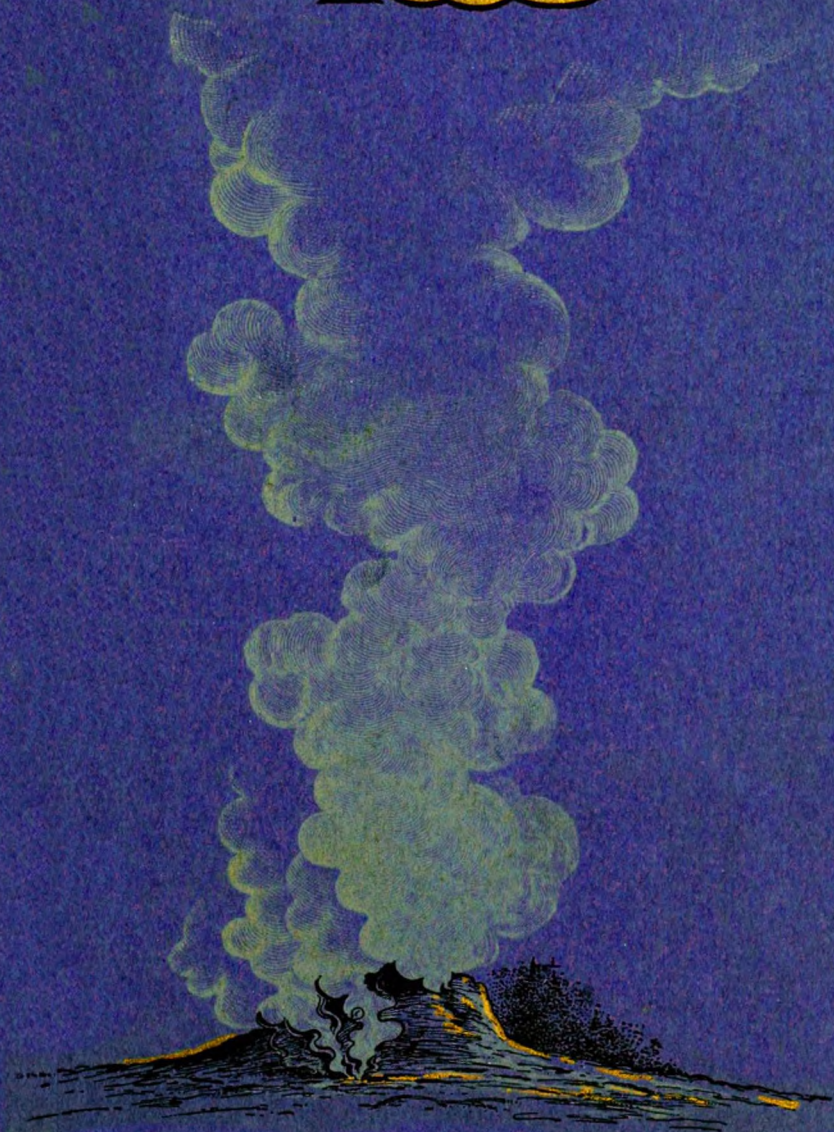


Wonderland

1905





From Photo by Haynes.

LOWER FALL OF THE YELLOWSTONE AND POINT LOOKOUT

Wonderland

1905

BY OLIN D. WHEELER.

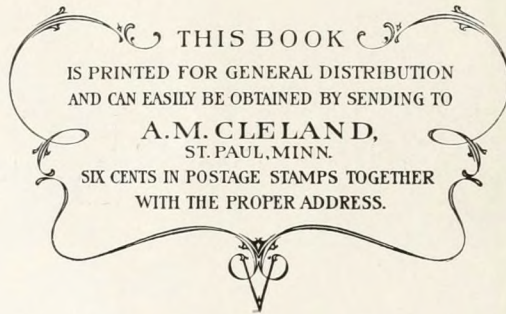
DESCRIPTIVE OF THE NORTHWEST.

ILLUSTRATED.



IT TREATS MORE PARTICULARLY OF
THE SHORES OF KITCHIGAMI.
THE SEPULCHRE OF LAME DEER.
THE YELLOWSTONE WONDERLAND.
THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION.
THE SHASTA-NORTHERN PACIFIC ROUTE.

Copyright, 1905, by
A. M. CLELAND, General Passenger Agent,
NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY,
St. Paul, Minn.





The evolution of a State has in it that which stirs the imagination. The first slow, gradual, taming of the wilderness, of those vast, rolling hills, prairies, and wooded areas where unmanned tempests ride and reign, and again the advance from low log cabins, earthen shacks, and scattered scratch-farms to dwellings and farms of more pretension, and then the more rapid advancement to greater farms, comely villages, and ambitious cities, and so, on and on to greater and better things as the world advances, excite our liveliest imagination and challenge our admiration.

I am moved to these hasty reflections by a present event in the growth and history of the State of Minnesota, the completion and occupation of its magnificent—and I use the word thoughtfully—new marble Capitol.



The Central House, St. Paul, Where the First Minnesota Territorial Legislature Met. Erected in 1849.

The various Capitol buildings of a State stand as gigantic mile-stones along its historical trail. They mark, in a more or less emphatic way, the line of cleavage, or division between the past and present, or

present-future; set off, in a way, one era against another. And right effective standards, or markers they are, as betokening progress in refinement, in the arts, sciences, and literature of a state and nation.

What astonishment would show upon the countenances of the members of the first legislature of the Territory of Minnesota, who met, in 1849, in a rough log hotel on the left bank of the Mississippi river at St. Paul, could they have looked in upon the legislature of the State of



The First Capitol of Minnesota. Erected 1851-3.

the same name, in 1905, comfortably ensconced for the first time in a structure costing, all told, \$4,500,000!

Minnesota is fifty-five years of age, having become a Territory in 1849. The present Capitol is the third one, two having been outgrown. The first one was commenced in 1851, was completed in 1853, and was burned to the ground in the spring of 1881 during a night session of the legislature. It was from the portico of this first Capitol that Wm. H. Seward, in 1860, delivered his well-known speech in which he prophesied that the ultimate seat of government and power on this continent would be not far from where he then stood.

Within twenty-four hours of the burning of the first Capitol the legislature had made an appropriation for another one. This was completed in 1882 and it cost \$275,000. It was an inferior structure and it was recognized from the start as being, really, a temporary makeshift.

During the legislative session of 1891 measures were passed which resulted in the erection of the present building. The first appropriation was made in 1893 and the limit of cost for the necessary grounds and construction proper, was placed at \$2,000,000. Subsequently this limit was raised to \$4,500,000, every dollar of which has been disbursed without the least breath of scandal, and for which a full equivalent has been rendered in labor or materials.

The site of the new Capitol is well back from the Mississippi river and the business center of the city, yet convenient to the latter. It is well elevated and comprises nearly eight acres of ground with a prospect of additional acreage being obtained. The building is easily visible from all parts of the city and travelers can view the lofty pile from nearly, if not quite, all the railway trains passing through the city.

The design of the building was obtained through competition. Forty-one designs were submitted and the successful one was adopted after mature consideration and after consultation with Edmund M. Wheelwright, of Boston, consulting architect.

The successful competitor proved to be Mr. Cass Gilbert, an architect of St. Paul, who was made superintending architect and under whose direction the structure has been constructed.

Ground was broken on May 6, and the first stone laid on June 23, 1896. On July 27, 1898, the corner-stone was laid, with appropriate ceremonies, by the late Hon. Alexander Ramsey, under whose administration, as the first Territorial Governor from 1849 to 1853, the first Capitol building had been erected. The late Senator Cushman K. Davis delivered a suitable address upon the occasion.

The Capitol is of the Italian Renaissance order, quiet, dignified, chaste, and noble in appearance.

It is 433 feet in length and 228 feet wide, exclusive of entrance steps; the east and west wings are each 120 feet and the north wing is 106 feet 6 inches, wide; the dome which has an external diameter of 89 feet, rises 220 feet from the ground, and the cubical contents of the building exceed 5,000,000 feet.

It is an interesting fact that most of the material used in construction and finish is Minnesota product, in fact the Capitol may be said to be a standing exponent of the resources of Minnesota in the line of building materials.

A free use has been made of concrete in the footings, and a local blue limestone has been used in the area walls. The main foundation walls and piers are of Winona, Minn., limestone; the foundations for the

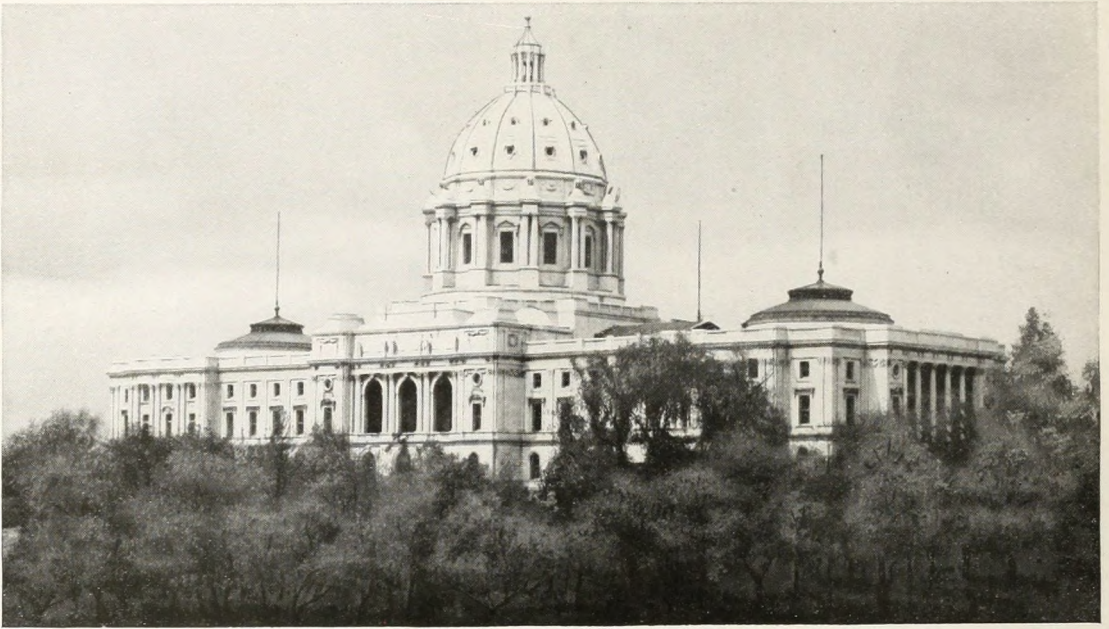


The Second Capitol of Minnesota. Erected 1881-2.

dome are of Kettle River, Minn., sandstone; the facings of the exterior basement walls are of St. Cloud, Minn., granite; and the interior walls, vaults, and the backing of exterior walls, are of Minnesota brick. The facings of the main exterior walls and of the large dome are of Georgia marble.

Around the rotunda there stand eight monolithic granite columns each twenty-nine inches in diameter and twenty feet long. These are made from Ortonville, Minn., and Rockville, Minn., granite. These pillars are finely polished and form one of the most effective pieces of ornamentation in the building.

One of the most beautiful and pleasing stones used for polished interior finish is a softly yellow Kasota, Minn., stone. Those who are



The New Capitol of Minnesota.

Copyright, 1905, Haas & Wright.

familiar with Kasota stone only as used for exterior work will, upon seeing it thus employed, be most agreeably surprised. The effect is very striking and beautiful and by many it will be mistaken for a handsome marble.

Of exogenous stones used, there are Illinois stone and Tennessee and imported marbles for floors; Echaillon marbles, Skyros and Breche marbles for stair railings and columns; Fleur de Peche marble in the Senate chamber, and white Vermont marble in the Supreme Court room.

As the work has progressed, an effort has been made to keep pace with the rapid improvement in both practical and artistic construction in



Copyright, 1905, Haas & Wright.

A Bit of the Rotunda and Main Hall of New Minnesota State Capitol.

such public structures as this, and the finest buildings in the country—the Capitol at Washington, various state Capitols, the Congressional Library at Washington, the Public Library at Boston, etc., have been carefully and critically studied.

Enlightened legislatures have supplemented, by increased appropriations, the efforts of the Capitol Commission and the architect to provide the best that could be secured, and the building stands as the third or fourth notable one of its class in the country. As an evidence of this there are to be found in the building sculptures and mural paintings and decorations by Daniel Chester French, Elmer E. Garnsey, John La Farge, Edward Simmons, Douglas Volk, F. D. Millet, E. H. Blashfield, H. O. Walker, and Kenyon Cox. Some of French's subjects are Wisdom, Justice, Truth, Bounty, etc. Many of the paintings represent scenes and occasions of historical interest in the life of the State, such as the Discovery of St. Anthony Falls by Hennepin, the Treaty of Traverse de Sioux, a Red River Cart, etc. Paintings of such subjects by such

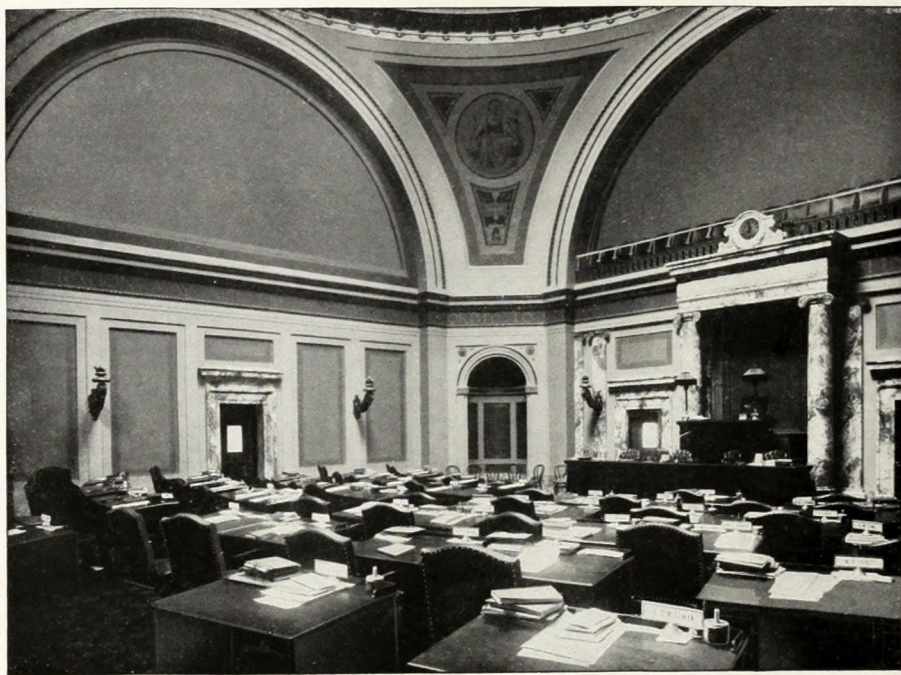


Governor's Reception Room, New Minnesota State Capitol. Copyright, 1905, Haas & Wright.

artists not only have a real and historic value, but show the application of sound common sense on the part of the commission, architect, and artists. The cost of these decorations exceeded \$230,000.

The building is thoroughly fireproof and well lighted; the sanitary, steam heating, and electrical arrangements are of the latest methods; the halls and corridors are large and imposing, and the rotunda and dome are splendid examples of their kind. The Capitol faces to the south and the Senate occupies the west wing, the House of Representatives the north wing, and the Supreme Court the east wing. The Minnesota Historical Society occupies quarters in the basement and the many State officials and Boards are amply provided for on the various floors.

Minnesota takes a just and honest pride in its new Capitol and invites every traveler to the Northwest to stop a day in St. Paul to visit and admire it. The legend on the Great Seal of the State, *L'étoile du Nord*—The Star of the North—may very aptly be applied to the new Capitol itself.



Senate Chamber, New Minnesota State Capitol. Copyright, 1905, Haas & Wright.



In all the early history and adventurous exploration of the nearer Northwest, Lake Superior bore an important part. It was the great highway, or waterway, by which many of the holy Fathers and early voyageurs and adventurers made their way into the wilderness beyond Sault de Ste. Marie. Groseillers and Radisson coasted the south shore of the lake in 1659-60 (?); in 1665 Father Claude Allouez followed; Father Marquette came in 1669; du l'Hut, or DuLuth, appeared in 1679 coming from the south, however. Verandrye, in 1728 *et seq.*, traversed the lake in his various explorations to the Winnipeg country and the Rocky mountains. And so it continued!

The name Superior seems to have its origin in the fact that this body of water is the highest, largest, and the Superior one of the chain of Great Lakes. Father Allouez called the lake, Tracy, after the governor-general of Quebec but the name did not hold. The Indian name, as given by Father Verwyst, a reliable authority, is Kitchigami, meaning a large body of water, or Big-Sea-Water, as Longfellow puts it.

Geologists tell us that this is one of the oldest parts of the earth, that the rocks which rise along Superior's shores are of the Laurentian period. Prehistoric man delved here with his implements of stone, hammering into crude shapes and ornaments the copper for which the region is now well known, and which was remarked upon by the very earliest white explorers.

In giving us the beautiful Hiawatha, Longfellow, whether intentionally or unintentionally, exploited one of the most attractive, healthful, and interesting parts of the United States. From Minnehaha Falls to Kitchigami is not a far cry. The "Lake Superior Limited" of the Northern Pacific speeds across the country in five hours, a much shorter time than the Ojibwas traveled it in the days when Hiawatha and Minnehaha did their courting. As the traveler looks out upon this land of the Ojibwa, as it may well be called, from the observation car of the "Limited," he is impressed with the fact that it is a goodly land. It is



An Ojibwa Bark Home in the Leech Lake Country.

a part of what is now known as the Lake Park region, a land of many thousands of lakes, of elevated, undulating prairies rich and fertile; a region where the prairie ozone gives health and strength, where the lakes and streams teem with the various species of the finny tribe, and

where feathered game—grouse, quail, ducks, etc., are most plentiful, except in an unpropitious season, which rarely occurs. Large game—bears, deer, and moose abound in the northern portion.

The Lake Park region itself is an extended one. It reaches west, on the main line of the Northern Pacific, as far as Detroit and Lake Park, includes the country tributary to Fergus Falls, Battle Lake, Glenwood, and Morris on branch lines south and west from the main line, and it stretches far up to the north, embracing the Brainerd-Deerwood country and the wide expanse of rolling prairie and lakes of which Leech lake and Bemidji are the center. It is the eastern edge of it that is cut by the Northern Pacific's "Duluth Short Line" between the Dual cities and the Head of the Lakes, the road formerly the St. Paul and Duluth, and it is on this line that the Interstate park at Taylor's Falls on the St. Croix river, a most interesting spot, is found.

While the "Duluth Short Line" marks, practically, the ancient route of the Ojibwa trails between Kitchigami and Minnehaha, the Indians themselves are rarely to be found there now. But around Leech Lake, near Walker and vicinity, and on the White Earth reservation north from Perham and Detroit, these people are gathered, some of them as primitive as in the time of Marquette and Hennepin, others, white men to all intents and purposes.

Throughout this region there are to be found many beautiful summer resting spots having comfortable hotels where one can live close to nature and at moderate expense.

Very closely connected to this healthful and attractive lake region historically and otherwise, are the shores and islands of Superior, the Big-Sea-Water. The many fine steamers which ply the Great Lakes bring to these shores and islands and to the mainland north, west, and south from Duluth, during the summer, throngs of humanity anxious to escape the heat and various inflictions of less cool and favored regions. Low summer excursion rates between the interior cities of Minnesota

and the picturesque places on Lake Superior, stimulate local travel and afford to others an opportunity of "doing" the Minnesota northwest at a minimum of expense.

Duluth, Superior, Bayfield, Washburn, and Ashland are places on the south shore where comfortable accommodations may be secured by those who desire to escape hay fever or to simply enjoy life on the cool shore of the lake. The Apostle Islands, near Bayfield, Washburn, and Ashland, are a very interesting group of islands that figure prominently in the accounts of the earliest explorers on Lake Superior.

Two Harbors, Grand Marais, Grand Portage, Fort William, and Port Arthur, the two latter in Canada, are points on the north shore convenient of access from Duluth.

In the annals of the early days frequent mention is made of the island of Minong and of fragments of copper found there and on the mainland. The island of Minong is now Isle Royale, a large, elongated island with many satellite islands, lying south from Port Arthur near the north shore. Although in such close proximity to the Canadian mainland the island belongs to the United States and is a part of Michigan. It is between forty and fifty miles long and from four to eight or ten miles wide. It is one of the most beautiful and picturesque regions imaginable and it is said to be a fact beyond dispute that no hay fever has ever been known on the island. It has many beautiful harbors, winding water passages, and coves along its shores, and it is certainly a spot of rare attractions for a summer vacation, particularly for those who love the water and fishing, do not care for ostentation, and who are satisfied with plain, everyday living.

Stanch, modern-built steamers run daily on varied schedules between Duluth and the points heretofore named, Isle Royale being visited on either outgoing or incoming trips. A most enjoyable water tour, where one has not time to stop over at any place, is to make



Serpent Lake, Deerwood, Minn.



Lake Sally, near Detroit, Lake Park Region, Minnesota.

the round trip from Duluth to Grand Marais, Port Arthur, Isle Royale, back to Port Arthur and return to Duluth, visiting thus, the principal harbors and summer places on Isle Royale. On this trip the steamers stop at several points, notably Port Arthur, long enough to enable passengers to go ashore and look about a bit. Port Arthur is an interesting Canadian town on Thunder bay, and the entrance from the lake is certainly an impressive one. On the north Thunder Cape rises, a grand old bluff 1,300 feet high that has buffeted the winds and storms of centuries; on the south shore the hills south of old Fort William attract the eye, while between these hills and Thunder Cape there ranges a series of islands one of them, Pie Island, being a large, prominent one rising 1,200 feet out of the waters of the lake.

There are three places at Isle Royale where tourists may obtain good and comfortable accommodations. These are Washington harbor, at the extreme western end of the island and about 150 miles from Duluth, and Rock harbor and Tobin's harbor at the eastern end of the island. There are no Waldorf-Astoria or Auditorium hotels on the island, but there are comfortable hotels and cottages, some of the latter being half canvas half wood.

The scenery is charming; the water is clear and smooth; the small islands are innumerable, well timbered, and of every conceivable shape, style, and size; the lake fishing is superb; the views from elevated points looking out upon the broad lake are refreshing and restful, and the roar of the booming surf as,

"Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest,"
is glorious to the ear and sets the pulses a-tingle.

Cool, refreshing, healthful, invigorating, clean, quiet, glorious in every way, this long, lone, almost unknown island and its numerous island progeny, deep set in the cool blue waters of our grandest lake, and with the shade of "the murmuring pines and the hemlocks" and "the odors of the forest," may well attract those who love to linger where once the red men lived and roamed and where tradition, almost alone, remains to remind us of them.

"Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,"

* * * * *

"Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,"

* * * * *

"Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,"



Dalles of the St. Croix, Interstate Park, Taylor's Falls, Minn.



New Aerial Bridge, Duluth. Copyright, 1904, Crandall & Maher.

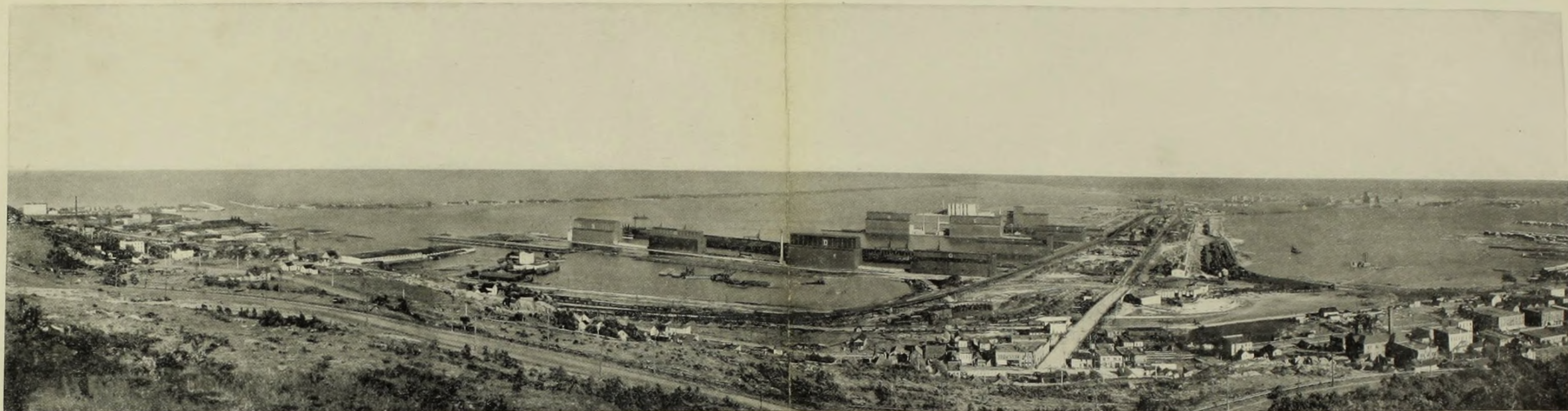
may well lay aside your cares and burdens at home and make your way to the unpretentious lodges on this wind-cooled island or on the rocky shores of the ancient Arrow-maker and his people, and fish and bathe and

boat and gather "Greenstones" and "Thompsonites" and REST.

The island is of moderate elevation above the lake and abounds in fine camping nooks. Its shores are picturesque and at most points easy of access, there are many trout brooks flowing into the big lake and there are several lakes found in the interior. There are small boats and launches for the use of guests, at the different hotels, and there are many fishing camps scattered throughout the group of islands where lake fishing as a business is carried on during the season. There are no finer fishing grounds to be found than here, and on the wild, primeval, virgin country on the north shore there is as grand big-game hunting now as when the Ojibwas alone possessed the land. As a matter of fact there is a large area there where there are few whites to be found as yet.

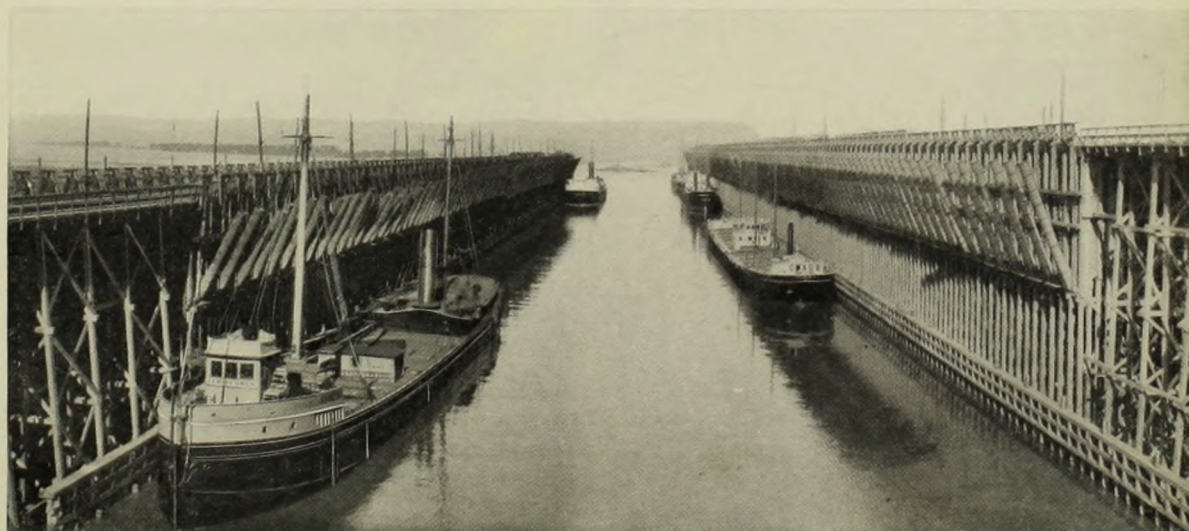
While the natural, physical characteristics of Isle Royale and the whole Kitchigami region are entirely of the higher order and are but little known by the mass of travelers and tourists, the wonderfully pure and life-giving climate of the lake country constitutes perhaps its strongest claim upon our attention.

