

MOUNT TACOMA.

In 1792 the great English explorer, Captain Vancouver, who had a mania for naming everything after some officer of the British navy, bestowed the name "Rainier" upon that great monarch of the Cascades, in honor of an English admiral whose eyes never rested upon its rugged sides or snowy crest. Until recently this title has been accepted, but now there is a disposition on the part of those who prefer to see the quaint Indian names of this region preserved, to restore to it the title it bore for centuries among the natives who lived in its very shadow and drank of the cool waters that flow incessantly from its icy glaciers. Looking up to its top, towering far above every object for hundreds of miles around, they called it "Tacoma," or "Tahoma," "nearest to Heaven," and it is fitting that it should bear that name for all time to come. Not only this, the grandest of all, but nearly every peak of the coast has been burdened with some proper name, such as Baker, Hood, Adams, Jefferson, etc., bestowed by explorers with more patriotism than poetry in their natures. A change to the original Indian titles or some other to express their peculiar outlines or characteristics, would be desirable in every case.

Mount Tacoma stands in Washington Territory, about midway between the Columbia river and Puget sound. Around it on three sides rise the great timber-clad ridges of the Cascade range, while to the northwest the ground gradually slopes off to the shore of Puget sound. From its snowy sides run little streams, the fountain heads of rivers flowing in all directions, teeming with that most delicious of all fish, the beautiful mountain trout. From New Tacoma, on Commencement bay, at the extreme head of the sound, the view of this mountain monarch is grand in the extreme. It towers majestically up, with its white masses of snow and dark rocky ridges, to the great height of 14,444 feet. Many peaks are higher in other parts of the world, but they are simply summits of very high mountain ridges, while Tacoma towers aloft in one mighty mass, a single cone 12,000 feet above the hills that form its base. Thousands annually visit Switzerland to gaze upon the famous Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn, when here in our very midst is a nobler mountain and a grander sight than can be found in the whole Alpine range. Mount Shasta, in California, in all these respects is almost a duplicate of Tacoma, and in these two peaks the coast can offer to lovers of the sublime in nature, that which is unsurpassed by the grandest scenes of Europe. Only Mt. Fusiayana, near Yokohama, Japan, can rival them.

About twelve miles west from the mountain, rises a bold peak to the height of 4,800 feet, and from its top the view is inexpressibly grand. In the immediate foreground is the mountain monarch, while in the distance the white crests of Baker, Adams and St. Helens thrust themselves above the long pine-covered ridges of the Cascade mountains, while the Cowlitz and Nesqually valleys, the Steilacoom plains and the long arms and islands of Puget sound stretch out beneath them.

Our engraving shows a near view of the saddle-shaped summit of the mountain, taken from the headwaters of the Payallup river. On its northern slope is an immense living glacier, whose icy

fields stretch out for miles. Only recently has there been an intelligent effort to explore Tacoma and penetrate the wilderness in which it has reigned for ages. A trail is being made from New Tacoma and preparations are on foot for opening up to the tourist the attractions of a nearer view of the peak, its great glacier, and the thousand scenes of beauty and grandeur in the mountains at its base.

BEAVER HEAD VALLEY.

In southwestern Montana and traversed by the Utah Northern R. R. (narrow gauge), is the valley of the Beaverhead, nearly circular in shape and about twenty miles in diameter. Near the head of the valley and in close proximity to the railroad, is Beaverhead rock, so named from its close resemblance to that industrious quadruped. The rock rises 300 feet above the river, and is so nearly perpendicular that a plummet suspended from the top would touch the edge of the deep eddy lying at its base. A short distance up the canyon clusters of warm springs burst from the cliffs and drop over a ledge into the valley, forming the Twin falls so much admired by all travelers. Near the center of the valley and eight miles from the rock, lies the town of Dillon, a growth of the railroad, and an important supply point for a vast extent of farming, grazing and mineral country. The Beaverhead river, a tributary of the Jefferson, runs through and fertilizes the valley. About one-fourth of the land is under cultivation, while the remainder is the grazing ground of large bands of cattle and sheep.

CAPE DISAPPOINTMENT.

