

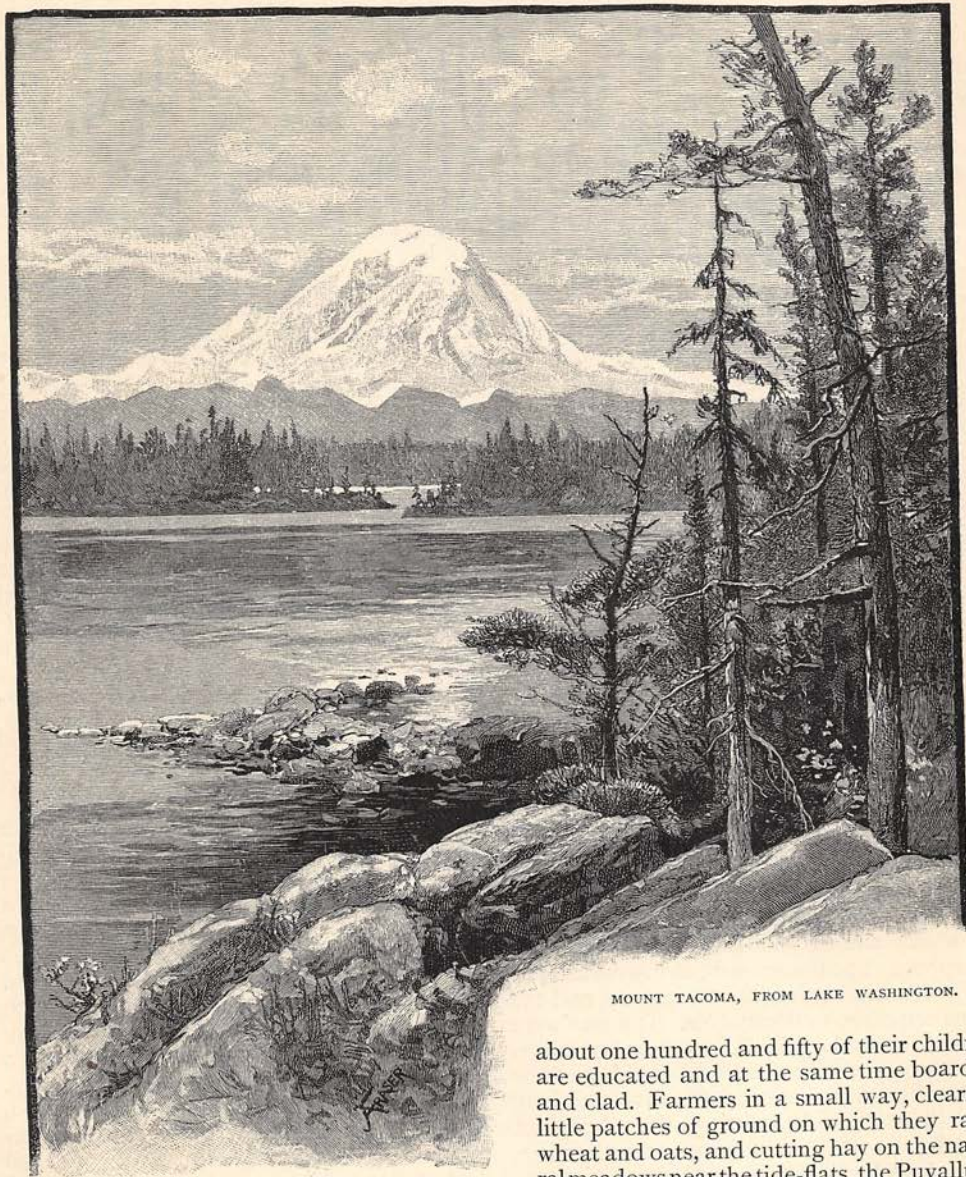
## FROM PUGET SOUND TO THE UPPER COLUMBIA.

SEEN from the piazza of the hotel in the new city of Tacoma, the enormous double-crowned peak of Mount Tacoma dominates the whole landscape. The range of the Cascade Mountains, above which it rears its vast snow-fields and its eight great glaciers, looks like a low, green wall by comparison, though its most insignificant summits are higher than the loftiest mountains of the Atlantic States. And wherever you may find yourself on Puget Sound or its shores, be it in the cherry groves of Olympia, or on the lonely waters of Hood's Canal, or on the populous hill-side of Seattle, or by forest-rimmed Lake Washington, or on Port Townsend's high plateau, there is the superb mountain—if the atmosphere be clear, seemingly close at hand, clean-cut, and luminous; in other conditions of the air, looking "far, faint, and dim," but never much nearer or more remote, no matter from what point of view it is seen. It is by far the most impressive and the most beautiful of American snow-peaks, with the possible exception of Mount St. Elias in Alaska, with which I cannot claim acquaintance. Its glaciers feed five swift rivers: the Cowlitz, flowing to the Columbia; the Chehalis, which empties into the Pacific; and the Nisqually, Puyallup, and White, which send their milky waters to Puget Sound. I should, perhaps, here explain that Mount Tacoma is the Mount Rainier of the old maps, to which tourists and the dwellers in the Sound country, except those who live in Seattle, are endeavoring to restore its musical Indian name, meaning "the nourishing breast." Its altitude is 14,440 feet, nearly 3000 more than that of the sharp pyramid of Mount Hood, the sentinel of the Willamette Valley and the Lower Columbia, and the special pride of the people of Portland. Its glaciers have lately been made accessible by the cutting of trails through the forest at its base. When you survey them through a glass, comfortably seated in an easy-chair on the hotel piazza, a trip thither seems no difficult undertaking. Apparently you have them right under your hand, and can study the topography of their glittering surfaces; and you are astonished when the guide tells you that to go to the foot of one of the glaciers and return takes five days, and that if you get upon the ridge overlooking the chief glacier, you must add two days to the journey. He further explains that the little brown streak on

the left of this glacier is a sheer precipice of rock over one thousand feet high, and that the small cracks in the ice-fields are enormous crevasses, over the sides of which you can peer down into dizzy depths and see raging torrents cutting their way through green walls of ice. A visit to these glaciers is not, however, a formidable undertaking to persons who do not mind a few days in the saddle, a little rough camp life, and a fatiguing climb over snow-fields. Tourists go in parties of five or six, provided with horses and camp equipage, and with spiked shoes, iron-pointed staves, and ropes, quite in the Alpine fashion.

