

C. to get through said pass to diverge again into the United States. The climate and scenery here are delightful and grand, and one can do almost any amount of work without becoming fatigued. The Okanagan river flows through the lake and empties into the Columbia, eighty miles south of here, and is a rapid and treacherous stream. There were hundreds of cattle drowned in it last winter. When it was frozen over and covered with snow, the cattle would get over the center of the stream looking for water, and the ice would break, precipitating them into its swift current, and in a short time drawing the last one under the ice below. The Indians are pretty well advanced in civilization and are mostly members of the Catholic church, owing to the efforts of the Jesuits. Those on this reservation are disposed to be peaceable. About thirty silver bearing quartz ledges have been discovered fifteen miles west of here, and eight or ten of them are being prospected with good results.—C. B. Basch in *Indiana Herald*.

CANYON CITY, GRANT COUNTY, OR.

On the 9th day of June, 1862, had my readers been on the site of Canyon City they might have seen nine weary travelers, or miners, for such they were, plodding their way towards new fields of labor somewhere in this northern country. As night overtook them while in this valley, they camped. While in camp, one of the men thought to try a pan of dirt to see what prospects he might find. His efforts were repaid by taking two and one-half dollars from the pan in good dust. That was enough to rouse the ambition within them, and to find more of this golden lucre these men at once resolved upon. Claims were at once staked off and work commenced. Before another week had passed many more miners were added to their number. Gold was being found in large quantities. More miners made their appearance, and this was the first starting of Canyon City, which proved to be one of the richest mining camps ever discovered in Oregon, if not the richest on the Pacific coast.

Canyon City, at the end of the year 1863 numbered its inhabitants by thousands, all of whom were in a bustle, as all kinds of business was prospering. The city itself is built in a canyon two

miles from the famous John Day river. It is walled in on either side by mountains that tower far up towards the skies. The creek at the foot of the mountains is one of those rapid streams such as is found in all mountainous countries. On both sides of this the city was built. Large business firms, too numerous to mention, brought their articles of trade here to dispose of. Doctors and lawyers were few in those days, as people did not believe in dying and offenses against our laws that required punishment were quickly dealt with by the gentle hands of our populace. To hang a man was not thought a great sin then.

But few of the first settlers remain now to tell the story of long ago. Among those that do remain are the names of J. Powers, W. H. Clark, Judge F. C. Sels, I. H. Woods, Hall Bros., J. Powers, C. Griggsby, J. Wash, M. V. Thompson, J. R. Roy, A. L. Sanford, A. L. Cummings, E. Shutz, Geo. Owens, A. R. McCullam, Judge G. I. Hazeltine, E. Lester and Frank McBean.

In the year 1870, a fire broke out in the city which soon swept the whole valley, laying the fair city in ashes. It was rebuilt, however, to the present size. The mines commenced failing and miners left for new fields of labor. Chinamen at once took their places, and to-day the creek, as well as other creeks in the vicinity, are mostly worked by the dusky race. Some few of the old miners still remain, and as they sit around on the street corners, telling their stories of long, long ago, and gazing at the dusky race now busy picking up that wealth they failed to get—while they, as a general thing, have lost what they had and now live on jaw-bone—they seem to be contented with thinking that at one time they, too, were well to do.

At present we have five general stores, two drug stores, two blacksmith shops, two first-class hotels, one brewery, two livery stables, two meat markets and one first-class photograph artist.

There is a lodge of Odd Fellows with about one hundred members, a lodge of Masons with about fifty members. The Good Templars have a lodge with members too numerous to mention.

There is one steam saw mill, two

saw mills run by water, and one grist mill, situated not far from the city limits, that supplies the city and country adjacent.

We have all the paraphernalia requisite to make a large and thriving city. There are about five hundred inhabitants in the city and immediate vicinity; mostly of the hard working class; just the right kind of people to build up the country.

Sheep and cattle raising occupies the attention of a great many, and it is a source of much wealth to them.

We have a good school for the education of children, taught by Prof. Bonham, whose services the citizens highly appreciate.

Three churches grace our city, which seem to be well supported.

Among the fine buildings will be found the Odd Fellows', Masons' and Good Templars' halls.

THE WONDERLAND OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

The scenery of the Columbia, or to be perfectly accurate, of that part of it which is connected with the Cascade mountains, is infinitely grander, more beautiful, more varied and more peculiar than the tourist is apt to anticipate. It is true that all one's friends who have ever made the trip speak of it in the most enthusiastic fashion, but this is to be expected. The civilized world is now distinctly artistic, and the people of good common sense and the consummate and utter, though they detest each other cordially, meet upon the common ground of natural scenery. There are few men of the world, and probably no feminine worldlings at all, who would care to assert a disregard for the beauties of scenery. Mrs. Chandor will be satisfied to enjoy it, and to remain sane, whilst the Cimabue Browns, who are esthetes, think themselves bound to rave and madden, and die away in ecstasies. The difference, one sees, is only in quantity, for both are admirers, only one confesses admiration, and the other professes it. Between these two sets, the madir and the zenith of estheticism, come the vast horde who belong to neither party by convictions, for they have none, but who train with either, and occasionally with both. These are the good folk who make up that majority which some audacious cynic, in his bitterest moments, styled the voice of God. These are they who form the great army of tourists, the thrice happy people for whom guide books are written, Picturesque America published, and personally conducted traveling parties devised. So far, I believe, they have not yet accepted the Columbia river, having advanced no further than the Yosemite, so that the tourists to this region have only been the single spies, the battalions being a little in the rear. That they will soon come up and make this fair land their own I cannot doubt. That they will ever comprehend it, is, I think, not in the least doubtful. The eighty-six miles between Portland and The Dalles comprises a region which appeal