Price 50 Cents

Through Wonderland To Alaska

Rev. William H. Myers

With Compliments.

The Author

Presented to me by Mrs Isaac Garman

Greenville Lebanon Co. Pa.

P. C. Croll

Lebanon Pa

June 1895

Through Wonderland To Alaska.

BY

REV. WILLIAM H. MYERS,

Pastor Grace Lutheran Church, Reading, Pa.

READING, PA.,
READING TIMES PRINT,
1895

BY THE SAME AUTHOR:

At-Leisure Papers,

The 19th Century Young Man,

Here and There
Across the Sea,

Funeral Reform, Etc.

REV WM. H. MYERS' LETTERS.

"The readers of the TIMES, while they will be pleased to hear of the safe return of our esteemed townsman, Rev. Wm. H. Myers, from his trip to Alaska, will no doubt be sorry to miss a continuation of the graphically-written letters of travel which he has contributed to the columns of this paper for several months past. These letters have called out many complimentary expressions from among a large circle of admiring readers, and the general consensus of opinion is that in point of close observation, fine descriptive power, felicity of expression, the apt use of historical incidents with which the writer interwove his interesting narrative, these letters possess a value and literary attractiveness that entitles them to more than the mere passing interest that attaches to a newspaper publication. They should be collected and printed in book-form, as they would adorn any library."—*Ed. Times.*

NOTE.

The foregoing editorial of the "Reading Times," together with the numerous requests of friends, have induced me to present my Letters in this form. They were written mostly in the Palace-Sleeper of the Overland-Trains, and, but for the flattering endorsement of their merit by one so competent to speak it, I would plead the modesty of many shortcomings in them.

W. H. M.

CONTENTS.

ANTICIPATION OF MY TRIP.

I.

READING, JULY 16, 1895.

Once more I take in hand my pilgrim staff—I start on a journey to a far-off land. Alaska! It beckons me with boyish anticipation. Life anyhow would be a journey through the desert without the foretaste of anticipation. We hardly are done with one day, we already span the rainbow over another to-morrow. We may not have realized what we expected, but we brush aside the disappointments by a hopeful anticipation and say—"It will be better on the rising of the next sun." Buoyant youth is all anticipation, and experienced age culls hope from the lowering horizon by the forward step of expectation. I think the sweetest honey-comb of life is anticipation, for realization is a honey-comb too, but with much of the honey taken out of it.

THROUGH PICTURESQUE AMERICA.

Well, a pleasure trip of a thousand miles through paradisiacle scenes of earthly

Cal

grandeur will certainly fill any young heart with the intoxicating wine of anticipation. I will share of my pleasures with you, and as you have followed my former wanderings through my pen-portrayals, with expressions of delight, I may do well to please you again. I am not traveling along the stream of time to find the sources of history, and tell you the story of centuries long agone. Here in our land we do not record the achievements of man that inspired the pen of poet, moralist and historian for a thousand years. The Old World has its moss-covered churches and dust-gathered cathedrals; its treasures of art and song; its scattered upheavings of religious reformations and national conflicts—every mountain, lake and river lives in rythmical lore, and cities stand that Cæsar saw. My pleasure-tour may more particularly be described—"A trip through Picturesque America." Nor this alone, for the American people would seem to have compressed a thousand years into a single century. Their cities have been built almost over night, and the wheel of progress never revolved with such accelerating speed in the history of the world as now—we are railroading it

through life, we speed along with the flash of electricity.

The delights of travel are among the most health-giving experiences of our existence. To those who have eyes, and cannot see things with them, who have the artist in their souls, the pictures of travel will be the active shifting of scenes that educate, elevate and inspire. I have often heard the complaint of dull companions in travel, who carry their brains in their stomachs, who have contracted all their aesthetic appreciation to the level of their pocket-books, who have only three longings of the day—breakfast, dinner and supper ; who mete out only one intellectual inquiry of their soul, amid the most God-inspiring enjoyments—"what does it cost?"

No less than 600,000 tourists will cross the Atlantic this summer. And yet, when we look around us, we find so many well-to-do people who never travel. It is a pity that any one should have the means and not find it convenient to apply some of it to the higher enjoyments of life. There is, however, a compensation in all stations of society, and the people of moderate means do more traveling than the

wealthy. You see, a man who has a million dollars has a million entanglements. He has business investments, and one manufacturing enterprise after the other, binds him more to his home ; and having shrewd financial qualities, and solid money backing, he will be called to one and another station of responsibility, until like Tantalus in deep water, having money, an ocean of it, and a desire to travel—he yet can't make use of it. Now, life is short, and at the close, money is not even good enough material to fill up the grave with. Wealth owes us a fair living if nothing more, but many do not get more out of it than worry, work and slavery.

AMERICA, THE MIRACLE OF PROGRESS.

A trans-continental tour awakens the sense of the marvellous. Many countries of the old world are no larger than one of our States, and you soon can flit from the domain of one nation into the other. But in America you speed over 3,000 miles from ocean to ocean, and it is all one land —and all redeemed from the desert and wilderness to a populous country in a marvellously short period. When the Plymouth colony settled on the Massachusetts coast, all west of them was a

waste. Only 250 years ago, all the citizens of America could boast of a few beasts of burden, only a few cows landed in 1636 at the cost of $150 a piece, and oxen at $200 a pair, and a quart of milk could be bought for a penny, and four eggs at the same price. Then a red calf could be bought cheaper than a black one, on account of a great liability to be mistaken for a deer, and killed by wolves. Along the James River, so important was considered the raising of cattle in the infant colony, that no domestic animals were allowed to be killed on penalty of death to the principal, and of burning of the hand and cropping of the ears of the accessory, and a sound whipping of twenty-four hours for the concealer of a knowledge of the facts. In 1611 there were 100 head of cattle grazing along the James River, in 1850 there were 18,378,907 in the United States, and animals slaughtered valued at $111,703,142. The story of cattle-raising in 1895 can be read on the ranches of the prairies, and in the slaughtering-stocks of Chicago. Emigration from the east began to set toward the so-called inexhaustible west, which at that time meant central or western New York, now it lies beyond the

Mississippi, and the Rockies. In the Revolution, less than 3,000,000 people inhabited this land, now nigh 70,000,000 claim to be Americans. When our fathers landed on these shores, they found no roads or carriages, or other means of moving from one place to another. How should they gather the fruits of harvests and hold communion between one long distant home and another? The peddler with his pack-horse was then the moving emporium of a woman's world and fancy. But why delay the story of roads—post roads—Macadam—national. In 1859 the old-time stages had 23,448,398 miles of travel, and to cross to the Pacific under the lash of whip, was almost a life-journey. Now we have railroad and steam, and sweep from coast to coast in a week. What a marvel of progress is America!

So I fasten up my tourist's bag and strap down my steamer-trunk and take the train for the glaciers of the Alaskan clime. I am well-equipped for heat and cold, for land-rain and ocean-storm. With the securement of my ticket I have bespoken the assurance of good health, and so until we meet again we wish to each other—God speed!

VIEWING CHICAGO FROM ITS MONEY-MAKING STANDPOINT.

II.

CHICAGO, JULY 12, 1895.

Gently, like an angel's flight, the train glided out from the Philadelphia Broad street station. It was 8.50 o'clock of the evening, and the luxuriant sleeper Paragon was a picture of beauty under the glow of the over-hanging gas-jets. Not a care-worn face did I see in it, but anticipation of something pleasant seemed to be written upon every countenance. One pretty maiden particularly, had eight handsomely dressed courtiers to bid her adieu, and I noticed that a sweet satisfaction hovered around her unconscious smiles when far on her journey. She sat alone and mused, forecasting the future, and unclouded hope sat upon her brow. Do not mar that delusion—it is the rightful wealth of youth.

ASLEEP ON WHEELS.

Very soon the swarthy porter touched the springs of the veneered mahogany ceiling, and in separate parts it fell down, transforming the car into a sleeping emporium. One after another, the travelers stole behind the drawn curtains, and before long, I sat alone amid a scene of silence. I thought that a car-full is like a city-full of people--when night comes, sleep silences the animated streets, and a hundred thousand souls, and as many more, are stowed away behind barred doors. Sleep is the magic power that tames and quiets the restless lion of New York and London-life. By day he goes about roaring—at night, where is he? My bed is made—I also go to rest. I awake—I have had a dream. I walked in a garden of shooting geysers, and their hot spray spread aloft like bouquets of variegated flowers; I sailed amid icebergs, and my boat was frozen into eccentric shapes of ice-colored animals, plants and images, projecting from the sides in carved relief. Yellowstone-Park and glacier-laden Alaska must have warmed my brain before sleep. I thought of the beautiful dream of the poet Tasso when traveling in Italy. In a night-vision

he sailed by boat to a little island, and the natives brought him birds of the most extraordinary plumage, and he arranged them along the sides, so that their long fan-tails of rainbow-hues reached over the water, and his whole craft sparkled in the sun like a setting of delicately-tinted gems. How delighted! When he awoke he said —"these birds presage my new poems which I will send to my friends at home." I modestly think like Tasso, that my dream of Wonderland presaged the letters I will write to my friends at home. They scarcely will be poetical gems of a Tasso style, but they may be gems worth the setting in some kind of current type.

Bishop Berkeley has said—"Westward the course of empire takes its way." I follow this star of progress in my westward flight. But here I awake in Pittsburg, and a pilgrim by my side says—"we will have to turn our watches back one hour." I did so as directed, and when I reach the Pacific coast I will have turned the hour of the dial back three hours. Now, that hardly would seem to be progress—but a retrogression. When you breakfast at 8 o'clock in the east I will breakfast at 5 o'clock, according to your time. Well,

this however, is only an apparent victory of the race between steam and the Creator. It is not the time-piece in our pocket that determines the universal hour of day or night—the sun of the heavens does. The sun up there, and God up higher, rule about everything. We must accommodate ourselves to the things ordained from above; when we gauge ourselves according to the limitations of man's narrow environments, we soon will have come to the end, we every day must find a new beginning.

IN THE STREETS OF CHICAGO.

When you approach Chicago by train you are in it a long time before you get there. Anyhow what is this Chicago? A monstrous miracle on earth. In 1829 it had no existence; in 1840 it had 447 inhabitants; in 1845 it had 12,088; in 1860 it had 109,263, and in 1895 it has a little less than 2,000,000 souls! Now, taking the city in a lump, and analyzing its people, you will have to decide that they are not of a Boston-caste—they lack the culture and refinement that comes of generations of moulding. Here all is money, and it is a bee-hive for that. When these fat capitalists have reared the third gener-

ation of children, and inculcated the love of the arts, refinement and higher education, then this wonder-city will have donned the garb of more classic beauty in its social and business intercourse. I feel this difference in the whole atmosphere that pervades Chicago—and I feel that I am safe to venture the truthfulness of my impressions.

Alas! to what heights it aspires in its sky-scraping buildings—how corpulent with vulgar stuffing it seems—there is such a cannibal-zest in its appetite for money. Other great cities have existed upon the earth, and poets have sung of them—but no poet can find inspiration in this seething furnace of activity—Chicago now is big, rather than graceful; it is rich, rather than learned—its poet may sing some day.

IN THE SLAUGHTER HOUSES.

I have just come from the stock-yards, and as this is one of the many of Chicago's greatest things on earth, I may have fallen into this caustic way of moralizing. From the poet Tasso to hog-sticking, is a descending scale, and my aesthetic feelings had to give away to the more materialistic. So here I am in a mile

square of yards and buildings devoted to the slaughter of cattle, sheep and hogs. Lowing—bleating—grunting—how I used to like to hear those sounds on the quiet farm; but here it is the plaintive call of helpless animals, that grace so often the undulating landscape—and they seem to call to be saved from the doom which right here gathers much pathos to itself.

But we must see this Armour-Swift-19th century way of slaughtering and pulverizing hogs. Really there is science about it, and to see it, you walk in pools of blood. It is a little like a threshing machine, into one end of which you stick the wheat, and it comes out at the other all bagged for the market. A Vulcan of a man, all gory with blood, dispatches the pigs as fast as they glide manacled before him; the overhead railroad catches them up from the scalding trough, and they roll along, and as they go their zig-zag way, men elevated on benches do each their part,—scraping, cutting the head, disembowelling—and in five minutes one pig has railroaded to the cooling room, and in one hour four hundred and fifty are suspended there, and in one year four hundred thousand go that way to the lower rooms to be

converted into ham, sausage, lard, fertilizer, etc.,—and, presto change! where are they? So it matters not, whether Chicago kills beef, plays base-ball or builds a world's fair, it does all on the biggest scale. Nelson Morris whittles a stick all day long as he goes from place to place through his packing houses. Some few years ago he blackened boots, and now he has the largest ready capital of any millionaire in the city. Think of it—in 1538 Ferdinand de Soto brought the first swine from Cuba to Florida in America. In 1627 they ran wild in Virginia, and the Indians killed them for game. Now behold! the immense industry they have created in this city alone. I admit that Chicago is great—its grain warehouses that ship 4,000,000 bushels a day, and its stock-yards that send out pork and beef to the world, are but the indication of its bigness in every way. It is business to see over one hundred vehicles back to the curb of a single market-house; it is business to see the thoroughfares teeming with thousands of people and resounding with a bedlam of noises; it is business to see the little store-man measure and weigh his sales with alacrity—but dust and sweat and

sooty quarters, such as the majority of people have in a large city, would not tempt me, even for more than a competency. The man of a little town, who has a home, worth three or five thousand dollars, is somebody—in a large city he is nobody. Only men of brains, and of a kind, and millionaires, ride on the popular wave of a city-full.

HOW MINNEAPOLIS APPEALS TO THE POETIC AND ARTISTIC FEELING.

III.

MINNEAPOLIS, JULY 15, 1895.

My first impressions of this flour-city of the northwest was a revelry of sentiment. Its artistic and poetic beauty set aside all statistical and material study, and for the first day I lived in it as in a dream of love. Robed in gorgeous summer attire, it is a city fair to look upon. It is the Edinburgh of America. There is a queenly grace that pervades its realm of business, and its wide paved roadways and broad stone sidewalks, overshadowed by eight and ten-story buildings, carry on their activities with an air of refinement. With me it was love at first sight, and I am ready to sing its praises.

Scarcely settled in the West Hotel, which is one of the objects of pride to the Minneapolitans, I was made to taste one of those surprises of western hospitality which have come to be so far-famed. A

staunch Lutheran, who chanced to know of my pilgrimage, came equipped with carriage and royal persuasion, and soon lodged me within his own brown-stone palace. Mr. J. A. Bohn and his goodly wife are princely host and hostess, and their untiring attention to one whom they had never met was a gracious flattery to the meagre reputation that had made him known to them.

AN EVENING DRIVE IN FAIRY LAND.

You never will have discovered Minneapolis until you drive over its boulevards by night. We are off to the lakes, which like a necklace of gems encircle the bosom of the city. Our wheels roll over one of the finest driveways of America—it will be a road thirty miles long when completed. On either side of the broad track are continuous blocks of grass, shaded by trees, and a walk along the edge of it. Now it is 8 o'clock of the evening and the sun is just going down. The air is balmy, and the pleasure-seekers are gliding by in streams of vehicles. Whither this intermingling mass of humanity? Here is a paradise of the bicycler—there are 17,000 of them in Minneapolis, and as many women are out as men to-night, spinning

along. On horseback, in carriages, on wheels, by foot—they are all bound for Lake Harriet. We have now passed Lake of the Isles and Cedar, and we drive along Calhoun. Its road-edge is a continuous fence of willows, trimmed down to a chain of arched fans with openings between, to view the lake. Sails are sporting to the winds far out, and swimmers bound from bended boards in arched gracefulness. These lakes, encircled by the boulevards, and winding under thousands of acres of woodland, are only a part of the area comprising the magnificent natural park of the city. All Minneapolis covers more ground than London.

VANITY FAIR AT HARRIET.

I do not wonder now, that the city is out to Lake Harriet. From a distance you hear through the groves the strains of music and the deep undertone of humanity. Now you turn the curve as the electric glare directs you, and a scene of magnificent beauty breaks upon your view. Lake Harriet! Down there is the pavilion, built into the waters, and over and around it, and out along the bend of the lake, electric lights of varied colors cast an elongated sheen—red, white, blue

and gold, over the water. As we approach, vehicles many, are hitched to poles, and vehicles more, battle for passing. Men and women, beaus and maidens, walk, chat, laugh, in and out, up and down—and everywhere the bicycle. Her Majesty's ship of immaculate white, with masts and flags aloft in the blue sky, is moored to the pavilion, and is a veritable stage, looking upon an amphitheatre of seats for 5,000 spectators. The New York Opera company is performing "Pinafore" to-night—and the attractions change every week. Intermissions are announced on flash-lighted canvas, and the refreshment tables are filled. But this is not a motley crowd of the noisy sort. Only soft drinks are served, for the patrol-limit regulation restricts the saloons entirely to the business portion of the city. Over two hundred boats, white without, are inviting patronage. How pretty they look as they glide over the blue surface around the Pinafore ship! Over yonder is the "Razzle Dazzle," draped with the Oriental splendor of tinsel—round and round it goes with hilarious enjoyment. Ponies and urchin-riders exercise on another track. In and out shoot the electric cars,

and crowds go and crowds come by a safety system of elevated exits—all this to view, from a little distance, is a vision of Fairy Land. Lake Harriet is the resort of the refined masses, and Lake Minnetonka, with its mammoth hotels, is the Elberon of the aristocracy.

AT LONGFELLOW'S MINNEHAHA.

If you have read Hiawatha, you will want to see, above all, the falls of Laughing Water. Come not with me, if you have not sentiment—I mean to read "Hiawatha's Wooing" in time-keeping to the music of that overflow, and I would have a willing ear. Now alight —over yonder—down this way—there! there! it is. Almost, I imagine to have come to the sacred glen of the Dacotahs —almost, like a lover's venture, do I recount my pilgrimage here—

"With the moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured;
Yet the way seemed long before him
And his heart outrun his footsteps;
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.
"Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured,
"Pleasant is the voice that calls me."

Now, see, right there, Hiawatha came to buy his arrows. Alas! a lover's secret;

perhaps he came to see some dreamy eyes. Bend! we dip, and take of the waters of Minnehaha. How sweet the drink! To the good luck of Hiawatha's wooing we drink. Laughing, yet—that falling cataract, in the basin-washed gulf below—it seems to intone the words of that Indian lover—

"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"
And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely as she stood there
Neither willing nor reluctant
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
Whilst she said, and blushed to say it,
"I will follow you, my husband."

MINNEAPOLIS, THE FLOUR CITY OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

IV.

BISMARCK, N. D., JULY 16, '95.

St. Paul and Minneapolis are styled the twin-cities of the Northwest. They are far apart in spirit, and an acrimonious jealousy divides them. It is playfully intimated that it is not safe for a preacher in Minneapolis to take his text from St. Paul. It is a figure of speech to indicate the intensity of rivalry. A government enumerator had to be called upon to take the census in 1890; and now the indications are that Minneapolis is 50,000 ahead, having about 200,000 inhabitants. But in less than a decade the commercial city and the manufacturing city will have entirely built up the fifteen miles between them; they will join hands in peace, and be baptized under the name of—Minnepaulus. Then there will be one straight avenue through them both of thirty miles length What a city!

When you have seen the palatial residences along the paved streets—so many hundreds of them costing from $50,000 to $500,000 each, you naturally will want to know where the money came from to build them. If an architect wants to find lofty, unique and even daring styles of stone-architecture, he need only come to Minneapolis. If the florist would know how to lay out lawns and decorate them with pleasing and original designs, he need to come here. Its 175 churches are imposing ; its high-schools and State university are marvels; its West hotel cost $1,500,000 ; its court house $3,000,000 ; and the many other public structures, inspired by the social, commercial or political enterprise are of equal pretensions. If you would study city sewerage, street paving, benevolent, school and patrol systems, you will find the highest type of attainment here. But I do not wish to generalize in this way.

A VISIT TO THE SAW-MILLS.

Geographically Minneapolis is the natural headquarters for Northwestern lumber interests ; it is situated on the southern edge of the vast pineries and has the magnificent water-power of St. An-

thony Falls. A ride up the grand Mississippi took me along miles of lumber villages, and at last brought me to the model saw-mill of C. A. Smith & Co. I had a letter of introduction—he and partner Johnson are Lutherans.

Now my conception of a saw-mill never rose much above the crude water-wheel that disported its prowess in the backwood stream, and by its sweet repose of surroundings afforded a splendid study for the painter. But here all artistic inspiration is annihilated, and you wonder at the materialistic progress of the times. Think of a saw-mill that cuts up 500,000 feet of lumber in twenty four hours ! Down the Mississippi river the logs come floating from the northern forests of Minnesota, coaxed into this great water-course through inland streams ; and labeled, are sent down for hundreds of miles, like herds of cattle, to the special owner.

Now right here at this point of the mill you see single logs floated to a pronged chain, revolving up an incline, carrying Mr. Timber along through a trough, like the hogs are lifted at Armour's, ready to be slaughtered. Above, you see a sort of sleight-of-hand performance with that log.

The eye follows quickly every process. Amid chain-work and tracks, shooting length-wise and side-wise, that log comes within reach of an iron arm called the "nigger" which bobs out of the floor, and by an acrobatic feat, throws it over into the arms of a truck that quickly flies past a saw. Behold ! one side is shaved off. Back and forward the truck shoots again, with the log reversed as quickly as the baker turns the pretzel, and the other side is sliced off—the saw going two miles in a minute. Tossed like a stick to another chain-truck, the log instantly is one of six to shoot through a family of saws, and on the other side falls apart a load of boards. They have no time to inspect themselves, but shoot through the plane, land on tooth-chains beyond. A switchman, in a box above, guides them in the opposite direction into an elongated shed, where they drop according to length, into bins below, and so are sorted by their own will, loaded, car-tracked out, and stacked on the 80 acres of lumber-storage. What magic ! Amid the whirl of machinery and belts, I am guided down to the shingle apartment. Waste logs drop within reach of experts, who by

several turns have a bundle of these roofing slats cut and packed, made out of apparently worthless wood. Firewood slides this way, and falls into ready wagons, and saw-dust is carried by a series of chains that way, and lands below by the boilers. No waste! The saw-dust feeds eight boilers, and to look within, you see fire-flakes fly like a million fire-bugs, generating the 1,000-horse power of the engine which drives the immense mill. After inspecting the building where the Compoboard is made, which is a wonderful process to displace lathing and plastering of walls in houses, by having this composition surface of 3x9 feet nailed on, ready to paper, I left in amazement at the mechanical genius of the age. A legerdemain performance was a wonder to me as a boy —but all this is more than the mysteries of a Hermann or a Keller. Think of an annual lumber product of 300,000,000 feet, and how much of this goes, not only into flooring and roofing of buildings—but is converted right here, by other mills, into carved furniture, that graces the palaces of the wealthy and of royalty.

IN THE FLOUR MILLS.

In an opposite direction I found the flour milling district. Minneapolis has the largest flour mill of the world, and Mill A., of Mr. Pillsbury, is the eighth wonder of the world. In my own native town I daily saw little stacks of bags bearing the label of this make. But the old flour-mill by the dam, where we went a-fishing, was our ideal. Alas! what a disenchantment of great things when you come to see a western mill, run by water, steam and electric power. Imagine—it requires 40,000,000 bushels of wheat a year to satisfy the rapacious appetite of the thirty and more feeders of this city. The five Pillsbury–Washburn flour mills alone turn out in one day 22,500 barrels, and it takes 400 cars, or 20 trains of 20 cars each, every day to take the wheat into, and the flour and offal, out of these mills. If all the cars used daily by the grinding concerns combined, were put in a row, it would make a train ten miles long. I would like to give a detailed description of the machinery and activity of Mill A—but it must suffice to say, that the 225 crushers and grinders; the 18 pair of stones; the tiers of wagon-box shakers:

the cone-like separators of oats and cockle from wheat; the various feeders and sprinklers; the peculiar flour coolers previous to packing; and all the whirl of belting, from five feet wide to a little inch, going round and round, six stories high — is another miracle of mechanical science. Alas! what a process, until we have flour according to the Pillsbury notion. It goes through all kinds of crushing, grinding, sifting, cutting, refining, and rises and falls twelve times up and down six stories, through tube-lifts, before it is fit "staff of life" for you and me. Then, to see the packing into barrels, and the twirling into cars—it takes more agility than a Berks County farmer manifests at his bins, to load 9,500 barrels every day out of one mill.

MEETING A FRIEND AT SOLDIERS' HOME.

By Minnehaha Falls nestles the soldiers' home of the State of Minnesota. I climbed up the ravine to the hill, from which look seven fine buildings over the Mississippi river, the "Father of Waters," on one side, and Minnehaha creek, the "Laughing Waters," on the other. The colors of the stars and stripes were displayed everywhere—even the ice-coolers

and flower-pots were painted in red, white and blue. In one home the orders were posted—"the bugler will sound the calls as follows: Sick call, 8 a. m.; tattoo, 8.50 p. m.; taps, 9.00 p. m.; Sunday, inspection, 8.30 a. m —."

In the chapel, the memorial over the religious altar read:

> "Minnesota is proud to honor
> The veteran soldiers of the Union.
> Their cause was sacred.
> Their sacrifice was sublime."

Among the 315 boys in blue, I looked for one face with searching interest. Major George W. Grant, former postmaster of our city, and a member of my church, is quartermaster here I missed him, but he called upon me in the city. I bore him the greetings of his many Eastern friends, and I herewith return his kindly wishes. He is as seriously courteous as ever, of soldierly bearing—is well and happy. I preached in Minneapolis, had a good all-round Western hand-shake, and I close this letter, far away on train, with the sweet remembrance of the kind hearts I met there.

AWAKING IN THE PRAIRIE LANDS OF NORTH DAKOTAH.

V.

MONTANA LINE, JULY 16, 1895.

I turn in my sleep—I awake. I find that I have on me a white sheet, a soft coverlet, and a double red blanket—it is deliciously cool. I look above me, and I see myself reflected in a mahogany polished ceiling, covered over like an Esquimaux. I struggle out of the confusion of thought, and I soon discover that I have slept in a berth of the Northern Pacific—rolling over rails toward the Yellowstone Park. I pull the shades up the full height of the windows—and behold! I see, for the first time, the prairies. I rehearse the words of Whittier as I lie there—

"We cross the prairies as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West as they the East,
The homestead of the free.
We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
The music of her bells.

How true all this sentiment! Listen! The wind whistles as through the rigging of a ship, and the far-stretching landscape looks like the desert sea. "Homesteads of the free," are here and there and yonder, some of mud-plastered sides and sand-strewn roofs, with a chimney smoking and curling as beautifully as from castle-hearth. No fences or walls between neighbors miles apart—all is free; only hillocks of velvety dress break the outline here and there, and clusters of trees relieve the span of monotonous perspective. Now I fly past the prairie village—a few scattered frame houses, no streets, a store; and this early morning, scores of wagons with two horses tied there, that came miles over the trackless desert to lay in the weekly supply—perchance to collect the letters from the old home in the East. Now there, on the rise, stands quite alone, the church, so unpretentious. But to the children of God, who track the direction of the Sabbath prairie-bell, those meagre walls sound just as sweet as cathedral arch, the music of "Nearer My God to Thee." And sure as the Quaker poet's prophesy "we go to plant her common schools on distant prairie swells," there

the little nursery of mental unfolding stands. But looking about—where are the homes of the children? Ah! out here those who would learn go for it any distance, and those who would worship God need not the paved walks, the speed of car and the altar by the door—they love church, to seek it twenty and fifty miles away.

Already the flocks are seen in the blue grass—nothing but grass. A thousand sheep, in a packed flock, I have passed just now, a fleecy cloud fallen down from the heavens on the early wet grass. The shepherd on horseback, his dog by his side, and a few cows to furnish him milk in his wanderings from home. Just see! what airy freedom that maiden displays on horseback, as the cars steam by. Most likely she is conscious of the fact, that an early-rising traveller is peeping out by the flying sleeper to admire her expertness. Astride she sits, with both stirrups well mounted, hatless, and hair streaming, calico-frock, short over bare feet—and coyly waving back, she guides her steed, in leaping recklessness, over hidden gullies and protruding knolls, on toward yonder herd of cattle. Thou child of

freedom on desert plain—how pretty thou does seem, with the rising sun to illuminate the innocent gracefulness, disporting on horseback against the winds !

But I must up—I have done with sleep. I press the electric button under the side panel mirror, and the colored porter has come to withdraw the curtained canopy and reconvert my bed to a double seat. He at once adjusts my writing desk, and out of my traveling bag I get my writing pad and here, as if at my study-desk, I write these letters to you. I have two days' and two nights' lodgment in this cozy nook, and like a true artist paints from nature, so I describe the scenes as they roll without my window.