There is, I think, no gainsaying the fact that, all in all, no section of the United States is a greater natural sanatorium and more fully possesses those desirable qualities of climate—elevation, purity of water, air, soil, etc., than does the Lake Superior and Minnesota country. The cool lake and prairie breezes, freighted, more or less, with the odors from the northern pine forests, carry health and vigor with them. The vast water surface of Lake Superior and the 10,000 small lakes in Minnesota have a healthful, purifying influence upon the climate and life. Ability to endure, freedom from petty ills, and longevity are noticeable among those who live here. Those who come from low-lying, malarial, lifeless climates to the tingling, heartening, pulse-throbbing, vivifying breezes and scenes of these high-lying old Laurentian hills and waters, are almost born again.



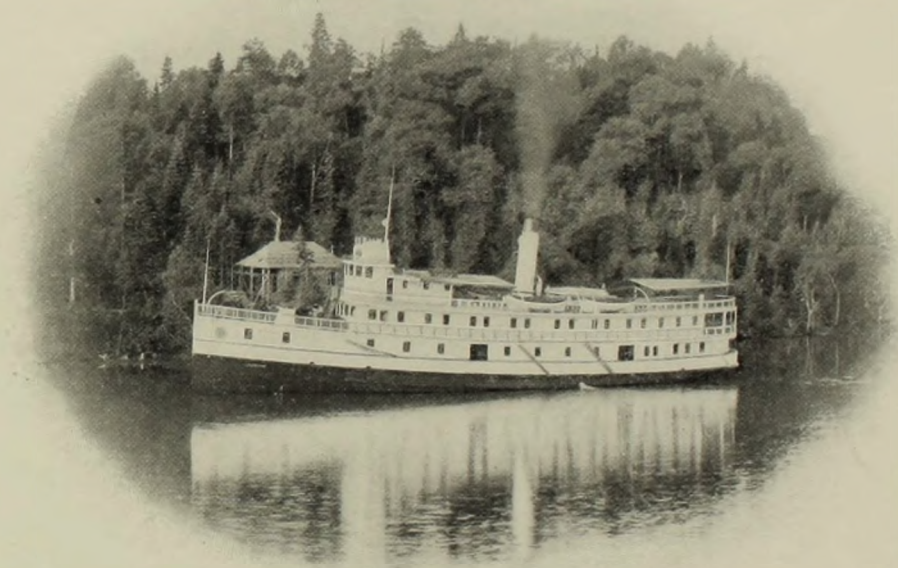
Duluth—Superior Harbor.

Copyright, 1902, by Crandall & Fletcher

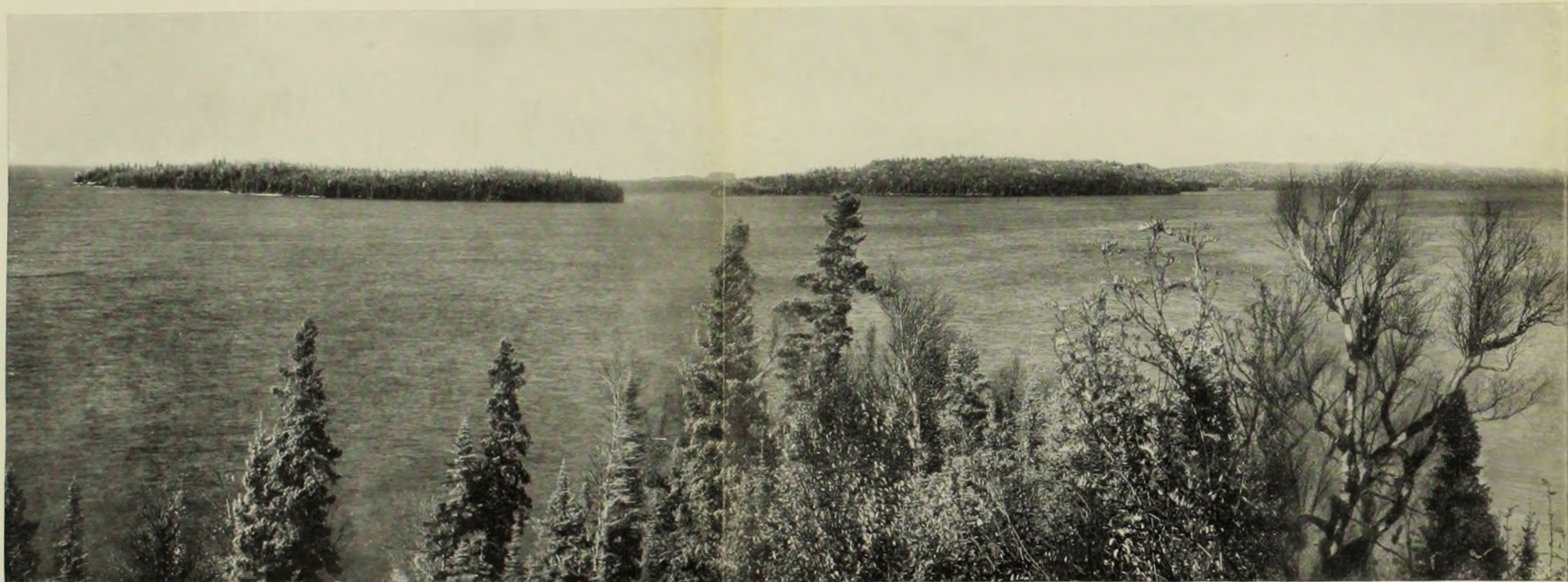


Duluth Ore Docks.

Copyright, 1902, by Crandall & Fletcher.



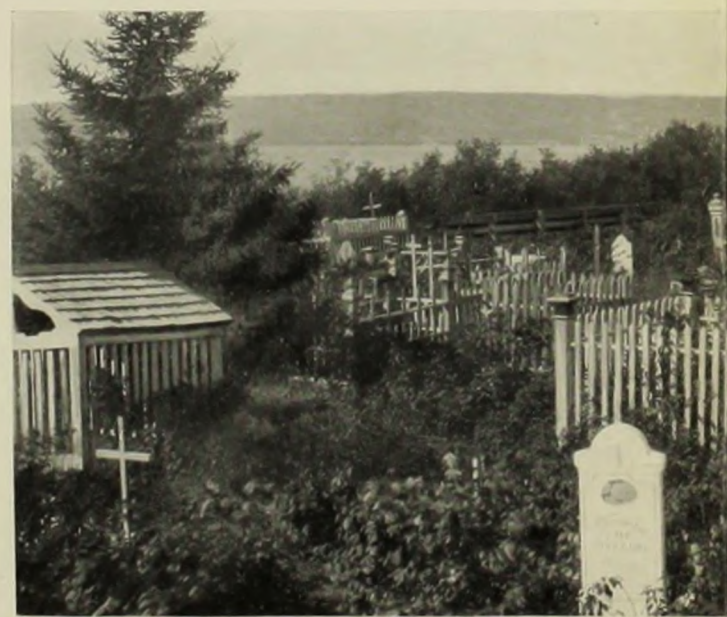
A Steamer of the Duluth-Isle Royale Fleet, Washington Harbor.



Panoramic



Near Fond du Lac, Minn., An Historic Locality.



Old Cemetery at La Pointe,



Isle Royale

Copyright, 1902, Crandall & Fletcher.



Madeline Island, Lake Superior.



The Temple Rock, Apostle Islands, Lake Superior.

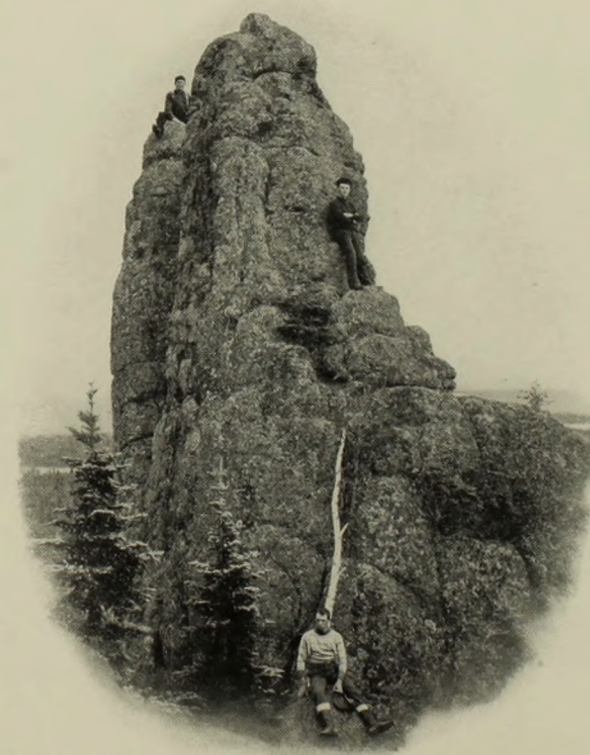


Wholesale District, Duluth.

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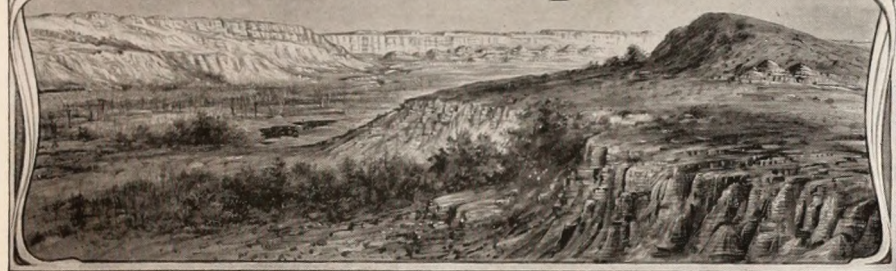


Hotel at Washington Harbor, Isle Royale.



Copyright, 1903, Crandall & Fletcher.
Monument Rock, Tobins Harbor, Isle Royale.

Nature Sculpture



Most of us have got beyond the point where we are surprised at any of the manifold forms in which Nature reveals herself to us. We may never before have seen some particular phase of her work and may understand but vaguely, if at all, how the result was accomplished, but we are now, usually, prepared for any new manifestation of her processes and handiwork upon which we may stumble, expectedly or unexpectedly.

One of the most effective and interesting forms of Nature's work is erosion, or Nature sculpture. It is often presented to us in most startling, even grotesque fashion. Under certain conditions such as prevail in many parts of the West the results are so striking as to cause one to often wonder if one be really awake or dreaming. Erosion is that process of nature by which the latter endeavors to bring all parts of a region to a common base level. The mountains and hills are denuded, or reduced, and the valleys and hollows are filled up with the debris from the hills. The agencies by which this work is carried forward are rain, frost, ice, snow, rills, winds, rivers, etc., and the process is, necessarily, a slow one. In the West the work of erosion is seen on a tremendous scale, and in particular regions the effects are of the most startling sort and the *modus operandi* is, at the same time, more easily grasped and understood.



Medora, North Dakota, in the Heart of the "Badlands," or Pyramid Park, on Little Missouri River.

A part of the West where nature sculpture is found on a grand scale and where its results are to be seen in a most vivid, fantastic, and unique manner is in the Northwest, along the Northern Pacific railway in western North Dakota and eastern Montana.

As the traveler sees it this consists of two sections, one of which Medora, N. D., is the center, the other, beyond Medora and across an elevated plain, or plateau, and seen at its best in the neighborhood of Glendive, Mont. The two examples, while manifestations of the same laws or principles, are very different and contrasting in their effects.

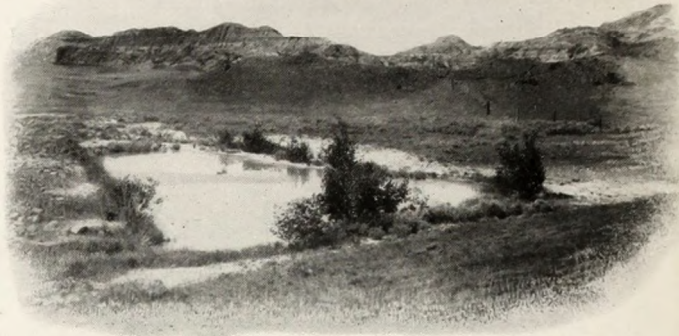
In a general, terse way these localities are known as the *Mauvaises Terres*, or Badlands. To the picturesque country about Medora the name Pyramid Park has been given, and this well fits its physical characteristics.

It cannot be too often or too forcibly stated that the phrase Badlands is a most unfortunate misnomer.

Owing to the very fact that erosion, or nature sculpture has done its work so thoroughly here, the region is, naturally, a difficult one through which to make one's way. The abrupt declivities, cut banks, interlacing ravines, gullies, hills, etc., made trailing across it in the early days very hard indeed, and the old *voyageurs* therefore called it *Mauvaises Terres pour traverser*, or Badlands to travel through.

This name was applicable to it but the curtailed one gives the erroneous impression of worthlessness, whereas the region is a very valuable one both for stock-raising and for the coal found.

The Medora Badland country, or Pyramid Park, is drained by the Little Missouri river. The Northern Pacific winds clear across it working its way, by careful engineering, down and through it, twisting among its buttes and knolls, its ravines and hills, to the river and then, crossing the stream, climbing out again to the open, upland prairie beyond. The eastern



A Characteristic View in the Pyramid Park Region, North Dakota, Showing line of Sculptured Cliffs.



A Fine Example of Nature Sculpture in Pyramid Park.

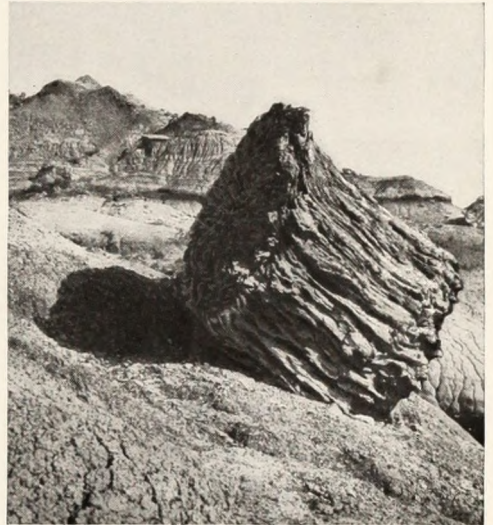
end of the region is reached at Fryburg, a sidetrack at the divide beyond Dickinson.

Almost at once the strange, spectacular land with its quaint, fantastic forms here, and its very regular, symmetrical cones and hills there, bursts upon the sight.

As the train gathers headway down the grade and speeds along swiftly and yet more swiftly, swinging in different directions and bringing the landscape under the eye in kaleidoscopic fashion, the scene becomes a bewildering one. Vast beds of lignite coal underlie the region and in the ravines and railway cuts black coal seams and beds are descried. These coal beds have burned over extended areas and at others are now burning, and largely to these burned out beds is due the brilliant, flaming coloring that is omnipresent.

The geological conditions are such that nature sculpture has here had an opportunity to do its best. There is a dearth of hard, resisting rock-beds with the result that the erosional agencies have washed, carved, sculptured the landscape most deftly, gracefully, symmetrically and perfectly. A common form is that of the cone, a large number of conic and pyramidal hills being visible wherever the eye turns. Other rounded and graceful forms are seen and at those places where the formation is of harder materials, tenacious clays, perhaps, or rocks, there appear lines of cliffs more or less furrowed and castellated. At many places the figures are so perfect and real it seems as if human design and manipulation must have formed them. Of course the strong, varied, almost garish coloring, under some lights, of browns and blacks, white and neutral tints, with the deep pinks and reds predominant, adds tremendously to the general effect, making it at times appear almost bizarre. But, after all, the nature sculpture is what impresses one the most as the scene is more carefully studied. That such unbridled agencies as wind, rain, frost, and running water can produce such sculptural figures is a never-ceasing wonder.

Farther west, beginning on Glendive creek and continuing beyond the town of Glendive, along the Yellowstone river, another type of erosion is seen. Here the high lights and colors are wanting, browns, drabs, grays and accordant tints only, being found. But here there are more



Petrified Tree Stump, Pyramid Park.



A Hunter's Camp in the "Badlands," Showing Nature-Sculptured Buttes.

rocks, and the effects are of an entirely different sort. Pillars, columns, statues—stone men, are found both massed together and solitary.

The pillars are of easily erodable materials surmounted by quaint irregular caps of rock which,

resisting the action of the elements, has allowed the softer material beneath to be slowly washed and wind-carved into the original and novel figures now visible.

The two erosion districts described, and so juxtapositional, afford the railway traveler a fine object lesson, none the less effective because a flying one, of the great contrasts and variety possible in nature sculpture. Once understood in moderate degree even, what it all means being partially grasped, the lesson is one of value and will never be forgotten.

As an appropriate conclusion I append Theodore Roosevelt's description of some of this nature sculpture. His old ranch, which I visited years ago, was in the heart of the Badlands, south from Medora, and the excerpt, taken from *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman*, which was, I believe, written at this ranch, follows:

Our route lay through the heart of the Bad Lands, but of course the country was not equally rough in all parts. There were tracts of varying size, each covered with a tangled mass of chains and peaks, the buttes in places reaching a height that would in the East have entitled them to be called mountains. Every such tract was riven in all directions by deep chasms and narrow ravines, whose sides sometimes rolled off in gentle slopes, but far more often rose as sheer cliffs, with narrow ledges along their fronts. A sparse growth of grass covered certain portions of these lands, and on some of the steep hillsides, or in the canyons, were scanty groves of coniferous evergreens, so stunted by the thin soil and bleak weather that many of them were bushes rather than trees. Most of the peaks and ridges, and many of the valleys, were entirely bare of vegetation, and these had been cut by wind and water into the strangest and most fantastic shapes. Indeed it is difficult, in looking at such formations, to get rid of the feeling that their curiously twisted and contorted forms are due to some vast volcanic upheavals or other subterranean forces; yet they are merely caused by the action of the various weathering forces of the dry climate on the different strata of sandstones, clays, and marls. Isolated columns shoot up into the air, bearing on their summits flat rocks like tables; square buttes tower high above surrounding depressions which are so cut up by twisting gullies and low ridges as to be almost impassable; shelving masses of sandstone jut out over the sides of the cliffs; some of the ridges, with perfectly perpendicular sides, are so worn away that they stand up like gigantic knife blades; and gulches, wash-outs, and canyons dig out the sides of each butte, while between them are thrust out long spurs, with sharp ragged tops.



Montana became a Territory on May 26, 1864. The Civil War was then at a most critical stage, Grant being in the midst of that bloody series of campaigns which began with the battles of the Wilderness. The convention which renominated Abraham Lincoln for the presidency was about to meet at Baltimore, and between that fact and the terrible fighting and heavy losses in the battles in Virginia, public opinion was at an acute stage of thought and excitement with more or less gloom and depression prevailing.

Montana, although it became a Territory only twelve days before the Baltimore convention was to assemble, was from a liberal standpoint, entitled to a delegate in that convention. But as there was then no railway west from the Missouri river and the stage coach journey from the nearest town in the new territory to the railway required twenty-five days, it was manifestly impossible for a delegate to be regularly appointed in the Territory and reach Baltimore in time for the convention.

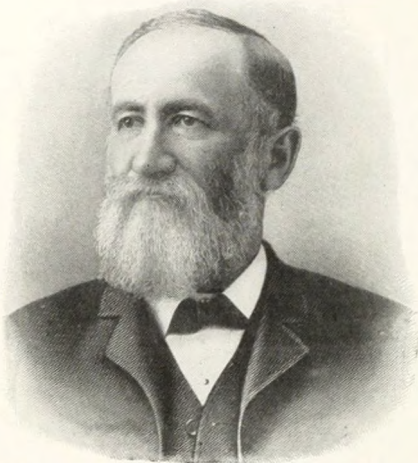
But there were several of the more important men and residents of Montana in Washington at this time, called there in connection with the business of territorial admission, and these men determined that, if possible, the new Territory should be properly represented at the Baltimore convention. And right here comes in an interesting historical fact.

The first Republican National convention was held in 1856, when John C. Frémont was nominated for the presidency; the second was the Chicago convention of 1860, at which time Lincoln was nominated; naturally, therefore, the third one would be the convention to meet at



Hon. Sidney Edgerton, President of Washington, D. C., Meeting.

Baltimore. There existed, however, a peculiar state of feeling in the country regarding the prosecution of the war and various questions and policies growing out of it. There were, also, thousands of old-time Democrats who believed in the preservation of the Union and who, being known as War Democrats, placing country above party, were temporarily acting with the Republican party. In order therefore to avoid any possible feeling, or any alienation of these War, or Union, Democrats, the convention of 1864 was not called as a *Republican* convention but as a *Union National* convention, which action resolved all such possible difficulties.



Samuel T. Hauser, Ex-Governor of Montana and Secretary of Washington, D. C., Meeting.

At a meeting of the citizens of Montana, held at the National Hotel, Washington, D. C. on the first day of June 1864 Hon Sidney Edgerton was chosen President, and Samuel T. Hauser was chosen Secretary;— and on motion the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, since the organization of the Territory of Montana, sufficient time has not elapsed to admit of the sending of delegate from that Territory to the National Union Convention, to be held at Baltimore on the 7th instant;— Therefore, by the citizens of Montana now in Washington, be it

Resolved: that it is the duty of all citizens, whether of sovereign states or of dependent Territories, to subordinate all party feeling, to the preservation of the Union, and

Fac-Simile of Resolutions Adopted by Meeting of Citizens of Territory of Montana, at Washington, D. C., Appointing a Delegate to National Union Convention to be Held at Baltimore, January 7, 1864.

The suggestion, at Washington, that a delegate be sent to the Union convention came from Nathaniel P. Langford, then a resident of Montana, formerly and for many years now, residing at St. Paul, Minn. The suggestion meeting instant approval, a meeting was held at which Hon. Sidney Edgerton, then Chief Justice of Idaho and soon to be appointed the first Governor of Montana, was made chairman, and Hon. Samuel T. Hauser, secretary. Judge Edgerton was an Ohioan and an ardent anti-slavery Republican, while Mr. Hauser, was a Kentuckian and a strong Democrat and has since served

the strengthening of the hands of
the government, and of those
whose duty it is to administer it.

Resolved: that N. P. Lang-
ford be hereby appointed with
full power to substitute an alter-
nate, to represent the Territory
of Montana in the National
Union Convention to be held
at Baltimore on the 7th day
of June 1864.

Attest

J. H. Manser
Secretary

Washington City }
D. C. June 1st 1864 }

Baltimore, June 8, 1864.

On motion of Ellis H. Roberts of New York,
Nathaniel P. Langford of Montana was
chosen a member of the Republican National
Executive Committee.

Fac-Simile of Resolutions Adopted by Meeting of Citizens of Territory of Montana,
at Washington, D. C., Appointing a Delegate to National Union Con-
vention, to be held at Baltimore, June 7, 1864.

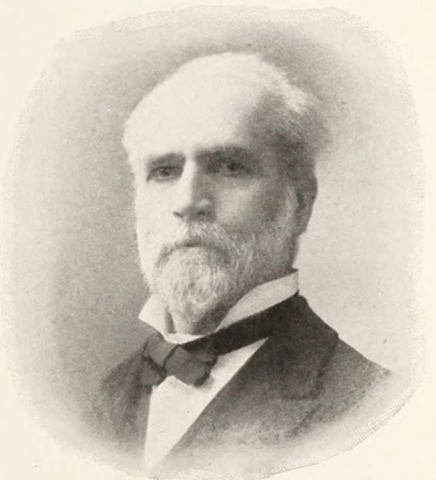
delegate. One of the members of the convention was very curious as to the mode of travel by which one could reach Baltimore from Montana in twelve days, but Mr. Langford's statement that the resolutions recited actual facts and that he made no pretension to having come from Montana since the act of admission had been passed, satisfied the convention.

Hon. Thaddeus, or Thad. Stevens, as he was familiarly known, of Pennsylvania, then a most influential member of the lower house of Congress, was an important factor in securing Mr. Langford's admission to the convention, as he was thoroughly familiar with all the facts in the case and he satisfied

as a Democratic Gov-
ernor of Montana.

At this meeting a set of resolutions in behalf of the Union was passed and Mr. Langford was elected as delegate to represent the new Territory at Baltimore. The resolutions, which Mr. Langford presented in due time at the convention and which he has preserved since, are given here from a photograph of the original record.

When Mr. Langford presented these resolutions and applied for a seat in convention he was subjected to sharp interrogatories but was finally unanimously admitted as a

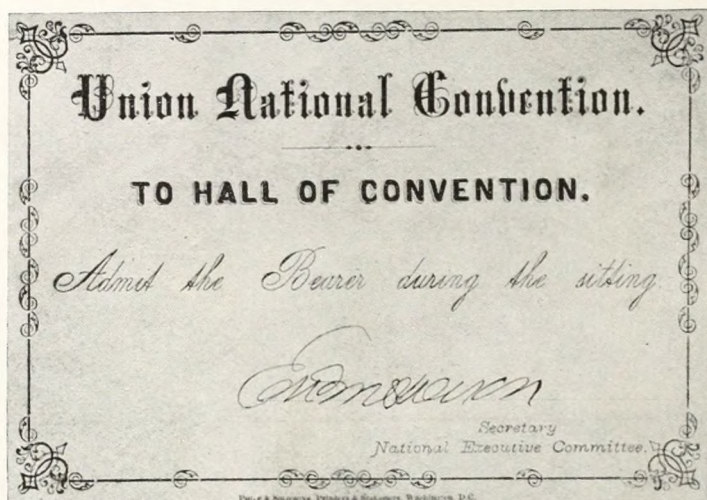


Nathaniel P. Langford, Delegate to National Union Convention, Baltimore, 1864.

the convention on all the points presented, fully corroborating the resolutions and the statements of the applicant for a seat.

The card of admission used by the first Montana delegate to a Presidential convention was of heavy blue glazed pasteboard 5 by 3½ inches in size and is still in Mr. Langford's possession. I give a reproduction of it from the original.

Two or three facts to be emphasized in connection with this are: (a) the fortunate presence of the Montana gentlemen in Washington at this particular juncture and their seizing, promptly, the opportunity presented; (b) the wording of the call for the Baltimore convention in such a manner that a Union Democrat like Mr. Hauser could cordially co-operate with regular Republicans in an embryo convention to select a territorial delegate; (c) the very short time that elapsed between the passing of the Congressional Act of Admission for Montana and that Territory being represented in a Presidential convention, it being, possibly, the shortest time on record.



Delegate Langford's Ticket of Admission to Baltimore Convention, 1864.

The Sepulchre of Lane Deer



Away out in Montana, hidden away among the hills of a gloriously spectacular region, a little creek meanders its way, unconcernedly to a larger and sluggish stream which in turn flows into the Rochejaune of the old French voyageurs, the Yellowstone river of our days.

The little stream has a place in northwestern adventure and history. In 1876 it was nameless, so far as the nomenclature of the white man goes, but in 1877 it received its christening.

On June 23, 1876, a fated host was marching up the valley of the sluggish stream, the Rosebud river, and at night they lighted their tiny camp fires for making coffee at the mouth of this little stream, well known to the few survivors of that march as the *clear creek* on which they camped that night above the Great Bend of the Rosebud. The warriors were Custer's 7th Cavalry who, two days later, were almost completely wiped out by the satellites of Crazy Horse, Gall, and Sitting Bull, just across the divide on the Little Bighorn river. The "clear creek" is now an ever-roily, muddy run known to geography as Lane Deer creek, and it waters a part of the Northern Cheyenne Indian reservation. After Custer's battle and defeat, for it was no massacre, there were stirring times in this region. The country awakened with a start, and the military marched up and down and over and across the hills and valleys in hot, untiring, relentless pursuit of a red foe worthy of their steel and whom they finally wore out. But before this was accomplished there were hundreds of killed and used-up cavalymen and horses, and a multitude of Indians who were also killed, wounded, captured, or at last starved into submission.



Supposed Tomb of Lane Deer, Rosebud valley, Montana.



