UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE

World's Pictorial Line

Birdseye View of

The Great Salt Lake Basin

Reached via the

Union Pacific

The Overland Route.

S. H. H. CLARK, President. E. DICKINSON, General Manager. E. L. LOMAX, Gen. Passenger & Ticket Agt.
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Sights and Scenes in Idaho and .... Montana

OGDEN AND OGDEN CAÑON.

It is one of the most unexpected things about the Wahsatch cañons—their great diversity of scenery. No two are alike. Take, for instance, the complimentary effect of Echo, with its bare, gaunt rocks, its sterile sublimity, as contrasted with the masses of foliage that line the stream, and clothe the precipitous sides of Weber, and the force of this remark will be realized. And this will be found the case with all the cañons of the Wahsatch; each has some dominant characteristic that gives it individuality. Either it is the class of foliage, the coloring of its rock walls, the nature of its streams, or something that leaves a decided impression different from the one last received. In this respect Ogden Cañon is not a whit behind its neighbors; it stands apart and asserts itself. It is Ogden Cañon, and no other cañon—Ogden Cañon, with a set of scenes contributing an ample share to that volume of scenic impressions written upon the mind of the traveler who uses his powers of observation during a trip over the Union Pacific System, the World's Pictorial Line.

Properly we ought to include the Ogden River in our description, even after it leaves the mouth of the cañon, for it will remain in the memory as a part of the cañon scenery—the river the child of the cañon. If one is desirous of seeing a number of most beautiful combinations of valley, stream and mountain, let him or her spend a few hours in wandering along the banks of Ogden River. The woodland streams of the East, no doubt, are as attractive in themselves, but where is one with such a magnificent panorama of beetling heights showing over the tree-tops and between the trunks, to lend it additional beauty and to stamp it with the elements of grandeur as well as those of grace?

This Ogden stream is not to be surpassed in picturesqueness. An artist might find there a whole summer's sketching. It combines the charm of the Eastern forest stream with that of the mountain torrent. Passing along alternately in glassy reaches, or murmuring among the boulders, its every turn is an attractive picture. Everyone, even the most prosaic man or woman, must stop to admire as well as the artist.

A noted American painter (who has his studio in New York City) has painted six large pictures from the locality, and not one of the sketches was made from a spot more than fifteen minutes' walk from the Union Pacific Railway depot.

The scene from the depot, too, is picturesque enough in itself to claim attention, and it has been noticed by many. To

the Eastern tourist there is something particularly striking in the motley assembly of on-lookers that gather around the depots in our Western towns. One has forcibly pictured the scene at the Ogden depot, and shows it to be such a picturesque spectacle that we append it here:

"Passengers are flitting hither and thither, promenading or looking after their tickets; newsboys vociferate the New York papers; eager brokers, with their hands full of coin, ply the travelers with offers of exchange for currency; dining-room gong booming furiously; and hotel agents are earnestly soliciting custom. The moving throng is cosmopolitan in dress, manner and language. The Ute Indian, wrapped up in resplendent blanket, and bedaubed with vermilion, rubs elbows with the sleek Chinaman in blue blouse, cloth shoes and bamboo hat; the negro and the Spaniard, the German and the Irishman, the richly arranged 'swell' of Paris and Vienna, and the Scandinavian peasant, mingle in the most picturesque contrasts. But what gives the scene emphasis and novelty is not the crowd itself, nor the variety of costume, but the situation—the grand, vivid hills on every side, tinged with fiery light, the broken outlines of the peaks that are glowing with passionate heat, the mountain fields of perpetual snow, the green lowlands, and above all the iridescent sky, changing color every moment. There are few lovelier sights than Ogden in a summer's sunset; and if, as the traveler proceeds on his western journey, the moon should be near its full, and should follow the splendors of the dying day with its chastening light, silvering the wide expanse of the lake and turning to a more intense white the low rim of alkaline shore, it will seem to him that he is leaving paradise behind."

The entrance of Ogden Cañon, or "mouth," as it is called in western parlance, is plainly seen from the depot, with the cliffs beyond, that excite so much admiration from all tourists. Three miles from the town, just before we enter between the rocky heights, we cross over a slight rise in the road, and get that much vaunted bench view of which all Ogdenites are so proud. It is a striking scene, and perhaps the most extensive and diverse piece of landscape to be seen on the entire trip across the continent. To go into detail would be tedious. Portions of the Wahsatch, the Ogumale, the Malad, the Grantsville and other mountains are included in the view. The valley of Ogden, with its two rivers, the Ogden and Weber, and the city itself embowered in foliage, makes up the middle distance and foreground; the Great Salt Lake, with its many islands, stretches along the horizon, its waters appearing of the deepest ultramarine blue in the early morning, and undergoing all the changes of the chameleon ere the sun falls down behind the purple ranges of western mountains. Well may the people of Ogden be proud of that view. The longer we look upon its wonderful features the more we are entranced, and if we linger until sunset and see the god of day bathe them all in glowing and beauteous colors, make the distant lake appear to be a vast reservoir of molten gold, and the

mountain peaks glow like red-hot iron ready for the forge of the Cyclops, fill all the vast space with such scarlets and purples as are never seen on the eastern seaboard, we will cease wondering why Utah is spoken of as the place of magic colors.

The first point of interest in the cañon is "The Narrows," and these extend for about two miles up. There must have been a terrible commotion in this part of the Wahsatch at some time; the rock strata is tilted, curved and twisted in all conceivable shapes. The stream comes roaring down over the fallen masses, and on a stormy day when the clouds are caught on the ragged mountain peaks above, it is a scene of startling wildness.