The fascinating mountain was not the goal of the journey to be described in this article. My plan was to traverse the wilderness at its foot, cross the Cascade Range by a pass some thirty miles north of it, strike the head-waters of the Yakima River and follow that stream down to its junction with the Columbia, and finally to reach a railroad at Ainsworth, at the confluence of the Snake and Columbia. The distance to be traversed was about two hundred and fifty miles, mainly through an uninhabited country. Before setting out, let us take another glance from our outlook on the high plateau in the town. Here, at our feet, is a broad arm of the Sound, called Commencement Bay. Just beyond are meadows, on the eastern forest rim of which stands the friendly group of buildings of the Puyallup Indian Agency. All the rest of the landscape seems an unbroken forest. We can look over it for sixty miles to the crest of the mountains and the notch which indicates the pass where we are to cross. This wilderness appearance is deceptive though, for hidden behind the trees are one hundred and sixty Indian farms, and beyond the reservation containing them lie three little strips of marvelously fertile valleys, those of the Puyallup, Stuck, and White rivers, which together form the most productive hop region for its size in the world. Up the Puyallup Valley for thirty miles runs a railroad which brings coal down from mines near the slopes of Mount Tacoma—a brown, crumbling, dirty-looking coal, but so rich in carbon that it is sent by the ship-load to San Francisco for steam-fuel.

Our first halt on the journey eastward into the wilderness is at the agency on the reservation. The Puyallups are good Indians, but not in the Western sense of being dead Indians. The inhabitants of the ambitious town of



MOUNT TACOMA, FROM LAKE WASHINGTON.

Tacoma, which overlooks their little domain, would like to have them die off, or at least go somewhere else; but they are well-behaved and tolerably industrious, and no plea for their removal can be made. Besides, they have lately received patents from the Government to their farms, each head of a family getting one hundred and sixty acres, and these patents cover the whole area of the reservation; so the hope that any part of it will be opened to white settlement has been abandoned. These Indians are self-supporting, their annuities having long ago expired. All the Government does for them is to pay the cost of the schools, where

about one hundred and fifty of their children are educated and at the same time boarded and clad. Farmers in a small way, clearing little patches of ground on which they raise wheat and oats, and cutting hay on the natural meadows near the tide-flats, the Puyallups make shift to live in a simple fashion, being helped out in the problem of existence by the fish and clams of the neighboring Sound, and by wages earned every year in the hop-fields up the valley during the picking season. They own horses and cattle, and build for themselves comfortable little houses. They are a home-staying folk, the dense forests around them offering no inducements for roaming, and their only excursions being short trips on the Sound in their graceful, high-prowed pirogues. On the whole, I think they are the most creditable specimens of civilized Indians to be found in the Far West. They govern

themselves in most matters, through officials of their own choosing, the agent keeping a close supervision over them, but rarely being called upon to exercise the arbitrary power which he, like all Indian agents, legally possesses. A board of Indian magistrates punishes criminals and decides civil actions, and a few Indian police under the command of the schoolmaster at the agency keep order on the reservation. If whisky could be kept out, the police might be dispensed with, for the Indians when sober are never quarrelsome, and their honesty is superior to that of the average white man. The agent holds a theory that the inordinate craving of the Indian for whisky is an effect of the change from savage to civilized diet and modes of living, and that it will disappear in time, when the race gets wonted to its new conditions. In the schools I heard the Indian children read in the "fourth reader" about as well, save for a curious accent, as children of the same ages in the district schools of the States. They wrote a fair hand, too, and sang Moody and Sankey hymns. Arithmetic, the teacher said, is their hardest task. The dormitories and dining-room were very neat, and the whole place was cheery and home-like. The more capable pupils, when they arrive at the age of fifteen or sixteen, are sent to the industrial school at Forest Grove, Oregon, where they are taught trades. The others return to their homes after receiving an ordinary common-school education.

The agent, who is the son of one of the first missionaries among the Oregon Indians, and has himself been many years in the work of civilizing the tribes of Puget Sound, drove us about among the Indian farms all one afternoon. The houses were as comfortable as those of white settlers in new regions, and the crops appeared well cared for. The men were at work in the hop-fields. In their blue shirts and hickory trousers they had nothing of the look of the savage about them, save their long hair. That is the last distinguishing badge of the wild state that the Indian gives up; he clings to his long locks as persistently as a Chinaman to his queue. The agent addressed all whom we met in Chinook, inquiring after their families and their crops, and answering questions about the children in the agency school. Chinook, the curious jargon invented by the Hudson's Bay Company's agents about a hundred years ago, is the language of business and social intercourse among all the tribes of the North Pacific coast. It is to this region what French is to Europe. With a knowledge of its three hundred words, an Indian or a white trader or missionary can travel among the numerous tribes west of the Rocky Mountains and make himself understood. There are no moods or

tenses to the verbs, no cases to the nouns, no comparison of the adjectives, and only one preposition. Gestures and emphasis must be relied upon to help out the meager vocabulary, which is a droll mixture of Indian, English, and French words. I heard an amusing story on the eastern side of the Cascade Mountains of a Boston gentleman who undertook to translate Chinook by its sound. He was visiting the Yakima Reservation, and for some reason the Indians did not like him, and were in the habit of calling him "hyas cultus Boston man." The visitor remarked to his friends that even the savages recognized the superiority of Boston culture, for they always spoke of him as a highly cultured Boston man. It was not until the joke had been a long time enjoyed that he was told that "hyas" meant very, and "cultus" bad or worthless, and that "Boston man" was the Chinook term for all Americans,—Englishmen and Canadians being called "King George men."