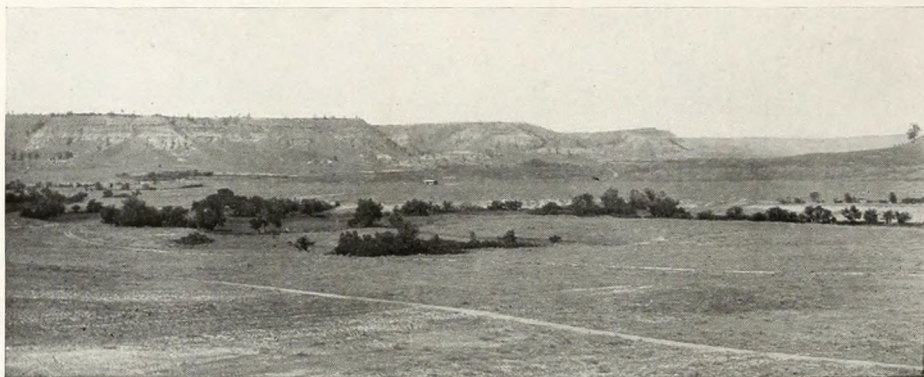
Looking across Lame Deer creek into Soldier gulch, where Lame Deer's camp was hidden and the Scene of the Battle.

The years 1876 and 1877, in this region, were particularly interesting from the standpoint of adventure, and it is due to a brief but very lively fight with Indians in 1877 that Custer's

"clear creek" became General Miles's Lame Deer creek.

Of all the warring, ravaging plains tribes of those days the Cheyennes were the cream. These were divided into the Northern and Southern Cheyennes, had little in common, and thus remain to-day. Their relations with the Sioux were not particularly cordial, but they nevertheless managed to join with the latter in the Indian uprising of 1876 and they fought, whenever there was any fighting, like demons. They were a brave, manly, independent tribe, just as ready to fight an Indian foe as a white, and sometimes even more ready. And when they made peace with their white foes it was made in all sincerity and then they became valuable scouts, trailers, guides, and allies. Crook, Miles, McKenzie and others have left records of the serviceableness and faithfulness of these high-toned scions of Indian aristocracy. The Northern Cheyennes are now located in the country about Lame Deer creek and their agency is found about three or four miles above its mouth and the site of Custer's old camping ground, and it is easily reached from Miles City, Rosebud, or Forsyth, stations on the Northern Pacific railway.

During the latter part of 1876 and in 1877, the recalcitrant bands of Cheyennes and Sioux were gradually forced to surrender. Of the bands



Mouth of Lame Deer creek where Custer bivouacked in 1876.

that still held out in May, 1877, one of the most important was that of Lame Deer, a Sioux, who was camped on this same "clear creek." General Miles finally started after him by forced marches, and, on May 7, 1877, early in the morning surprised the wily chief. Lame Deer was camped about one-half mile above the present agency, at the junction of Lame Deer and Soldier creeks, his camp extending up the latter stream which ran back into the hills to the north. It was a green, pleasant, level, sheltered spot, now largely covered with log cabins and tipi poles in position and occupied by the Cheyennes when they come in to the agency on issue days. It was a capital spot for a fight and for a short time on that May morning there was one, full of ginger and shoutings, turmoil, death, and then, scampering Indians pursued by victorious cavalrymen. The troops won an unqualified victory and at its close Lame Deer himself had fought his last fight and was still in death, and Miles



Natural Rock Monument at Great Bend of the Rosebud, Montana.



Old Indian Trails near Saddle Butte, Rosebud Valley, Montana.

narrowly escaped the same fate. The Sioux warriors scattered to the hills and outlying mountains leaving the body of their brave chief and much spoil behind. But in his violent taking off Nature was yet kind to the rough hewn old warrior, as the story commonly runs. High up on the hills to the south, overlooking the scene of conflict and embowered among the evergreen pines, she had at hand a sepulchre, or mausoleum made ready for his mortal body.

Outcropping at many points all over the Northern Cheyenne reservation is a bed of sandstone on which erosion has sculptured forms and



Brave Wolf, a Northern Cheyenne Chief, relating Indian History to Mr. Wheeler, through "Squinteye," an Indian Interpreter.

figures curiously quaint and interesting. These assume shapes of fort-like ramparts in character, towers and columns, witch-like figures, domes, and what not. A most natural, striking, peculiar fragment is an isolated rock forming a huge chair, which I have called the Chief's Chair.

Near the scene of Lame Deer's death there is a large exposure, or bluff, of these white-gray rocks and among them Nature has hewn in her own way a long, horizontal chamber, while near it stand natural towers, or monuments. To this nature-formed sepulchre the red warrior is supposed to have been carried and entombed, and the tomb to have been sealed in the rough, crude way of the wilderness. The cave is eaten into the sandstone for 15 or 20 feet and is higher than a man at its entrance, rapidly narrowing as it recedes. It has taken hundreds, perhaps thousands of years to excavate the vault and model the monumental shafts, the latter ranging from thirty to forty feet in height.

In after years soldiers were stationed at the Lame Deer agency and it is said that relic hunters of various sorts and colors despoiled the sepulchre of every vestige of its one-time occupant. Certain it is that when I climbed up and crawled into it, some years since, not a trace of any former occupant remained.

Having some doubt as to the truth of Lame Deer having been thus entombed, I recently wrote Mr. George Bird Grinnell, whose studies among the Cheyennes have been extensive, as to what he had learned of the matter. The inquiry proves to have been well timed and pertinent, as the following excerpt from his letter of November 15 shows:

I wrote you a few days ago, and now have your line of the 11th of November, asking about Lame Deer's grave. I am very glad to give you the benefit of a discovery that I made less than a month ago.

I had visited the cave in the sand rock to the south of the stream where I had always been told Lame Deer was buried, but I always felt a good deal of doubt as to whether he had actually been buried there, though someone had, for I found a human femur in the hole. Besides this there was nothing except remains of old cotton quilts.

This year, however, while I was at Lame Deer, there was present a party of visiting Sioux, and among them was the daughter of Lame Deer, who was in the camp at the time of the Lame Deer fight, and would be supposed to know all about it.

After a good deal of persuasion she very reluctantly consented to take me to the place where her father was buried, and to tell me a little something about the fight. We went to the spot, and as we approached it, in response to questions, she pointed out the places where various things had happened, and finally the point where Lame Deer fell. Then we climbed up to a point on the hill, on the south side of the stream where she stopped and, pointing to a heap of rock that lay there said that that was where her father was buried. As we drew near the place, she grew more and more silent and finally paid no attention to questions, and at last, standing in front of the rocks facing toward the east, and looking over the valley, she threw her shawl over her head and began to wail as bitterly as I ever heard a woman weep. Then after a little, she broke into a mourning song which had a distinct air and words. It was extremely touching and mournful, and when she got through, I had not the heart to question her further, and we went back to the camp. This woman is about 50 years old.

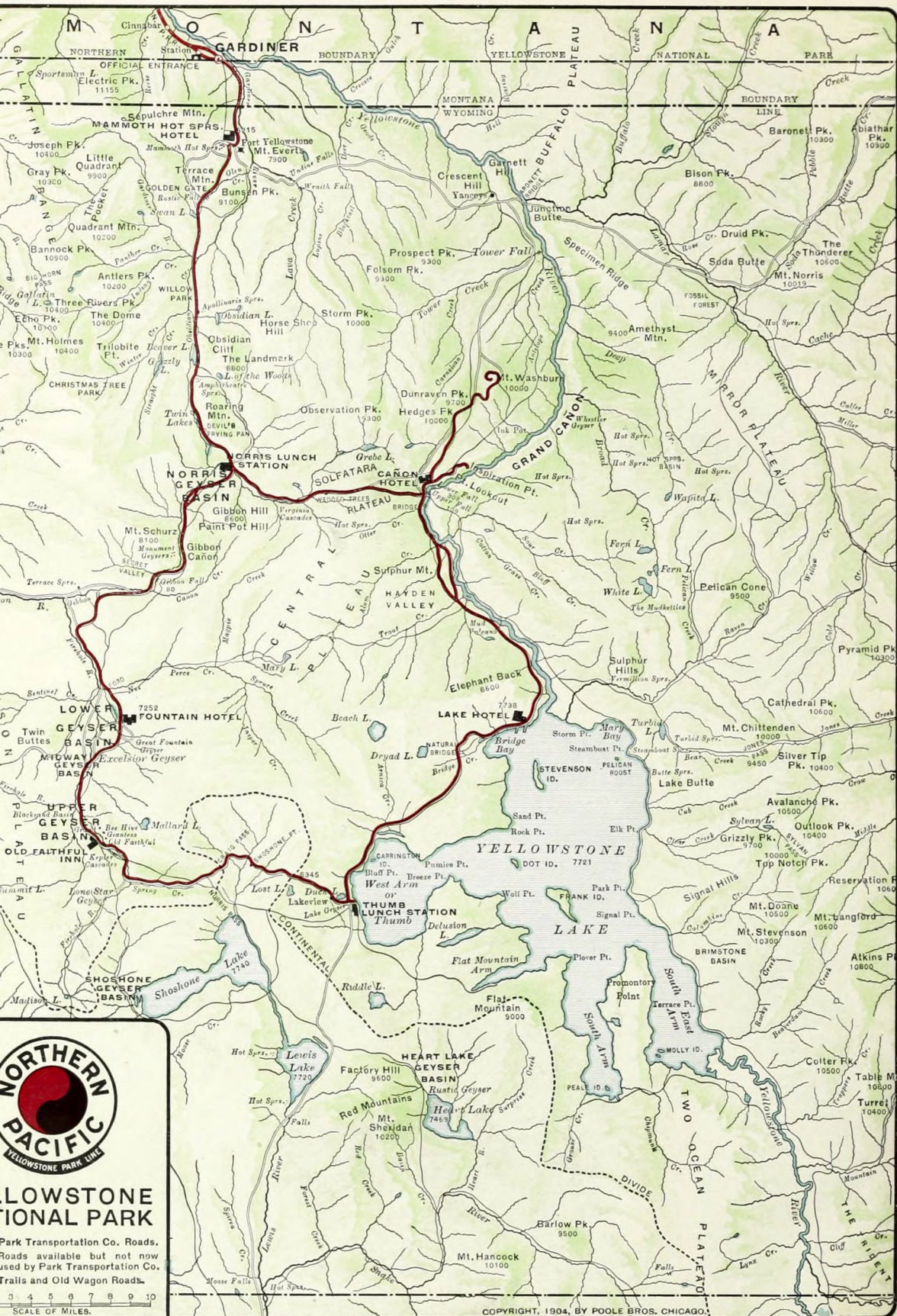
The grave is in the next big coulee down stream from the one where the sand rock cave is situated.

The body of Lame Deer has crumbled to dust, and, probably, most of the participants in the fight are dead, but the story of his last fight and the apocryphal sepulchre among the rocks will keep fresh, for years to come, the recollection of this battle and of the old Chief's death.

The valley of the Rosebud, as also that of its neighbor, the Tongue river, is now well settled with thrifty ranchmen and the horrors of Indian warfare are no more seen and heard through this beautiful part of the Northwest.



*Natural Stone Monuments near Supposed Tomb
of Lame Deer.*

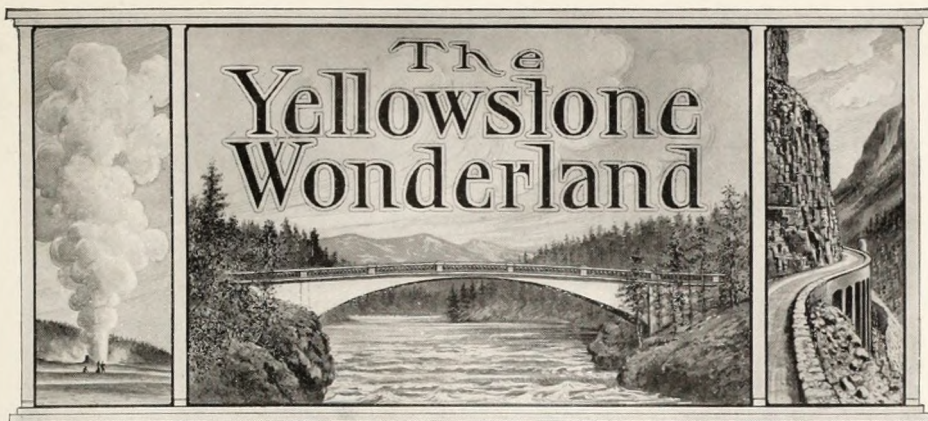




YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Park Transportation Co. Roads.
Roads available but not now
used by Park Transportation Co.
Trails and Old Wagon Roads.

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
SCALE OF MILES.



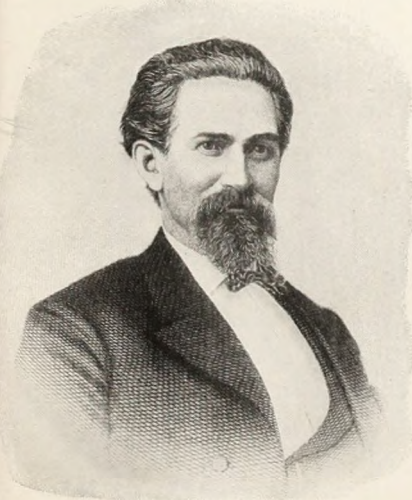
By common consent the term Wonderland has been given to the marvelous region of which the Yellowstone National Park is the center and life. This name is neither a farfetched nor an exaggerated one. John Muir, whose knowledge of all our great, wild parks probably exceeds that of any other man, well says, in *Our National Parks*:

Here, too, are hills of sparkling crystals, hills of sulphur, hills of glass, hills of cinders and ashes, mountains of every style of architecture, icy or forested, mountains covered with honey-bloom sweet as Hymettus, mountains boiled soft like potatoes and colored like a sunset sky. "A' that and a' that, and twice as muckle's a' that," Nature has on show in the Yellowstone Park. Therefore it is called WONDERLAND, and thousands of tourists and travelers stream into it every summer, and wander about in it enchanted.

The park is a very large one, in fact the largest of our national and state parks. It comprises 3,312 square miles exclusive of the forest reserve adjoining it. It is impossible, as a real fact, to easily enumerate the unimaginable variety of nature's phenomena, even of the same class, to be found in this wide domain. One who could even approach the truth in vividness of description would lay himself open to the charge of wildest romancing, on the part of those who have never seen the park, as did the

old frontiersmen and guides of fifty years ago when they cautiously told of these wonders to be seen among the mountains. As to comparisons with other similar parks, there is no common basis of comparison. The Yosemite, Grand cañon of the Colorado, Niagara, and the Yellowstone, all of which I have seen, have little or nothing in common in this respect. As to the relative greatness and importance of them, let me quote Joaquin Miller, the grand old poet of all outdoors, from the pages of the *Sunset* magazine:

Yellowstone is vast and varied and unique. She will last, and last the stranger longer than any other. The various and half-tame wild beasts give relief, and



Gen. H. D. Washburn, Head of the Washburn-Doane Exploration Party of 1870.

will ever have a singular fascination. The last time I was there a bevy of little English sparrows hopped along in the wood before us until they came to a big, lean buffalo lying with his head the other way, looking back as if he feared he might still be pursued from across the line of the park which he had evidently but lately crossed. But he had no fear of the uniforms, and the guardians of the Park rode quietly around him, while the chirping sparrows hopped upon and all over him, even to his horns. Finally a little English cock-sparrow perched on a lifted horn of the great American buffalo.

Muir says:

This is the coolest and highest of the parks. Frosts occur every month of the year. Nevertheless, the tenderest tourist finds it warm enough in summer. The air is electric and full of ozone, healing, reviving, exhilarating, kept pure by frost and fire, while the scenery is wild enough to awaken the dead. It is a glorious place to grow in and rest in.

EARLY EXPLORERS.

The first man to see and know of any portion of what is now the Yellowstone Park, was John Colter. Colter had been with Lewis and Clark to the mouth of the Columbia river, and on the return in 1806 severed

his connection with those explorers and returned to the headwaters of the Yellowstone. Remaining there during the winter of 1806-7, he started for St. Louis and met a brigade of fur trappers at the mouth of the Platte river, bound for the upper Yellowstone. He was persuaded to retrace his steps and, on a mission to the Indians during the summer of 1807, he traversed at least the eastern part of the Yellowstone Park country, and the map in the Lewis and Clark report, published in 1814, shows "Colter's Route in 1807."

The next known of the region, publicly, was in 1842, when an article

Dear Lodge City Mo. Aug 9th 1870.
Dear James L. Gifford:-
Stecher wrote me that the yellow
stone party had dwindled down to eight persons.
That is not enough to stand guard, and I won't
go into that country without having a guard
every night. From present orders it is probable
that all the Crows will be scattered on all the
head waters of the yellow stone & if that is
the case, that would not wait any better for
than to clean up a party of eight, (that does not
stand guard) and say that the Sioux did it
as they said when they went through us on the
Big Horn. It will not be safe to go into that
country with less than fifteen men, and not
very safe with that number. I would like it
better if it was fight from the start, we would
then kill every Crow that we saw & take the
chances of their killing us out. As it is, we
will have to let them alone until they will
get the best of us by stealing our horses or
killing some of us. Then we will be so crippled

Fac-Simile of First Page of Letter of James Stuart, Relative to the Prospective Washburn-Doane Exploration of Yellowstone Park, in 1870.

describing the geysers was printed in the *Western Literary Messenger* of Buffalo, N. Y., and copied in the *Wasp* of Nauvoo, Ill. The contributor was Warren Angus Ferris, an employe of the American Fur Company who, with two Pend d'Oreille Indians, visited one of the geyser areas in 1834.

That many of the old mountain men of the period before the Civil War knew of the locality seems quite certain. James Bridger, a noted guide and explorer, often told of the geysers and hot springs.

Although Messrs. Folsom and Cook of Montana made an extended tour of the country in 1869, the real discovery of the park came in 1870, when a company of Montana gentlemen with General H. D. Washburn as their leader, made an extended tour of the region and upon their return to civilization spread abroad the news of what they had found and seen. Among those constituting this party besides General Washburn, were Samuel T. Hauser, Warren C. Gillette, Nathaniel P. Langford, Benjamin Stickney, Cornelius Hedges, Truman C. Everts, and Walter Trumbull a son of Lyman Trumbull then a United States Senator from Illinois, all prominent citizens of Montana, and there were several others less generally known. Messrs. Hauser, Hedges, Stickney, Gillette, and Langford are still alive. A small escort of United States cavalrymen from Fort Ellis, near Bozeman, under Lieut. Gustavus C. Doane, accompanied the expedition. From Lieutenant Doane's prominence in the exploration the expedition is generally known as the Washburn-Doane expedition. The Lieutenant's report of the exploration stands as a classic in all the literature pertaining to the park.

Mr. Langford, General Washburn, and Mr. Hedges, at least, kept daily diaries of their experiences, those of Langford and Hedges being kept in much detail. That of General Washburn was comparatively brief and a copy of it lies before me as I write.

To the Washburn-Doane party, beyond any question, is to be credited the initiative which resulted in establishing the region as a National Park. Those who took the most active part in the movement were Messrs. Langford and Hedges aided by Wm. H. Clagett, the delegate to Congress from Montana. Most accounts give to Dr. F. V. Hayden the principal credit for this achievement. Dr. Hayden was not the originator of the idea or the movement, indeed, at first he was adverse to it, but when converted to it he threw the weight of his influence in its favor and loyally aided it to the utmost. The only criticism now heard regarding the segregation of this domain is that not enough country was set aside. The entire Jackson Lake and Teton range region, since made into a Forest Reserve, should have been included and should yet be added, to the park proper. Regarding the wisdom of the diversion of this vast

area to park and timber reserve purposes, John Muir well voices all intelligent comment when he writes:

The withdrawal of this large tract from the public domain did no harm to anyone; for its height, 6,000 to 13,000 feet above the sea, and its thick mantle of volcanic rocks, prevent its ever being available for agriculture or mining, while on the other hand its geographical position, reviving climate, and wonderful scenery combine to make it a grand health, pleasure, and study resort, a gathering-place for travelers from all the world.

THE WASHBURN-DOANE PARTY.

The importance of the Washburn-Doane exploration in the discovery and setting aside of the park justifies the inclusion here of a letter written to Messrs. Hauser and Langford by James Stuart, of Deer Lodge, who was one of the originators of the expedition.

James Stuart and his brother Granville, were two of the earliest pioneers of Montana. James, who was one of the most hardy and intrepid men that any State ever had the honor of claiming as a pioneer, has been dead many years. Granville Stuart still lives, hale and hearty, wearing his years most gracefully.

The expectation that the Yellowstone party would encounter the Crow, or Absaroka Indians, had rendered it uncertain, until almost the last moment, what its actual numbers would be. This it was, too, which caused the request to be made for a military escort. The probability of encountering the Indians explains the pith of Stuart's letter, which is characteristic of the man, and which is here given in full. The letter is written in pencil and on both sides of white letter paper and the paper is badly cracked at the folds. A photographic reproduction in half-tone is also given of the first page only, the second being slightly illegible.

The letter follows:

DEER LODGE CITY, M. T., Aug. 9th, 1870.

Dear Sam and Langford:—

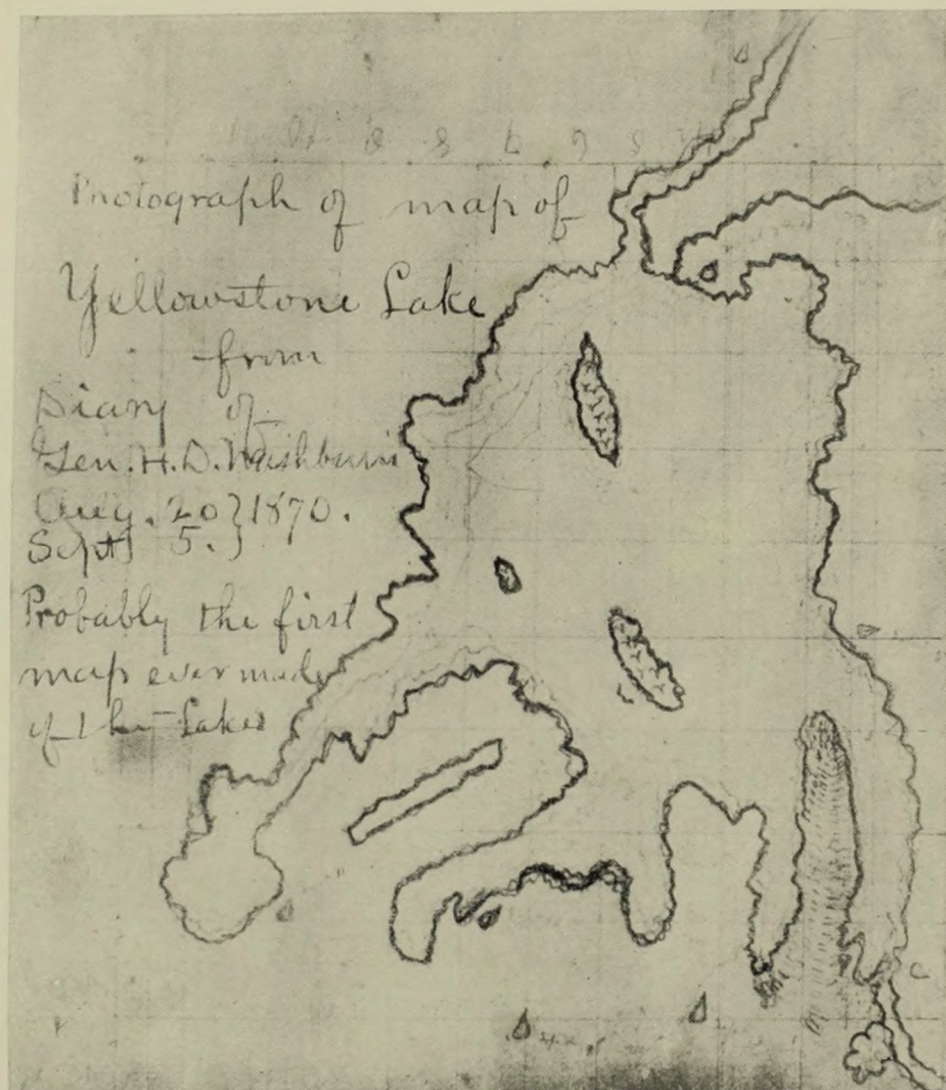
Stickney wrote me that the Yellow Stone party had dwindled down to eight persons. That is not enough to stand guard, and I won't go into that country without having a guard every night. From present news it is probable that the Crows will be scattered on all the head waters of the Yellow Stone, & if that is the case they would not want any better fun than to clean up a party of eight (that does not stand guard) and say that the Sioux did it, as they said when they went through us on the Big Horn. It will not be safe to go into that country with less than fifteen men, and not very safe with that number. I would like it better if it was fight from the start; we would then kill every Crow that we saw, & take the chances of their rubbing us out. As it is, we will have to let them alone until they will get the best of us by stealing our horses or killing some of us; then we will be so crippled that we can't do them any damage.

At the commencement of this letter I said I would not go unless the party stood guard. I will take that back, for I am just d—d fool enough to go anywhere that anybody else is willing to go—only I want it understood that very likely some of us will lose our hair. I will be on hand Sunday evening, unless I hear that the trip is postponed.

Fraternally yours,

JAS. STUART.

Since writing the above I have received a telegram saying, "twelve of us going certain." Glad to hear it—the more the better. Will bring two Pack horses and one Pack saddle.



Fac Simile of Gen. H. D. Washburn's Map of Yellowstone Lake, Yellowstone Park.



Entrance to Yellowstone Park at Gardiner, Montana.
Cornerstone Laid by President Roosevelt in 1903.



Panoramic View of



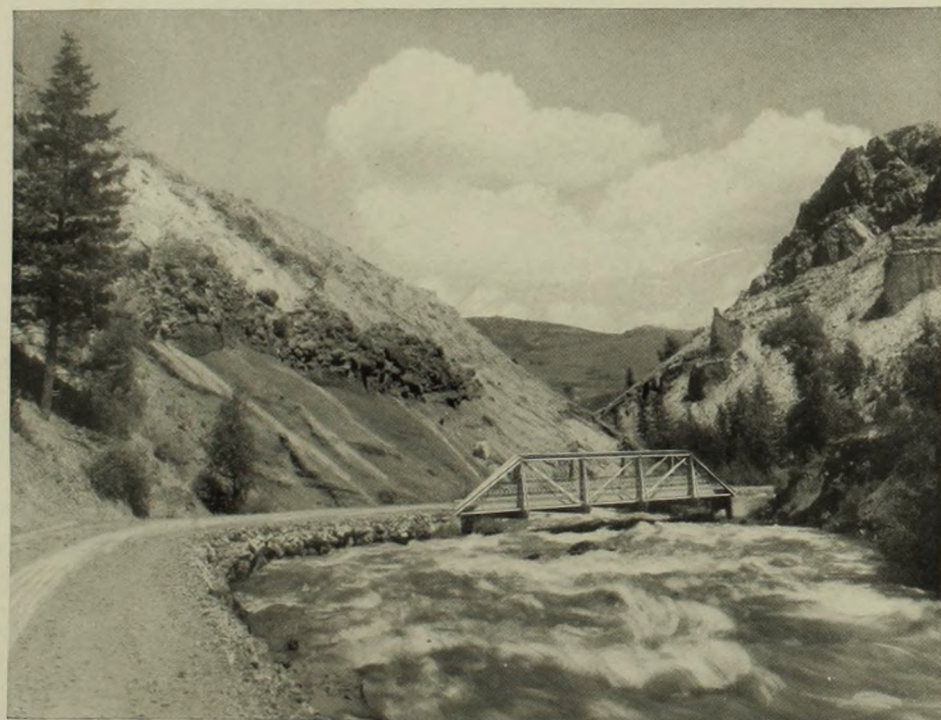
Copyright, 1904, by Crandall & Maher.



Yellowstone Park Six-horse Stage Coach.



Yellowstone Park Four-horse Stage Coach.



Eagle Nest Crag and Gardiner River and Cañon.



Terrace Formation, Mammoth Hot Springs.

Mr. Langford has preserved this letter all these years and it has never before been published.

By one of those odd freaks of fortune which so often confound the plans of mice and men, Stuart, when on the verge of starting from Deer Lodge for Helena, the rendezvous of the expedition, was summarily summoned for jury service and thus cut out, entirely, from joining the party and prevented from being one of the real discoverers of the Yellowstone Park.

Considering Stuart's career as a Montana pioneer, I feel sure that all of the Washburn party would have agreed with me that not one of them better deserved the honor of being one of the explorers and dis-



Obsidian Cliff, Yellowstone Park.—A Natural Glass Cliff.

coverers of the Yellowstone in 1870, than did he who was so ruthlessly forced from that category.

