two great estuaries, or arms of tide-water, have depth sufficient for the largest vessels, and numerous bends and corners where the most perfect protection may be found against the winds." Captain Wilkes, in the report of his famous exploring expedition, writes of Puget Sound : " I venture nothing in saying there is no country in the world that possesses waters equal to these. The Coast Range and Cascade Range of mountains are plainly visible from the sound. Near the Columbia River the Coast Range is not very high ; but west of Hood's Canal it rises, in abrupt, beetling ridges, 7,000 to 9,000 feet high, called the Olympian Moun-

tains, many of the peaks being snow-crowned throughout the year. The Cascade Range fairly bristles with snow-clad peaks from 8,000 to over 14,000 feet in height, and in every direction, almost, may be seen the grandest Alpine scenery in the distance.

Steaming northward through Puget Sound from Tacoma, with Seattle and other towns upon our right, and Port Townsend, the port of entry to the sound upon our left, we come to Juan de Fuca Strait, which would lead us to the Pacific Ocean were we to follow it out. It is the most southern of all the waterways that connect the great sea with the network of channels inside, and formerly was much used as a part of the route to Alaska or Puget Sound from Portland, Oregon, or San Francisco, California; the steamer putting out to sea for a day if from the former port, and for four or five if from the latter, the passengers having all the discomforts of a sea-voyage for that time. Where Magellan sailed over the Pacific Ocean it well deserved the name; but along the rough northern coast the amount of stormy weather increases, and a voyage on this part of the Pacific is not always calculated to impress one with the appropriateness of the great ocean's name. The construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad from the Columbia River to Puget Sound has made these sea-voyages unnecessary to reach a port on the inland passage; and, unless a person's stomach is built on "nautical lines," so that he really enjoys an ocean trip, he can save this discom-

fort by a cut across lots on a railroad train. In fact, it must be kept in mind that, while the trip on the inland passage is an ocean voyage, equal to one from New York City to Havana and return, it is, as far as seasickness is concerned, as if the Hudson River were turned around in the opposite direction, and we sailed on its waters from New York to Havana and return; while the inland passage, in its southern part, is as accessible by railroad travel, to the people of the United States and Canada, as any point on the Hudson River. Therefore, broad Juan de Fuca Strait, where the pulsations of the ocean's life outside are even felt to its eastern end, in much diminished waves, however, carries fewer persons than formerly, and especially of that reluctant class who look uncomplainingly at the terrors of the sea from the basis of dire necessity.

Crossing this strait, which has led to so many controversies as to whether the old Greek from whom it is named actually discovered this beautiful body of water, or only made a lucky guess in publishing to the world a mythical journey of his, we sight and bear down on the beautiful British island of Vancouver, whose metropolis is Victoria, and alongside of whose docks we shall soon be made fast.

CHAPTER XVIII.

VICTORIA AND BEYOND.

VICTORIA, the city, was built on the site of old Fort Victoria, a Hudson Bay Company trading-post of that great British monopoly that held nearly all British America under its control for two hundred years, and, although broken as a monopoly, has yet an influence to assist or retard the development of the country which is incalculable. The Fraser River gold-mine excitement in the '50's did much to build up Victoria, and send it forward into the front rank of Pacific coast cities, a position which she has held with varying fortunes, though now, in common with the whole Northwest, once more on the ascending wave.

Cities, like individuals, have their "hobbies," although seldom so prominently marked; and the municipal hobby of Victoria is her splendidly constructed roads, leading through the town and far beyond the suburbs, and in which she has no superior on the Pacific coast of North America, and but few in the world. If the steamer remains long enough in the harbor, — and during excursion times in the summer months they always do, — a drive should be taken on the Victoria roads, and especially the one leading to Esquimau harbor and return, some

two or three miles in all. It is but one, however, of the many beautiful drives; but it is only necessary to mention them in a general way for any one who would desire to test them, so readily can all needed information be found on the spot.

In quaint little smoke-stained and dingy-looking stores in out-of-the-way nooks and corners of the streets are to be found the Victoria curiosity-shops, crowded with relics of the fast-disappearing Indian tribes that once formed a much denser population in this part of the country than at present. Pretty little mats and baskets are made from the sea-grass, dyed with the juices from berries and other natural dyes, and sold for the merest trifles. Curiously carved steatite houses, in miniature imitation of the Indian dwellings, and "totem poles" made by the Hydah, or Haïda, Indians, are to be seen for sale. Sometimes they carve plaques with spread-eagles and other fanciful designs upon them; rude but serviceable mats from the inner bark of the cedar-tree, and all the known — and unknown — nicknacks that can come from the barbaric ingenuity of Indian art, and which would require a pamphlet larger than the one in the reader's hands to chronicle half. This is the beginning of such curious wares that will be temptingly displayed before the tourist at every town and stopping-place on the route, and from which may be selected such mementoes of the journey as will please the individual fancy.

Says a writer in *The Overland Monthly*, the Century

Magazine of the Pacific coast: "Victoria, in a rock-bound and land-protected cove, is the most attractive and the largest city on Vancouver's Island. During the days of the Fraser River excitement, Victoria was a much more energetic city than it is to-day. There were exciting times there then, and, because of the great expectations which everybody indulged in, land was bid up to an enormously high figure, and the town's prospects were considered wonderfully brilliant. But the Fraser was a fraud, comparatively, and its mines were quickly exhausted, so that Victoria received a setback, from which it is only just recovering. It is a picturesque town, thoroughly English, staid and conservative, and its location is an enviable one. In the distance rise the blue-hued heights of the Vancouver ranges, and nearer at hand lie the waters of Fuca Straits; beyond which there can be seen the snowy peaks of the Washington Territory mountains. Rounding the long point of land which juts out into the sea to form Victoria Harbor, the town lay all revealed to us at last. In one direction were red-painted shops set upon a high bluff overlooking the bay, and eastward there were green fields and trimly built cottages.

"'Coming ashore?' we were asked at length.

"'Not to-day,' the artist said.

"'Then, don't judge Victoria until you see the place,' came the word from the dock.

"We promised, and said that when homeward bound we would make a call."

Returning, the narrator continues: "On the wharf at Victoria stood our friend of a month ago.

" 'Coming ashore?' he said, when he saw us.

" 'Yes.'

" 'Good; we can show you a pretty town. Disappointed in Alaska?'

" 'No; it's the grandest country for scenery I'— began the artist.

" 'Yes, yes, I know,' said our friend, interrupting him. 'Big glaciers, fine sailing, curious sights, no seasickness. Same old story; hear it every trip.'

" 'Victoria is picturesque in every detail,' continues the narrator. "The land faces a land-locked bay, and behind the place stretch dense forests, through which roadways extend to the various suburbs. During our stay the frosts of early fall began to color the leaves, and at night the air grew sharp and chill. But still the air was clear, and down in the harbor white-winged yachts still moved over the bluish waters."

Vancouver Island, which forms the outlying barrier to, or seaward side of, the inland passage from Juan de Fuca Strait to Queen Charlotte Sound, is one of the largest islands in that vast archipelago which forms the passage, and is the largest under British dominion. It was called Quadra Island by the Spaniards, who held it by descent from Mexico (then a Spanish colony) until the latter part of the eighteenth century, when Vancouver, of the Royal Navy, was sent from England to receive its surrender

from the Spanish; it having been ordered by the home government at Madrid — which he did from the Castilian governor, Quadra. Vancouver called it Quadra and Vancouver's Island; but the Spanish title has slowly disappeared under British rule. Vancouver pushed his discoveries from here to Cook's Inlet during his two or three years' cruise on this coast, and many of the names in the inland passage and adjacent lands and waters are due to his explorations made nearly a hundred years ago.

Leaving Victoria and its picturesque surroundings behind us, we swing in a huge circle around the southeastern coast of Vancouver Island, until we are pointed northward once more.

Strictly speaking, "the inland passage to Alaska, as defined by nautical men, now begins; Puget Sound only belonging to it in a geographical sense, but as similar thereto as 'peas in a pod.'" We shortly after pass through a congerie of pretty islands, like the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence on a greatly magnified scale, when we come to the Gulf of Georgia, one of the widest portions of the inland passage. The islands we have left to the right (although it may change by the pilot not taking the usual route, so many are they to choose from) are the San Juan Islands, of far more importance than one would believe, looking at the unpopulated shores; at least, they were so in 1856, when the United States and Great Britain came very near coming

to national blows about their possession. The matter was finally left to arbitration in the hands of the Emperor of Brazil, and then transferred to the present Emperor of Germany, who awarded them to the United States. The British troops then withdrew, a post of them having been on one end of the large island, with an American post on the other.

As we steam through the Gulf of Georgia we leave the highest point (Point Roberts) of the United States off to our right, in the distance on the forty-ninth parallel.

Some forty or fifty miles farther on, and we enter the first typical waters of the inland passage, Discovery Passage, a narrow waterway between high, mountainous banks; a great salt-water, river-like channel, about a mile in breadth, and twenty-three and a half miles long by the British Admiralty charts. A huge yellow bluff, projecting into the sea, greets the eye as the passage is approached, and the great, wide channel to the east is the one the tourist has selected as a matter of course for the steamer to pursue; but she agreeably disappoints him, and enters the narrow picturesque way. This Discovery Passage is a Yankee "find," having first been entered by a Boston sloop, the *Washington*, in 1789. The broad right-hand passage could have been taken, as the land to our right is an island (of which the yellow clay bluff is the southern cape), called Valdez Island after an ancient mariner who visited this part of the world in 1792, in the

Spanish galleon *Mexicana*. At first one is slightly nonplussed at the frequency of Spanish names in these quarters; but, as the early history of the country is closely searched, the conclusion is forced on one more and more that these old Castilian navigators have not even got their dues, and, where their names once formed an honorable majority, they have slowly disappeared before the constant revisions of the geographers and hydrographers of another people, who have since acquired possession. We will come to many changes of nomenclature on our interesting trip.

About two miles from the entrance to Discovery Passage we come to the Indian village of Yaculta, on Valdez Island. It is the first of many we will see before we return to Victoria again, and, like most of them, it is on one of the narrow, level places between the high hills and the deep sea that happens here and there in this Alpine country; or its inhabitants would have to live in the trees on the steep hillsides, or in their canoes on the water. The large river coming in from the Vancouver Island side, some five or six miles from the entrance to the passage, is Campbell River, and is navigable for some distance inland by boats and canoes.

About half-way through Discovery Passage we come to the Seymour Narrows, a contracted channel of the passage, about two miles long, and not much over one fourth the previous width, where the tides rush through with the velocity of the swiftest rivers (said to be nine knots at

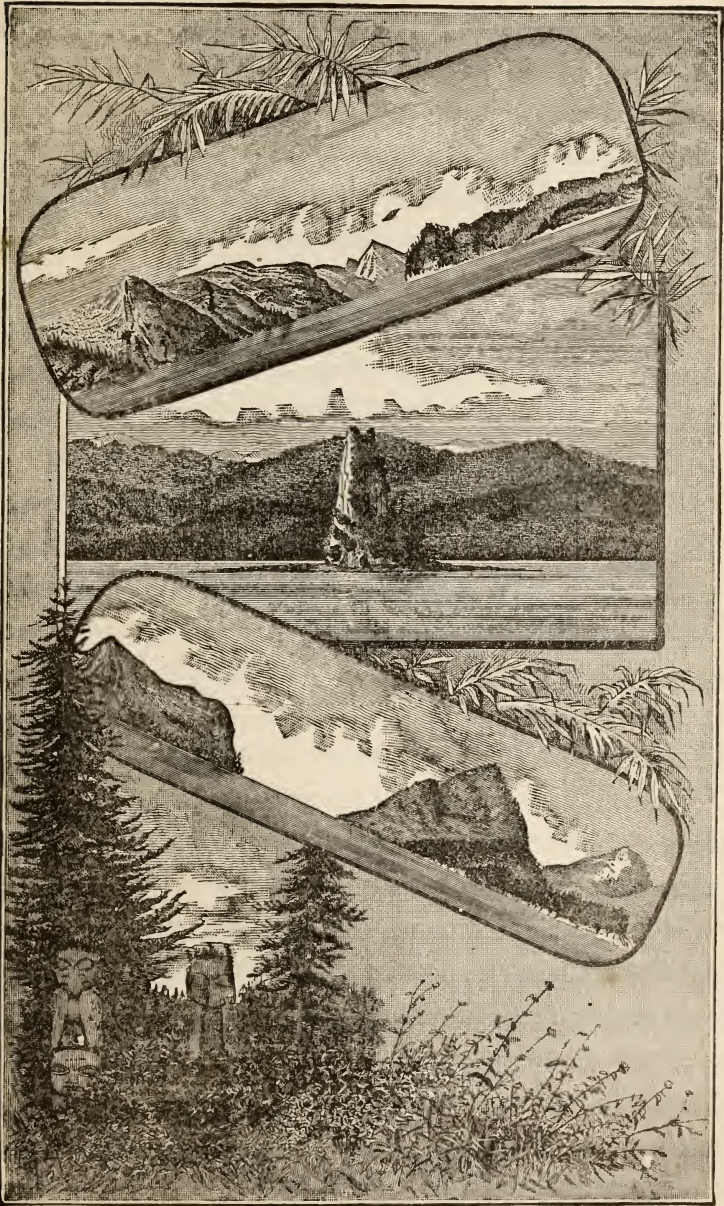
spring-tides), a current which is so strong that it is generally calculated upon in departing from Victoria so as to reach this point about slack water. In the narrows is a submerged rock, with the pretty sounding alliterative title of Ripple Rock, on which the United States man-of-war *Saranac* was lost in the summer of 1875. Ripple Rock is now so well marked that it is no longer dangerous to navigation. Northward from the narrows the hills rise in bold gradients, making the change quite noticeable and more picturesque.

Chatham Point marks the northern entrance to Discovery Passage, and here the tourist apparently sees the inland passage bearing off slightly to the east from this cape, when, with a sudden swerve to the westward, the ship swings around at full right angles to her original course, and enters a channel which a minute before seemed to be but a bay on the west side of the original waterway. The new channel is Johnstone Strait, and is over twice as long as Discovery Passage, that we have just left; or, to be more exact, about fifty-five miles in length. The shores are now getting truly mountainous in character, ridges and peaks on the south side bearing snow throughout the summer on their summits, 4,000 to 5,000 feet high, and the pilot will tell you that the waters on which you are sailing correspond in their dimensions, in many places 100 to 150 fathoms of line failing to reach bottom. The rough and rugged islands which we pass to our right, about three or four miles beyond Chatham

Point, are the Pender Islands. The high mountains to the left and front are the Prince of Wales Range. About fifteen to twenty miles after entering Johnstone Strait, a conspicuous valley is seen on Vancouver Island, the only break in the high mountain-range on that side. It is the valley of a stream called Salmon River, named from that delicious fish, which here abound, and in the pursuit of which the Indians have shown this stream to be navigable for canoes for a number of miles inland. A conspicuous conical hill, probably a thousand feet high, rises in the valley and marks it to the traveler. Just beyond Salmon River's mouth, some three miles, the strait widens, another joining it from the north. The mountains to our left are now the New Castle Range, Mount Palmerston attaining the height of 5,000 feet. At the northern end of Johnstone Strait we have a number of channels to choose from — Blackfish Sound, Weynton Passage, Race Passage, and Broughton Strait, the longest of all, and only fifteen miles in length, which we take. All these channels simply indicate that there is a cluster of islands where Johnstone Strait swells out into Queen Charlotte Sound, which we enter as Broughton Strait is left behind, and that as we select between different islands we take a different-named channel. These particular islands are the Malcolm Islands, sometimes confined in its application to the largest island. About half-way through the Broughton Strait comes in the Nimpkish River, from the Vancouver side. Mount Holdsworth is the high, conical peak we

see to the south from here. At the mouth of the river is the Indian village of Cheslakee. It is said that an ascent of this river reveals the most picturesque scenery in lakes and falls, a saying to which all the surroundings in the inland passage itself, at this point, would give the most ample corroboration. Directly north from the river's mouth is Cormorant Island, which we leave to our right; and the bay in its side is Alert Bay, where exist a salmon cannery, an Indian mission, a wharf at which ships can land, and other signs of civilization.

Queen Charlotte Sound is one of the few openings to the Pacific Ocean. It is about fifty miles long, and in some places nearly half as wide, and looks like getting out to sea after having passed through the narrow channels just left behind. It was entered and named by Wedgeborough in the summer of 1786; so those visitors of 1886 to its grand waters may celebrate its centennial, and drink a toast to Queen Charlotte, the queen of King George III, and queen for fifty-seven years. About nine or ten miles on its waters, and to our left, is Fort Rupert, a Hudson Bay Company's trading-post, with a large Indian village clustered around it. Here fruits and vegetables are grown for the local demand. About half-way through Queen Charlotte Sound, and we pass through a narrow channel, twenty-two miles long, named Goletas Channel. Emerging from it, we leave Cape Commerell on our left side, and bid good-by to Vancouver Island, for this is its northernmost cape. Near the exit from



SCENES IN THE INLAND PASSAGE.

From Schwatka's "Along Alaska's Great River," Cassell & Co., New York, Publishers.