Beyond the Indian farms in the Puyallup Valley lie the hop-fields, reaching up the river towards Mount Tacoma for ten miles, and also along the Stuck River, a slough connecting the Puyallup with the White, and for perhaps a dozen miles on the banks of the latter stream. Only the maple and alder bottoms near the streams make good hop land, and they are so productive that wild land, which costs eighty dollars an acre to clear, sells for from fifty to one hundred dollars an acre. Hop land in good condition, with poles and growing vines, but without buildings, is worth three hundred dollars an acre. Whoever possesses a twenty-acre field, with a drying-house, is comfortably well off. An average yield is fifteen hundred pounds to the acre; a large one, twenty-five hundred pounds. A veteran hop-raiser who has been thirteen years in the business told me that it costs two hundred dollars an acre to make and market a crop. Including picking, drying, and binding, he figured the cost at ten cents per pound, of which the picking alone is six. The industry is a fascinating one, having a good deal of the character of a lottery, the price of hops having run up and down during the past few years over the wide range of from ten cents to one dollar. My informant expected to get thirty-five cents this year. His forty acres would yield him eighty thousand pounds, he thought, which would bring him twenty-eight thousand dollars. The cost to him at ten cents per pound would be eight thousand dollars, leaving a profit of twenty thousand dollars. There are not many ways of getting so large an amount of money out of forty acres of ground. The thorough cultivation of these little valleys reminds one of the vineyard countries of Europe, but the resem-

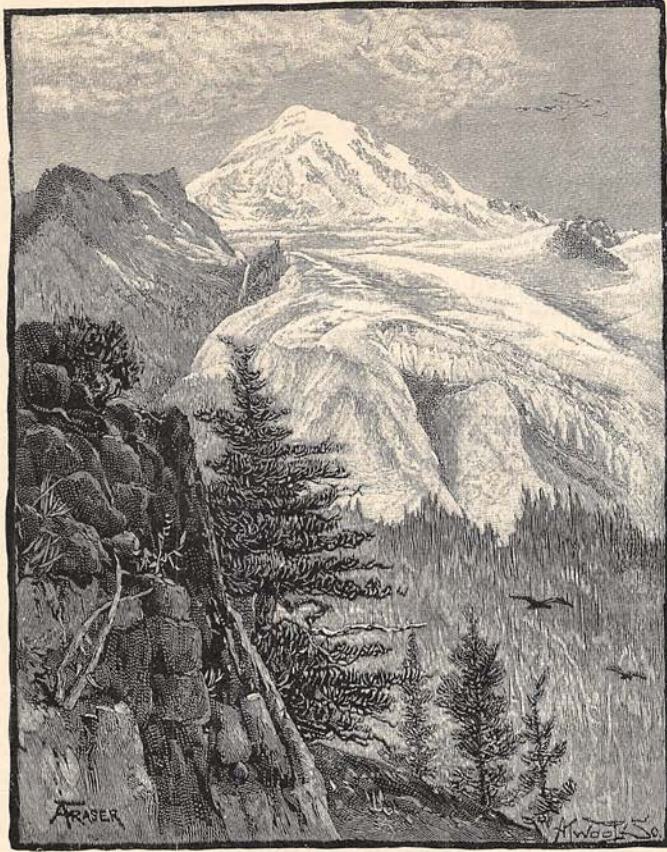
blance vanishes as soon as the eye falls on the forest walls that encompass them on all sides.

In the hop-picking season there occurs a remarkable pilgrimage from the Indian tribes of Washington Territory and British Columbia. The Indians come in their pirogues from Puget Sound, from Frazer River, from Vancouver's Island, and even from the shores of the Pacific. Others cross the mountain trails on ponies from the valleys of the Yakima and the Upper Columbia and from the distant forests of the Cœur d'Alènes. To the number of five thousand, they gather every year in the hop region to furnish labor for picking. Of course, for the most part, the workers are women and children, the men spending much of their time in gambling, smoking, and lounging. This great influx of savagery produces no alarm among the white settlers; indeed, they would be helpless to gather their crop without the abundant supply of red labor. By the Indians the hop-picking season is looked forward to all the year with pleasant anticipation as the one great break in the monotony of their lives—a time of travel, excitement, sociability, love-making, and marrying, as well as of earning money to buy blankets, clothing, trinkets, and sugar. They give the white people very little trouble, being neither rowdyish nor thievish. The farmers sleep with their doors unlocked while the neighboring woods are alive with Indian camps.

Well mounted and equipped for camp life in the wilderness, we left the valley of the Puyallup near the South Prairie coal-mine, and, scrambling up a steep bluff, struck into the dense forest on a trail that meandered about to avoid fallen tree trunks. The timber growth was composed of enormous firs and cedars, having trunks eight or ten feet in diameter at their base, and sending their straight columns up into the air to a height of fully two hundred and fifty feet. The processes of life and death were going on side by side in this forest, uprooted trees that had lived out their time cumbering the ground and filling the air with the peculiar odor of decaying wood. In places the dead trunks would lie across each other in confused masses. Sometimes the trail would go beneath a gigantic trunk caught in the arms of two standing trees, or would make a detour to go around the cliff-like wall formed by the up-torn roots of one of these dead monarchs of the woods. A dense underbrush of alders and young cedars made it impossible to see a dozen yards from the trail; and to add to the jungle-like appearance of the forest, the ground was covered with a growth of gigantic ferns, usually taller than a man's head, and often high enough to conceal a man on horseback.

Beneath the ferns grew a grayish-green moss, as soft as a velvet carpet and ten times as thick.