The first call to breakfast ! Prairie temperature begets an appetite—it is decidedly cool and the windows and ventilators are down. But what may we expect to eat in the desert? Pity on you—I will give you my bill-of-fare this morning. How royal-like to sit down to feast of this kind, in mirrored apartment on wheels, with no revolving fans overhead, but the grass-laden breezes of the prairies sweetening the smell of air—and a colored waiter adorned with boutonniere bending

graciously over you. Now if I were not a preacher I would consider myself to be a king.

Breakfast, Northern Pacific R. R., this side Bismarck, North Dakotah dining car.

Steamed Clams.
Fruit.
Oatmeal with Cream.
Fresh Fish. Codfish Balls. Salt Mackerel.
Fried Mush.
Corned Beef Hash. Calfs' Liver with Bacon.
Broiled Tenderloin Steak. Sirloin Steak. Ham.
Mutton Chops. Bacon.
Mushroom Sauce. Tomato Sauce.
Eggs—Boiled, Fried, Scrambled, Shirred.
Omelet—Plain, with Ham, Parsley, Jelly or Rum.
Baked Potatoes. Brown Hashed. Fried Potatoes.
Green Tea. English Breakfast Tea. Oolong Tea.
Coffee. French Chocolate. Milk.
Vienna Bread. Corn Bread. Rolls. Dry Toast. Graham Bread Toast. Dipped Toast.
Griddle Cakes with Maple Syrup.

Children between the ages of five and twelve years, occupying seats, will be charged 50 cents. Passengers not served to their satisfaction will please report the fact to the dining car conductor at once.

Breakfast 7.00 to 9.30, Lunch 12.00 to 1.30, Dinner 5.20 to 7.30. Meals 75 cents.

The wine list on the other side comprises twenty-nine kinds of Champagne, White Wines, Clarets, Liquors, etc.

Cigars.
Key West and imported 2 for 25c., 3 for 50c., 15c. and 25c. each.

Cigarettes.....20c
Playing Cards.....50c

Breakfast is my good meal, but I simply partook of breakfast, and I did not swallow the entire bill-of-fare. I had often

heard of a ship on fire, but I never thought of a train on fire. Before noon-lunch the passengers were startled by the alarm—"the dining-car on fire!" I did not fancy it, for next to my cushioned sleeper, the dining car lay nearest to my heart. On the waste prairies, and all your coveted meals gone up in smoke—think of it! I did not care for the car so much as for the pantry. Fortunately the engineer got on increased speed, and we soon shot into the little station Dickinson, where the track-plug turned on hose, and the fire was out. How I blessed Dickinson—the lunch was good.

We are passing now through the "Bad Lands"—there is no inspiration here for my pen and so I will lay it down. A glacier slide, from the icy-north, once upon a time, wrought out those cone-like mounds that stretch far away like Hawaiian huts, amphitheatres, fortresses, cathedrals and pyramids. It is all desolation here—even crows are not seen. But you and I have passed through bad lands before, and felt unhappy in them too. But as I am smiling, so may you, for I expect very soon to reach the good land beyond.

THROUGH THE WHEAT BELT AND THE COWBOY LAND.

VI.

LIVINGSTON, MONT., JULY 17, 1895.

Before you get out of Minnesota, by the Northern Pacific railroad, you will pass through the great lumber region. The aroma of pine knots penetrates your car on the evening air, you think of the woodman's hut in the dense forests, of the music of his axe by day, and of the flavor of his stories by night. The Indian did better in clearing land of timber—he kept fire around each tree till it burnt to death. When it fell, he burned it to such length as to make it convenient to roll the parts together—and so he consumed them in a heap. But he regarded not the tree from a commercial standpoint—it was good to shade his wigwam. An army of men are away from their families earning their bread in this wilderness. After harvest the farmer goes also.

THROUGH THE WHEAT BELT.

I passed by the best portion of the great wheat-belt, in North Dakota, by night. In the Red river-bed lies the famous Dalrymple farm, consisting of 25,000 acres under cultivation. Think of a stretch of wheat fields five miles square, and the winds playing over their golden surface to make them undulate in waves, like the rising and falling of the ocean! This was the sight that inspired Bryant—

> "These are the gardens of the desert, these
> The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
> For which the speech of England has no name—
> The Prairies! I behold them for the first,
> And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
> Takes in the encircling vastness."

Wheat fields! Talk of them, you Pennsylvania farmers, as you know them in your 30 and 50 acre fields—but here the pride of the husbandman roams over 600 acre patches. No fence!—as far as you can see, no such a thing as a fence. I would call such a farmer, as Dalrymple, a Nabob. By the headline of the farm poses the rider. On horseback he commands the binders. No less than fifty of these ponderous wind-mill machines are started out, and they are watched and directed like so many shifting cars. If one

stops, all stop—and that is loss of time and money fifty times multiplied. What a sight and rattle and devastation among the glory of the wheat fields ! One binder alone cuts a swath twelve feet wide. When the open air threshing is done, Dalrymple will have bagged, with fifteen bushels to the acre, no less than 375,000 bushels of No. 1 hard spring wheat—the best flour-producing grain in the world.

The first wheat in America was sown by Gosnold on the Elizabeth Islands off the southeast coast of Massachusetts in 1602. The first sown in Virginia was in 1611. The earliest settlers raised it in 1648, and in 1626 the Dutch Colony took the first sample to Holland. Behold now, Minneapolis alone grinds up 50,000,000 bushels of wheat every year ! The poetry of the flail is gone. Cowper once wrote of that familiar sound we heard around the old barn :

> "Thump after thump resounds the constant flail,
> That seems to swing uncertain, and yet falls
> Full on the destined ear."

Now it is the wonder-machine that does it all in one. In 1853 already, the New York Fair Machine Exhibition showed one of these field monarchs which

threshed and winnowed the wheat, measured, bagged it ready for market, and recorded accurately the number of bushels, all by one continuous operation.

AMONG THE COWBOYS.

Now we pass through the grazing country of Montana, and we come to the story of the cowboy. The engine whistles its shrill alarm every once in awhile, for herds of cattle are crossing the track and are threatening an obstruction. See! how they scamper wild-like, on the right and on the left. Far away reaches the bunch-grass region, which cures in the dry air of summer and furnishes feed for winter. It is said to be more nutritious than the blue grass of Kentucky. Think of it! a 100,000 head of range cattle are shipped every year to the Eastern market. This was a splendid winter for cattle, sheep and horses out here, and on Friday of July 19th, 250 carloads of steers will be shipped from Dickinson. This is an early start and a good indication of a prosperous market.

How sleek and fat these cattle look!—I pass herds and herds. A range is not a palatial appointment by any means—a one-story log cabin, a long-mud-covered

shed, a few sticks for a fence, and a host of children clinging to the top of them to view the passing train. There are finer ones—but this is the average sample. The railroads own this land for forty miles on either side, and it is every man's land. All summer the steers roam in herds, and know no home and no man. Let a man on foot approach a big-horned steer, and he as soon would attempt to face a ferocious bull. On horseback he is safe. In the fall the cowboy is sent out to search for miles around, and the "round-up" is made, when all cattle found are brought in promiscuously, and the owners select their steers by the brands upon them. Then, too, the calves have followed in with the mother-cow, and they are branded to roam abroad next turn-out. In winter the cowboy goes out to keep the herds at moving, else they hide in brush-lands, starve and freeze.

The cowboy's life is a hard one. During the month of the round-up he encamps and fairly lives in his saddle. But he manages to have his fun. I notice rudely improvised race-tracks, and the intervals of rest bring him sports of horsemanship and midnight larks at far-away

taverns. Ah! he looks well astride a horse, with his broad-brimmed hat, his belted pistol and knife, his coiling rope, and long flowing hair. Over there the dust flies and six of them gallop along with a motion of grace that would attract attention in the finest city-park. The mud-hotel at Faldon amused me. It had such a pretentious sign over the log-hinged door. And yet I was told that aristocratic dealers from Chicago and St. Paul often have to lodge there, dividing their meals with the cowboy. It is one of the great prairie shipping places, easily reached from the inland. There is a law of honor among the range-people. If in shipment any strange cattle have strayed among them, they are loaded with the lot, the brand taken notice of, and by referring to the prairie-register the money of the steers is returned to the rightful owner. Cattle sell on feet at 4½ cents per pound. At night in the dim outline as the engine set our pathway aglow with burning grass, I saw cowboys at rest with the horses tied along to stakes. I recalled a beautiful chapter in Washington Irving's prairie life, which speaks so tenderly of his faithful desert-steed. Here and there sur-

prises of flower-patches catch your eye, and it must have been a picture like this, that made Hiawatha say :

> "'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there ;
> All the wild flowers of the forest,
> All the lilies of the prairie,
> When on earth they fade and perish,
> Blossom in that heaven above us."

IN THE BELT RANGE MOUNTAINS.

At Livingston, Montana, our sleeper was side-tracked at 3 o'clock of Wednesday morning. I awoke early in silence and saw out of my berth window the snow-topped peaks that look down toward the Yellowstone. Before closed taxidermist stores black bear and elk were playing to the limit of their ropes, and this wild aspect of things gave me the same sensations I experienced among the Alps. We tarry here to catch the east-bound over-land express, and then we will be off for the first great natural wonder of my trip—the National Yellowstone Park.

CLIMBING THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS BY STAGE.

VII.

YELLOWSTONE PARK, JULY 22, 1895.

You enter Yellowstone Park, and after six days you come out of it, and you tell the story of the Wonderland of the World. This spot is a national reservation sixty-five miles wide and seventy-five miles long—it is in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. You pass through Paradise Valley and enter by the Golden Gate, and that thought alone is inspiring to the pleasure-seeking pilgrims. It is hard, even now, to classify the impressions received, for they tumble along like the confused cascades we have seen. Even more have we witnessed—all the place seems but a covering of a seething, boiling caldron beneath the earth. No wonder the Indians had fear to tread this territory, for they had no other explanation of it but that the evil spirits inhabit it. And this superstition seems to find endorsement in the many names that savor of his satanic

majesty—the "Devil's Slide"—"Devil's Thumb"—"Devil's Kitchen"—"Devil's Frying Pan" and the like.

AMONG THE SHOOTING GEYSERS.

I will reserve the story for another occasion to tell how the geysers shoot out their hot spray 200 feet aloft, and growl and roar with subterranean noises, then subside and wait for the next periodical mood; how paint-pots bubble, as if imps were stirring the colored material to bring it to a proper consistency; how the hot springs smoke over a stretch of 170 acres, and at a temperature of 190° Fahrenheit, shed their waters over towering terraces of alabaster, and steppes in shades of red, brightest scarlet and rose tint; how pools of morning glory reflect in their limpid depths and heighten by their gentle vibrations the overhanging cloud, and fringe it with the ultramarine colors of the sea; how volcanoes thump and thunder, disgorging volumes of mud; how lakes and mountain heights have their steaming escapes of the fires that burn for the ages below. Interspersed for miles, is the peaceful beauty of valleys in which the waterfalls mingle their music with mountain birds, and now through the gorges rush

the wild streams, and yonder flows in the wilderness meadow the Gibbon river, full of the spirit of the hills—

"This swiftly-flowing river,
This silver-gliding river,
Whose springing willows shiver
In the sunset as of old.

They shiver in the silence
Of the willow-clustered islands,
While the sun-bars and the sand-bars
Fill air and wave with gold."

We follow the majestic Yellowstone until it brings us to its dizzy leap of 360 feet, and opens up to our vision the twelve-mile chasm through which its contracted waters roll. Alas! for words to tell the wonders of this Grand Canyon. Not among the Alps have we seen its like. Transfixed upon Inspiration Point we stand, 1,500 feet aloft, and gaze upon the depth below, solemn as night, silent as death. Only two sounds we hear—the river's melancholy moan, the eagle's shrill cry. Down there on several of the rocky tunnels are built the nests, four feet wide, and in them repose the young, eager to spread their wings, and, like their parents, demonstrate the mighty circles of American liberty. But beyond it all, and around it all, stand these precipitous towers of stone, and between

them is cut the gorge, that is all aflame with color—all is a sheet of crimson, draperies of green and brown—a rainbow broken in pieces, and scattered up and down these spectral heights. Thomas Moran has sat down there to paint the vision, if you visit the Capitol city, see it.

A STAGE DRIVE OF 160 MILES.

To do the Park you must encircle it by stage. Before the Hot Springs hotel stand ready nine strong-built vehicles, and four heavy horses, to draw each over a divided circuit of 160 miles. The tourists to-day are 63 in number. They are well equipped for the journey—winter undergarments, overcoat, duster or mackintosh—8,000 feet above the level of the sea brings you nights of frost, and the mountain-peaks around you, all covered with snow, are the indicators of a cool clime. What expert Jehus, these stage drivers! They handle their reins, and crack their whips like an artist. Most thrilling to whirl around these precipitous heights with a narrow margin to the wheel! The yarns of the driver are often as highly colored as the Yellowstone chasm. In the lull of a slow climb I ventured to demonstrate to my youthful expert of four-in-

hand, the usefulness of ministers in the world. He seriously answered: "Yes, my father had intended making a minister of me also—but he found me so truthful, that he thought he had better make a stage-driver out of me." The witty retort made the coach-full roar at my expense—they were a congenial set, my fellow tourists. At the Grand Canyon I preached to an audience representing almost every State in the Union. I had the brawny stage drivers invited to worship, and they looked grotesque amid this gathering. But they were the most devout listeners, and one of them confessed that it was the first sermon he had heard in fifteen years on these hills, and the eighth sermon in his life-time.

LIFE IN THE ROCKIES.

The Government has cavalry soldiers stationed at different points of the tourist's route. They protect the geyser-formations from relic-hunters, secure the woods from camp-fire, and guard the mountain passes for the stages. Special guards scour the wilds to arrest poachers. It is interesting to meet the "campers" on the lonely highways. City-bred families, of a romantic turn, leave their homes of

luxury to rough it here. We pass such an outfit. A mounted guide has by his side a dainty looking school girl of about sixteen. She is well mounted, richly gloved, and looks coyly from under her veil-drawn sun-bonnet. Surely she discountenances city complexion, and prefers the rustic bloom of the hills.

Six pack-horses follow and a little colt —all driven by the multier. They are laden down with canvas packs and look like a caravan of dromedaries. They run loose and follow the leader. An easy coach is a little pace behind, containing the residue of the family—an aristocratic equipment. They break tent and squat where they please, and so have their flitting outing of the season. Fish from the streams, meats from the fifty-mile stations, with an occasional stolen game, supply the larder. As for wood to kindle the fire —well, there are billions of feet of waste timber lying on the hills. On a stretch of one hundred miles the road passes through a wilderness of pines that stand guard like stately sentinels all the way, and beneath them, as far as you can see, trees lie as thick as leaves. Amid all this waste is

the paradise of the Rocky Mountain wild flower in almost every hue and variety.

STORIES AROUND THE LOG-FIRE.

At the mountain hotel the fire-logs are ablaze of an evening. A group of guests are joined by the local celebrities, and the scene is an inspiration for story-telling. Says a New Yorker to a Chicagoan in a word-combat of boast—"Well, what superior thing have you about your fire equipment out there?" "We have, sir, something very superior in the way of escapes," answered the Western man—"we have an ingenious device of net, into which those endangered by fire will leap from the highest story, and will safely be caught without injury to body or soul." "Oh! we can do better than that," interposed the New York man; "the other week the chief rushed to the fire, saw the situation, two men in the top-story window of a burning building; he ordered the engineer to turn on the stream. When it reached up, he commanded the endangered men to sit on it, and by a second signal to the engineer, he gradually lowered the stream and so brought them safely down to the ground." A local fisherman broke in upon the laughter—"It scarcely comes

up to my experience—the other day I cast a line in the lake above. I soon had a tremendous bite, and when I pulled out the fish to land, the lake fell two feet." The soldier turned the current of incident to the more truthful experiences in mountain life. He told of the herds of elks he had seen in Hayden Valley, in groups of several hundred, and repeated the discovery of Captain Scott's party in March, 1894, when visiting the winter ranges of the game. They invaded the wilderness-domain on Norwegian snowshoes, and found a "cache" of a poacher who just had finished slaughtering six buffaloes, by driving them into the snow. Buffalo heads are sold at $500 a-piece. He was arrested. Since then the law reads that hunting or killing of birds or animals in the park is prohibited—fine $1,000, imprisonment not more than two years. Campers and tourists must have fire-arms sealed.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH A BEAR.

It was our good fortune to pass many of the animals of the Rockies in their wild state We came across seven bear, but it did not become exciting until in an evening-walk back of the Lake Hotel, we encountered a cinnamon specimen of 400

pounds. We treed him, and from the middle limbs he growled down at us, and ground his teeth together like the clatter of two stones hit one upon the other. His black companion scampered over the hills, every once in a while looking back. Little did Mr. Bruin know who might be master of the situation. Had he but feigned to come down in a little exhibition of rage, he could have seen a foot race over rocks and through swamps without any regard to ministerial clothes or propriety. A whole dozen of bears fight around the hotel at night over the kitchen refuse barrel.

The metropolis of the American trout-kingdom is Yellowstone Lake. It is filled with fish as London is filled with human beings. I never could have conceived that the fly could lure so many captives in a given hour. From the time of four o'clock to six, two boats of three men and one lady brought in 130 specimens of an average pound and quarter fish. It was considered a small catch. From the stage, along the Yellowstone-river you could see schools playing in the translucent water, counting thousands to the mile. Beyond the first attempt, fishing up here is a

slaughtering business Trout that would sell at one dollar a piece in New York, are allowed to lie in strings of fifty and more by the boats for the bears to devour at night.

On the brink of the Yellowstone Park 300 Bannock warriors are up in arms to avenge the slaughter of seventeen of their tribe. There were 133 fresh elk skins in their camp in violation of the Wyoming laws. Princeton University students on a geological tour were reported as lost but they have made their way to the Park. Perhaps it is providential that I leave these premises at this time—anyhow the tomahawk in history and poetry is good enough for me.

AMONG THE INDIAN AND WIGWAM OF THE WILD WEST.

VIII.

CASCADE MOUNTAINS, JULY 24, 1895.

The evening star! Alone by the car window I sit to-night. Around me the sleeper curtains are drawn and the passengers have gone to rest. But I tarry—I would commune a little with that bright luminary of the western sky and revel in the memories of my travels. Across the Atlantic that lone star had accompanied me, and now in my transcontinental tour it looks with a benign radiancy upon me again. Nigh 3,500 miles have I already journeyed, through prairies, plains and valleys, over mountains, rivers and lakes, of "kaleidoscopic variety"—and as darkness has come, that unchangeable friend ever shines upon my path. Thy constancy is sweet—I will say my evening prayer toward thee, for not far above thee is my unchangeable God. Through the wilderness of forests I flit—how silent the night! But listen! By a lone pine-log

station we halt for a moment. Under the dim glare of a suspended lantern belated maidens and young men sing and make merry, and a harmonica accompanies their woodland song. The music of night stirs up the tenderest memories when far away. Again, my palatial overland caravansary moves on—and now, good-night!

IN THE LAND OF GOLD.

I thought that we never would get across the State of Montana. The Northern Pacific railroad traverses it for 800 miles. This corporation is a vast system and a great land-owner. From St. Paul to the Pacific coast it holds 36,000,000 acres of soil, and in Montana alone it has 17,000,000. You can't conceive of Montana's area so well on the map—but you may put all of the Eastern States into it, besides New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and have a little margin left for Maryland. It is the mineral State of the Union, and its output of gold, silver, copper and lead is about $45,000,000 a year. Helena is its capital, and though it has but 13,000 inhabitants, it is the richest city of its size in the world—its assets are $25,000,000, its bank surplus about $4,000,000, and its individual deposits

nearly $9,000,000. In it lives the Irish Robert Cruse, who for twenty years was counted the fool of the town, for spending his daily mining wages on a plant in which he had faith. At last the lesson of perseverance flashed upon the Western world—he sold part interest to an English syndicate for $4,000,000, and now he is no longer a fool.

Gold ! gold !—for half a century it has made men wanderers on the face of this part of the earth. Into these rocky gulches men trudged from the far eastern homes, and came to desert-spots, where never a garden grew a vegetable and no grass was seen. At night they had become princes and next day they again were paupers. In the fury of the rush they had found—and then man, woman and child affected the western style of fashionable gambling — and they lost. Millionaires and paupers in Montana are its greatest products.

PASSING THE INDIAN WIGWAM.

Ah ! the Indian—that child of the forest. I knew him best in Longfellow. The only slight token of civilization that I found in him according to my early

mind, was his cornfield. The Hiawatha-poet draws the picture—

> "All around the happy village
> Stood the maize fields, green and shining,
> Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,
> Waved his soft and sunny tresses,
> Filling all the land with plenty."

Well, that which is the greatest staple crop of the country is of American origin, cultured among the Indians at the time of discovery by Columbus. It is growing wild in parts of Central America, but according to Humboldt, maize or Turkish corn was carried to the old continent from the new.

Not the Indian of Buffalo Bill's show—but the Indian of the western wigwam, is what interests me to-day—the Indian of the tomahawk and the pipe-of-peace; of the war-dance and the deer-hunt—the Indian on his native trail. At one time all this land was his hunting ground—to-day he lives on reservations. It is one of the many illustrations of the law—the survival of the fittest. The "Blackfeet," "Flat-Heads," "Missoulas," "Yakimas," "Puyallups," and others I passed. Yonder scene brings up my school-boy fancies, when pictures of this wild man showed him in war-dress, astride his steed.

A copper back ground of hill brings to bold relief seven riders of the savage tribe. Plumes and feathers, gaudy cloaks and wavy black hair, undulate with measured motion in the wind, as the cloud of dust rolls back and up from beneath the hoofs of their flying ponies. Ah! there are your artists of horsemanship. Now here close by we pass the squaws slowly plodding down the hillside one by one. Hatless they sit on horses, ladened with the family drudgery—child in front, child on back, a frisky colt by their side, and a sneaky cur of a dog bringing up the rear. They smoke the pipe, as they go along with the air of sleepy contentment.

THE CIVILIZATION OF THE INDIAN.

I am thinking of the civilizing process of the Indian. A wheat inspector by my side discourses of the Cœur De Lene, "Heart of the Arrow," a tribe into whose valley he often descends. He speaks of them as a lazy set, who ridicule the young when they return from training school, and soon induces them to lay aside the civilized garb and don again the savage blanket. This tribe have their reservation by the famous gold mine hills, and their rich land reaches fifty miles across. A

few years ago the Government gave over $1,000,000, or $1,100 to each of the 1,100 men, women and children, for the cession of a strip of their productive lands.

But the civilization of the Indian is no failure—and missionary work is doing it. I had a talk with a full-fledged Indian preacher of the Yakima tribe, who was accompanied by a Puyallup representative, to go to Tacoma to meet an official to secure the removal of the agent of their reservation. He was cheating in a high-handed way in managing the sales of product on the Indian farms. The Yakima valley has the richest soil of the country, and this savage tribe of 2,000, have turned out to be farmers and horse-breeders. They have all of the modern machinery, plow their farms of 300 acres, and reap with the binder. But the lazy instinct employs the white man to do most of their work. Many of the Indian farmers have bank deposits of $2,000, and some of their farms are valued at $10,000. This Indian preacher was of the Methodist persuasion—the Cœur De Lene are all Catholics. I asked him what name they have for God, in their language. He said it was a new name to their tongue, and they

say God and Jesus Christ, as we do. He was a tall red-face—spoke English, as a child begins to walk—and had no sycophant air about him. The stern, hardened features of the savage were there, no polish or suavity of manners accompanied his talk, and when he was done with me, he even walked away without a courtesy, and never looked back again. It will take several generations of gospel grace until those harsh lines are eliminated from his face. All along the reservation districts where civilization has given houses to the Indian you will find that the "tepee" or wigwam still prevails. The Indian eats in the house, but prefers to sleep in the tepee, summer and winter. There he reclines on the earth, with feet toward the centre, and a smouldering fire, built by the squaw, to keep his feet warm. Alas! how the glory of the Indian has passed away. The pale-face has left to him a place to breathe and live—but that is about all.

IN THE RISING SEAPORT OF THE NORTHWEST.

IX.

TACOMA, WASH., JULY 26, 1895.

At last we have come to Tacoma situated on the Mediterranean of the Pacific. From the hotel veranda, bearing the city's name, can be seen Mt. Rainier, sixty miles away, rearing its snow-capped peak into the clouds, 14,444 feet high. Of it you may say—

"Mountain,—thou image of eternity!—
Oh! let not foreign feet inquisitive,
Swift in untrained aspirings, proudly tempt
Thy searchless waste! what half-taught fortitude
Can balance unperturbed above the clefts
Of yawning and unfathomable ice
That moat thee round; or wind the giddy ledge
Of thy sheer granite!"

I was glad to strike the State of Washington, for it was rightly styled the "Pennsylvania of the Northwest." I shook off the dust of the alkali region and awoke to the sweet altitude of the Cascade heights. For eight minutes, buried in the two-mile Stampede tunnel, the engine steamed upon points of vision most wonder-

ful—ranges of timber-land! — 160,000,000,000 feet of the finest timber in the world. Now I pass along the hop-fields, 60,000 bales of which are shipped via Baltimore to Europe. The sulphur will soon smoke out of the barn-cupolas, and the bleached product will go out to the foreign marts to give the wild stimulus of beer.

RESTING AT TACOMA HOTEL.

I express my delight, now that I can brush off the dust of the prairie fields, and after one long stretch of two-night's car riding, can don my more conventional garb, and find myself a gentleman. And first of all my mail! I have not heard from friends in the East since first I started upon my zig-zag wandering amid the wilds. Here they are—letters, all in a tremendous pile. How sweet these missives! Had they wings to come hither so quickly? Had they intelligence to find their way all across this continent? Think of it—but fifty years ago letters traveled hither by coach at the rate of four miles to the hour—and now they traverse the land from ocean to ocean in the marvellous time of six days.

I like this city. It is euphonious in name, and rises proudly on a hill, like

some cathedral dome. It aspires to be the greatest seaport of the Northwest and extends its commerce to Liverpool and South Africa, to Yokohama and Hong Kong by sea, and from Pacific's West to Atlantic's East by land. It boasts of wheat shipments—2,500,786 centals, and lumber shipments –62,300,000 feet, and sends its Yakima fruit to Boston.

A CITY FIFTEEN YEARS OLD.

From a struggling lumber camp of 720 souls in 1880, Tacoma has attained to the wonder achievement of a city of 50,000 inhabitants in 1895. Its streets are laid in planks at $7 per thousand feet, and has but one exception. Its business structures are stone, and five and seven stories high, and it is slowly building another $1,000,000 hotel by its Puget Sound.

This is all glowingly true, and to the eastern ear it is the beckoning voice of a western flight. But, young man, the boast of the west is also to be taken with reservation—for these coast-cities of the northwestern Pacific have a tale of sorrow too. A great boom is often a bubble that will break—and Tacoma and Seattle and even Spokane will all have to gather their

achievements, and start them afresh, on newer and more conservative bases.

YOUNG MAN, GO WEST.

Very facetiously it is said—"Ever since Columbus took Horace Greeley's advice and went West, youth and hope have faced in that direction." The West has its future—but Greeley's future is more in the yesterday than in the to-morrow. A booming city is good enough for gamblers in real estate, to buy and sell over night, but every boom of the West has had its explosion and terrible reaction. Eastern capital comes out here, and generally stays too long—too long in the booming high-water tide. The story has been told in these panic times—it was intoxicated with its 10 per cent. investments, and tarried to come home shorn. I mean not to disparage the West—but I wait for a conservative West. The West belongs to the whole country, and it is the East that has made the West—eastern capital, eastern men. Most of the farms here that thrived on investments of the East have been settled by adventurers. If you give me the tenacious and plodding and industrious Berks county farmer, I am willing to believe in the farms here very soon—

but later only, under present outlook, will I say—invest!

The man who is fixed in a moderate competency, I advise to stay East. The young man, who is willing to work, can do as well West as East, and no better. If he is shrewd and has capital, he may grow rich very soon—but capital is as potent east of the Rockies and the Mississippi and the Schuylkill in the avenues of investment as in the West. There you have a homestead, and the charming history of family, and sweet amenities of birthright—here all is stumps on the one side, and a new civilization on the other. Church-life is not the faith of the forefathers under the century trees of old Zion, and the willowed graveyards bear not the tombstone of a line of ancestry. People here select religion so largely along the line of the pioneer-spirit—they have sacrificed all to make money. Through the church to business is much the thought. In coast cities, out of forty preachers, thirty-six often leave in five years, beyond that, four are the patriarchs. Once out, it is hard to get back—easy enough to get West, not so easy to get East. Those who have come have done

wonders in accumulation of wealth—the majority have just lived. Wonderful West! But first have money—then come West.