Goletas Channel, but by another passage, now seldom used, is where the United States man-of-war *Suwanee* was wrecked, on a submerged rock in July, 1869, when the inland passage was not so well known by pilots as it is now. We can now look out to sea toward the Pacific Ocean; but a short journey plunges us into one of the many passages ahead of us, the smallest, or one nearest the mainland, being taken, called Fitzhugh Sound. It was named in 1786 by Captain Hanna, is about forty miles long, and with a width of about three miles. The first island to our left on entering is Calvert Island. About ten miles from its southern cape is an indentation in the island, called Safety Cove or Port Safety, probably a mile deep. It was while delayed in this picturesque little harbor, in 1885, that Mr. Charles Hallock, the well-known author on piscatorial pursuits, penned the following lines, descriptive of the inland passage, which we find in *The American Angler* of September, 1885:—

“The mainland is flanked throughout nearly its entire extent by a belt of islands, of which the majority are seagirt mountains. Of course throughout this extended coast-line there are many islands of many different phases — some of them mere rocks to which the kelps cling for dear life, like stranded sailors in a storm; while others are gently rounded mounds wooded with fir; and others, still, precipitous cliffs standing breast deep in the waves. Most aptly has this wave-washed region been termed an archipelago of mountains and land-locked

seas. Steaming through the labyrinths of straits and channels which seem to have no outlets; straining the neck to scan the tops of snow-capped peaks which rise abruptly from the basin where you ride at anchor; watching the gambols of great whales, thresher-sharks, and herds of sea-lions, which seem as if penned up in an aquarium, so completely are they enclosed by the shadowy hills, — one seems, indeed, in a new creation, and watches the strange forms around him with an intensity of interest which almost amounts to awe.

“In this weird region of bottomless depths there are no sand beaches or gravelly shores. All the margins of mainland and islands drop down plump into inky fathoms of water, and the fall of the tide only exposes the rank yellow weeds which cling to the damp crags and slippery rocks, and the mussels and barnacles which crackle and hiss when the lapping waves recede. . . . When the tide sets in great rafts of algæ, with stems fifty feet long, careen along the surface; millions of jelly-fish and anemones crowded as closely as the stars in the firmament; great air-bulbs, with streamers floating like the long hair of female corpses; schools of porpoises and fin-back whale rolling and plunging headlong through the boiling foam; all sorts of marine and Mediterranean fauna pour in a ceaseless surge, like an irresistible army. Hosts of gulls scream overhead, or whiten the ledges, where they squat content or run about feeding.

“Here and there along the almost perpendicular cliffs

the outflow of the melting snow in the pockets of the mountains leaps down in dizzy waterfalls from heights that are higher than the Yosemite. From the cañons which divide the foot-hills, cascades pour out into the brine, and all their channels are choked with salmon crowding toward the upper waters. I could catch them with my hands as long as my strength endured, so helpless and infatuated are these creatures of predestination. At the heads of many of these rivulets there are lakes in which dwell salmon trout, spotted with crimson spots as large as a pea; and the rainbow trout, with his iridescent lateral stripe; and his cousin german, the 'cut-throat trout,' slashed with carmine under the gills. And there is another trout, most familiar to the eye in Eastern waters, and doubly welcome to the sight in this far-off region — the *Salvelinus Canadensis*, or 'sea-trout,' which I have recognized these many years as a separate species. . . . Here he is in his garniture of crimson, blue, and gold, just like his up-stream neighbors of New England and the Provinces. . . .

"The seas are full of strange species. Here the family *Percidæ* is regnant and supreme among the food fishes. The number of species and varieties is remarkable. Here are the *Embiotocidæ*, or *viviparous* perch, which bring forth their young in litters, like cats or dogs, to the number of eight to forty at a time. There are no less than seventeen known varieties of them. Here, also, are at least fifteen varieties of *Scorpenidæ*, all fine

table-fish, which are locally known as rock-cod, groupers and snappers, but having no close relation at all to the family of *Gadidæ*. I send herewith the differential characteristics of four of them taken near our present berth, in latitude 51 degrees, 30 minutes. The scarlet snapper seems very closely allied to the *Lutjanus Blackfordi* of Eastern Florida and the Gulf of Mexico, from which he could scarcely be distinguished in appearance. The others are all fish of brilliant colors. No. 2 can scarcely be distinguished from the fresh-water bass of the lakes lying west of the Mississippi,—the *Micropterus*,—either in form, fin-system, or color. At Sitka I found a fish of exactly the same shape, but black as a sea-bass of the Atlantic (*Centropristis atrarius*). No. 4 belongs, I believe, to the family of *Chiridæ*, and is locally known as a sea-trout. . . . These fish take salmon, roe, clams, sand-worms, crabs, meat, and cut-fish bait. The black bass of Sitka is taken alongshore with a trolling spoon. . . . The other fish were taken chiefly in thirty fathoms of water on the young flood-tide.

“ Besides these fish, we have taken halibut, two kinds of flounder, skates, dogfish of several kinds and strange shapes, sharks, sculpins, etc.; some of the sculpins were beautifully marked in blue, red, or brown. . . . I have had several of the species painted in oil, and will forward them to the Smithsonian, with descriptions.”

But let us leave this piscatorial paradise, as painted by one who is an artist in his line, and wend our way

through the forty miles of Fitzhugh Sound. Then comes Lama Passage, contracted, winding, and picturesque, about fourteen or fifteen miles long. About half-way through we pass very near the Indian village of Bella-Bella, and which is also a Hudson Bay Company trading-post. The Bella-Bellas were once a large tribe living in these parts; but the little village of about twenty Indian houses that the tourist passes on his left, represents the greater portion of the tribe at present, and gives one a practical and forcible illustration of the disappearance of "the noble red men." A mission residence and a church, with the cattle on the cleared hills, give the place quite a civilized aspect. After Lama Passage comes Seaforth Channel, just as winding and pretty; the swingings to the right and left, in places where the passage is apparently right ahead, increase your respect for the pilot, and you wonder, in all these intricacies, like Goldsmith's village schoolmaster, "how one small head could carry all he knew." At Milbank Sound we look out to sea for a brief half-hour, and then plunge into Finlayson Channel, a typical waterway of the inland passage, like a great river. The sides are very high mountains, densely timbered nearly to the top, where snow exists the year round, forming a base of supplies for the beautiful water-falls that dash down the precipitous heights, like silvery columns, on a deep green background. It is said that all the little streams of this region swarm with salmon,

giving the Indians a most bountiful supply. Then comes Graham Reach, about twenty miles long; then Fraser Reach, of ten miles; and McKay Reach, of seven,—that could all have been given a single name, and much trouble have been saved. A little irregular sheet of water, called Wright Sound, and Greenville Channel, “as straight as an arrow,” gives us nearly fifty miles of rectilinear sailing.

We are now getting far enough north to make the sight of snow a familiar one, and the dense timber is striped with perpendicular windows, where large avalanches have cut their way through them in the winter, when the snow falls heavily in these parts. Chatham Sound is the last channel we essay in British domain, and a royal old sheet of water it is, with a width of nearly ten miles, and about three or four times as long. After about three hours on its bosom a great channel is opened east and west before us, on which the swells from the broad Pacific enter. This is Dixon Entrance, and the boundary between British Columbia and Alaska beyond, whose blue mountains we see in the distance. The islands still continue; and the number, in this part of Alaska alone, has been estimated at eleven hundred, and this, too, excludes the rocks and islets. Clarence Strait is the main channel as soon as Alaskan waters are entered; but there are others on both sides of it in which it may be taken. It is a little over a hundred miles long, and somewhat variable in its width. It

was named by Vancouver, nearly a hundred years ago, after the Duke of Clarence. From Clarence Strait we enter Stickeen Strait; for most of the steamers call at Wrangell, and this bends us off of our course.

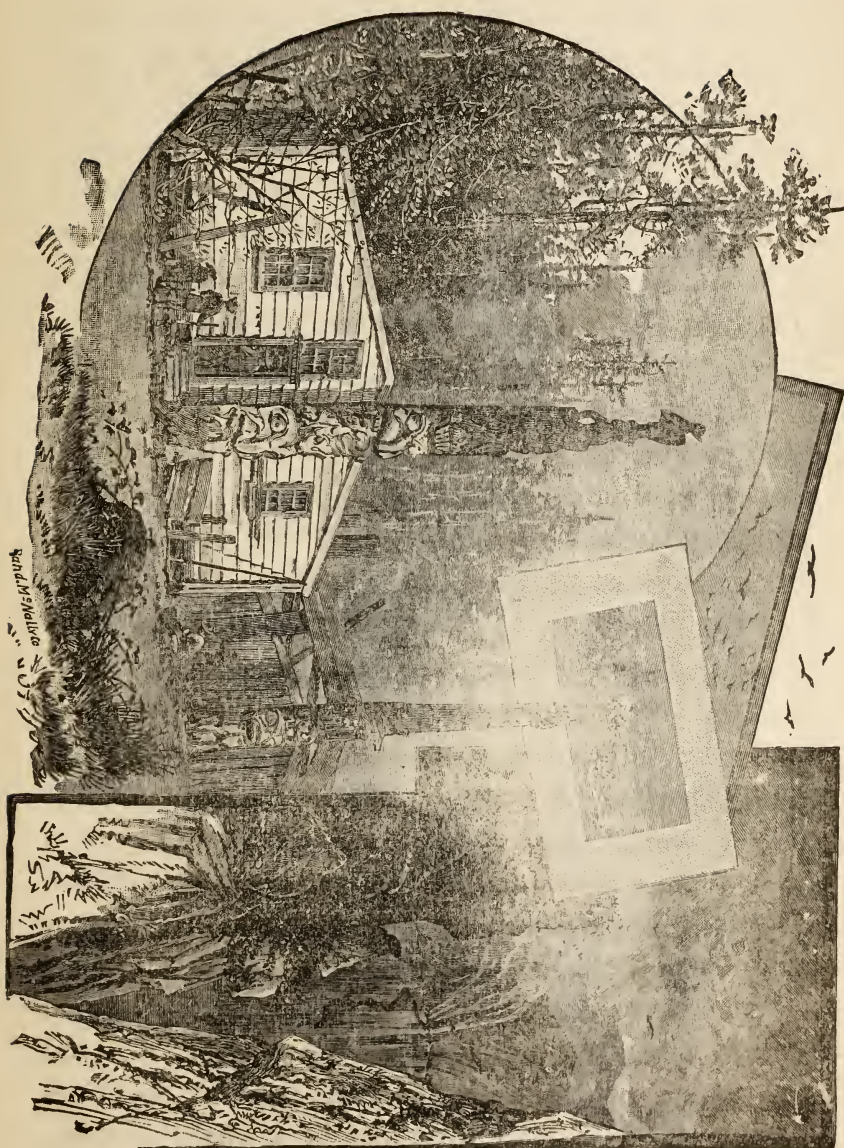
Wrangell is a tumble-down, dilapidated-looking town, in a most beautifully picturesque situation, and the first impression is to make one ashamed of the displays of the human race compared with those of nature. It is the port to the Cassiar mines; or, better speaking, it was, for they have seen their palmiest days, a fact which is quite evident on looking at their dependency, the town of Wrangell. The Cassiar mines are in British Columbia, and to reach them the Stickeen River, emptying near Wrangell, must be ascended, itself a most picturesque stream, and one well worth visiting if the tourist can catch one of the little boats that yet occasionally depart from Wrangell to ascend the rushing, impetuous river. Says one writer of it in the *Philadelphia Dispatch*: "The Stickeen is navigable for small steamers to Glenora, one hundred and fifty miles, flowing first in a general westerly direction, through grassy, undulating plains, darkened here and there with patches of evergreens; then, curving southward, and receiving numerous tributaries from the north, it enters the Coast Range and sweeps across it to the sea through a Yosemite valley more than a hundred miles long and one to three miles wide at the bottom, and from five thousand to eight thousand feet deep, marvelously beautiful and

inspiring from end to end. To the appreciative tourist, sailing up the river through the midst of it all, the cañon, for a distance of one hundred and ten miles, is a gallery of sublime pictures—an unbroken series of majestic mountains, glaciers, falls, cascades, forests, groves, flowery garden spots, grassy meadows in endless variety of form and composition,—furniture enough for a dozen Yosemites! while, back of the walls, and thousands of feet above them, innumerable peaks and spires and domes of ice and snow tower grandly into the sky. About fifteen miles above the mouth of the river you come to the first of the great glaciers, pouring down through the forest in a shattered ice-cascade nearly to the level of the river. Twelve miles above this point, a noble view is opened along the Skoot River Cañon—a group of glacier-laden Alps, from ten thousand to twelve thousand feet high. Thirty-five miles above the mouth of the river the most striking object of all comes in sight; this is the lower expansion of the great glacier—measuring about six miles around the ‘snout,’ pushed boldly forward into the middle of the valley among the trees, while its sources are almost hidden. It takes its rise in the heart of the range, some thirty or forty miles away. Compared with this, the Swiss *mer de glace* is a small thing. It is called the ‘Ice Mountain.’ The front of the snout is three hundred feet high, but rises rapidly back for a few miles to a height of about one thousand feet. Seen through gaps in the trees growing on one

of its terminal moraines, as one sails slowly along against the current, the marvelous beauty of the chasms and clustered pinnacles shows to fine advantage in the sunshine."

Wrangell's log-cabin backwoods stores are good places to search for Indian relics, the Stickeen Indians living in the vicinity being the most prolific in the manufacture of these savage curios. Leaving Wrangell, a westward-trending strait (Sumner Strait; after Senator Sumner) of forty or fifty miles carries us directly out to the Pacific Ocean; but an hour's run finds us turning into another passage, — Chatham Strait, — one of the largest of the almost innumerable channels of the inland passage, and which points squarely to the north. It is nearly one hundred and fifty miles long, and about five or six miles wide. It was named by Vancouver, about the end of the last century, after the then Earl of Chatham, and is a most noble sheet of water.

Formerly the pilots used to go around Cape Omaney, and put out to sea in order to reach Sitka, although there was a channel leading from Chatham Strait thereto which saved the roughness of a sea-voyage. It was shunned, however, by most of them, and, in getting the ominous name of Peril Strait, certain supposed dangers were thought to be lurking in it. Captain Carroll, who has spent half an ordinary lifetime in these waters, and done much toward practically determining their navigability, found that most of the peril



AN ALASKA INDIAN HOUSE WITH TOTEM POLES.

was in the name, — at least to ships under his management, — and Peril Straits are used nearly altogether now, making Sitka, though facing the Pacific Ocean, practically on the inland passage.

Just before entering Peril Straits, — by the way, one of the most charming of the many channels described, — we stop at a little place ensconced in a narrow inlet of Chatham Strait, called Killisnoo. At Killisnoo, the Northwest Trading Company, of Portland, Oregon, have erected quite extensive works for the capture and curing of cod-fish, which has made this something of a port, at least for Alaska. There is also a phosphate factory here, where phosphates are made from herring, after the oil is extracted. This company formerly caught whales in this strait; but I understand the enterprise has been partially, or wholly, given up as not paying; or, at least, in proportion to the new enterprises they have more recently opened. Around this part of Admiralty Island are the Kootznahoo Indians, who have been quite a warlike band of savages in the past, but have been quite mollified by an incident in their troubles, which I will give in the language of a correspondent of the *New York Times*, of November 23, 1884: —

“The Kootznahoo village, near the fishing-station of Killisnoo, was the scene of the latest naval battle and bombardment on the coast, two years ago. A medicre-man of the tribe who went out in a whale-boat was killed by the explosion of a bomb-harpoon, and the

Indians demanded money or a life as an equivalent for their loss. The Killisnoo traders did not respect this Indian law of atonement, and the Indians seized a white man for hostage. Finding that the hostage had only one eye, they declared him *cultus* (bad) and sent word that they must have a whole and sound man, or his equivalent in blankets, to make up for their lost medicine-man. They threatened the massacre of the settlement, and word was sent to Sitka for help. Captain Merriman, United States Navy, went over with the revenue cutter *Corwin* and the steamer *Favorite*, and made a counter-demand for blankets as a guaranty for their future peace and quiet. Failing to respond, he carried out his threat of shelling their village, the Indians having improved their hours of delay by removing their canoes, valuables, and provisions. Most of the houses were destroyed, and the humbled Indians came to terms, and have been the most penitent and reliable friends of the whites ever since. They have built their houses now around the Killisnoo settlement; and, although Captain Merriman left the territory some time ago, they all speak of him as the best of *tyees*, and the settlers say that the naval battle of Killisnoo has made life and property more secure throughout the Territory."

CHAPTER XIX.

INDIAN LIFE.