At the top of "The Narrows" there is an old saw-mill, adding much to the picturesqueness of the place, and from the hillside above, a glimpse of the lake with its shining levels may be caught between the dark frowning walls. "Adam's Fall" is the name given to a pretty sheet of tumbling water that comes in on the right hand of the road from what is known as Cold Water Cañon. In general, the Utah Mountains are somewhat devoid of waterfalls, but this one is very pretty indeed. The surrounding rocks and trees form a shady bower, where the visitor can rest and dream to the ever pleasant sound of softly exploding foam bubbles. There is another fall not far from this one, but it is in a side glen called "Waterfall Cañon"; however, a trail leads from Ogden Cañon to it, so the visitor, if he is so inclined, can see the spot on his return trip.

From "The Narrows," for at least ten miles, there is a constant change in scenery, partly rural, partly wild. The South Fork, Wheeler's Creek, the North Fork and other places of interest are passed. Wheeler's, Winslow's and Fry's groves contribute much to the general beauty. Eight miles from the mouth the cañon opens out into a valley in which are situated the typical little Mormon settlements of Huntsville and Eden. Above this the cañon again forms, and is known as the Upper South Fork. All through this part there are cattle and horse ranches, and it will be noticed that oats of the very finest quality are raised in these high mountain localities.

From the outline sketch preceding, it may be gathered how much healthful pleasure there is in store for the traveler who makes a trip to Ogden. There are two or three hotels, or resorts, in the cañon where a most delightful week may be passed. The mountain valleys of Utah are cool during the day, as compared with the fervid East; the cañons are cooler—and the nights how deliciously cool! Renewed health and strength are in every breeze that comes springing down from the mountain tops. Leave the city's heated thoroughfares, O toiler in the battle for worldly advancement, and take a few quiet days, regaining lost energy and peace in this most attractive of Wahsatch cañons.

The trip from Ogden to Syracuse Beach will be found well worth consideration by the tourist. The Beach is fifteen miles from Ogden, and a family party can spend a peculiarly pleasant day in an old-fashioned, unconventional, homely sort of way. The strand and the bathing are all that can be desired, and are

second only to Garfield. A splendid grove near by affords a delightful shelter for a lunch party or picnic. Syracuse Beach is a restful, quiet place, and well worth a visit.

Utah Hot Springs are nine miles north of Ogden. These springs rise and flow from the base of the Wahsatch Range at a temperature of 131 degrees Fahrenheit, and a close analysis of their waters by Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington D. C., shows them to contain the following:

Silica	2.687
Alumina	0.284
Calcium sulphate	18.074
Calcium chloride	170.498
Potassium chloride	97.741
Sodium chloride	1052.475
Magnesium chloride	1.067
Magnesium carbonate	11.776

And carbonate of iron in heavy deposits. These figures represent grains to the gallon.

These springs flow about 156,000 gallons every twenty-four hours, and in hundreds of cases have proved a perfect specific for the following diseases: Gout, rheumatism, in any and all forms; erysipelas, dyspepsia, constipation, hemorrhoids, catarrh, scrofula, diabetes, leucorrhea, syphilis, in all forms; chronic dysentery, dropsy, piles, jaundice, lead colic and cramps; all urinary complaints, and most invariably all troubles belonging to females.

These hot waters are so impregnated with iron as to kill the vegetation over a large area, and color the ground a crimson red. A large building for the use of these springs in any way experience may suggest, chiefly at present for bathing, was erected in 1878. This has since been supplemented by other improvements, until the Utah Hot Springs, as they are now called, are the best equipped of any in the West. The waters pour forth in great volumes from crevices in the rocks at a temperature of 131 degrees, and contain such ingredients as chloride of sodium, iron, magnesia, and nitre, in strong solution. For years the waters of these springs have been known to possess peculiar medicinal properties. In early days the people for miles around would come and carry away the water in barrels and casks, and it would be used as a blood purifier.

For rheumatic trouble nothing can surpass the waters of the Utah Hot Springs, although there is occasionally a case where the patient is not benefited, but, on the contrary, the disease is aggravated by the use of the water for drinking or bathing purposes. Such cases are rare, and cannot be accounted for. As a blood purifier the water from these springs has no equal. The water is quite salty, and very warm where it flows out of the ground. Even after flowing through an open trough for several hundred feet into the enclosed pools, it is so hot that few people can bathe in it with comfort at first. A large pool has been constructed outside of the building, where it is very pleasant to bathe during the summer. Although the water is salty, it possesses other mineral properties which do not make it unpleasant to drink.

WILLARD'S CAÑON AND FALLS.

Another delightful tour from Ogden leads the traveler to the magnificent retreat of Willard's Cañon and Falls.

Willard is the name of a picturesque little town six miles beyond the Ogden Hot Springs. It is surrounded on all sides by natural beauty, but mostly the eye is attracted toward the west, where the Great Salt Lake, with its deep blue waters and mountainous islands, is seen to fine advantage; and to the east, where there is such a wild lot of beetling crags, which for height and grandeur are not exceeded by even the wonders of Echo and Weber Cañons.

Just back of the town are the falls, situated in a cañon or glen truly alpine in its wildness. Some of its walls of rock are simply terrific, and during the early months its stream comes down with a magnificent rush. There are great naked aiguilles and towers which make one dizzy to look up to their summits.

About two miles from the entrance there is a huge mountain which, where it faces down the glen, is a bristling mass of crags, jags and splinters, but which at the back has all of its ledges so smoothly polished that not a foothold could be found upon them. Such a mountain as we dream of when our sleep is feverish, and we imagine ourselves going down, down, down, vainly catching at bits of seam-grown grass which, breaking at our grasp, lets us slowly glide.

A week's sojourn at Willard at any time from May to October means a week of rare enjoyment. The following description of a climb up the glen we copy from a tourist's note book:

"It was a perfect day as we went climbing up. The sunlight sparkling on foamy water and freshly budded leaves; the sky deep blue, with threads of cirrus, waved and rippled across it, so high, so far, and distant that they appeared but one shade paler than the sky itself.