IN TACOMA STREETS.

This city has a great future, but it is a type of booming times. Five years ago building-lots sold at fabulous prices—now they sell at one-half. It is again in the upward-tide, and with it, rise its sister-cities. But it must be conservative. It had its rich men by great counts—over night they became poor. Bricks then were $10 and $12 per thousand, and now they are $6—and bricklayers had $5 and $6 wages, now they are pleased with $3—and so the gradation runs. From a Union Employment Co.'s board I take the following—"Wanted!"—dishwasher, good place—timber-feller, pay every week—good man for ranch, $20 per month—racket seller—berry-picker, long job—hook tender, good wages—10 saw-mill men, $1.50 per day—cook for small crew, male or female—2 milkers, wages $20 to $25 per day—wood choppers, 16-inch wood, 70 cents cord, tools furnished—head sawyer, good wages—knot sawyer, 10 cents per thousand—swamper and

barker, $1.75 per day—skid headman, steady work—cord wood cutter, 75 cents per cord—5 brick yard laborers, $1.00 per day and board—3 sailors for coasters, $30 per mos. —hoke tender for a donkey or woods, $2–$2.50 per day—man and wife to take charge of a kitchen in country, $60—&c. This is the keynote of prosperity in the far West in this day—I do well to displease those who have the pride to conceal, but I may please them to say the West was most wonderful in the past, and will be a greater wonder in the future. Go West—but, young man, wait. Now, I board the "Queen"—and until another letter I will have returned to Tacoma from Alaska.

SAILING UP THROUGH PUGET SOUND ON THE STEAMER QUEEN.

X.

METLAKALTA, ALASKA, JULY 30, 1895.

We boarded the "Queen" on the evening of the 26th, and next morning at 4 o'clock she started on her long journey for Alaska. A right royal boat she is; she flashed with electric lights, and mirrored roomy reflections, and posed in luxuriant grace, as if she really were of queenly origin. But we did not know all her elegance of style and all the resources of her disporting charms, until we saw her glide amid the narrows, dance over the wider sounds, and leap the crested waves.

After leaving Tacoma and Seattle we touched by Victoria, in her Majesty's dominion, and then sailed off into the unexplored lands of the North. Some one has said if you would see Europe to advantage, visit Paris last. London is massive, Berlin is beautiful, but Paris is magnificent. It may be said, with equal ap-

propriateness, of your travels in America —take the Alaskan trip last. At this writing we have had four days' voyage out, and the panoramic grandeur of scenery is working up to overpowering climaxes. Nowhere have I seen such uninterrupted combinations of mountain and sea and sky-beauty ! For 700 miles nothing but the sea-mirrored reflection of mountains, capped with everlasting snow, and wreathed about with fantastic clouds. At early dawn these milky chariots of the heavens are lowered, and they hang, some like the outflow of morning censors, and some like a suspension bridge reaching down over the glassy waters from ridge to ridge. Fish leap to catch a glimpse of the passing boat, whales spout with fountain streams to signal their pleasure, seagulls and wild ducks disturb their resting places in widening circles, the eagle soars aloft in lonely majesty—and all along, for hundreds of miles, there is never a sign of a human being.

THE LIFE ON BOAT.

Of course half of the pleasure of such a long voyage lies in the social life on board. I must say that this is complete. The passengers are of the highest walks

in life, and the boat, in the appointments of its state-rooms, social halls and dining salon, admits of comfort and the display of some luxury. When icebergs float by, and snow-capped peaks look down upon you, furs and costly robes are indicators of the wealth about you. The purser has included me in his coterie of guests for the second call to meals. The gong peals at eight and nine o'clock for breakfast; at one and two o'clock for luncheon, at five and six o'clock for dinner. To my left sits a rich San Francisco banker and gold mine owner; to my right are located two young misses who are finishing their seminary schooling by extensive travels; across the table a family of the richest California land-owner graces the table. Wit and learning flow, but really no wine. There are railroad magnates, representatives of the navy and army and press, judges, lawyers, professors, artists and the clergy; and besides care-worn capitalists, there are the mere pleasure-seekers of the higher social world. Most observed of them all is John W. Mackay, of the Bennett–Mackay cable fame, who has the shadow of $40,000,000 resting on his brow. He is a right genial Irishman to

meet, who worked himself up from a San Francisco saloon to refinement and a fortune. He wears a $15 suit of clothes, generally takes a $3.50 room at the hotel, whilst Mrs. Mackay lives in her Paris and London palaces, entertaining with costly splendor the Prince of Wales and his exalted kind. Considering his family comforts—Behold! what millions can buy, and what they cannot buy.

The second day out was Sunday, and the captain pressed me into service for religious worship. The social-hall looked down into the dining salon, and in it stood my pulpit, covered with the American flag. My audience was distinguished, my sermon was touching, and the whole service was the binding together of hearts of all States in one faith and prayer. A mother interrupted her little daughter's Sunday-night prayer. She related the incident to me next morning. The child bent on all fours before her rocking berth, the mother appeared upon the scene, and volunteered to say—it was not necessary to be that humble. The facetious child answered—"Oh! I must do it, I don't think God anyhow pays much attention to us out here." After awhile she added

"Mother, it was very rude of you to interrupt God and me."

LANDING AMONG THE SIWASH INDIANS.

What a stretch of land, where the foot of the white man never trod! Only the Siwash Indians dwell along here, and at intervals of several hundred miles ply their graceful canoes, giving an indication of human habitation. A fierce, bloodthirsty race are the Siwashes, but at points along the coast civilization is waving its transforming wand over them. As an evidence of what can be done, the steamer lands us at New Metlakahtla. Here the famous English missionary, William Duncan, operates upon the Siwashes. For upwards of thirty-six years he skirmished up and down these waters, and only eight years ago he founded this enterprising Indian village. For one hour I sat with him in his carpetless home, and the story of his consecration, industry and self-sacrifice, would be interesting to tell. Besides schools and a church, he started a cannery for the livelihood of his adopted people. Now, it is interesting to see the process of putting up 800 cans of fish in a day. Two row-boats just arrived by the wharf with a day's haul, and over 2,000

salmon, of 12 to 30 pounds each, are thrown on the landing, like so many blocks of wood. One of the Indians tallies on the slate, and a round $160 is credited to the two crafts for the day's toil. I never in my life saw such a pile of fish! The salmon are cut into bits, put into pint tin-cans, set on iron crates, wheeled into boiler steamers, taken out sealed and labeled, and sent into the marts of the world. It is all the work of Missionary Duncan. He teaches these savages the way to Christian civilization by church, school and trade. He has organized his people into a strict government, and keeps down the savage outbreak by rules they subscribe, enforced by a council and police of their own people. He accompanied me to the wharf, and there this rosy-cheeked, white-haired missionary of 63 years stood, the peer of manhood among all the passing pilgrims. As the boat left, he received a parting ovation, and twelve Siwash Indians rendered the Star Spangled Banner, as well as some bands can, the passengers singing it in time as they floated away. What consecration! What love for God and man! Thirty-six years in these wilds,

laboring for the salvation of savage souls! And he truly loved these children of the forest—for he left them never, and they love him too. Into his mouth I put the words as I parted:

"I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too.
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance
And the good that I can do."

DOWN IN THE GOLD MINES OF THE ALASKAN ISLANDS.

XI.

JUNEAU, AUGUST 1, 1895.

How strangely impressed you are as you sail through the labyrinthian waters of Alaska! Elements of grandeur inspire you, a sense of weirdness awes you—but through it all comes the siren song of gold, gold! Instinctively man looks down, not up. He is no longer spell-bound by scenery, but driven by the prospector's genius for the buried nuggets of a dreamer's riches. What will a man not risk when he has the gold fever on him? Up and down this wild coast many a "French Pete" is driving his pick in mysterious silence; and as alone he finds his ledge of yellow quartz, his heart stops to beat for joy. He is willing to share the Indian's wigwam, until these snowy mountain sides have yielded him city palace, civilized luxuries and the power of capital. Meanwhile, behold these mining villages, these miry streets, these squalid huts! De-

prived of congenial companionships, and the common comforts of home, a man will work his claim for half-a-life-time—and then come back to the world from his exile. How well has Hood exclaimed—

> "Gold, gold, glittering gold,
> Hard and yellow, bright and cold!"

I paid a visit to the Treadwall gold mine on Douglass Island. Here is a crushing mill of 240 stamps, the largest in the world. Mr. John Treadwall, prospecting in this region purchased a claim, he staked off, for the sum of $400—now it yields an output of $100,000 per month. It is really the first wild throb of active habitation that you feel up here, when the booming of the dynamite charges plays over the waters, and the rattle of machinery resounds along the ravines. It is interesting to follow the process. You are led through deep tunnels with tallop-dips; from the mountain-side the ore is blasted; up through mysterious channels it is hoisted; dropped down a slide into crushers which grind one ton a minute; pulverized under stamps; washed over agitated troughs; separated on canvas grates; mixed with chemicals, heated; cooled, amalgamated and at last brought

to the shining heap of pure bricks—little, but mighty—$600 a handful. On to the Yukon river! is the gold cry now, in Alaska.

WITHIN THE HOMES OF NATIVE ALASKANS.

At Fort Wrankle you will find the very best samples of the home life of the native Indian. Here he dwells in the deserted log huts of the disappointed miner, skirting the banks of the inlet in a half circle. When the boat anchors by the crude wharf, it is the event of the year. The squaws are out and have settled themselves in groups of six and more on dilapidated porches and are seated in the posture of the lower animal—the monkey. Very picturesque they look in their gaudy blankets of red, blue and striped; their varied colored head-dress drawn over raven hair and dark complexions, and their curios, baskets and trinkets spread out before them. The tourist buys tokens from them—they set a price, and with a sullen shake of the head, refuse to be driven from their price.

Alas! what a home-life. One room, as complete in its appointments and finish as the farm wood shed. Can I describe it? If it had only a suggestion of orderliness, I

might begin and end somewhere. It has a roof, however, and it is charred by the log fires. Double doors, like to your trap-doors, open in the centre of the roof according to the direction of the wind. On the ground floor, and in the centre of the room—or the house—is the fire place. Above it and around it is built a frame-work of sticks, and salmon are suspended on it to smoke, while the house is at warming. Lines are stretched to one side, and a kind of sausage, and a series of hides, and dried eagle skins are hung on it. Wood, snow-shoes, wash-basin, knives, rags, cans, stones, fishing-nets and hunting paraphernalia, old refuse, etc., ornament the corner. A box serves as the breakfast table, and the pans and dishes are unwashed of yesterday or last year. The Siwash squaw sits inside the door, ape-like on the floor, and greets you as your domestic animal would when you open the barn in the morning. She chatters with the gutteral clatter of black teeth to her liege lord, who cozily looks at me from his bed and grins! What a beauty! —His bed looks as if it had been drawn through a coal sieve. I pantomime my conversation very pleasantly — and he

grins some more. He yawns and stretches his paws aloft—and his six dogs by his side also yawn and stretch themselves. What savage complacency ! Shades of—Chilcat ! He is going to get up. Some lady-tourists are coming this way at early morning, and a Siwash Indian and his dog are equally innocent of society toilet. I wager, if he washes at all, he will use the boiling-pan and wipe himself off on one of the smoked salmon.

HOW THE GOSPEL LIFTS THE INDIAN.

Lazy lout !—I said. In the natural state the squaw does all. Only the Gospel influence dispels the Indian's fancy of work as being degrading, and he becomes an industrious man when reared to the character of a Christian. The squaw is the corner-market of woodland truck. She sells the fresh-caught fish, salmon, berries and huckleberries and skins. She is dressed in her best, and rivals the giddiest city-belle in the variety and number of her rings. In her lower lips she has slipped ornates of ivory and silver, and the size of them indicates her rank. The grave-yard is a sad and silent spot on the mountain side. It is marked by sticks that flaunt peculiar flags, and the totem-

pole rises over the branch-covered tomb. In the wild state, the body is cremated, and the ashes placed in some orifice by the side of the Indian trunks and personal effects, which go with his spirit to the other world. Longfellow speaks of it—

> "And they painted on the grave posts
> Of the graves yet unforgotten,
> Each his own ancestral totem
> Each his symbol of his household,
> Figure of the bear and reindeer,
> Of the turtle, crane and beaver."

The totem-pole is one of the greatest curiosities of the Alaskan homes. It is a carved trunk of a tree, planted in front of the hut, fifty and eighty feet high, and is symbolical by its different figures, and highly significant by its surmounting image of the eagle, wolf, bear or whale. It is the gorgeous insignia of Alaskan nobility, and this, together with the Indian doctor, has the most weird and fantastic history of all the customs of the natives. We will enlarge upon them more on another occasion.

At Juneau, I secured some original essays of Indian scholars in the mission school. It is indicative of the aptness of the savage, and of the mental powers that lie dormant in them. The one is of a na-

tive girl, and has very original ideas on the good of "school life." The other is a boy's letter, of one year's training, and reads as follows :

CHILCAT, Alaska, April 8, 1895.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

I will tell you what I think all time. Father says 9 years old me. I thank you for you pay for me my teacher says. My uncle says I have to stay here 20 years. I don't want more than five years ; my father is dead so I have no home. My sister says "Dont anywhere go you, just in mission stay you." My sister says when five year's gone next five years more I'll stay.

I am trying to get to the Third reader, I hard study me my second Reader. I am a little boy, but I just try to know something moro so good man me.

Good-bye,

JOHNNIE JOHNSTON.

Our boat turns away from Juneau, the metropolis of Alaska, of 3,000 inhabitants. We will reach Chilcat to-night, the most northern point of our route—the Greenland icy mountain latitude. It is hard for me to know when to go to bed and when to rise—for at 11 p. m. it is daylight and at 1 and 2 a. m. it is daybreak, if you may so style it—the land of the midnight-sun.

Now to the westward we espy, above the clouds, the loftiest mountains of Alaska. On my school-boy map St. Elias was the only name for this northern land. But since then Mt. Wrangle has

outstripped it, and rivals Mt. Logan, at 19,000 feet, to be the highest peak in America. Before me loom up Mt. Crillon, 16,000, and Mt. Fairweather, 15,500 and Mt. Lituya, 11,000, and Perouse, 15,000 feet high—a grand sight to behold.

High up from out the waters,
  Far-reaching to the sky,
Grandly from the mainland
  Right glorious greet the eye,
Four sharp-peaked snowy monarchs,
  Clothed full in light array,
Fairweather's three companions stand,
  To hail the dawn of day.

AN EVENING WITH THE GOVERNOR OF ALASKA AT SITKA.

XII.

SITKA, ALASKA, AUGUST 3, 1895.

At last we have come to Sitka—the capital of Alaska. The boat sails among a thousand islands, and suddenly emerges to bring to notice this picturesque little town. A cultivated plateau of grass is pleasing to the eye up here, and just beyond the wharf, the open commons of green smiles a welcome to us. We move out by the main street, and all along, on the wet grass, the Indian natives are squatted under tents, displaying their wares and curios—a Midway Plaisance. A mackintosh is a much needed article of clothing in this capricious latitude—the clouds weep almost daily. But it is to be expected—and the elements are braved every time by the Alaskan tourist. Sitka is a great point of interest. It has a history in Russian government, and landmarks of Russian architecture are to be found in it. Baron Baranoff's castle is

burned—but the church of the Greek hierarchy is here, to attest by its internal gorgeousness and paintings, of the past luxury and display. You can spend, with much profit, an entire day in a visit to the Presbyterian industrial schools for Indians, to the Museum of Native curiosities, to the weird-like graveyards, and to Princess Thom, a squalid Indian woman, who is reputed to be worth $20,000.

THE LUTHERAN CHURCH OF SITKA.

My highest delight in the short stay at the Alaskan capital, however, lay in rescuing the last hope of Lutheran rights there, and in unearthing a chapter of church history in Russian American, which I will have in shape to preserve in our home-archives. It had been intimated to me before reaching the place that the museum contained the relics of a once flourishing congregation at Sitka. I determined to make it my first duty to discover all about it. I soon found a Lutheran, a Mr. Peter Callson, and he hailed me with delight. He informed me that a lot is all that remained, and that it was now entangled in a litigation. He took me to his lawyer and through him I traced up a neglected paper, which had

been written by a faithful, aged elder who has long gone to his rest. By this paper the history of the Sitka Lutheran church is to be preserved. The building is described as very unpretentious in outside appearance but richly decorated on the inside. It had an altar, decked with drapery of valuable lace, and was adorned by an excellent oil painting of the Ascension of Christ, now hanging over the Czar's door of the Russian Greek church. The space in front of the altar was separated from the auditorium by a velvet-topped balustrade edged with fringed gold and silver, and the church was richly carpeted. From the ceiling pended two gilt chandeliers of fine workmanship—and it had a fine organ. It also had a valuable plate for communion, and a rich baptismal service. All this valuable estate was partly derived from an annual tax of one per cent. on the salary of each member of the congregation, and also as gifts of two governors, members of its flock. Captain Etholin, and Admiral Furnhelm, the last executive in Russian America. It was Prince Maksutoff who shipped all this rich furnishing from the old country.

The church was once distinguished in this place, and it had from 120 to 150 members. Governor Etholin was a native of Finland and a Lutheran. He entered his office in 1840, and brought with him a Lutheran minister, Sednyeus by name. The church edifice was erected in 1840, and the Sitka archives at Washington, 1802-1867, refer to it. The second minister was Platen, and the last Winter. In 1857 Rev. Winter received a gift of 1,200 roubles from the Russian American Company, and was re-engaged by them for 2,000 roubles annually. The pastor was a paid official of this company, the same as any other public man in employ. He returned to Europe on account of ill health in 1865, and that closed the Lutheran pastorate here. On Sunday, the 13th of October, 1867, five days before the formal transfer of Alaska to our country, the first Protestant service conducted by an American was by Mr. Rayner, United States army chaplain, and the congregation was composed of Russians, Fins and natives. In this church Secretary Seward made his speech to the people in a self-congratulatory air for the rich purchase he had made for his country. He

bought Alaska at the rate of two cents an acre?

Yet this historical edifice of Alaska has been raised from off the earth, and tourists, who visit here, know nothing of the existence of it. From 1867 to 1877 the Catholics and the Protestants worshipped in it. But in 1886 the building had become a nuisance by neglect, and the United States Judge Lafayette Dawsen, ordered it to be demolished. So, the organ, and pulpit and balustrade found a lodgment in the Shelden Jackson museum. I went to hear the organ play there, and it is a genuine aristocratic old relic, and the Lutheran elders have done well to hold a receipt for it. I have asked Dr. Jackson to put a Lutheran label on it—so the tourists of the world may know to whom this most attractive curiosity belongs.

Well, the empty lot, right opposite the Greek church, and on the principal street, is coveted by a business concern, and a clerk has been ordered to "jump it"—that is, he put on a little board structure to claim squatter's right. The 30 remaining Lutherans organized to dispossess the arrogant fellow—but they feel discouraged.

I had a letter of introduction to the Governor from the States, and my call was the means of enlisting his interest in the matter. By the assistance of the Recorder we found the title to be a "fee simple," and His Excellency and the Judge have declared to summarily dispose of the matter. I so reported to the disheartened flock, and they repaid me by showing me the courtesies of their little Holland city. The Governor has ordered his clerk to send me a typewritten copy of the valuable paper I found, and I will have it printed in our religious journals, and preserved in the archives.

AN EVENING WITH THE GOVERNOR OF ALASKA.

Among all my Alaskan pleasures, I shall consider the genial hospitality extended me by Governor James Sheakley, as among the most enjoyable. The heartfelt interest he took in straightening the Lutheran affair, endeared him very much to me—but the warm side of his nature I discovered more particularly in his home. At 10 o'clock of the evening he called at the "Queen" and invited me to meet his family. It is an old-time Russian cottage, where he lives, built altogether on a

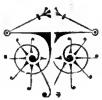
ground floor plan. It has low ceilings, and has been modernized by modest wall-paper. An electric bell admits you but oil lamps light your way. Sitting in the family circle, and smoking a highly flavored Havana with His Excellency, it needed only a blazing fire-hearth to make me think that I was enjoying the hospitality of a cultured down-east farmer, rather than that of a considerably favored official. The Governor gave me a thrilling account of a cruise from which he just returned. The United States cutter lies by the port, and at his will, he boards it to inspect any part of his domain. He sailed 2,000 miles to the southwest to visit the Aleutian Islands, and then turned away up to the seal waters—and waving his hand, he proudly stated :

"You must remember I have a large country to look after. Why, Alaska has 600,000 square miles, and would make 600 Rhode Islands. It is a territory equal to all the States east of the Mississippi, except Florida and Alabama." It is by comparison that we get to know a thing—and I expressed my surprise. "But my people," he added, "are not so extensive." He accounts for 29,644, of which

number 4,298 are white people, 1,814 mixed and 23,532 Indians. At that rate he has about 20 inhabitants to every square mile. Nevertheless, he has a troublesome country to rule. He has 4,000 miles of sea-coast and 20,000 miles of shore-line to look after, with habitable points 300 to 800 miles apart. His account of the seal islands was interesting. He referred with regret to the wholesale slaughter that almost depleted the rookeries in 1820, when 60 vessels, with 30 men each, entered Behring Strait. From the South Shetland islands alone 300,000 fur seals were taken, and 100,000 newly-born young died in consequence. The rapacious greed of many seal-hunters leads them to shoot the animal in the water, and so hundreds of thousands have been taken—and yet only one out of every seven is secured, for a dead seal in water sinks. He states that on the Alaska rookeries there are at this time 4,000,000, and for fifteen years 100,000 have been killed every year. "There are 40 vessels at seal catching now, and before long fur-sealing will be a business of the past. But this will be all the better for the high grade wool trade." The Governor spoke

of his position as being a sort of a patriarchal one—he is a father to the native Indians. "They come to me to settle every little dispute concerning their dogs, their family broils, and differences generally—my word is final."

It was 12 o'clock of night when I left, and I carried with me a souvenir of my visit, by which I shall always remember the genial Governor of Alaska.



ANCHORING AMONG THE ICEBERGS OF GLACIER BAY.

XIII.

VICTORIA, B. C., AUGUST 6, 1895.

At last our boat is anchored under the crystal bow of Muir Glacier. It is the one point the Alaskan tourist is ever looking forward to. He may grow wild with admiration over the cloud and water scenery of Greenville Strait ; he may smile most radiantly over the fantastic cascades that shoot down the precipitous heights of McCay's Reach ; he may look with adoring awe upon the white peaks of the Snow-Passage ; he may express his great wonder at the ice-drifts, Davidson, Takou and others—but he is not overwhelmed with the great marvel of nature, until he rests his eye on Muir Glacier. Words cannot describe it, and one must have a picture-representation to give a comparative idea of its grandeur. But even then you do not have the glacier in action, and in the full display of its rich colors.

The "Queen" knows well how to act to give a spectacular effect to the whole scene, and so it drives close, recedes, and turns aside to bring anchorage at the finest point of view. Now the thermometer has fallen to 43 degrees—furs and blankets are called to use as the passengers parade the deck. We have come into a bay of floating ice, and before us is a wall of solid crystal 250 to 300 feet above the water-line, 720 feet below it, and nearly two miles perpendicular frontage, and 50 miles of solid mass back of it, with frozen streams of ice working down from a thousand miles of area. The story of age is buried here. How it grows in immensity as you linger under it—and your large steamer dwindles in size before it hour by hour.

THE GLACIER'S ETERNAL FOURTH OF JULY.

After I had thought of this scientific wonder and assured myself that it moves from five to seven feet per day, and fixed myself on the various theories of its existence; after I had thoroughly admired the beauty of its sky tints and inquired into the causes of them—I turned my attention to the pyrotechnic display of the

glacier. Why, it seemed as if a whole city-full had been let loose on the morning of a Fourth of July—the sense of a patriot was stirred within me. Blocks of ice broke off at intervals, by the ever-moving pressure from behind, and were precipitated into the waters with a crash. Now, a slide of particles falls, and the answer is the report of a regimental discharge of gatling guns ; then a larger pinnacle rolls down, and it thunders and reverberates ; and at last a whole citadel gives away, tons in a bulk, topples over, and for miles it roars as if a city were besieged by the discharge of a thousand cannons. What up-heavings in the water ! Little mountains of ice are stirred from the depths, and huge-like shoot up and down—and high rolling waves are sent across the bay. Think of it !—160,000 cubic feet of ice breaking off from the facade every 24 hours.

I often busied myself with the fanciful Ice Palace at St. Petersburg, built by Empress Annie in 1740, with a frontage of 114 feet, including the pyramids at the corners. The whole building appeared as if it were one single piece, producing a more beautiful effect than if it had been built

of the most costly marble, its transparency and bluish tint giving it rather the appearance of a precious stone But when I saw the iceberg, on the evening of July the 30th, floating before the Takou glacier, towering 80 feet high, spreading 600 feet wide, and burying 640 feet under water, and looking like a dream in its shades of delicate blue, I could well imagine how an ice palace might look. Yet, what is the creation of an empress' fancy in ice by the side of such a glacier, where thousands of turrets rise in crystal glory, as if the kings of the ages had built their castles there. I will pass along 'til another time, I cannot tell it all just now. The State Geologist of California, Prof. John Muir, discovered this wonder in 1879—and the story of it is told by himself in the *Century* number of June.

CATCHING HALIBUT BY THE TON.

I fear I have several times jeopardized my reputation for veracity by telling you some wonderful fish stories from up here. But beyond all doubt it would set the expert angler wild from down there, if he were to see the variety and abundance of the finny tribes that disport in the waters. You may well imagine when 800,000 cases

of packed salmon annually go out from the fisheries here, and 400,000 gallons of herring oil are produced from one factory alone. On Sunday, toward evening the boat unloaded salt in a nook it never had reached before. It, by interpretation, is called the Four Mouths, because four streams meet in the bay. What a beautiful niche of nature it was!—mountains shooting up to perpendicular heights, close by one side of the boat and a pine covered island crossing it from the other side, and the Indians paddling their canoes from the deep recesses through a school of salmon. These fish now go up the streams to spawn, and our boat sailed through their trail. Why the water was alive with leaping salmon—ten pounders by the hundreds curving above the surface, like the circus-acrobat, eager to see what monster had plowed into their rightful domain. Well, the steamer bulletin announced that at 6 a. m. on the morrow, we would anchor for three hours, on the Kootznahoo fishing grounds to engage in the sport of catching halibut. Now, to my knowledge I never saw a halibut—but I resolved to be up early, and bring one to close inspection. I had my morn-

ing coffee, and was one of the first to cast line from my side of the steamer. Tremendous hooks, and mackerels cut in two for bait, make a fellow curious about the size of the victim. The heavy leader goes overboard with a plunge, down fifteen fathoms it sinks, and then I hold the line for a feeler. I stand in an alert attitude just for a few minutes, when my arm is rudely jerked over the balustrade. I respond with a vigorous pull the other way and I am assured that I have got something at the other end—something worth pulling for. I draw in—and draw in, then rest awhile—there is a fighter on the line, keep it taut! At last the captive shines through the water, and covers a tremendous surface. The boatmen on duty ply to, and drive the lifting hook into his side, and land him into their craft below. He measures 3 feet 10 inches in length, 17 inches across the fins and weighs 43 pounds, the second largest catch out of 2½ tons in three hours. What an exciting time in hauling up halibut by the lady and gentlemen anglers of the boat! We raised anchor, dined at 9 o'clock, and had delicious flaky fish for breakfast.

A GOOD SUNDAY COLLECTION.

It was arranged for me to preach the second Sunday on board the steamer, but when we sailed away from Sitka, on Saturday evening, Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., General Agent of Education for Alaska, joined us on his return from a three-months' labor among the Indians. He is a thoroughly consecrated man, and tells his story in a most charming manner. He has been among all the four families of native Alaskans — the Eskimo, North American Indians, Thlinkets and Aleuts, and tells most exciting incidents of their life, habits and conversion. He, incidentally, in his discourse, referred to his plan of establishing a new mission for the Tongas and Cape Fox tribes, who have for fifteen years been pleading to hear the Gospel like their neighbors, and to style it the Saxman mission in honor of the drowned missionary who founded the place. He said he needed $500, and he proposed to secure it down East during the winter. At the close of the service a few of the hearers quietly suggested to me a collection. I announced it with a modest plea, and to my astonishment the simple story of the Doctor brought him $477.85. three

parties giving each $100—and the full $500 was made up then and there.