AT present the inland passage in the Territory and British Columbia is as safe from Indians as Broadway in New York City, or State Street, Chicago. In no place in the world of which I know, or have ever heard, are the facilities for studying Indian life so good for those who only spend a tourist's jaunt among them. Many people along the far Western railroads will remember seeing here and there a dirty group of assorted Indians begging for alms and taking full advantage of all the silver-plated sympathy showered upon them in that metal: for they were parts of the curious scenes to behold. Generally they were a slim delegation from some far-away agency, and a person living in Washington, where the Indian chiefs occasionally visit in their full regalia, would have a better chance to see typical Indians than the tourist, unless he left the road and visited their agencies, a journey of toil and trouble, and less welcome if the agent be a stranger. Alaska is widely different. From its mountainous, Alpine nature, living inland is out of the question; and the Indians seek the few narrow beaches and low points scattered here and there through the inland passage as the places whereon to build their

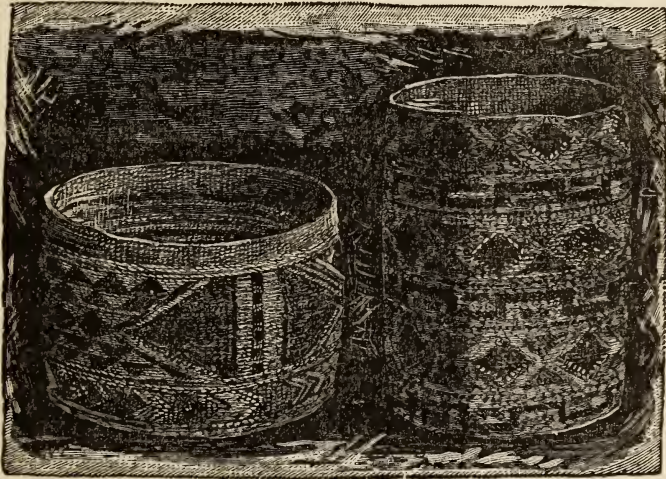
little villages, and these are in as full view to the passing steamer as New York and Brooklyn are to a boat going up or down the East River channel. At rarer intervals more extensive plats of level or rolling land have been found; and at some of these, in proximity to certain places where business pursuits are carried on, white men have erected their little towns; and around these, again, the Indians have clustered their curious cabins in the most friendly way, giving the greatest access to tourists during even the short time that vessels stop at the ports to load and unload their freight. At Wrangell, Sitka, Pyramid Harbor, etc., are to be seen villages of Stickeens, Sitkas, Chilkats, Kootznahoes, etc., in close juxtaposition. In *The Polaris*, of Portland, Oregon, under date of November 19, 1881, I find the following description of the old Stickeen village, just below Wrangell, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Lindsley, a well-known divine and missionary of the Northwest:—

“The next day we went to the site of the old Stickeen town. It was a beautiful situation, looking out upon the sea, sheltered and with sunny exposure. In the bay were several islands. One of them was kept sacred as a burial-place. The tombs were visible at a distance. These were strong boxes raised above the ground for protection, built in the shape of houses, sometimes painted, and within which the remains are deposited. We could not but admire the rude taste, as well as the sentiments, which were thus conveyed. The buildings

were falling into decay ; but enough remained to impress us with the fact that their mechanical skill was of no recent origin. The Stickeens have occupied the site for generations past ; and here were immense wooden houses that might have been standing a century ago, judging from the condition of the wooden buildings which I had examined on the Atlantic coast, and which are known to have been erected before the Revolutionary War. Those buildings were frail ; these, built of massive timbers and posts of from two to three feet in diameter, some round, and others squared. The planks for the floors were several inches thick. The mortise and tenon work in the frames joined with accuracy, and other mechanical contrivances appeared in these structures. All were large, and some immense. I measured one house sixty by eighty feet.

“ The domestic life is patriarchal, several families being gathered under one roof. Genealogies were kept for ages, and honors and distinctions made hereditary. To mark these, insignia, like a coat-of-arms, were adopted, and in rude carvings they strove to represent them. I could decipher, also, the paintings that once figured these upon the posts and sides of houses. The eagle, the whale, the bear, and the otter, and other animals of sea and land, were the favorites, oftentimes coupled with a warrior in the attitude of triumph. Gigantic representations of these family emblems were erected near the house, on posts, twenty to thirty feet high, covered with

carvings of animals, and the devices stained with permanent pigments of black, red, and blue. (See illustration on another page, which is the front of a chief's house at Kaigan village.) Imaginary creatures resembling griffins or dragons, and reminding you of the mammoth animals that flourished in a distant geological period, were carved on the posts or pictured on the walls. Raised figures resembling hieroglyphics and Asiatic alphabets were



T'LINKET BASKET WORK.

(Made by the Indians of the Inland Passage.)

carved on the inside wall. Some of the posts containing the family coat-of-arms, thus highly carved and decorated according to the native taste, were used as receptacles for the remains of the dead, gathered up after cremation. Great sacredness was attached to them. To injure one was to insult the family to which it belonged; to cut one down was an unpardonable offence.

“The description which I have now given will answer, with some unimportant differences, for the native houses as they are found elsewhere.”

Of the readiness of these Indians to give exhibitions of their savage manners and customs for their visitors, — and which one will seldom see elsewhere, and never with so little trouble and effort on the spectator's part, — Dr. Lindsley says: “By previous invitation, the missionaries and their guests assembled at the house of Tow-ah-att, a *tyee*, or chief, of the Stickeen tribe. An exhibition of manners and customs had been prepared for us, to show us what Indian life had been. . . . The insignia on Tow-ah-att's house were the eagle and wolf, marking the union of two families. A brief address of welcome introduced the entertainment. Among the customs shown to us by the dramatic representation was a warrior with blackened face, with spear and helmet, and with belt containing a two-edged knife or dagger; a chief in full dress made of skins and a robe made of the wool of a mountain sheep. Each of these presented an imposing appearance. After these, masks and effigies appeared; next, a *pottatch* dance, in which a large number of the natives of both sexes engaged. This was followed by dances which were used only upon notable occasions which might be called sacred or religious. These dances and the chants were regarded with a species of veneration. We were struck with the comparative excellence of the singing which accompanied these dances, displaying a consid-

erable amount of culture. Evidently much practice had been bestowed upon the art, as the large number, young and old, who engaged in them observed the musical rests and parts with great precision. A large number of whites and Indians were present at this entertainment, and the house was not crowded. Our entertainers observed some formalities which could do no discredit to the most enlightened assemblies. After an address of welcome and short speeches from visitors, one of the chiefs, Towah-att, delivered a formal discourse."

Mr. Ivan Petroff, a Russian, of Alaska, who was deputed by the Superintendent of the United States Census of 1880 to collect statistics for his report regarding Alaska Territory, finds the following interesting items regarding the Indian tribes which the tourist will encounter in his trip to Southeastern Alaska: —

"The outward characteristics of the Tlinkit tribe may be enumerated as follows: The coarse, stiff, coal-black hair, dark eyebrows, but faintly delineated over the large black eyes full of expression; protruding cheek-bones; thick, full lips (the under lips of the women disfigured by the custom of inserting round or oval pieces of wood or bone), and the septum of the men pierced for the purpose of inserting ornaments; beautiful white teeth; ears pierced not only in the lobes, but all around the rim. To these may be added the dark color of the skin, a medium stature, and a proud, erect bearing (this only applies to the men). The hands of the women are very small, and large feet are rarely met with.

“Before their acquaintance with the Russians, the only clothing of the Tlinkits consisted of skins sewed together, which they threw around their naked bodies without regard to custom or fashion. In addition to this, they wore, on festive occasions, blankets woven out of the fleeces of mountain goats. From time immemorial they have possessed the art of dyeing this material black and yellow by means of charcoal and a kind of moss called *sekhone*. The patterns of these blankets, wrought in colors, exhibit an astonishing degree of skill and industry; the hat, plaited of roots, is also ornamented with figures and representations of animals.

“Both men and women paint their faces black and red with charcoal or soot, and vermilion (cinnabar), which are their favorite colors. They are mixed with seed oil, and rubbed well into the cuticle; subsequently, figures and patterns are scratched upon this surface with sticks of wood. The wealthy Tlinktis paint their faces every day, while the plebeians indulge in this luxury only occasionally. As a rule, the Tlinkits of both sexes go bare-footed.

“The men pierce the partition of the nose, the operation being performed in early childhood, frequently within a few weeks after birth. In the aperture thus made a silver ring is sometimes inserted large enough to cover the mouth; but the poorer individuals insert other articles, such as feathers, etc. They also pierce the lobe of the ear for the purpose of inserting shark's teeth, shells, and

other ornaments, while through the holes around the rim of the ear they draw bits of red worsted or small feathers. Veniaminoff states that each hole in the ear was pierced in memory of some event or deed.

“The ornamentation of the under lip of a female (now almost obsolete) marked an epoch in her life. As long as she remained single she wore this ; but, as soon as she was married, a larger piece of wood or bone was pressed into the opening, and annually replaced by a still larger one, the inner side being hollowed out. It was, of course, impossible for these individuals to close their mouths, the under lip protruding, distended by the disk of wood or bone.

“Veniaminoff states that among the T'linkits the married women are permitted to have what are called ‘assistant husbands,’ who are maintained by the wives. Among the T'linkits the office of vice-husband can only be filled by a brother or near relative of the husband.

“The T'linkits burn their dead upon funeral pyres, with the exception of the bodies of shamans, or sorcerers, which are deposited in boxes elevated on posts. The dead slave is not considered worthy of any ceremony whatever ; his corpse is thrown into the sea like the carcass of a dog. When a T'linkit dies his relatives prepare a great feast, inviting a multitude of guests, especially if the deceased has been a chief or a wealthy member of a clan. The guests are chosen only from a strange clan ; for instance, if the deceased belonged to the Raven clan,

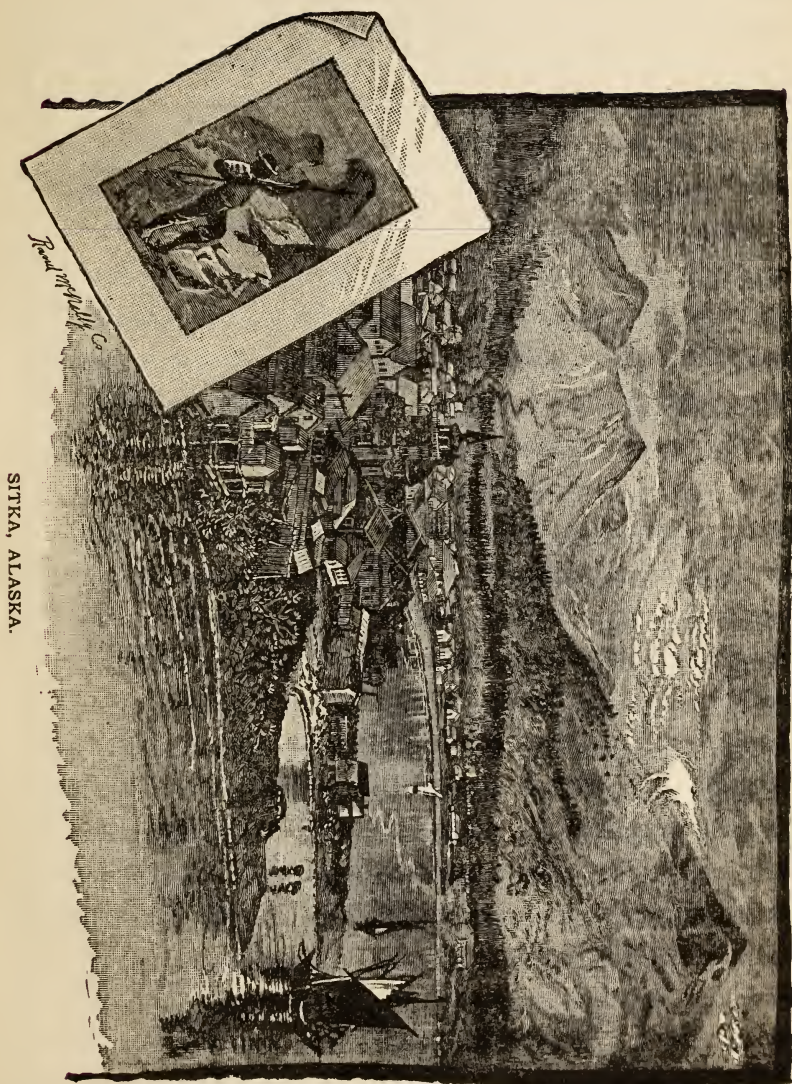
the guests must be from the Wolf clan, and *vice versa*. No certain time is set for the cremation or for the festivities; this depends altogether upon the magnitude of the preparations. Poor people who are unable to defray the cost of such ceremonies take their dead to some distant cove or bay, and burn them without any display. When the guests have assembled and the pyre has been erected, the corpse is carried out of the village by invited guests and placed upon the fagots. The pyre is then ignited in the presence of the relatives; but these latter take no active part, confining themselves to crying, weeping, and howling. On such occasions many burn their hair, placing the head in the flames; others cut the hair short and smear the face with the ashes of the deceased. When the cremation of the body has been accomplished, the guests return to the dwelling of the deceased, and seat themselves with the widow, who belongs to their clan, around the walls of the hut; the relatives of the deceased then appear with hair burned and cropped, faces blackened and disfigured, and place themselves within the circle of guests, sadly leaning upon sticks, with bowed heads, and then begin their funeral dirges with weeping and howling. The guests take up the song when the relatives are exhausted, and thus the howling is kept up for four nights in succession, with only a brief interruption for refreshment. During this period of mourning, if the deceased has been a chief, or wealthy, the relatives formerly killed one or two slaves, according

to the rank of the dead, in order to give him service in the other world. At the end of the period of mourning, or on the fourth day following the cremation, the relatives wash their blackened faces and paint them with gay colors, at the same time making presents to all the guests, chiefly to those who assisted in burning the corpse. Then the guests are feasted again, and the ceremony is to an end. The heir of the deceased is his sister's son, or, if he has no such relative, a younger brother. The heir was compelled to marry the widow."

While I was at Chilkat the chief of the Crow clan was cremated with most savage ceremonials, no doubt well worth seeing, to which I was invited; but my preparations for my expedition kept me from accepting the invitation.

Leaving Killisnoo, we cross Chatham Strait almost at right angles to its course (or due west), here about ten miles wide, and enter Peril Straits, about thirty-five miles long. They sweep boldly to the north in a great arc, and, like all winding and rapidly and alternately widening and narrowing of the inland channels, they are extremely picturesque, more from the contrast of different scenes so swiftly changed before one's eyes, than from anything radically new so presented. The old Russian name for them was Papoogni (meaning "pernicious") Straits, and they got this title rather from an incident of appetite than bad navigation. In the latter part of last century the Russians used to import the poor Aleuts of the

Aleutian Islands, far to the westward, as mercenaries to fight their battles for them against the Tlinkit Indians of this region ; and, while encamped here, they partook of a large number of mussels, which proved poisonous, killing some and putting many on the sick list for that particular campaign. In some of the very contracted places the tides run with great velocity ; but by taking advantage of the proper times (which the nearness of Killisnoo on one side and Sitka on the other makes easy) and a more thorough knowledge of the few impediments, the dangers to navigation here are now about *nil*. Once through Peril Straits, we can look out on the Pacific Ocean through Salisbury Sound for a few minutes before turning southward through a series of short straits and channels "too numerous to mention ;" and then, after twenty to twenty-five miles of sailing, we come to Sitka, the capital of the Territory. It is most picturesquely located at the head of Sitka Sound, through which, looking in a southwest direction, the Pacific Ocean is plainly visible. Looking in this way, its bay seems full of pretty little islets, sprinkled all over it, that are almost invisible as seen from the ocean when approaching, so densely are they covered with timber, and so exactly like the timbered hills of the mainland, against which they are thrown. The steamer, after winding its way through a tortuous channel, finally brings to at a commodious wharf, with the city before you, which is in strange contrast with the wild, rugged scenery through which the tourist had



SITKA, ALASKA.

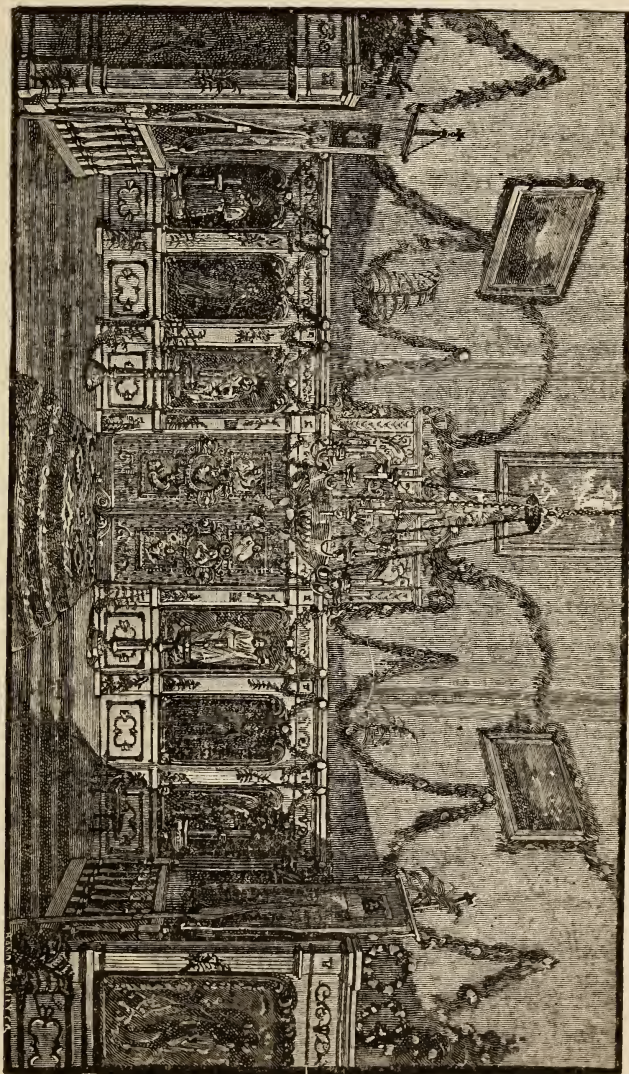
been sailing. To our left, as we pass on to the wharf, is the Indian village of the Sitkas, one of the largest among the islands of the inland passage. To our front and right stretch the white settlements of the town. At the large Indian village, which is near — or, really, part of — Sitka, there are estimated to gather fully a thousand Indians in the winter time, the summer finding them partially dispersed over a greater area to gain their sustenance. These houses are like those described as being near Wrangell. In one way they have somewhat patterned after white men, in partitioning off the ends and sides of these large rooms into sleeping apartments by canvas and cloth drapery. It is said that the most fiendish ceremonies and diabolical cruelties were practised at their "house-warmings," so to speak. Before the white men put a stop to these ceremonies, a slave was killed, with the greatest cruelties, under each of the corner uprights; and, as a house could not have less than four of these, and sometimes had more, by its irregularities, one may contemplate the suffering with which a large village like that at Sitka has been baptized.