That Stuart had foreseen, in some degree, the truth as to the Indians, proved true. The expedition left Helena on August 17, 1870, passing up the Gallatin valley to Bozeman and Fort Ellis, thence via the East Gallatin river and Trail creek across the Gallatin range to the Yellowstone, or Paradise valley. Under date of August 22, Washburn notes in his diary: "Stood guard, quite cold, Crows (Indians) near." On the 23d he writes: "Got started at eight and a half (o'clock), made the Yellowstone and camped at Bottler's ranch. Indians of the Crow tribe. Scenery magnificent, grand amphitheatre," etc. Under date of August 25,

when in camp at the mouth of the Gardiner river, where Gardiner, Mont., now is, the General recorded: "Our camp is now near Montana line. Have been following Indian trails [fresh ones] all the way. They are about two days ahead of us." As luck would have it although a large party of Crows was seen and their signal fires flashed from the adjacent mountains at night, the explorers were not attacked and they experienced no inconvenience from the presence of the Indians save mental worry and the necessity for guard mounting at night.

Under date of August 28, when camped at Tower fall, which camp the party called "Camp Comfort because we have deer and trout and everything is comfortable," General Washburn recorded, briefly, the action which resulted in naming Mount Washburn which overlooks the Grand cañon, in these words: "Climbed a high mountain (afterward named by the party Mount Washburn) and had a fine view. A vast semicircle surrounded by towering mountains, with lake [Yellowstone lake] in distance."

General Washburn's diary contained what is undoubtedly the first sketch or map of Yellowstone lake ever made. It was based upon observations of his own from a high point on the east side of the lake climbed by Mr. Hauser and himself on September 5, supplemented by reports by Messrs. Langford and Hauser who ascended a mountain on the west side overlooking the lake, on September 10. The map shows three islands, but the diary states that there appeared to be six or seven. Counting four that are mere projecting rocks or excessively small islands there are seven, but there are only the three which the map shows that are of any size or consequence. A reproduction of the map is shown in these pages. Its general correctness will at once be noticed. The west arm, where the tourist lunch station is located, is carried too far south, but otherwise the sketch is fairly accurate and reflects credit on the General and the party.

Brief statements regarding some of the Washburn-Doane party may be of interest.

General Washburn lived but a few months after the return of the expedition, dying, from consumption, in January, 1871, at his old home at Clinton, Ind.

Lieutenant Doane attained the rank of Captain and died at Bozeman, Mont., in May, 1892.

Mr. Hauser, one of the prominent men of Helena, Mont., to-day, was one of the early Governors of Montana.

Mr. Langford, now residing at St. Paul, Minn., has filled numerous Federal offices, and was appointed by Andrew Johnson as Governor of Montana in 1868, but owing to Johnson's quarrel with Congress, he was never confirmed. In 1872, when Yellowstone Park was set apart

Mr. Langford was made its first Superintendent and held the position for five years with no salary or emoluments.

Truman C. Everts also held Federal office in Montana. During the exploration in 1870 he became lost, and he wandered about alone and afoot with no means of sustenance or of protection except thistle roots cooked in the natural boiling pools and the lenses from his field glasses for making fire. After thirty-seven days he was found by two mountaineers exhausted and almost dead, and finally was nursed back to health and strength. He died a few years since at Hyattsville, Maryland, near Washington, D. C.

THE PARK IN GENERAL.

The care and superintendence of the park rest in the Government. Road building is very expensive and an engineering problem of importance and difficulty. For years the Congressional appropriations were small and the efforts at road making were superficial and the roads themselves tentative or temporary ones. Recently all this has been changed. With ample appropriations and under charge of an officer of the United States Engineer Corps a well-devised, intelligent system of roads, including necessary and often very expensive viaducts and bridges, has been constructed. There are no railways nor electric lines allowed within the park limits and the usual tourist route aggregates more than 140 miles of stage coach travel.

Within three years the Government has expended \$750,000 in these and other betterments, and the result is road transformation which astonishes and pleases the old explorers who still occasionally visit the park, and is a never-ending surprise to those who see the park for the first time.

Some instances of expensive construction are seen in the new concrete viaduct and reduced grade through Golden Gate, costing \$10,000; the beautiful new concrete bridge across the Yellowstone river at the Grand cañon which cost \$20,000; the new mountain road from the Grand cañon through Dunraven pass to Yancey's and Mammoth Hot Springs with a branch from the pass to the summit of Mount Washburn. This road, which has cost several thousand dollars a mile, has been a much more expensive and difficult piece of work than was anticipated. It will soon take its place as a part of the regular tourist route and will be a most welcome and appreciated addition. Then there will be not the least repetition of route.

PARK TRANSPORTATION.

The transportation facilities found here are almost as much a feature of Wonderland as are some of the natural objects. Most of us are familiar in one way or another, with the old-fashioned Concord stage coach.

It was a great vehicle and agency of civilization in its day. It had many advantages as well as disadvantages as a means of travel, and holds, as it deserves to hold, a high place in the history and evolution of the West. For Yellowstone Park travel a specially designed coach was constructed by the Concord builders which combines the many admirable features of the old coach, strength, solidity, thoroughbraces, etc., with new features which make quite a different and improved means of carriage of it. The redness, closeness and stuffiness, and the jerkiness of the *ancien regime* is replaced by a large, roomy, splendid, yellow-painted wagon, affording most comfortable and enjoyable riding as it goes whirling along the hard, macadamized, dustless roads of the park.

Between Gardiner and Mammoth Hot Springs a still different type of Concord coach is used. This one is larger, having seats also on the roof and with a capacity of from twenty to thirty persons, and it is pulled by six fine horses.



Fountain Hotel, Lower Geyser Basin.

The regular coaches used south of Mammoth Hot Springs are of different sizes but are, all, four-horse coaches. They seat from five to eleven persons. There are also Concord surreys and mountain wagons in use, two-horse wagons, carrying from three to five passengers each.

These coaches are not run in the old-fashioned way, with relays of horses. Each vehicle as it leaves Mammoth Hot Springs has its load of tourists arranged for the round trip and it retains the same driver and horses for the park tour.

With the incessant change and variety found in nearly every mile of travel in the park, this coaching trip becomes the finest one in the United States and is altogether in a class by itself. The ever-changing panorama of mountains, lakes, cañons, rivers, hot pools, forests, geysers, cascades, and wild animals, most of them in an infinite variety, ending with a fine hotel, bath, and rest at the end of each day's ride, differentiates this coaching trip from any other and makes it a memorable one to each

and everyone fortunate enough to enjoy it. The number of miles embraced in a day's drive ranges from nine to forty. On each full day's drive a stop is made at noon for rest and luncheon at one of the lunch stations *en route*. In this way those least used to such travel are able to thoroughly enjoy the ride and with little or no fatigue, particularly in recent years since the roads have been so completely reconstructed and improved.

A coaching trip through this mountain Wonderland—how well it fits into the simplicity and wildness of Nature!

THE HOTELS.

One of the most enjoyable accompaniments of the park tour is the system of hotels where humanity throngs and rests, recuperates and enjoys, a new and original mode of life for a few days, or better, weeks.

At each of the five principal points or centers of interest in the park, the Yellowstone Park Association has a large and modern hotel equipped with baths, steam heat, electricity, barber shop, etc. These hostelrys, while utterly unlike in architecture, have a uniform capacity for at least 250 guests, some of them much exceeding this number. Besides the five hotels, which are located at Mammoth Hot Springs, Lower geyser basin, Upper geyser basin, the outlet of Yellowstone lake, and the Grand cañon, there are new, frame building lunch stations at Norris geyser basin and the west arm of Yellowstone lake.

The hotel at Mammoth Hot Springs is a very large one, within convenient walking distance of the renowned colored terraces with their beautiful hot springs. The lunch station at Norris geyser basin stands on an eminence overlooking the weird scene below. In an emergency a limited number of persons can be accommodated here over night, although no regular provision is made for stop-over travel.

The Fountain hotel at Lower geyser basin, is a very comfortable and capacious hotel home within a short distance of the Fountain geyser and the Mammoth paint pots. The hot water of one of the springs is piped into the hotel and is supremely pleasant for bathing purposes. Formerly the tourists who made the regular tour, after spending a day at Upper geyser basin were returned to the Fountain hotel for the night. Since the erection of the Old Faithful Inn at the Upper geyser basin this practice has been abandoned.

At the west arm of Yellowstone lake just across the Continental divide there is a new and commodious lunch station built of wood. It is not as large as the lunch station at Norris basin nor is it intended to house any tourists over night.

The large hotel at the Grand cañon is situated upon a hill near the Lower, or Great fall, at the head of the cañon. From it one can easily

walk to the fall or to Point Lookout on the brink of the cañon. Grand View is not very far distant and the Upper fall is not more than a mile away, and the roads and trails are so good that pedestrianism is a veritable pleasure.

The outlook from the Cañon hotel is a broad and fine one.

OLD FAITHFUL INN.

Among the hotels of the park there are two that deserve particular mention, Old Faithful Inn, and the Yellowstone Lake hotel. Old Faithful Inn is the creation of an architectural genius. Whatever Mr. Reamer, its designer, may have done previously or may do hereafter, or whether his own name may be known throughout the world, he certainly will be known, at least indirectly, by this product of his brain, for it is probably no exaggeration to write that the like of this unique structure in the wilderness does not now exist elsewhere and that it is undoubtedly the prototype of numerous similar world structures that will trace their inception to Old Faithful Inn.

Whatever architectural difficulties confronted the designer the Inn as it stands is a pronounced success and will, almost without question, prove as great an advertisement for Yellowstone Park as the wonderful geyser phenomena or the profound Grand cañon. If there is a false note in it the average layman, at least, will not discover it, and the impartial expert architect will praise the marvelous harmony of design and execution that an inspection of the Inn reveals.

It is easy to say that the imposing building is made of boulders and logs, but this does not describe the quaint and marvelous manipulation and blending of these materials, nor is it an easy matter to do so.

The forests of the park abound in freaky, abnormal tree growths. All sorts of irregularly formed limbs and bulging, warty boles are to be seen and of these, in large degree, wherever possible to use them, is Old Faithful Inn, and to them does it owe its quaint originality. These abnormal growths are in perfect keeping with the unusual character of this Wonderland, and Old Faithful Inn, a unique hotel home in a unique land, harmonizes completely with its strange surroundings. It may strike many that it would have been, in a sense, fitting, had it been constructed about Old Faithful geyser, which is so near it, so that the latter would play in a mammoth open court within the confines of the structure. Then indeed would art and nature have been strangely commingled. The Inn, be it understood, is not in the least degree a ramshackle, rambling, freaky affair, pertinent to its locality simply because that locality itself is a peculiar one having no counterpart elsewhere. It is a thoroughly modern and artistic structure in every respect—modern in its appointments and artistic in the carrying out of an unconventional scheme.

The Inn and its furnishings required an expenditure approaching \$200,000. Electric lights and bells, new and unique room furnishings, rugs on room floors—both single and *en suite*—and in the large halls, steam heat, good fire protection, dormers, French windows, massive porches with rustic seats and swings, and a mammoth *porte cochere* are a few of the many noteworthy features. The office, or reception hall, is a most striking proposition. As each day's contingent of tourists arrives it is the common experience for them to advance a few steps into this vast space and then halt and gaze about them in wonder and amazement. Invariably, they have to be requested to move on and in, that those following may find space at the door to enter. This most spacious room is seventy-five feet square and extends upward eighty-five feet to the peak of the roof. An enormous chimney containing eight fireplaces stands at one corner. This is constructed of lava blocks of assorted shapes and sizes, many of them of enormous bulk. A massive clock is attached to one face of it, and back of the chimney is a snug and unconventional writing room recess. The chimney is fourteen feet square and at each side is a huge fireplace and at each corner a small one. Fires of big logs are kept going constantly in the large fireplaces, and every evening a massive, specially-made, swinging corn popper is brought into play and the guests regaled with popcorn passed around in a large dishpan.

Large balconies of logs surround this great court on three sides on the second and third stories, and other and smaller balconies are found still higher up, while, perched under the roof at almost the tiptop of the ceiling, is a small, cute, crow's nest sort of an open log hut room from which those who wish may sit and look down upon the throng of humanity far below.

The dining room is a very large high room with roof ceiling well trussed. It is sixty feet square, with another huge lava chimney and fireplace and with very large and fine plate-glass windows. From nearly all of the latter the hourly eruptions of Old Faithful geyser can be seen.

Some of the bedrooms are of log structure, others are of natural, unplanned, unpainted pine, the effect being unique and pleasing. The furnishings are of the Arts and Crafts style.

The hotel is so situated that most of the Upper geyser basin proper is within view from the building. The distant eruptions of the Grand, Giant, Riverside, Splendid and other geysers can be seen, while all the geyser eruptions between the Castle and Old Faithful are plainly visible. The view from Old Faithful Inn is certainly one of the most surprising and interesting to be found from any hotel in the world. This applies with particular force to the view from the searchlight platform at the very peak of the roof. At night this searchlight is operated showing the geysers in eruption, a most remarkable sight, and the bears at the



Detail of Log Staircase, Old Faithful Inn.

edge of the woods, where they prowl about the garbage piles, seeking what they may devour.

Tourists should, without fail, arrange to remain several days at Old Faithful Inn and enjoy a unique experience in a unique hotel in a unique land.

THE LAKE HOTEL.

As perfect of its kind and as complete in every way as Old Faithful Inn, is the new Colonial hotel at Yellowstone lake. Those who are familiar with the old hotel at this point would never recognize, in the present structure, the slightest resemblance to the former one. So thoroughly has the old building been enlarged and transformed that the locality itself appears to have undergone a change. There now stands here a most stately, dignified building of Colonial architecture, massive and imposing in size, with three high-columned porches and a continuous veranda along the entire front, the whole beautifully illuminated with electric lights at night. The hotel faces and overlooks Yellowstone lake, lying back from the water but a short distance and commanding a view of the entire lake, twenty miles in length, with the mountains on each side of it.

The reception room, or office, of this structure, as one chooses to term it, for they are combined in one, is of very large size, finished in California redwood, finely and electrically lighted at night, and is furnished with large floor rugs and all kinds of easy chairs of the Mission pattern. It is a place where one feels wonderfully at home from the start, and the comfort and repose suggested grow upon the traveler. Steam heat, electric lights, baths and the usual accessories of modern hotels are of course to be found, and the room furnishings are all that can be desired.

Lake, hotel, and mountains, distant and near, form a rare and delightful combination and one can, with most pleasurable sensations, while away a dreamy, *dolce far niente* sort of life for a day or a week or a month, as one's inclination prompts.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

With each succeeding year the wild animals in the park become a more important feature of it. Here is really the only place where the public in general can see, unhampered and gratis, the animals of the forest and the wilds in their natural state. It has required years of experience for the elk, deer, antelopes, and mountain sheep to become acquainted with the fact, in anything like large numbers, that in Yellowstone Park man is not evilly disposed toward them. The bears learned this long ago and have turned the knowledge to good account, as their fat bodies and sleek, shining coats abundantly testify. Now the other



Old Faithful Inn and Geyser.

Copyright, 1904, by Crandall & Maher.



Colonial Hotel, Yellowstone Lake.

Copyright, 1904, by Crandall & Maher.



Upper Geyser Basin.



Bears at Fountain Hotel at Mealtime.



Deer in Front of Officers' Quarters, Fort Yellowstone.



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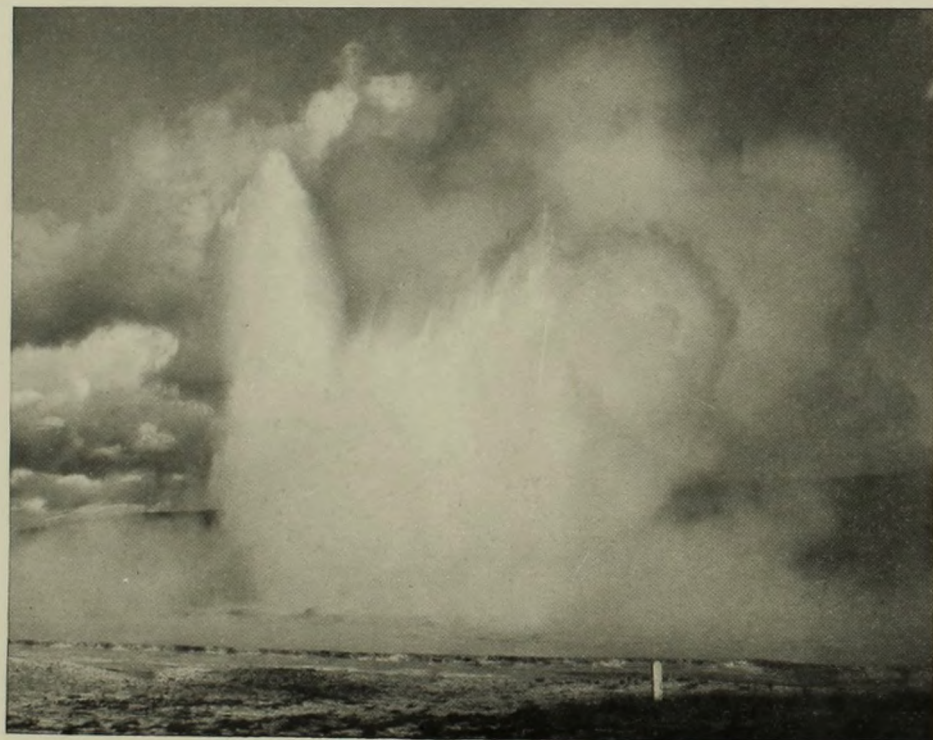
Buffaloes in Yellowstone Park.



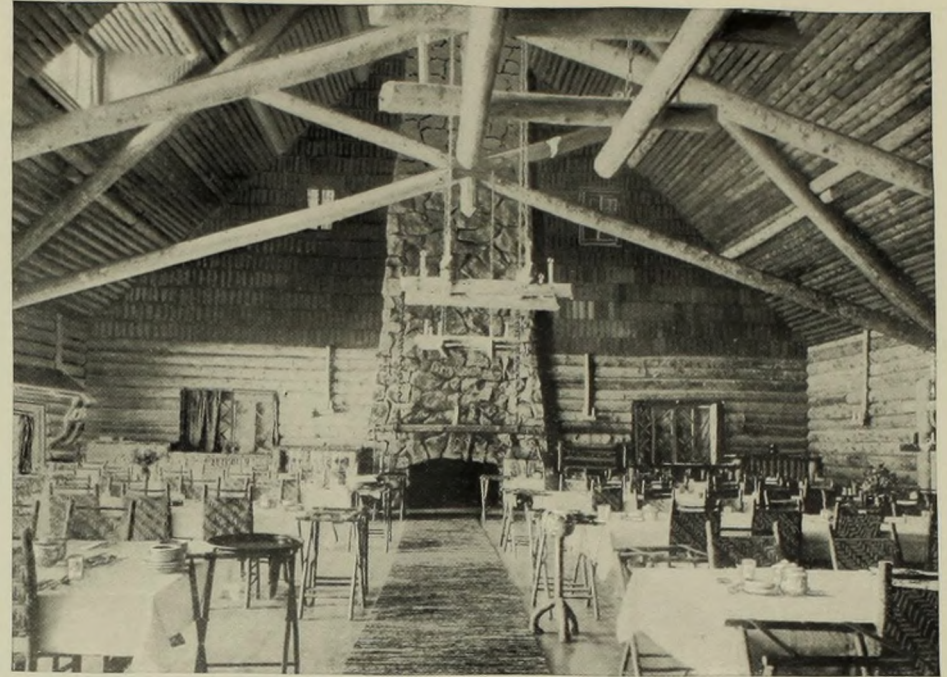
Deer in Yellowstone Park.



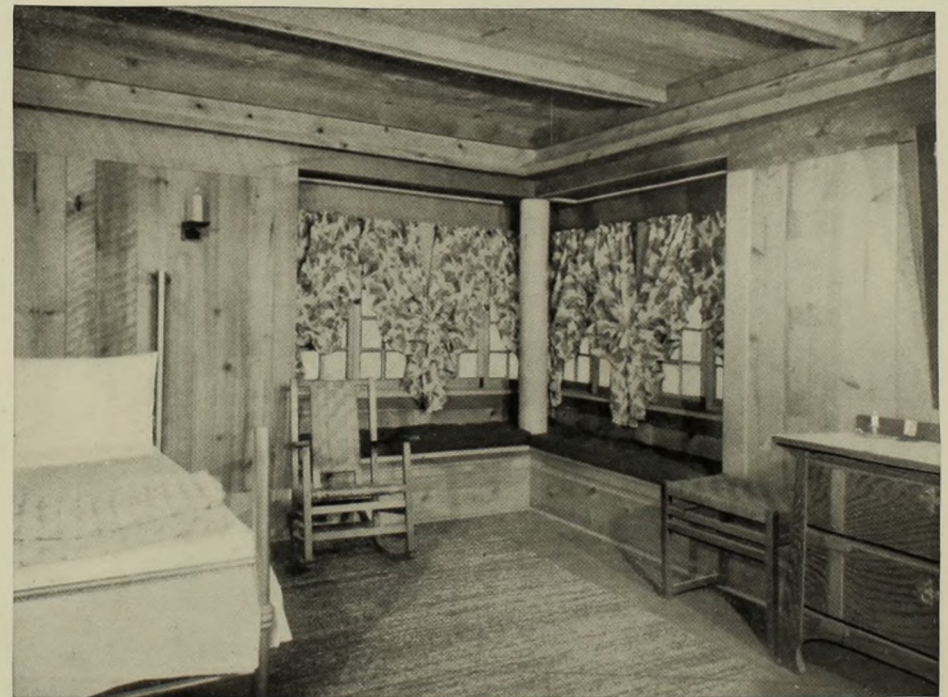
Beaver Dams in Yellowstone Park.



Great Fountain Geyser, Lower Geyser Basin.



Dining Room, Old Faithful Inn.



Bedroom of Old Faithful Inn.

animals evince less and less timidity and it is a most delectable sight, as the coaches drive along, to see an elk or two slaking their thirst in the stream, or several deer quietly feeding in the woods near the road and so unconcerned as to scarcely notice the passing procession.

The efforts to increase the buffalo herd by outside purchases and to corral them where they can be fed and protected is meeting with success. They are corralled in a large pasture at Mammoth Hot Springs and appear to take kindly to the situation. The new herd was purchased in the fall of 1902 and in exactly two years it had lost but two and had gained twenty, a net gain of eighteen and increasing the herd to thirty-seven. Of the increase seventeen were by natural means and three were young calves caught on the range of the wild herd and brought to the corral pasture.

There are between 1,000 and 1,200 antelopes in the park, most of them living on and around Mount Everts near Mammoth Hot Springs. From 100 to 200 mountain sheep are supposed also to have their habitat on Mount Everts. Both sheep and antelopes are more wary than the other animals and disappear in the spring, and just where the sheep pass their summer vacation is not definitely known. In the fall, winter, and spring both antelopes and sheep are found in large numbers on the hills and flats about Gardiner and Mammoth Hot Springs. To some extent they are fed hay by the authorities at Fort Yellowstone, which serves to render them less timorous and to domesticate them in some degree.

The deer are increasing in number and the beautiful creatures are seen more and more each year along the roads and around the hotels. During the fall, winter, and spring, like the sheep and antelopes, they become a very familiar feature of the hills and parade ground at Fort Yellowstone, or Mammoth Hot Springs.

It is the elk, however, that throng the park in countless numbers, and during the summer they are not infrequently seen by the tourists from the coaches. They seclude themselves more or less however in the valleys and timber. I have found them by hundreds around Shoshone lake and in Hayden valley, and there are bands of them that frequent the upper parts of Mount Washburn and Dunraven peak. Those who wish to see large bodies of elk, young and old, can easily do so by riding on horseback a few miles up Alum creek, from either the Grand cañon or the Yellowstone Lake hotel.

The bears are much in evidence near the hotels and require no exertion, beyond a walk of a few rods by tourists, to see them. Any evening or morning, with rare exceptions, from one to twenty or more may be seen eating from the refuse piles of the hotels. They are extremely interesting and if people attend to their own business and leave the animals alone

they are not in the least dangerous. Without being intrusive tourists may approach sufficiently near to enjoy their antics and movements without the slightest danger.

In portions of the park, naturally those somewhat retired or secluded, there are many beavers and they are flourishing and increasing. Perhaps the point where these industrious animals may most conveniently be seen by visitors to the park is at Yancey's, where there are several colonies of them. Here, among the brooks in this beautiful part of the park they may be found, with their dams, houses, ponds, and slides, and one may easily, usually in the morning or evening, see them swimming about in the water or cutting down trees on land, laying in their store of food for the winter.



Riverside Geyser, Upper Geyser Basin.

A TROUT PRESERVE.

As a place where one may indulge in angling at little or no expense or hardship the park heads the list. In 1890 the United States Fish Commission began stocking the waters of the park. Since that year more than 130,000 trout have been "planted" in the park lakes and streams and these have greatly multiplied. These plants have comprised lake, Loch Leven, rainbow, Von Behr, and brook trout, and salmon trout are also found in Yellowstone lake as a natural growth.

There is now scarcely a stream in the park but that has trout in it. From any of the hotels one can easily make fishing excursions, at

distances ranging from a few rods to a few miles, and find fine sport. From year to year as one stream or another seems to show signs of depletion a ban is placed upon it for a season or two and it recovers its former condition. This, however, scarcely affects the general situation for there are so many streams in proximity to each hotel that one or two, more or less, cut no figure. Those who angle in Yellowstone Park are under few restrictions, but they are assumed to be true sportsmen and not to possess porcine characteristics. All fish must be taken with a hook and line. At Yellowstone lake the fish may be taken either by casting or trolling. The lake trout are easily caught even by those unaccustomed to fishing. For those who are adepts at angling the most desirable spot here is in the Yellowstone river below the outlet of the lake. Boats and fishing tackle for those who do not have their own, can be procured here.

At Upper geyser basin trout can be taken anywhere in the Firehole river even though it be largely composed of water from the geysers. At the Grand cañon a favorite fishing spot is the reach of river between the Upper and Lower falls.

The choice piscatorial waters however are at Yancey's. There, some twenty miles from Mammoth Hot Springs, the Yellowstone river, just below the foot of the Grand cañon, is a large stream with wide bends and pools and here the trout seem to enjoy trying conclusions with the angler. There is a comfortable private hotel at this point with an unusually good table, it having undergone a wonderful change in this respect within a year or two.

Let the tourist who enjoys troutng by all means plan to spend several days here and there in the park for this purpose.

THE TOUR OF THE PARK.

It can be readily seen that in making a tour of such a region as Yellowstone Park, a foundation scheme, or schedule, must necessarily be arranged. This is a convenience both for the tourist and those in charge of the transportation and hotel arrangements at such places. Such a schedule must be arranged to accomplish two things as far as it can. It must plan to enable tourists to see as much as possible in a reasonable time at a reasonable expense. Such a scheme, however, is not at all absolute or immutable and those who have ample means and time are at liberty to vary it as much as they may desire. I hasten to add that those who can and do prolong the tour, spending several days at each hotel and studying the peculiarities of each locality, are gloriously rewarded for so doing. Such persons obtain a really comprehensive idea of the park and its greatness. Then too, situated where and as it is the park is one of the grandest places in the country for a good, wholesome rest and release from the heat

and noise and dirt and nervous strain of the city in summer. Going to the very heart of God's Wonderland in the mountains where elevation brings coolness and health, where the great hills and forests calm and strengthen the mind, where the streams roar madly through mighty cañons and the trout sport in the rapids, where the hot fountains play, the lakes ripple in the sunlight or reflect the cliffs which edge their shores, where the flowers bedeck the slopes and vales, where the iridescent springs gush from superheated underground reservoirs, where from rolling coach, or, perchance, from hotel porch, the noble elk and graceful deer may be seen feeding at their ease—going, I say, to this Wonderland in the mountains, means a sensible, sane, heaven-inspired method of rest and recreation, means new blood, new nerves, new life.

At Gardiner the train stops at one side of a most unusual and beautiful log station; on the other side stand the coaches in a long line waiting for humanity to pile aboard. This feat is soon accomplished and away the coaches go, one after the other, around the little lake, and through the massive, time defying arch of lava, across the line of the park, and Wonderland stretches before them.