"That it was not always thus we had ample evidence, for a mile above and below the falls there is not the slightest trace of a road. Other places, too, have been torn out by the floods from cloud-bursts. Boulders from a hundredweight to that of many tons have been tossed about like children's toys, and the mountain sides are deeply scarred and furrowed where the waters have come leaping down.

"We had intended to climb to the summit, where a lonely lake gives rise to the stream, but at this time of the year (May) we found our progress barred by drifts of snow. We reached a point where the boulders, laved by the stream, were hung around by pendant icicles, and at last where the waters came from an unbroken expanse of shining white.

"The Great Salt Lake looked near enough for us to have thrown a pebble into it from where we stood. We could see nearly all of its vast surface, and all of its larger islands, while dim in the distance was range after range of snow-capped mountains, far beyond the boundary line of Utah.

"Could there be anything more dainty in finish than the surroundings of our mountainous springs? Surely not. There

is a spring in this glen as lovely an object as could be well imagined.

"The water drips over a huge bank shadowed by clumps of maple, and falls into a deep, mossy basin, with delicate ferns and wild flowers peeping over its rim.

"One of the attractions of a jaunt up these steep, short cañons is the constant change in flowers and foliage. Birch, maple, oak and box-elder fringe the lower part of the streams; midway up are the groves of trembling aspen, and at the summits only the dark green branches of the thick-set pines. In three hours we climbed from the flowers and blossoms of spring back into mid-winter, with its ice and snow, and then had the greater pleasure of reversing the process in about half that time.

"Willard, with its surroundings, has left a most pleasing impression in our minds. It looked charming as we descended from the glen. The foliage-shaded streets, the masses of apple blossoms hanging over the gray stone walls, the cows quietly ruminating in the meadows, and the ducks (snow-white) feeding or dozing by the grassy ditch sides, and out over the lake the sun sinking behind the peaked islands, lighting up water, sky and earth with a richly golden glow."

IDAHO.

Idaho is an Indian word signifying "Gem of the Mountains," a very appropriate term for the queenly young territory. It is 410 miles long, and 257 wide in the extreme south, and has an area of over 55,000,000 acres. There are 18,400,000 acres classed as mountainous, 15,000,000 agricultural lands, 7,000,000 acres of forests, 25,000,000 acres of grazing lands, and 600,000 acres of lakes. This may be well called an imperial domain, consisting, as it does, of 84,000 square miles. Idaho was admitted to the Union as a state July 3, 1890.

Idaho is in the same latitude as France, Switzerland and portions of Italy, Spain and Portugal. It is subject to oceanic influences very similar to those countries, and necessarily has a somewhat similar climate. All this region is near enough to the Pacific Ocean to be very noticeably affected by its currents.

It is a journey of 134 miles from Ogden to Pocatello, on the Union Pacific system. The road passes the well-known Hot Springs, a few miles north of Ogden; the village of Willard, fourteen miles out; Logan, 71 miles, a fine town in a lovely valley, and located here is a beautiful Mormon temple, erected at great cost; the rising town of Franklin, ninety-one miles; McCammon, 111 miles, where junction is made with the main line to Portland of the Union Pacific, and twenty-three miles farther brings us to Pocatello, a lively, bustling railway town of 2,000 people. Here the tourist makes connection for Montana and the west—through into Oregon, Washington and Alaska. The country between Ogden and Pocatello is remarkably fertile; the road passes over a succession of foothills and small mountains, and, nestling between these ridges, are innumerable valleys rich beyond description. Foremost and

the fact that they are larger than any others in this region and have a very ancient appearance."

From the top of the pass we speed down, through groves of pine innumerable and over the border line of Idaho and Wyoming, to camp by the bright, sparkling stream of the Madison.

SOUTH FORK OF THE MADISON.

A noon halt is made at the South Fork of the Madison, close beside its dark blue waters as they come springing down over mossy boulders from the sun peaks to the south. The stream is cold and flashing at this point, and lower down where it debouches into the cut it is "beautiful in its quiet flow—the water is shallow, clear, and at the bottom the bright vegetation may be seen like little green islands." Fish and game abound along its course, the mountain herring, graylings, whitefish and trout being all caught in the Madison.

From the station the road is one of the finest in the world, for a distance of twelve miles passing over gently rolling hills, clumps of aspen and pine trees alternating and giving a park-like appearance to the landscape. At Riverside we again cross the Madison, which then disappears on the left through a deep mountain gap, and the road ascends some hills directly in front. An extended backward view is obtained during the afternoon, which embraces endless chains of hills and mountains, all their outlines clearly defined in the afternoon sunlight, but growing dimmer and dimmer with distance, those most remote seeming but thin veils of gauze stretched across the lower sky.

Before entering the park we pass through long lanes, cut through the pine woods; the road rises and falls like a monster serpent. Our first sight of a geyser will be perhaps at the end of one of these long vistas, and thus seen will never be forgotten. Besides the sights witnessed while en route, the traveler is more than repaid for his stage journey by the first sight of the Lance Geyser Basin as the coach arrives at sunset at the brow of the overhanging hill. Before his sight will suddenly appear a strange spectacle, a narrow valley, with Fire Hole River winding through it. Long rows of campers' tents, horses cropping on the grassy meadows, evening campfires being lit, and all the busy preparations for approaching night engaging the attention of the campers. But back of this always pleasing scene, a marvel—water spouting from the earth, and columns of steam, and steam hovering overhead in clouds.

IN THE PARK.