In the town proper the Greek Church is the most conspicuous and interesting object to the tourist, and especially those who have never seen one of this religion. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, in plan, and is surmounted by an Oriental dome over the centre, which has been painted an emerald green color. One wing is used as a chapel, and contains, besides a

curious font, an exquisite painting of the Virgin and Child, copied from the celebrated picture at Moscow. All the drapery is of silver, and the halo of gold; so of the painting itself, nothing is seen but the faces and background. The chancel, which is raised above the body of the church, is approached by three broad steps leading to four doors, two of which are handsomely carved and richly gilded, and contain four oval and two square *bas reliefs*. Above is a large picture of the Last Supper, covered, like that of the Madonna, with silver, as are two others, one on each side of the altar. Across the threshold of these doors no woman may set her foot, and across the inner ones to the innermost sanctuary none but the priest himself, or his superiors in the general Greek Church, or the white Czar, can enter. The doors, however, usually stand open; and the priest in residence, Father Metropaulski, is exceedingly courteous to visitors, showing them the costly and magnificent vestments and the bishop's crown, almost covered with pearls and amethysts. The ornaments and the candelabra are all of silver, the walls are hung with portraits of princes and prelates, and the general effect is rich in the extreme.

Next to the church in interest — with some visitors, probably, ranking before it — is the old Muscovite castle on the hill. Here, in days gone by, the stern Romanoff ruled this land, and Baron Wrangell, one of Russia's many celebrated Polar explorers, held sway. It is said

that it has been twice destroyed, once by fire and then by an earthquake, but was again erected with such stanch belongings, that it will probably stand for ages much as it is to-day. It is now used as an office for United States Government officials, and it has a ballroom and theatre, with the same old brass chandeliers and huge bronze hinges that adorned it in its glory. The whole building has a semi-deserted and melancholy appearance; but it is of exceeding interest, speaking to us as it does of a grander history, when Sitka was the metropolis of the Pacific coast of North America, and it was the centre from which such power emanated. To sentimental tourists I will relate a tradition that has been published concerning the stern old castle; and, whether it fits the truth or not, it fits the sombre surrounding of the ancient pile. It runs, that, when Baron Romanoff was governor, he had living with him an orphan niece and ward, who, like all orphan nieces in feudal castles, especially those who figure in tradition, was very beautiful. But when the baron commanded her to marry a beautiful prince, who was a guest at the castle, she refused, having given her heart to a handsome young lieutenant of the household. The old baron, who, like the rest of his race in traditional accounts, was an accomplished diplomat, feigning an interest in the young lieutenant which he did not feel, sent him away on a short expedition, and in the meantime hurried on the preparations for the marriage of the unhappy girl to the prince.



CHANCEL OF THE GREEK CHURCH, SITKA.

Deprived of the support of her lover's counsels and presence, she yielded to the threats of her uncle, and the ceremony was solemnized. Half an hour after the marriage, while the rejoicing and the gayety were at their height, the young lieutenant strode into the ballroom, his travel-stained dress and haggard appearance contrasting strangely with the glittering costumes and gay faces of the revelers; and, during the silence which followed his ominous appearance, he stepped up to the hapless girl and took her hand. After gazing for a few moments on the ring the prince had placed there, he, without a word, and before any one could interfere, drew a dagger from his belt and stabbed her to the heart. In the wild confusion that followed, he escaped from the castle; and, overcome with grief, unable to live without the one he so fondly loved, yet ruthlessly murdered, he threw himself into the sea. And now her spirit is seen on the anniversary of her wedding night, her slender form robed in heavy silk brocade, pressing her hand on the wound in her heart, the tears streaming from her eyes. Sometimes, before a severe storm, she makes her appearance in the little tower at the top of the building once used as a lighthouse. There she burns a light until dawn for the spirit of her lover at sea.

Almost directly west from Sitka, about fifteen miles distant, is Mount Edgecumbe, so named by Cook, it having previously been called Mount San Jacinto by Bodega in 1775, and Mount Saint Hyacinth again by

La Perouse. Tchirikov, before all others, I believe, got it chronicled as Mount St. Lazarus; and it looked as if it would go through the whole calendar of the saints, and their different national changes, if it had not gotten pretty firmly rooted as Mount Edgecumbe. It is nearly 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and looks like a peak of 5,000 feet cut off by a huge shaving-plane at its present height. This truncated apex is a crater, said to be, by those who have visited it, some 2,000 feet in diameter by one tenth as deep. In the early and middle summer time, the snow from its table-like crown has partially disappeared, and the bright red volcanic rock projects in radiating ridges from the white covering that is disappearing, making a most beautiful crest to a mountain already picturesque by its singular isolation. When in this condition, with the western setting sun directly over it, and its golden beams radiating upward, and the royal red ridges radiating downward, both thrown against their background of blue sky and water and white snow, it makes a superb picture that the brush of a Turner could hardly copy, let alone a feeble pen describe.

Lieutenant C. E. S. Wood, who visited this portion of Alaska in 1877, and gave a graphic description of his travels in *The Century Magazine* of July, 1882, gives therein the following interesting Indian legend concerning Mount Edgecumbe:—

“One drowsy eve we saw the peak of Edgecumbe for the last time. The great truncated cone caught the

hues of the sunset, and we could note the gloom gathering deeper and deeper in the hollow of the crater. Our Indians were stolidly smoking the tobacco we had given them, and were resting after the labors of the day with bovine contentment. Tah-ah-nah-kléck related to us the T'linkit legend of Edgecumbe:—

“A long time ago the earth sank beneath the water, and the water rose and covered the highest places, so that no man could live. It rained so hard that it was as if the sea fell from the sky. All was black, and it became so dark that no man knew another. Then a few people ran here and there and made a raft of cedar-logs; but nothing could stand against the white waves, and the raft was broken in two.

“On one part floated the ancestors of the T'linkits; on the other the parents of all other nations. The waters tore them apart, and they never saw each other again. Now their children are all different and do not understand each other. In the black tempest, Chethl was torn from his sister Ah-gish-áhn-ahkon (The-woman-who-supports-the-earth). Chethl (symbolized in the osprey) called aloud to her: ‘You will never see me again, but you will hear my voice forever.’ Then he became an enormous bird and flew to southwest till no eye could follow him. Ah-gish-áhn-ahkon climbed above the waters, and reached the summit of Edgecumbe. The mountain opened and received her into the bosom of the earth. That hole [the crater] is

where she went down. Ever since that time she has held the earth above the water. The earth is shaped like the back of a turtle, and rests on a pillar; Ah-gish-áhn-ahkon holds the pillar. Evil spirits that wish to destroy mankind seek to overthrow her and drive her away. The terrible battles are long and fierce in the lower darkness. Often the pillar rocks and sways in the struggle, and the earth trembles and seems like to fall; but Ah-gish-áhn-ahkon is good and strong, so the earth is safe. Chethl lives in the bird Kunna-Káhth-eth; his nest is in the top of the mountain, in the hole through which his sister disappeared.

“He carries whales in his claws to this eyrie, and there devours them. He swoops from his hiding-place, and rides on the edge of the coming storm. The roaring of the tempest is his voice calling to his sister. He claps his wings in the peals of thunder and its rumbling is the rustling of his pinions. The lightning is the flashing of his eyes.”

Looking inland are the glacier-clad summits of the interior mountains, Vostovia, predominating where few people, even among the Indians of the country, have ever been. Taking all its surroundings, it may be well said, as has been written, that Sitka Bay rivals in scenic beauty its nearest counterpart, the far-famed Bay of Naples. Near Sitka comes in a beautiful mountain-stream called the Indian River. A most picturesque road leads out to this rambling brook, and a less frequented

trail winds up its valley; but, if the steamer stops long enough to warrant the tramp, no one should fail to stroll along its two or three miles of winding way, embowered in absolutely tropical foliage, so dense and deep is it. It is the only road worthy of the name in Alaska; and, if one wends his way through it, and then combines his information acquired thereby with a view of the Alpine country of this part of the Territory, he will plainly comprehend why there are no more roads than this particular one, and feel willing to give full credit to its makers. It is near the half-way point of the journey, also; and this warrants a little inshore exercise that can be had at no other stopping-place so well.

CHAPTER XX.

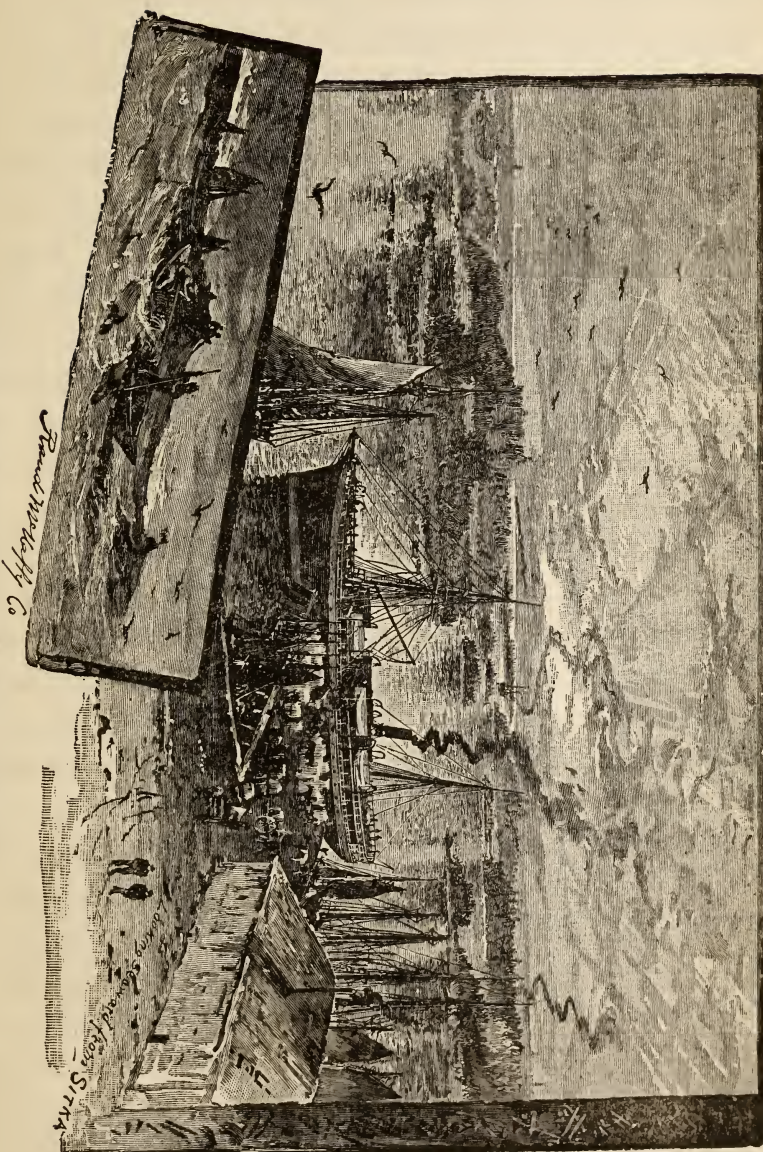
SITKA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

ABOUT ten or eleven miles south of Sitka, on the mainland, but protected seaward by a breakwater of (Necker) islands, is Hot Springs Bay, on whose shores are springs which give it its name. About six or seven years before we obtained the Territory, the Russian American Fur Company, whose headquarters were at Sitka (since Baron Wrangell established them there in 1832), built a hospital at Hot Springs, which was said to have had wonderful remedial powers in skin and rheumatic diseases; but, for some reasons, the place has been abandoned (probably the lack of government by the United States), and the buildings are reported to be in a state of decay. The Indians used the waters for illness, and thus called the attention of the Russians thereto. The temperature of the water is from 120 to 125 degrees, and it contains a number of elements held in solution, as sulphur, chlorine, manganese, sodium, and iron, besides combinations of these, and with other elements. It is worth a visit to see these hot springs, with the thermometer soaring up above the hundreds; for, in a day or two, by way of strange contrast, you will be among glaciers and icebergs towering as far in feet above your head.

The only way out of Sitka harbor, without putting to sea, is back through Peril Straits again; and, passing back, one can hardly realize that it is the same waterway, so radically different are the views presented. In the harbor of Sitka is Japonskoi (Japanese) Island, which may be identified by the captain's chart of the harbor, and which has a curious history. Here, about eighty years ago, an old Japanese junk that had drifted across the sea on the Kuro-Siwo, or Japanese current, was stranded, and the Russians kindly cared for the castaway sailors who had survived the dreadful drift, and returned them to their country, after an experience that is seldom equaled, even in the romantic accounts of maritime misfortunes. The drifting of Japanese junks, and those of adjacent countries, is not so infrequent as one would suppose, and this fact might set the reflective man to thinking as to the ethnical possibilities accruing therefrom, the settlement of North America, etc.

This Kuro-Siwo, or Japanese current, — sometimes called black current, or Japanese black current, from its hue, — corresponds in many ways to the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic; like it, its waters are warmed in the equatorial regions under a vertical sun; and, like it, a great portion of these waters are carried northward in its flow, and their heat poured upon the eastern shores of its ocean, till their climate is phenomenally temperate compared with the western shores in the same parallels. Sitka is said to have, as a result of facing this current, a

ALASKA'S THOUSAND ISLANDS, AS SEEN FROM SITKA.



mean winter temperature of a point half-way between Baltimore and Washington, or slightly milder than the winter temperature of Baltimore. It is said to be no unusual thing to suffer from an ice famine in Sitka. A short way inland the winters are not so temperate, more snow falling at that season, while rain characterizes the coast face; but during the summer or excursion season, these rains are not unpleasantly frequent. I take the following from a letter from Sitka, and published in the *San Francisco Bulletin* of January 9, 1882, before this country was really opened to excursionists, although the subject was being discussed, so much had been heard of this wonderland:—

“The climate, as shown by the meteorological data collected by the signal service observers, is not of such a disagreeable character as some would have us believe. The scientific data collected and tabulated for the year 1881, as shown by the records at Sitka, Chilkoot, Juneau, and Killisnoo, disprove most emphatically the seemingly malicious assertions in reference to its climate.

	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
Mean Temperature	42.5	45.4	51.2	54.2	56.7	54.	46.3	41.8	34.8
Max. Temperature.	56.5	61.	65.	67.	79.	63.8	57.8	52.8	44.9
Min. Temperature.	31.	31.	41.	43.	43.9	40.5	32.	22.5	14.
Total rainfall, inches	4.21	3.1	1.54	4.4	1.98	12.11	5.04	13.5	10.52

“A study of the above data, combined with an actual experience, compels the writer to admit that the summer weather of southeastern Alaska is the most delightful

that can be enjoyed throughout the length and breadth of this vast territory, and throws in the shade all the boasted claims of many, if not most, of the famous summer resorts in the 'States.' There were only two days during the long pleasant summer that were rendered disagreeable by that feeling of oppressiveness caused by heat. The nights were cool and pleasant; the days always warm enough for open windows, through which the invigorating breezes from the snow-capped mountains or the broad Pacific would blow at will; the long, bright days, when the sun disappeared only for a few hours, when twilight, after sunset, seemed to mingle with the rays of early dawn; the nights beautified by the dancing beams of the *aurora borealis*, and the myriad stars that seemed as if hung on invisible threads in the deep blue firmament. . . . In regard to the summer weather, I reiterate that no one could possibly choose a more delightful place in which to spend a portion of the heated term than in making a trip through this portion of the Territory."

"In Alaska, in midsummer," according to a late letter, "the almost continuous light of day shines upon bright green slopes, shaded here and there with dark timber belts, rising up from the deep blue waters. An endless variety of bright-hued flowers, the hum of insects, and melodious song of birds, . . . would cause a stranger, suddenly translated there, to think himself in any country but Alaska." — *Chicago Herald*, 1885.

When we are some five or six miles back on our northward way to Peril Straits, a pretty little bay, on Baranoff Island, is pointed out to us, on our starboard (by this time all the passengers are able seamen) side, called Old Harbor, or Starri-Gaven, in Russian. It was there that Baranoff built his first fort, called the Archangel Gabriel, in 1799, which, after a number of rapidly recurring vicissitudes, was annihilated, and its garrison massacred, by the Sitka Indians, three years later. Baranoff reëstablished his power at the present site of Sitka, calling the new place Archangel Michael, — Archangel Gabriel having failed in his duty as a protector; and from this name it was called New Archangel, which changed to Sitka with the change of flags in 1867, although American maps had dubbed it Sitka before this.