Sitting on the deck with this enterprising missionary one day, he told me the story of a plausible reindeer experiment. He discovered in one of his visits to the Arctic Circle, that the Alaskan Eskimo were starving. Missionaries there, travel over a circuit of 1,000 miles on snow shoes to visit their savage converts. These snow-shut people have lived, from time immemorial, on the whale and walrus. But the 400 whale ships plying their trade there, have been reduced to 40, showing that these sea-animals are fast being exterminated. At one time the food of the Eskimo was abundant, now a walrus has become a luxury—how shall he live in the near future? In 1890 he was delegated to carry a $1,000 reward to some Laplanders, for having rescued and succored three United States sailors who were wrecked. He then saw how well-cared for these Lap landers were by their dependence upon the reindeer. He found that if a Lap had a herd of these, he had no concern of the world's millionaires in the outside world. A reindeer binds up more of a man's needs in its life than any other animal on

earth. It is food—producing milk, cheese, butter and flesh. It is shelter—the house is built of its skin, the bed covers made of it and the horns are turned into handy furniture and utensils. It is clothing—the skin is warmer than three bear furs, and the garment seams are sewed by its sinews. It is transportation—it draws a sled 100 miles in 24 hours, and can make 150 miles. Now, Dr. Jackson has conceived the idea that the reindeer is the hope of his Eskimo children in Alaska. He finds that 360,000 of them support 40,000 Laps; and he has an area of good pasturage that will feed reindeer to nourish 2,000,000 Eskimos. So he heralded his project through the Chicago and New York press, received a subscription of $2,100, and by it transported a herd 1,000 miles over the sea, and is experimenting with Siberian and Lapland herdsmen for the future stocking of Northern Alaska. It has proven a success, and he will this winter ask Congress for an appropriation, and at a cost of $9 per head he will have solved the humanitarian problem of saving the Eskimo from extinction.

We have now come south again to the warm Japanese current, and on the morrow

after thirteen days on board, we will step out of the Queen, with many a regret for the pleasure we leave behind.

SIGHT-SEEING IN THE QUEENLY METROPOLIS OF OREGON.

XIV.

PORTLAND, OREGON, AUG. 12, 1895.

After landing from the Alaska steamer my face was soon turned to Portland. Queenly city of the Pacific Coast! My journey to it was hastened by sweetest anticipation—the letters of my friends awaited me there. Much of our happiness is dependent upon so small a thing, even as a letter. It is a cheap luxury, and yet the development of its transportation passed through three great periods. From 1790 to 1810, we had 20 years of common roads and sail vessels; from 1810 to 1830, we had 20 years of canals and steamboats; from 1830 started the railroad system, and in the first year of post office operations, we had 1,905 miles of post-roads, nine-tenths of which were on horseback and the rest by stage service; in 1869 we had 86,308,102 annual miles; and to-day this link of friendship's ties, this bond of commercial enterprise, travels

from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the lakes to the gulfs, for the small consideration of two cents. How much of our world hangs by a letter! and yet at what little cost the dear missive is sent upon its journey to greet us thousands of miles away.

A CITY OF LUXURIANT BUILDINGS.

Portland is a city full of pleasant surprises. You do not expect its kind in the new West. It is so thoroughly American, and has the very cream of an Eastern civilization. It is a picture set in a frame of mountain perspective—it is shut in from the desert-wastes, and it cultivates its domain in a lavish outlay of luxuriant homes and artistic environments.

It has only 70,000 inhabitants, but then its oldest residents remember this site by the Willamette as a vast forest—it is very young, and yet so imposing. An Easterner boasts of coming from a city of 100,000 people—he thinks it a very considerable and consequential town, and so it may be. But when he measures it with the enterprising spirit of such smaller cities as Portland he finds that the new West dwarfs the old East in many of the phases of progress. The public buildings of this

city are studies of art. The Chamber of Commerce, 200x100 feet, costs $650,000. The Town Hall costs $750,000, and the other prospective municipal structures are on the same grand scale. Its private educational institutions, public school buildings, homes and hospitals, banks and churches, and residences, and theatres, and bridges are gigantic and ornate in their architectural realities.

When I think of the very substantial foundation-building of a city like Portland I naturally ask myself the question why my own adopted city should be so very modest and unpretentious, so painfully conservative in matters of public improvement. Here is a city only of two generations, laid out in blocks of 200x200, with streets of perfect underground sewerage, and equipments of most recent discovery in every department of civil progress—and has 70,000 inhabitants and no more.

READING'S HOTEL AND LIBRARY.

Take such a public necessity as a hotel—one of the first thoughts of a city's pride, and we have nothing to compare. "The Portland" is a hostelrie of luxurious appointments. The Auditorium of Chicago is more immense; the West of

Minneapolis more costly, the Tacoma equally neat—but this one not only was erected at an outlay of $700,000, but continues to show its royal good-will to the traveler, by a most elaborate menu, and concerts of music, and hospitable surprises. It is the pilgrim's rest between San Francisco and the points of the north. All these hotels are the creatures of stock companies—our city ought to have a hotel.

These new towns of the Northwest are far in advance of us in literary appreciation. The Portland Library is one of the chastest structures I have seen. It is a private gift. It has 22,000 volumes on its shelves, 80 secular papers, 150 magazines, and is arranged into separate apartments for ladies' and gentlemen's reading rooms. It has 150 perpetual members at $150 each, 400 transient patrons and $25,000 in its reserve fund. The time has come at home when the project of a few public spirited citizens ought to be carried out—to convert our misplaced jail into "The Reading Library." The prison is a standard type of architecture, and most appropriate as to location and adaptation. The project would be a most forceful sup-

plement to all our city schools—it would be one of the grandest moral and intellectual agencies in our midst. The newspaper of Portland is the *Oregonian*, and has two prodigies—a morning and an evening issue. It is Republican for breakfast and Democratic for supper, and does handsomely by both parties, for the money consideration made out of it. The building it owns cost $400,000. Of course we make allowance for the comparative progress of the two cities. Portland has twenty millionaires, and one just died worth $21,000,000. The records of the Clearing House showed the business of 1891 to have been $102,570,167.36. The exports, foreign and coastwise, were $14,000,000. No less than $75,000,000 is invested in trade and industry. However, Portland also is a panic-ridden city, but it never felt the reaction of the boomed towns about it.

HOSPITALITY OF READING FRIENDS.

I tarried here over Sunday and preached. One of the pleasant experiences of my sojourn was the friendly hospitality of Rev. M. L. Zweizig, who is the son of the most universally known Lutheran preacher in Berks county. I am pleased to speak of

his work here as the model of all missionary work in the West. There is often a mistaken notion, prevalent even among mission boards, that equipment of missionary enterprise must not necessarily be more than ordinary. There are several requisites that belong here—the kind of man—the kind of church building. It is waste expenditure to place an inferior man at these local points. A good preacher is required, having social qualities and executive ability, and tact. He is to match himself with superior talent in other pulpits, and he must win people on social and humane grounds. The outlook of a pretentious church-property is to be guaranteed. Therefore more concentration of mission money is necessary to the cities which are the distributing points of people, as well as of churchly-standing. Other commissions have large edifices—and so must you. The start must be a large lot—and the rest will come. Rev. Zweizig, of Portland, has done a good work here on the grounds just defined. His sermons and public bearing have won the very best material for his congregation, and he has much deference shown him by outsiders on the street. His chapel and

parsonage are built on a valuable corner-lot, 100x100, in the heart of the city, and these prospective assurances of success are, therefore, the shortest and cheapest cut to the end in view.

As the city was wrapped in the smoke of the forest fires, I saw little of its perspective in nature. It rains not, from July to September, to clear the atmosphere of such periodical disturbances—but then the rest of the time it does nothing but rain. This fact is material for an all-round fund of jokes—the weather, beastly wet and solemnly dry. The most palatial residences are built of frame—brick and stone would absorb the moisture in winter. Wood is the fuel. Pennsylvania coal at $18 a ton, Vancouver at $9, Oregon at $7.50, are too costly a luxury. The profession of the old-fashioned chimney-sweep is therefore an established factor here—a leather liberty-cap singles him out on the street corner. Wood is piled up in the rough before houses, and steam saw-machines make the round to cut it to lengths at one dollar a cord, and Chinese follow to chop it for use at twenty five cents a cord. The postman drops his mail in the door slot, and signals the in-

mates with a ball-whistle, very gently, but heard any time with an exultant startle. The rounds of the mail-boxes are made by a sort of a chariot vehicle. The postman stands one foot from the ground, and drives from point to point, gathering the mail into a dasher-box of his sulkey. The trolley company has the contract of sprinkling the streets along its route. One of its cars is transformed into an ingenious sprinkler. It speeds along and throws out elbow spouts of a 50-feet span, playing like a fountain, drawing in the arms, spider-like, to escape wagons, bicycles, etc., and again throwing them out at will —all the while speeding on and sprinkling.

REFRESHED BY MARK TWAIN.

By a courtesy I listened to Mark Twain, who filled the Marquani Opera House to overflowing. The inimitable and irrepressible Twain ! He is a picturesque man to look at on the stage, with grizzly hair, eyebrow and moustache—a lazy cynic in the outflow of his drawling humor. He talked 90 minutes and virtually said nothing—but the audience was in a constant roar. Well, such men are a blessing too —for a laugh, breaking through a thick cloud of trouble, is worth its weight in

gold. Poor Twain has lost all his hard-earned fortune, $750,000, and now he is on a lecture tour around the world to retrieve it. He repeats the experience of Sir Walter Scott—I hope he may succeed as well as he.

I attended divine service in a $180,000 church on Sunday night — popular preacher, fine music. I was not edified, but I was instructed. It is well often to learn how not to do things, as well as how to do them. The preacher was a decided success—but the sermon was not. To enhance the spectacular performance in the pulpit, he announced at the close of the sermon that the professor at the organ would give a scenic interpretation of Moses by the mount, and so show to advantage the beauties of the new instrument. The electric lights were turned down, and the audience sat in darkness, whilst the keyboard and professor only were visible. The distant tramp of the hosts of Israel soon were heard and the trumpet calls gradually grew more and more distinct, as the $10,000 organ disgorged its stops one by one. Now the mutterings of thunder roll up fiercely—louder and louder ; suddenly the electric lights blink from the

ceiling to imitate lightning, and at last the concentrated blast falls from the skies! The notes die away, the footlights are turned on, and there the preacher stands once more—presto change! He pulls out his watch, wag-like, and says—"I am sorry I kept you so long; the peace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all—Amen." Dismissed in one breath, like a shop-keeper weighs out snitz and throws them into the basket. Pious ones said as they passed out—"sacrilege!" The whole thing was a performance—it was not worship. The only difference was that it took place in a $180,000 church.

PILOTED THROUGH CHINATOWN AT NIGHT BY A DETECTIVE.

XV.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AUG. 16, '95.

"The Golden Gate!" It is a name altogether Scriptural by priority—and its spiritual goodness is hardly applicable to the worldly city of San Francisco. But out there in the bay of the Pacific two jagged points almost meet, and they admit of entrance from the sea to this rich habitation on the hills. At times the sun goes down in orbed splendor of fire, and fills this gateway of water with a dazzling sheen of gold—and hence it has come to be known as the golden gate.

I came here by a southward journey, and my slow-plodding train labored up and down the Sierra mountains by night and by day. Proud Shasta's snow-crowned head, reared 14,442 feet to the clouds, looked down upon my trail 'til evening shade—and then in darkness, my view was lost in buried ravines of towering acclivities. A little while ago the en-

gine puffed on the mountain tops, and now it winds along the base—how we got down I know not ; but here we halt by the shooting fountain of Shasta Springs. A little way on is dangerous ground—for only a short time before this very same train was held up by robbers, and the guests were relieved of some of their money. A sheriff was shot, and a bandit, too—except the forced collection no other incident occurred. Now, in time of danger, it is well to be forearmed. I had no deadly weapon to guard my berth, but I took the safeguard to prime my vest pockets with a few of Uncle Sam's bills, for under such surprising circumstances it is better to buy off than shoot off. Daylight, however, brought the train in safety to the straits of Carquinez, where we switched in sections on to the largest ferry boat in the world, and were steamed across the waters—engine, cars, passengers and all. The boat is 542 feet long, and carries at one time forty-six freight cars and four engines, or twenty-four Pullmans and locomotive.

A CITY OF ONE HUNDRED HILLS.

When you approach San Francisco you see its streets spanning mounds in grace-

ful curvatures When you enter it you find it stately with lofty stone structures, and full of animation, like our Eastern New York city. It has only 300,000 inhabitants, but it makes noise enough for a million of them. You ride around it, up and down in it, and whether you stand or ride, you draw your overcoat tightly about you, for the cold wind from the sea cuts through. How undulating this city when you view it from the built-up hills! The cable-car only can climb them, for some rise 900 feet, and as the cars shoot down, you brace well to hold your equilibrium. And up on Nob Hill are the fine mansions—Stanford's and Crocker's costly homes—yet they are perched aloft with little grounds, and no luxury of lawn reach out from spacious verandas, like in the East. San Francisco surely had come to stay here, hill or no hill—but it is a fortunate circumstance that they have no winter, or else the citizens would have to skate down to the shops ; and how they would ever get back again we would have to leave to a new discovery of necessity. Bicycles are very scarce here—but the cable-car is the almost universal lift to these eyries of homes.

There are many points of interest to the tourist—but it is quite the thing to go out to the Cliff House, and the Seal Rocks in the Pacific. It is an interesting sight, to watch 400 sea-lions disporting in the water, and climbing up the rocks in their wild state. They are ponderous things, one weighing 2,000 pounds—and so gracefully awkward! They are like overgrown children at play in swimming, and they bark in terrible basso-tones—all the while laboring up the sides of the loftiest points, as if they were held to them by suction. Passing by the park and cemeteries and places of art, I will call your attention to the mammoth hotels.

The Palace is the largest hotel in the world, and the Grand connects with it by an overhead passage-way. It is a wonder to behold! Think of it—covering a whole block 275 feet front, 350 feet depth, having 755 rooms above the ground floor, and accommodating 1,200 guests. It stands seven stories high, and it took 30,000,000 bricks to construct it—the outside is plastered and colored. The sub-foundation is 30 feet wide, and every bed room is partitioned off by a brick wall, each has a bath room, and 6,000 electric lights

flash through it. There is an inside court to it, into which you drive over a circular asphalt pavement and alight on a marble rise, to behold a dream of white and gold, shimmering under twenty clusters of six-pair lights, around each tier, seven pillared and fenced-in tiers, reaching to a glass roof, through which looks the sky—all white and gold! Your sleeping rooms lead out to the wide court veranda, and from any story above you can look down into this fairy-like vision, where the guests sit and smoke by little wine tables, ladies alight from carriages, 'bus and express go and come—trunks are loaded and unloaded for the passing pilgrim. I never sat down to a table its equal anywhere—the Queen of Sheba herself would not disclaim its menu, nor Solomon, in all his glory, disdain to tarry here. When this hotel was opened $60,000 worth of triple-plated ware was bought to use on the tables, and now they have $120,000 worth of Gorham's design. Everything comes in on silver platters and trays, six courses, and though you have six different knives and forks and spoons, twenty-four in all, to use through your meal, you verily use them all, but not all at the same time.

Well, that is Table de Hote fashion, of course—only I want to indicate the elaborateness of it here. When you leave the Palace you pay your bill.

A TRIP THROUGH CHINATOWN BY NIGHT.

To the tourist's education belongs a trip to Chinatown—and by night. You may know that the Mongolian has fastened himself here upon seven square blocks, the best portion of the city, and he can't be dislodged. Over 20,000 Chinese people live here all on a heap—and it is heap-like—factory operatives, laborers, house-servants, laundrymen, merchants, store-keepers, traders, peddlers and idlers. There are about 2,000 females among them, and a few children. A fair price for the importation of a Chinese woman is eight hundred dollars.

A safe detective was secured for me by a San Francisco friend, and off we went on our night exploration. I shall never forget the trip. The peculiar lantern-lights lit up the streets and alley-ways—a tallow candle served for the underground passage-ways. We visited the Joss House, their god and church. The tinsel and carving, and celestial glory of the place, I can hardly describe. The Chinese ap-

proach on their knees—only a few costly chairs are along the wall. In the middle are three series of oriental side-board arrangements, leading up to the highest god. As you enter, the god Mongrun greets you, who is a sort of sergeant-at-arms, keeping watch. An ash-vase and a cup of tea are before him always. He is supposed to drink the tea. A light burns constantly in his presence. The first altar is a wonder-work in paper colors and carved head design. Here sits the king, and all around him the grand jury. The carved board of the first altar costs $3,000; of the second $1,500; a large urn between, $3,000, and the duty to get it from China $400; a bell to the side is 3,000 years old; the drum, ton-ton, above it, 600 years old, and the lost god, 150 years old. This deity's name is "Georgie," and when he goes away he takes his horses, and the attendants, the battle-axes and shields, the wooden symbols, of which are there by his side. To get him back the drum is sounded three times. His origin is of 4,000 years ago. "Little Jack" is a side god, to implore for good fortune and to drive away evil spirits. He gives lucky numbers on a draw. In the outer

court, papers are burned in a large brick-oven to assure cures and forgiveness and luck. For the privilege of entrance I purchased a pack of tapers, such as they use in worship, and the priest assured me that if I lit them in the house, each one would drive away a sickness. If any of my friends are indisposed upon my return, I am willing to make a charitable distribution of these magic things for their cure.

I next had an experience of inside underground groping through passage ways leading this way and that way, up and down, how many times I don't know—but all the way, it seemed like the hull of an old ship, or like the board-smoked windings of a tottering warehouse, undermined by rats. But the guide opened a door here and there, and showed little rooms, with mat-covered bunks, on which sat and smoked and chatted Chinamen. The detective said—"these are actors, who live here, and I am leading you the backway up to the Chinese Theatre. Few know this underground way." Before I was ready I was landed behind the scenes, where little fellows were practicing at sword, and older ones were painting and putting on gorgeous attire for their turn in

the play, and then I looked on a scene within that was a study. The men were seated on the main-floor, hats on and smoking, the females separated to the gallery, and a love scene enacted by two young ones—the audience riveted with attention and laughing at times. No female is ever allowed on the Chinese stage—the character is impersonated by a male who can make up well. What a strange audience! What a strange performance! What a strange orchestra seated on the rear of the stage! The music was like a cat-concert by night, and the whole scene seemed so puerile, and yet so weird.

I next got into a gambling place. The Chinese gambler is a bundle of exitement as he throws dice in the bowl of porcelain, not unlike the rice-bowl set in a dishpan. Small sums exchange hands between the firm and the patron. This vice has a strong hold on the oriental.

A most interesting study was the barber shop. As five patients were under the knife at one time, I saw the whole process in all its stages in a short time. I would write above the Chinese barber shop—"Tonsorial artist," for here the term is truthfully applied. Only a common chair

or stool holds the customer, a bowl of water sets close by, and a towel dipped in it, wets the skin for the shave. First the cue is dressed with a sort of horse comb—beautiful long hair, braided in with the switch, hanging down to the shoe-top! Next a large razor is laid on, over the half fore-part of the head and down over the face, nose, ear, brow and between the eye-brows, and over the eye-lids. After that a second razor, like a tiny paper-cutter is used, twirled by a round handle. Here the dexterous performance begins - for he shaves the inside of the ear and up the nostrils with this sharp-cutting instrument, and trims the ear lobe and nose and forehead, and cleans the ears as a finale, when the barber makes his religious signs over his customer. With hands palmed he strikes his forehead, cracks his knuckle over right and left shoulder, jabs in the shoulder blade, twists the neck joint, first right, then left—and embraces him. The religiously-cleansed Chinaman goes to the bowl, washes, and pays to the clerk.

IN THE OPIUM DENS.

Further on in the rounds the guide lit his tallow-dip again, and announced that we now would go underground into the

opium dens. I followed, groping my way, having hold of his cane. Never such a sight I saw before, whether among beast or man! The tenement houses are peculiar in architecture, six or more Chinamen occupying one room, located along winding passageways up and down, away in from the street. They are labyrinthian in mysterious hidings. Inside the narrow courts are bake oven fire-places. We meet Chinamen at this late hour, kindling a little fire, to cook their supper—a panful of rice, which they eat out of the pan with two little sticks, manipulated between their fingers with great skill. A rap at the door—the guide opens. A room 8x8, and "Blind Ann" lies huddled on her mat-bunk—lost to the world for twenty years. She is 65 years old, and a male friend is in to cook her meal. What a mess! We open another door, and here an odor of the opium smoke announces the den in full blast. A little room it is, all that these six Chinamen have in the world after their work—only 15x15 feet. Six bunks are built against the wall, three below and three above, like an old-fashioned potato-bin. In each lies a Chinaman, his head resting on a hollowed-out stool for a

pillow, a mat beneath him and no cover on top of him. Each has a pipe as large as a flute, and just as thick a mouth-piece. The bowl is the size of a goose egg, midway between the stem, with a solid lid on top and a tiny hole in the centre of it. A spectre-like lamp burns in each bunk, close by the head. Tiny vases stand within reach, and a larger one, for the opium in its raw state. With an instrument, the size of a knitting-needle, he dips into the vase, then holds the point into the flame of the lamp and brings the hot lump, as large as a pea, to the hole in the lid, punctures it down, all the time working the needle and smoking. And so he repeats the process every minute or two, from 8 o'clock to 2 of night, when his nerves are paralyzed and he sinks into sleep and sweet dreams. The old man in the lower bunk is 25 years at the habit, but his cheeks are sunken in and his earthly bliss is soon over.

What a ghostly picture this was ! Lowly burned those six lights, just casting enough red glow around to show fixed eyes staring at us, and dim forms outlined in dead-like posture. They suck the pipes in gurgling sounds, as if sipping the

sweetest cider, and the dive fills with smoke and odor thicker and louder. To me it is suffocating now—how will the atmosphere be at 2 o'clock of morning. Yet in it they breathe and live, night in and night out, all the year. This is one dive—I visited many—and all is sad beyond description. Even white boys and men have contracted the habit. They are styled "dope fiends"—and they steal here for their cheaper enjoyment. Once started, the road down is assured. More experiences of that night exploration tempts my pen—but not now. It was 1 o'clock when the guide conducted me safe to my hotel—but the horrors of the fallen pit were upon me in sleep.

BEHOLDING THE WONDERS OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

XVI.

WAWONA, CAL., AUGUST 24, 1895.

The Yosemite has long since beckoned me with a siren song. The scenic wonders have charmed me in pictures and poetry —and I longed to place my feet beneath those water-falls, and look up to those mighty peaks. And I have been there, and one of the dreams of my life has been realized. Nor did I expect too much—I have seen the crowning grandeur of mountain scenery in America.

The sleeper from San Francisco is sidetracked at Raymond, and at early morning you are awakened to take the stage. Four-in-hand stand ready for you, and under the crack of the whip, you start out for a 75-mile ride. Now, if you are overly fastidious, I would advise you to step out and continue your journey the other way —for if you mean to see the Yosemite you must be content to put up with some severe hardships. The stage rumbles

over mountain acclivities, and by the time you have returned, you will have had sixteen relays of horses, and sixty-four fresh steeds have carried you through. Now you are up 6,500 feet, and then down again in the valley, and so it takes new sinew and fresh wind every short stretch for the horses to carry you on. The two hotels in this isolated Valley of the Sierras are very considerable in their pretense, and the weary traveller, when dusted, rested and fed, takes his tallow dip and goes early to bed. How sweet the sleep!

ON THE SIERRA RANGE.

There are many pleasant diversions by the way. First of all there is the driver by whose side you may sit, on the box. He is an artist of his kind. With what expert daring he swings his horses around the curves of those dizzy heights !—you hold on to your seat and trust. But he has been at his business for eighteen years, and he is perfect. The jagged mountain-scenery interests you, as in fitful mood of light and shade, it changes from a hazy blue to a solemn gray. You are attracted by the majestic trees, the fir, yellow-pine, and you are astonished at the tremendous girth, towering height, beautifully carved

bark, and graceful burrs and cones. Then you startle covies of quail, one family and a hundred, that fly and run in such a coquettish style. You wish for a gun a score of times, for gray and pure white squirrels fan their tails to the breezes from wavy branch and fallen log—just one spot, for one hour, with a gun—and my bag would have been filled again and again. In the valley down there the California lion's roar is heard every night. You care not to meet such game, but a bear you would not mind. No sooner said, up from the side leaps a cinnamon giant, trotting off up the hill-side, and looking back so very guilty all the while —just like a boy who has jumped the orchard fence and makes his escape from his pursuer. The driver is looking for fresh tracks of the rattlesnake across the dusty drive. Now here is one, as smooth as a trowel-track across a heap of flour. He is killed with little fight, for in August this dangerous reptile is blind—he sheds his skin, and the film from his eyes. One of the passengers cuts off the rattle —he now has captured two of the seven-rattle specimens. The driver regales us with a rattlesnake story. He speaks of

their fangs, their poisonous strike, and the fear the horses have for them. "One day," he says, "a big one crossed in the road; he aimed, and my leaders jumped to a side. He struck his fangs into the stage-pole, and sure, in five minutes it had so swelled, that we had to unhitch the rear horses to wait until the stick had been reduced to its natural size."

FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE YOSEMITE.

From Wawona, yet twenty-six miles. Suddenly we round a sharp precipice, and the horses are reined to a dead halt. "Inspiration Point!" proudly hails the driver. If the white man who first drank in this bursting grandeur in 1851 was as much awed as we were, he did ample justice to the scene. The sublime spectacle of domes and spires suggested another and greater Michael Angelo—for here a hundred St. Peters were piled on top of one another. Well might the soul, filled with reverence, exclaim:

"Silence! Emotions new and strange here rise
And sweep with cyclonic force the breast!
A new strange world, all-powerful and sublime
Enchains, enslaves, and fetters all.
The greatest, most of all, are fettered most,
Only the pigmies chatter, and fools alone
Find laughter here where Nature speaks

In tones of grandeur and sublimity!
Strong lips are dumb and eyes unused to tears
Are forced to yield the highest tribute of the soul,
To these grand thoughts of the Eternal Mind."

Those lofty Cathedral Spires! Methinks the chimes should sound from their belfry high. But no mortal hand ever touched those silent bells. Across the valley, close by that El Capitan of mystic mien, leaps down the Yosemite Falls, 2,548 feet, and breaks in three parts—

"Its floor, a wealth of glittering gems,
Too pure and bright for earthly kings;
No jewels set in diadems
Can match its gold and sapphire rings."

But why mean I to tell everything just now. Let the incidental suffice 'til a more opportune time. I would to Vernal Falls and to Nevada Falls this day. From the Stoneman house we start—and three of us sit astride that phenomenal animal known as the dwarf-mule. His long ears are the most intelligent part of him, his tail is nothing, and his face a comparative blank of innocency. But I have a spark of admiration for him since I have tried him—he knows enough to get out of work if he can, and if he must climb mountains he is sure not to fall from them. The guide styles him the California canary, be-

cause of his pretty song—and just then the beast brayed—Ah ha! Ah ha—yah! How daring to risk your life on those trails!—three and five feet wide and only hanging on the side of the mountains, as it were. But here we go—an army officer, myself and the guide. Up and up we wind, round and round as well—the guide leads, and we follow one at a time. At last we stand above the beautiful Nevada, whose diamond columns wave down in brilliant colors 600 feet to the projecting rocks. Next day we would climb to Glacier Point—another vertical peak. I have discarded "Boston"—he disgraced the preacher by acting balky, and it created many a humiliating laugh on the way. This time we are astride "Faithful Tom," and up and back he promises to bear me in safety full twelve miles. Alas! what a presumption. Look this way, and down—already 2,000 feet up, and only one step to the side, and Tom and his load of theology might be spilled in the valley below. The tricky rascal—he will step close to the edge, and just where the trail overhangs the valley below. How many S turns I cut on that trail I do not know

—but at last we stand 3,250 feet on high, and look below, and miles around—

"Throne of the Continent! Queen of all splendor!
Creation supernal! Work wholly divine!

Yes, the vision made me forget that I now had to descend where I had ascended. Like winding stairs, just as narrow, and just as precipitous, the trail led down and no railing on the outside. How eagerly one will hold on to life—for I firmly and most tenderly clung to the pommel of that Mexican saddle—and let the rest to "Tom." Does one foot slip, he has three more; do two slip, he has two more; do all slip—away you go! On the road up came a camping party—a man on a horse, a rope twisted into the tail of his horse, and two women hanging on to the rope holding fast to cross-sticks—like the tail of a kite. They wore bloomers, and the third lady sat astride another horse dressed in a divided skirt, followed by a man hanging on to the horse's tail. The women were an aristocratic set, and they did all this hard work for nothing. For glory more than for honor, we will often dare to do great things.

AMONG THE BIG TREES.