The trail led across a plateau and then descended sharply to the White River, a swift, glacier-fed stream drawing its waters from the slopes of Mount Tacoma. A few settlers have established themselves on the upper waters of this river, and made farms on small natural prairies in the shadows of the great forest, where they raise hops and oats. We forded the river, the water coming up above the saddle-girths, and the unwilling horses picking their way cautiously over the stones in the rapid, murky current. The afternoon's ride took us through a "big burn." These "burns" are marked features of Cascade Mountain scenery. The name is applied to a strip of plateau or mountain-side where a fire has ravaged the forest, devouring the underbrush, consuming all the dead trees and many of the living ones, and leaving those that have not perished in its devastating progress standing naked and brown. Nature rapidly covers the scene of the ruin with a mantle of ferns, and the "burn" soon looks rather cheerful than otherwise, because it resembles a clearing and affords a view of the sky. Two settlers' cabins were passed that afternoon, occupied by farmers who had come in last year from Kansas, and had already redeemed a few acres from the forest, and could show flourishing fields of wheat and oats. Towards evening the trail became more difficult. There was not the slightest danger of losing it, because a horse could not possibly have gone his length into the intricate maze of young cedars and fallen fir trunks on either side; but progress upon it was an active athletic exercise, involving leaping over or dodging under tree trunks, pushing through barricades of bushes and brambles, mounting and dismounting a dozen times in every mile. The difficulties of the tangled track had not discouraged an enterprising German from taking his wife and three babies over it, and making a home on the border of a "burn" and on the banks of a little lake. We reached his cabin just at nightfall of our first day's journey. He is the most advanced settler towards the Stampede Pass in the Cascade Range. The two doors and three windows of his house he packed in on the back of a horse, but all the rest of the edifice he had made with his axe out of cedar poles and one fallen cedar-tree, splitting out the siding, the shingles, and the flooring. In like manner he had built a barn, a chicken-house, and a kennel for his big Newfoundland dog, and had fenced in with palings a bit of a doorway, where his wife had made a few flowerbeds in which bachelor's-buttons, poppies, and portulacas flourished. The man had also



TYLER GLACIER, MOUNT TACOMA. ALTITUDE AT FACE, 5800 FEET.

managed to clear a three-acre field, where he was raising a fine crop of potatoes. All this he had done between May and August — actually creating a home, a field, and a garden in five months' time, with the unaided labor of his own hands. And he was a little fellow too, but he was always jolly, and perhaps that was the secret of his wonderful achievements. All the time he was singing his old Westphalian songs, and his flaxen-haired wife was jolly too; and any living creatures jollier than those three tow-headed children I never saw. What did he get to eat? Why, he could knock over a dozen pheasants any morning in the nearest thicket, and the lake was full of trout. After a few years it would not be all wilderness about him, he said; the railroad would come, and by that time he would have eighty acres of good cleared land. Would he not be lonesome in the long winter? Oh, no! he would have plenty to do "slashing," *i. e.*, cutting down the trees preparatory to burning them,— the usual process of clearing land where there is no market for the timber.

We camped very comfortably that night

on a pile of hay in the settler's shed-barn, a structure half roofed over, but still wanting sides, and were early on the trail next morning, after a breakfast of ham, bread, and coffee. The profuse and luxuriant vegetation continued. A noticeable plant, called the devil's club from the brier-like character of its stem, spread out leaves as large as a Panama hat, and thrust up a spear-like bunch of red berries. The wild syringa perfumed the air. There were two varieties of the elder—the common one of the East, having black berries, and one growing much higher and bearing large red berries. Thimbleberry bushes grew in dense thickets. The little snowball berry cultivated in eastern door-yards was seen, and also whortleberries and blueberries. Among the flowers was a "bleeding-heart," in form like the familiar garden flower, but much smaller, and of a pale purple color. The most common bloom was the gay *Erigeron canadensis*, or "fire-weed," which occupied every spot where it could find a few rays of sunlight. About noon of this second day's march we descended by a steep zigzag path to the south

bank of Green River, a handsome trout-stream, brawling over rocks or resting in quiet dark-green pools. A great field of excellent bituminous coal, partly explored, and waiting for a railroad to make it valuable, lies in veins from six to ten feet thick under the forests that border this stream. It is the best coal thus far discovered in Washington Territory. In its vicinity lie beds of rich iron ore. So here, hidden in this tangled wilderness, are the elements of a great industry, which in the future will make these solitudes populous.

The trail turned up the narrow valley of Green River, and thence on for many miles it clambered up steep slopes and plunged down into the lateral ravines formed by the tributary streams—up or down nearly all the way, with rarely a hundred yards of tolerably level ground. It was a toilsome day for men and animals, but for the riders enlivened with the sense of adventure, and with thoughts now and then of what would happen if a horse should make a false step on the verge of a precipice where the path clung to a mountain wall a thousand feet above the roaring river. Travel on a mountain trail is never monotonous. Your perceptive faculties are kept on the alert to dodge projecting branches and watch for all the various chances and changes of the track. Then there are ascents too steep for your horse to carry you, and descents too abrupt for safe riding; streams to ford, quagmires to flounder through, and divers other incidents to enliven the journey.

Our second night on the trail was spent at a camp of engineers engaged in locating the line of a railroad over the Cascade Mountains to connect eastern Washington with the Puget Sound country. This project of surmounting the formidable barrier of the Cascades is as old as the time when Governor Isaac I. Stevens conducted a government expedition from St. Paul to Puget Sound, in 1853, to determine the feasibility of a northern route for a railroad to the Pacific. It was on Stevens's report that there were passes in the range practicable for a railroad that the original charter of the Northern Pacific Company, granted by Congress in 1862, designated a route from the Upper Columbia to the Sound for the main line of that road. This was amended by Congress in 1870, and the main line was changed so as to run down the Columbia River to Portland, and thence northward to the Sound, getting through the mountains by the only gap opened by nature, that of the great gorge of the Columbia. At the same time the short line across the mountains was designated as the Cascade Branch. Surveys to find a feasible pass for this branch have been prosecuted with more or less dili-

gence and with several long intermissions ever since 1870. During the past three years a great deal of money has been spent upon these surveys. How expensive they have been may be judged from the fact that to run a reconnaissance line through the dense forests, encumbered by prostrate timber, which clothe the western slope of the Cascades, requires the services of ten axemen to open a path along which the engineers can advance a mile or two a day with their instruments. All this labor and expenditure of money has been crowned with success, however, and a pass has been found up which a railroad can be built, but at the summit a tunnel nearly two miles long must be excavated. It will be the longest tunnel in America with the exception of that through the Hoosac Mountains in Massachusetts.