Once more in Chatham Strait, with the ship's head pointed northward, we are on our way to the northernmost recesses of the inland passage, and with the greatest wonders of our wonderland ahead of us. At its northern end, Chatham Strait divides into two narrow waterways, Icy Strait leading off to the west, to the land and waters of glaciers and icebergs, while Lynn Canal continues broad Chatham to the north. Lynn Canal is a double-headed inlet, the western arm at its head being called the Chilkat Inlet, and the eastern arm the Chilkoot Inlet, after two tribes of T'linkit Indians living on these respective channels. It is a beautiful sheet of water, more Alpine in character than any yet entered. Glaciers

of blue and emerald ice can be seen almost everywhere, peeping from underneath the snow-capped mountains and ranges that closely enclose this well-protected canal and render it picturesque in the extreme. Here is the Eagle Glacier on the right, and dozens that have never been named, and a most massive one (Davison's) on our left, just as we enter Chilkat Inlet. At the head of Chilkat Inlet is Pyramid Harbor, so named after an island of pyramidal profile in its waters. It marks the highest point you will probably reach in the inland passage, unless Chilkoot Inlet is entered, which is occasionally done.

We are now in the land of the Chilkats, one of the most aggressive and arrogant, yet withal industrious and wealthy, Indian tribes of the T'linkits. It should be remembered that all the Alaskan Indians of the inland passage (except the Hy-dahs, of Dixon Entrance) are bound together by a common language, called the T'linkit; but having so little else in sympathy that the sub-tribes often war against each other, these sub-tribes having separate chiefs, medicine-men, and countries, in fact, and being known by different names. We have already spoken of the Stickeens, Kootznahoos, Sitkas, etc.; and by these names they are known among the whites of this portion of the Territory, the title T'linkit being seldom heard. At the salmon cannery, on the west shore, a small but recently built village of Chilkats is clustered; but to see them "in all their glory" the

Chilkat River should be ascended to their principal village of Kluk-wan.

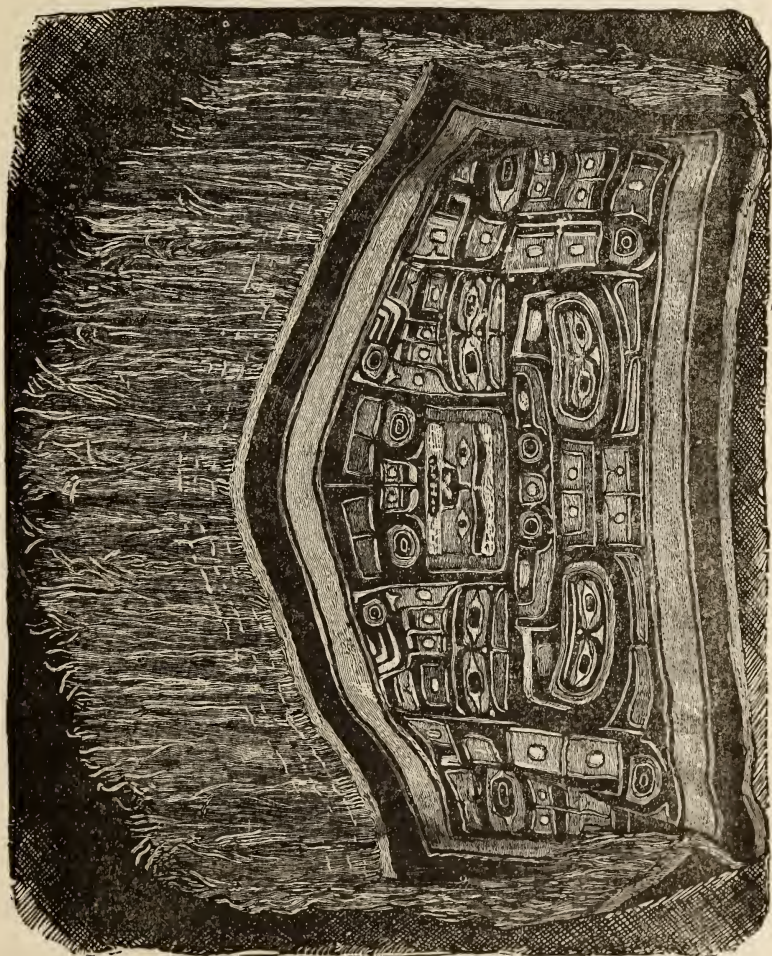
Of this country—the Chilkat and Chilkoot—Mrs. Eugene S. Willard, the wife of the missionary presiding at Haines Mission, in Chilkoot Inlet, and who has resided here a number of years, writes in *The Century Magazine* of October, 1885:—

“From Portage Bay (of Chilkoot Inlet) west to the Chilkat River and southward to the point, lies the largest tract of arable land, so far as my knowledge goes, in southeastern Alaska, while the climate does not differ greatly from that of Pennsylvania. . . . Here summer reaches perfection, never sultry, rarely chilling. . . . In May the world and the sun wake up together. In his new zeal we find old Sol up before us at 2.15 A.M., and he urges us on till 9.45 at night. Even then the light is only turned down; for the darkest hour is like early summer twilight, not too dark for reading.

“From our front door to the pebbly beach below, the wild sweet pea runs rampant; while under and in and through it spring the luxurious phlox, Indian rice, the white blossomed ‘yun-ate,’ and wild roses which make redolent every breath from the bay. Passing out the back door, a few steps lead us into the dense pine-woods, whose solitudes are peopled with great bears, and owls, and—Tlinkit ghosts! while eagles and ravens soar without number. On one tree alone we counted thirty bald eagles. These trees are heavily draped with moss

hanging in rich festoons from every limb; and into the rich carpeting underneath, one's foot may sink for inches. Here the ferns reach mammoth size, though many of

CHILKAT BLANKET.



fairy daintiness are found among the moss; and the devil's walking-stick stands in royal beauty at every turn, with its broad, graceful leaves and waxen, red berries.

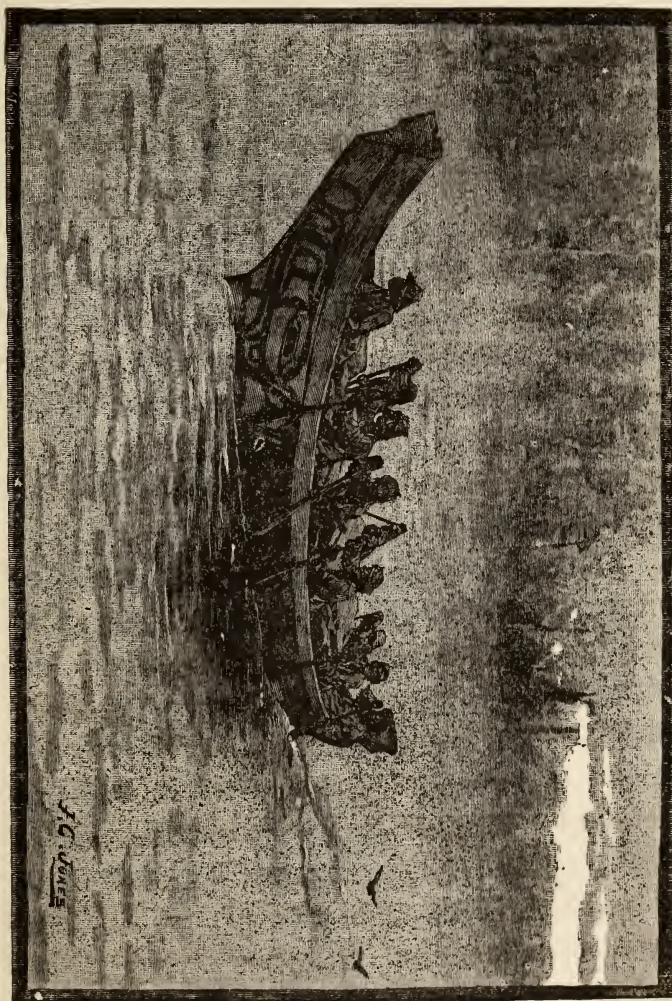
“Out again into the sunshine, and we discover meadows of grass and clover, through which run bright little streams, grown over with willows, just as at home. And here and there are clumps of trees so like the peach and apple that a lump comes into your throat. But you lift your eyes, and there beyond is the broad shining of the river, and above it the ever-present, dream-dispelling peaks of snow, with their blue ice sliding down and down. . . .

“The Chilkat people long ago gained for themselves the reputation of being the most fierce and warlike tribe in the Archipelago. Certain it is that, between themselves and southern Hy-dah, there is not another which can compare with them in strength, either as to numbers, intelligence, physical perfection, or wealth. . . . The children always belong to the mother and are of her to-tem. This to-temic relation is considered closer than that of blood. If the father's and mother's tribes be at war, the children must take the maternal side, even if against their father. . . . In very rare cases a woman has two husbands; oftener we find a man with two wives, even three; but more frequently met than either is the consecutive wife.

“The Chilkats are comparatively an industrious people. On the mainland we have none of the deer which so densely populate the islands, owing, it is said, to the presence of bears and wolves; but we have the white mountain-goat, which, while it is kid, is delicious meat.

From its black horns the finest carved spoons are made, and its pelt, when washed and combed, forms a neces-

T'LINKIT WAR-CANOE.



sary part of the Indian's bedding and household furniture. The combings are made by the women into rolls

similar to those made by machinery at home. Then, with a great basket of these white rolls on one side, and a basket on the other to receive the yarn, a woman sits on the floor and, on her bared knee, with her palm, rolls it into cord. This they dye in most brilliant colors made of roots, grasses, and moss, and of different kinds of bark.

“It is of this yarn that the famous Chilkat dancing-blanket is made. This is done by the women with great nicety and care. The warp, all white, is hung from a handsomely carved, upright frame. Into it the bright colors are wrought by means of ivory shuttles. The work is protected during the tedious course of its manufacture by a covering resembling oiled silk, made from the dressed intestines of the bear. Bright striped stockings of this yarn are also knitted on little needles whittled from wood.”

An illustration of a dancing-blanket is given on page 367. These are made by several of the Tlinkit tribes; but the Chilkats so predominate in the manufacture, both in numbers and excellence, that you seldom hear them mentioned in Alaska except as Chilkat blankets. Nearly all of the Tlinkit tribes, as the tourist will have seen by this time, spend most of their out-of-door time in the water, in their canoes; and this constant semi-aquatic life has told on their physical development to the extent of giving them very dwarfed and ill developed lower limbs, although the trunk and arms are well devel-

oped. When walking, they seem to shamble along more like an aquatic fowl on land than a human being. The Chilkats are noticeable exceptions. Although their country is much more mountainous in appearance than others lower down, yet here are some of the most accessible of the few mountain-passes by which the interior, a rich fur-bearing district, can be gained. The Chilkats have yearly taken trading-goods from the white men, lashed them into packs of about a hundred pounds, and carried them on their backs through these glacier-clad passes, and traded them for furs, bringing them out in the same way. They monopolized the trade by the simple process of prohibiting the interior Indians from coming to the seacoast to trade. The Chilkats, therefore, are probably the richest tribe of Indians in the Northwest, the chief having two houses full of blankets, their standard of value, at the village of Kluk-wan.

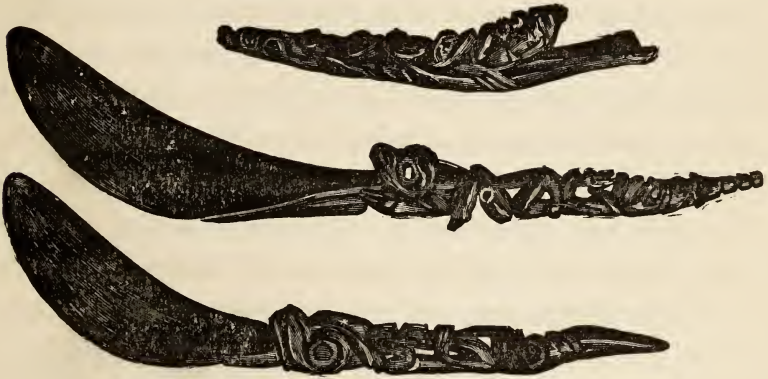
To those who find their greatest pleasure in a rough, out-of-door life, let them leave the steamer at this point, hire three or four Indians to carry their company effects on their backs, and make an Alpine journey to the head of the Yukon River, where lakes aggregating 150 miles in length can be passed over in a canoe. The route leads up the Dayay River, over the Perrier Pass in the Kotusk Mountains. The trip could be made between visiting steamers, and I will guarantee the persons will come back with more muscle than they took in.

Bidding good-by to the picturesque country of the

Chilkats, the steamer's head is turned south again; and when just about ready to leave Lynn Canal, we entered an intricate series of channels bearing eastward, and which bring us to the great mining-town of Juneau, where many Alaskan hopes are centred. This is what a correspondent of *The Chicago Times*, under date of February 23, 1885, says of this Alaskan town and its curious history: —

“The centre from which radiates whatever of excitement and interest there is in Alaskan mines is Douglas Island. The history of the discovery of ore near this island, which eventually led to the location of the present much-talked-of property, is similar to that attending the finding of most of the large mines in the West. It seems that some half-dozen years ago two needy and seedy prospectors, named Juneau and Harris, arrived at an Indian village that still remains visible on the shore across the bay from Douglas Island, in search of ore. They prospected the country as thoroughly as they could, with but little success, and were about to return home when an Indian said that he knew where gold existed and that he would reveal the place for a certain sum of money. Hardly believing, but yet curious, Harris and Juneau accepted the offer and, with their guide, set out on a pilgrimage into the interior to a spot now known as ‘The Basin.’ After a long tramp through the forests and up a deep valley, the Indian showed them a place where there were nuggets of free gold and dirt, which,

when panned, yielded a handsome return. Claims were immediately staked out, and the adventurers began their work in earnest. Later, the fact of the discovery became known, and other miners entered the valley, and the region gained no little celebrity and became the scene of much animation. Four years the work progressed, and a town, which to-day is of respectable size and great expectations, was founded and christened Juneau.



T'LINKIT CARVED SPOONS.
(Made from the horns of mountain goats.)

“The Douglas Island mine is located within fifty yards of the waters of Juneau Bay, and was discovered by a man named Treadwell, who sold his claim a year or two ago to a San Francisco company. The new owners set up a fine stamp-mill to begin with, and made thorough tests of the ore. It is a 120-stamp mill, the largest in the world, and the company has refused, it is said, \$16,000,000 for the mine.”

Since the above was written, and as late as last August, reports from there gave the astonishing showing of enough ore in sight to keep the 120-stamp mill "running for a lifetime." The uninitiated in mining-mills, ledges, and lodes may grasp the value of the mine by saying its output for a twenty days' run of the stamp-mill was \$100,000 in gold, or at the rate of \$1,800,000 per year, which, estimating its value on an income of five per cent. annually, would make the mine worth \$36,000,000, or just five times the amount we paid for the whole Territory. There is no doubt whatever in the minds of many experts that there are a number of such places as the Treadwell Mine yet to be found, the great difficulty of prospecting in the dense, deep mass of fallen timber covered with wet moss and thick underbrush on the steepest mountain-sides, coupled with the little probability of the Treadwell being an isolated case in such a uniformly Alpine country, amply justifying them in coming to such conclusions. A visit to the mines is one the tourists can readily make. At Juneau we find the Takoo band of Tlinkits in a village near by, where nearly all that has been said regarding Alaskan Indians may be here repeated. The very curious spoons they carve from the horns of the mountain-goat, which are figured on page 373, and beautifully woven mats, and the baskets shown elsewhere, may be purchased; and, in leaving a few pieces of silver among them for their own handiwork, little as it is that we have thus done for

them, it is far more than the extremists of either side in the Indian question have done — those who would exterminate, or those who would sentimentalize in print over their wrongs.

Bidding the mining metropolis of Alaska farewell, our bowsprit is once more pointed for the Pacific Sea; but before we reach it, or get quite to it, we turn northward and enter Glacier Bay, its name signifying its main attractions. Glaciers, which are great rivers or sheets of ice made from compacted snows, are functions as much of altitude as of high latitude; and both unite here, with an air charged with moisture from the warm Pacific waters, to make the grand glaciers which are to be seen in this bay. In the immediate vicinity are the Mount St. Elias Alps, a snowy range which culminates in the well-known peak from which it derives its name; and, radiating from their flanks, come down these rivers of ice, reaching the sea-level in the greatest perfection in Glacier Bay, the largest one of the grand group being the Muir Glacier, named after Professor John Muir, the scientist, of California, who is said to have been the first to discover it. I will give the language of the man who claims to be the second to arrive upon the scene, and who gives his account in *The St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, writing from Glacier Bay, July 14, 1883: —

“When Dick Willoughby told of the great glacier, thirty miles up the bay, the thud of whose falling ice could be heard and felt at his house, the captain of the

Idaho said he would go there, and took this Dick Willoughby along to find the place and prove the tale. Away we went coursing up Glacier Bay, a fleet of 112 little icebergs gayly sailing out to meet us as we left our anchorage the next morning. Entering into these unknown and unsurveyed waters, the lead was cast through miles of bottomless channels, and when the pilot neared a green and mountainous little island, he made me an unconditional present of the domain and duly entered its bearings on the ship's log. For a summer resort my island possesses unusual advantages, and I hereby invite all suffering and perspiring St. Louis to come to that emerald spot in latitude 58 degrees 29 minutes north, and longitude 135 degrees 52 minutes west from Greenwich, and enjoy the July temperature of 42 degrees, the whale-fishing, the duck-hunting, and a sight of the grandest glacier in the world.