Geyser Meadows are two miles away. Here are several geysers which throw their torrents twenty-five feet or higher. Dome Spring is at the top of a calcareous deposit of livid colors, and some of its neighbors are similarly situated. "Queen Laundry" is a spring whose waters will almost instantly cleanse even the dirtiest saddle blanket, and which finally drop into a basin at delightful bathing temperature. Fairy Creek Falls jump 220 feet over an adjacent cliff. With

these spouting, leaping novelties all about, Midway Geyser Basin is reached, five miles from Fire Hole Basin. Here are the grandest hot springs in the world. The overflow of hot water comes from the Great Spring, the equal of which no human eye ever saw. This aperture is 250 feet across and is walled in by sides thirty feet high. The surface is in constant turmoil, and the rising steam scalds the incautious. A glance into the gulf causes a shudder. Only a few yards away there is a cold fount twenty-five feet in diameter, filling an elaborately-chased basin of unknown depth. Near by are the Chalk Vats, bubbling and spurting their mushy compound, and throwing out splashes of it which vary from a snowy white to a bright pink.

Upper Geyser Basin, eight miles from Fire Hole Basin, is the seat of the ten largest geysers ever discovered, besides which those of Iceland are trifling. There is a charming grove within a stone's throw of Castle Geyser, which begins to give vent to its pent up force in muttered thunder, and then its flood shoots over the cone, first a spurt and then a stream; then with a shaking of the earth and the roar of a tempest, a river bounds upward like a rocket, submerging broad acres with the descent of its boiling flood. Half a mile away "Old Faithful" spouts every fifty-seven minutes, throwing a stream several feet in diameter to a height of 200 feet. Across the river is the "Bee Hive," whose fountain flies 200 feet in the air, forming a crystal arch beautiful in the sunlight. "The Giantess" has a crater eighteen by fifteen feet in diameter, belching forth such a volume as doubles the amount of water in Fire Hole River, here twenty feet in width and a foot deep. There is a thrill, a groan, a tremor, dense volumes of steam, a rolling and clashing of unseen waves, and a deafening boom as an immense body of water is hurled upward to the sky, its extreme jet reaching 250 feet above the earth.

Next is Gibbon Falls, where, in a wildwood tangle, they drop eighty feet; then Gibbon Cañon, with its sides 2,000 feet high, from which the tourist emerges into Elk Park. In the defile is heard a boom, boom, boom, that never ceases, and from an orifice in the rock comes steam in regular puffs as the pulsation of a great waste pipe of an engine. Monument Geyser and the famous Paint Pots, with their varied and vivid hues, are near by. Norris Geyser Basin is the next in order. It is the oldest basin in the park, the hottest and most dangerous for pedestrians. To the right is Mammoth Geyser; when at rest a peep may be had into its gaping throat, and its blood-chilling gurgle can be distinctly heard.

Yellowstone Lake is twenty-five miles from Fire Hole Basin. The altitude of this lake is 7,788 feet. It is thirty miles long and ten to fifteen wide, with numerous islands.

The Natural Bridge of Rock spans Bridge Creek at a height of forty feet and affords carriage room. Down the river twelve miles is Devil's Den; east of this is Mud Volcano. Brimstone Mountain is three miles below. Here pure sulphur is shoveled up by the wagon-load.

The Upper Falls of the Yellowstone are reached by an easy trail. Here the rapids narrow to less than 100 feet, and the overhanging rocks press so closely together that a bridge could be easily thrown across. The water eddies and cascades, and then flies downward 397 feet, while the grandest cañon of the world stretches away 1,500 feet below. The mind cannot grasp Grand Cañon; words cannot paint it; it glows with a life of its own, and with colors of its own, or born of the sun and the spray. Tower Falls and Cañon are twenty miles from this charming spot. Specimen Mountain is forty miles from Fire Hole Basin. It is covered with agate, once wood, stone snakes and fishes, with crystals and petrified roots, while the view from the summit is sublime.

And this is Yellowstone National Park. Words cannot convey a proper realization of its grandeur and magnificence. Nowhere else in America are there such superb views as the Park affords; nowhere else such an abundance of finny game; nowhere else such myriads of wild fowl; nowhere else such a delightful camping place, or more perfect weather.

This route, with Fire Hole Basin as a center, brings the tourist near the leading attractions.

From Fire Hole Basin—
The Falls of the Madison are six miles.
Foot of Madison Cañon, eighteen miles.
Falls and Cañon of the Gibbon, ten miles.
Monument Geyser, eighteen miles.
Midway Geyser Basin, or "Hell's Half Acre," three miles.
Upper Geyser Basin, eight miles.
Yellowstone Lake, twenty-five miles.
Yellowstone Falls and Cañon, thirty-two miles.

Remember this route, via the Union Pacific Railway from either Council Bluffs or Kansas City, via Cheyenne, Green River, Granger, and Pocatello, to Beaver Cañon, and thence by stage to Fire Hole Basin.

At Beaver Cañon conveyances of any description can be obtained, baggage wagons, tents, camp outfit, bedding and provisions. It will be found pleasanter and more economical to make up a party of four or six for the trip. It will take a camping party ten days to thoroughly do all the many points of interest in the park, including a return trip to the Lower Basin. There is very fine hunting and fishing between Beaver Cañon and the Lower Basin, and all along the line of march.

Resuming the journey at Beaver Cañon the line runs north to Silver Bow, Butte and Helena. A few miles brings the tourist within the confines of Montana. Passing the water line, Red Rock Station is the first point of interest. Here the scenery is wild, and there is a peculiar formation of points of jagged land, the highest of which is Red Rock, which juts up some 500 feet, and may be seen in either direction for twenty miles. Then through Dillon, which is in Beaver Head Valley, and one of the thriving towns of Montana, Silver Bow is reached. From Silver Bow the Montana Union Railroad, an auxiliary line of the Union Pacific System, branches off, one

spur running to Butte City, another through Stuart to Garrison, where connection is made for Helena, and still another from Stuart to Anaconda.