The engineers' camp on the bank of the brawling torrent of Green River was so cheerful a spot, with its white tents and blazing fires, that, although it was early in the afternoon, saddles and packs were taken off the horses and the decision made to go no farther that day. The midsummer air in the mountains was so cool that the warmth of the fires was grateful. So were the hot biscuits and steaming coffee provided by the cook, and the pink-fleshed trout caught in the river. Stories of encounters with cougars and bears were told around the crackling fir logs that evening. The cinnamon bear is apt to be an ugly customer, it was agreed, but the black bear is not dangerous unless it be a she-bear with cubs. The cougar, or mountain lion, is the most redoubtable beast of these wilds. Perhaps the best way to deal with one of these huge felines is that adopted by an Irish axeman, who thus narrated his adventure: "I was a-coming along the trail with me blankets on me back, and with niver as much as a stick to defend mesilf, when all at onst I saw a terrible big cougar not two rods ahead of me, twistin' his tail and getting ready fer to jump. I come upon him that suddent that it was hard to tell which was the most surprised, me or the baste. Well, sor, I trimbled like a man with the ager. But I saw that something had to be done, and dom'd quick too. So I threw down me blankets and gave one hiduous yell. That was unexpected by the cougar. He niver heard such a noise before, and he just turned tail and jumped into the brush. I picked up me blankets and made the best time into camp that was ever made on that trail."

The civil engineers engaged in the railroad surveys are educated young men from the East, the younger ones often fresh from college. They spend the greater part of the year

immured in the forest, with no communication with the world save that furnished by the pack-train which comes in once a week to bring supplies. A good story was told at the camp fire of one of the engineers who, after he had been eight months in the woods, went back to the settlements. Approaching a house, he saw a woman's calico gown hanging on a line. The sight so affected him that he got off his horse and kissed the hem of the garment. The faded gown was emblematic to the young man's mind of all the graces and refinements of civilization, of woman's tenderness and love, of his far-off Massachusetts home, and the mother, sisters, and sweetheart he had left there.

The third day of our journey through the forest led up the narrow gorge of Green River, the trail now skirting the river's bank, and now climbing over mountain shoulders thrust out into the stream. The forest, if possible, grew more dense as we advanced. The damp ground, never reached by the sun's rays, was covered with a thick growth of gigantic ferns and of the broad-leaved devil's-club. I saw cedar-trees ten feet in diameter above the point where their trunks spread out to take a firm hold upon the ground. There were many queer tree growths. Tall fir saplings grew out of prostrate, decaying trunks. From the roots of an enormous dead cedar, whose broken column was still standing, arose four large young trees, each at least one hundred and fifty feet high, and standing so close to each other and to the dead parent tree that there was not more than two yards' space between them. Near by a fir and a cedar had grown together for a few yards above the ground, so as to form a common trunk. Fallen trees and often the trunks and lower limbs of live ones were thickly sheathed in moss—not the trailing tree-moss of the Rocky Mountain forests, but a thick, tufted, carpet-like moss, of the same variety as that growing upon the ground. After a hard day's march we forded the river towards sunset and camped upon the north bank. The fire was soon made, the biscuits were baked in the tin reflector oven, the coffee was boiled, the ham was fried, and the horses were fed with the barley they had carried on their backs. Then the tent-fly was set up with one end against two enormous firs that grew side by side, and luxurious beds were made of moss and hemlock boughs, and we went to sleep, happy in the thought that the next day's march would take us up to the summit of the pass and down on the eastern slope of the mountains.

Next morning we left the main stream of Green River, already diminished to a narrow torrent, and began to follow up the course of Sunday Creek, the trail clinging to the steep

slopes of the mountain walls. About noon the actual ascent of the divide began. An hour of hard climbing, crossing from side to side of a narrow ravine, or zigzagging along its wooded walls, the forest thinning out a little as we went up, brought us to a little lake. Just above was a "big burn," where the timber had been swept clean off by fire save a few blackened stumps, and in the middle of this "burn" was Stampede Pass, a narrow notch with a sharp ascent on both sides. Our horses quickened their pace, as if knowing that the long, hard climb was almost over; and after a few seconds' dash over ashes and charcoal we stood on the ridge of the pass. The first glance was naturally on beyond to the eastward. Far down in a deep valley, placid and green, lay Lake Kichilas. Farther on were mountain ranges, not densely timbered like those of the western slopes of the Cascades, but showing bare places, and, where wooded, covered with the Rocky Mountain pine, which grows in an open way, with little underbrush. The reddish trunks of these trees give color to an entire mountain-side. It was to the westward, however, that the view was most striking; for there, towering far above the green ridges of the Cascades, rose the dazzling snow-fields and glaciers of Mount Tacoma. Above them rested a girdle of clouds, and above the clouds, serene in the blue ether, glittered the white summits. The peak seemed much higher than when seen from the sea-level of the Sound. Mountains of great altitude always show to best advantage when seen from considerable elevations. We had been climbing all day to reach our point of view, and yet the gigantic peak towered aloft into the sky to a height that seemed incredible, as if it were only the semblance of a mountain formed by the clouds.