“But one white man had ever visited the glacier before us, and he was the irrepressible geologist and scientist, John Muir, who started out in an Indian canoe with a few blankets and some hardtack, and spent days scrambling over the icy wastes. Feeling our way along carefully, we cast anchor beside a grounded iceberg, and the photographers were rowed off to a small island to take the view of the ship in the midst of that Arctic scenery. Mount Crillon showed his hoary head to us in glimpses between the clouds, and then, rounding Willoughby Island, which the owner declares is solid marble

of a quality to rival that of Pentelicus and Carrara, we saw the full front of the great Muir Glacier, where it dips down and breaks into the sea. At the first breathless glance at that glorious ice-world, all fancies and dreams were surpassed; the marvelous beauty of those shining, silvery pinnacles and spires, the deep blue buttresses, the arches and aisles of that fretted front, struck one with awe. In all Switzerland there is nothing comparable to these Alaskan glaciers, where the frozen waters rise straight from the sea, and a steamer can go up within an eighth of a mile and cruise beside them. Add to the picture of high mountains and snowy glaciers a sapphire bay scattered over with glittering little icebergs, and nature can supply nothing more to stir one's soul, to rouse the fancy and imagination, and enchant the senses. The vastness of this Muir Glacier is enough alone to overpower one with a sense of the might and strength of these forces of nature. Dry figures can give one little idea of the great, desolate stretches of gray ice and snow that slope out of sight behind the jutting mountains, and the tumbled and broken front forced down to and into the sea. Although not half of the glacier has been explored, it is said to extend back forty miles.

“What we could know accurately was, that the front of the glacier was two miles across, and that the ice-wall rose 500 and 1,000 feet from the water. The lead cast at the point nearest to the icy front gave eighty

fathoms, or 240 feet, of water; and in the midst of those deep soundings, icebergs filled with bowlders lay grounded with forty feet of their summits visible above water. At very low tide there is a continual crash of falling ice; and for the half-day we spent beside this glacier there was a roar of artillery every few minutes, when tons of ice would go thundering down into the water. After the prosaic matter of lunch had been settled, and we had watched the practical-minded steward order his men down on the iceberg to cut off a week's supply with their axes, we embarked in the life-boats, and landed in a ravine beside the glacier. . . . We wandered at will over the seamed and ragged surface, the ice cracked under our feet with a pleasant midwinter sound, and the wind blew keenly from over those hundreds of miles of glacier fields; but there were the gurgle and hollow roar of the water heard in every deep crevasse, and trickling streams spread a silver network in the sunshine. Reluctantly we obeyed the steamer's whistle and started back to the boats.

“A magnificent sunset flooded the sky that night and filled every icy ravine with rosy and orange lights. At the last view of the glacier, as we steamed away from it, the whole brow was glorified and transfigured with the fires of sunset; the blue and silvery pinnacles, the white and shining front floating dreamlike on a roseate and amber sea, and the range and circle of dull violet mountains lighting their glowing summits into a sky flecked with crimson and gold.”

Since the above was written, in July, 1883, Glacier Bay has been one of the constant visiting points of the excursion-steamer, and the experience of two or three years has shown the company how to exhibit this great panorama of nature to its patrons to the best advantage, and one will now be astonished at the ease with which the whole field may be suveyed in this the most wonderful bay on the line of steamboat travel.

Our same correspondent speaks of an unknown passage down which they traveled in a way that will delight the heart of a Nimrod; but he should have added that almost half the inland passage is of that character, so far as the general world is wiser concerning it, and half of this, again, may be wholly unknown, offering one of the finest fields for short explorations, without any of the dangers and difficulties which so often beset greater undertakings and rob them of all pleasure while they are being prosecuted, and only compensating the explorer in the results attained. Here is what he has to say:—

“ For the twenty miles that we have come down the beautiful inlet, the coast-survey charts showed an unbroken stretch of dry land. To the sportsman that unknown inlet is the dreamed-of paradise. When we went out in the small boats, salmon and flounders could be seen darting in schools through the water, and, as we approached the mouth of a creek, the freshening current was alive with the fish. The stewards who went

to the shore with the tank-boats for fresh water, startled seven deer as they pushed their way to the foot of the cascade, and the young men caught thirteen great salmon with their own inexperienced spearing. The captain of the ship took his rifle and was rowed away to shallow waters, where he shot a salmon, waded in, and threw it ashore. While wandering along after some huge bear-tracks, he saw an eagle at work on his salmon, and another fine shot laid the bird of freedom low. When the captain returned to the ship he threw the eagle and salmon on deck, and at the size of the former every one marveled. The outspread wings measured the traditional six feet from tip to tip, and the beak, the claws, and the huge, stiff feathers were rapidly seized upon as trophies and souvenirs of the day. A broad double rainbow arched over us as we left the lovely niche between the mountains, and then we swept back to Icy Straits and started out to the open ocean."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GREAT GLACIERS.

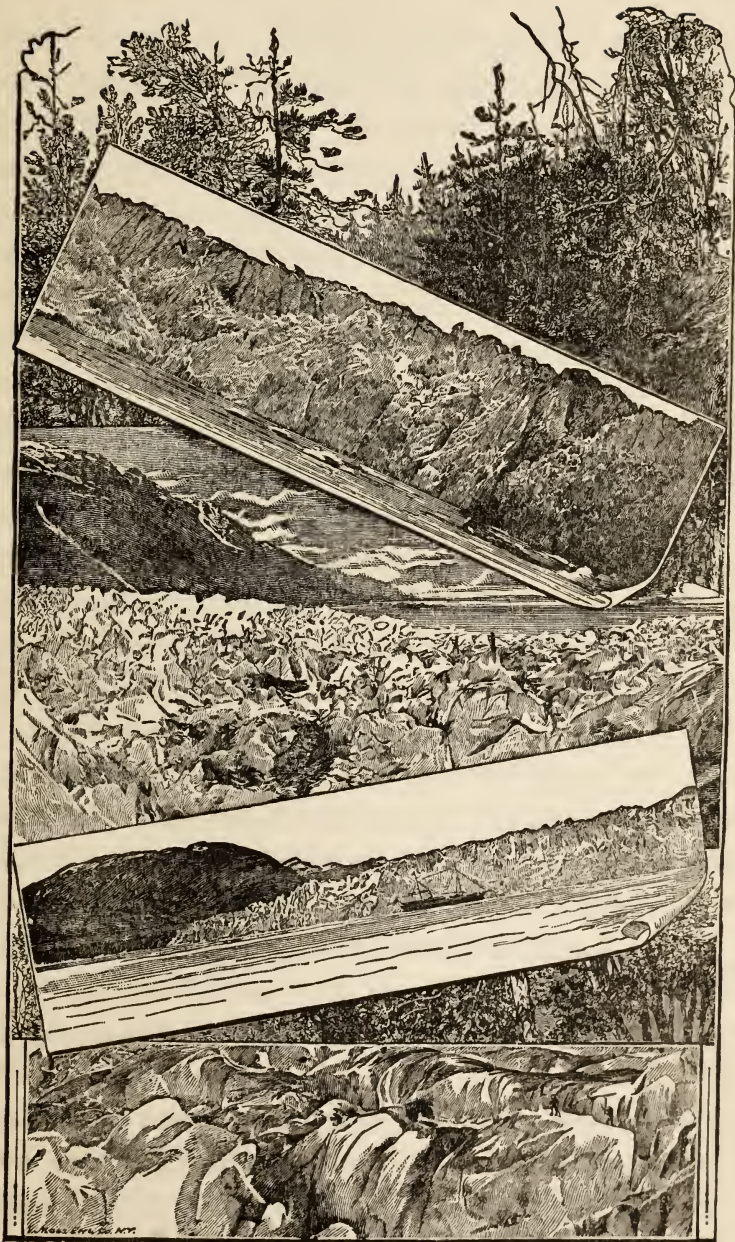
BUT we will not confine ourselves to the description of one person in considering this the most fascinating and curious scene presented to the Alaskan tourists. Grand, even to the extent of being almost appalling, as are the Alaskan *fiòrds*, they are but the Yosemite or Colorado parks, with navigable valleys, as they would appear greatly enlarged; much as we are awestruck at the feet of Mount St. Elias, it is but Tacoma or Shasta in grander proportions, and so on through the list of scenes we view; but in the glaciers we have no counterpart that can be viewed from a steamer's deck, unless the polar zones themselves be invaded; and here, in fact, we view the grandest sight to be seen in that dreary zone, without any of its many dangers. Says Professor Denman, of San Francisco, who has devoted much of his attention to glaciers, and especially these of Alaska, compared with which he pronounces those to be seen in Switzerland and other parts of Europe to be "babies":—

“Muir Glacier is a spectacle whose grandeur cannot be described,—a vast frozen river of ice, ever slowly moving to the sea, and piling the enormous masses higher between the mountain-banks, until their summits

tower hundreds of feet in the air. Where the point of the glacier pushes out into and overhangs the water, vast fragments breaking apart every few moments of their own weight, and falling with a thundering crash into the sea, to float away as enormous icebergs, it affords a spectacle which can only be understood and appreciated by one who beholds it with his own eyes. From the summit of Muir Glacier no less than twenty-nine others are to be seen in various directions, all grinding and crowding their huge masses toward the sea, a sight which must certainly be one which few other scenes can equal."

Says a writer, Mr. Edward Roberts, in *The Overland Monthly*: "I do not know how wide, nor how long, nor how deep Glacier Bay is. One does not think of figures and facts when sailing over its waters and enjoying the novel features. Flood Switzerland and sail up some of its cañons toward Mont Blanc, and you will have there another Glacier Bay. But until the sea-waves wash the feet of that Swiss peak, and until one can sail past the glaciers of that country, there will never be found a companion bay to this of Alaska. Norway, with all its ruggedness, has nothing to equal it; and there is not a mountain in all the ranges of the Rockies which has the majestic gracefulness of Fairweather Peak, which looks down upon the bay.

"Imagine the view we had as we turned out of Lynn Canal and moved into the ice-strewn waters of the strange



SCENES AMONG THE ALASKAN GLACIERS. (From Photographs.)

No. 1 (Top). A Near View of the Terminal Front of the Muir Glacier. No. 2. Looking Seaward from the Surface of the Glacier. No. 3. The Excursion Steamer at the Front of the Glacier. No. 4 (Bottom). On the Great Frozen Sea; a Near View of the Surface of the Glacier.

place. Above hung the sun, warm and clear, and lighting up the wide waste of waters till they glistened like flashing brilliants. Away to the left and right ran sombre forests and long stretches of yellow-colored stone and rocky cliffs that now ran out into the bay, and, again, rose high and straight from out it. No villages were in sight; no canoes dotted the waters; but all was desolate, neglected, still; and cakes of ice, white in the distance and highly colored nearer to, floated about our ship. And there, in the northwest, rising so high above the intervening hills that all its pinnacles, all its gorges, and its deep ravines of moving ice were visible, was Fairweather, loftiest, whitest, most delicately moulded peak of all the snowy crests in this north land. From a central spur, topping all its fellows, lesser heights helped form a range which stretched for miles across the country, and on whose massive shoulders lay a mantle of such pure whiteness that the sky above was bluer still by contrast, and the forests grew doubly dark and drear. All through the afternoon we sailed toward the glorious beacon, while the air grew colder every hour, and the ice-cakes, hundreds of tons in weight, grew more numerous as the daylight began to wane. The glaciers of Glacier Bay are the largest in Alaska. Formed among the highest crags of the Fairweather range, they gradually deepen and widen as they near the sea, and end, at last, in massive cliffs of solid ice, often measuring three hundred feet high and having a width of several miles.

The surface of the glaciers is rough and billowy, resembling the waves of a troubled sea frozen into solid blocks of ice at the moment of their wildest gambols. Constantly pressed forward by the heavy blocks that gradually slide down the mountain-ravines, the great frozen river keeps pressing seaward, until the action of the waves crumbles away gigantic cakes, that fall into the waters with a noise like the booming of cannon, and with a force that sends columns of water high into the air. The scene was one of Arctic splendor — white, ghostly, and cheerless; while the light was that so often described by visitors to the polar sea — uncertain, bluish, and strongly resembling a November twilight in New England when the sky is overcast, the trees are bare, and the clouds are full of snow. Gaining at last a point barely three hundred yards from the glacier, the ship was stopped short. Before us rose the towers and solid walls, forming an embankment higher than our masthead, and towering upward in dense masses against the leaden sky. Taken to Switzerland, the glacier of Alaska would cover that country three times over; for the frozen rivers of our largest purchase are not only fifty miles in length and three in width, but often twice that distance long and ten times that distance wide.”

Lieutenant Wood, whom we have quoted before, in speaking of the Tlinkit Indians in the ice, says: “I noticed that, when journeying through the floating ice

in good weather, our Indians would carefully avoid striking pieces of ice, lest they should offend the Ice Spirit. But when the Ice Spirit beset us with peril, they did not hesitate to retaliate by banging his subjects. After picking our way through the ice for three days, we came upon a small, temporary camp of Hoonahs, who were seal-hunting. We found little camps of a family or two scattered along both shores. One of the largest glaciers from Fairweather comes into the bay and thus keeps its waters filled with the largest icebergs, even in the summer season, for which reason the bay is a favorite place for seal-hunting. The seal is the native's meat, drink (the oil is like melted butter), and clothing. I went seal-hunting to learn the art, which requires care and patience. The hunter, whether on an ice-floe or in a canoe, never moves when the seal is aroused. When the animal is asleep or has dived, the hunter darts forward. The spear has a barbed, detachable head, fastened to the shaft by a plaited line made from sinew. The line has attached to it a marking-buoy, which is merely an inflated seal's bladder. The young seals are the victims of the T'linkit boys, who kill them with bow and arrow. These seal-hunters used a little moss and seal-oil and some driftwood for fuel. . . . After about forty miles' travel, we came to a small village of Asónques. They received us with great hospitality, and, as our canoe had been too small to carry any shelter, the head-man gave me a bed in his own cabin. He

had a great many wives, who busied themselves making me comfortable. The buckskin reinforcement of my riding-trowsers excited childish wonder. I drew pictures of horses and men separate, and then of men mounted on horses. Their astonishment over the wonderful animal was greater than their delight at comprehending the utility of the trowsers. The Alaskan women are childish and pleasant, yet quick-witted, and capable of heartless vindictiveness. Their authority in all matters is unquestioned. No bargain is made, no expedition set on foot, without first consulting the women. Their veto is never disregarded. I bought a silver-foxskin from Tsatate; but his wife made him return the articles of trade and recover the skin. In the same way I was perpetually being annoyed by having to undo bargains because his wife said '*clekh*,' that is, 'no.' I hired a fellow to take me about thirty miles in his canoe when my own crew was tired. He agreed. I paid him the tobacco, and we were about to start when his wife came to the beach and stopped him. He quietly unloaded the canoe and handed me back the tobacco. The whole people are curious in the matter of trade. I was never sure that I had done with a bargain; for they claimed and exercised the right to undo a contract at any time, provided they could return the consideration received. This is their code among themselves. For example: I met at the mouth of the Chilkat a native trader who had been to Fort Simpson, about six hundred miles away,

and, failing to get as much as he gave in the interior of Alaska for the skins, was now returning to the interior to find the first vender and revoke the whole transaction.

“From the Asónque village I went, with a party of mountain-goat hunters, up into the Mount St. Elias Alps back of Mount Fairweather; that is, to the northeast of that mountain. For this trip our party made elaborate preparations. We donned belted shirts made of squirrel skins, fur headdresses (generally conical), sealskin bootees, fitting very closely and laced half-way to the knee. We carried spears for alpenstocks, bows and arrows, raw-hide ropes, and one or two old Hudson Bay rifles. Ptarmigan were seen on the lower levels where the ground was bare. The goats kept well up toward the summit, amid the snowfields, and fed on the grass which sprouted along the edges of melting drifts. The animal is like a large white goat, with long, coarse hair and a heavy coat of silky underfleece. We found a bear that, so far as I know, is peculiar to this country. It is of a beautiful bluish under-color, with the tips of the long hairs silvery white. The traders call it ‘St. Elias silver bear.’ The skins are not uncommon.”

This little mountain-trip of Lieutenant Wood is especially spread before the attention of those who find in this form of exercise their best recreation from their regular duties.

But however much the tourists may want to dwell amidst the curious and marvelous scenes of Glacier Bay,

— and so great has been this demand that it is contemplated building a summer resort near by, that passengers may remain over one steamer, — yet a time must come when we will have to bid good-by to this polar part of our wonderland, and pass on to the next grand panorama in view. Southeastward out of Glacier Bay into Icy Straits, and we turn southwestward into Cross Sound, headed for the Pacific Ocean, and for the first time enter its limitless waters. Cross Sound was named by Vancouver, in 1778, in honor of the day on which it was discovered, and is about fifty-five miles long. It corresponds on the north to the Strait of Juan de Fuca on the south, these two waterways being the limiting channels north and south of the inland passage as it connects with the Pacific Ocean. As the Puget Sound projects much farther to the south from Fuca Strait into the mainland, hemmed in by snowy peaks, so Lynn Canal, “the Puget Sound of the North,” continues the Sound of the Holy Cross far to the northward, embayed by glaciers, icebergs, and fields of snow.