BUTTE CITY.

Butte City, with an elevation of 5,482 feet above sea level, is the largest mining camp in the world, not even excepting Leadville, Colorado. Standing next to Lake Superior regions in the production of copper, and first of all in silver output, attention has been drawn to it from all over the world. Butte has a population of 35,000 people, is the possessor of fine hotels and all the modern conveniences of a large city. It is the greatest silver producer, not alone of Montana, but of the Rocky Mountain Mineral Belt. There are twelve mills and smelters in operation, and six thousand tons of ore are reduced daily; seven thousand men are employed in mines and works; there are 150 mines in active operation, and there is ore enough in sight to work the present force day and night for one hundred years! It is situated on a gentle slope, and is surrounded by rugged and beautiful scenery, and takes its name from the point known as the Big Butte, located just north of the original town. It is ten miles to the main range of the Rockies, but towering foothills have formed the basin where Butte flourishes. From Butte City, points of interest in Silver Bow, Jefferson and Madison Counties can be readily reached. Butte is a healthly place, and blessed with a pure and bracing atmosphere, and presents many attractions to the tourist and health and pleasure seeker.

ANACONDA.

From Stuart, the Montana Union also has a branch to Anaconda. Here is located the largest smelting works in the world, the consumption of coal alone for these works being 300 tons per day, and the yield from copper ore is enormous. From Stuart the pretty little town of Deer Lodge is but a short distance, and is a point of much interest.

GARRISON.

Further on is Garrison, a place of note, being the junction of the Montana Union branch of the Union Pacific Railway with the Northern Pacific, and formerly the transfer point of passengers going to Portland. But since the opening of the Oregon Short Line, the route is via Huntington, which is the direct line to Portland; the Garrison Route is used for Helena business.

HELENA.

Helena, the capital of Montana, has an elevation of 4,266 feet above the sea-level, and a population of 13,834. Helena, besides being a great distributing point, is also a mining camp, and is reached over the Union Pacific System, via Garrison. It is beautifully situated; Fort Benton to the north, Bozeman to the east, Virginia City to the south, with Butte and Deer Lodge to the west. It has fine hotels, clubs, banks, news-

papers, street cars—in fact, everything that contributes to city life.

The circumstances attending the birth of Helena are interesting. Four young miners, whose names are not associated with the city's latter history, in May, 1864, were wandering along the main range prospecting. They had been unable to obtain claims in Alder Gulch, and their objective point, in case they should fail to strike a rich field of their own, was Kootnai, in British Columbia, where common report located valuable diggings. They camped one night in the gulch where Helena stands to-day, but though they found "color," they were not particularly pleased. They doubted if gold was there in anything like paying quantities. They pushed ahead, therefore, crossed the range, and had gone as many as thirty miles northward, when they encountered a man who dispelled their dreams of Kootnai. He said the good claims were all gone, and the best of them were poor, anyhow. This news was a great discouragement to the party. They had a rather dismal council, and concluded that the gulch they had lately left was their only hope. Accordingly, the next morning they turned around and came back to the spot upon which they had previously encamped. They grimly named the valley "Last Chance Gulch," and Last Chance Gulch it is to-day. They sank two holes to bedrock, and their hearts leaped high when they counted $3.60 in their first pan. Each of these four adventurers made a fortune from his claim, and soon a big camp was drawn together. One of the miners, who had been impressed with the fascination of Homer's heroine, gallantly urged the name of Helena as most appropriate for the name of the new city, and Helena it became.

It stands to-day in the bottoms where the Last Chance pilgrims made their first discoveries. A more absurd and yet more picturesque situation would be difficult to fancy. Its chief business thoroughfare lies directly in the bottom of the Last Chance Gulch; at the further end of which the patient Chinaman is still washing out his pan of dirt and realizing a fortune larger than, in his own country, he had ever dreamed of achieving. Thirty millions were taken from Last Chance Gulch before it was abandoned to merchants and shopkeepers, and even now the builder of a new house can find laborers willing to dig his cellar for the dirt they take from it. There are many attractions for the tourist. Mount Helena is to be climbed, and the view from its summit well repays the labor. There are pleasant drives, one of the most popular leading to Hot Springs, four miles away. Prickly Pear Cañon presents attractive features. "The Gate of the Mountains," where the Missouri River bursts through, infinitely surpasses the Hudson Highlands, and for 100 miles down stream there is a succession of pillared hills, of castles, of eroded stone, of caves, and of falls. East of Helena are the White Sulphur Springs, Hell Gate Cañon, and the Devil's Watch Tower. Northwest is Flat Lake, twenty-eight by ten miles, and the Twin Cascades, Elizabeth and Alice, falling 2,000 feet. The return trip is made to

Pocatello, where the tourist once more joins the Short Line Division of the Union Pacific. From here the journey is resumed to Oregon, the Dalles of the Columbia, Portland, Tacoma, and Alaska.

BROADWATER SANITARIUM.

Four miles from Helena are a group of superior medicinal springs owned by Col. C. A. Broadwater. The springs are very hot, affording a luxurious bath, and their water is an excellent tonic when taken internally. Soda and sulphur are predominating constituents of the hot springs, while a large, cold iron spring bursts out near by. The hotel and bathing accommodations are among the finest in the world, the drive is an extremely pleasant one, and the spot is naturally very attractive. The main building is three stories high, with wide and elegant verandas surrounding the ground floor, and thence projecting at various angles on all sides of the three stories. There are full 600 feet of *porches or verandas*. The main dining room is 48x60, with four additional dining rooms. The smallest room in the house is 15x18, while the largest room is 18x3", *i. e.*, sleeping room. The parlors, of which there are a suite on every floor, are spacious and elegant. On each of the four corners of the lower verandas there is an elegant little parlor, octagonal in shape and entirely separate from the main building; these little bowers of beauty being a safe retreat for parties who seek the quiet pleasure of an evening reunion.

