

## TO THE SPOKANE AND BEYOND.

A few moments before 9 A. M., on a bright clear day, we left Portland. Stepping aboard the "Wide West" we received a warm fatherly welcome from Captain John Wolfe, a man as staunch as his pretty craft and as true as the laws of mathematics. The whistle of the "West" re-echoed over the hills and far away, and we were shortly heading down the Willamette. In an hour the "West" glided into the Columbia and soon drew up to the quaint old town of Vancouver with its yellow-coated houses and blue coated-soldiers. On the wharf we saw General Miles the renowned Indian whipper, affably talking with two young fellows recently educated at the expense of their Uncle. They wore more style and good clothes than their commander. One was sucking shellac from the end of a switch cane and the other was posing for the benefit of any ladies on the boat who might be idiotic enough to take him in their range. The whistle blew; the mate with a voice as harsh as fate—a voice of guttural thunder, rasped out on the quaking air; "Aw-w-l clear-r sir-r" !!! It was a moving voice. It moved the boat off a length or so, and again she cut her way up the Columbia. Before us loomed Mount Hood; white, silent, glistening. To the left arose the dome of St. Helens dimly white, shadowy blue and gloomy. How high these mountains are, it is easy to say, but hard to determine. There have been so many tall lies told on the one hand, that the low down modest lies on the other haven't had half a chance. Farmers and immigration people intent upon settling the country, assert that they are nothing but mounds, and that their two-mile-and-a-half height is a mere optical delusion and a snare. Poets and scenery devotees declare they are higher than ambition. A Portland hotel man on the boat to whom we presented the question, bewildered us by saying, "Yes, young man, they come high, but we must have em." For several miles above Vancouver the green shores of the Columbia are dotted with farm houses, each ornamented with a long balcony and a spotted dog. On the left, or Washington Territory side, we passed Washougal, a name as limpid as half-cooked corn meal. It is one of those fervently suggestive names which

gives the Skookum Chinook language such a soothing charm of adaptability—a name which fits a place with all the exactness of a Jersey basque. A drummer on the "West" with a sinister smile and a five-cent cigar informed us that "Washougal" signified "wash your gal." Before we had recovered our breath he had gone to take a nap. A little further on we saw "Rooster Rock" proudly lifting its head into space, amidst fringing firs and lofty pines, while near its base were the white cones of engineers' tents—mere specs in comparison. We had seen the "Hen and chickens" nestled on the bosom of the fair Potomac, and a pang of regret shot into our soul to note this wide separation of family altars, caused by the ruthless inexorable fiat of nature. Almost opposite arose the graceful scintillating outlines and bared breast of "Cape Horn," sparkling in trickling streams and enlivened by plume-like sprays, dashed by broken rainbows, dizzied by their leap and ending in mists. Nothing on the Hudson can compare. The crumbling Palisades fade from recollection upon seeing this and the attendant vagaries of nature that make the Columbia so unrivaled in her scenery. Pushing on we come abreast the beautiful falls of Multnomah with their two grand leaps of nearly a thousand feet into the basin below. Above and below we catch glimpses of water angered, wrathful and foaming, stealing down like torn white-skinned serpents, then dropping from ledge to ledge, and below almost at our feet, guiltily creeping into the Columbia. In point of fact we saw more beautiful falls in one-half hour on the Columbia than we ever witness on the streets of Portland in a month, during the very best orange peel season. Standing directly ahead, as if pushed from the very center of the earth, is "Castle Rock," a round conical shaft rising with an awful suddenness, and pleasing with beautiful symmetry. "Castle Rock" is the property of Jay Cooke, former President of the Northern Pacific, whose disastrous failure in 1872 is deplored by every good man in the Pacific Northwest. He proposed to build a spiral roadway winding around the Rock, from base to dome, and there build a Summer residence; but the best laid plans of mice and men aft go by the board. On either side of the river, at this point,

and for miles above, the scenery is sublime, and in its loftiness and height incomparable. Here the Columbia in some age long ago, forced asunder the mountains and swept grandly through on its march to the sea. Rising from the waters the mountains stretch upward at a sharp angle nearly four thousand feet. Indented here and there worn and gorged for ages are deep fern-clad chasms with leaping creeks, making their sinuous pathways to the Columbia. We halt a moment at the lower end of the old Cascades portage then, proceeding towards Bonneville we see the Cascades Rapids dashing on, whirling, winding, writhing; eddying in and circling out; halting, retreating, then rushing on; attacking in columns all that bars their way, dashed back, then flanking around. Over boulder and rock and ledge the waters swiftly sweep like things of life, to live; of hope, not fulfilled; of toil, not ended; of ambition not satisfied. So it will be until centuries unborn shall come and go; until Susan B. Anthony shall have become old, and her great-great-greatest grand children shall have passed in their chips; so it will be until the almost silent tread of the Mongolian race shall dimly echo o'er our mouldering graves; and so it will be, until—the Lord knows but He won't communicate—Congress shall have given us dollars enough to complete the Cascades Locks. Therein may be found the key to the whole situation. Up to this point the attention of the passengers, including the humble incoming settlers, had been so thoroughly given over to the grandeur around them, that we didn't feel like breaking in on their pleasure by an attempt at interviewing. But after leaving the "West" and her genial pain-taking officers and boarding the waiting train at Bonneville we found a few opportunities to exercise our national qualities, in order to get at the true inwardness of the rush of settlers from other parts. Near the water cooler was a tawny-haired father with a little tow headed fellow across his lap, his wife at his side. To the father we put the question:

"Where are you from?"

"I'm from Kansas," he replied, as a shadow of sad recollection streaked across his face. "You expect to settle here?" we continued. "I'm goin' to try it up 'bove Wally Wally, I've a