For nearly the entire distance to Mammoth Hot Springs, five miles, the route lies alongside the roaring, foaming Gardiner river with Eagle Nest crag towering above it. It is an exhilarating ride, a foretaste of days to come.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.

Mammoth Hot Springs, the first point in the tour of the park, is the administrative center of Wonderland. And, withal, it is now a very attractive place. A large green plaza is flanked on the east by the red-roofed officers' buildings and barracks of Fort Yellowstone. On the opposite side rises Terrace mountain with the richly colored, steaming, wonderfully sculptured terraces that have so delighted thousands of visitors. To the north, at the base of the mountain, stands the huge hotel, with other buildings occupied as stores and dwellings and by the Government and Hotel and Transportation Company officials. Facing the hotel, to the south and bounding the plain, rises Lookout hill, on top of which can be seen the old block-house built by Colonel Norris, the second Superintendent of the park, long years ago. There too stands the battery of cannon from which each morning and evening the sunrise and sunset guns are fired. The Government has recently completed a system of waterworks here and has installed a much needed arrangement of concrete sidewalks and macadamized roads. These, with the irrigation canals and their running water, have turned what was formerly a dreary, parched, unkempt waste into a green and ornamental plain.

Mammoth Hot Springs, during the park season, is a lively place.



Giant Geyser, Upper Geyser Basin.

The throngs of humanity coming and going, the arriving and departing coaches, the officers in blue and the soldiers in khaki, the bugle calls, the morning and evening guns, the steaming terraces, the brilliantly lighted hotel and plaza and the hops at night, all combine to make the Springs a very interesting place, even a gay one at times, between June 1 and September 20. The wonderful terraces found here, supremely wonderful in every respect, are scattered along the side of Terrace mountain and yet are fairly well concentrated. Were there nothing else to be seen in Yellowstone Park the sight and study of these pools and travertine clifflets with their rainbow colors and beautiful and delicate sculptures would repay one for the trip. And they are but the first chapter in God's scenic volume of the park!

As one moves from point to point, from living spring to spring, one passes over the remains of ancient springs and terraces. The area and magnitude of thermal action, past and present, is absolutely astonishing to one who sees it for the first time. "No pent-up Utica" was at work here, so far as outward appearances go, but however pent up below the hot water demons are they evidently consider that they possess original, homestead, preemption and all other rights hereabout once they begin their upward operations.

Guide posts and guides point out to the tourist, by name, the particular pools and terraces and the guidebooks give the interesting facts regarding them. Pulpit, Jupiter, Cleopatra and Narrow Gauge terraces, Orange geyser, Cupid's cave and the Devil's Kitchen are always visited. Near the hotel there are several circular, ancient wells that were formerly pools. One of the most interesting objects is Liberty Cap, a standing monument-like shaft supposed to have been, at one time, a living geyser like the present Orange geyser. It is thirty-eight feet high and, irregularly, about twenty feet in diameter. The Giant's Thumb, not far from Liberty Cap, and similar thereto but smaller, is an object of some interest.

There are numerous rides, walks, and drives about the springs that may profitably be taken. The mouth of Boiling river, the pasture where the bison are kept, and the cañon and fall of the Middle Gardiner river behind Bunsen peak, are all within walking distance to good pedestrians, or they can be reached by horseback or with a surrey.

Horseback riding can be indulged in any direction, and a ride to, and climb up, Electric peak, the highest peak in the park, will be enjoyed by those who wish to be known as mountain climbers.

If one wishes to enjoy a fine drive through a finer country to where the finest trout fishing in the park is found, a trip to Yancey's, near the extreme foot of the Grand cañon and the junction of the Yellowstone and Lamar rivers, is the very thing. This portion of the park will be opened to the tourist in regular fashion as soon as the Mount Washburn road shall have been fully completed.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS TO LOWER GEYSER BASIN.

The first day's ride is always one of expectancy. The road leads past the terraces, climbing to Golden Gate by a light and regular grade. On the way the Hoodoo rocks, so called, better the Travertine rocks, are passed. These form a strange, chaotic spectacle. Of limestone, or calcareous formation, they stand inclined at all imaginable angles and the road winds through the heart of the mass. They are of a silvery gray color which fact gives name to Silver Gate, a characteristic spot among them.

Four miles from the springs Golden Gate forms a narrow, cañon passage between Sepulchre mountain and Bunsen peak, opening into Swan Lake valley. To the north rises Electric peak angular faced and defiant, and the Gallatin range makes a fine mountain boundary across the valley.

The Gate is a short, striking, rugged, yellowish cañon upon which the Government has spent many thousands of dollars to make it passable. In so doing it was necessary to construct a viaduct of steel and concrete at one point at an expense of \$10,000. This is the only viaduct of the kind in the world. Rustic fall, at the extreme head of the Gate, is one of the attractions of the spot.

Twelve miles from Mammoth Hot Springs one of the really interesting of the more general objects in the park is reached. Obsidian cliff, of natural volcanic glass, invites close scrutiny for it is a very fine example of this species of lava. The cliff is a high, black, abrupt one and, in former years, furnished an inexhaustible supply of material to the Indians for arrow heads. When Colonel Norris constructed the first road around its base he fractured the huge, black boulders that obstructed the way, by first building fires about them and then, when heated, dashing cold water upon them.

Beaver lake lies at the foot of the cliff, and is formed by old beaver dams that are still plainly visible. Three miles and a half beyond the Cliff the first evidences of geyser activity are seen. Roaring mountain is a fair-sized hill that is honeycombed with steam vents that have effectually baked the elevation and destroyed the vegetation. At times its roaring can be heard some distance away.

Norris geyser basin is as weird, unnatural, and interesting a piece of landscape as one often sees. Steam columns rise from hundreds of hot water pools and orifices in the white-gray basin as if it were the center of a manufacturing district. Norris basin, while having the proper quota of hot springs and geysers of varying sizes, is distinctive in one respect from the other geyser basins—it possesses the only steam geyser or geysers in the park. Formerly, one geyser, the Black Growler, gave

forth an enormous amount of steam with terrific force, but in recent years some disarrangement of internal mechanism has resulted in another "steamer" breaking forth and thus dividing the force of the eruption, if indeed the new one does not surpass the old Growler.

There are several small water geysers here, the Constant and Minute Man being the most prominent. The Monarch is a powerful one when in eruption and the New Crater is one of moderate intensity. The Ink Well is an object of much attention from tourists. It lies beside the road beyond the old Growler.

After luncheon an hour or an hour and a half is usually given to "doing" the basin afoot and the coaches are boarded at a rustic pavilion at the farther side of the formation. The afternoon ride introduces the tourist to two of the largest of the streams in the park—the Gibbon river, named in honor of Gen. John Gibbon, and the Firehole river, so called from the general nature of the sources of its waters. The ride along the Gibbon river with, first, its continuous cascades, then its wide, open, mountain-bordered park where the elk are said to resort during the winter months, and finally its fine, winding, palisaded cañon, is one of the very attractive features of the park coaching trip. Not infrequently deer and elk may be seen during this day.

Six miles from the head of the cañon the road turns to the south, crosses a timbered plateau and reaches the Firehole river at the Cascades of the Firehole. These are a noisy, pretty series of rapids between walls of somber hue fairly well seen from the coach and much better from the rock projections of the river bank. The Firehole river is larger than the Gibbon and, in some respects, prettier. The clarity of the deep waters and the beauty of the vegetable growths seen in their depths, appeal irresistibly to one's esthetic tastes.

The fish leaping to the surface will excite feelings of quite another sort in the breast of many a one. Crossing the bridge over Nez Percé creek, the Fountain hotel looms into view and a two miles' ride across an old geyser formation, the outskirts of Lower geyser basin, ends the forty-mile drive and houses the traveler in a homelike, roomy, modern hotel possessed of all the comforts and conveniences.

LOWER GEYSER BASIN.

I could easily use much space in describing the multitude of objects to be seen at this point, but it were better to simply hint at what is to be found and to suggest that the wise man and woman will plan to remain at this hotel from one to several days. In plain view from the hotel and a short walk distant, are the Fountain and Clepsydra geysers, Mammoth paint pots, and a hot spring whose waters are piped to the hotel and used for baths. The Fountain is as beautiful an example of its class as is



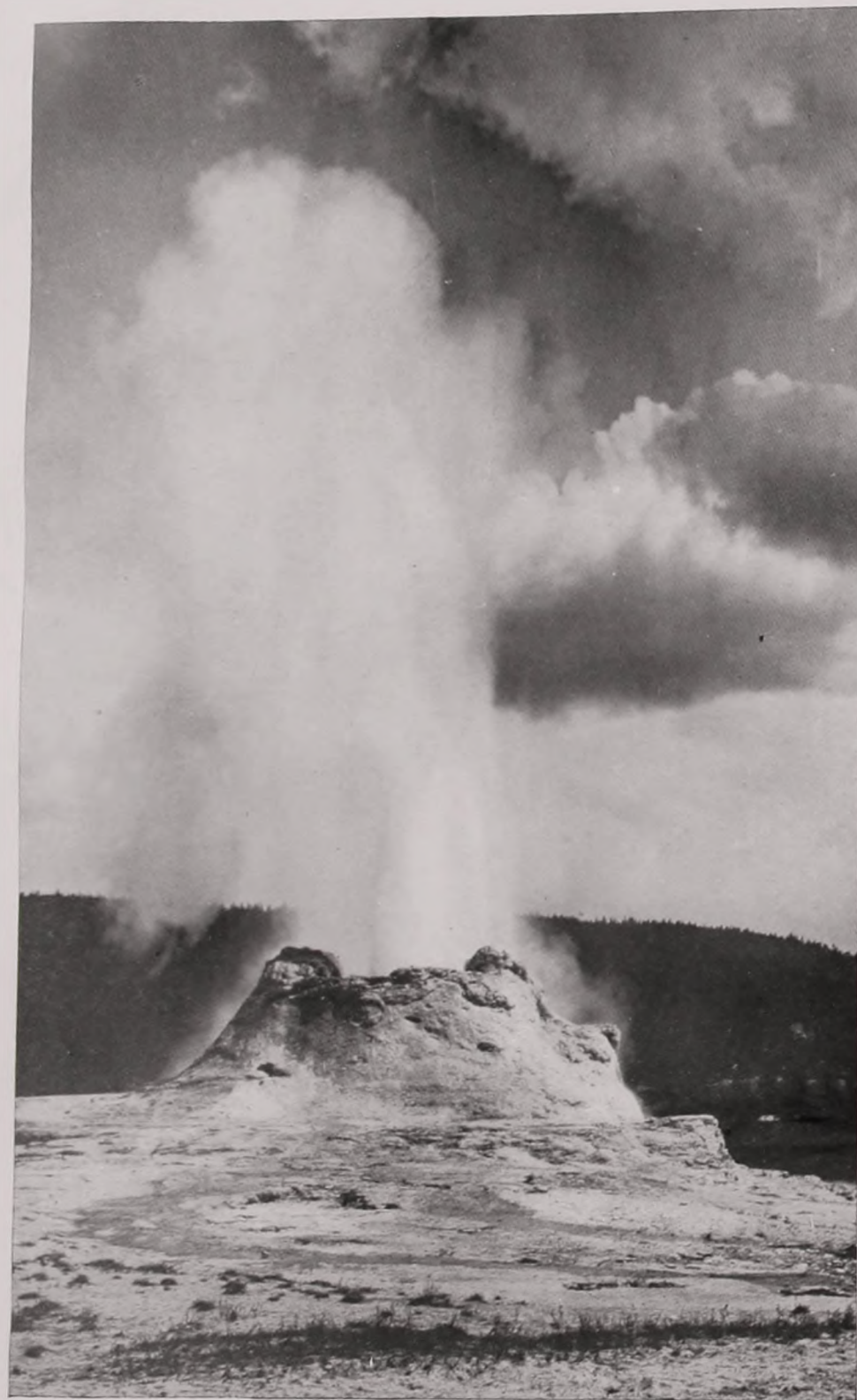
Lower Fall and Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, 20 miles long, 1,200 feet deep, 2,000 feet wide, Fall 310 feet high.



Grotto Geyser Formation, Upper Geyser Basin.



Golden Gate and New Concrete Viaduct which Cost \$10,000.



Castle Geyser, Upper Geyser Basin.



Yellowstone Lake from Colonial Hotel.



Elk in Yellowstone Park in the Winter.

Old Faithful of the cone geysers. It is also as great a favorite in its way and is surely a sight worth traveling a long distance to see. It projects huge masses of water in spasmodic impulses or eruptions, plays at intervals of about four hours and for fifteen minutes at a time, and appears to thoroughly enjoy its own performances. The Paint Pots are nature's mush pools—a strange, weird, boiling, plopping caldron of beautifully colored clay that holds one with peculiar fascination.

At a distance of two miles there is a medley of pools, springs, and geysers that one can study and admire for days. The variety of color, of form, of character to be seen among these modest, beautiful expressions of nature is surprising. The White Dome geyser stands sentinel to this collection of treasures, of which the Great Fountain geyser is the chief. The Fountain geyser is, in a way, a replica of the Great Fountain, the latter being however a much finer, more powerful, and larger geyser than the former. The Great Fountain geyser is a leviathan among geysers, playing to a height of a hundred feet for forty-five minutes at a time. It is supposed to have an eruption about every nine hours, but it is a trifle erratic. No one who cares for geyser phenomena should fail to see this magnificent fountain.



*Office and Reception Room, Colonial Hotel, Yellowstone Lake.
Finished in California Redwood.*

In a shallow ravine, or draw near the Great Fountain is a string of water pearl pools of exquisite beauty, and northwest from the geyser is another collection. The thing of particular interest at the latter point is Firehole lake, one of the most peculiar objects in this peculiar land. A light, bluish flame seems to issue from the depths of the pool and the effect of this, as it comes sliding to the surface, is most striking. It is no flame, however, but gas or steam from the heated rocks or caverns below. Two small geysers here add interest to the locality. To properly see these pools and geysers one must remain a day or two at the Fountain hotel.

MIDWAY GEYSER BASIN.

From the Fountain hotel one can always see, toward the southwest, at a distance of four miles, heavy clouds of steam rising high into the heavens. There, on the road to Upper geyser basin, in a narrow, hill-bordered valley, is one of the most important parts of the park. It is small in superficial area, but it is large in its thermal content, for it holds Excelsior geyser, Prismatic lake, and Turquoise spring.

The geyser is the greatest one in the park, possibly in the world. It is a water volcano when in eruption, but its periods of inactivity are prolonged and it gives little or no sign when it proposes to rejoin the company of geyser actors, breaking forth unceremoniously and with great violence in eruption. It courteously, however, continues in periodical activity for a year or two once it has awakened from its Rip Van Winkle sleep. It has not been in action since 1888 but is liable to break forth at any time. Its immense crater with the heaving, boiling flood within is visible and gives one an idea of what takes place when Excelsior may be said to be at home.

As Excelsior is the greatest geyser, so is Prismatic lake the largest and, perhaps, the most beautiful spring, of its kind, in the world. Opinions will differ as to whether the greatest perfection is to be found in Prismatic lake, Sapphire pool at Biscuit basin, or Emerald or Sunset pools in Upper geyser basin.

I presume that most persons will grant to Prismatic pool the first place in the category. It is about 250 by 300 feet in size, clouds of steam constantly rise from it, and the rainbow is fairly crowded into the background by the richness and variety of color that are found in its waters and around its scalloped and clifflet edges.

Turquoise spring is similar to Prismatic pool and from one-third to one-half as large. Its name indicates the prevailing color, which grades and changes into numerous others. The geyser and the two pools are close together on a geyserite plain on the western bank of Firehole river into which they all discharge, and the coaches drive on to the formation for convenience of tourists.

UPPER GEYSER BASIN.

A short, nine-mile drive from the Fountain hotel and the coaches are whirling through the most remarkable valley in the world to the portals of the most unique hotel in the world. The valley is the Upper geyser basin where the geysers most do congregate, gush, roar, and astonish mankind. The hotel is Old Faithful Inn described elsewhere in this chapter.

This valley of geysers is the center of curiosity in the park, without doubt. And it is perfectly logical and natural that it should be. While

the Grand cañon holds us under a spell by the opulence of its color and the grandeur of its sculpture and is most surely the *pièce de resistance*, so to write, of the park, yet cañons, in one form or another, are somewhat familiar to us while geysers are not and are, besides, a form of phenomena most rare, unusual, curious and, to a degree, inconceivable.

At the lower end of the valley are the Fan, Mortar, and Riverside geysers; at the extreme upper end, sole monarch of his domain, proud and aristocratic in his exclusiveness, is Old Faithful geyser, the one unfailing and scrupulous example of geyser regularity. The character of this superb geyser, for character it almost seems to have, is such that every tourist loves it. Proud and exclusive it may seem to be as it reigns at the head of its mountain valley and looks out upon its brother and sister geysers, but steadfast, punctual, giving a full measure of service and ringing true every time, it challenges the homage and affection of every lover of nature. For countless eons, possibly, it has rendered its horary salute to the sun, moon, and stars alone, and long may it continue to give joy to, and gratify the longings of, the throngs of humanity who now wend their way to its immaculate, inspiring presence.

Between the Riverside and Old Faithful geysers, scattered along both sides of the beautiful Firehole river, are found the remaining members of a strangely interesting family, a family as diverse and variable in individual characteristics as any human family.

The Giant with its shattered horn, fractured at some symposium of thermal exuberance and rivalry, and the Grotto, a veritable and incomprehensible puzzle of projections and angles in its fantastic, cavern-like cone, stand near together, twin monuments typifying the rarely unique nature of the spot. The former plays to a height of 250 feet when in eruption; the latter splashes and lunges about unwieldily, reaching forty feet in height at its best.

The Oblong, farther up the river bank, has an open, oblong crater studded with massive, wonderful geyserite beads, or nodules. Across the road from these three are the Comet and Splendid, the latter, when in eruption, much like Old Faithful and, perhaps, the most graceful of all geysers.

Following up the valley there are found, on the right bank, many hot pools and several geysers, prominent among the latter being the Sawmill, Economic, Turban, and Grand, the last, one of the finest in the park. The Castle, characteristically named by the Washburn party, is a great geyser—upon occasions. Its cone is a wonderful piece of nature's fabrication and while, ordinarily, its eruption, consisting about equally of steam and water, does not reach higher than from fifty to seventy-five feet, at times the geyser rises to the occasion in great style and plays

magnificently to a height of 200 feet or more, the steam rising majestically to a height of several hundred feet and forming a wondrous spectacle.

Easily seen from Old Faithful Inn are the Beehive, Lion, Lioness and Cubs,—a happy family—and the Giantess geysers, with many pools boiling and splashing away night and day. The Beehive is the most symmetric geyser in the world, a creation of art. The Lion is a pleasing geyser, rather misnamed, and its leonine mate and babies are interesting in their way. The Giantess is an Amazon. It holds itself well in hand for two weeks and then comes a violent eructation that resembles an explosion of artillery. It has no cone, but a deep well instead, and every drop of water is hurled forth at the initial propulsion—for there are several of them at stated intervals—followed by the liberation of pent-up steam which



New Concrete Bridge Across Yellowstone River, near Upper Fall at Grand Cañon.

rushes forth in huge masses and with a roar that is heard throughout the basin.

In a small parallel valley, on Iron creek, there are several pools whose gorgeousness of apparel must be seen to be known and which cannot be overstated. These are the Black Sand pool, or basin, a lovely green hot spring rimmed with black sand and having a beautiful and variegated outlet; Sunset lake, a large, steaming lakelet whose serrated, wandering edges are ablaze with color in which every gradation of red seems to have been put on to try the effect which is, indeed, ravishing. In

juxtaposition and strong contrast lies Emerald pool, not quite so large as the Sunset and its name betokening the color scheme. It is as perfect as is the other, many will say more so—it is really a matter of opinion and predilection for color—the scalloped rim of the pool and the shelving bottom being ornamented and tinted far beyond man's ability to even conceive let alone enact. On the divide leading to this isolated retreat stands the Punch Bowl, an elevated spring that boils furiously and that has an ornate rim highly colored in yellow and saffron, with an infusion of reds.

Besides these more important objects the Upper basin is filled with smaller, sputtering geysers and springs, it being impossible to move any distance in any direction without encountering some phase of hydrothermal activity. In the early morning the basin presents a most remarkable appearance. Thousands of steam columns and clouds are rising from the pools filling the air with their white vapor and changing the valley into one of enchantment. The moonlight vision with geysers in eruption is another transformation long to be remembered, while the effect of the giant searchlight on the roof of Old Faithful Inn when turned upon Old Faithful geyser, is sure to provoke profound admiration for one of the most beautiful pictures imaginable.

ACROSS THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE.

Between the Upper geyser basin and Yellowstone lake rises the Continental divide, an irregular line of mountains that divides the drainage of the region, sending part of it through the Yellowstone and Madison rivers into the Atlantic, the remainder through the Snake river to the Pacific ocean.

Leaving Old Faithful Inn the road ascends through the forest passing Kepler cascade, somewhat similar to the Cascades of the Firehole. Winding through Spring Creek cañon, a picturesque little gorge, the Divide is first reached at Isa lake, a small pond covered with water lilies. The spot is a wild and lonely one in the very grip of the mountains.

A long, winding descent over a splendid road and another climb and the coach comes to a standstill at Shoshone point. Here a wide, beautiful view of timbered mountains, grassy vale, and sleeping lake is unfolded, culminating with the three snow-covered peaks of the Tetons, fifty miles away, in the distance. It is a very fine landscape and quite unlike any other seen during the tour.

The Divide is once more crossed beyond Shoshone point and then a ride of a few miles reveals to us, suddenly, a rare and beautiful picture—the first glimpse of Yellowstone lake and the Absaroka range beyond. The road then descends along the forest-shaded mountain-side to the lunch station at the west arm of the lake, the scene changing as the coach changes direction.

YELLOWSTONE LAKE.

Aside from the fact of its high altitude—7,721 feet—and its actual navigability, Yellowstone lake is interesting for itself. It is a lovely sheet of water, very irregular in form, prolific in indentations, and its shores heavily wooded. The water is of a beautiful color, moderate in depth, abundant in salmon trout, and the lake is appropriately framed in by the mountains.

As viewed from the new and attractive frame lunch station at the west arm of the lake, it is of varying beauty, changing from hour to hour as the sun rises to the zenith or sinks to the horizon. The west arm is a wide sheet of water joining the main body between two low, long, and heavily wooded points. The black, dense appearance caused by this timber, which covers the plateaus and mountains near by, is a conspicuous feature of the view. The noble Absaroka range bounds the distant eastern horizon, and is a fine, notched, high range, a fitting border to the lake, its upper heights entirely bare of forest. The lake shore at the lunch station has some beautiful paint pots, many and varied hot pools, and two or three geysers. One of the latter, the Lakeside, has a beautiful, beaded crater chocolate in color, and it plays in a unique, plunging manner to a height of from four to twenty feet or more. Its eruption occurs at half-hour intervals and is decidedly individualistic and in some ways quite *sui generis*. Two of these pools are the deepest in the park, apparently, and the paint pots play higher and form more lovely figures in their little eruptions than do those at the Lower geyser basin.

Here, on the shore at the west arm, is found the hot spring cone, by many regarded as purely mythical, where the angler catches a trout in the lake and, without moving, flops him into the boiling water of the pool and in a twinkling, cooks him. This is all entirely true. In fact there are two such pools and there have been, probably, in past time, others. In early summer, when the park season first opens, owing to the rapidly melting snows in the mountains, the lake is usually quite high, and this particular hot spring cone and pool which the tourist sees, is apt to be nearly or quite overflowed by the lake. Later, it is well out of the water and a conspicuous object. A most interesting example of this phenomenon is seen a short distance above the steamer landing where there is a boiling spring in the lake and where, at least in the later summer, the boiling and agitation of the cold water of the lake by the hot spring water can be seen at regular intervals.

The view from the porches and rooms of the new and stately hotel near the outlet of Yellowstone lake is one of quiet and peace and beauty. The large lake stretches out and away far, far into the mountains, the striking irregularities and sinuosities of its shore line being plainly visible.

Stevenson island, the home of wild raspberries, lies almost within a stone's throw, and little Dot island, a mere dot sure enough, in the distance, shows faintly in the western haze down toward the southwestern shore in line with Flat mountain and Mount Sheridan. The southeastern arm, or finger, can be plainly traced as it winds in among the high peaks and tablelands of the Absaroka range far to the south. There, beneath the shadows and slopes of Colter peak, Table mountain, Turret peak, and Two Ocean plateau, the Upper Yellowstone river, fresh from the high Rockies, expands into this charming lake.

At various points along the shore, besides those seen between the West Arm lunch station and the hotel, there are dead or living evidences of hot springs action. At Steamboat point, plainly seen on the eastern

Summit Mount Washburn.



On the Road to Mount Washburn.

shore from the hotel, there are several active springs some of them right at the water's edge. The old trail which the Washburn-Doane party followed around the lake in 1870, leads past these springs and is a good, plain trail to-day.

TO THE GRAND CAÑON.

Leaving the beautiful lake and its delightful hotel the road follows the windings of the Yellowstone river, by all odds the noblest stream in the park and one of the largest and most important in the west.

Just half way between Yellowstone lake and the Cañon are found two or three extremely interesting objects. The most important one is Mud volcano, generally but incorrectly termed Mud geyser. The original Mud geyser is situated just above the volcano and beside the road, as the river runs and the tourist rides, and both these objects were discovered and named by the Washburn-Doane party. At that time—1870—the geyser was active, but later it became quiescent and, apparently, until recently, remained so. Now it is semi-active. The volcano is, really, almost the only thing of its sort in the park on a large scale, and it impresses persons variously. To some it is very uncanny, perhaps repulsive, but very interesting nevertheless. To others it is, in a way, even fascinating. When discovered the volcano was rabidly active, on the rampage, in fact, and threw mud entirely clear of its basin and over the surrounding trees for some distance away. Then for years it lost its rampageousness and quieted down to the state in which it is now usually seen. It has once or twice since discovery renewed, for short intervals, its excessive vitality and playfulness. It is always belching and throwing, with great violence and explosiveness, its thick, roily water and mud, from the bottom of its cave-like funnel, against the sides of its prison. Explosion follows explosion, the brown, oily, mushy-looking mass of liquid mud is stirred to its depths and projected in all directions in currents and large boiling bubbles, and from it the steam rises in swirling wreaths, and steamy odors assail the nostrils.

A few rods beyond the volcano, lower down—about on a level with the road—at the extremity of a little gulch and reached by well-tramped trails, is one of the secluded gems of the park. The first reference to it was by Lieutenant Doane, in 1870, and he well described it and named it the Gothic Grotto. I first stumbled upon it in 1901. An aperture in the hillside a few feet in size is filled with the clearest of water, and continuous explosions, exactly similar to those of the volcano, keep it constantly agitated in its pebbly basin, and not a drop of water escapes from the pool. The entrance is a symmetric, pointed, gothic-like chapel structure of rock, perhaps ten feet high by five or six feet in width at its base. The rock on the under side is white, on the outside mostly a strong green, with green splotches at places underneath. At some points the green is a very deep and dark one. The whole combination is exceedingly dainty and effective and a great contrast to the dingy, muddy volcano. Every tourist that I have known to visit the Grotto has been almost effusive in praise of it.

This is also the point where the Nez Percé Indians, in their raid across Montana and the park under Chief Joseph in 1877, crossed the Yellowstone river on their way out of the park.

The public is now tolerably familiar with the peculiar design used by the Northern Pacific for a trademark. It comes from an ancient Chinese diagram known as the Great Monad and is many, many centuries old. A peculiar meaning and history attaches to it and is all told in "The Story of a Trademark," sent to any address by the Northern Pacific Passenger Department upon receipt of four cents. Nature often fabricates wonderful profiles and patterns and an example of this is seen by the tourist after leaving Mud volcano and just after entering Hayden valley. Just as Trout creek is reached, and to the left, down below in a pocket of the turfy plain, the creek, flowing in beautiful convolutions, has worked out an almost perfect and symmetric image of the Northern Pacific's trademark. The whole forms a nearly complete circle and the creek winds in such a way as to reproduce, even more perfectly than it does the entire figure, the two large, dense, commas of the design, known to the Chinese as the Yang and Yin, and shown in the body of the trademark in red and black or white and black. Any one familiar with the trademark symbol can easily trace this natural reproduction on the ground.