Recently, a trip out of Cross Sound, and northwestward about two hundred miles along the Pacific coast, has been occasionally added to the scenes of the inland passage, the new views presented being the Mount St. Elias Alps, directly facing the Pacific, for the distance noted, and containing within those limits the greatest number of high and imposing peaks to be found in any range in the world. The inland passage (by the use of

Peril Straits to Sitka) became so perfect a river-like journey, absolutely free from seasickness, that no one felt like breaking this delightful trip by a sea journey, in any of its parts, however tempting the display might be. A trip or two, however, soon convinced the company that the mildness of the sea during the excursion season would warrant them in taking it as a part of the journey; and since, as I have said, it is taken occasionally, I think a short description of it would be appropriate here. Should the hotel in Glacier Bay, or near vicinity, be completed soon, it would be a good stopping-point for those who are sure to feel seasick with the least motion of the waves; while, to all others, the chances for good weather on the Fairweather Grounds, as they are not inappropriately termed, are very good and, conjoined with the grand mountain scenery, should not be missed. Rounding Cape Spencer (*Punta de Villaluenga* of old Spanish charts), the northern point of the Pacific entrance to Cross Sound, the journey out to sea is commenced; a view about ten to fifteen miles off shore being the best, or on what is known to the fishermen who here used to pursue the right whale, "the Fairweather Grounds," being so named, it is said, from Fairweather Peak being in sight of most of it; and this, again, was named by the indomitable Cook, in 1778, as a monument to the fair weather he had cruising in sight of the grand old chain — a name which most tourists may congratulate themselves is well bestowed.

Almost as soon as Cape Spencer is doubled, the southern spurs of the Mount St. Elias Alps burst into view, Crillon, and Fairweather being prominent, and the latter easily recognized from our acquaintance with it from the waters of Glacier Bay. A trip of an hour or two takes us along a comparatively uninteresting coast, as viewed from "square off our starboard beam;" but all this time the mind is fixed by the grand Alpine views we have ahead of us, that are slowly developing in plainer outline here and there as we speed toward them. Soon we are abreast of Icy Point; while, just beyond it, comes down a glacier to the ocean that gives about three miles of solid sea-wall of ice, while its source is lost in the heights covering the bases of the snowy peaks just behind. The high peaks to the right, as we steam by the glacier front, is Mount La Perouse, named for one of the most daring of France's long list of explorers, and who lost his life in the interest of geographical science. His eyes rested on this range of Alpine peaks in 1786, just a century ago. Its highest point reaches well above 10,000 feet, and its sides are furrowed with glaciers, one of which is the ice-wall before our eyes, and which is generally known as the La Perouse Glacier. The highest peak of all, and on the left of this noble range, is Mount Crillon, named by La Perouse, in 1786, after the French Minister of the Marine; while between Crillon and La Perouse is Mount D'Agelet, the astronomer of that celebrated expedition. Crillon cleaves the air for 16,000 feet above the sea on which we

rest, and can be seen for over a hundred miles to sea. It, too, is surrounded with glaciers, in all directions from its crown. Crillon and La Perouse are about seven miles apart, nearly north and south of each other. About fifteen miles northwest from Crillon is Lituya Peak, 10,000 feet high; and the little bay opening that we pass, between the two, is the entrance to Lituya Bay, a sheet of water which La Perouse has pronounced as one of the most extraordinary in the world for grand scenery, with its glaciers and Alpine shores. Our steamer will not enter, however; for the passage is dangerous to even small boats, — one island bearing a monument to the officers and men of La Perouse's expedition lost in the tidal wave which sweeps through the contracted passage like a breaker over a treacherous bar. Some ten or twelve miles northwest from Lituya Peak is Mount Fairweather, which bears abreast us after a little over an hour's run from Lituya Bay. It was named by Cook in 1778, and is generally considered to be a few hundred feet shorter than Mount Crillon. It is in every way, by its peculiar isolation from near ridges almost as high as itself, a much grander peak than Crillon, whose surroundings are not so good for a fine Alpine display. Fairweather, too, has its frozen rivers flowing down its sides; but none of them reach the sea, for a low, wooded country, some three or four miles in width, lies like a glacis at the seaward side of the St. Elias Alps, for a short distance along this part of the coast. The sombre, deep green forests add an

impressive feature to the scene, however, lying between the dancing waves below and the white and blue glacier ice above. Rounding Cape Fairweather, the coast trends northward; and, as our bowsprit is pointed in the same direction, directly before us are seen immense glaciers reaching to the sea. From Cape Fairweather (abreast of Mount Fairweather) to Yakutat Bay (abreast of Mount Vancouver) no conspicuous peak rears its head above the grand mountain-chain which for nearly a hundred miles lies between these two Alpine bastions; but nevertheless every hour reveals a new mountain of 5,000 to 8,000 feet in height, which, if placed anywhere else, would be held up with national or State pride as a grand acquisition. Here they are only dwarfed by grander peaks. The glacier which we are approaching from Cape Fairweather was named, by La Perouse, *La Grande Plateau*. It is a very low-lying glacier, its grade as it fades away inland being very slight, more like a frozen river than the precipitous masses of ice which we have been used to seeing. Little is known of it, beyond the seaward aspect; but it is probably the largest glacier in Alaska, and the largest in the world south of the polar regions themselves.

Wherever these glaciers reach the sea, or connect with it by draining rivers, — and all large glaciers, at least, do this, — there is seen a milky sediment floating in the water, which these “mills of the gods” grind from the mountain flanks in their slow but rasping course down their sides.

Wherever they find calcareous strata to abrade, the water is almost milk-like in hue for miles around. The glacier of the Grand Plateau is the last one facing the Pacific itself, as we move northward; but where little bays cut back through the flat lands at the foot of the range, they may reach the glaciers which exist everywhere on the mountain-sides.

Off the Bay of Yakutat, — a name given it by the resident Tlinkit tribes, — we have our best view of imperial St. Elias, the crowning peak of this noble range, and the highest mountain in all North America — nearly twenty thousand feet above the sea-level, and all of this vast height seemingly springing from the very sea itself. No good picture has ever been given of it, and no words have ever fully described it. All of the superlatives of our language have clothed so many lesser peaks that they fall flat and mentally tasteless in the presence of this Alpine Titan, rearing his crest among the clouds as if defying description. This want of words has been felt by so many who have visited the grand scenery of Alaska, who saw that, in illustrating a fjord here or a glacier there, they have but duplicated the word-painting of some other writer describing a puny antagonist, compared with their subject, that I will give it in the words of one who expresses the idea more closely than I. It is from the pen of a correspondent in *The Kansas City Journal*, under date of September 14, 1885:—

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“The difficult thing for the tourist to do in regard to Alaska is to describe what is seen for the general reader. Everything is on such an immense and massive scale that words are diminutives for expression, rather than — as travelers have been credited with using them — for exaggerated descriptions. For example, people cross the continent to sail for an hour or two among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, and word-painting has been exhausted in exaltation of their beauties. But here is a thousand miles of islands, ranging in size from an acre to the proportions of a State, covered with evergreen forests of tropical luxuriance, yet so Arctic in their character as to be new to the eye, and in regard to which botanical nomenclature but confuses and dissatisfies. And in all this vast extent of mountain scenery, with summits ranging from one thousand to fifteen thousand feet in height, there is not enough level land visible to aggregate one prairie county in western Missouri or Kansas. Day after day there is a continuous and unbroken chain of mountain scenery. I cannot better impress the character of the landscape, as seen from a vessel’s deck, than to ask the reader to imagine the parks, valleys, cañons, gorges, and depressions of the Rocky Mountains to be filled with water to the base of the snowy range, and then take a sail through them from Santa Fé to the northern line of Montana. Just about what could be seen on such an imaginary voyage is actually passed through in the sail now completed by our

party of enthusiastic tourists for the past ten days. You may divide the scenery into parts by the days, and just as it was successively passed through, and any one of the subdivisions will furnish more grand combination of mountain and sea than can be seen anywhere on the globe. It is this vast profusion of scenery, this daily and hourly unrolling of the panorama, that overwhelms and confuses the observer. It is too great to be separated into details, and everything is platted on such a gigantic scale that all former experiences are dwarfed, and the imagination rejects the adjectives that have heretofore served for other scenes,—to employ them here is only to mislead.

“As one gentleman, a veteran traveler, remarked to me as we stood looking north at the entrance to Glacier Bay, with the St. Elias Alps in full view and Mounts Crillon and Fairweather overtopping the snow-covered peaks of that remarkable range:—

“‘You can take just what we see here and put it down on Switzerland, and it will hide all there is of mountain scenery in Europe.’ And then he added: ‘I have been all over the world; but you are now looking at a scene that has not its parallel elsewhere on the globe.’

“I cite this incident, as it is more descriptive and gives a better idea of contrast than anything of my own could do, giving, as it does to the reader, a conception of the vastness and immensity of the topographical

aspect of the shores of the inland seas through whose labyrinthine passages we have for ten days passed, and for ten days more to come will be lost to the outside world, where nature reigns undisturbed and unfretted by the hand of civilization."

Here, under the solemn influence of Mount St. Elias, and in the northernmost waters of the greatest ocean of our planet, we turn southward to repeat, in inverse order, the things we have seen, or perchance, as often happens, down a number of new channels, with their varied scenery, before home is reached again.

I have given a certain order in which the few ports of Alaska are visited, but the reader must not for a moment think that this is always rigidly followed. Sometimes some of them are left for the return journey, and much depends on the amount of freight and the number and character of passengers. In the winter the trips are made wholly with reference to mails, freight, and the few passengers; but in the spring, summer, and fall these are wholly subordinate, and the trips are converted into excursions in the broadest sense of the word. While thousands of little channels remain almost wholly unexplored, which probably would make the fortune of excursion companies if transported elsewhere, yet it is evident that the greater attractions of the great inland passage have been discovered and are now shown to the tourists to the Wonderland of the World.

CHAPTER XXII.

FORT PHIL KEARNEY MASSACRE.—CUSTER'S LAST BATTLEFIELD.

IN this last chapter of "Life in the World's Wonderland," I do not know of a more appropriate place to say good-by to the readers who have so kindly followed me through these wanderings, than the two battlefields which I have selected, the names of which appear at the head of this chapter,—two fields made memorable by the most gallant heroism and unparalleled slaughter. These historic fields are located in the same section of the Northwest and almost beneath the shadow of the same range of mountains. And although they are separated by the space of ten years in their occurrence, they are yet most intimately connected with each other. The Fort Phil Kearney Massacre occurred on the twenty-first day of December, 1866. The following official report of the battle and massacre has been kindly furnished by General Henry B. Carrington, of Boston, Massachusetts.

HEADQUARTERS POST, FORT PHILIP KEARNEY,
DAKOTA TERRITORY, January 3, 1867.

Assistant Adjutant-General, Department of the Platte, Omaha, Nebraska Territory:—

I respectfully state the facts of fight with Indians on the 21st ultimo. This disaster had the effect to confirm

my judgment as to the hostility of Indians, and solemnly declares, by its roll of dead and the numbers engaged, that my declarations, from my arrival at Laramie in June, were not idle conjecture, but true.

It also declares that in Indian warfare there must be perfect coolness, steadiness, and judgment. This contest is in their best and almost their last hunting-grounds. They cannot be whipped or punished by some little dash after a handful, nor by mere resistance of offensive movements. They must be subjected, and made to respect and fear the whites.

It also declares with equal plainness that my letter from Fort Laramie, as to the absolute failure of the treaty, so far as relates to my command, was true.

It also vindicates every report from my pen, and every measure I have taken to secure defensive and tenable posts on this line.

It vindicates my administration of the Mountain District, Department of the Platte, and asserts that the confidence reposed in me by Lieutenant-General Sherman has been fully met.

It vindicates my application, so often made, for reinforcements, and demonstrates the fact that if I had received those assured to me, by telegram and letter, I could have kept up communications, and opened a safe route for emigrants next spring.

It proves correct my report of fifteen hundred lodges of hostile Indians on Tongue River, not many hours ride from this post.

It no less declares that while there has been partial success in impromptu dashes, the Indian, now desperate and bitter, looks upon the rash white man as a sure victim, no less than he does a coward, and that the United States must come to the deliberate resolve to send an army equal to a fight with the Indians of the Northwest.

Better to have the expense at once, than to have a lingering, provoking war for years. It must be met, and the time is just now.

I respectfully refer to my official reports and correspondence from department headquarters for verification of the foregoing propositions, and proceed to the details of Fetterman's Massacre.

On the morning of the twenty-first ultimo, at about eleven o'clock, my picket on Pilot Hill reported the wood-train corraled and threatened by Indians on Sullivant Hills, about a mile and a half from the fort.

A few shots were heard. Indians also appeared in the brush at the crossing of Piney, by the Virginia City road.

Upon tendering to Brevet Major Powell the command of Company C, U. S. Cavalry, then without an officer, but which he had been drilling, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Fetterman claimed, by rank, to go out. I acquiesced, giving him the men of his own company, that were for duty, and a portion of Company C, 2d Battalion, 18th U. S. Infantry. Lieutenant G. W. Grummond,

who had commanded the mounted infantry, requested to take out the cavalry. He did so.

In the previous skirmish, Lieutenant Grummond was barely saved from the disaster that befell Lieutenant Bingham, by timely aid, on the sixth of December, when I went in person to relieve the party endangered, and was compelled to retire before superior forces.

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Fetterman also was well admonished, as well as myself, that we were fighting brave and desperate enemies, who had sought to make up by cunning and deceit all the advantage which the white man gains by intelligence and better arms.

My instructions were, therefore, peremptory and explicit. I knew the ambition of each to win honor, but being unprepared for large aggressive action, through want of adequate force, now fully demonstrated, I looked to continuance of timber supplies, to prepare for more troops, as the one practical duty; hence, two days before, Major Powell, sent out to cover the train under similar circumstances, simply did that duty, when he could have had a fight to any extent.

The day before, namely, the twentieth ultimo, I went myself to the pinery, and built a bridge of forty-five feet span, to expedite the passage of wagons from the woods into open ground. Hence my instructions to Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Fetterman, namely: "Support the wood-train, relieve it, and report to me. Do not engage or pursue Indians at its expense; under

no circumstances pursue over the Ridge, namely, Lodge Trail Ridge, as per map in your possession."

To Lieutenant Grummond I gave orders to "report to Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Fetterman, implicitly obey orders, and not leave him."

Before the command left, I instructed Lieutenant A. H. Wands, regimental quartermaster and acting adjutant, to repeat these orders. He did so.

Fearing still that the spirit of ambition might override prudence, as my refusal to permit sixty mounted men and forty citizens to go for several days down Tongue River valley, after villages, had been unfavorably regarded by Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Fetterman and Captain Brown, I crossed the parade, and from a sentry platform halted the cavalry and again repeated my precise orders. I knew that the Indians had for some days returned, each time with increased numbers, to feel our strength and decoy detachments to their sacrifice, and believed that to foil their purpose was actual victory, until reinforcements should arrive and my preparations were complete. I was right.

Just as the command left, five Indians reappeared at the crossing. The glass revealed others in the thicket, having the apparent object of determining the watchfulness of the garrison, or cutting off any small party that should move out. A case-shot dismounted one and developed nearly thirty, who broke for the hills and ravines to the north.

In half an hour the picket reported that the wood-train had broken corral and moved on to the pinery. No report came from the detachment. It was composed of eighty-one officers and men, including two citizens, all well armed, the cavalry having the new carbine, while the detachment of infantry was of choice men — the pride of their companies.

At twelve o'clock firing was heard toward Peno Creek, beyond Lodge Trail Ridge. A few shots were followed by constant shots not to be counted. Captain Ten Eyck was immediately dispatched with infantry and the remaining cavalry and two wagons, and orders to join Colonel Fetterman at all hazards. The men moved promptly and on the run; but within little more than half an hour from the first shot, and just as the supporting party reached the hill overlooking the scene of action, all firing ceased.

Captain Ten Eyck sent a mounted orderly back with the report that he could see or hear nothing of Fetterman, but that a body of Indians on the road below him were challenging him to come down, while larger bodies were in all the valleys for several miles around. Moving cautiously forward with the wagons, — evidently supposed by the enemy to be guns, as mounted men were in advance, — he rescued from the spot where the enemy had been nearest, forty-nine bodies, including those of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Fetterman and Captain F. H. Brown. The latter went out without my consent or

knowledge, fearless to fight Indians, with any adverse odds, and determined to kill one, at least, before joining his company. (On promotion, he had been ordered to his company.)

Captain Ten Eyck fell back slowly, followed, but not pressed, by the enemy, reaching the post without loss. The following day, finding general doubt as to the success of an attempt to recover other bodies, but believing that failure to rescue them would dishearten the command and encourage the Indians, — who are so particular in this regard, — I took eighty men and went to the scene of action, leaving a picket to advise me of any movement in the rear and to keep signal communication with the garrison.

The scene of action told its own story.

The road on the little ridge where the final stand took place was strewn with arrows, arrow-heads, scalp-poles, and broken shafts of spears. The arrows that were spent harmlessly, from all directions, show that the command was suddenly overwhelmed, surrounded, and cut off, while in retreat. Not an officer or man survived! A few bodies were found at the north end of the divide, over which the road runs, just beyond Lodge Trail Ridge.

Nearly all were heaped near four rocks, at the point nearest the fort, these rocks, enclosing a space about six feet square, having been the last refuge for defence. Here were also a few unexpended rounds of Spencer cartridge.

Fetterman and Brown had each a revolver-shot in the left temple. As Brown always declared that he would reserve a shot for himself, as a last resort, so I am convinced that these two brave men fell each by the other's hand rather than undergo the slow torture inflicted upon others.

Lieutenant Grummond's body was on the road, between the two extremes, with a few others. This was not far from five miles from the fort, and nearly as far from the wood-train. Neither its own guard nor the detachment could, by any possibility, have helped each other, and the train was incidentally saved by the fierceness of the fight, in the brave but rash impulse of pursuit.