That long jutting headland at the mouth of the Columbia river, on the north, is properly named Cape Disappointment, though it is frequently called Cape Hancock. It was first discovered by the Spanish explorer, Heceta, on the fourteenth of August, 1775, who bestowed upon it the title of Cape San Roque; but this was subsequently changed to Cape Disappointment by a navigator who had sought in vain for the river Heceta had reported to exist there. Near the extreme end of the cape the government maintains a light house for the benefit of commerce, while the war department has fortifications and barracks, called Fort Canby, in honor of the noble general who lost his life at the hands of the treacherous Modocs. The cape, the beach of Baker's bay just inside and south of it, and the ocean shore to the north, are favorite visiting points for tourists and summer resorts for those families from the interior who can afford the luxury of a sojourn by the sea side. Daily steamers run from Astoria to Ilwaco, on Baker's bay, and to Fort Canby, having many passengers in the summer months. Camping out, rambles along the beach, over the cape and through the forests back of it, bathing in the surf, hunting and fishing, comprise the amusements open to the visitor. The splendid views to be had from the cape are especially attractive to the lover of the grand and beautiful. To the north and west is the restless ocean, to the south the Clatsop beach, Tillamook head and Tillamook rock, and to the east the broad estuary of the Columbia, with its high pine-covered banks, each forming a picture worthy of the artist's most skillful brush. And the cape itself, from the beach on either side, presents an attractive scene.

Our engraving represents it as it appears from the outer or ocean beach. Its green pines and rocky masses stand out boldly against the back ground of water, while in front is the gracefully curving beach. Just over the lowest portion, on the left, we catch a glimpse of Baker's Bay inside of the cape, and the hills on the northern bank dimly outlined in the distance. The attractions of the cape are recognized more and more every year, and it already divides with the celebrated Clatsop beach the honor of being the favorite summer resort of the northern coast.

SHOSHONE FALLS.

Second only to Niagara in power and magnificence are the Shoshone falls of Idaho. Though somewhat narrower and carrying a smaller volume of water, they are higher by fifty feet, a worthy rival of that great cataract, whose roar once mingled with the cannon's peal, the clash of arms and shouts and dying groans, where Might and Right struggled for the mastery and Liberty triumphed in the downfall of her oppressor. What a grand sight they must have been to that first wandering party of trappers, who, far beyond the confines of civilization, stood in silent awe before this great masterpiece of Nature. The Shoshone Indians were one of the few tribes with whom the early American trapper held peaceful intercourse, and from them first came knowledge of the three great falls of Snake river, the Shoshone, the Salmon, a few miles below, and the American, about ninety miles above. The trapper was intensely practical. It was his mission to hunt the beaver, and in the pursuit of this occupation amid the peaks and valleys of the Rocky mountains, his eyes were surfeited with scenes of picturesqueness and grandeur, and he would hardly turn from his path to witness the most entrancing sight the Kingdom of Nature has to offer. Shoshone falls could give him no beaver and so he bestowed upon them scarce a thought. One day the distant roar of the cataract was borne by the wind to the acute ears of a party passing through the country, and remembering what the Indians had told them, they decided to see for themselves this great "falling water." Led by the ever-increasing sound, they reached the bluffs and gazed down upon the rushing water from the high rocky walls that hem it in on either side. They saw the broad river glide swiftly along, dashing and foaming among the great masses of rock that obstruct the channel just above the brink, and then, gathering itself together in one mighty mass, plunge down a sheer descent of 200 feet, and lose itself in the cloud of spray that ascended from the rocks below, appearing again in the long white streaks of foam that were whirled along between the canyon's towering walls. Even these impassive men gazed upon the scene in mute admiration, their ears deafened by the mighty roar that came up from the canyon below, while the ground trembled beneath their feet. Years have passed since those men first visited these falls and bestowed upon them the name of the Indian tribe of that region, and the mighty cataract has filled the air with its ceaseless roar, unheeded save by the few who have turned aside to pay it homage. It has existed millions of ages, and can afford to wait a few years more for the time when hotels will stand on the river's bank, and thousands will an-