The hot springs will now be utilized to the uttermost for their medicinal qualities, as elegant bath houses have been constructed for ladies and gentlemen, each containing offices, parlor and ten bath rooms, while the plunge bath, in which one of the hot springs is conducted, has been partly porcelain lined, the size of the plunge bath room being 120x300 feet.

PICTURESQUE MONTANA.

Beaverhead Rock.—Near Lovell's, in Beaverhead Valley, and in full view of the Union Pacific system, is Beaverhead Rock. It is this quaint landmark that gives river, valley and county their name; and many readers who have, no doubt, seen very good likenesses of it in books of travel, will unite in saying that the title is appropriately bestowed. The rock rises 300 feet above the river, and is so near the perpendicular that a plummet suspended from its summit would drop into the edge of the deep eddy which washes its southern base. The deep eddies at the base of Beaverhead Rock abound in large mountain trout. A short walk up the cañon, bursting from the cliffs by the roadside, is a cluster of warm springs. They throw off a small stream of water, and, dropping over a ledge some twenty-five feet above the road, form the pretty little Twin Falls, which Montana-bound people admire so much.

A Wonderful Cave.—Twenty miles west of Dillon is one of the most interesting caves in the West. Its principal entrance is at the base of an abrupt, heavily timbered mountain,

a pretty, park-like opening among some towering pines marking the spot. A good carriage-drive leads direct to its mouth. Passing through a hall-way some twenty feet wide and fifty feet long, cut in solid limestone, the visitor finds himself on a rapid down grade, leading toward the heart of the mountain, at an angle of forty-five degrees. This descent is through a larger chamber, with an arched roof thirty feet high, the roof being studded with stalactites. This glittering canopy fairly dazzles the eye as the torches flash upon it, and presents a weird and beautiful contrast to the sombre walls on either hand or underneath.

After descending some 200 feet at the angle noted above, the cavern becomes more nearly level, and penetrates the mountain for a distance of about 1,200 feet, ranging from five to forty feet in height, and from ten to fifty feet in width. Many subterranean chambers as large as the principal one branch off from it on either side, and are often taken for the main one until an abrupt termination shows the error. At one point a fountain of pure cold water bursts from a bowl in the side wall, looking as if it might have been carved out there by human hands. The crystals from the roof are beautiful souvenirs, and specimens grace many Montana cabinets. Birch and Rattlesnake Creeks, dashing down through neighboring ravines, abound in mountain trout, and the vicinity of the cave is the favorite haunt of Beaverhead County hunters. An old resident of the vicinity says that he has killed no less than 150 deer within a radius of five miles in the last dozen years.

Silver Springs.—From Dillon northward toward Helena, the old stage road crosses Madison County, and when readers are told that Madison County boasts three or four valleys as fair as any, two or three of the grandest mountain ranges in Montana, and no telling how many mountain-locked lakes, beautiful water-falls and deep riven cañons, they will realize that there is also something worth tarrying for here. Ruby Range, in Madison County, gets its name from the many beautiful rubies found upon it, and also from the indescribable sunset tints it reflects when seen under the gradually-fading light of evening. Silver Springs, near Salisbury, in Ruby Valley, are worth visiting. Their tepid waters gush forth from the foot of the bluffs in copious quantities, and are gathered in a miniature lake. A stream which turns the wheels for one of the largest flouring-mills in Montana, constantly flows from this collection of water, and does its work in the coolest weather. The lake appears singularly beautiful in winter, when nature is sometimes snow-clad and ice-bound on all sides. The bottom is covered with a thick growth of green verdure, the sky and surrounding objects are delineated beneath the crystal surface, while the musquash and articulate animals sport and swim in their warm home as though they enjoyed perpetual summer. High up in the Tobacco Root Range, overlooking Ruby Valley, is a collection of crystal lakes, the most noted—Silver and Harrison—possessing such

rare charms that they are the resort of Montana pleasure-seekers, whose choice is a sufficient testimonial.

Deer Lodge Views.—Passing northward through the State, the Union Pacific system crosses Deer Lodge County, within whose confines are more different elements of majesty and beauty in nature than in any area of like extent in Montana. There are several towering peaks, many charming lakes, and dozens of wonderfully pretty watercourses in the county. Powell's Peak, twenty miles west of Deer Lodge City, rising two miles above sea level, is a grand old sentinel, overlooking a region as large as all New England. Seven enchantingly-beautiful lakes lie high up among the forests of pine and spruce on the west and south side of Mount Powell. Three of these lie within 1,500 feet of the mountain crest, their waters continually pouring in a series of glittering cascades over rocks and through rank masses of foliage to the valley, thousands of feet below. Flint Creek Falls, ten miles south of Phillipsburg, consists of a cascade of water lashed into a snowy foam for a distance of 500 feet down a heavily-timbered, rocky gorge. Deer Lodge County is quite mountainous and woody—lovely and romantic to the end, and has its scores of rivers, alive with gamey and delicious trout.

Prickly Pear Cañon.—From Helena one can go north, south, east or west and find new and rare attractions at every step. The western boundary of Lewis and Clarke County, in which Helena is situated, is the divide of the main range of the Rocky Mountains; the eastern is the Missouri River. From the highest peak to the level of the river the difference of altitude must be fully 5,000 feet, and the scenery includes all the varieties of the rugged grandeur of the great rocky barriers and peaceful vales that smile along the lowlands. There are no forests in the valleys, but the mountains are almost gloomy with the dark-browed firs and dense growth of pine.