Just forty-three miles the other way are located the Big Trees. We rose at 4.30 o'clock of morning to get to the Mariposa Grove. Let me tell you in brief that those trees were a greater surprise than I had anticipated them to be—they are simply monstrous, and scattered in all shapes up and down the forest. Here is the "Grizzly Bear," 34 feet in diameter, 100 feet in circumference, and it grows bigger and bigger, the longer you gaze on it. Some specimens stand 300 feet high, and their ages are 4,000 and more years old. When the Pharoahs built their pyramidal monuments they stood here—long before the Star of Bethlehem looked down upon the manger, they waved in hoary age. I bow with reverence before their grand antiquity. Into the heart of one a tunnel is cut, and our stage, all loaded, and four-in-hand, drove through In another the heart is burnt out, and through the grand living trunk, you look up, as through the telescope, and you see the wide blue sky. You can see and not so easily describe, but these sequoia monarchs are bigger than I had ever dared to expect them to be. In the circle drawn

around one of these trees, I could plant a whole company of soldiers—their hollowed roots are the tents of campers. Spare them, thou vandal, who carves his name everywhere. It takes till 4,000 years more before others like these will lure the distant pilgrim to gaze on such stupendous wonders.

IN THE PRUNE AND OLIVE FARMS OF SANTA CLARA VALLEY.

XVII.

SAN JOSE, CAL., AUG. 18, 1895.

I came to the "Garden City"—San Jose—which you will pronounce Son Hosay. This sunny land of California bears the impress of its first settlers—the Spanish. They are gone and their indolence with them, but the flavor of their mother-tongue hangs about here, never to leave. The mission fathers are remembered by their quaint church structures, and by the spreading shades of their century trees. The old bells are silent now, but Santa Clara and all kindred points are fragrant with the memories of their early worship. By Monterey's coast the bard walks amid cypress trees of tradition hoary, and thinks of those Devotees of Boodh—

> "Here the pious exiles landed
> And upreared a shrine;
> Seeds of sacred cypress planted
> For the grove and sign
> Of their mystic creed, commanded
> In its looks divine."

The coach rolled up to Hotel Vondome, and by its garden perspective I discovered that I had come to the semi-tropical region —into America's Sunny Italy. The sensuous and aesthetic part of one's nature at once are buoyed up with the zest of anticipation—here the palate and the soul receive enjoyment. The old Franciscan oak bows its patriarchal head over tennis-court, and all through the spacious hotel gardens the palmettos and poplars and peppers and figs shade rustic walks and seats.

FRUITFUL SANTA CLARA VALLEY.

Gradually it dawned upon me also, that I had wandered into the Santa Clara Valley, made famous for its growing of fruit. As I had already stood astonished at the products of Sacramento Valley, and tasted of its delicious peaches, weighing branches to the ground in hundreds and hundreds of acres ; as I had already plucked clusters of grapes, like those of the Scriptural Eschol from the Fresno-vineyards, where raisins are made of famous quantity and beauty—I was most anxious to see the ranch-district, from which came the World's Fair Prune Horse. You remember him? I found

him lodged in San Jose, denuded of his prunes—but posing in the majesty of his laurels. Now I must confess that I never had such a succession of feasts on fruit as through these district belts of California. Such canteloupe and melons! Such pears and peaches! thick like two fists, juicy and full of flavor. And such grapes! Like ox-heart cherries they swell the bunches to enormous sizes, and you eat each separate one like a parcel of meat. Down East we have one universal fruit—the apple. When I think that on the 10th of October, 1639, the first apples gathered in this country were from trees planted in Governor's Island, ten fair pippins, there being not one apple or pear tree planted in any part of the country, but upon that island—and now revel in the fruit orchards of far-off California, I am amazed at what viticulture and horticulture have done in so short a time. And such variety of products—orange, lemon, prune, apricot, nectarine, plum, cherries, fig, olive, pear, peach, apple, grape, quince, pomegranate, persimmon, loquat, guava, pineapple, bananas, date, pecan, almond, chestnut, walnut, hazelnut, filberts, berries, and hops, grain, corn, millets, alfalfa, oats,

rye, barley, canary seed, beet sugar, cotton, rice, tea, dairying, ostrich farms—all these in one breath. In Sacramento Valley I saw hundreds of acres covered with watermelons, thick as a potato patch, uprooted and going to waste by the thousands, because of the glut in the market. In San Francisco boatloads of fruit were thrown overboard to keep up the market. Along the stations, baskets of pears were offered, of twenty-five large specimens, such as sell in home-market for five cents a piece, for two-bits, or twenty-five cents. The most delicious grapes are handed you by the several pounds for a nickel. What a universal country is California!—and larger than these States put together—New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Delaware, Rhode Island, Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut and Ohio. It has a coast line on the Pacific, reaching from Plymouth Bay of Massachusetts by the north, to Savannah of Georgia by the south, and well may you sing of it—

"'The rose entwines the orange tree, the sea-winds rock the pines,
And wheat sheaves lift their golden heads amid the clustering vine;
The latest glow of sunset still enfolds them evermore,
While Strength and Beauty stand hand clasped upon this Western shore.'"

TONS OF PRUNES AND APRICOTS.

But I am in Santa Clara Valley, pre-eminently noted for its prunes and apricots—the largest crops in the world. Strange to say, I have become a partial guest of the Board of Trade in San Jose—and by the courtesy of its secretary, J. B. Fay, and another member, Col. T. R. Weaver, I am driven over twenty miles of fruit land. Col. Weaver is himself a large prune-grower, and is president of "The Co-operators' Fruit-Growing Union." Behind a good steed we raced over a checkered territory on schedule-time. And let me tell you, that the suburban roads of San Jose are the delight of Jehu's vocation. Over 300 miles in the valley are sprinkled from tanks that stand aloft at intervals, like the Holland wind mills. A post office delivery also is in use all through this region—and the whole section around is a continuous series of fruit gardens—like forests they stand out.

Now, we pass an almond orchard, then a cherry—but everywhere the prune and apricot. How inviting! What a beautiful vista as you look up these acres of trees that stand as if planted on a chalk-

line, and arch so gracefully over the hills ! We drive into one ranch. Remember, there is not a blade of weed found in that soil as large as your little finger. The prune trees are planted twenty feet apart, they stand fifteen feet high, and spread. At five years old they bear, yielding five tons to the acre, and one thirty-five years old had 1,000 pounds of fruit on it. The trees have each a tar-paper wrapped around the trunk to keep off the canker worm. This paper is saturated with printer's ink, and is a sure guard against the destructive thing. The fruit-dresser is an expert, and in cutting the spur he looks ahead two years.

My friend selects samples from the bowed branches, and in handing me to taste he says—"You are eating California sunshine in a concentrated form !" If sunshine tastes that way—it certainly is sweet. This land at $250 per acre, selling fruit at five cents a pound, makes a cost of $75 to the acre to put the product on the market. That leaves a net profit of $150—better than grain farming. We pass a cattle king's prune orchard who paid $36,000 for sixty acres, and cleared it entirely in three crops.

THE FRUIT DRYING PROCESS.

It is a sight the provident farmer's wife of Pennsylvania might want to see after she spreads her six drying trays of fruit-snitz to the sun. Imagine 30,000 trays, two by three feet, covering the ground of 60 acres, with prunes and apricots and peaches! It looks like an immense bed-quilt of the checkered design. The process is a most cleanly one, and I recommend the Santa Clara prune from this standpoint as well. Farmers from all the region around bring their fruit to these drying establishments. Skill is used to cure them. The prune is first dipped in lye to soften the skin for the purpose of facilitating for drying. It is canned by machinery through a cold water wash to remove every trace of lye and allowed to fall over a crate which sorts it in the lump. Upon trays it is railroaded out to the fields, and is placed on the ground to receive the full effect of the sun's rays. According to the heat or the humidity of the air, it takes a week or a month to cure. Then it is given a sweat in the bin to give it the glossy appearance and plumpness. To destroy the insect germs of the drying period the fruit is immersed

in boiling water, and after three hours it is packed in boxes or bags for the dealer. Pears and peaches are treated in their last stages by a sulphur sweat to give them a uniform color. The expert tells me that few housewives know how to prepare prunes for the table. One pound of prunes takes two pints of water, and it must cook from twenty-five to thirty hours. Apricots take three pints of water to the pound and twenty-four hours boiling. Peaches the same. That brings out the fruit in its increased plumpness, and quantity makes it cheaper. I pass by the canning of choice fruits in this valley—it is an interesting study, and the delicious jars and cans are sweetly picturesque in their variegated tiers of fruit color.

ON THE QUITO OLIVE FARM.

The olive is of old-time history and it belongs to the sacred literature of Scripture. The soil and climate of Palestine are here, and they invited the olive tree. The Jesuit built his missions in California, and with him he brought the tree that now rustles its silvery leaves to the winds, and whispers encouragement to the hopes of the laborer. Olive orchards are styled "the surface gold mines." They yield

wealth. The olive oil imported to America as the best French product, comes originally from Asia Minor, brought there in skins on the backs of wabbling camels. It however, is adulterated by our Southern cotton seed oil—not unwholesome. The Quito oil is pure, and that is the chief merit. Under a long grape arbor we enter the orchard. Think of it—800 acres! and 7,000 trees out this direction. They look like our stream willows, and gummy to touch. The oil process is a slow one. Crushed in a stone grinder, the pomice is placed into a rope-vat and pressed by machinery. The crude oil is filtered through paper in a large funnel set in a tub. Slowly it trickles through. How very oily is that oil, as, like quicksilver, it quivers in those tiers of cans! After one year it is fit for market. The olive fruit is bottled when ripe, and is black in color when fully mature.

But enough. I hasten back to dine, and dismiss my new-made friends with grateful courtesy. I preached in San Jose and spent a Sunday of sweetest rest. A former resident of my adopted city, a well-favored lady, called to welcome me to a tea. It is surprising how the cast

and west link in family ties, and on the far-away waste you may find your ancestors hanging on the wall. Though the world is big, you stumble upon friends everywhere, and therefore it is not as big as it would seem to be.

LOOKING THROUGH THE LARGEST TELESCOPE IN THE WORLD.

XVIII.

DEL MONTE, CAL., AUG. 20, 1895.

I start to-day for Mt. Hamilton to look through the largest telescope in the world. I have always been a star-gazer, and like Isaac of old, I frequently rest my eyes on the sky at night, and meditate—but I care only for the practical side of the science of astronomy. Then, too, I have interest in that famous observatory, for it was the gift of James Lick, who was born in Fredericksburg, Pennsylvania, the same town in which I was born, and whose son was the companion of my father. So most naturally I tarry by the way, for—

"Mount Hamilton reads reverently the mysteries of the skies,
Where San Jose's wide valley sweep, in fruited richness lies."

The four-in-hand stands ready in front of Hotel Vendome—I take seat with the driver in the box. It is Saturday, August 17th, the only night of the week

when the large telescope is open to visitors. We have forty-three miles to make, and will return at 2 o'clock in the morning. A college-bred rancher interests me by the way with his knowledge of California farm-life. He describes the monster steam plows and harvesting machines used on his thousands of acres—and discusses the science and philosophy of 19th century progress in general. I ask the meaning of the stacks of bags scattered all over the field. He says—"We cut, thrash and bag the wheat all by one machine—we store it in the field awaiting the market." We pass a number of car-like wagons resting under trees—he tells me that those are the cook-cars that follow the herdsmen, the road builders and the harvesters everywhere.

IN THE LICK OBSERVATORY.

A season of brief rest at the luncheon of Smith Creek prepares us for the evening mountain-climb. Santa Clara county has built this road at an expense of $100,000, and over seven miles more, the costliest part, we have to drive. No less than 365 curves we make in this road until we have zig-zagged up to the top, How deceiving the distance! That great dome up there

seems as evanescent and unreachable as the rainbow's pot of gold. At long last we are up, and we are favored with a lovely sight. Now let me tell you of a peculiar scenic delight. Under a sky so clear, a perspective beauty unfolded from the west almost indescribable. This way and that way reached Gavilan, Santa Cruz, and Sierra Morena ranges, and down to the Pacific waters, set the sun. Never in all my travels did I behold such a gorgeous sunset. Streaky clouds and jagged mountain-tops were a fire of gold, changing into greater entrancing beauty every minute, just as if getting ready to open the portals to let angels forth. To the north, flamed sky-high a forest-fire, and vied in splendor with the evening sunset. This incomparable grandeur I saw upon the far-famed crown of astronomical research —4,443 feet aloft on the inner coast range of California.

Night has come on, and you enter a very considerable building. An astronomer takes you in hand to explain the mystery of equipment and phenomena of the great science. On the walls you see photographic and visual observations of comets, the Milky Way, the moon and

planets. Here hangs the picture of the meteoric shower of 1866, and we are told that they happen every thirty-three years, so that the next of the world will be in November of 1899. I can't explain to you the mechanism of the three equatorials, meridian circle, transit, comet seeker, horizontal photo-heliograph, photographic telescope, and minor pieces of astronomical, physical and meteorological apparatus —but some demonstrations were interesting. The sky seems to be traversed by the astronomer the same as the sea is by the sailor—according to latitude and longitude. The Pacific standard time is furnished for every railway station west of the Rockies. How wonderful the intricacies of calculation! Here also is the instrument that registers the time and intensity of earthquake shocks, and so every phenomena of earth and sky are brought under the masterful inspectiou of man.

LOOKING THROUGH THE LARGE TELESCOPE.

You go into the smaller dome first, where the 12-inch equatorial is placed. Up a movable ladder you climb and look through, and behold!—beautiful Venus, 50,000,000 miles away, entrances you.

Again you readjust, and now Saturn is brought into view. How like a halo around the brow of Madonna is that fiery ring which encircles that satellite! How meek are the moons that watch by that crowned world of the sky.

But we must look through the largest telescope in the world. We are conducted into the larger dome and are placed in the circular balcony seats, where we are checked off, fifteen at a time, to take the eventful peep. In darkness, save as the star-lit sky gives light, we wait fully one hour for our turn. But meanwhile we observe our surroundings and discuss the history of the man who so immortalized himself. The great dome, containing the telescope, has a diameter of seventy-five feet, and a weight, without the floor, of one hundred and thirty tons, and cost $56,000. There poises the world's largest refractor, a thirty-six inch diameter, with a fifty-six foot tube shooting up to the sky. Monstrous thing! Chicago envies this, and is at making a 40-inch refractor. Well, that mass of tons before us is as easily manipulated as a child's toy. The whole building too, seems to be on wheels, for when the conoid

of the dome is set in motion and the great glass is being adjusted and the elevating floor is sinking beneath you, a creepy impression gets upon you that the whole business is an aerial chariot making a voyage to the moon.

You wonder also that a man like James Lick should be willing to devote $700,000 to a science far beneath his capacity. But he was an eccentric genius. Born a Lebanon countian, August 25, 1796, he died in San Francisco on October 1, 1876. Meanwhile he had been an organ and piano builder in Hanover, Pa., and in Baltimore, and at last turned from Buenos Ayres and the coast of South America to San Francisco. By land speculation there he got to be worth $3,000,000, and left it nearly all as gifts to California. A monument to the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," Francis Scott Key, $60,000; emblematic statuary for the State, $100,000; Home for Old Ladies, $100,000; free baths in San Francisco, $100.000; schools of training and art, $540,000, and the Lick observatory to the University of California, $700,000. In the reception room stands his working bench, brought from South America, and beneath the

dome, under the large telescope, rests his body—one of the proudest monuments to mortal man.

At last my turn has come, and eagerly I look in by that wonder machine; and what to the naked eye is only one twinkling star, now scatters under that magnifying vision into a thousand suns, and each one has a system of worlds to revolve around it, like the one sun to whom our world belongs. It is a cluster in Hercules. By sense I never was so near Heaven—but, by faith we enter altogether within.

AT THE HOTEL DEL MONTE.

A little rest in Paradise for the passing tourist is not undesirable. So I was lured aside to Del Monte. By Spanish interpretation it is the "Hotel of the Forest." But the 126-acre park around it is not a forest—but a garden of the rarest and most gorgeous flowers of the different climes of the earth—walks and drives, shaded by oaks and pines and palms—with soft winds, sweetly scented, to blow through them—and a wide extending structure of Gothic facades, shapely gables, minarets and towers, window-hoods and broad verandas, accommodating seven hundred guests—and its ribbon beds float-

ing from the entrance vista with the colors of callas and heliotropes—and trunks of trees hung with ivy, honeysuckles and nasturtiums—and the great beds of narcissus and tulips and crocuses and crown imperials and Holland gems blooming forth hearts and trefoils and forms many, in winter as well as in summer. Surely—it is an earthly paradise at least.

The morning greets us with a glowing fire in the grate, and a royal breakfast. The soldiers are on drill without, and their dress-parade blue, sets well to the sun-rising scene. Very soon the tally-ho sounds its aristocratic blasts, and the young scion of millions, with $25,000 to disperse per month, has taken from his twenty blooded steeds shipped here, eight of them. And with a multitude of ribbons in his hands, a choice company of youth and beauty on board, and four gray-dressed grooms to his aid, he sallies forth upon the famous "seventeen mile drive." The aged Cypress trees have immortalized this road, and the poet sings of them :

"Tell me your tradition hoary,
Grand old Cypress Trees,
Dwelling on this promontory
By the sunset seas!
Whisper the delicious story
Of dim centuries."

I have rested, have rekindled the attachment of some Alaskan friends, and now I am off again to conquer other fields. The Leland Standford, Jr. University, with its $20,000,000 of property, lies to the left of the on-rushing train. A monumental gift it is to the memory of an only child. The largest horse farm in the world, 55,000 acres of richest land—4,000 acres in vines, 21,000 acres of the best wheat belt—and railroads, and gold mines and stocks were his, but alas! the boy died—and here is his monument.

Again in San Francisco—but we have also seen Sacramento, the capital. We found it gorgeous in colors, and it will be all ablaze on the 9th of September, when it will hold its Electric Carnival. I noticed on the Golden Eagle hotel envelope a flaming design of red, green and yellow; I saw on the streets from horse-whip, bicycle, coat lapel and watch chain ribbon bows of the same color flaunted, and when I came to the capitol grounds I noticed that all the cedar trees in it were decked with incandescent lights of three colors—hundreds and hundreds of them, and the whole front of that vast structure outlined with three-colored lights—pillars,

friezes, all the way around and up, and every rib of the dome clear aloft to the capping point—all traced with thousands of lights. All the streets, fronts of houses and arches are to be a mass of glory. Now, imagine the splendor, the blazing grandeur of that carnival, when the night of the 9th will rival the glory of the mid-day-sun. It is the annual day of parade by the Native Sons of the Golden West, and is the day of the State's admission into the Union, and is now set also as the celebration of a great achievement of progress in the city's history—the established fact of great electric power brought in twenty-four miles from Folsom prison, where it is generated by the falls of the American river and worked by the State's prisoners. Everything henceforth is to be run by electricity in Sacramento—even the toboggan slide. Yes, two agencies have taken hold of the whole world over night, and revolutionized it in a thousand directions—electricity and the bicycle. The messenger and telegraph boys are furnished with bicycles by the respective companies. The 'phone calls and in the instant the messenger has come here. The telegraph clicks, and in the instant

the messenger has gone there. This is a syndicate of our modern inventions—the material and moral goodness of our land are affected by these forces.

XIX.

LEGEND OF THE CYPRESS TREES.

JOHN RICHARDS.

Tell me your tradition hoary,
  Grand old Cypress Trees,
Dwelling on this promontory
  By the Sunset Seas!
Whisper the delicious story
  Of the dim centuries!

This is not your place primeval;
  Not your native clime;
Hither borne in medieval
  Unremembered time,
By some western wave's upheaval;
  Make the legend mine.

From the vast and velvet branches
  Of a patriarch tree;
Mingling with the songs and dances,
  Of the restless sea;
Freighted with its fragrant fancies,
  Came the tale to me.

Long ago from far Benares
  Grove of Cypress Wood
Went a band of missionaries,
  Devotees of Boodh;
Bound to build new sanctuaries
  For the spread of good.

Sailing by a course uncharted,
  Wandering, but not lost,
This small band of noble-hearted
  Long on Ocean tossed,
By the law of Karma guarded,
  Gained this rocky coast.

Here the pious exiles landed,
And upreared a shrine;
Seeds of sacred Cypress planted,
For the grove and sign
Of their mystic creed, commanded
In its books divine.

Found the fair land all unhaunted
By the forms of men;
Rested in its vales enchanted
For a space, and then,
Urged by purposes undaunted,
Set to sea again.

Through the centuries' slow transition,
Since they sailed away,
We have kept the sweet tradition,
Treasured to this day;
Kept the faith which finds fruition
Still in far Cathay.

And in all our sombre glory,
Guard a sacred shrine;
Cluster round this promontory,
As in olden time,
To repeat the fragrant story,
Which to-day is thine.

SITTING UNDER ORANGE TREES AND EATING FRUIT.

XX.

Los Angeles, Aug. 27, 1895.

Los Angeles was the turning-point of my summer journey. It is the radiating centre of interest in the most southern belt of California. It welcomes you from the alkali dust of the desert and opens the gates of its surrounding gardens. To the south lies San Diego, and its famous Coronado by the beach; Riverside, of pomological pre-eminence, is within the chain of its loop-like excursions; San Bernardino, Pomona, Redlands, Cataline Island and Lowe's mountain ride are of varied interest—but Pasadena is the crowning glory of the valley, it is the garden spot of California.

THERE RESTS LOVELY PASADENA.

I took a ride out to this village and inspected its avenues in all directions. It is the residence-place of the wealthy, and many Eastern families of means and leisure live here in winter. It has most luxuriant

hotels, and is of Italian style of architecture. Many of its cottages are set like gems behind the broad-leaf banana and palmetto —they are mostly of one-story and of frame construction, in fear of the formerly frequent earthquakes. Many are the palatial mansions, not of rugged castle design, but of a sunny, easy-going grace, in keeping with the delicious climate and soft beauty that surrounds them. Most luxurious yards lead up to them, and in them are the tropical ferns and plants and trees. The fence around these gardens of fruit and flowers is often the cypress box, and it is cut as if carved out of green stone, to the design of over-spreading arches, and pillars for drives and foot-entrances. More are cement fences, with cobble-stones set in, like garnets in their natural beds, and the lower walls of many of the houses are built of the same material, and also the pilasters and stair-ways leading to the door. The umbrella and pepper and palm trees abound as the ornamental shade along the wide avenues, and roses in full bloom line the curb. Within the yards luxuriate the crazy cactus, the date palm, the maize fan, the Spanish bayonet—and the century plant here and there has

reached its twenty-eighth year, when a tall tree shoots from its heart and goes to its grave. A cactus I found bearing pears. All along the rim of its lobe-leaves shapely fruit hung, like pears might hang to the rim of an elephant's ear. The fruit is full of needles, and it requires thick gloves to pluck it.

UNDER THE ORANGE TREE.

I remember my boyhood fancy of the orange, looking with tempting plumpness at me from the vendue-stand. What a far-away fruit! I thought—and what a fortune it took to buy it—just one! Well, it was even a new experience now to behold an orange-tree, hanging full of those yellow spheres, just as I painted them on paper in the play-hours of my school-days. But how they abound! This Eastern luxury is good enough for ornament in Pasadena, and trees of green and yellow fruit adorn the garden and public walk, as shade trees do at home.

Speaking of the orange-culture, I had not seen it yet in its more extensive unfolding, until I came to the groves of the ranches at Redlands. I came here to visit a little colony of home-friends, and by their courtesy I was driven over miles of

orange-forests—verily a graceful stretch of foliage. Here the fruit had been gathered, and the green prospects were coming on. The Navel is ripe in February, the Mediterranean Sweet in April, the St. Michael in May, the Valentia Late in July—but a ripe orange will hang on the tree from January to January, and grow the sweeter for it. I found in the home of a Berks county daughter, the hammock swinging from the veranda, and into her lap, reclining there, might drop the delicious fruit of the overhanging ladened branches. From that point of view, as far as the eye can reach, the valley abounds with orange groves. Smileys, of Lake Mahonk ownership, have bought a scrubby height, and now it is converted into an extensive park of most artistic design, with public roads leading through it, discovering the finest residences and garden color and perspective, and all around rows of orange trees—acres of them.

When winter comes and snow makes barren the Eastern home, then migrate these nabobs to the land of perpetual summmer. Then, Pasadena, and Riverside, and Redlands are fragrant with the aroma

of the orange-grove. The flowers bloom, and the birds sing, and Christmas is Spring.

IRRIGATION AND CLIMATE.

There is practically no rain all summer out here, and there are only two seasons to the year—the wet and the dry season. To preserve the trees and truck, therefore, irrigation is necessary.

In parts of the Sacramento valley I saw windmills, hundreds of them in a span, pumping the artesian wells to water the land. In Redlands is a perfect system. The water is brought in from the mountains in stone flumes, and is conducted to cement cisterns on every farm. Pipes and wooden troughs lead from the tank to the elevated parts of the field, and at regular intervals, a man, so employed, makes the rounds, turns on the water and fills the furrows plowed, up and down between the trees—and so every month the land is irrigated.

The greatest theme of California is not gold and silver—but climate. There are many people who are like birds of passage —they ever migrate in search of climate. To escape the heat of the summer, those who are able, will go to the coast of Maine,

or the mountains, and to escape the rigors of winter, they will go to Florida or the Mediterranean—California bids for all the year, as binding into one, the summer of the Thousand Isles, and the winter of the Antilles. The standing joke is, that Californians sold their climate, and threw in the land as a gift. Well, it must be said that climate is also an enjoyment of life, and there is nothing impractical in the matter of buying climate.

I have been all up and down in this State, on the coast and inland, and I must admit that whatever is best in California, climate I must give the palm to the most southern region. And there is something very remarkable about the climate indeed. At 80 degrees I perspired not, and at no time did I feel distressed as in the East. The trade winds come daily at noon, and soon dissipate the heat, as they drive in through the Golden Gate. In San Francisco the cold fogs bite deep, and on the shady side of the street a lady has furs, whilst on the sunny side she wears simply silks.

But the disparity of temperature is noticeable within fifty miles—a beautiful equable temperature is reached from the

regions of Redlands to San Diego. You sleep under blankets at night, and in the day you walk forth into an atmosphere so sweet and invigorating that you feel like biting it off. It is the home of pulmonary invalids as much as the Adirondacks can be. If home is sweet, yet life is more sweet. Therefore, this land of promise to the physically distressed will ever allure them—

"A land of sunny days,
Of winds, whose soft caress
Doth lull to sweet forgetfulness;
Of eves enwrapped in mellow haze,—
And nights where fairy-fingered Sleep
Doth soothe the restless pulses of the deep;
A land where Winter hath fair Summer wed,
And these, their gentle progeny, are bred."

A SUNDAY SPENT AT SALT LAKE WITH THE MORMONS.

XXI.

READING, SEPT. 16, 1895.

My visit to Salt Lake City will be of interest to you. I spent three days among the Mormons, and formed a very complete idea of their life and power as a people. Here is a great prodigy of a religion, and it rests its presumption on the prophesy of Dan'l 2:44—"And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed; and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever."

There is something very romantic about Mormonism, and with this feeling I came to visit its home and study its practices and history. It began with an ignorant man named "Joe" Smith, who lived in Palmyra of New York—he could read and scarcely write. His mother was a superstitious woman and Joe a genius. He

took a "peep-stone" from his father's well, and pretended to place stolen goods and do all sorts of miraculous and mischievous things. A certain back-sliding preacher, Sidney Rigdon by name, called on him, and in that very year of 1827 Mormonism came into being. The story goes, that an angel told him of a new religion, directed him to the hill of Curmorah, eight miles from Palmyra, where he would find golden plates, and some spectacles, styled Urim and Thummim, to interpret them. At Harmony of Pennsylvania, with his wife's father, he pretended to read those hieroglyphics to his scribe and so came forth the Mormon Bible. But it is a clear case that this "Golden Bible" is a translation of a fantastic romance written in scriptural style, by a dreamy clergyman named Spaulding, who kept his "manuscript found" in the printing office of Patterson, of Pittsburg, Pa., where Rigdon was employed, and where a copy was made of it. The connecting links you can explain yourself. But the Mormon Bible became a fact—6,000 copies at once were printed. It tells of how a portion of the tribe of Joseph 600 B. C. came over to America;

that two powerful nations came of them, the Nephites and Lamenites; that the latter were our present Indians, and that the former, a civilized people, deteriorated and became extinct but that their prophet Mormon gave into the charge of his son Moroni the golden plates, and that he in the form of an angel came to Joe Smith to reveal all this new religion.

So the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints came into existence. At once the imposition took among the illiterate, and the originators cast their eyes about for Zion's land. It is a long and thrilling history from Palmyra, N. Y., to Salt Lake City, Utah—but very soon at Kirtland, Ohio, Smith builds a temple for $70,000. But the Mormons are driven out by an outraged community, and they settle a new town in Illinois, called Nauvoo, and make the malaria spot bloom with prosperity and another magnificent temple. But the Prophet Joe Smith begins to control the politics of the State, he announces the doctrine of the plurality of wives, and really becomes a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. He is killed here, and the Mormons again are expelled. Over 20,000 leave their homes and land,

and under the guiding hand of Brigham Young, one of the shrewdest and most daring men of his day, they are led forth upon their Israelitish wanderings over trackless deserts to find the land of Zion. I spoke with a man in St. Joseph, who recited to me how he saw that procession twenty miles long—passing on in lonely exile to an undiscovered land. I can't enlarge upon this thrilling chapter of their history—so full of hardships and courage.