Stampede Pass got its name four years ago, when a party of trail-cutters, camped at the little lake near its summit, not liking the treatment they received from their boss, stampeded in a body and returned to the settlements. Later, the engineers called it Garfield Pass, because there the news of President Garfield's assassination came to them; but the first name is the one generally used. The elevation of the pass is about five thousand feet, or double that of the point where the Pennsylvania Railroad crosses the Alleghany Mountains. The descent eastward to the streams that form the Yakima River is only moderately abrupt, and one can ride down the zigzag trail with no great danger of pitching over his horse's head. The character of the forest growth is very different from that on the western slopes of the mountains, the gigantic firs and cedars disappear

ing as soon as the summit is crossed, and in their places appearing a species of small mountain fir, growing thickly, but with little underbrush and no intricate barricades of fallen trunks. The flowers are of new species, and the pine-grass grows in the woods. Evidently the climatic conditions are widely dissimilar to those on the western side of the great range, the moisture-laden atmosphere of the Puget Sound country, which produces a phenomenal vegetable growth, not crossing the mountain-wall. Probably there is nowhere on the globe as marked a climatic boundary as that of the Cascade Mountains in both Washington Territory and Oregon. West of this boundary the winters are mild, with much rain and little snow, and the summers cool and showery; while east of it the winters are sharp and dry, with abundant snowfall, and the summers very hot, little rain falling between the first of June and the first of October. On Puget Sound you have the climate of Ireland, while just across the mountains in the valley of the Yakima weather and landscapes in summer recall northern California.

Our fourth day's march was the longest on the trail. We made twenty-five miles, and came at sunset to a wagon-road and a fenced field, evidences of settlement that were greeted with enthusiasm. There was a house, too, tenanted by the most advanced settler mountainwards in the Yakima Valley. He kept a toll-gate, and levied a tax on emigrants about to struggle over the Snoqualmie Pass to the Sound country. Nominally there is a wagon-road through this pass all the way to Seattle, and stout wagons lightly loaded are somehow gotten across the mountains by courageous emigrants who carve their way with their axes through the fallen timber. The chief utility of the road, however, is for the driving of cattle. All the Sound country, and much of British Columbia, get their beef supply from the bunch-grass plains east of the Cascades. It takes seven days to drive a herd of cattle from the Upper Yakima to Seattle, which is the beef market of the Sound. The night was spent in a deserted cabin on beds of boughs eked out with a little hay which the last occupant had left. Breakfast on the grass next morning was enlivened by a visit from a flock of Hudson's Bay birds that attempted to share the meal, and, after carrying off several crackers, made an attack on the remains of a ham. These familiar brown birds, sometimes called lumberman's friends or whisky-jacks, discern the smoke of a camp-fire miles away, and are speedily on hand to clear up the crumbs.

Our horseback journey was now at end. A

good friend in Portland had sent a team and spring wagon a hundred and fifty miles from the Lower Yakima to meet us at the end of the wagon-road. Our excellent Scotch guide, with the cook, the packer, the saddle-horses, and the pack-animals, turned back to retrace their steps over the long trail to the Puyallup Valley. Blankets and bags were transferred to the wagon, and we set off through the open pine woods, over a very fair road, down the valley of the Yakima. The road did not follow the stream closely, but only kept its general course, taking across the hills to avoid the cañons and muddy bottoms. Only one house was seen in the forenoon's drive. It was inhabited by three Germans, who had "taken up" a natural timothy meadow, and were getting rich cutting a hundred tons of hay every year, and selling it to herders on their way to the Sound at twenty-five dollars a ton. They had an irrigated garden full of all sorts of vegetables. About noon another farm was reached, where a Maine man was raising fine crops of oats and wheat by irrigation. A big barn filled with hay and a comfortable log-house flanked by apple-trees were invitations to rest not to be refused in a wild country. The housekeeper prepared a surprisingly good dinner—the first civilized meal the travelers had eaten since leaving the hotel at Tacoma. There were fresh vegetables and roast beef, coffee and cream that defied criticism, and an apple-pie that could not be surpassed in New England. We sat upon benches, and in the parlor the only furniture was three wooden chairs and a rude table; but there were chintz curtains at the windows, hanging from cornices made of moss, and on the table were many newspapers and a copy of *THE CENTURY*.

The next house on the road belonged to Indian John, a famous character among the whites of the Upper Yakima country, and a *sokalee tyee*, or big chief, among the Kittitas Indians. John has a few well-fenced fields of grain, and a good log-cabin, windowless and with a hole in the roof to let out the smoke from the fire burning on the ground in the middle of the one room. The women of his household were busy drying service-berries, but when our driver told them in Chinook that we were going to take a photograph of the place, the younger ones hurried into the cabin and speedily put on what finery they possessed in the shape of blue gowns, brass bracelets, and girdles of bead-work studded with brass nails. John wore civilized clothes, but a young Indian, presumably the husband of the squaw with the baby, was attired in scarlet leggings, green breech-cloth, and blue tunic, and his face was liberally adorned with vermilion paint. John is a thrifty fellow, and



when his relations come to visit him and live upon him Indian fashion, he sets them to work building fences or hoeing potatoes. He wants to marry his youngest daughter to a white man. He says the *siwashes* (Indians) are *cultus*, which in Chinook means "no good." The girl might be thought rather too buxom to suit a critical taste, and objections might also be made to her mouth and feet on the score of their size; but as to her good-nature there could be no doubt after she had smiled all over her face at each of the travelers and merrily winked her black eyes.

A few miles beyond Indian John's ranch the forest stops abruptly on the crest of a hill, and the bunch-grass plains begin. They are not plains in the sense of being at all level. On the contrary, they are heaved up in hills and ridges and low bare mountain ranges, and creased by many valleys and cañons; but they are destitute of timber, save along the streams, and are sere, yellow, and dusty, and thus conform to the Far-Western meaning of the word plains. The soil is composed of disintegrated basaltic rock, and, whether on lofty crests or steep slopes or in deep ravines, is alike covered with the same monotonous vegetation of bunch-grass, wild sunflowers, sage-brush, and grease-wood. The colors of the landscapes are dirty browns and yellows and faded sage-green, save where a belt of alders and willows skirts a creek. In May and June, when the grass is fresh and the sunflowers are in bloom, the country seems carpeted with fresh green and gold; but this season of verdure and blossoms only lasts a few weeks, and then comes the long, dry, dusty summer. The plains of the great Columbia basin occupy a stretch of country of almost circular form, and of about three hundred miles across, surrounded by the Cascade Mountains on the west, the Blue Mountains on the south, the Bitter Root and Cœur d'Alène Mountains on the east, and the Peshastin, Colville, and other ranges on the north. From north to south, nearly midway of the basin's width, flows the Columbia. The eastern part of the basin is mainly drained by the Snake, the Palouse, and the Spokane rivers, and the western part by the Yakima and its tributaries.