The Montana Central Railway, running southeasterly from Helena to Butte, and northeasterly from Helena to Great Falls, compasses all these leading scenic features. Between Helena and Butte it is the ideal mountain railway. Its skillful occupancy of the chain of shady glens is often interrupted by a bold climb over some pine-covered height, or a wild plunge by tunnel through some otherwise impassable mountain barrier. A few miles north of Helena it enters one of Montana's most noted cañons—that of Little Prickly Pear River. Like most other cañons, the chief beauty of this one is its towering walls, overlooking a dashing mountain torrent whose course is often as crooked as a serpent's trail. Added to grand abruptness of cloud-piercing walls we find much quiet—almost indescribable—beauty in Prickly Pear Cañon during the hazy autumn days. Foliage is plentiful in every cleft of the rocks and on every inch of soil intervening between palisade and river, and nowhere is autumn coloring more brilliant. The shades of carmine and orange, of pink and russet, mingling with the emerald of the pine, spruce and cedar, form bouquets more beautiful than are ever gathered. The rock work often

rising 500 to 1,000 feet above, is a slate formation whose coloring alone is unique and beautiful at any season. It deepens from a dull gray to a deep purple, and the masses which have been ground to powder beneath our feet sometimes look like beds of rich brown and purple ochre.

CAÑON AND FALLS OF THE MISSOURI.—Debouching from Prickly Pear Cañon to that of the Missouri River this line enters a domain worthy a much more extended description than can here be given. Here, 4,000 miles from the sea, the Missouri River presents such distinctive features of wildness, grandeur and beauty, as are hardly dreamed of by those who witness its murky and treacherous meanderings through the prairie States. Especially the 100-mile stretch of the upper river, taking in the most notable cañons, the Great Falls, and the vast meadowy mesas bordering the stream after its exit from the mountains. Eighteen miles north of Helena the traveler, in his journey down the river, is suddenly confronted by a lofty spur of the Rockies, which at first view seems to admit of no passage of the mighty stream. Proceeding a few hundred yards farther, however, he finds the current making an abrupt turn, and in an instant he has passed within the portals of the "Gate of the Mountains," a gash rivaling the grandeur of Yellowstone Cañon, and far exceeding in beauty the finest portion of the Hudson Highlands. The whole volume of the river is here for five miles confined to an average width of less than 300 feet, the mountain walls on either side rising perpendicularly for much of the distance over 1,000 feet, and in one or two instances leaning far out over the channal. The Upper Missouri, generally so extremely swift, is here as placid as the surface of our most sheltered lakes, constituting an eternal mirror for the overlooking heights, and for the beautiful pines which spring from every crevice. The water is from ten to twenty feet deep throughout the cañon.

The grayish granite walls are turretted and pinnacled in a wonderfully striking manner, and, rising so high above their water-washed foundations, with only a dainty arc of heaven's blue visible, fill one with emotions of awe and involuntary dread, akin to those which possessed the first voyagers of the dark river in the Mammoth Cave. Entrances to giant caves, never to be reached except by means of ropes flung over giddy heights, are seen at numerous points. Occasionally blue sky is seen through eyelets carved in the highest towers. These heights are only homes for eagles and mountain sheep. The echoes they give forth make the human voice sound sepulchral, or the discharge of a rifle almost deafening. Large springs occasionally burst from the rocks and mingle their waters with the great river. An occasional alcove, where a few graceful bunches of willows have scant foothold and shade the stream, tones down the picture to one of rarest beauty. For three miles there is scarcely a single foothold at the water's edge for man or beast. The few natural fissures which do break these almost solid walls are jammed with huge broken pillars, angular rocks and gigantic slabs of granite, forming natural bridges

from brink to brink. Ducks and geese are plentiful along the shaded retreat, and the translucent water is full of trout, grayling, garfish and suckers. The few coves which give vegetation a foothold abound in luscious wild raspberries, service berries and currants.

Ten miles farther down is Atlantic Cañon, also of great attraction. At the lower end of this, and overlooking the river, is that strangely formed and noted northern landmark, the "Bear's Tooth." Its rocky tusks are plainly visible at Helena, twenty-five miles away, and from that or any other point of view its name seems quite apropos. It rises 2,500 feet above the river. Deep serrations in the gigantic mass of rock composing it rise from base to summit, foretelling some tremendous slides in the near future. One section of the "Tooth" weighing thousands of tons recently became detached, thundered down the mountain, through the heavy forest which surrounds the base of the tooth proper, and cut a broad roadway, smooth and clean, which looked as if the sickle of a Titan had just completed a very heavy contract. Trees, bowlders, and underbrush were instantly hurled in shapeless masses to the river, 2,500 feet below.

The river is navigated by a passenger steamer, the "Rose of Helena," which carries parties up and down through the gorges of the mountains over a slackwater, backed up by the "Great Falls," that at times is as smooth and glassy as a lake. The upper landing is distant from Helena by carriage drive eighteen miles, while the river is reached from Helena in fifty miles by rail at the lower portion of the cañon region.

One hundred miles from Helena are the first of the Missouri River falls. The "Great Muddy"—here as clear as crystal—is now making its way through and over the last mountain barriers which separate it from the outer plains. The usual approach to the different falls is over a grand plateau, whose general elevation is more than 500 feet above the river, and whose surface is one broad, grassy meadow, dotted with numerous lakes. The principal falls, four in number, are scattered along for a distance of twelve miles, and the river may be said to be in a cañon for the entire distance, as all final approaches are made down almost vertical banks of from 200 to 500 feet in height. The first is known as the Black Eagle Falls. It is a vertical plunge of the entire river of twenty-six feet. Here in mid-river is the island upon which an antiquated Rocky Mountain eagle, now a subject of history, is passing away the golden days of a ripe old age in one eternal Fourth of July. Four miles below the first are the Rainbow Falls, fifty feet in perpendicular descent. The entire river, 1,200 feet wide, here hurls itself over an unbroken rocky rim, as regular in its outline as a work of art, into a vast rocky-bound amphitheatre, where the terrific commotion of the waters is something awful to witness.