The officers who fell believed that no Indian force could overwhelm that number of troops well held in hand.

Their terrible massacre bore marks of great valor and has demonstrated the force and character of the foe; but no valor could have saved them.

Pools of blood on the road and sloping sides of the narrow divide showed where Indians bled fatally; but their bodies were carried off. I counted sixty-five such pools in the space of an acre, and three within ten feet of Lieutenant Grummond's body. Eleven American horses and nine Indian ponies were on the road or near the line of bodies; others, crippled, were in the valleys.

At the northwest, or farther point, between two rocks,

and apparently where the command first fell back from the valley, realizing their danger, I found citizens James S. Wheatley and Isaac Fisher, of Blue Springs, Nebraska, who, with "Henry Rifles," felt invincible, but fell, one having one hundred and five arrows in his naked body. The widow and family of Wheatley are here.

The cartridge-shells about them told how well they fought. Before closing this report, I wish to say that every man, officer, soldier, or citizen, who fell, received burial, with such record as to identify each.

Fetterman, Brown, and Grummond lie in one grave; the remainder also share one tomb — buried, as they fought, together; but the cases in which they were laid are duly placed and numbered.

I ask the general commanding to give my report, in the absence of the division commander, an access to the eye and ear of the general-in-chief. The department commander must have more troops; and I declare this, my judgment, solemnly and for the public good, without one spark of personal ambition other than to do my duty daily as it comes; and whether I seem to speak too plainly or not, ever with the purpose to declare the whole truth and with proper respect to my superior officers, who are entitled to the facts as to scenes remote from their own immediate notice. I was asked to "*send all the bad news.*" I do it, as far as I can. . . .

The great real fact is that these Indians take alive,

when possible, and slowly torture. It is the opinion of Dr. S. M. Horton, post-surgeon, that not more than six were killed by balls. Of course the whole arrows, hundreds of which were removed from naked bodies, were all used after the removal of the clothing.

I have said enough. It is a hard but absolute duty. In the establishment of this post, I designed to put it where it fell heaviest upon the Indians and therefore the better for the emigrants. My duty will be done when I leave, as ordered, for my new regimental headquarters, Fort Casper. I submit herewith list of casualties, marked A.

I shall also, as soon as practicable, make full report, for the year 1866, of operations in the establishment of this new line. I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) HENRY B. CARRINGTON,

Colonel 18th U. S. Infantry,

Commanding Post.

The following note was sent to Captain Ten Eyck, in answer to message of his courier that he could see nothing of Fetterman:—

FORT PHIL KEARNEY, DAKOTA TERRITORY,

December 21, 1866.

CAPTAIN T. TEN EYCK, — Forty well-armed men, with three thousand rounds, ambulances, etc., left before your courier came in. You must unite with Fetterman. Fire slowly, and keep men in hand. You would have saved

two miles toward the scene of action if you had taken Lodge Trail Ridge. I order the wood-train in, which will give fifty men to spare.

(Signed) HENRY B. CARRINGTON,
Colonel Commanding.

In company with a guide I visited this historic place. The old fort, long since abandoned, is a mass of ruins. The cemetery where these heroic men are buried is now overgrown with vegetation. Its condition is a disgrace to our government. A monument ought to mark the burial-place of those brave soldiers, and the yard should have been enclosed with a permanent fence long before this late date. We passed on beyond the fort and little cemetery to Lodge Trail Ridge, where the battle had been fought twenty years before. No indications of the conflict remained. The sun was retreating rapidly beyond the mountains and warned us that it was time for us to encamp. The horses were fastened, the blankets spread out upon the ground, and we slept quietly and undisturbed upon the soil once moistened with human blood, when mountains and ravines resounded with rifle-shots and the war-whoops of the savages.

CUSTER'S LAST BATTLEFIELD.

The last battlefield of the gallant General Custer is located upon the Little Big Horn River, to which our visit was made on the tenth anniversary of the battle, June 25, 1886.

No soldier has served in the United States Army during the last twenty-five years whose history possesses more of romance than that of General George A. Custer. His services during the Civil War were of great value to the Union Army, and he rose rapidly by justly earned promotions. He won the respect of his superior officers and was beloved by all his soldiers. After the close of the war he was in constant service upon the Western frontier, which was then in a disturbed condition on account of the depredations of the savages. Many were the skirmishes and battles which the gallant Custer had with his savage foemen, and numberless were the feats of valor which he performed—deeds which have forever linked his name with the adventurous spirits of the Far West. And his only defeat during those eventful years was upon the Little Horn River, where he and his entire command perished in the storm of battle. The close proximity of this battlefield to the railroad makes it much more accessible to the pilgrim who wishes to visit this shrine of heroism than is the scene of the Fort Kearney Massacre. The history of the battle is now well known to all; but the motives which induced the gallant soldier to precipitate the battle against the orders and before the arrival of his superior officer, General Terry, may never be known.

The following letters, written by General Custer to his wife at Fort Abraham Lincoln and which the latter has recently published in her charming book, "Boots and

Saddles," will inform the reader of the location of General Terry's command and the object which he had in view.

ON YELLOWSTONE, AT MOUTH OF POWDER RIVER,

June 11th, 10.30 P.M.

. . . This morning we left our camp on Powder River, I acting again as guide. The expedition started to make its way through unknown Bad Lands to the mouth of the river. General Terry felt great anxiety in regard to the trip, as he feared we could not get through with the wagons. He had been down the river to its mouth with cavalry, and he and those with him said that wagons could not make the march in a month, and the Bad Lands looked still more impracticable. He came to my tent before daylight and asked me if I would try to find the road. He seems to think I have a gift in that way, and he hoped that we might get within ten miles of the river's mouth to-day. What rendered our condition more embarrassing was that the men had only rations for one day left.

I started with one company and the scouts, and in we "plunged boldly." One company had been sent out the previous day to look for a road, and their failure to return the same day increased the anxiety. I thought likely they had lost their way and had slept in the Bad Lands. Sure enough, we found them about 10 A.M.

After passing through some perfectly terrible country I finally struck a beautiful road along a high plateau

and instead of guiding the command within ten miles of here we have all arrived, and the wagon-train besides.

If you will look on the map near my desk you will find the mouth of Powder River and our present location on the Yellowstone, almost due west from Lincoln. Follow up the Yellowstone a short distance and the first stream you come to is the Tongue River, to which point we will move after resting three or four days. We will there be joined by the six companies of the regiment now absent on a scout, and I shall then select the nine companies to go with me. . . .

The steamer *Far West* leaves for Fort Buford tomorrow. . . . As I was up at three this morning and have had a hard day's march, and as it is now going on to twelve, I must hie to bed to get a little rest and slumber. . . .

MONDAY, June 12th — before breakfast.

. . . I rose early this morning without waiting to be called to breakfast, in order that I might write my letter. The Yellowstone is very high; steamers loaded to their utmost capacity can go up some distance above the mouth of the Big Horn. I wanted to send you a letter that I wished you to read and afterwards remail, had I not thought you might have found an opportunity to come up the river in the *Josephine*. The new supplies for our mess — of onions, potatoes, and dried apples — have just come from the boat.

"Tuck"¹ regularly comes when I am writing and lays her head on the desk, rooting up my hand with her long nose until I consent to stop and notice her. She and Swift, Lady and Kaiser, sleep in my tent.

You need not be anxious about my leaving the column with small escorts: I scarcely hunt any more.² . . .

MOUTH OF TONGUE RIVER, June 17th.

. . . I fear that my last letter, written from the mouth of Powder River, was not received in very good condition by you. The mail was sent in a rowboat from the stockade to Buford, under charge of a sergeant and three or four men of the 6th Infantry. Just as they were pushing off from the *Far West* the boat capsized, and the mail and soldiers were thrown into the rapid current; the sergeant sank and was never seen again. The mail was recovered after being submerged for five or ten minutes. Captain Marsh and several others sat up all night and dried it by the stove. I was told that my letter to you went off all right, also my *Galaxy* article. The latter was recognized by a young newspaper reporter and telegraph operator who came up on the train with us from St. Paul, and he took special pains in drying it.

With six companies of the 7th, the Gatling battery, the scouts, and the pack-mules, I left the mouth of

¹ She was my husband's favorite dog.

² This letter was scorched and defaced, but fortunately I could read it all, thanks to those who sat up all night to dry the mail.

Powder River Thursday morning, leaving all our wagons behind, and directing our march for this point, less than forty miles distant. General Terry and staff followed by steamer. We marched here in about one and a quarter days. The boat arrived yesterday evening. . . . The officers were ordered to leave their tents behind. They are now lying under tent-flies or in shelter-tents. When we leave here I shall only take a tent-fly. We are living delightfully. This morning we had a splendid dish of fried fish, which Tom, "Bos," and I caught a few steps from my tent last evening.

The other day, on our march from Powder River, I shot an antelope. That night, while sitting around the camp-fire, and while Hughes was making our coffee, I roasted some of the ribs Indian fashion, and I must say they were delicious. We all slept in the open air around the fire, Tom and I under a fly, "Bos" and Autie Reed on the opposite side. Tom pelted "Bos" with sticks and clods of earth after we had retired. I don't know what we would do without "Bos" to tease. . . .

Yesterday Tom and I saw a wild-goose flying overhead quite high in the air. We were in the bushes and could not see each other. Neither knew that the other intended to fire. Both fired simultaneously, and down came the goose, killed. Don't you think that pretty good shooting for rifles?

On our march here we passed through some very extensive Indian villages — rather the remains of villages

occupied by them last winter. I was at the head of the column as we rode through one, and suddenly came upon a human skull lying under the remains of an extinct fire. I halted to examine it, and lying near by I found the uniform of a soldier. Evidently it was a cavalry uniform, as the buttons on the overcoat had "C" on them, and the dresscoat had the yellow cord of the cavalry uniform running through it. The skull was weather-beaten and had evidently been there several months. All the circumstances went to show that the skull was that of some poor mortal who had been a prisoner in the hands of the savages and who doubtless had been tortured to death, probably burned. . . .

We are expecting the *Josephine* to arrive in a day or two. I hope that it will bring me a good long letter from you, otherwise I do not feel particularly interested in her arrival — unless, by good luck, you should be on board; you might just as well be here as not. . . . I hope to begin another *Galaxy* article, if the spirit is favorable. . . .

MOUTH OF ROSEBUD, June 21, 1876.

. . . Look on my map and you will find our present location on the Yellowstone, about midway between Tongue River and the Big Horn.

The scouting party has returned. They saw the trail and deserted camp of a village of three hundred and eighty (380) lodges. The trail was about one week old. The scouts reported that they could have overtaken the

village in one day and a half. I am now going to take up the trail where the scouting party turned back. I fear their failure to follow up the Indians has imperiled our plans by giving the village an intimation of our presence. Think of the valuable time lost! But I feel hopeful of accomplishing great results. I will move directly up the valley of the Rosebud. General Gibbon's command and General Terry, with steamer, will proceed up the Big Horn as far as the boat can go. . . . I like campaigning with pack-mules much better than with wagons, leaving out the question of luxuries. We take no tents, and desire none.

I now have some Crow scouts with me, as they are familiar with the country. They are magnificent-looking men, so much handsomer and more Indian-like than any we have ever seen, and so jolly and sportive; nothing of the gloomy, silent red man about them. They have formally given themselves to me, after the usual talk. In their speech they said that they had heard that I never abandoned a trail; that when my food gave out I ate mule. That was the kind of man they wanted to fight under; they were willing to eat mule too.

I am going to send six Ree scouts to Powder River with the mail; from there it will go with other scouts to Fort Buford. . . .

JUNE 22d — 11 A.M.

. . . I have but a few moments to write, as we move at twelve, and I have my hands full of preparations for

the scout. . . . Do not be anxious about me. You would be surprised to know how closely I obey your instructions about keeping with the column. I hope to have a good report to send you by the next mail. . . . A success will start us all towards Lincoln. . . .

I send you an extract from General Terry's official order, knowing how keenly you appreciate words of commendation and confidence, such as the following: "It is of course impossible to give you any definite instructions in regard to this movement; and were it not impossible to do so, the Department Commander places too much confidence in your zeal, energy, and ability to wish to impose upon you precise orders, which might hamper your action when nearly in contact with the enemy."

General Custer's orders were to march three days up the valley of the Rosebud River, and to march only thirty miles each day, so that men and horses should remain fresh. The third day he was to deploy his line to the west, so that his course would be nearly at a right angle with that of the first two days' march. So that on the morning of the fourth day his command would be in line south of the hostile village, thus cutting off their retreat in that direction; while General Terry, moving up the Big Horn River, would approach the village on the north. And thus, on the fourth day, the attack would be made by both commands. Had this

plan been carried out and General Terry's commands obeyed, there can be no doubt but what the result of the campaign would have been far different from what it was. For some reason unknown to any survivor of the battle, General Custer marched his command sixty miles the first day, through a country where horses and men suffered fiercely for water. And on the second day, before noon, he was in close proximity to the Indian village, one and a half days before the appointed time. His orders also were not to bring on an engagement with the Indians until General Terry should be within supporting distance. But he immediately prepared for battle. His command was divided into three divisions. The plan of attack was the same that Custer made when he won the splendid victory over the Indians at Washita. Major Reno was to lead one division, Captain Benteen another, while Custer himself led the third. The result was most disastrous. Reno struck the enemy first and was repulsed by an overwhelming force of savages. He was forced back to the crest of a butte, where he was afterwards joined by Benteen. They were surrounded by the Indians and would ultimately have all perished had it not been for the advancing army of General Terry, which caused the savages to abandon their position. Custer, with his three hundred men, made a furious attack upon the savages and was soon surrounded, and of all that gallant company only one escaped to tell the sad fate of the others.

As I walked over the battleground, the spirit of those heroic men seemed to impress my heart through the interval of ten long years, and I could almost fancy that I was looking upon those tragic events and saw the little army as it rode down in the valley of death.

Let us stand upon the brown shoulder of this butte, and watch the progress of the battle. The red warriors are skulking behind the trees, conscious of the success of their stratagem, and anxious for the battle to open. The crack of a rifle rings out upon the air. One of Custer's scouts has fired, and a redskin bites the dust. The conflict has opened and now becomes general. The cavalry find themselves checked by the terrible fire in front. Soon the bullets come tearing in on both flanks, then a volley in the rear. They are surrounded. They know by the yelling of their foes that their case is hopeless. They cannot escape. There is but one thing for them to do, and that is to show the world how American soldiers can die. They form a small hollow square or circle, and as their comrades die they close up the line and narrow the circle. The Indians swarm in upon them by hundreds. A feathered topknot is visible everywhere. Mounted and on foot they come. They fight as if the earth were pouring them forth from its depths. But not too fast, ye bloodthirsty savages! The victory is not yet won! That little square still remains! Never fought men more bravely than these! The carbines are fired with a rapidity and precision only

acquired by long practice and use. Men stand there with a revolver in each hand, discharging both at the same time, and each shot sends a savage foe to eternity. The band of whites is being rapidly depleted, but the Indians are being piled in heaps and windrows about them. It was a victory for the Sioux, but another such would exterminate the tribe. The savages yell and whoop and brandish their weapons to keep up the lagging courage of their warriors, but the whites utter no word. They are there to die. Their work is to fight until death comes. In the most exposed place stands Custer, a brother on each side, with a nephew and a sister's husband. The tiger is now at bay. His quick instinct taught him early in the conflict that it was a fatal ambushade. Too late to retrieve the fortunes of the day, but not too late to fight and die like a soldier — his eyes flash fire — a smile of disdain wreathes his lips — a revolver in each hand — singed with the burning powder — his broad-brimmed hat thrown back upon his head. His foes are quick to discern the white warrior whom they had so often met in conflict. They know that when he falls the conflict is over. By scores they rush upon him, maddened to frenzy. But he is shut in by a dead line. They cannot cross it. The revolvers flame with fire. Twenty savages are heaped before him. The grim smile becomes almost unearthly. They shrink back before such a demon as that. Only six white men remain. Among the fallen are his relatives. The six

place their backs together and continue their work. A band of mounted Indians now try to ride them down. As well undertake to smother the flames of a volcano. Horses and men go down, and the survivors fall back in the direst confusion. But the end is near. The six are now reduced to three—Custer and two others. They stand together. They are still at work, and the Indians are falling rapidly before those well-directed shots. The survivors are bleeding from dozens of wounds. Another falls; but two are left—Custer, and a man whose name may not be known. Back to back they stand. Their work is not yet completed. They are fighting still, and those messengers of death are doing their work well, and the Indians are falling in death. Another white man goes down, and as he falls he groans in sorrow as he looks upon his idolized commander left alone. Yes, Custer is alone, but he remembers that he is a soldier, and fearlessly faces his foes. One arm is helpless, but the other is working the faithful revolver. The savages are surprised and overwhelmed at the man's courage. They would capture him alive. Five hundred of those nearest to him rush forward for that purpose, but the bullets are flying at him, fired by those in the rear. They are about to seize him in triumph, when he falls dead at their feet; and Custer was with his comrades.

Two participants of the battle were present at its tenth anniversary. One was the old chief "Gaul," who

led the forces of Sitting Bull against Custer. The other was the Crow scout "Curley," who alone of Custer's command escaped. Army officers have erected a monument where Custer fell, which will mark the spot for generations to come. Scores of pilgrims visit the battlefield each year, and this number will increase as the increasing tides of humanity sweep to the Northwest. And Custer's last battlefield will remain as one of the most interesting points of "THE WORLD'S WONDERLAND."