In the afternoon of the first day's travel by wagon, and the fifth of our journey from Puget Sound, we entered the Kittitas Valley, and saw its market-town of Ellensburg lying in white spots against a brown hill-side fifteen miles distant. This valley is the most extensive and most thickly settled between the Cascade Mountains and the Columbia. It is twenty miles long and from three to ten miles

wide, and, being well watered and easy to irrigate, has attracted a thrifty farming population. With a few small tributary valleys, it is said to contain two thousand five hundred people, of whom some four hundred live in the town. Forty bushels of wheat to the acre and four hundred of potatoes are average yields on the rich irrigated lands. In spite of their isolation from markets,—the valley is one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest accessible transportation line,—the farmers appear prosperous, their houses and barns being of a better character than are usually seen in new countries. Settlement in the valley dates back ten years; but most of the people have come in during the past four or five years, attracted by the prospect of a railroad as well as by the fertility of the soil.\*

Of Ellensburg little need be said. It is a creditable frontier village for one so new and so remote, supporting two weekly newspapers and an academy. The Yakima River flows by the town in a swift, deep current, fed by snows but not by glaciers, as its clear, blue waters testify. From a high ridge south of the town the top of Mount Tacoma can be seen, but it is much less impressive from this point of view than is Mount Stuart, the highest peak of the Peshastin Range, which bounds the prospect on the north. I confess never to have heard the name of this range before, yet it is immeasurably grander than the White Mountains or the Adirondacks. Mount Stuart, usually called Monument Peak, is ten thousand feet high, and is as bold and peculiar in its form as the Matterhorn in Switzerland. The whole range is savage and precipitous, a serrated ridge of brown rock, with many jagged peaks, too steep to carry much snow save in the deep ravines. At the foot of these magnificent mountains lie four deep, green, forest-rimmed lakes—Kichilas, Kachees, Kitallum, and Clellum. The region is wild and little known, and is very inviting to adventurous explorers. Veins of copper carrying considerable gold and silver have recently been discovered there, and a vein of coal so good for blacksmithing purposes that it is hauled down to the Kittitas Valley and sold for thirty dollars a ton.

Going southward from Ellensburg, there is no settlement after leaving the Kittitas Valley until the Wenass Valley is reached, a distance of twenty miles. The Yakima plunges into a deep cañon with sides so steep that there is no room for a road. So the road climbs over two bare, brown ridges, one high enough to figure on the maps as a mountain range. From its crest the squares of green and gold

\* The journey described in this article was made in the summer of 1884. Since then the railroad-building up the Yakima Valley has advanced as far as Yakima City.—E. V. S.

formed by the fields of oats and ripened wheat in the Kittitas Valley made a very pretty landscape effect. The ridges separating the narrow valleys are covered with an abundant growth of bunch-grass, and are good summer ranges for stock; but the snow lies on them too deeply in winter for cattle to range, as in Montana, all the year round; consequently there is but little stock in the country. The Wenass is a tributary of the Yakima, and it makes a good agricultural valley, twenty miles long, but only one or two farms wide. About three hundred people inhabit it. Ten miles farther south come the Naches Valley, wider, but not so long as the Wenass, and the Cowechee Valley, narrower and longer than the Naches. Both are well settled. On a farm at the mouth of this valley, where we halted for supper, apples, plums, cherries, raspberries, and blackberries grew luxuriantly, and in an irrigated garden all sorts of vegetables flourished. The Naches debouches into the Yakima Valley, a name applied locally to only about fifteen miles of the course of the Yakima River, where there is an irrigable plain eight or ten miles wide, partly under cultivation, and supporting the town of Yakima City, with its eight hundred inhabitants. We reached the "city" about dark, having traversed forty miles of good road without meeting a single person traveling in the opposite direction. Save a few herds of cattle and bands of horses and numerous flocks of grouse, there was no life on the grassy slopes and ridges. Yakima City stands at the junction of the Attanam Creek with the Yakima River, and on the east side of the river there is a third inhabited valley, called the Moxee. In all these valleys farming by irrigation is very successful. The soil is a fine powder, carrying no trace of sand; the whole region was once volcanic and later the bed of a lake. A little water applied to this rich soil, with the aid of the heat of the long summer days, causes all the cereals and vegetables of the temperate zone, and all the fruits, save peaches, to flourish amazingly. One acre will produce as much as three of good farm-land in the Eastern States. The town is a medley of cheap wooden buildings and vegetable gardens, shaded by Lombardy poplars, and backed up against a ridge of bulging brown hills. In summer the mercury frequently goes up to one hundred degrees; but the climate is remarkably healthy, owing, no doubt, to the dryness of the air and soil. The inhabitants think the place beautiful, and so it is when contrasted with the hot, wearisome expanses of sage-brush and bunch-grass and powdery dust one must traverse to reach it. Little streams of clear water run along the

sides of the streets and are sluiced off into the gardens. The town is the trade center of all the region between the Cascades and the Columbia, and is waiting impatiently for the railroad advancing up the Yakima to augment its business and population. At present the merchants haul their goods from the Dalles, about a hundred miles distant, and thither go such products of the country as can profitably be transported so far in wagons. When the railroad goes through the mountains, all these fertile little irrigated valleys, drained by the Yakima, will get rich raising fruits, vegetables, grain, and cattle for the Sound cities, which now get their supplies almost entirely from San Francisco. Ditch enterprises on a large scale will then reclaim thousands of acres that now grow nothing but sage-brush.