Crossing Hayden valley the most lovely and the largest one in the park, we soon reach the rapids of the Yellowstone river above the Upper fall. Just above the latter stands the new and graceful concrete bridge across the river, which, with the new road down the south side of the cañon, enables tourists to visit Artist's point, so called because Thomas Moran is supposed to have painted the magnificent picture of the Grand cañon which hangs in the Capitol at Washington, from that point. Mr. Moran informed the writer a year or two since that this idea was an erroneous one, that his painting was not made from the south side.

THE GRAND CAÑON AND FALLS.

The tourist approaches the Grand cañon of the Yellowstone on the keenest edge of expectancy. Day after day he has been going from better to better, seeing marvel after marvel pass before him, and now he draws near that which common consent attests to be the culmination of wonder and grandeur. During the rather quiet ride from the lake one has time and inclination to review the events of the days preceding and thus prepare one's mind for the final act of the scenic drama that is being enacted.

The part that Yellowstone lake plays in the evolution of the tour is an important one. Coming between the geysers and the cañon it serves to change the current of one's reflections and to soothe the emotions, to the end that the mind is in a better state of preparedness, is the better able to grasp the real meaning of the cañon and to enter into the full and unequivocal enjoyment of its magnificence and grandeur. In magnitude there are many greater cañons than this. The Yosemite is two

and a half times the depth of the Yellowstone and the Grand cañon of the Colorado is five times as deep, ten times as long and perhaps as many times as wide. Each of these two is perfect of its type and as radically different from each other as both are diverse from the Yellowstone, which stands at the head of its class.

The Grand cañon of the Yellowstone is, all told, about twenty miles long, 1,200 feet deep, and 2,000 feet wide. This gives, in a cold, lifeless way, its superficial dimensions. There are about four, or at most five, miles of it that the tourist sees and this is the most attractive part of the gorge.

The moment that one stands on the brink of this remarkable chasm and gazes upon the scene, one recognizes the utter impotency of words to describe it. Neither photography nor pigments can reproduce it. No other gorge in the world has the singularly refined yet ornate and involved sculpturing that is seen here. No other gorge exhibits such an abandon and wantonness of color as does this. And strange to tell there is perfect harmony and congruity. No violence is done to any cañon of art and as one analyzes the problem it seems impossible that this should be so. Various figures of speech, similes, and comparisons have been given and made to express in some comprehensible way what one here sees. But all to no avail! The fact remains that the cañon itself is its own best and only interpreter and exponent, and words, rhetorical figures, and pictures are but the froth and scum of expression so far as adequately conveying any real impression of it goes.

As indicated, the strength and power of the Grand cañon of the Yellowstone are not in its superficial area and magnitude. It is in the profound sculpture work and the transcendent, glorified color scheme that they are to be found. The chiseling of the walls is not confined, alone, to large figures and buttresses, but it is the enormous and involved amount of work exhibited in the details that commands our admiration and takes us by surprise. Every tower, buttress, salient, recess, cliff, rampart, and wall is elaborately and minutely embellished. The multiplicity of such work and its overwhelming effect is scarcely conceivable until one actually beholds it. And then one stands aghast! But if this be true of the cañon sculptures what shall one write of the cañon colors? Such wild and riotous and yet, impossible as it may seem, perfectly harmonious combinations, could only be conceived by the brain of Deity. To stand at Grand View and, for the first time, gaze upon the glaring, royal welter of color which enfolds the great gulf beneath is to shock one into silence, to cause one to hold one's breath. The entire gamut of colors has been sounded. The impossible has been achieved. Artists stand appalled and enthralled and begin anew to learn the philosophy of color harmony.

The two colors which far and beyond all others dominate and give character to the scene are the yellows and reds. These are found in all



Old Faithful Geyser, Upper Geyser Basin. Plays Regularly Every Hour.

gradations and mixtures. White, clean and pure, and again weathered into dull grays and browns, assumes a prominent part in the color symphony. Green, lavender, and black are found and the blue of the sky overhead adds an emphasis to the phenomenal scene. Such mural painting as this is unknown and such a combination of wall sculpture and decoration as God has here given us the world has never seen elsewhere.

The excavation of this remarkable cañon has been accomplished by the same agencies operative in other cañons, namely, erosion in its varied forms. There is found here, however, a factor not usually known elsewhere and it is to this agency that the peculiar and marvelous effects noticed are due. The volcanic rock through which the cañon has been formed is rhyolite, and it has been decomposed by the thermal action of steam and hot water which are prevalent in the cañon the same as in the geyser basins and elsewhere in the park. To these agencies is also due the high, varied, and rich coloring with which the walls are emblazoned. Through the decomposition and disintegration of the rhyolite the usual sculptural effects have been greatly accentuated, and in the process of decomposition heat has effected chemical changes in the rock that have produced the vivid and lurid cañon walls that in the sunshine remind one of an awful conflagration.

The magnificent river that, in a mad frenzy of white tinged with the natural green of the water, goes tearing over its rocky bottom a succession of rapids and falls, heightens the beauty and grandeur of the scene, for water is always a prominent, rarely a passive, factor in a landscape. Then, looking from most of the projecting angles of the walls toward the head of the cañon the Lower, or Greater, fall adds a dignified and majestic presence to the picture. It is seldom, indeed, that such a marriage, or union, of desirable features is found in one landscape.

Important adjuncts are the Upper fall and the glorious rapids just above it. These are less than a mile above the Lower fall and are really a part of the cañon proper although the word Grand can, perhaps, not justly be applied to the gorge above the Lower fall. The two falls, the Upper 112, the Lower 310, feet high, are as unlike as can be imagined. The Upper one goes pitching over the brink in a most exultant sort of a way while the other drops into the chasm in a noble, regal manner, the embodiment of repose and dignity. Each fall may be reached by trail and road from the Cañon hotel.

Two side trips here are of particular interest. One is across the graceful bridge at the rapids and down the new road to Artist's point, before mentioned. The other is by the new road to the summit of Mount Washburn. This trip will occupy a day and will afford the tourist an entirely new sensation. The road is a fine one that will never be forgotten. The eastern and northeastern parts of the park are in sight, Yellowstone lake and the Three Tetons to the south, and Electric peak and Cinnabar mountain to the north, are seen.



There is no more attractive feature of scenery than a beautiful lake. Whether it be found deeply emboweled among lofty peaks and crags, nestling within the confines of a sun-kissed valley, or shimmering amid the illimitable wrinkles and horizons of a vast prairie, it is ever and always an important and modifying element of any landscape. It seems to soothe and mollify nature even as it does mankind. Nature's angularities are toned down, its asperities softened, and a lightness and cheerfulness imparted to what otherwise would often be harsh, cold, and forbidding. And the variety in lakes is almost as limitless as are their number or are the bounds of the prairie itself. But however welcome and refreshing the sight of such a body of water wherever found, it is among the mountains that the supremest effects are to be seen. The very phrase "a mountain lake," has come to have a meaning and significance



Looking Toward the "Narrows," Lake Kachess, Washington.



In the "Narrows," Lake Kachess.

distinctly its own. And what a newness and individuality there is to each and every such lake has recently been borne upon me.

Flowing from the eastern slopes of the Cascade range is a stream now well known throughout the west for the benisons it imposes upon a dry and thirsty, but very rich, land by means of irrigation. This river, the Yakima, has its sources in three of the purest mountain lakes in the world, each of them in close proximity to the Northern Pacific Railway. Farthest to the west lies Lake Keechelus, close to the Stam-

pede pass and tunnel, farthest to the east is Lake Clealum, while between the two and nearly equi-distant from each is Lake Kachess, the largest of the three. This fine sheet of water is about seven miles in length by from one to one and one-half miles wide. It is connected with another lake known as Little Kachess, by a short narrow stream known simply as the Narrows. I think that I can write in all truth and soberness that of all the lakes that I have seen, and they are many, Lake Kachess is beyond question the finest of its size. It is, except as to size, in many respects another Lake Chelan, the latter lying farther north among the Cascades, in Washington.

It would be hard indeed to exaggerate the wild mountain grandeur and at the same time the simplicity, of this little known body of water. While those resident in its vicinity have known something of this delightful mountain retreat, thousands of travelers and tourists have yearly passed within sight of it, almost, without the least suspicion of its existence.

Leaving the railway at Easton, a small station on the eastern slope of the Cascade mountains, a ride of four and one-half miles brings us to the foot of the lake. From the beginning one sees that one is in a region quite out of the ordinary, and as one penetrates farther within its silent spaces this fact



Little Kachess Lake and High Peaks of the Cascades Beyond.

is more and more revealed to the soul. It might have inspired Scott to write—

“In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,

* * * * *

“And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.”

It were, truly, a fit subject for any pen. Rising high and yet higher above the deep, beautiful, “dark-blue mirror” of the lake are, “presumptuous piled,” the “rocky summits, split and rent,” forming “turrets, domes, or battlements;” here are found dense forests of pines, firs, cedars, and aspens “with boughs that quake at every breath” of the soft zephyrs that come crooning down from the rifted rocks and weather-beaten crags that, snow powdered and whitened, glisten among the fleeting mists that enrap them. The whole scene is

“So wondrous wild, the whole
might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.”

The entire region adjoining the lake is now a Government Forest Reserve. Prior to the setting aside of the reserve, however, Mr. J. W. Gale, then a passenger engineer of the Northern Pacific railway, with a friend, entered a homestead on the south side of the lake near the Narrows. Here they constructed two fine cabins and these are the only habitations on the lake. Mr. Gale built his house large and roomy, for the accommodation of the public, and called it Kachess Lodge. Mr. Gale’s health compelled him, recently, to retire from railroading, and now he and his good wife devote themselves to making Kachess Lodge an enjoyable retreat for those who love to cultivate nature in the fastnesses of the mountains. And, judging from my own experiences, they are successful in their efforts.

The lodge is beautifully situated among the native forest trees at the edge of the lake, and it commands a glorious view of the entire lake and the encircling mountains. The trees here are giants; large, tall, straight fellows that stretch upward 150 or 200 feet. A clear, cold, little trout



A Washington Tree at Lake Kachess.



Kachess Lodge, Lake Kachess.

isolated, castellated crags, that rise bare, high, and picturesque and are a constant challenge to the mountain climber, a source of joy and inspiration to others.

It is a real treat to spend a few days or weeks at this beautiful spot where, although close to the railway and within two or three hours of a train, yet the sound of the whistles of the locomotives is barely heard as they pull their trains up the grade of the Cascades to the Stampede tunnel.

During the fall and on rainy or cloudy days when the mists hover over mountains and lake, nature's dissolving, moving pictures are of a sort that memory will ever cherish.

Then there are ducks! The fall shooting and fishing is worth considering by those who enjoy such sport in connection with glorious scenery.

Mr. Gale has a gasoline launch with which he conveys his guests to and from the Lodge and the boat landing near Easton, and it is used in excursions about the lakes. The supply of small boats is ample and his rates by the day and week are extremely reasonable.

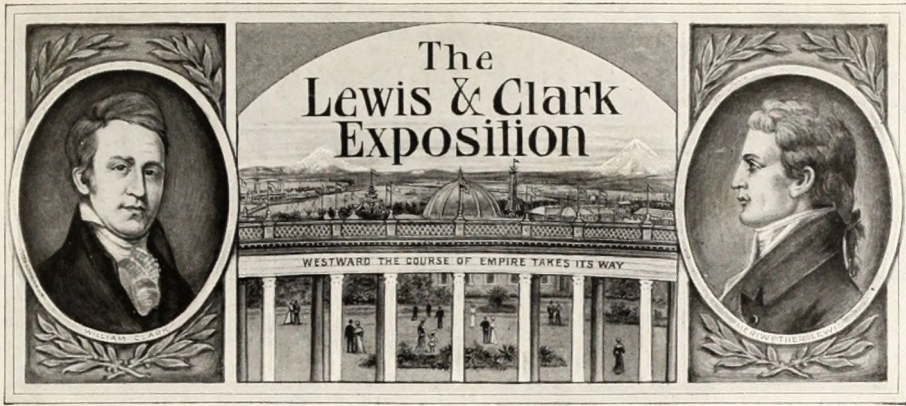
In connection with Green River Hot Springs just over the range, on the railway, and distant but an hour or two, Lake Kachess should prove a most popular spot.

stream flows at the side of the house, and the lake and all of its inflowing creeks afford choice trout fishing, while the mountains supply deer and wild goat hunting.

The mountains at the head of the lake and about the Narrows and Upper lake are formed into split,



Interior of Kachess Lodge.

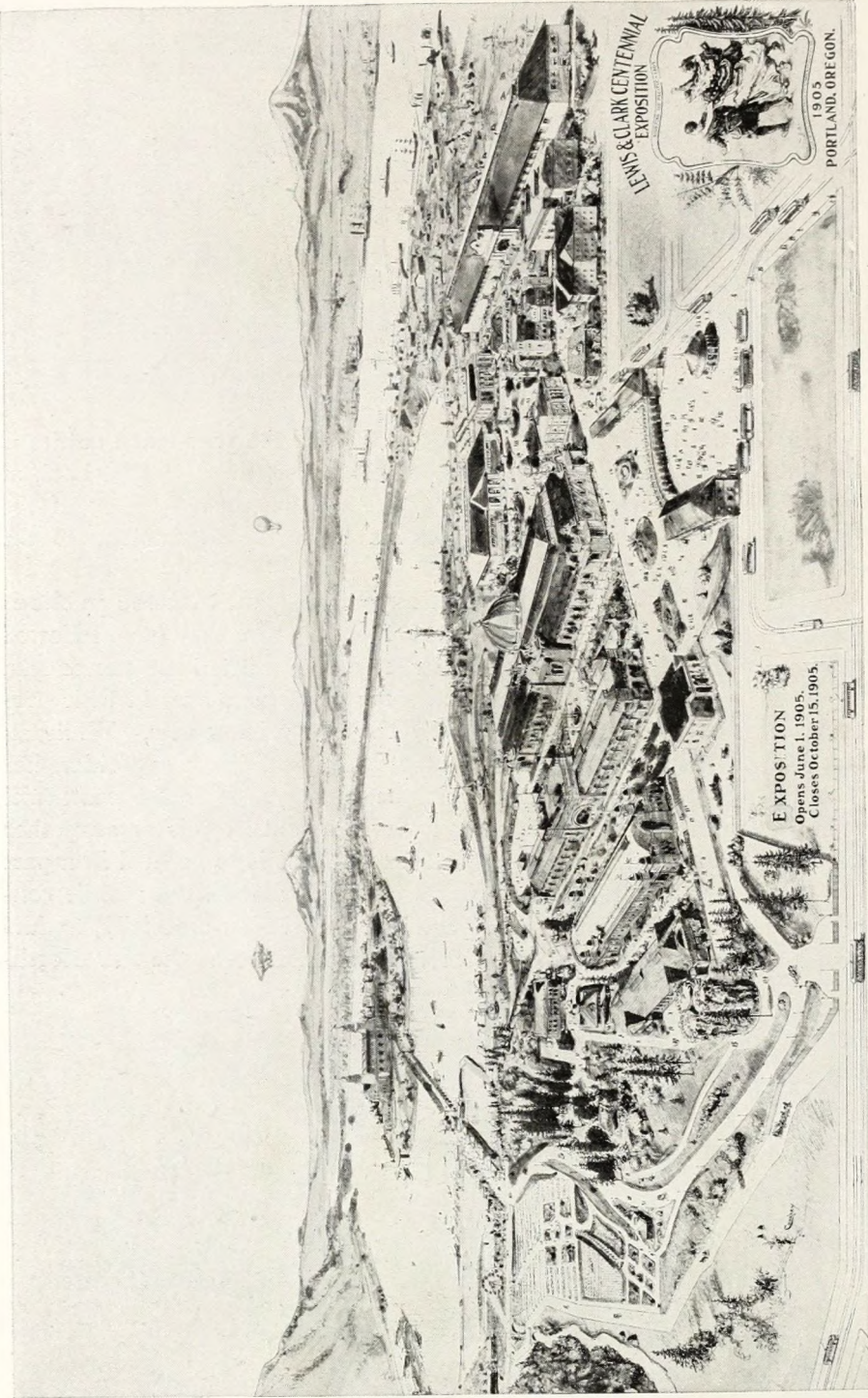


During the tourist season of 1905, a time of the year when nature is all glorious and radiant in the Pacific Northwest, there will be held, at Portland, Ore., what will be, probably, for some time, the last of the series of National expositions which have become so familiar to the country in recent years.

That we have had a plethora of expositions and that the public is awearied of them can hardly be gainsaid. For years they have followed each other in steady succession, somewhat varied in detail yet, necessarily, much alike in general character, and some of them so vast in their proportions as to tire and surfeit one by their very immensity. While all this is true, there are reasons why the Lewis and Clark exposition has just and meritorious demands upon the country. It is the centennial of the greatest exploring expedition ever sent out by this or any other general government, a fact generally conceded; it is to be held in a part of our country particularly rich in its historical associations; while containing national and international exhibits it will aim, especially, to furnish a display of products of all sorts representative of the Far North-



Oriental Exhibits Building.



Lewis and Clark Exposition Grounds, Portland, Oregon.



Colonnade Entrance Lewis and Clark Exposition, Portland, Oregon.

west and the Pacific slope; although comprehensive and national in its scope the exposition will not be on such a scale as to make sightseeing burdensome and a task, and cause one to retire each night worn out in body and mind; it will afford an unusual opportunity to those living in the east and south to visit, at a small expense, the young, stirring cities of the Pacific Coast and Northwest, see the varied and splendid scenery found there, look upon the rich, fertile valleys of the region, some under irrigation, others not, and see how bountifully and even luxuriously, nature supplies the wants of mankind in the old Oregon country of which Jonathan Carver first wrote and William Cullen Bryant sang.

In recent years thousands of people have seen this old Oregon country, have been charmed by its beauty and climate, and have been surprised at its richness and fertility. Its prodigious mountains, white, eternally white with a glacial mantle, its vast, illimitable forests that seem unconquerable, its beautiful mountain streams and large rivers, its fine fisheries, its rushing, pushing cities throbbing with domestic trade and foreign commerce, have all impressed the visitor with the tremendous possibilities and future greatness of the region. And well they may! Lewis and Clark foreshadowed, in reality, the futurity of the land as a careful reading of their report will show, and Whitman, whatever may



Agricultural Building, Sunken Gardens to Right.

The vista from the top of these steps, comprehends rugged mountains, rivers, lakes, snow-peaks and far-spreading valleys.

Lake View, Grand Stairway and Terraces.

be thought of his share in the so-called saving of Oregon, undoubtedly correctly estimated the value of the country to the United States, as, indeed, did every intelligent emigrant in the early days of its settlement.

The Lewis and Clark exposition of 1905 will be worth visiting for itself, for it will contain exhibits, both State and national, as well as foreign, of interest and value. Many valuable exhibits, the cream of them, in fact, have been transferred from St. Louis to Portland and a large amount of additional and unique material will be added to them.

Oregon and Portland have worked hard to provide a valuable exposition largely, of course, of western life and customs, and they have been cordially assisted by their neighboring sister States and even Canada, New York, Massachusetts, and other far eastern States have taken hold with energy to aid their one-time sons and daughters do credit to their nativity.

Italy, Germany, France, Switzerland, Japan, China, and other foreign governments will be well represented there.

The grounds are large and artistically laid out under the direction of eastern landscape architects. The buildings are of the usual exposition sort and while somewhat less pretentious than were those at Chicago and St. Louis, they are large, refined, and in keeping with the objects and more modest character of the enterprise itself. It has been found necessary to erect additional buildings so great has been the demand for space. Flowers and shrubbery, of the luxuriant Oregon sort, will surprise the visitor; a beautiful lake will add its attractions, and, lying as it does at the base of some grand, wooded bluffs dotted with fine homes, it proves to be a most effective bit of adornment. The entire outlay for the exposition will equal, and probably exceed, \$7,000,000.

The view from the grounds and the heights above is one of few such sights on earth. Encompassed within a comparatively small arc stand five of the seven grandest glacier-covered peaks, not only of the



Forestry Building, Lewis and Clark Exposition.

An original and unique conception, embodied in an artistic structure made from the large trees, for which Oregon is noted.



European Exhibits Building.

United States, but of the world. Rainier, St. Helens, Adams, Hood, and Jefferson loom in far off, silent grandeur, from 50 to 100 miles, or more, distant, but

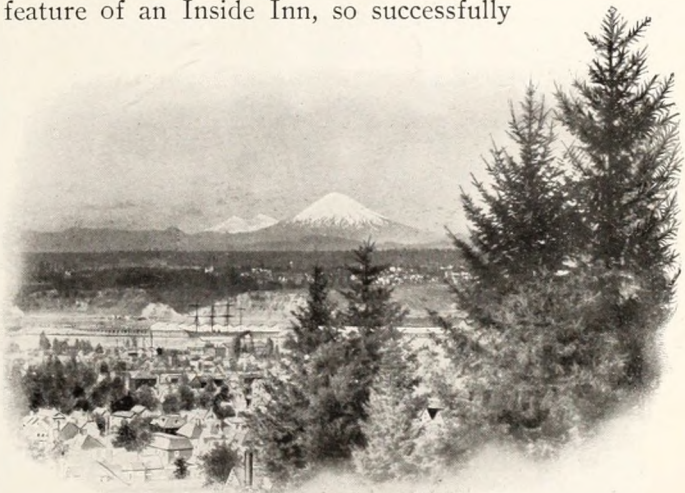
clear cut, white, almost glistening, and, apparently, nearly within reach of one's hand. No more sublime sight of its kind can be found than that of these eroded monarchs, stately, majestic, the embodiment of Godlike dignity and grandeur. At the sea's level, they rise from 9,700 to nearly 14,500 feet above the ocean's bosom, relics of a volcanic age and a sight for gods and men.

Just below the grounds flows the peaceful Willamette river on its almost currentless way to join the mighty Columbia. Lake, river, and mountains form a noteworthy picture and the beautiful city which frames the grounds and extends across the river to the Mount Tabor heights beyond, certainly detracts not one whit from it.

Portland itself is one of the most attractive cities of the west. It is conservative, yet progressive. Its buildings are entirely modern, its streets are asphalted or splendidly macadamized, its parks and private grounds are adorned with Oregon flowers and shrubbery. Its hotels are many and good, its numerous restaurants are of a high order, and its stores, I venture, will prove a delightful surprise to exposition visitors. In no city of my acquaintance in the Northwest, not excepting Chicago, are store windows so artistically and fetchingly dressed. The shop windows of Portland are a constant temptation to the tourist and visitor to exchange his ducats for beautiful wares, souvenirs, etc. In Chinese and Japanese goods the stores of this city carry a stock exceptionally fine, and reasonable as to prices.

The hotel situation is a satisfactory one. There are many hotels of all grades and prices and the feature of an Inside Inn, so successfully carried out at St. Louis, will be found in operation at Portland.

The street car systems of Portland are very complete. The cars cover all parts of the city and suburbs, transfers are freely given, and four lines of electric cars run to the exposition grounds, which comprise 182 acres of land and 220 acres of water.



Mounts St. Helens and Rainier, the latter being the low white mountain to the left of Mount St. Helens.

The "Midway" of Chicago and the "Pike" of St. Louis will be found in a new and original "Trail" constructed across the lake from the main grounds to a peninsula in the lake. The "Trail" will be 150 feet wide and will prove of unbounded interest.



Mount Hood from Portland. 11,225 feet high.

But after all said or written, the greatest benefit that the exposition visitor will derive from his or her visit is the opportunity given, at a remarkably low cost, *to see the country*. This applies equally to the exposition traveler pure and simple and to the tourist who spends the winter in California for health or pleasure. To the latter class, this chance to explore the States of Oregon and Washington, view the surpassing scenery of the Columbia river, gaze upon the dimpled waters of Puget sound, that entrancing inland sea, and the Strait of Juan de Fuca, named after the historical old Greek pilot, with the glorious Olympic range silhouetted in transcendent beauty on its farther border—this chance, I repeat, is one which should appeal particularly to the winter tourist class.

This country is growing and its importance, from every standpoint, is rapidly increasing. In the opinion of shrewd observers the greatest city on the Pacific will eventually be found on the North Pacific coast. Seattle, Portland, and Tacoma make no concealment of the fact that they are rivals of San Francisco, Los Angeles, etc., and that before many years the commercial supremacy of the Pacific will, as they believe, be shifted far to the north of the Golden Gate.

These three cities have a total population of more than 300,000, and Everett and Bellingham add nearly 50,000 more. Within a radius of 300 miles of Portland there are 1,200,000 people. The foreign commerce to and from these ports now causes Puget sound to rank ninth as an Import and Export station and this commerce is increasing at a prodigious rate. But, leaving out the commercial and economic features and confining the discussion entirely to the scenic and superficial or pleasurable aspects of the



Multnomah County Court House, Portland, Oregon.

region, where can one find anything more grand and inspiring and instructive than here? Aside from the individual snow peaks already mentioned, the Cascade and Coast ranges of mountains, including the



The Portland, Oregon, Public Library.

Olympic range, present some of the finest general mountain scenery to be found anywhere, and an abundance of hunting and fishing. Scattered through the mountains, within easy reach from Portland, Astoria, South Bend, Hoquiam, Olympia, Tacoma, Seattle, Everett, Bellingham, Port Townsend, Port Angeles, Victoria and other places, there are numerous retreats of various degrees of excellence and where rates are noticeably moderate.

The ride up the Columbia river will prove a revelation. The Columbia is *the* scenic river of our country, surpassing the Hudson. Its great bluffs and palisades of lava, its rapids, its wide, swirling reaches of water, its high, gloriously forested mountain slopes, the beautiful waterfalls that so gracefully precipitate themselves down the crannies of the cliffs, combine to form a kaleidoscope of the grandest scenic effects of which the mind can conceive.

Hood River and Cloud Cap Inn, on the upper Columbia, the latter perched high up on a shoulder of Mount Hood, are delightful places of resort. Hood River may be reached either by steamer or train from Portland, the Inn by a farther ride by stage coach through the forest from Hood River.

The sea beaches at Long Beach, Clatsop, and Seaside, reached from Portland, and Ocosta, reached from Tacoma and Seattle, are long, clean, good beaches well supplied with hotels of the medium class and with boarding houses.

From Tacoma and Seattle, Lake Cushman, Lake Crescent, Snoqualmie falls, and Lake Kachess are inexpensive mountain resorts near by, are surrounded by mountain scenery of the highest order, and supply the tourist with fine fishing.

Green River Hot Springs, a short distance east from Seattle and Tacoma, on the main line of the Northern Pacific, is a new, modern, well-equipped, mineral hot springs sanatorium in the Cascades. Those who, after visiting the exposition and other places, appreciate a quiet, restful spot, with delightful mineral water baths, massage, etc., will enjoy Hotel Kloeber at these springs, as it is far above the usual hot springs hotel to be found in the west, and the rates are extremely low. There is also abundance of good trout fishing.



Chamber of Commerce, Portland, Oregon.

A very unusual trip, one full of original experiences, is to go from Tacoma to Paradise Park on the southern slope of Mount Rainier. Here there is a good tent hotel in the midst of some of the most sublime scenery on the globe. Mountains, falls, glaciers, cañons, cliffs, snow fields, islands of timber, rushing streams, wide areas of living green, and a most wonderful flora, lie stretched on all sides. It is scarcely possible to adequately describe the beauty, variety, and absorbing interest of the secluded little realm of which Paradise Park is the center. If the visitor is ambitious in the line of mountain climbing, the ascent of Mount Rainier, the highest glacial peak in the United States exclusive of Alaska, can be added to the program, but for this a guide is necessary.

Paradise Park is now easy of access. The Tacoma Eastern railway extends from Tacoma to Ashford, at and near which point there are several good stopping places, notably a new hostelry, in a lovely nook in the mountains, just completed by W. A. Ashford, whose rates are remarkably reasonable. Between Ashford and Longmire Springs a good wagon road is found and between Longmire's and Paradise Park the Government has constructed a very fine road. The entire distance from Tacoma may easily be covered in a day—and there are some most effective bits of scenery along the railway—but one will find it pleasant to stop a night or more at Longmire's and enjoy drinking the waters and bathing in them. The water is a natural soda water but of varying temperatures. *En route* some glorious views of Mount Rainier are obtained, and at Longmire's there is a grand view of the southern one of the three peaks of Rainier and the long, rocky ridge, or salient that runs down from it.