Six miles further down are the "Great Falls," whose descent is ninety feet, and whose tremendous roar is often heard a dozen miles away. The river, here possessing a volume

three times greater than that of the Ohio at Pittsburg, is narrowed to 300 yards, and passes between perpendicular cliffs some 200 feet high. Nearly half the stream next to the right bank descends vertically, with such terrific force as to send continuous and always beautiful clouds of spray 200 feet in air. These gorgeous columns are often dissipated into a thousand fastastic shapes by coming into contact with glittering masses of snow-white foam, the whole, under the radiance of the sun, being enhanced to beauty indescribable by the richest colors of the rainbow. The balance of the river is precipitated over successive ledges of from ten to twenty feet, forming a magnificent prospect of fleecy foam 200 yards in breadth and ninety feet in perpendicular elevation. A vast basin of surging, foaming waters succeed below, their deep green color and fearful commotion betraying a prodigious volume and depth. Occasional clumps of pine and cedar among broad, rocky dikes near the river add much to the general picturesqueness below the falls. Beaver, mink, and other fur-bearing animals are plentiful among the spray-dashed rocks, and we found splendid antelope hunting within rifle-shot of the river.

Similar, if not equal, in its attractions to the scenery of the Yellowstone, are the twelve miles of Bad Lands on the Upper Missouri, a day's steamboat ride below the falls. Huddled together in this small space are the most remarkable varieties of eroded rocks in the world. There is scarcely a form in architecture and statuary that will not find a semblance here. The rock is of a cadaverous appearance, friable, and has been wrought by the elements into thousands of forms—some resembling infants, others giants, and others still churches and castles, as large and as grandly pinnacled as the Milan Cathedral. There is not, says Chief Justice Hosmer, in the world another bit of scenery affording so much that is novel and striking in appearance. No description worthy of it has ever been written.

FLATHEAD LAKE.—We have already alluded to the marvelous beauty of Bitter Root Valley, and must add that Northwestern Montana is crowded with superb views, and that the mountain ranges are there more rugged than in the sections thus far described. Flathead Lake is perhaps the most interesting feature here. It is some twenty-eight miles in length, has an average width of ten miles, and is embosomed in one of the loveliest and most fertile countries that the imagination can well picture. Stretched across its center, like a cluster of emeralds, is a chain of beautiful wooded islands, and upon its clear, broad surface wild water-fowl of every description, even to the sea-gulls, disport themselves. Shaded on two sides by towering cliffs, its other extremities lie along peaceful meadows, and have sloping shores of rare beauty. Around the foot of the lake, and amid the most delightful scenes, is grouped a Flathead Indian settlement, where snug houses, well-fenced fields, lowing herds and waving grain give evidence of the rapid advance of those natives in the ways of civilization and thrift. Here it is that the Pend d'Oreille River takes its rise, rushing

and leaping through narrow gorges, and again widening out into a broad and placid stream, winding through lovely valleys for hundreds of miles, when it falls into the Pend d'Oreille Lake, a sheet of water larger than the Flathead Lake. Flathead Lake is about 100 miles from the town of Missoula. Steamers navigate it in the summer season.

Near St. Ignace Mission, distant some forty miles from Flathead Lake, are the "Two Sisters," a pair of cascades, for a description of which we gladly draw upon the notes of the lamented and eloquent General Meagher:

"Topping a low range of naked hills we had a sight which made the plastic heart of the writer dilate and beat and bound and burn with rapture. Beyond there, walling up in the horizon, were the Rocky Mountains, rearing themselves abruptly from the plains and valleys—no foothills. no great stretches of forest, to detract from the magnificent stature with which they rose and displayed themselves unequivocally, with their bold and broken crests, with their deep and black recesses, with their borders of white cloud in all their massiveness and stern, cold majesty, in the purple light of a midsummer evening, the calmness and the glory of which were in full consonance with the dumb, gigantic features of the scene. Right opposite, leaping and thundering down the wall of a vast amphitheatre that had been scooped out of the mountains, was a torrent, bounding into the chasm from a height of fully 2,000 feet, but looking as though it were a bank of snow lodged in some deep groove, so utterly void of life and voice did it appear in the mute distance. A mass of trees blocked the bottom of the amphitheatre; and following the torrent which escaped from it after that leap of 2,000 feet, thousands and tens of thousands of trees seamed the valley with a dark green belt, all over which the hot sun played in infinite reflections and a haze of splendor. The path to this chasm lies through a dense wood, the beautiful and slender trees in which are closely knitted together with shrubs and briers and snake-like vines; while vast quantities of dead timber and immense rocks, slippery with moss, and trickling streams, thin and bright as silver threads, encumber the ground, and render it difficult and sore to travel. There are few tracks there of wild animals.

"As we neared the foot of the Elizabeth Cascade—for such was the name given to the headlong torrent—great was our surprise to find another torrent equally precipitous, but still more beautifully fashioned, bounding from the edge of the opposite wall; and, as a jutting rock, sceptered with two green trees of exquisite shape and foliage, dispersed its volume, the torrent spread itself into a broad sheet of delicate foam and spray, white and soft, and as full of light and lustre as the finest lace-work the harvest-moon could weave upon calm waters. The cascade is completely hid from view until one stands close under it, and the fathers of the mission, strange to say, knew nothing of it until our explorers told them exultingly of their discovery. To this they gave the name of the Alice Cascade, christening them both The Two Sisters."