THE GREAT CITY OF THE MORMONS.

On the 28th of September it will be 56 years since Brigham Young brought his flock to the place now known as Great Salt Lake City. This place he selected, and yet Webster had disdainfully set it aside in the language—"What do we want with this vast, worthless area? This region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie-dogs? To what use would we ever hope to put these great deserts, or those endless mountain ranges, impenetrable and covered to their very base with eternal snow?" But to-day Utah is a smiling garden. The desert is irrigated—and shaded—for Brigham said —"dig wells, plant trees." Every farm-

house is enclosed in a square of tall poplar trees—and the land grows everything but corn. For this the nights are too cold.

It is like the reading of a religious romance to come to Salt Lake City. You come for nothing else but to see a religious curiosity—perhaps, a religious monstrosity. It has only 60,000 inhabitants—but it is a luxurious and unique city. Its streets are 132 feet wide, and are well-shaded. It has more children than any other city of its size in the world. It has moulded itself to the Biblical idea of a holy city, and its river is called Jordan, its salty Lake stands for the Dead Sea, and the upper lake for the Sea of Galilee, and there is Mt. Zion, and the Temple and the Tabernacle—you for once feel like an exile of heavenly citizenship, and you humbly accept the place you are given—the Mormons are the Saints, and all the rest are the Gentiles. No less than 35,000 Mormons live in Salt Lake City, and they claim 300,000 members all told. Brigham Young died a wealthy man. He owned the large brewery there, built the theatre, and instigated the co-operative store, which takes in $3,000,000 a year. When he saw the railroads and telegraph lines

come into Utah, he advised the Mormons to start all trades and hold the power of monopoly. Fort Douglass is a standing protest of former Mormon rebellion. A swim in Salt Lake is a never-to-be-forgotten experience of your visit. The ocean has 7 per cent. salt and this lake 21 per cent. —you can't sink in it. You can rest on your back and very complacently read the news of the day if you wish. A Moorish pavilion is built 4,000 feet out in the water and lit up at night with 1,250 incandescent lights ; the dancing floor accommodates 2,000 couples, and as the Mormons are a pleasure-loving people, they all dance—even dance in their ward meeting houses opened with prayer.

But your chief interest lies in your visit to the old-time Brigham Young domain. You find a ten-acre area of the city walled in, and you enter under the Eagle Gate, built by the prophet. This historic character, the pioneer and leader of Mormonism, who is looked upon by his followers as a second Moses, lies buried in sacred grounds by the side of a few of his many wives. You find the famous Bee Hive and Lion House, with an office between, where the great seer lived with his nu-

merous family. You look into the Tithing place, up to the great Temple, the unique Tabernacle, the Endowment House and Assembly Hall, and think what church organization can do.

MORMONISM AS A POWER.

Here is the best organized system of the world. Three things Mormonism lays down as law—Obey the priesthood, get baptized, pay tithing. It has had four great heads—Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, John Taylor and the living president, Wilford Woodruff, with his two councillors, George I. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith. There are 12 apostles who compose the heirarchy. Each county of the state is a Stake, which has a president and two councillors. Salt Lake City is one stake, and is divided into 23 wards, with each a bishop and two councillors, and a meeting house and teachers, and deacons to make monthly visits, who report through the lower orders to the highest. There are 70 elders and 23,000 officers, one out of every five men. Each is kept faithful by the promise of promotion.

Mormonism has great temporal power. It has an income of about $1,500,000

from all sources. The people pay the tenth of everything—the tenth of an egg to the tenth of a hay-stack, to the church —about $500,000 annually. With this church-bank it buys its way at Washington, in courts of justice—everywhere. Its spiritual power is always great. Every year at the Annual Conference, the priesthood selects men, who are called to go forth as missionaries for several years. There are 300 missionaries in the field constantly, at their own cost. The emigrant fund is ready to pay the way of new converts from any country, and as high as ten thousand have arrived in one year. They must go where they are placed.

The Mormons teach principally, that whilst the Bible is the revelation of God, it is not the whole ; that God reveals yet through chosen men, and such an one was Joseph Smith the prophet.

They believe that all men are saved, even Christian scientists—all, except the reprobates.

They believe that anyone can be baptized for a wicked friend and for the dead even, and so save them.

They don't practice polygamy, because restricted—but it is yet an article of creed.

ATTENDING MORMON WORSHIP.

On a Sunday I went into one of the principal wards to attend the Sunday school. The bishop of the ward and his councillors, and three other minor officers were in attendance. They sat inside a railing in business dress, and the Lord's Supper was in readiness before them. The school was opened, not unlike any other, and then the superintendent delivered a short prayer over the broken bread, and commanded it to be distributed. Now, the Lord's table had three cups on one side, three on the other, with two ice pitchers, and bread, broken into silver cake-vases. Four little boys came up out of classes about 10 and 15 years of age, and carried the bread to the bishops, and out to every little girl and boy and teacher, and offered it also to me. After a prayer on the silver ice-pitcher, blessing the water—they use no wine—the boys took the pitchers and silver mugs, and filled up in their rounds, as if they were treating a crowd at a picnic. The dispenser of the sacred elements scolded a boy for taking the bread and cup with his left hand—"always with the right hand—remember that!" I noticed after the ceremony was

over, that a thirsty little boy went up to the altar, poured out a communion cup full, and drank, as if the altar had now become an ice-cooler. After that, the bell dismissed the smaller classes into another room, and the bishop welcomed me as a stranger. I inquired of their way of administering the Lord's Supper, and to little children? He said children had no sin, and so were most worthy. At eight years of age, they became responsible, and by baptism became members, and then they partook of the Lord's Supper in a higher sense." I did not argue, for I was after information.

I also attended one of their ward services. How barren of God these meeting houses are! Smith, Young, Taylor and Woodruff are the paintings—not Christ. The Bible is there, but the Mormon preacher quotes from the newer revelations of Smith and the "Golden Bible." A preacher is not prepared beforehand. Any one in the audience may be called on of the ranks of exhorters, and he has to come forward and do the best he can. Even though he speak nonsense, it is of God. A Mormon apostle or bishop gets up and declares that he will speak as the

Holy Ghost shall give him utterance. He will then get off an incoherent secular harangue about the best methods of irrigation, some new outlet of business enterprise, the best plan of growing shade trees, or feeding cattle and sheep—and the moral and spiritual duties of a Latter Day Saint.

All the wards of the city concentrate their worship in the afternoon to a rousing service in the Tabernacle. A wonderful structure this is, having a roof over it like a tortoise-shell and not a single support under—a building that seats 10,000 people. The main features of the gathering here is the presence of the higher dignitaries and the graded priesthood of the Mormon Church. On the higher seat sits the president, and by his side the two councillors. Below him the twelve apostles. The third tier holds the president of the State and his councillors ; the fourth and lowest is reserved for the Aaronic Priesthood. Higher up, and back of this galaxy of notables, sits the 400 voiced choir, and in the loftier back ground poses the great organ, with its 67 stops and 2,648 pipes. The singing is world-famed. The music is peculiar—it has a prairie

wierdness about it which mellows your feelings rather than excites them. The audiences, it has been noted by all tourists, are made up of very common-looking faces. Mormon religion and Mormon practices will never beget a people of physical beauty or of intellectual attractiveness.

Towering over all the city, and grandly imposing, stands forth the Mormon Temple. It cost $5,000,000, and it lingered forty years in building. When in April of 1893 it was dedicated, 50,000 saints from all parts of the Territory, Canada, Mexico, Arizona, Colorado and "the islands of the sea" came to witness it. On the top of it, 220 feet aloft, the majestic figure of the angel Mormoni, delivers the trumpet message of glad tidings to all the nations. But that temple is a shrine full of mystery, for the Gentiles enter it not. No worship is held within it —only ceremonial acts are performed. All Mormon marriages take place there, and baptisms for the dead. There is much grandeur and beauty in its many apartments, and it has something of a Masonic secrecy and practice about it.

Now the Endowment House close by, is a plain, unobtrusive adobe building, two stories high, and is spoken of under a whisper. It seems to be the place of mysterious marriage engagements. I read an expose of the performance in it by a woman who passed through all the ceremony and was sealed to man for time and eternity, and I would risk to challenge any secret order initiation to be more fanciful or elaborate. The endowment clothes are fantastic—the ceremony is full of jargon and mummery—and in the World and Eden, figure Michael, Bathsheba, Jehovah and the Devil-Scenes are enacted and hidden colloquies held, the Melchizedeck and Aaronic grips given, and performances most strange, in this "House of the Lord." He who swears in here, swears by Mormonism above everything else. He who comes out of it has a secret celestial name, and if ever anything of this house is divulged, the curse of Heaven will fall on home and death as well. Whoever divulges the Aaronic grip and oath will pay the penalty by having his throat cut from ear to ear, and his tongue torn from his mouth; whoever divulges the Melchizedeck-grip

and oath will pay the penalty of disembowelment.

Mormonism is here to stay; it would seem, Quakers and Dunkards are growing less, but these are not. Utah will attain to Statehood in July next, and then it will assume political prerogatives which have to be respected. Brigham Young once was the fearless Governor of Utah, but with voice in Congress and political influence at home, the President of the Mormons will be an autocrat in a free Republic. Woman will vote, and in the Mormon theatre, where the last County convention was held, was given the clearest exhibition of the unladylike boldness and unprincipled practice of a woman in politics. The Mormon woman is pushed to the front in Utah politics. At the next election the shrewdness of the Mormon leaders have so arranged that they vote either the Republican or Democratic ticket. It matters not which side wins—Mormon candidates are elected.

So henceforth Mormonism will no longer go begging as a persecuted people. Brigham Young, by his foresight and heroic leadership, has brought his State to a place in the nation. They will always be

a strange anomaly in religion, and a conundrum to the world, that Church and State united could have a place in this great Union.

TRAVELING THROUGH THE SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA.

XXII.

DENVER, SEPT. 4, 1895.

You enter Colorado from the west, and you come into a State of the Union, which affects to be styled, "The Switzerland of America." If the Rockies anywhere on our map can lay claim to the title of such a scenic wonder, they certainly have made the boldest attempt of imitation right here. But it is not Switzerland after all—it is different, it is more, and it is less. It has less confusion of mountain-scenery, it impresses one more, with a sort of classic feeling in its chiselled peaks and arched ravines. It has sharp and wonderful contrasts. It has not only a thousand forms of scenic excitements—lakes and rivers, canyons and passes, mountains and mesas; but it also has wonders of science, and novel contours of art. It inspires an imaginary history of legend and story.

The Denver and Rio Grande railroad is noted to be the greatest river-bed system in the world. It seems to have the instinct of the artist, and seeks to trail amid the landscape wonders of nature almost altogether. Its first-class coaches are the climax of elegance. They are a series of windows and beveled plate glass mirrors, disclosing panoramic beauty without, and reflecting antique magnificence within. The platforms are lighted by brilliant gas illuminators, and so by night and by day one rolls along in a pathway made brilliant by art and by nature.

THROUGH FAMOUS CANYONS.

You can climb the spiral gateway to the Marshall Pass, and bury your head among the clouds, or, if you prefer, you can go the way of Leadville, the most elevated city in the world—we prefer to have the 107,000-pound locomotives pull us the latter way. We would have a whiff of the hot sulphur vapor of Glenwood Springs, and share a little of our sympathy with the invalids who linger there. Up and down we go in undulating curves of grace—and even as a botanist we have our paradise on hill and in valley. What gorgeousness !—the wild rose, crocus and

vines, the mountain-myrtle and mountain-daisy, the loco-weed and columbine and Indian tobacco—the variety inspires the heart of the herbarian and the toxicologist. Soon, over these scenes of variegated colorings flits one object—just a moment, and it is gone. The immaculate outline of the Holy Cross appeals to you. The snow-white emblem of the Christian faith gleams with sweet purity against the azure sky from yonder mountain peak. Two transverse canyons of immense depth riven down and across the summit are filled with eternal snow, and describe a perfect symbol of the Cross as the "sign set in the heavens."

"The holy cross of Christian faith,
Above the royal velvet
In beauty shines, an emblem wraith,
High on the beetling helmet;
Its white arms stretching through the sheen
Of silver mist, are gleaming;
A talisman, the world to screen,
Hope's symbol, in its seeming;
A wonder grand, a joy serene,
Upon the ages beaming."

Now we sweep through the kaleidoscopic wonders of the Black Canyon. Only a little streak of sky looks on us, and we seem to see a spangled belt of stars in broad day-light. Miles of solid

masonry—walls of God! A grand temple of sombre shadows!—and the organ notes of centuries mingle with the roar of the maddened river that rushes through these granite gates of frowning mien. There stands all alone the Currecanti Needle, some cloud-girt monument of the new-world gods.

The Arkansas rolls on, and so does our train, and we enter the Royal Gorge. Snake-like is our course around the amphitheatrical breast-work of rock upon rock. Airy pinnacles stand atop in splintered agony, as if the aged thunders had shattered them. What a crashing and groaning there must have been, when these chasms were made. Blood-red are their sides, as if stained by the oozing of ancient wounds—but gorgeous are they, as the sun dashes over them glittering warmth of fire. The iron horse snorts and puffs and dashes along this barricaded defile, and toys with every rocky picket that stands in the way—just breaks to a side, and laughingly makes its graceful detour, and comes out, without a scratch to its even path again.

FACE TURNED TOWARD DENVER.

We halt by Colorado Springs—the most charming little city of all our travels. It is a temperance town, has a wide fame as a sanitarium, and is essentially a place of homes for the genteel and also the rich. Twenty millionaires reside on one single street. The lesser lights of foreign nobility have also come here to intermingle their pride of blood with the American pride of wealth. The climate is tempered by the sweet canyon breezes which come with the regularity of clock-time. The driveways are by nature perfect, and much style parades on the roads to Manitou. Pike's Peak and its less pretentious compeers have built up the background to the west. What a ravishing view over the velvety lawn of the Antlers toward sunset!

Now up toward the Capitol we speed. On the summit of the "Divide" we fall upon a vision of sylvan beauty—Palmer Lake.

"Oh! lake of beauty, glen of sweet content!
On the head-waters of the Monument;
The hills that hide thee, and each bosky dell
That nestles near thee, but one story tell;
To those who love fair Nature when she waits
And smiles a welcome at the open gates,
Where Pleasure stands to lead to leaf-robed nooks
And sweet delights we cannot find in books."

To Denver we have come—the "Queen City of the Plains." In 1858 it was born, when the Pike's Peak gold excitement brought the rush from the East to the junction of Cherry Creek and the Platte. Aurara became Denver, and a handful of people have become 160,000, and a mining camp has been converted into a marvel of elegant buildings and business enterprise. Thirty-five years ago its only diversion for jaded laborers in the evening was the fiddle and the dance by the desert camp fire—now it has its Tabor Grand Opera House worth $850,000. Then it treated its visitors to meal on felled forest-trunk—now it invites the traveler to the "Brown Palace," costing $1,350,000. So are cities a miracle in the West.

Denver is the right arm of Colorado, and though crippled by the panic in its pride of rapid progress, it is only for a time. It will yield 20 per cent. more gold this year than California, and so will revive. It is a city of perfected modern improvements. Its asphalt pavements and parked avenues, with street lawns and shade trees, give it a sort of holiday appearance for every day. It has fine business structures made of native stones,

and the corridors of them are wainscoted with Colorado marble and onyx. No two homes are alike in architectural design. It is making a beautiful park out of 320 acres of sand-soil, and it is being embellished with lakes and every floral and rustic beauty conceivable. Its young trees prosper, and its bicycle track and public drive draw the multitudes to enjoy the sports under electric light. There are 18,000 bicyles in Denver, and the wheelers have a twenty-five-mile road that has never a distracting pebble on it. Eastern capital has built its largest blocks, but the western "gold-bug" is rolling up wealth, and his home, and enterprise, is in Denver. It is pre-eminently the city of conventions, and so by its fame of royal hospitality it has made its name euphonious to the pleasure-seekers of the nation. From Denver take a swing of a thousand miles "around the circle" and be convinced that Colorado and the Rockies are but Switzerland transplanted, and only more strangely scattered and transformed.

XXIII.

HOMES OF THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

STANLEY WOOD.

In the sad Southwest, in the mystical Sunland,
Far from the toil and the turmoil of gain;
Hid in the heart of the only—the one land
Beloved of the Sun, and bereft of the rain;
The one weird land where the wild winds blowing,
Sweep with a wail o'er the plains of the dead,
A ruin, ancient beyond all knowing,
Rears its head.

On the canon's side, in the ample hollow,
That the keen winds carved in ages past,
The Castle walls, like the nest of a swallow,
Have clung and have crumbled to this at last.
The ages since man's foot has rested
Within these walls, no man may know;
For here the fierce grey eagle nested
Long ago.

Above those walls the crags lean over,
Below, they dip to the river's bed;
Between, fierce-winged creatures hover,
Beyond, the plain's wild waste is spread.
No foot has climbed the pathway dizzy,
That crawls away from the blasted heath,
Since last it felt the ever busy
Foot of Death.

In that haunted castle—it must be haunted,
For men have lived here, and men have died,
And maidens loved, and lovers daunted,
Have hoped and feared, have laughed and sighed—
In that haunted Castle the dust has drifted,
But the eagles only may hope to see
What shattered Shrines and what Altars rifted,
There may be.

The white, bright rays of the sunbeam sought it,
The cold, clear light of the moon fell here,
The west wind sighed, and the south wind brought it,
Songs of Summer year after year.
Runes of Summer, but mute and runeless,
The Castle stood ; no voice was heard,
Save the harsh, discordant, wild and tuneless
Cry of bird.

The spring rains poured, and the torrent rifted
A deeper way ;—the foam-flakes fell,
Held for a moment poised and lifted,
Down to a fiercer whirlpool's hell.
On the Castle tower no guard, in wonder,
Paused in his marching to and fro,
For on the turret the mighty thunder
Found no foe.

No voice of Spring—no Summer glories
May wake the warders from their sleep,
Their graves are made by the sad Dolores,
And the barren headlands of Hoven-weep.
Their graves are nameless—their race forgotten,
Their deeds, their words, their fate, are one
With the mist, long ages past begotten,
Of the Sun.

Those castled cliffs they made their dwelling,
They lived and loved, they fought and fell,
No faint, far voice comes to us telling
More than those crumbling walls can tell.
They lived their life, their fate fulfilling,
Then drew their last faint, faltering breath,
Their hearts, congealed, clutched by the chilling
Hand of Death.

Dismantled towers, and turrets broken,
Like grim and war-worn braves who keep
A silent guard, with grief unspoken
Watch o'er the graves by the Hoven-weep.
The nameless graves of a race forgotten ;
Whose deeds, whose words, whose fate are one
With the mist, long ages past begotten,
Of the Sun.

TWO MOUNTAIN VIEWS, ONE EARTHWARD, THE OTHER HEAVENWARD.

XXIV.

READING, SEPT. 23, 1895.

Two mountain-views in my recent travels were very suggestive to me. Pike's Peak showed to me the kingdoms of the earth below, and Mt. Hamilton, with its Lick telescope, showed to me the glories of the heavens above. I thought of Christ's mountain-view, when the kingdoms of the earth were temptingly disclosed before Him, and of John's mountain-view, when he saw Jerusalem descending out of the heavens.

Mountains stand for that which is greatest and mightiest in the material world: From the extended plain they rise, and oft in snow-decked peaks, stand forth in solitary magnificence—the awful testimony of that Power which laid the foundations of the earth, and stretched out the heavens like a curtain.

The Psalmist sang—"The mountains and the hills praise the Lord." They have been the theatre of the most glorious manifestations of God. We think of the flood, and the mountain peaks were the first to hail the ark of refuge to its safe moorings. When Abraham was called to his greatest trial, he was directed to the silent heights of the mountain. When God would deliver His law to man, He selected the cloud-enveloped peak of Sinai. When Moses went to his grave, he ascended Nebo's lonely mountain. The most conspicuous acts of our Lord cling to the mountains—we speak with distinction of the Mts. of Temptation, of Transfiguration, of Ascension, of Prayer.

There are those who accept the mountains for their scenic grandeur, but dismiss them as of no particular use to the earth —"It would be better if it were all a plain." Now, mountains are but the frozen waves of a world of fire—yet, when they came—God "weighed the mountains in scales." They have come of upheavals later than creation, and though they extend in eccentric ranges, yet they were balanced for their proper places. More than all, they are the great treasure

houses of the earth—and the source of life. Not only were the minerals upturned from the depths for man to find—but they are the water-reservoirs for the valleys. They influence climate, mitigate the cold or heat, and direct the course of the winds. They are the origin of the magnificent system of rivers. Level the Andes, and where would the Amazon be for South America? Take away the Alps, and the Rhone and Po would dry up in Europe. Erase the Rockies and the Mississippi would stop rolling on. Where green valleys are, we would have deserts instead. They are the homes of plants and animals that can live nowhere else, and for the grandeur of their scenery alone—they are among the choicest objects of the material world.

A VIEW FROM PIKE'S PEAK.

One of the passions of a traveler is to climb mountains. So eager is he to have it known that he made thrilling ascents that he will carve his name upon lofty projecting rocks for posterity to read. The more danger he can woo the greater will be his achievement. Attached to each other by ropes, guides and adventurers again dared to climb over the snowy preci-

pices of the Matterhorn. There is a feeling too we have of getting a loftier and more far-reaching view of the world and things. Now, that is a noble inspiration. If our natures were more lifted up, and we could view life from a higher standpoint, with a more liberal heart and a more expanded mind, the world would soon be made a brighter spot for us and for the rest of mankind.

Pike's Peak was discovered by Major Pike, November 13, 1806. Mrs. Holmes was the first woman to stand on its summit in 1859. It rears its head over 14,000 feet from the village of Manitou in Colorado. The ascent has lately been made easy by a cog-wheel railroad nine miles long. Its average grade is 844.8 feet to the mile. The track has 146 anchors embedded in solid rock to hold it fast. The toothed wheels run in a continuous double ladder in the centre of the track, and each tooth is within the 50th part of an inch of the specified size. The four-cylinder Vanclain compound locomotive puffs along these dangerous heights. Above the timber line you have come by faith—and along the snow-lines you begin to breathe at a quick pace—the high pres-

sure of air drives the pulse to 120, the head swims for some, and others faint.

But the summit is reached, and the trip reminds one of Jules Verne's romances. Water boils up there at 184 degrees Fahrenheit, and of course with such atmospheric conditions the human body is exercised by the strangest feelings. The world now lies before you, viewed from the region of eternal desolation. A mighty panorama of 40,000 square miles spreads out before you—and away to 150 miles you see—the plain looks like an ocean resting at your feet.

Well, what of it? Why, you feel humble for once in your life—and you realize that there is nothing great but God. Up higher! ye souls—get the world beneath you, under your feet, and you will have a grander prophetic vision of God and His purposes. Live along the level of the earth and you see nothing. Get to the mountain tops of faith and love and aspirations, their life will be more than a drudgery to your conception—it will be the radiant possibility of eternal happiness.

Not only the poet sits up there to muse, but the religious philosopher as well. At

the base of the mount are healing springs, at Glenwood they gush forth as hot bathing pools. How the sick gather to drink and to wash, to be healed! Alas! who is not soul-sick? God has his spiritual pool of silvan—wash and be clean! He to-day says: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters"—"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." The hot springs and the mineral waters are not in all your reach, who need Him—but the Fountain of Life is. Come and be healed.

I came down from the mountain-peak, and then I was lured aside into the "Garden of the Gods," which I had espied from above. Now, that sounds more like Athens than scriptural Paradise, and it would seem as if we were going to invoke the divinities of Greece and Rome rather than the God of Heaven. It is a region passing strange, into which you enter, to find rocks out at masquerading in absurd characters. Red and yellow sandstone have been upheaved to fill a wide plain with the imitations of animals and things in the weird and grotesque silence of stone. It looks as if some giant sculptor of another world had been at

work here. You see the baggage-room with Saratoga trunks, the mush-room park with toad-stools; the anvil, the hound's head, the lizard, the barrel with hoops, the cauliflower bed, the washer-woman, the rhinocerus, Punch and Judy, the kissing camels, the bride and groom, the shipwreck, the three graces, the lady of the garden, the cathedral spires, the balancing rock—and a garden-full of fantastic shapes and caricatures hundreds of feet in the air. It is a gigantic peep-show in pantomime. But it is a picture of surpassing beauty to look back upon—the brilliant terra-cotta red of this garden, having as a back-ground, the green mountain range, and snowy Pike's Peak above, and over all the Colorado blue sky—it is artistic and gorgeous. The poetic fancy of Helen Hunt Jackson so baptized it—by way of association I thought of the "Garden of God." Paul speaks of those who are "without God in the world," but who hardly are without gods. We walk oftener in the garden of the gods, than in the "Garden of the Lord." We have many idols and deities—but often no Lord.

MT. HAMILTON'S SURVEY OF HEAVEN.

Now I will speak to you of a mountain-view heavenward, which I shall never forget. From the heights of Hamilton in the Sierra range of California I looked through the largest telescope of the world. On another occasion I gave a description of the observatory and the history of the $700,000, given by James Lick, for this scientific purpose. Other observatories of Greenwich, of Harvard college, of Paris, of Pulkowa (St. Petersburg), of Rio Janeiro, of Washington, D. C., may have greater endowments—but none has such a clear sky as that which overhangs Mt. Hamilton, 4,443 feet above sea-level.

I never had such an appreciation of the science of astronomy as when standing amid these appliances and these records of achievement. Anyhow, it is the oldest science of man—it was most natural for him to become acquainted with the stars at once. The Psalmist was a star-gazer, he slept as a shepherd under the midnight heavens. We know more of the number and magnitude and distances of the heavenly bodies—but with all our instruments we are no nearer knowing everything than the ancient was. In olden

times the study of the stars was a religion, and those burning orbs had become gods, good and evil. But now the scientific astronomer has displaced the Egyptian and Chaldean sage with his superstition, and we study the heavens as the handwork of God. The eternal fixedness of those stars! From century to century their fires never went out, and though the earth has had many changes, the stars above seem immutable through the ages. Suddenly you see a fiery flash, and it seems as if the largest of the hosts of Heaven had fallen. It was no star—only a meteor—it was in comparison only as the dew-drop to the ocean.

My first look on that night was through the 12-inch equatorial. The telescope brought me Venus. Now it is the morning, then it is the evening star. To the naked eye it is only a little planet, and the telescope discloses it more brilliant—but who would think it was nearly the size of the earth—7,800 miles in diameter, and its nearest point 27,000,000 miles away from us.

Next we lowered the telescope and captured Saturn. That is the most wonderful and magnificent spectacle of the

solar system. It is 1,000 times the size of the earth, and is 906,000,000 of miles away from the sun. And the telescope brought it so near that I could see its marvellous formation. I wonder what Galileo thought when he first saw it? There are three broad, flat, thin, concentric rings that surround it, lying in the same plane, and barely separated. Yet the first ring is 21,000 miles wide, and is separated from the next ring by 1,790 miles. The second ring is 34,000 miles away, and is away from the planet 20,000 miles. Each ring rotates separate from the planet, and Saturn is accompanied by eight large moons. Now when this system of planets is viewed under motion, when moons rise and set—half moons and full moons—what a nocturnal spectacle to behold!

But with silent awe I stepped into the large dome, and there saw the thirty-six equatorial, the large telescope. What scientific knowledge! what mechanical ingenuity it required to build!

It reached up to the open roof and looked for Hercules—the largest nebulae in the northern sky. The naked eye saw a lonely star—but the telescope showed

that star to be a thousand suns, with each sun a system of planets, such as ours has. What feelings are stirred as that mighty instrument is moved across a span of sky, all powdered with stars! but at last you find that one star to be—"a cluster in Hercules."

That midnight ride down the steep declivities was dangerous—but my thought was lost in the continuous gaze to the starry heavens—I only looked up. I had felt a little proud of my long journey, and the wonders I had seen—but now I was humble. I calculated—supposing I wanted to take a trip to Saturn, a planet in our system, going on the train that might bring me from Philadelphia straight to Mt. Hamilton. Well, at the rate of 30 miles an hour, I would have to travel a million times that distance—and I would get there after 2,000 years. Our sun is more than a million times as large as the earth—and yet one star in Pleiades is equal in glory to 1,200 suns.