At Paradise Park the atmosphere is balmy and the nights are not unduly cold.

At all the important cities and towns on Puget sound the hotel and restaurant accommodations are entirely satisfactory. Most of the hotels are on the European plan, are substantial structures, and are conveniently located. Some of the hotels on the coast are models of their class.



An Oregon Spruce Log. Diameter, 9 feet 8 inches.

Those who have long desired to make the Alaskan tour will find the way opened by the Lewis and Clark exposition and the low railway rates in effect therewith. The Alaskan steamers start from Tacoma and Seattle, and the "Spokane," a new and commodious steamer, is used exclusively for passenger excursion travel during the tourist season. Experienced travelers pronounce the Alaskan tourist trip the finest in the world. What is of much consequence to most people is the fact that the seasickness so much dreaded on sea voyages need not enter into one's calculations. The route of the steamers is wholly within the inland passage and the sea proper is scarcely ventured upon. At Skagway one can leave the steamer, cross the White Pass by rail, visit the country about the headwaters of the Yukon and return to Skagway. Or, after crossing the White Pass, the route can be continued by steamer to Dawson and thence down the Yukon to Nome and return to Puget sound. Whatever portion of the Alaskan trip one may take, it is safe to conclude that it will stand out ever after a milestone, as it were, in one's life. It is



Face of Muir Glacier, Alaska, from Morain.

proper to add here that those who visit the exposition going via California, may make the trip from California ports to Portland and the Sound by steamer, or, connecting with an Alaskan steamer at Victoria, may visit Alaska and, returning, then go to Portland and the exposition.

As a final word let me urge those who for years have been dreaming of a trip to the coast, to Alaska, or Yellowstone Park, to seize the opportunity now offered. Procrastinate no longer! In connection with the Lewis and Clark exposition Alaska, the Yellowstone, or California may be visited, one or all, going or coming, within the limits of the tourist season as regards Alaska and the Yellowstone. If only a part of this program can be carried out now, do what you can and look forward with glowing anticipation to the remainder. See your own country, a new portion of it each year, and get into the habit of doing it and you will never give it up. Then too when you return home you will sing as never before, "My country, 'tis of thee."



Greek Church, Sitka, Alaska.



The tendency in recent years for eastern people to go to California and the Pacific coast to spend the winter and spring months, has become a confirmed habit. That those who can afford to do so should prefer to spend the days of stormy winter and of cold inclement spring far away in a region of balm, beautiful and fragrant flowers, and luscious fruits, to say nothing of the manifold scenic attractions and historic associations, is not at all surprising, now that the journey can be so cheaply, easily, and comfortably made. But it is much more than this. It means that the senseless fad of European travel to the neglect of American shrines of equal and often greater interest and worth, is at last having a serious check put upon it.

Among our intelligent travelers it has become a truism, confirmed by foreigners themselves, that Americans leave finer scenery at home to seek inferior sights abroad. Anything that will, therefore, compel the American to know his own beautiful and wonderful country before seeking the pleasures of foreign travel is to be welcomed, and the habit of spending the winter in Arizona and California tends toward this.

And what a new, wonderful, rare, and diversified land those who thus journey to it find! And one, too, so thoroughly cosmopolitan now, that it may truly be said to be of, and to belong to, the whole country in a sense that, probably, no other part of the Union does. In the early summer of 1881, the writer, *en route* from the Pacific to the Atlantic



Castle Crags and Sacramento River, Shasta Route, Northern California.

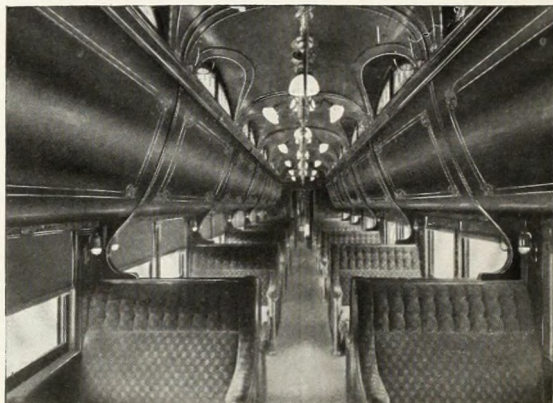


Shasta Soda Springs, Shasta Route, Northern California.

coast, traversed California, south from San Francisco. I have recently repeated much of that trip, and what a transformation I have witnessed! And it has all taken place, largely, within a decade! Then the land had the tang and the flavor of the ancient occupancy, of the Mexican, *padre*, and Indian; league upon league of wide spreading valley and hill, bare and untenanted, stretched upon every side. True the old *padres* had departed, in greater part at least, but one familiar with the story of that sunny land as Dana, for example, has described it in *Two Years Before the Mast*, could see it all and picture to himself the old, long gone days, and then, too, the Mexicans and Indians and the old missions were still there. Now the whole country is Americanized, it is a transplanted east. The wide, sterile spaces have gone and thriving cities, beautiful orange, lemon, olive, English walnut, and fruit orchards, and alfalfa fields and vegetable gardens have taken their places. Steam and electric railways extend to remotest corners, large irrigation works have metamorphosed the desert, and the finest and most complete of large, modern hotels are found ensconced in the most healthful and beautiful spots, enticements to the weary, ill, and winter-tired habitants of colder, more severe climes.

But there is a larger California than most persons are aware of, and north of it and extending along the same Pacific coast lies a region, a continuation of the other, historically, scenically, commercially, and climatically, and even more congenial in many respects, to many, as a region of recuperation and convalescence. Northern California, Oregon and Puget sound have unsurpassed advantages in these respects, that must be frankly conceded. No one spot or locality ever has proven, or ever will prove, the perfect Utopia for everybody. The entire Pacific coast is a vast, magnificent, natural sanatorium, and the Pacific Northwest is as perfect in this way as is justly famed southern California, and in saying this I abate not one jot nor tittle of southern California's due. Each has its merits and excellencies—and each its deficiencies.

Winter, in the usual meaning of the word, is as little known in western Oregon and the Puget sound region as it is in California, and those who desire a variety of mild climates and wish to reap the



Standard Pullman Sleeping Car, Northern Pacific Railway.

greatest advantage from a winter and spring residence on the Pacific coast, will wisely include these portions of the coast in their itinerary.

After enjoying life among the splendidly appointed hotels at San Diego, Los Angeles, Riverside, Redlands, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, and Monterey, one will, naturally, visit San Francisco and the numerous places of interest in the vicinity and then travel north by the Shasta route, one of the most interesting and instructive in the world, to Portland, Ore.

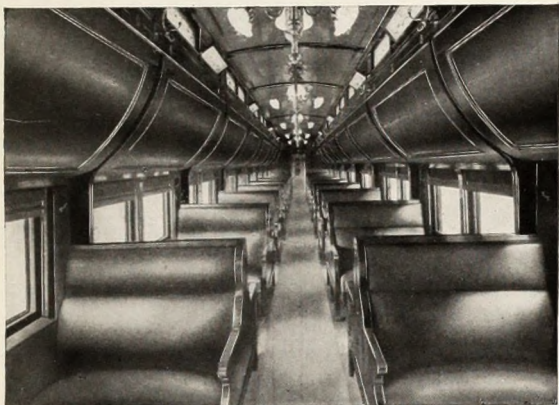
Of all California lines none equals the Shasta route. It is the scenic

route *par excellence* of the coast and, in connection with the Northern Pacific and Yellowstone Park forms, beyond all question, the grandest homeward route for California tourists.

Leaving San Francisco in the evening the following morning finds the train on the headwaters of the beautiful Sacramento river, in the vicinity of Dunsmuir, Castle Crag, and Shasta Springs. From this locality, until the passage of the Siskiyou range is effected, the sym-

posium of scenery constitutes a veritable scenic feast. The river, fresh from the snows and springs about Mount Shasta, is a rippling, rushing, foaming stream, clear and pure as crystal itself, and it winds among the hills and mountains as though completely lost and groping about to find a way out of the labyrinth of peaks that encircle it. The upper Sacramento is the peer of any stream I know, in its scenic setting. The cañon is not one of the great, magnificently colored cañons, after the fashion of the Yellowstone or Colorado cañons, but, while devoid of vivid colors, it is a perfect gem in its way, is extremely sinuous, draped with luxuriant foliage, and with a background of titanic crags and tremendous mountains and with breaks, or openings through which these can be seen in glorious vista, it soon compels one to become its ardent lover, its enthusiastic disciple.

Castle Crag is a group of old-time, massive, granite crags on the western bank of the river. They are of many forms, of huge proportions, cold, gray, and austere in



Tourist Sleeping Car, Northern Pacific Railway.



Standard Dining Car, Northern Pacific Railway.

appearance, rise high up into the clear blue sky and challenge, successfully every time, one's admiration. As a matter of fact, it is rare indeed that one meets with such a grand and glorious spectacle of its kind as these superlative rocks provide, and as the train slowly draws past them, turning in all directions, the great knobs seem, themselves, to be moving and changing position.

At Shasta Springs one is regaled by an unusual spectacle. Just below the station a beautiful spring, or fountain, breaks forth out of the green, mossy, river bank. It is not of the usual type of fountain but it gushes forth in many irregular, branching, noisy streams that, leaping forth full born, plunge into the river below and rush onward to the sea. Such is Mossbrae falls.

At the station, as the train draws in, can be seen a more conventional sort of fountain, but one of infinite grace and beauty. It is a genuine soda fountain of nature simply controlled and arranged so as to minister to man's enjoyment and please his artistic instincts.

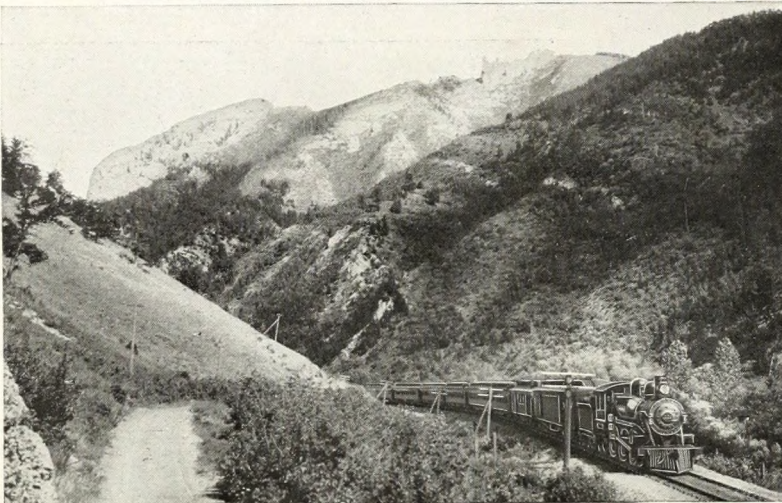
The soda stream comes tumbling down from the plateau above, forming a lovely cascade. At the bottom of the descent a part of it is conducted into a pipe and turned aloft and it shoots upward for a hundred feet, probably, with great velocity, forming an exquisite, graceful, white, soda-water plume. A charming rustic house at the station platform holds a large, carved, rock font filled with soda water free to everybody, and the train is always emptied of its scores of passengers who flock to the enclosure for a draught of the delicious fluid, and many fill bottles or cups with it to drink from on the train.

Before this, glimpses of Mount Shasta have been obtained, fleeting but

entrancing, and, now, the great white monolith swings full into view in all its majesty and glory. It is an inspiration. It is one of the really great views to be found in our whole country. At one point, Sisson's,



*Observation Car Parlor, "North Coast Limited,"
Northern Pacific Railway.*



The "North Coast Limited."

the peak is only twelve or fifteen miles distant and it seems as if we were swinging along within the very shadows of the mountain so clear, distinct, and close at hand does it appear to be.

Dwellers on the Atlantic shore can form no conception of such a vision as this. There is no such mountain or view along the whole Atlantic coast and none in Southern California, and here it is one of many, the first of a series of such transcendent and ennobling sights.

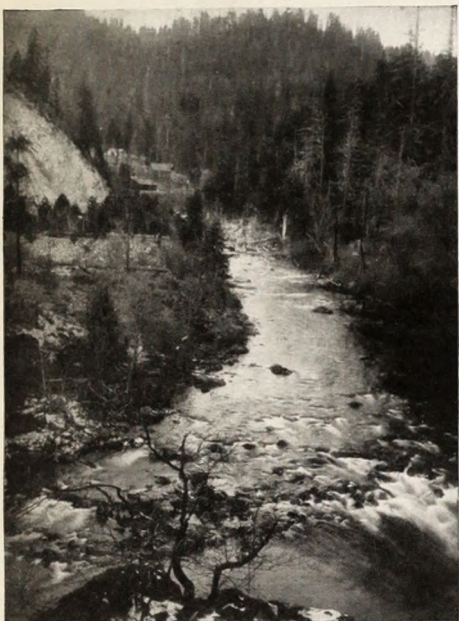
It is difficult for the imagination to picture such a scene as Shasta or Rainier or Hood. A *snow-capped* mountain is far removed from a peak that is *all* snow and ice. Year in and year out, for centuries, these glacial mammoths have stood, clad in their icy robes, shedding or renewing them as the seasons come and go, but always preserving their snowy, immaculate state. No thin veneering of snow covers their rocky shoulders, but from summit to foothills a thick, heavy mantle of snow and ice overlays them and, summer and winter, they are always white, cold, gleaming, and glittering.

To see sights such as Shasta Mahomet must go to the mountain. Those resident east of the Rockies cannot be told too often that the incomparable scenery of the west and the Pacific coast cannot be

brought to them. The Garden of the Gods, the Grand cañon of the Colorado, the Yosemite, the Big Trees, Shasta, Hood, Rainier, Adams, the Columbia River gorge, Puget sound, the Yellowstone park, have all been placed where they are in the inscrutable wisdom of the Almighty, and if those who love the masterpieces of omniscience would see and glory in them, they must make pilgrimages to where they are.

Leaving the vicinity of Shasta and winding across a region interesting in many ways, we come to the Siskiyou range across which the shining rails lead us.

What does the word Siskiyou not mean to those who, loving glorious mountain scenery, have seen this range! There are many of the component ranges of the Cascades, Sierras, and Rockies that are higher, rougher, grander



Along the Sacramento River, Shasta Route.



Mount Adams, Northern Pacific Railway.



Mount Rainier from Paradise Park, Northern Pacific Railway.

in many ways, and meet more readily the type of the ideal mountain range, but there is a charm about this range, apparent at once and compelling, but not so readily defined, perhaps, when it comes to stating it. There seems to be a softness, a gentleness about it while yet being lustily rough and abrupt, that is very appealing to one's love of mountain beauty and it maintains its hold of one afterward.

The ascent and descent of the range is quite contrasting and the windings hither and thither afford us a full set of beautiful panoramic pictures. Prominent among these from the southern side is Shasta, receding and sinking into distance as the miles and ascent increase. Descending into the upper Rogue River valley one is afforded a landscape etching rarely equaled in beauty anywhere, and particularly so if it be a time of year when the greens and yellows of the fields and hills are changing and varied.

The second morning after leaving San Francisco the train rolls across the Willamette River bridge and into the fine Union station at Portland, Ore.

At Portland there is no end of interesting side excursions to make, and the beautiful city itself will almost surely captivate every traveler. Under the heading "The Lewis and Clark Exposition" in another portion of this work, there will be found suggestions as to what may be seen in the vicinity of Portland.

In resuming the journey from Portland, if the tourist wishes a delightful experience in railway travel, he will take the Northern Pacific's "North Coast Limited" eastward. This train is justly called the Crack train of the Northwest, and eastern travelers will be more than surprised, most of them, to find that it surpasses, in many respects, the vaunted trains of the eastern railways. Wide vestibuled, steam heated,



A Residence Street, Tacoma, Washington.

electric lighted, with new tourist and standard Pullmans, the latest improved dining cars, and an observation-library car of special design for first-class passengers only, it is luxury on wheels. No additional fares are charged, except for first-class passengers (exclusive of those in the standard Pullmans) in the observation car. This train is a moving illumination at night, being lighted by 300 electric lights and having two lights to each section in the standard Pullmans.

From Portland the Northern Pacific trains run direct to Tacoma and Seattle and Puget sound. En route the train is ferried entire across the broad Columbia river, and Mounts Hood, St. Helens, Adams, and Rainier, all glacial peaks like Shasta, form the accented parts of the landscape. Mount Rainier, more than 14,500 feet in height, is probably the grandest spectacle of its kind in the world.

The Puget Sound region is an intensely interesting one and is growing in population and commercial importance by leaps and bounds. In the chapter on the Lewis and Clark Exposition there will be found, also, much of detail relating to this country.

Eastward from Puget sound comes first, the Cascade mountains. Here the traveler will find no snow sheds, no trestles, only one or two short and low steel bridges, and, except the Stampede tunnel at the summit, but two or three short tunnels in the entire passage of the range. The trestles, that in the early days were necessarily found, have all been filled in from the mountains by hydraulic sluicing, thus forming a solid roadbed. The tunnels, including the Stampede, are all concrete lined, and this is true of all the tunnels, which are few,

on the Northern Pacific. Near the summit of the range can be seen the remains of the old switchback which was used during the construction of the Stampede tunnel.

East of the range lie the Kittitas and Yakima valleys, separated by the cañon of the Yakima river, and rapidly filling up with eastern people seeking a mild, healthful region that is at the same time rich and productive. Irrigation has metamorphosed this valley. In area, fertility, abundance of water for irrigation, location for marketing its products, stability and mildness of climate, the Yakima valley—of which the



Pioneer Square, Seattle, Washington.



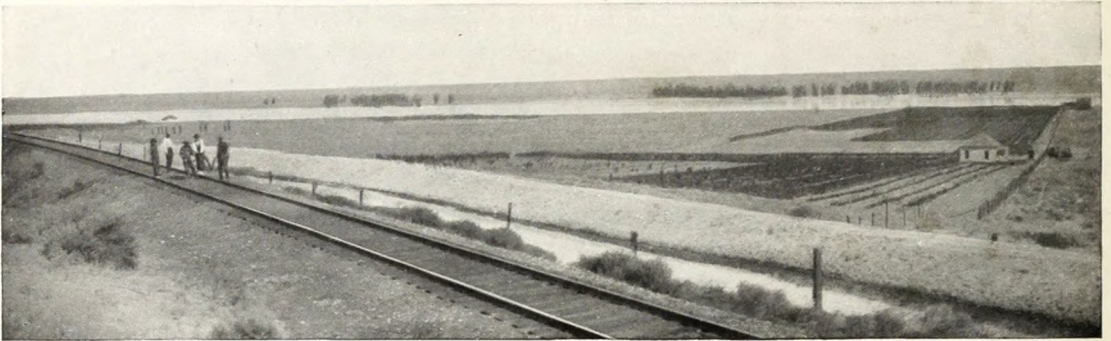
A Columbia River Indian Maiden.

Kittitas is really a part—has no superior and perhaps no equal.

As Ellensburg is approached Mount Adams is again seen, to the south, rising domelike, white, and clear, high above all else, a grand monument and forming a noble view.

Of these three peaks of the North Pacific coast, opinions will differ as to which is the finest. Shasta, Rainier, as seen when nearing Tacoma from Portland, and Adams, from the Yakima valley, form a puzzling trinity as to which should stand first, second, and third. It can hardly be doubted however that most persons will give precedence to Rainier.

A few years since two youthful friends of mine, sisters and the elder about entering her teens, were journeying to Portland from St. Paul. They were closely watching these grand snow peaks as they successively came into view, after leaving Tacoma, and amused themselves, girl-like, in establishing a new nomenclature for them. Mount Rainier thus became the "North King," Mount St. Helens the "Snow Queen," Mount



Strawberry Farms under the Kennewick Canal, Lower Yakima Valley, Washington.

Adams the "Shy Prince," because "you can just get a glimpse of the top of it," and Mount Hood was called the "Mount of the Angels," for the reason that "it looked so bright and filmy it didn't seem as if it belonged to the earth at all." Those who have seen these peaks from the neighborhood of Portland will, I think, catch the spirit of originality in, and the aptness of, these modern names bestowed by my young friends.

For nearly 150 miles the Northern Pacific follows the meanderings of the Yakima river, and for mile after mile the traveler sees the miracle of the shaggy, unkempt desert transformed into a living, vital, vivid, green valley of alfalfa and hop fields, orchards, melon and strawberry ranches, etc.

At the foot of the valley between Kennewick and Pasco, the Columbia river is again crossed and the train traverses a region which is already a renowned grain-producing section. During 1904 the wheat raised throughout this region was not only shipped westward to the Pacific



Spokane Falls, Spokane, Washington.

ports and then to all parts of the world, but vast quantities of it were transported to the Eastern United States.

Spokane and its mighty falls are soon reached. This thoroughly modern and vigorous city is the metropolis of the "Inland Empire" and merits a stop on the part of the wide-awake traveler.

Northward lies the Colville valley and the beautiful Kootenai lake, northwestward is glorious Lake Chelan and the Big Bend country, southward are the Palouse and Lewiston, or Clearwater, regions, marvelous producers of everything, almost, that will grow in the richest of soils.

East from Spokane come the mountains again, Lake Pend d'Oreille, than which there is none more beautiful, and the Clark fork of the Columbia, named after Captain Clark of Lewis and Clark. There is some exceptionally fine river, mountain, and cañon scenery about the lake and along the Clark fork. At the upper end of the valley, near Dixon, one obtains a glimpse of the magnificent Mission range, which borders the eastern shore of Flathead lake, and at whose base, just over the divide from Ravalli, lies St. Ignatius mission of the Flathead Indians.

Near Arlee the agency of the Flatheads can be seen, to the north, and the smoke-colored tipis of the Indians dot the scene at frequent intervals.

Missoula, just across the southern end of the Mission range and the seat of the University of Montana, is a growing, healthful, progressive place, most beautifully situated at the foot of the Bitterroot valley. Just to the south Lolo peak can be seen and along its northern base the Lewis and Clark expedition passed in 1805 and again in 1806.

Just below Missoula Captain Lewis with his detached party forded the Missoula, or Clark river, and then followed the very route

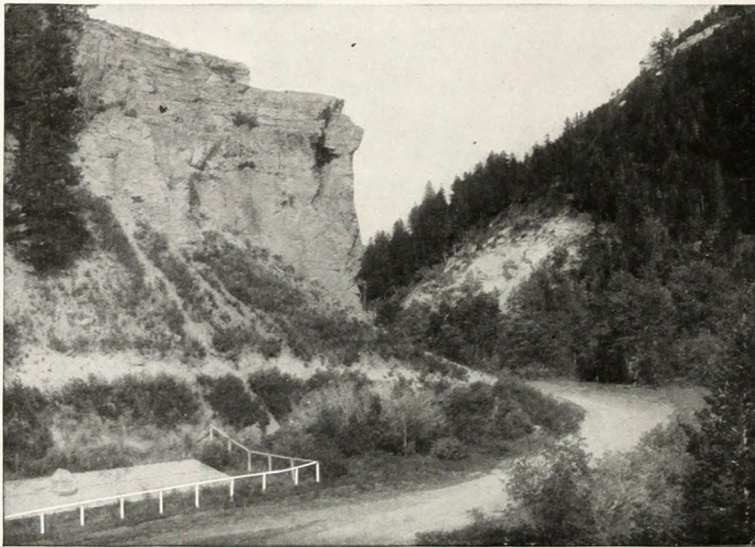


Northern Pacific Double Track along Puyallup River between Tacoma and Seattle.

that the railway now follows, to Bonner, on his return to the Great Falls of the Missouri.

After crossing the Rockies at either Mullan tunnel, or the Pipestone pass, *the Northern Pacific follows, for almost every mile of the distance, the route which Lewis and Clark pioneered in 1805-6, to Glendive, Mont., where the railway leaves the Yellowstone river.*

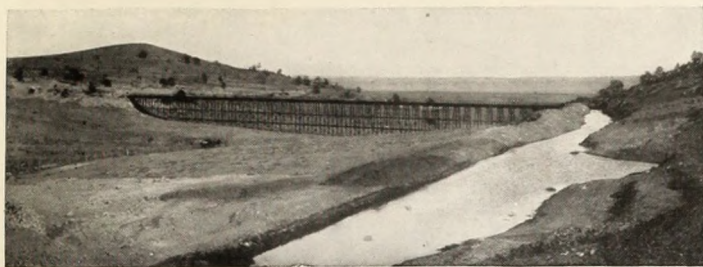
Along the Hellgate river, from Missoula to the Mullan pass, there is more fine mountain scenery. Near Gold Creek the first discovery of gold in Montana was made in 1852, and there, too, the last spike of the completed Northern Pacific railway was driven at Mr. Villard's great gathering, in September, 1883. There are many fine ranches in the Hellgate cañon, one of them, near Missoula, being owned and operated by Daniel E. Bandmann, the well-known actor.



Bridger Cañon, near Bozeman, Montana.

At Garrison, named for Wm. Lloyd Garrison, there is a choice of routes via Butte or Helena. The "North Coast Limited," and the "Burlington" trains to and from Denver, Kansas City and St. Louis run through Butte, the transcontinental trains numbers Three and Four use the route via Helena.

East from Helena and Butte the Northern Pacific, through Montana, lies alongside the Missouri river and its branches and the Yellowstone river, passing through the renowned Gallatin valley. Fine ranges of mountains, the highest in Montana, are in sight for nearly the entire distance. Prominent among these are the Big Belt mountains along the Missouri, the Gallatin and Bridger ranges which enclose the Gallatin



Irrigation Flume and Canal near Billings, Montana.

valley, and the Snowy, Crazy, and Big Horn mountains along the Yellowstone.

All along this part of the route, in the Gallatin and Yellowstone valleys particularly, the marvelous results of irrigation are again seen.

At Livingston those who make the tour of Yellowstone Park leave the main line trains and proceed via the Park branch to Gardiner, at the edge of the park. This is the official entrance to the park, the point where the \$10,000 lava arch was erected by the Government, and it is only five miles from Mammoth Hot Springs the capital of the park.

Of all that there is to be seen along the Shasta-Northern Pacific route the Yellowstone park stands at the head. It is the supreme scenic drama of the world and an elaborate account of its marvelous wonders will be found elsewhere in this volume.

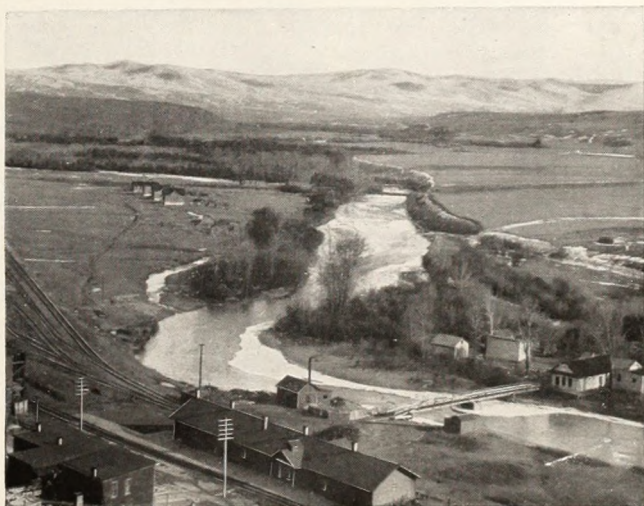
The 340-mile ride along the Yellowstone river is full of interest as regards scenery, the startling effects of irrigation, and the historical associations. It may be stated here, that almost one-half of the entire distance traveled on the Northern Pacific is beside streams and lakes.

Just east of Livingston, at Springdale, are Hunter's Hot Springs, well known for the virtue of their waters.

An historic landmark along the Yellowstone river is Pompey's Pillar, near the station of that name. It is a prominent sandstone rock, north of the track, climbed and named by Captain Clark in 1806, and on which he roughly carved his name which is yet visible.

Leaving the Yellowstone, the train crosses an elevated plateau, a fine grazing country, descends to the Little Missouri river, winds through the bright-colored Badlands, and reaches the Missouri river once more, at Mandan and Bismarck.