I heard a good deal of talk in Yakima City of a project on the part of the railroad company to create a new town near the junction of the Naches and Yakima rivers, with the view of making it a model place of wide streets, deep lots, shade-trees, flowers, and running streams, by the aid of the abundant waters of the Naches, available for irrigation. The future city, which as yet hardly exists on paper, is already in imagination the flourishing capital of the great State of Washington. Its proposed site is now a waste of dust and sage-brush, but, with plenty of water and plenty of money, the project of making this desert blossom like the rose would be perfectly feasible.

Leaving Yakima City and traveling in a south-easterly direction, our road ran for about fifty miles through an Indian reservation belonging to a number of tribes gathered from the entire region between the Cascade Mountains and the Upper Columbia — Yakimas, Klickitats, Kittitas, and others whose names are only known locally. About three thousand souls belong upon this reservation, but there are probably not more than half that number actually living on it, the others preferring their old homes in the mountains, where they can hunt, or on the banks of the Columbia, where the salmon furnish an abundant food supply. Those upon the reservation are partly civilized, cultivating small fields of grain and herding cattle. Nominally they have all been Christianized, and Methodists and Catholics compete for the honor of saving their souls; but a considerable number render secret homage to an old humpbacked Indian prophet, named Smohallo, who has invented a religion of his own. This dusky Mahomet lives in the desert, near Priests' Rapids, on the Columbia, where he has a village of adherents, and is constantly visited by admirers from the reservation, who bring him tribute.

He goes into trances and professes to have communion with the Great Spirit. An army officer, who recently visited Smohallo's village to see if the old fellow was brewing any mischief, told me that he witnessed a singular religious ceremony in a tent. The prophet sat on a hassock with a bell in his hand. In front of him were twelve Indians in red shirts, on one side six maidens in white gowns, and on the other six in red gowns. The ringing of the bell was a signal for them to kneel or rise. The service consisted of chants and a discourse by the prophet. At one time he fell on the ground in a trance, and after a few minutes arose and announced a pretended revelation from the heavenly powers. Smohallo was educated by the Jesuit fathers at the Cœur d'Alène Mission, and evidently has borrowed his ceremonials from those he saw there. He is a disturbing element among the Indians, because he tries to dissuade them from industry, saying that the earth is their mother, and that to plow the ground is to scratch her skin, to dig ditches is to wound her breast, and to open mines is to crack her bones, and that she will not receive them after they die if they thus abuse her.

The Yakima Reservation lies between the river and the Simcoe Mountains. Most of it is sage-brush land, but for three hours we drove through a green country covered with rye-grass standing higher than our horses' heads, with rich pasturage of smaller herbage among it. Opposite, on the white man's side of the valley, there is little or no settlement, but the land lies favorably for reclamation by ditches taken from the river. Some of the Indians live in frame houses evidently built by the Government, for they are of one pattern; others have built log structures for themselves, while many still adhere to the "wicky-up"—a shapeless hut made from a combination of brush and mats woven from reeds. They have adopted white customs in one respect, at least, for they have set up a toll-gate and tax travelers fifty cents for driving across their country. The toll-gate keeper was in a morose frame of mind. He had recently been arrested by the agent, put in the "skookum-house" (jail), and fined sixty dollars for having two wives. He said he could not see what the harm was as long as the women were both satisfied, and grumbled about the loss of the money he had saved to buy a new horse-rake.

Our noonday halt was at a ranch on the north side of the river. The ranchman ferried the team across on a flatboat, and invited us to rest in rocking-chairs on a piazza roofed with green cottonwood boughs while his wife got dinner. He had taken up a green spot in the sage-brush waste, and was making butter

from fifty cows, and putting up great stacks of hay for their winter feed. He was a shrewd and prosperous man, and his success had already attracted other settlers. The afternoon's journey was through a country wholly desolate. The river itself seemed to get discouraged, and ran with a sluggish current through the parched and thirsty land, which constantly robbed it of its waters, so that its volume diminished as it advanced. Hidden by the bare hills that bounded the southern horizon lay, however, a grassy valley, called Horse Heaven, where fifty families have settled during the past year. Northward the landscape was all a burning-hot, dusty sage-brush plain sloping up to the Rattlesnake Mountains. The night was spent restfully on clean blankets in an engineers' camp, on the line of the advancing railroad. A mile away was a settlement started by an ex-Congressman from Tennessee, who hopes that ditch enterprises and the water-power of the falls of the Yakima will develop a town on his lands.

The next day—the tenth since we left Puget Sound—was the most trying of the whole journey. The heat was intolerable. Probably it would have been about 105° Fahrenheit in the shade if there had been any shade. What it was in the sun nobody attempted to estimate. The dust covered the faces of the travelers with yellow masks and penetrated their clothing, forming a thick deposit all over their bodies. Eighteen miles in a wagon brought us to the end of the railway track built last year, but not yet operated, and not put in order since the winter rains, so that a locomotive could not get over it. Here we transferred ourselves to a hand-car. The three passengers sat in front, with their feet hanging down over the ties and knocking against the weeds and sand-heaps. Four stout fellows at the levers got an average speed of nearly ten miles an hour out of the little machine. To the heat of the direct rays of the sun was added that reflected from the rails, the sandy embankment, and the sides of the cuts. With what joy we descried in the early afternoon the broad, blue flood of the Columbia! What a satisfaction it was to rest in the shade of a tent by the margin of the cool waters! In the evening a diminutive steamboat, aptly called *The Kid*, ferried us down to Ainsworth, a little town at the confluence of the Snake and the Columbia,—rivers as mighty in volume here as the Mississippi and Missouri where they join, and as strikingly different in the character of their waters. At Ainsworth the journey described in this article ended, and the homeward trip in a Pullman car began.

Eugene V. Smalley.