On and on rolled the four-in-hand adown Mt. Hamilton's side. I feared nothing—but my heart was full of gratefulness for the telescope. With the microscope at hand, it can't make of us skeptics. If

the one shows us that the worlds above us are infinite, the other shows that the worlds below us are also infinite. Are those worlds inhabited? Let that be a thought now—what an easy analogy to prove the reality. Then I thought of the one central throne around which all suns and systems revolve, and from the darkness around me, a voice seemed to say—"Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection? It is high as Heaven,—what canst thou do? Deeper than hell,—what canst thou know?" But I comforted myself with the assurance—this God who made all things, is even my Father.

XXV.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

Beneath the rocky peak that hides
  In clouds its snow-flecked crest,
Within these crimson crags abides
  An Orient in the West.
These tints of flame, these myriad dyes,
  This Eastern desert calm,
Should catch the gleam of Syrian skies,
  Or shade of Egypt's palm.

As if to bar the dawn's first light
  These ruby gates are hung;
As if from Sinai's frowning height
  These riven tablets flung.
But not the Orient's drowsy gaze,
  Young Empire's opening lids
Greet these strange shapes, of earlier days
  Than Sphinx or Pyramids.

Here the New West its wealth unlocks,
  And tears the veil aside,
Which hides the mystic glades and rocks
  The red man deified.
This greensward, girt with tongues of flame,
  With spectral pillars strewn,
Not strangely did the savage name
  A haunt of gods unknown.

Hard by the gentle Manitou
  His healing fountains poured;
Blood-red, against the cloudless blue,
  These storm-tossed Titans soared.

* * * * * *

With torrents wild and tempest blast,
And fierce volcanic fires,
In secret moulds has Nature cast
Her monoliths and spires.

Their shadows linger where we tread,
Their beauty fills the place;
A broken shrine—its votaries fled—
A spurned and vanished race.
Untouched by Time the garden gleams,
Unplucked the wild flower shines,
And the scarred summit's rifted seams
Are bright with glistening pines.

And still the guileless heart that waits
At Nature's feet may find,
Within the rosy, sun-lit gates,
A hidden glory shrined.
His presence feel to whom, in fear,
Untaught, the savage prayed,
And, listening in the garden, hear
His voice, nor be afraid.

A STUDY OF THE CHINAMAN—THE DANGER OF IMMIGRATION.

XXVI.

READING, SEPT. 30, 1895.

Lay down the map of the world, and there is no land marked on it, to which the finger of God points as conspicuously as to America. Write across it—Opportunity! It really would seem as if God's last plan for the human race were to be worked out here.

It has been the Mecca for the pilgrimage of the nations of the earth—it has been the scene of the greatest immigration in the history of the world. In that way the land was first possessed, and the early immigrant is our ancestor. He was, however, of God's elect for the new world, and the command was—"defile not therefore the land which ye shall inhabit, wherein I dwell." When we speak of the early immigrant, we speak of our forefathers. They were of the best stock in Europe. When they came they brought

with them the Sacred Book, the sanctity of the Sabbath, the Christian civilization. They came hither for conscience sake and for a new home, to be fostered under the care of a liberty-loving government. They made the history for the first pages of the new Republic, and they set the example of the genuine American citizen. They possessed the land for a heritage to their children—and we are their offspring. They wrote their names on rocks, and intermingled them with the waters and valleys and mountains, that they might be among us forever. They impressed their character and religion and heroism upon our civil institutions, and transmitted country and government to us with God's mandate—"Defile not therefore the land which ye shall inhabit, wherein I dwell."

But the immigrant of to-day is of a new type, and he does not bear the same salutary relation to America. He has become the burning question of political economy, the subject of special legislation, and the theme of injured patriotism in the rostrum and the pulpit. The danger with Americans to day is, that they revel too much in the self-complacent thought of our country's inherent greatness, and are

blind to the perils that are at work among the foundations upon which its hope of perpetuity rests. One of its greatest dangers lies in immigration.

We had hoped that the old country would, ere this time, stem the tide of the outgoing masses. But the same expellent forces are yet at work over there. The poor man has been offered no better chance for himself and his children ; he drudges along as of old, and pays increased "blood-tax" for the army. Many would escape the Socialistic, Nihilistic, Imperialistic revolutions of society and state, and more would flee the slavery of enlistment. The New Land more than ever charms the crowded masses by the wide prairie-fields, and extended river beds, with the chance of plenty of room, and more to eat, and so they come. Then, too, the railroads and steam-lines vie with each other to carry the immigrant—the cheapest passage from Europe to America is no longer $100—the steerage passenger pays only $8 from Liverpool. With such liberal transportation, the honest hard-working peasant may come, and the hundreds of thousands of the

tramp and criminal class do come. There lies the evil.

THE PERILS OF IMMIGRATION.

The typical immigrant to-day is the peasant and the criminal. Whatever may be your theory of a wholesale transplanting of the foreigner, a true observer must admit that the tide comes in too fast. That we have room enough is not the question—we can place one billion people; but America with all its missionary forces cannot remould this foreign element fast enough and assimilate it into its genius of government. The question at our door is—shall the stranger foreignize us, or shall we Americanize the stranger? In seven years we had more arrivals from foreign shores than we had people in colonies. Lord Salisbury had the charity to think of America, very much as the Russian Czar does of Siberia—a fit place for the troublesome element of society. He said in a public speech, "the best way to reform Ireland is to export the Irish to America." So in 1887 no less than 56,670 Irishmen came over. In the same year 45,977 Englishmen, 81,864 Germans and 300,000 of other nationalities arrived in Castle Garden. At our present

rate of increase, we will in 1900 have in this country over 18,000,000 foreigners, and at least 22,000,000 children of foreign parentage, or 40,000,000 out of 80,000,000 inhabitants, who are not Americans, to American sympathy born and bred. Rome as a centralized government might have been able to manage such a homogeneous element thrust upon its shores—but we are a local government, with state-rights, in which the people are the representative rulers; and where inhabitants are not bound together by local sympathy, and by a community of ideas they cannot assimilate, and who therefore cannot maintain such a kind of government.

Of course the large proportion of this foreign mass, is not only new among us, but very anomalous. Its influence upon society is one of the great danger-points. Among us is the citizen of foreign-birth who is found in the learned professions or successful business walks. Notwithstanding his Christian protest, we have to fear the Europeanizing of our Sabbath. This tendency is not of the children of the early immigrants. Facts show us that the criminal records prepondérate largely toward the foreign population. Analyze the

hoodlum element of your cities, and trace their birth. The inmates of your prisons and work-houses and houses of correction are seventy-six per cent. foreign-born. Of the unfortunate insane in this State, 5,000 of the 6,000 are of foreign extraction, and as our laws admit this burden of other lands, you and I pay the taxes for it.

Look at the political evil—our rabble-ruled cities. The total foreign population of New York City is eighty per cent., if you include children. In 1900 there will be 25,000,000 foreigners west of the Mississippi. The vote of the great western and eastern cities is a marketable one—the immigration vote is bought in blocks, and Presidents are made and unmade by it. We have the Mormon vote, the Irish vote, the German vote, the Catholic vote, the Socialistic vote—and you can write immigration on all of them. They cast their ballots with the great parties of the country, one or the other, and they go in the mass—but there is a party-bid for them.

The problem of protection to American labor lies at the door of Castle Garden. The greater the immigration, the greater the protection to the employer, and the

smaller the protection to the employee. The only direct corrective for the perils to our country by immigration lies with Congress. Give us a law of restriction—a law of plain Saxon honesty, and simplicity of interpretation. Under this law pass another iron-clad one—a law of discrimination. If foreigners henceforth come to us we want to say what kind shall come. One other law pass, and we are saved. Expect every foreigner to be Americanized if he would be an American citizen ; make him give an intelligent answer, at least to the meaning of the Fourth of July, when he gets his naturalization papers—and demand of him to be a resident seven years before he casts his vote. The son of an American born may graduate with honors from the highest college in the land at 18 years of age, and must wait three years more before he dare vote, whilst the ignorant Hun or any other casts his ballot for the ruler of the country almost as soon as he sets foot on our shore. Restrict ! Discriminate !—and let the immigrant vote when he is American enough to vote.

THE CHINAMAN AS IMMIGRANT.

My journey to our western land led me to the study of the Mongolian as an immi-

grant—particularly the Chinaman. That there should be such a distinctive thing as a "Chinatown," is already typical of the disintegration of the cementing idea of a country of self-government. So we have little Mormons, little Irelands, little Scandinavians, little Germanies, and the like scattered up and down in America. This is natural, but unfortunate—for by this foster-spirit of separateness, the foreigner cherishes to carry his language and customs, and nationality, as a distinct factor, into our politics and government. The Hollander is not reckoned among the immigrants—for he settled the Dutch Colony at Albany, and then stopped migrating. The Scandinavians are perhaps the best type of immigrants all through, who come with the great mass to our shore. The Chinaman is least to be feared, for he cares nothing for America, only for the American dollar. He is not a menace to American institutions, only to American labor. This is the land of oriental vision. But for restriction of Chinese immigration, hordes of those 360,000,000, would have swept upon our western shore. As it is, there are now 75,000 Chinese in California

alone, of which number 20,000 are in San Francisco.

It has become the fashion to disparage the Chinese as a people of resources and ability, and to praise the Japanese as their great superiors. The success of arms and the advantage of a borrowed civilization is the cause of this popular opinion. Under God's providence, China is the supreme thought of every European power to-day. The road of a Christian civilization only leads by way of Japan into China—and of China, among Oriental nations, the historian will yet have to write —"the last shall be first."

The Chinese has his great scholar and his wonderful literature—therefore great mental capabilities. He has skill, and is inimitable in his original arts. Industry, patience and love of detail make him succeed anywhere. He is self-possessed and has wonderful adaptability. The Japanese is a great imitator—the Chinese is something more—he is the Yankee of the Orient.

But he is not liked on the Pacific coast, for he has gotten to be very omni-present there. Though legislated against, he is yet universally employed. As a servant,

he is the wood-cutter, street-cleaner, house menial, hotel help, and its most expert chef. He is more than a laundryman ; he is in the salmon canneries of the Columbia river—has the best truck gardens outside of cities—owns the fruit wagons into the Yosemite, runs the largest butchering business—is the expert grape gatherer, because of nimble fingers—builds railroads, and repairs roads, attends in the barber-shop and at the public bath—he is apt, industrious and patient everywhere.

But the Chinaman will hardly help to embellish America, to expand its resources or to enrich it. He does not come to stay. He sends all his money back to China, even the dead bones of his friend. Nor can you Americanize him. The highest Chinese official may don the civilized garb—but his family will not. You can't easily Christianize him. His religion is the worship of ancestors, and its practices are interwoven with his trade and amusement. He is shaved religiously, and takes his bath religiously. To Christianize China you must first reconstruct the whole fabric of Chinese government, custom and life—the Chinese–Japanese war means more than the settlement

of differences between two nations—it means the Christian civilization of those nations.

The recent massacre of missionaries in China is evidence of the obstacles in the way toward Christian civilization, under the existing society enslavement of that people. All these bloody troubles were started by the scholars and nobility, and not by the common people. Tracts and publications have called them out; the massacre of Tient-Tsin was provoked by the book, "Deathblow to Corrupt Doctrines." Magazines of Shanghai contained illustrated articles showing how foreigners cut up Chines bodies and boil them down into patent medicine. Missionaries are called "pig-goat devils," and the literati of China have styled the Christian religion "the faith of the crucified hog." Missionaries are charged with stealing babies, scooping out their eyes and hearts and selling them for $50 a set. The eyes are used, they say, to charm silver out of lead, and only Chinese eyes can do this. Circulars, by the thousands, were distributed inciting to kill the Christians, and they were illustrated to show how it should be done—they are being

burned—tied to crosses and being whipped —they lie on the ground and Chinamen pour slops into their mouths through funnels. Their teachings about our religion is something most ludicrous, and is meant to incite to great passion—therefore the recent massacre at Ku Cheng. History repeats itself, and this mighty empire must be upturned, hierarchy and all—and that is the remote cause of this war—it is opening China to Christian civilization.

My visit to Chinatown in San Francisco has indelibly fixed itself upon my mind and heart. I have already described it elsewhere. It matters not where you find the Chinaman on the earth; in their heathen state, they have a mighty wall around them—they are a mysterious colony, and altogether to themselves and for themselves. That night spent in their temple, amusement hall, gambling hells, and places of weird oriental life, was something like Dante's visit to the nether world. In underground ways, the starred guide led me by the light of a tallow dip and when those opium-dens of vice were opened, there gleamed through the smoke made heavy by the dim glare of little lamps, a pair of eyes from six bunks, tha

looked like the spectre-eyes of hell itself. How their sallow cheeks sunk in as they took their long draughts from the opium-pipe! Each whiff sent out a fresh layer of strangely-scented smoke to be added to the already dense cloud. There they lay 'till morning—thick smoke their cover—enjoying their opium feast 'till paralyzed into sleep. Alas! these are the depths of vice to which a soul can sink. A beast hardly falls as far as a human being. Now, whatever the condition of China and the Chinamen, it lies within the possibility of a Christian civilization to lift both up to ennobling greatness. That this heathen is among us may be a Providence too—it is not what he brings to us, but what we give to him, that may help to work out the divine plan for the oldest, largest and most benighted race of the orient.

OUR COUNTRY EAST AND WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

XXVII.

READING, OCT. 7, 1895.

The fathers of Massachusetts Bay once decided that the country west of Boston would never be very much populated. How little man understands man's own resources! How little he knows of God's plan in the earth! America is meant to decide many things for Christ's Kingdom in the centuries to come.

Yes, there never was such a history of marvellous settlement of a country. In ten years the West made strides equal to fifty years east of the Mississippi. But electricity and steam entered as elements into this achievement. It is strange to record that our home-missionaries were the first to awaken interest in the possibilities of the region beyond the great rivers. Now look at it all. Not including Alaska, we have 2,970,000 square miles of land. Of this 1,500,000 is arable land. The United States is worth to-day

$70,000,000,000, the land is worth $22,000,000,000, the railroads, $10,000,000,000. To give a comparative idea of the greatness of this country, we need only to state that we might put all the inhabitants of the United States into Texas alone, and yet not have as dense a settlement as Germany has.

Of our country we may say—"the land is as the garden of Eden before them." We have got the land surely. It has been at making for many billions of years. The soil has been upturned by volcanic action, and refined by the great lakes and rivers, and washed down from the high mountains. The high water lines on the Salt Lake mountains, the glacier effects of the canyons and "bad-lands," and the mineral mixtures of many valleys indicate to us how this land was made. At one time we heard of "the great American desert." We might as well expunge it from the map, for Utah has no greater waste land than Arizona or Nevada, or any other portion.

Think of the active resources of this new country! About 17,000,000 horse power of engine, locomotive and steamboat is used to-day. The workingman by

these has more conveniences than the king and queen of a hundred years ago. In 1893 we used $3,089,000 worth of manufactured and grown things. We sent $640,000,000 worth to other countries. We spend $1,000,000 a day for building. Now if you just begin to calculate what these figures imply. You can't begin to enumerate in how many ways these figures set the wheels at work. The plows, and flails, and cars, and ships, and mines to furnish fuel, the lumber marts, and saw mills—were all busy in a thousand ways that money was made. We gain wealth at the rate of $7,000,000 a day.

One of the characteristics of the West is its largeness. There is a mighty horizon overhanging that country, and everything patterns after it — mountains, rivers, ranches, railroads, crops, herds, business undertakings—large ideas and large imaginations. Three things have to be solved for the West—how to keep large land-grants out of the hand of speculators —how to reclaim the arid regions by irrigation, and how to find a larger market for the increased products. The fertility of soil is there, the grand scenery also,

and the climate—it has the outlook for the most healthful communities in the world.

The young man who looks toward the West to find his fortune must, however, first sit down to count the cost. The wild speculative bubble is broken out there—and the West is getting to be conservative—a dollar is beginning to be worth only a dollar, the same as in the East. To go into a city, the same rules of success in business hold there as here—you must have prosperous times and you must know how to do business. If the tilling of the soil invites you, a little capital is needed, for rented farms are less desirable West than East. To get along one can't depend on a fancied genius or luck—but work is required, and the hardest kind of work. Intellect and business capacity and wide-awake enterprise are on the ground long ago, and one must watch these to run the race in their line.

If you are a man of sentiment you must be willing to leave your memories behind. The old homestead is not out there, the patriarchal churchyard does not rest on the hillside, the generations of friends and relatives do not make the

community for your weddings and funerals —everything is new except God's land.

The religious character of the West is a great study. There are those from the East who have taken their faith with them, and a large influx of emigrants intermingle, who also once were religiously impressed. But now there are new environments for God's church and people. How we are moulded and remodeled by our environments ! As you roll along over the continent you now strike the great wheat belt, and the absorbing topic for all that region is, "wheat." You ride through the lumber region, and cattle region, and fruit region, and mineral region, and get to the great fisheries and railroad terminals, and there is nothing that has such a thorough hold upon the thought of the people as the respective industry of those parts of the country. Everything is on a grand scale through the ranch and gold regions—only the church is a small thing. We do not find the church to boom up into anything conspicuously until we reach the city.

The western city is a marvelous thing on the earth. It attained its growth as over night. It is filled with the progres-

sive spirit of the age. It has large universities of learning, and its asylums and institutions of charity, together with its art and library buildings, are of the most pretentious kind. Here and there cities have churches of the most elaborate style.

But when we come to analyze the religious spirit of the west we must do it with charity. Liberalism has intermingled with the religious thought of the west—and it is hard to build up a new church and make it burn with enthusiasm. The theatre in many cities is open as well as the church on the Lord's day. There is no rowdy roughness on the streets because of this—it is a refined liberalism, which is all the harder to overcome.

Among the masses there is an uneasy feeling, and nowhere do you find as numerous street-preaching as in the West The Salvation army abounds, the Adelphia Mission parades with instrument and song, with colors and bannered mottoes; the Adventist woman sends out her plaintive warning night after night; the cowboy preacher has his tent, and the Indian woman preacher her tent—and so the yearning soul is groping amid the unsettled currents of religious experience—and

seeks to find something for the void. There are master preachers in pulpits of the far West, but the response given to their work is yet too cold for any one minister to stay there a very long time.

The prophesy perhaps is a correct one —that the West will dominate the East. It has twice the room, and great resources, and when the centre of population once crosses the Mississippi, the political control of this country will go with it. The church mission-work for us lies largely in the West. If it will be so great a part of this land, it ought to be something great for the Lord.

But with all this praise for the far West, the Eden-spot of our land is not found until you enter again the State of Pennsylvania. The landscape out there is something grand for a picture—high mountains, great rivers and sunsets over wide plains. But the lovely pastoral scenes belong to the East—there is a home-feeling in them that is indescribable. Here are the hills, and the meadows, the little streams and the scattered woodlands—and the all-prevailing farm-house, town and city. There is nothing in the West to equal the garden spots of Lancaster

county, Lebanon Valley, Berks with its Oley and little Conestoga. How blessed in scenery we are! Contentment ought to be written over our dwelling-place. More than all, with the beauty and plenty, that dwell with us, we too have the favor of God among us. Everywhere the church-spire points heavenward, we are in a settled land, and have fixed opinions of God.

YELLOWSTONE PARK — IN RETROSPECT.

XXVIII.

READING, OCT. —, 1895.

We live over our travels, again and again. Sweet is the contemplation of something that gilds the past—sweet retrospect! We rock in the cushioned palace on wheels, and like a golden-lined dream, is our journey to the West. We go in thought, and out-do the speed of steam. Already we have come to St. Paul, 1,300 miles away, and yet a 1,000 miles more, and we have come to the Yellowstone

It is but a little spot of earth, lying in the north-west corner of Wyoming, overlapping into Idaho on the west, and Montana on the north—sixty-five miles wide, and seventy-five miles long. It nestles in the heart of the Rockies, with valleys 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and mountain-peaks, 10,000 and 14,000 feet high.

It is known as one of the greatest water-sheds on earth. From the north

and north-west, the Madison and Gallatin and Jefferson fork into the Missouri, which enters into the Mississippi, which empties into the Gulf of Mexico. From the east, the Yellowstone flows in a devious course of 1,300 miles, and casts its volume into the Missouri. From the west, the Snake, in a coil-like trail, steals its way to find the mighty Columbia, and buries its life in the Pacific. From the south, the Green, rushes in crazy ways, precipitates through Colorado canyons, and plunges into the suicidal grave of the Gulf of California.

This weird and enchanted spot is only of recent discovery. The rumors of western hunters first awakened curiosity by stories of wildest fancy. But in 1870, Gen. Washborn was escorted to the inner wilds by Lieut. Doane of the United States army, and in 1871–72, Prof. F. V. Hayden, United States geologist, made a thorough discovery of it, under the sanction of Congress—and largely by his efforts, it became a national reservation.

A ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

Some day this place will be one of the few natural zoological gardens of our country. How the noble animals in their

wild state have become exterminated! But they too know, as well as man, a good thing when they find it, and by instinct they tarry within these protected confines —and beast and bird increase in numbers. Here you find almost on intimate terms, the bear and deer, and elk and antelope—the mountain-lion, sheep and goat—the buffalo, and all the smaller animals. No less than 200 buffalos, with their calves, linger in the valleys, a species of American animals just scarcely saved from oblivion. The buffalo, and the Indian once owned the prairie-world of the West—Alas! now you seek to find them.

It is styled a Park—but I would disabuse your mind of a misconception you have in drawing your picture of the place. It has no garden-walks or plots of flowers, or statuary, or fountains, such as the name of park indicates to us. It however is a reservation of Wonderland, just as nature made it, and is inspired by a genius that eclipses all design of a practiced art. The place is preeminently a delight for the artist and student. They grow humble here—they find their limitations here. It is grand and magnificent, in its snow-capped mountains and dark canyons; it is

picturesque in its splendid water-falls and strangely-formed rocks ; it is beautiful in its sylvan-shores of noble lakes and mirrored sky-effects ; it is phenomenal in its geysers and hot-springs and mountains of sulphur.

It is a great volcanic region. No wonder the Indians feared it as the home of the lower spirit-world. All that region, drained by the Yellowstone and the Columbia rivers, was once the scene of terrific volcanic action. On mountain tops, 11,000 feet high, hundreds of these nucleii—these volcano vents can be seen to-day. Their shape and escaping steam tell us of the very remote Pliocene period when these fires flamed and disgorged their anger. You put on an ancient look, and talk of the tertiary period by traces here and there. Now, you stand in the closing stages of the mighty upheavals that had their beginnings in that remote time—these geysers and hot springs are only the escape valves of the waning terrors beneath. But a little time, as God reckons time, and they will all have died away.

TO MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.

At Livingston you awake in your Pullman car, and behold for the first time the snow-capped heights of the Rocky mountains. To Cinnabar is a ride of fifty-one miles, and there you enter the outer gate of the Park. It is a picturesque car-ride —Paradise Valley lies along your way. Incidentally you notice the Devil's Slide, which precipitates 2,000 feet adown a mountain-flank, like a slippery toboggan, between two walls of trap-rock 150 feet apart. It demonstrates how easy his Satanic Majesty makes it in life for any one to go down hill. At Cinnabar a line of six-horse tally-ho coaches await you to carry you over seven miles, 2,000 feet up to the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel.

After lunch you stand upon the veranda of a hotel, which in a perspective view looks as pretentious as a Saratoga or Niagara Falls hostelrie. Your eye takes in the situation of things at will, and Mt. Everts, with his companions, crowds down to the Gardiner river from afar. Against this back-ground is set Fort-Yellowstone, and the United States soldier blows his signal trumpet to stir up the slumbering echoes of the ravines. He follows the

guide at every point of interest in the park to protect the curiosities against the relic vandal. As he is a favorite of the ladies, and susceptible to softening charms, he may say to the favorite one—"if you accidentally on purpose pick up some token as I look the other way, I of course know nothing to report." But what is this strange picture to the right? Surely I have never seen anything in the world that looks like that. You go forth to inspect. You soon find thirteen ingeniously constructed terraces, and fifty hot springs scattered over 170 acres of two miles square. It would seem as if an angel had come down from Heaven to trouble these waters like the pool of Bethesda. New Zealand has been robbed by volcanic eruption of its famous pink terraces of Rotowahana, and so we find these without a rival in the world. Up we climb to grotteld cliffs and Devil's Kitchen, and Cupid's Cave and Elephant's Back, and linger over the clear depths of pools that vibrate with overhanging clouds, fringed with ultramarine colors, and shading off to the rim of the overflowing basin with tints of red and scarlet and rose and yellow, cushioned without by vegetation like cash-

mere wool—a picture worth the visit of a life! When you look at the extinct Liberty Cap, and stand on Pulpit and Cleopatra and Minerva Terraces, you breathe the air of 7,000 feet elevation, and you look at scenes through magnified lenses of human vision.

After a good night's rest, you take your seat in the stage, which may be one of a caravan of seven. Your ride of 160 miles will be interrupted at six different stops, and you are on the ascending scale, like in a college-course, until you graduate amid the exciting wonders of the Grand Canyon. Very soon you will have climbed 1,000 feet higher to come to the one-mile road which cost $14,000 to construct—it leads through the Golden Gate, whose precipitous rocks are covered with yellow moss, not unlike the lining of gold. This road further on forces its way through the Obsidian Cliff, and had to be constructed by fire-melting the glass-rocks—the only glass-road in the world. The driver draws in reins at the Norris Geyser Basin, and we dust off in the lunch-tent of Larrey—the inimitable Irishman. He is a host never to be forgotten—his wit is as much relished as the refreshments on his table.

He adds interest to all that lies without his hostelrie, as with the guide's stick, he points to Congress Spring, the Mud Geyser and Black Growler. His intimacy with these natural curiosities provokes pet-names, and the round with him is jolly, and just as instructive. Larrey waves the stage good-bye from his tent-door with the perverted French term—"Au reservoir!"

IN THE GREAT GEYSER REGION.

You halt for the night at the Lower Geyser Basin. You passed through the picturesque Gibbon-River Valley, and you are pleased to have come at evening to the fireside of another stopping point. Here you have great expectation for the morrow—you have come into the great geyser district. Up and down this region there are over 1,093 hot springs and 43 geysers. The noises are like the distant restlessness of a menagerie of wild beasts—like the trumpeting of scattered elephants. It is intimated that Dante could add another chapter to his Inferno by the impressions received here. Before night you sally forth to see the Fountain Geyser play. From the hotel you can see the white deposit, which is like a white sheet

stretched over several acres. Here and there the mounds of beaded geyserite is built up three and four feet. The eruption of the fountain occurs at intervals of two and four hours. The signal lies in the 30 feet basin—a stone-projection, to which the water must first rise. Then all of a sudden the hot water belches forth and shoots aloft in a spreading attitude of 20 to 60 feet. You linger here, and to await the "shooting off," you step over to look at the Mammoth Paint-Pots. You hardly expected such a phenomenon —you are strangely surprised as your eyes fall on the seething, boiling, bubbling caldron—60 feet wide. Mud! plop! plop!—like a pot of boiling mush, exploding with hemispherical blisters, from one side to the other, are the sounds that fill the air. Night and day it is—plop-plop—and for how long! It seems as if the imps had come with sticks, and were stirring to get this pink and red mortar into a proper consistency—forty cones outside are active all the while amid the seamed clay. Your weird spell is suddenly broken by the shout—"the fountain goes off!" You hasten to the scene, and

stand in wonder before this self-regulated explosion of mysterious power.

On your way to the Upper Geyser Basin next day, you pass Hell's Half Acre, and the famous Excelsior Geyser, which has a crater 400 feet long, and raises the entire volume of water as a signal of its eruption. But after a three hours drive you have come to the place of highest interest—an area of four miles square, with 26 geysers and 400 hot springs. From the rustic veranda of the lunch-cabin, you can see over a wide stretch, in which, like in a sea, you are constantly surprised by shooting fountains —geysers going off like whales spouting. There are the Bee Hive, the Giantess, the Lion, the Lioness and Cubs, the Fan and the Mortar, Sponge—and a host of others. Preeminent among all is "Old Faithful." To the minute almost, every sixty-three minutes, day and night, summer and winter, this wonder freak gives a splendid exhibition. To the height of 150 feet it shoots—a beautiful sight is this hissing stream of hot water, waved hither and thither by the wind—a beautiful sight in the mellow glow of moon-light. How eccentric these geysers! as if they had in-

telligent moods. Some play every six days—some four times daily—and each has its own peculiarity. You inspect the cones of the geysers in their interval of rest—Lone Star, Giant, Grotto and others. You stand by the pools and you never will forget the Morning-Glory. The sweetness of contentment, the peace of heart, the purity of Heaven are reflected within the bosom of its delicately colored walls.

GRAND CANYON AND FALLS.