Here the river is a far different stream from what it is at the Three Forks, near Logan, Mont. It is crossed on a strong steel bridge and then we swiftly course through the Coteau country of North Dakota and reach the well-known, rich, black-soiled, wheat-raising Red River valley. Here all farming is easily, almost



Deer Lodge River and Valley, Looking South from Garrison.



A Bit of the Yellowstone Valley near Livingston.

lazily done by machinery, and the broad expanse of unfenced, flat wheat fields presents a somewhat refreshing contrast to the mountainous country to the westward.

Between Fargo and Moorhead the Red river, the dividing line between North Dakota and Minnesota, is crossed, and then we enter a beautiful undulating, glacial-formed land, the Lake Park region of Minnesota, a cool, healthful, lake-dotted land of summer recreation.

At Staples one has the option of continuing on to St. Paul and Minneapolis and then by train to the South or East, or one can go to Duluth and thence east by rail, or by steamer down the Great lakes.

The Shasta-Northern Pacific route should prove a most popular and advantageous one during 1905, in connection with the Lewis and Clark Exposition, Yellowstone Park, and Alaska. The route can be used in either or both directions and the low rates named in the final pages of this publication give the various combinations available. Between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Superior and Puget Sound and Portland there are two trans-continental trains daily and a third one is in operation between Billings, Montana, and the Coast, plying between Billings and Denver, Kansas City, and St. Louis, over the Burlington route. Between the Dual Cities and the Head of the Lakes there are three trains daily, two of them day trains carrying observation cars. Between Puget Sound cities and Portland there are several trains each day, two of them, also, having parlor cars of the most recent pattern. The day trip



Station on the Northern Pacific Railway, Livingston, Montana.

between Portland and Tacoma and Seattle, on the "Puget Sound Limited," is a most enjoyable one. Nearly all of these trains have either superb dining cars or a good café in conjunction with the observation car. All through trains have both Pullman Standard and Tourist Sleeping Cars as a part of their equipment. The tourist cars are large, exceptionally well built, finely upholstered in leather, and are pleasantly comfortable for such cars. The "Lake Superior Limited," between Minneapolis, St. Paul, Superior, and Duluth, is, practically, a counterpart of the "Puget Sound Limited," and is the fast, popular train between those points.



Wheat and Corn in North Dakota.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY

RATES AND ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE TOURIST SEASON OF 1905.

(SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.)

MINNESOTA

SUMMER RESORTS

During the summer season the Northern Pacific Railway will sell round-trip excursion tickets from St. Paul or Minneapolis to Glenwood (Lake Minnewaska) at \$5.25; Henning \$7; Battle Lake, \$7.50; Fergus Falls, \$7.50; Pequot, \$6.35; Pine River, \$6.75; Backus, \$7.10; Walker, \$7.95; Bemidji, \$9.20; Turtle, \$9.60; Tenstrike, \$9.85; Blackduck, \$10.15; Perham, \$7.75; Detroit Lake, \$9.15; Minnewaukan (Devils Lake), \$18.65; Winnipeg, \$22.50. From Duluth to Deerwood, \$3.80; Henning, \$7; Battle Lake, \$7.50; Fergus Falls, \$7.50; Pequot, \$5.35; Pine River, \$6.65; Backus, \$6.65; Walker, \$6.65; Bemidji, \$6.65; Turtle, \$7.10; Tenstrike, \$7.35; Blackduck, \$7.65; Perham, \$7.75; Detroit Lake, \$9.15; Minnewaukan, \$18.65; Winnipeg, \$22.50. From Ashland, Wis., to Henning, \$8.50; Battle Lake, \$9; Fergus Falls, \$9; Pequot, \$6.85; Pine River, \$8.15; Backus, \$8.15; Walker, \$8.15; Bemidji, \$8.15; Turtle, \$8.60; Tenstrike, \$8.85; Blackduck, \$9.15; Perham, \$9.25; Detroit Lake, \$10.65; Minnewaukan, \$20.15; Winnipeg, \$22.50. Transit limits to Minnesota resorts one day (from Ashland two days), to Minnewaukan (Devils Lake) and Winnipeg two days in each direction. Good to return on or before October 31.

Round-trip summer excursion tickets will be sold from St. Paul, Minneapolis, or Stillwater to resorts on the "Duluth Short Line" as follows: Forest Lake, \$1; Wyoming, \$1.20; Chisago City, \$1.45; Lindstrom, \$1.55; Centre City, \$1.60; Taylors Falls, \$1.80; Rush City, \$2.15; Pine City, \$2.55. Tickets on sale daily, May 1 to November 15; limit, ten days. From St. Paul or Minneapolis to White Bear and return, 50 cents; Bald Eagle or Dellwood and return, 55 cents; Mahtomedi and return, 60 cents. Tickets on sale daily; limit, thirty days. Summer excursion rates from St. Paul, Minneapolis, or Stillwater to White Bear Lake points or Bald Eagle and return, tickets on sale week days, going and returning on date of sale, 35 cents; tickets on sale Sundays, going and returning on date of sale, 25 cents.

YELLOWSTONE PARK RATES

\$5 TICKET.—Includes rail and stage transportation Livingston to Mammoth Hot Springs and return.

\$7 TICKET.—Includes rail and stage transportation Livingston to Mammoth Hot Springs and return and two meals (lunch and dinner) at Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel.

\$28 TICKET.—Includes rail transportation Livingston to Gardiner and return, and stage transportation Gardiner to Mammoth Hot Springs, Norris, Lower and Upper Geyser Basins, Yellowstone Lake, Grand Cañon and Falls of the Yellowstone and return. This ticket does not cover hotel accommodations.

\$45 TICKET.—Includes rail transportation from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth or Superior to Gardiner, Mont., and return to any one of the above-named points, or via Billings and the B. & M. R. R. to Missouri River.

\$47.50 TICKET.—Includes rail and stage transportation from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, or Superior to Mammoth Hot Springs and return to any one of the above-named points, or via Billings and the B. & M. R. R. to Missouri River.

\$49.50 TICKET.—Includes rail transportation Livingston to Gardiner and return, stage transportation Gardiner to Mammoth Hot Springs, Norris, Lower and Upper Geyser Basins, Yellowstone Lake, Grand Cañon and Falls of the Yellowstone and return, and not to exceed five and one-half days' accommodations at the Park Association hotels.

\$55 TICKET.—Includes rail transportation from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, or Superior to Gardiner and return to any one of the above-named points, or via Billings and the B. & M. R. R. to the Missouri River, and stage transportation Gardiner to Mammoth Hot Springs, Norris, Lower and Upper Geyser Basins, Yellowstone Lake, Grand Cañon and Falls of the Yellowstone and return. This ticket does not cover hotel accommodations.

\$75 TICKET.—Includes rail transportation from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, or Superior to Gardiner and return to any one of the above-named points, or via Billings and the B. & M. R. R. to the Missouri River; stage transportation Gardiner to Mammoth Hot Springs, Norris, Lower and Upper Geyser Basins, Yellowstone Lake, Grand Cañon and Falls of the Yellowstone and return, and not to exceed five and one-half days' accommodations at Yellowstone Park Association hotels.

\$105 TICKET.—Includes rail transportation from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, or Superior to Gardiner, stage transportation Gardiner to Mammoth Hot Springs, Norris, Lower and Upper Geyser Basins, Yellowstone Lake, Grand Cañon, Falls of the Yellowstone and Monida, hotel accommodations for not to exceed six and one-quarter days, between Gardiner and Monida, and rail transportation from Monida, either via Oregon Short Line R. R. and Union Pacific to Missouri River points, or via O. S. L. R. R. to Ogden, any line Ogden to Denver, thence via either the B. & M. R. R. R., Union Pacific, A., T. & S. F. Ry., C., R. I. & P. Ry., or Missouri Pacific Ry. to Missouri River terminals.

\$84 TICKET.—Same as the \$105 ticket, except that it covers rail and stage transportation only, meals and lodging not being included therein.

The \$5 and \$7 tickets will be sold at Livingston May 31 to September 24, 1905, inclusive, and at St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, and the Superiors, and at western terminals May 29 to September 22, 1905, inclusive. Tickets must be used from Livingston not later than morning train of September 24, 1905.

The \$28 and \$49.50 tickets will be sold at Livingston May 31 to September 19, 1905, inclusive, and at St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, and Superior, and at western terminals May 29 to September 17, 1905, inclusive. Tickets must be used from Livingston not later than morning train of September 19, 1905.

The \$45 and \$47.50 tickets will be sold at St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, and Superior May 29 to September 22, 1905, inclusive; the \$55, \$75, \$84, and \$105 tickets will be sold at St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, and Superior May 29 to September 17, 1905, inclusive. These tickets will bear going transit limit thirty days; return transit limit thirty days; final return limit ninety days, but not exceeding limit of September 24, 1905, for trip through the Park, and extreme final limit of October 24, 1905. Stop-overs allowed within limits. The trip through the Park must be completed by September 24, 1905.

Half of the \$5, \$28, \$45, \$47.50, \$55 and \$84 rates will be made for children five years of age or over and under twelve years of age. Half of the \$7, \$49.50, \$75, and \$105 rates will not be made for children, but children under ten years of age will be granted half rates locally at the Yellowstone Park Association hotels.

The \$45 ticket must be validated for return passage at Gardiner, Mont., and presented on train on or within one day of such date. The \$47.50 ticket must be validated for return passage at Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel and presented on train on or within one day of such date. The \$55, \$75, \$84 and \$105 tickets must be validated for return passage at Grand Cañon Hotel.

FROM CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS round-trip tickets corresponding to the above will be sold at rates \$10 higher than from St. Paul.

The hotel rates in the Park will be \$4 per day and upwards for the first seven days; after seven days, \$3.50 per day and upward.

Above rates, etc., subject to change without notice.

Stop-overs on all classes of railroad and sleeping-car tickets are given at Livingston, Mont., during the season, to enable our patrons to visit Yellowstone Park.

MONTANA, EASTERN WASHINGTON, AND EASTERN BRITISH COLUMBIA POINTS

The Northern Pacific Railway has on sale, at reduced rates, round-trip excursion tickets from St. Paul, Minneapolis, or Duluth to Billings, Springdale, Livingston, and Bozeman, Mont.; Helena, Butte, and Anaconda, Mont. (choice of routes returning from Helena, Butte and Anaconda, via Northern Pacific or Great Northern Railway, or from Butte at a higher rate, via Oregon Short Line and connections); Missoula, Mont.; Spokane, Wash. (choice of routes returning, via Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company and its connections, or via the Great Northern or Northern Pacific Lines); Medical Lake, Pasco, Walla Walla, Kennewick, and Toppenish, Wash.; Nelson, Trail, Rossland, Ainsworth, Kaslo, and Sandon, B. C., and Coulee City, North Yakima, and Ellensburg, Wash.

These tickets are of ironclad signature form; require identification of purchaser at return starting point.

Any of the above tickets may read to return via Billings direct to the Missouri River, or when destination is Helena, or Butte, Mont., or a point west thereof, via Billings, Denver, and any direct line to the Missouri River except that Helena, Butte, Anaconda, and Missoula tickets will not be good for return via Billings, Denver, and the Union Pacific Railway.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST EXCURSIONS

A \$90 round-trip individual excursion ticket, St. Paul, Minneapolis, or Duluth to Tacoma, Portland, Seattle, Everett, Bellingham, Vancouver, or Victoria, is on sale daily at points first named and by Eastern lines.

Tacoma, Seattle, Everett, Bellingham, Victoria, Vancouver, or Portland tickets, at above rates, will be issued, going via Northern Pacific, returning via same route, or Great Northern or Soo-Pacific to St. Paul, Minneapolis, or Duluth; or via Canadian Pacific to Winnipeg or Port Arthur; or via Billings to the Missouri River, either direct or via Denver; Portland tickets will also be issued, returning via Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company and its connections to either Omaha or Kansas City, or to St. Paul via Council Bluffs or Sioux City.

Above tickets limited to nine months from date of sale, good going ninety days to first point en route in State of Washington. Stop-overs allowed within limits.

ALASKA

EXCURSIONS

An excursion ticket will be sold from Eastern termini named to Sitka, Alaska (not good on steamer Spokane), at \$150, which rate includes meals and berth on the steamer.

The steamer Spokane will make six Alaska excursion trips, leaving Tacoma and Seattle early in the morning on June 8 and 22, July 6 and 20, and August 3 and 17, 1905; arriving at those points on the return about twelve days later. The route will be especially arranged to give passengers an opportunity to see all interesting and accessible glaciers and the most important ports. Round-trip rate from St. Paul, Minneapolis, or Duluth, including meals and berth on steamer Spokane, \$190.

Tickets on sale May 1 to September 30. Limit, nine months, good going ninety days to first point en route in State of Washington, returning within final limit, holder to leave Sitka on or before October 31. Tickets will be issued to return via either the Northern Pacific, Soo-Pacific, or Great Northern lines to St. Paul or Minneapolis, or via Canadian Pacific Railway to Winnipeg or Port Arthur, or via Billings to the Missouri River, either direct or via Denver. Usual stop-over privileges granted. Steamer accommodations can be secured in advance by application to any of the agents named on appended list. Diagrams of steamers at office of General Passenger Agent at St. Paul. Only the steamer Spokane will call at Glacier Bay.

The opening of the White Pass and Yukon route from Skaguay across the White Pass opens a new and inviting field to the tourist, by rail and boat, down the Yukon River to Dawson and into the Atlin region. Tourist accommodations are entirely satisfactory as to quality and reasonable as to price.

CALIFORNIA

EXCURSION RATES

The Northern Pacific Railway will sell round-trip excursion tickets from St. Paul, Minneapolis, or Duluth as follows:

To San Francisco, going via the Northern Pacific, Seattle, and steamer, or Portland and the Shasta Route, or the ocean to San Francisco; returning via rail or steamer to Portland, or via steamer to Seattle or Victoria, and the Northern Pacific, Great Northern, or Soo-Pacific lines to St. Paul or Minneapolis; or via Canadian Pacific to Winnipeg or Port Arthur; or via Billings to the Missouri River, either direct or via Denver; or via rail or steamer Portland and Huntington to the Missouri River; or returning by the southern lines to Council Bluffs, Omaha, Kansas City, Mineola, or Houston, at \$105; to New Orleans or St. Louis, at \$111.

To Los Angeles, going via Portland and Shasta Route, and returning via rail, Portland and the Northern Pacific, Great Northern, or Soo-Pacific lines to St. Paul or Minneapolis; or via Billings or Huntington to the Missouri River, at \$124; or going via Portland and Shasta Route and returning via San Francisco and Ogden to Council Bluffs, Omaha, or Kansas City, at \$114.50; to St. Louis, at \$120.50.

To San Diego, going via Portland and rail through Los Angeles, and returning via rail, Portland and the Northern Pacific, Great Northern, or Soo-Pacific lines to St. Paul or Minneapolis; or via Canadian Pacific to Winnipeg or Port Arthur; or via Billings or Huntington to the Missouri River, at \$130.50; or going via Portland and Shasta Route and returning via San Francisco and Ogden to Council Bluffs, Omaha, or Kansas City, at \$121; to St. Louis, at \$127.

Tickets via ocean include meals and berth on steamer.

At the eastern termini of the southern transcontinental lines excursion tickets will be sold, or orders exchanged, for tickets to San Francisco, returning via either the Shasta Route, the all-rail line to Portland, or the ocean and the Northern Pacific to St. Paul, Minneapolis, or Duluth, at a rate \$15 higher than the current excursion rate in effect between Missouri River points, Mineola, or Houston and San Francisco. The steamship coupon includes first-class cabin passage and meals between San Francisco and Portland.

These excursion tickets allow nine months' time for the round trip; ninety days allowed for west-bound trip up to first station en route in State of Washington; return any time within final limit.

PARTIAL LIST OF PUBLICATIONS

SUPPLIED BY THE PASSENGER DEPARTMENT

OF THE

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The following pamphlets, folders, etc., will be sent to any address upon receipt in stamps, silver, money order, or otherwise, of the amounts set opposite them.

WONDERLAND 1905. An annual publication—this pamphlet—gotten up in most attractive style. Its pages are beautifully illustrated in half-tone. The contents of each number are varied and different from its predecessor. The NORTHERN PACIFIC has become noted for this publication. **Send Six Cents.**

MINIATURE WONDERLAND. A neat and dainty publication containing a complete history of the Northern Pacific trade-mark. The artistic covers of the "Wonderland 1901," are used in miniature. **Send Four Cents.**

WILD FLOWERS FROM YELLOWSTONE. A book of pressed wild flowers from Yellowstone Park, showing the real flowers in their natural colors. This is a dainty and beautiful souvenir—has twelve specimens of flowers and six full-page illustrations of Park scenery. It also contains a brief description of the Park. **Send Fifty Cents.**

PANORAMIC YELLOWSTONE PARK PICTURE. A large, many-colored Panoramic Picture of the Park, 32 x 48 inches in size, showing the topography of the Park in great and accurate detail, the hotels, roads, etc. This production is a work of art and suitable for framing, and is a valuable picture and map combined. **Send Thirty-five Cents.**

YELLOWSTONE PARK FOLDER. A new and complete folder in book form with maps and illustrations, giving full details of the trip through Yellowstone Park, including rates, hotel and transportation facilities, and all important items of information. **Send Two Cents.**

LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION BOOKLET. A sixty-four page pamphlet descriptive of the Lewis and Clark Expedition and Exposition at Portland, Ore., containing views of the grounds and buildings, also a map of the grounds. **Send Four Cents.**

EASTWARD THROUGH THE STORIED NORTHWEST. An elegantly illustrated brochure in covers very artistic in design and coloring. It describes all that is of historic and scenic interest in the journey eastward from California over the Shasta-Northern Pacific Route, via Portland, Puget Sound, Seattle, Tacoma, Bellingham, Yellowstone Park, Badlands, Minneapolis and St. Paul. **Send Four Cents.**

CLIMBING MOUNT RAINIER. An illustrated, pocket-size book, in strong flexible covers, descriptive of an ascent of the highest peak in the United States—outside of Alaska—of a glacial nature. **Send Twenty-five Cents.**

MAP FOLDER. A general folder with map of the NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY, giving much general information, time tables, elevations of towns, etc. **Free.**

In sending for these write the address carefully.

A. M. CLELAND,

General Passenger Agent,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

LAND, IRRIGATION, AND INDUSTRIAL PUBLICATIONS

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC COUNTRY. Illustrated pamphlet, giving a general description of the country in all the States through which the Northern Pacific runs. English edition, No. 26; German edition, No. 26½.

CENTRAL NORTH DAKOTA. Illustrated pamphlet on Central North Dakota, from Jamestown west, containing testimonial letters from prosperous North Dakota farmers, No. 65.

GERMAN BAPTIST (DUNKARD) CHURCH AT CARRINGTON, NORTH DAKOTA. A pamphlet giving an account of the dedication of the German Baptist (Dunkard) Church at Carrington in 1896. No. 27.

WELLS AND FOSTER COUNTIES, NORTH DAKOTA. A German pamphlet descriptive of Wells and Foster counties, in Central North Dakota. No. 17½.

SECTIONAL MAP OF NORTH DAKOTA (west of the Missouri River). No. 66.

MAP OF EASTERN MONTANA. No. 63.

IRRIGATION IN THE YELLOWSTONE VALLEY (near Billings, Montana). A description of the land now being irrigated and offered for sale by the Billings Land & Irrigation Company.

"UNCLE SAM'S GUNS." A pamphlet giving a general description of Washington and the northern part of Idaho, with special reference to the markets of the Orient. No. 59.

EASTERN WASHINGTON AND THE PANHANDLE OF IDAHO. A pamphlet descriptive of Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho, with special reference to Adams, Asotin, Columbia, Douglas, Franklin, Garfield, Kittitas, Klickitat, Lincoln, Spokane, Stevens, Walla Walla, Whitman, and Yakima counties, Washington; and Latah, and Nez Perces counties in Idaho. No. 68.

GREEN ACRES. Descriptive of irrigated land for sale by the Spokane Canal Company located only a short distance east of Spokane.

THE YAKIMA VALLEY. A "wallet," No. 67, containing a number of views as well as letters from settlers in the valley.

KENNEWICK, PROSSER AND SUNNYSIDE. Separate publications describing each of these districts. Also pamphlets issued by the Commercial Club of North Yakima dealing with the valley as a whole.

WESTERN WASHINGTON. A pamphlet treating of fruit and hop raising, dairying and general farming, lumbering, fishing, and mining, with special reference to the agricultural resources of Clallam, Clarke, Chehalis, Cowlitz, Island, Jefferson, King, Kitsap, Lewis, Mason, Pacific, Pierce, San Juan, Skagit, Skamania, Snohomish, Thurston, Wahkiakum, and Whatcom counties. No. 70.

"OPPORTUNITIES." A recently revised account of all the cities and towns along the line of the Northern Pacific Railway, where business or professional openings can be found, with a detailed description of the towns mentioned.

Any of the above publications will be sent free on application to

C. W. MOTT,

General Immigration Agent Northern Pacific Railway,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

GENERAL AND DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENTS.

BOSTON, MASS.—207 Old South Building.
C. E. FOSTER.....District Passenger Agent.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—215 Ellicott Square.
Wm. G. MASON.....District Passenger Agent.

BUTTE, MONT.—Corner Park and Main Streets.
W. H. MERRIMAN.....General Agent.

CHICAGO—208 South Clark Street.
C. A. MATTHEWS.....General Agent Passenger Department.
J. C. THOMPSON.....District Passenger Agent.

CINCINNATI, OHIO—40 East Fourth Street.
J. J. FERRY.....District Passenger Agent.
W. E. SMITH.....Traveling Passenger Agent.

DES MOINES, IOWA—318-319 Citizens' Bank Building.
E. D. ROCKWELL.....District Passenger Agent.

DETROIT, MICH.—Room 221 Hammond Bldg., Corner Fort and Griswold Streets.
W. H. WHITAKER.....District Passenger Agent.

DULUTH, MINN.—332 West Superior Street.
T. E. BLANCHE.....General Agent.

HELENA, MONT.—Main and Grand Streets.
E. S. RICHARDS.....General Agent.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—42 Jackson Place.
C. P. O'DONNELL.....District Passenger Agent.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—125 West Third Street.
C. E. JOHNSON.....Traveling Passenger Agent.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—316-317 Herman Building.
CHAS. C. TROTT.....District Passenger Agent.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—19 Nicollet Block.
G. F. MCNEILL.....City Ticket Agent.

MONTREAL, QUE.—Temple Building, St. James Street.
G. W. HARDISTY.....District Passenger and Freight Agent.

NEW YORK CITY—319 Broadway.
W. F. MERSHON.....General Agent Passenger Department.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—711 Chestnut Street.
P. W. PUMMILL.....District Passenger Agent.

PITTSBURG, PA.—305 Park Building.
C. E. BRISON.....District Passenger Agent.

PORTLAND, ORE.—255 Morrison Street.
F. O'NEILL.....District Passenger Agent.
A. D. CHARLTON.....Assistant General Passenger Agent.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—647 Market Street.
T. K. STATELER.....General Agent Passenger Department.

SEATTLE, WASH.—First Avenue and Yesler Way.
I. A. NADEAU.....General Agent.
R. T. BRETZ.....Division Freight and Passenger Agent.

SPOKANE, WASH.—Riverside and Howard Streets.
Jno. W. HILL.....General Agent.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—210 Commercial Building.
D. B. GARDNER.....District Passenger Agent.

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Fifth and Robert Streets.
Geo. D. ROGERS.....City Ticket Agent.

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Fourth and Broadway.
HARRY W. SWEET.....District Passenger Agent.
G. W. McCASKEY.....District Passenger Agent.

SUPERIOR, WIS.—821 Tower Avenue.
F. C. JACKSON.....Assistant General Agent.

TACOMA, WASH.—925 Pacific Avenue.
A. TINLING.....General Agent.
WEBB F. SATER.....Traveling Passenger Agent.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—430 Hastings Street.
J. O. McMULLEN.....General Agent.

VICTORIA, B. C.—Corner Yates and Government Streets.
C. E. LANG.....General Agent.

WINNIPEG, MAN.
H. SWINFORD.....General Agent.

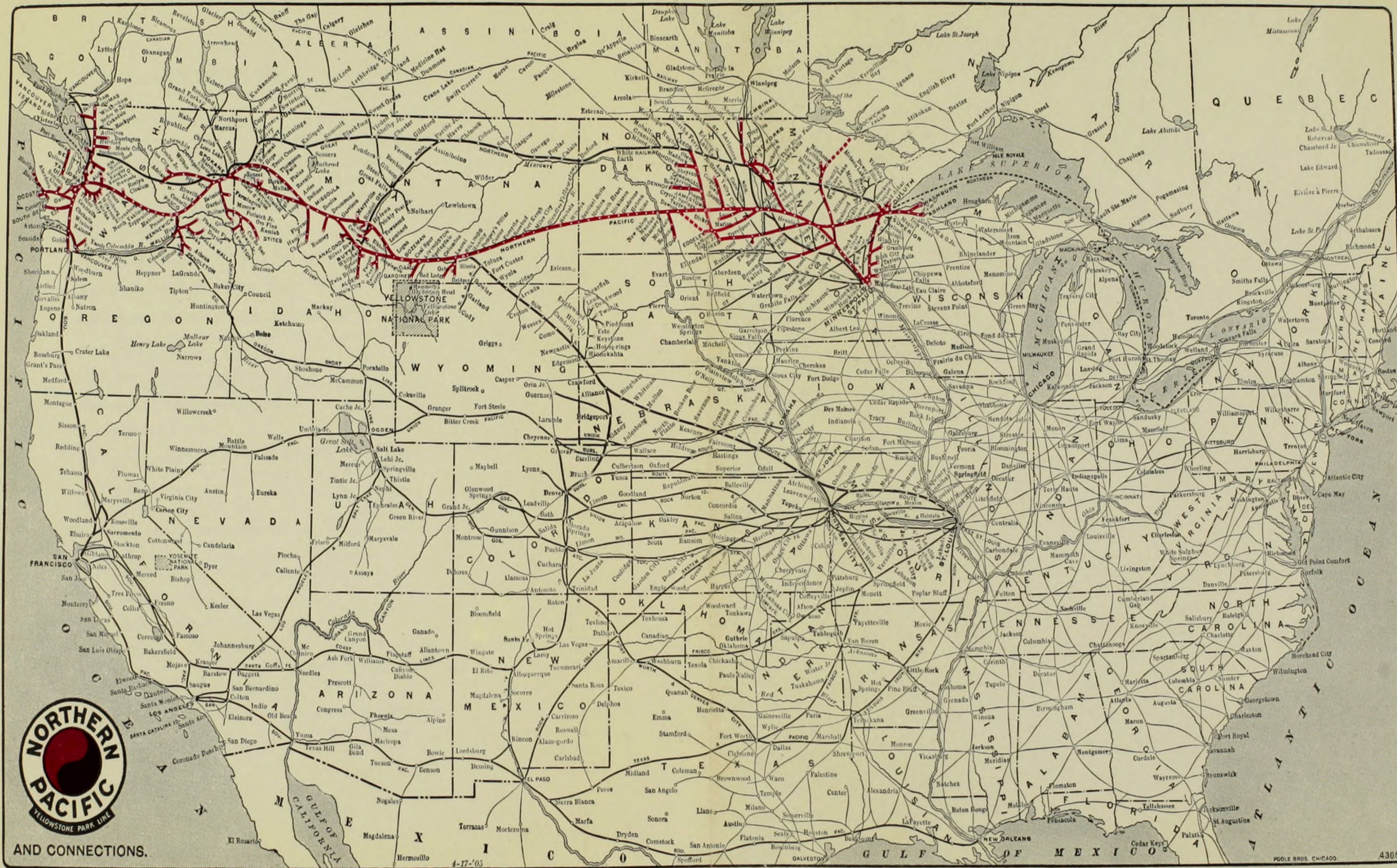
J. G. WOODWORTH,
Traffic Manager,

ARTHUR B. SMITH,
Assistant General Passenger Agent,

J. M. HANNAFORD,
Second Vice-President,

A. M. CLELAND,
General Passenger Agent,

ST. PAUL, MINN.



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