The next day lands you at the "Thumb" for lunch, and in the evening you arrive at the Yellowstone-Lake Hotel. The ride takes you through the wonderful woodland districts—what waste timber! what sombre shadows! But now the poetic is deeply stirred within you—that lake is a poet's dream, to whose waters the mountains and clouds come to inspect and admire themselves. And the fisherman! Even though the lake be 22 miles long, and 12 to 15 miles wide, he can lure a hundred trout anywhere to his fly, in the shady outing of a day. Millions of fish!—so many that you don't care. It is the only thing, except mosquitos, that you dare kill in the park.

But we are now reaching the climax of scenery—we are halting before the Grand Canyon Hotel. Now rested, we will go forth on foot, and we little dream what is before us as we go down the slope. Soon we draw aside the curtain of trees, and labor on with expectation. We have our ideas, but we will soon discover that the half has not been told us. Now we burst forth, and stand out upon Inspiration Point! We look—up and down—we stand in mute silence. At last we give vent to our feelings, we only gasp at exclamations—beauty—grandeur—sublimity—dreadfulness—delight—wonder—awe—terror. We stop and gaze. That river comes down from the unknown, but beneath it winds with a contracted moan, and looks like a silver-ribbon. The gorge is fearful confusion and restful harmony at the same time. Its Gothic columns are like temple ruins, and they stand away from those rocks that pile up 1200 feet high. And the colors! Thomas Moran has done his best—but nature did more. It is daily painting, for morning, noon and evening have each their own paint-pots, and the canyon is never the same, it is kaleidoscopic in colors. With what diff-

erent thoughts and feelings too the visitor views this spectacle of scenery. The artist will think of form and tints; the scientist will think of geological formations; the lecturer will think of rhetorical climaxes; the pleasure-tourist will think it is superbly grand—and so each has seen the marvel gorge and is satisfied. That river is interesting in every turn of the 24 miles through the canyon, but you admire it most, when you see it gather its courage together in the two great leaps—the Upper Falls, 140 feet down, the Lower Falls, 360 feet down. From below we view it—"not Niagara," we say—but it is indescribably beautiful. If it were not for those majestic rocks which God sculptored all around, these falls would inspire with grandeur. Buried in these depths, with gorgeous pinnacles reaching to the sky, and that mass of silver-foam falling down before your feet—all alone amid such loneliness, is appalling, overpowering. The castles of the Rhine, the cathedrals of the world, all the art-galleries combined are before me—and God's awful majesty, solemn as death. It seems as if those painted battlements up there were the waving banners of the hosts of

the earth, and as if this downfall of water were the stream of blood from all the battlefields. But it is not. You gain confidence by looking at it alone. It has victory written on its wavy folds, and that it goes on, and molests not the mosses and ledges and grasses at its feet, is evidence that it is on a mission of peace. Rise, let us go hence—and ask us not, never to forget.

YOSEMITE VALLEY.—IN RETROSPECT.

XXIX.

READING, NOV. —, 1895.

In travel, you make all things you see your treasure for a whole life. You store up memories and visions and sensations that can never be taken from you, and at will, long after, you walk among them with almost the same reality, as you go up and down your house to inspect delightful possessions there. With the flash of a thought I traverse 3,500 miles over a zig-zag route, and I stand again in the awe-inspiring valley of the Yosemite. Surely, it is among the greatest scenic wonders of America—I shall never forget it.

You start from the Palace Hotel of San Francisco, and journey 250 miles to the southeast. It woutd be 150 miles "as the crow flies," to this unique spot of the Sierra Nevada, in California. The place so designated, circumscribes an area seven miles long and one-half to one mile wide.

The name Yosemite is pronounced Yo-sem-i-te, an Indian word, which means Large Grizzly Bear. The old name of the valley was Ah-wah-nee, but a chief of the tribe inhabiting the spot, distinguished himself by slaying an enormous grizzly bear, and he was intantly styled, Yosemite, in honor of the valorous combat—and gradually the tribe was known by this name, and the valley too.

The Indians infesting this hidden stronghold of nature were a thieving set, and armed soldiers had to follow them up to their unknown retreat. It was in such an expedition of 1851 that the grandeur of this spot was first discovered to the white man. In 1855, the first tourists visited the valley. under the guidance of J. M. Hutchings, who gathered illustrations for the magazine he published in California. He has since become the standard authority for Yosemite. In 1864, Congress set the place aside as a national reservation, and gave it to the State of California in trust.

STAGING IT INTO YOSEMITE.

The cars take you no further than Raymond, where you will have to mount to the four-in-hand stage, for the 75 miles of inward journey. You will want to be

properly equipped—old clothes, and warm, an overcoat, a duster—and a goodly stock of patience. You see, the way leads up into the mountains almost imperceptibly—but very soon you will roll along an elevation of 6,500 feet high. Do not count on rain, very seldom the cloud-sprinklers drive across your path at this season. But be prepared for dust, and hardships—they belong to the achievements of a Yosemite visit. A young officer of the United States army was my companion. I shall not forget his discomfiture, he had such a fastidious sentiment hovering over his personality. He had made the acquaintance of an aristocratic maiden at the fashionable Del Monte, during the month of the soldier's encampment there, and a love dream possessed his thoughts, and it was a fitting time to visit the beauties of nature, and to listen to the music of waterfalls—there was much poetry in his heart. He started from San Francisco, where he laid aside his regimentals of blue cloth and gold buttons, and put on a new outfit fresh from the store. He bade his girl good-bye, and in this dainty fashion he took his seat by my side on the stage to visit the Yosemite. A slouch hat and a cheap duster were my

protection—I felt myself clean outdone in appearance by my soldier-friend, he certainly did look very handsome in his creased trousers, close-fitting coat, fresh derby, and brand new shoes. But the coach rolled on, and the dust began to roll up—the wind was too tantalizing, it chased clouds of dust after us. I looked askance to my friend, again and again, and I soon saw the glory of his appearance receding. He brushed with his hand, took off his hat to inspect, blew a breath of indignation upon it, and wriggled uneasily in the conscious transformation of his pride. He several times wondered what his girl would think of him now. It is not in me to be mean—but somehow it is natural to wish to be upon par with your neighbors, and I really had a secret satisfaction in knowing that there was not a mite of difference in our appearance. At the first stop, we made an inspection before the mirror, and we both looked like Christmas cakes rolled in flour.

I admired the driver. There were many things along the stage's course to attract—curious birds, graceful squirrels, trailing snakes, wild-running bear, varying scenery, changeful sky, shady ravines,

cascading streams—but I could not get done admiring that driver. He is in the closest sympathy with nature, through whose life his path of duty has led him these many years. He knows the time of day to the minute, by simply looking at the sun. He knows the habit of every living thing by the way. Then too, he is such a good story-teller. His ruddy color, and long grown beard, set well upon his honest face, and his strong frame fit into his seat, as if he and the vehicle were chiseled out of a solid whole. He is an artist—he gathers the multitudinous ribbons between his left-hand fingers, with the grace of a lace weaver. and wields the whip with his right-hand, in such a majestic sweep, and treads the breaks into such pleasing creaks of mountain music, that you can't help but bow to his superiority. It is altogether to your advantage to admire him—it is a part of his pay. Even a cobbler wants you to say—"it's a neat job"—and why not say that stage-driving can be an expert thing. That tourist missed it with "Bishop," the veteran Colorado-stageman. The impatient traveller would remark that it was slow business, and poor horsemanship, climbing at the snail-like pace up the

heights—"when will we get up, driver?" Bishop said nothing—he saved the endurance of his horses, until he came within reach of the top. He dismounted, fixed the breaks, readjusted the reigns, to which the traveller added the new complaint, that "less breaks might help us to get down hill more speedily." The driver was in his seat again—with a purpose well set on his strong face; from the heights now yawned dangerous declivities, and a narrow road wound around them. Crack! went the whip, up started the mountain steeds, and headlong dashed the stage; faster and faster down along the curves go those horses under the snap of that whip, and the stage scarcely escapes the verge of the overhanging ledges—"for God's sake, hold up driver, we are going to the —— !" and the penitent tourist just catches a hold from swinging-off on a tangent, and the driver gives another whack at the flanks of those horses, presses with master precision on the breaks, and pulls the reins within a hair-breadth of the next dizzy curve. The traveller leaps wrecklessly overboard for his life, and Bishop, like a mad Jehu, dashes on down the hill, and never stops 'til he draws up his pant-

ing steeds before the mountain-lodge. "No passenger to-day, Bishop?" hails the host. "Left him a mile behind—will be along soon," was the triumphant answer. Every man to his business—even a stage driver knows his business best—it is not well to interfere.

THE BRIDAL CHAMBER OF THE KING.

I walk now as in a dream through that valley,—I feel again as if I had set my feet within the bridal-chamber of the most holy King. When I halted on Inspiration Point above, and looked down, I saw beautiful avenues of green, and the river Merced, clear as crystal, flowing between. Here spread out grass-covered meadows among mountains 8000 to 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. All around this valley of 1141 acres rose walls as if to construct the rock-ribbed temple of the Most High. Over it all hung a haze, as if priests walked among its aisles and were swinging the censer of incense. I, too, strolled through the precincts of this valley, and I almost stepped as if in fear of desecration. You imagined the Indian bathing in the river, and stirring his acorn meal on the sylvan glade. You entered the Stoneman House, as if you had

alighted in a world where the Creator himself had tarried long to chisel temples of art, never to be inhabited by man.

The morning is a surprise to you, as you view your surroundings from the hotel veranda. The one particular feature of the narrow valley is the verticality of the walls of the mountains, and their great height. The geologist will stand in this scooped-out ravine of the Sierra and wonder what kind of glaciers they must have been, that ground down, rounded out, and polished off, these mountain sides—how many ages ago, it all happened! Up there you see Cloud's Rest, and the fleecy nebulae arise from its peak, as if awakened by the early sun. The Royal Arches span 2,000 feet, as if greeting Aurora from another direction. The North Dome has donned the German military-hat, ready or duty, and the Half Dome confronts it in personal majesty. This latter granite mountain for a long time had a rope dangling from its top, one mile up in the sky. A Scotchman, George G. Anderson, by name, at the risk of his life, and, after three months of persevering effort, all alone, fastened a rope over its smooth back, inclining at an angle of 43 degrees, and slanting

975 feet in length. The rope is frozen away, and no one since has dared to repeat the feat.

Over there is the omnipresent El Capitan—the monarch of vertical mountains. Its facade impresses one with awe and majesty. If it were to fall forward, it would cover 160 acres of ground. It is 3,300 feet high, and it would take 30 Palac Hotels to reach the top. This way are the Cathedral Spires, 2,579 feet high, and for 700 feet above, standing alone. Beautiful Bridal Veil Falls! whose lacy waves are lifted wide apart by the wind, 900 feet aloft. We linger over its rainbow, that the sun paints upon its crystal folds every cloudless evening. Come out early to the dreamy Mirror Lake. No other spot on earth holds the reflection of three mountains—4,200 feet, 5,000 feet, 6,000 feet high—a little lakelet.

Return from your trail to the Vernal Falls and Nevada Falls, and express to us your feelings, if you can. Stand before Yosemite Falls, precipitated from a height of 2,650 feet, and demonstrate to us your admiration. Climb up to Glacier Point, 3,257 feet altitude and describe the panoramic sweep of forty miles. You call for

the bard and ask him to tune his lyre, and as he sings, you note his words in a tenacious memory—

"Mid massive domes of the Sierra's columns,
Where power supreme to the eye is shown,
Where an awe-inspiring vastness solemns
The mind with force of the great Unknown,
There lies a gem—a thought of beauty,
Which the mountains guard, as the depths the sea,
Where peace is law and joy is duty—
Yosemite!

Its granite walls but the eagles follow
To dizzying heights in the distant sky,
No eye can see from their crests the hollow,
Where in peace the beautiful valleys lie,
No foot has trod its sky-linked turrets;
The heaven's purple enmantels them,
The crystal snows alone are for its
Diadem.

These massive walls remain unheeding
The frosts of winter, the summer's sun,
Alone unmoved by every pleading
By Nature voiced, since Time begun.
The winds, the storm, the rage volcanic,
In vain to move their structure yearns;
Jove's lance with seething hate satanic
Futile burns.

The golden rays of sunlight, turning
The icy bolts of the vaults of snow,
Shone in, and, 'neath their kisses burning,
The gems were wooed to a crystal flow.
"River of Mercy" for all things near it,
Dispensing life with its song of glee,
White as a virgin's unsoiled spirit,
Light and free.

Swifter than winds or the flight of swallow,
The milk white waves of this river foam
On toward the granite-guarded hollow,
Where bloom and joy find a welcome home;
With plunge and shout, like distant thunder,
It leaps from the brow of that mountain wall.
It spins and weaves and bursts asunder
In its fall.

White rockets flash from the column's cover,
Their courses marked by a silver mist;
Caught by the winds the spray-wreaths hover,
In folds of light by the sunbeams kissed;
Veiling the river's lips which thunder,
With sprays bejeweled and clouds high rolled
Beauty most rare! Magical wonder,
Shot with gold!

Vision divine, unmoved and nameless,
Thy wonders remain why ages fret;
Thy power unfettered and even tameless,
Thy Bows of Promise forever set;
Now by the gold of the sunlight painted,
Now by the rays of the Night's pale bride;
Matchless work of all things created—
Deified!

Throne of the continent! Queen of all splendor!
Creation supernal! Work wholly divine!
When touched by thy presence the cold heart grows tender,
And reels with a joy as though drunken with wine.
Transcendent valley with sky-woven ceiling,
Rivers that murmur, white-lipped falls that roar,
Records divine, His wonders revealing
More and more.

—*Kyle.*

IN THE MARIPOSA GROVE.

XXX.

Since I have visited the Yosemite, I have stood among the trees of our eastern groves. I have ceased to wonder at our monarchs of the forest, for I have stood under the Sequoia giants of California. A visit to this wonder-grove belongs to the excursion into Yosemite Valley, but it leads at least twenty-six miles another way. The big trees were first discovered in the Spring of 1852, when a hunter brought the news into camp. His companions would not believe his story, and so by resorting to the trick of having seen two enormous bear, he led the eager hunters into the Calaveras, and surprised them with the unexpected game—the big trees. Then they were made famous by extended notices in American and English papers. Eminent botanists at once sought to place this new species, and by the rules of botanical nomenclature they were called *Sequoia Giganta*. It may be remembered that Sequoia was the name of the Cherokee In-

dian, who, early in this century, invented an alphabet and written language for his tribe.

They are peculiar in their habits, for these trees belong exclusively to California, never grow over seven thousand feet above sea-level, and form groves, intermixed with other trees. The Mariposa Grove is a grant, under the charge of the Yosemite Commissioners, and covers four sections, or two miles square. Perhaps the highest trees in the world are the Australian species —the *Eucalyptus Amygdalina*, many of which reach to the height of four hundred feet. The tallest *Sequoia* is three hundred and twenty-five feet—but that would be twice the size of any church-steeple in my native city. One of these trees, twenty-four feet in diameter, was by hard labor cut down, and the base of it was smoothed into an ample dancing floor.

Do not imagine a dense hemlock forest, when you come among these trees, in which you grope among sombre shadows, and listen to weird sounds of lowering branches, as in the woods of home. Sunlight plays among their trunks, for these giants must have elbow room. The pines and firs stand guard at a distance—but

though mighty, they seem like dwarfs, when approaching near to odious comparison.

You must not let your expectations anticipate your discovery—these trees, like the Niagara Falls, grow on you by slow acquaintance. It is really laughable, when you get your ball of twine out, and begin to unravel it for a measurement around the girth of "Grizzly Giant." It is like walking about a good-sized house, fully one hundred feet. How mighty these rough ribbed cinnamon-colored trunks! You tarry, and the true majesty and grandeur of their wasted and gnarled and wrinkled sides loom upon your understanding. How old! You count 3,000 and 4,000 years along the line of history, and you discover that they were babes in the cradle, when the Goths and Vandals waged savage wars in Europe. They were old men already when Columbus landed on these shores. They might tell the story of the Revolution, as an episode thousands of years after they were born. Alas! How many unknown races of Indians built their fires under their shelter! Some say, a mountain is stone—a tree is wood. Poor souls! who have no sentiment. I would

think, before ever I would lay an axe to the trunk of a tree. These are not the "speaking oaks of Dodona" to give oracles to priests—but I reverence the Sequoia giant. His hoary head does seem to indicate stored-up knowledge, and I respect ancient history, even if it be hid in silence, within the bark of an old tree.

ALASKA—IN RETROSPECT.

XXXI.

READING, DEC. —, 1895.

Euphonious name—Alaska! Should the traveller have become old, when the mental faculties oft-times become feeble, next to his childhood days, he would remember the pleasures of his Alaska-trip. Books are good enough to read, even books of travel—but you never can form pictures of things and places described in them, as the eyes paint them upon heart and memory. Now, I do not need the panoramic canvass to unroll before me those scenes, they come and go as quick as thought flies, and the color, music, and life all cling to them as nature gave them. O, memory, thou art a jewel! Some men have riches to their old-age, and some the retrospect of a mis-spent life—but the traveller, in dreams and in waking state, revels amid the pleasant recollections of a life spent among the wonders of man's work, and the creations of God's genius on earth.

The natives styled their land—"Al-ay-ek-sa," meaning, "great country." It is a great country, covering nearly all the States east of the Mississippi. It was first dicovered by Vitus Behring, in 1741, and afterwards by Captain Cook, who sailed up as far as Sitka, in 1776. The complications of war-rumors induced Russia to part with it, and it seemed a doubtful investment when Secretary Seward closed the bargain with Prince Maksutoff, on October 18, 1867, and gave to the Russian-American Company $7,200,000 for the nearly 600,000 square miles of land. It cost at the rate of 2 cents an acre; it very soon had paid for itself, and promises to enrich our Government by untold resources. Think of it—the centre of United States possessions lies 800 miles out in the Pacific Ocean.

The primitive race inhabiting this vast empire have a history lost in the shadows of antiquity. Like the morning sea-mists, so are their oral traditions. But they have not entirely relinquished the habits and customs of their barbarous ancestors Their canoes are pictures of grace, when gliding over the waters—their model is of the earliest design. They go to

the hunt and to war with the same weapons as of old—they eat and live like their crude progenitors. They have the same aristocratic notions and the same burial customs as their fathers had. The native tribes have similarities and contrasts in their physical condition. The coast-people have an Asiatic cast of features, and seem to have come from Japanese stock. The Eskimos are similar to the Eskimos of Labrador. All the natives of Alaska have massive heads, but delicately formed hands and feet. Their complexion is a nut-brown, and they have high cheek bones, dark eyes, and straight black hair. They are mostly fish-eaters, though inland, the native also lives on game and land products.

IN A MISSIONARY'S HOME.

The Goonennar Indians are a sample of crude life—they live along the borders of the Yukon. They are a strangely cold natured people. A friend enters their village after months, and is not greeted anywhere. He walks stolidly ahead, then removes pack and arms, squats down to the fire, and his host acknowledges his presence by a pot of fish—and he breaks silence. The conversation deals of the hunt, and never a sickness or death is re-

ferred to, for the Indian has more interest in the price of a bear or fox-skin than in the death of his mother.

The gastronomic taste of these people is something marvellous. The canoe will shoot out on a fishing expedition. The rations are a secondary matter. When hungry, the Indian will harpoon a salmon, bite off a mouthful from just above the nose, and fling it back to the water. The fish swims on as if wanting nothing of his anatomy—swims as complacently, as the morsel in the gastronomic repository of the Indian. If you were to land on some rocky island where the sea-gulls lay their eggs, you might be choicy in selecting the good out of the bad for your use. But the old Indian would resent your fastidiousness and strike good and bad into the same pan to mix an omelet to his liking. Fish-heads made odorous by several weeks exposure in a wooden-trough, are only properly matured, and declared fit to eat. After all, it is only a matter of taste, and cultured taste often is no better than barbarous taste. I doubt if the Indian would fancy our way of transforming sweet pure milk, into a frozen lump of live worms and odorous smear, labeled Rocquefort or Zweit-

zer cheese. We don't like antiquated fish-heads, but we do relish antiquated cheese. They roast their meat in big long strips, and stuff as much of it into the mouth, as inflation admits, and cut off each bite close to the lips with their knives. They hardly would have use for a table d'hote equipment, where five pair of knives and forks, and as many spoons, are called into requisition—it demonstrates, after all, how many things we need which we don't need.

However low down in the grade of civilization, there is a religious possibility for these people. Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, General Agent of Education for Alaska, reports that there is a school population of over 8,000. There are 1,934 of this number enrolled in the 31 schools. The contract schools are supported conjointly by the Government giving $20.000 and the missionary societies giving nearly $70,000. The latter include the Presbyterian, Moravian, Episcopal, Methodist, Congregational, Lutheran, and Roman Catholic churches. A visit to the Presbyterian Industrial School of Sitka demonstrates the transforming power of religion over the soul of a human being. Along

with the Word, the Indian boys are here taught shoemaking, house-building, furniture-making, coopering, baking, gardening, and the care of cattle; the girls are taught cooking, baking, washing, ironing, sewing, dressmaking and housekeeping. How nicely housed, clothed and fed they are! Here are children brought from their wild homes, many miles away—and they frequently talk of their parents in a home-sick way; they look out of these scenes of comfort, and pine at times, for the bare earthen-floor of the Siwash-home, and for the sports in the woods and on the waters, that made them the children of liberty.

Mr. William Duncan is the Missionary apostle of Alaska. When our boat arrived at New Metlakahtla, I was most eager to see this veteran, who spent a life-time among these aborigines to raise them to Christian manhood. Behold! out of this wild spot, a town of 800 Indian souls has grown. Everything is native handiwork, and the Indians are the council and police of the town. A church is in the centre of the place, of no mean embellishment, and can seat 1,000 persons. The schools and dwelling houses, are neat, and though the

streets here and there are not cleaned of the brush-wood, there are some macadamized sidewalks. The women weave cloth for garments, and the men work in the saw and planing-mill, and the salmon cannery, which puts out 6,000 cases of fish in a season. They are an imitative people, and as compared with the North American Indians, they come to civilization and do not recede from it.

Dr. Duncan lives alone in his rudely furnished house—a consecrated soul. What a study is this man, and his surroundings! This is his interesting story: I came to these shores forty years ago. I began to learn the Indian tongue. One day, there was a rap at my door. An Indian chief entered to my call, he sat down and very soon broke the silence with the question, "have you a letter from the Great Spirit ?" I answered him—"yes !" I opened the Bible, and told him, "as soon as I have learned your tongue, I will come to tell you of the love of His Son, who came down here to save you."

Sometime later, I took my boat, and sailed down the waters. The eagle-eye of the Indian saw away off the gliding vehicle, and he shouted—"white man in boat—

the prophet has come." There was joy and great preparation on shore. The houses were put in order, the women and children adorned themselves, the flag was hoisted, and the signal given. I landed, entered the house of public gathering, and sat by the door as the seat of honor. Soon the curtain to aside rustled. The Bear came out on all fours, raised himself in the centre of the room, looked up the chimney, and intoned—"the heavens have changed!" Next came out the Deer, looked up the chimney, and said—"the heavens have changed!" Then came out the Chief, and looking up, he emphasized "the heavens indeed have changed!" My story of the Cross was listened to, and many accepted the new order of things.

So it follows that the good news of the missionary are spread. The tribes visit each other. Their canoes are tied to shore over night, and around the evening fire they talk. The conversation is not of the chief, how many slaves he has buried under the tent door, how many deer captured in the hunt—but of Jesus Christ, this new story of how the Great Spirit's boy came down to save. From what a depth these people need to be delivered! The chief fears

death, and he kills some slaves to go ahead to prepare the journey. When parents get too old, the children kill them to get them out of the way. The girl is not of as much value as the boy. The mother often ties the little one to a sapling by the shore to drown it when the tide comes in. A boy and girl are frequently adopted in a home. When the wife dies, the husband marries the girl; when the husband dies, the wife marries the boy.

OTHER MEMORIES OF THE TRIP.

Fort Wrangle is a melancholy outpost. But here we met for the first time the Totem-pole, that gorgeous insignia of Alaskan nobility. Each family assumes some bird or animal as its emblem—the raven, eagle, wolf, bear or whale. These badges bind the tribes together. Members of the same badge do not marry, though of different tribes. They marry with different badges, though of the same tribe. A son takes his mother's ensign until he marries, when he assumes that of his wife's family. So the "wolf" marries the "whale." On the wife's pole only the genealogy is engraved. In a feud between families, the man must always range himself on his

wife's side. The raising of such a genealogical tree is a dear luxury, and it must be of a height not above the standing of the owner. A pot-latch is a series of feasts for the occasion, lasting often several days, and the whole tribe is invited. To the delicacies is added an intoxicating compound distilled from molasses and water, prepared by kerosene lamp and hollow sea-weed. The ceremonials satisfy the pride, but after the payment of $1,000 to $3,000, he looks upon his one-hundred foot escutcheon in abject poverty. The Shaman is the medicine man. His pole is aristocratic, and his income, for his weird incantations over the sick, the largest. When he appears to drive out the evil spirit from the sick he is dressed in beaded buckskins, liberally fringed with charms over his rich blanket, and a wooden rattle in his hand. Before a blazing fire he goes through his incantations, and his song rises in power, like the cawing of the sacred raven, and his actions are dramatic and distressing; and the beating of the drum and voices of his audience drive the scene to an exhausting climax—where he motions the evil spirit through the aperture

of the roof. The chorus dies away in song like this:—

Anu joo chay na tay na koo na hee;
Ah ah ah, yeah; yeah ah ah ah.

Interpreted it means, I have looked the village through and found none practicing witchcraft. He falls to the earth groaning. He is all potent—all life is in his hand.

The greatest scenic spectacle of the Alaska trip is the Muir-Glacier. I shall never see its equal again in search of natural wonders. The sail through the ice-bay, 30 miles long and 8 to 12 miles wide, is full of anticipation. But who can describe all of the sensations when anchoring a mile away from the verital ice-mountain itself. Why, it would take 1,000 Mere de Glase to make one Muir Glacier. It has nine main streams of frozen ice to feed it, and these have seventeen sub-branches, with twenty-six tributaries, to crowd into one solid mass two miles wide. There are four sub-glacial streams, and five moraines above, and a buried forest to its side. Of its imposing grandeur and exciting action I have already written — but meagerly done, if done at its best.

An iceberg struck my poetic fancy, which floated like a dream by our departing boat. In its delicate beauty and grotesque form, it awakened the fanciful and drew me near to it. But I remembered that great dangers are often clad in gorgeous dress. It so happened that the schooner Elwood was recently lured to the brink of a watery grave up here by the peaceful innocence of an iceberg. Captain Chester desired to take ice on board from Muir Glacier, but on his way he espied a berg ten times the size of his boat, and he conceived the idea of anchoring by its side and chopping off a load. He did so—he swung around and fastened his lines to the monster. The tide was at its full at the time, and all was safe. One chunk after another was hoisted over the gang-plank. Toward evening, however, the tide had been falling, and the iceberg rested heavily upon the reef beneath, and it gradually tipped over to the other side. The berg continued to careen, and very soon, with a grinding roar, it rolled off the reef and started to revolve. In an instant the berg shot up a jagged spur from beneath and lifted the whole vessel out of the water and set it on high. Panic-stricken, they got

out of harm's way in the lifeboat. There the ship lingered, poised aloft, groaning in its anchor and chains. Something must happen—something must give way ! The tide fell more and the schooner rose higher. Crash ! The vessel moved in the icy crevice. Crash ! and the schooner took a forward lurch, dashed down grade and plunged into the sea like a rocket. She shipped a heavy sea, but stumbling and tugging viciously amid entangling ropes and chains and anchor, the ship came right side up and she just escaped as by a miracle—she was safe.

I lingered around the ruins of Baranoff Castle, at Sitka. It once was the home of royal splendor, and by its isolation, enjoyed the diversions of courtly revelry. A romance so sad—attracted me, more than the memory of its buried splendors. It concerned the beautiful niece of Baron Romanoff. She had been brought from Russia to separate her from her lover of inferior birth, and was to be forced into a marriage with a nobleman whom she thoroughly disliked. When the wedding festivities were on, the bride was missed. They looked here and there, and in the deserted banquet hall the unhappy girl was found,

with a dagger thrust through her heart. How came the deed to be done? Was it the jealous bridegroom? Did her lover sail over the waters, and in the nick of time snatch his own from the grasp of the hated rival? Did she hold the pointed blade herself to her agitated bosom? She was dead—the wedding was over. Since then, the legend has it, that the witching hour of midnight hears the swish of her ghostly bridal gown, and inhales the lingering perfume of orange-blossoms as she moves with spirit-step from room to room.

XXXII.

MY COUNTRY—IN RETROSPECT.

My Country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing;
Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
  Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free—
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
  Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong.

Our father's God to thee,
Author of Liberty,
  To thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
  Great God, our King.