

The president of the Oregon & California is Henry Villard, while R. Koehler is vice-president and general manager. The road is now being operated under a lease by the Oregon & Transcontinental, which company is also constructing the extension. Manager Koehler brings to bear in the handling of the road an experience and judgment that are invaluable. He is a pleasant, courteous gentleman, enjoying the confidence and respect of all who come in contact with him either socially or in business relations. His office and the general headquarters of the company are at Portland.

WHATCOM COUNTY.

THE WEST SHORE has at different times given descriptions of the various important features of Whatcom county, and now presents engravings of its most considerable towns and harbors. Nearly every section of Washington territory has had its "boom" during the past few years, and the prosperous condition of all shows that there was something to support and justify it. The Whatcom boom, of which the initial steps were taken the present season, will begin in earnest the coming spring, and will lead to a permanent increase in population, real estate values, cultivated lands and marketable products. The resources of the county consist of vast tracts of fine arable land, immense bodies of magnificent fir, cedar and spruce, large deposits of excellent coal, waters teeming with fish, and large mineral wealth as yet undeveloped. The coast line along the sound abounds in fine harbors, Bellingham bay having no superior for safety, ease of access, depth of water, good anchorage ground, and all that renders a harbor desirable for large seagoing vessels. The vast tracts of fertile land lying north of the Nooksack, the tide marshes along the coast and the river bottom lands, all combine to give Whatcom the greatest amount of desirable agricultural area in the territory west of the Cascades. The timber interests are enormous, 40,000,000 feet of logs being floated down the Skagit river alone in 1882. A railroad is projected from Bellingham bay to British Columbia, upon which work was begun this fall, but has now been suspended until spring, when it will be pushed vigorously forward. P. B. Cornwall, D. O. Mills and others, who are proprietors of extensive coal mines, will about the first of April put 1,000 men at work building a railroad from Bellingham to the mines. The Puget sound and Idaho R. R. Co., has been incorporated to build up the Skagit and across the Cascades. Much money will be expended during the coming year in improvements by the above companies, by hundreds of energetic men in erecting buildings and founding business enterprises in the various towns, and thousands of immigrants will pour into the county to settle upon the vacant government lands. Our engravings show the town sites of La Conner, Whatcom and Sehome, or New Whatcom, as they appeared a few months since when sketched by one of our staff artists, but so great has been the subsequent improvement and so many stores, residences, etc., have been erected, that they fall far short of doing the towns justice. In some of them the number of buildings has been doubled since the sketch was taken. This progress is still going on, and an engraving of the places as they exist to-day, would hardly be recognized six months hence. Added to the

local resources and the large enterprises already initiated, is the possibility of the Oregon Short Line or some other great transcontinental road, building through one of the northern passes of the Cascades to a Pacific terminus in Bellingham bay. That this will eventually come to pass is the belief of many, while not a few are sanguine of an early realization of their hopes.

MOUTH OF THE WILLAMETTE.

We reproduce another of Capt. Cleveland Rockwell's excellent paintings of familiar scenes on the Pacific coast. Probably no locality in the state is as familiar to our people as the place where the Willamette river unites with the Columbia on its journey to the sea. Daily river and ocean steamers and clipper ships from far across the trackless ocean, plow these waters with their loads of passengers and freight, and more people have passed the mouth of the Willamette than any other point in this whole northwestern region. The view is taken from the hills bordering the west bank of the river, and looks to the northeast, showing the snow covered cone of St. Helens in the central back ground and the icy crown of Mount Tacoma thrust far above the intervening mountains to the left. In the immediate foreground, but many feet below the point of view, is a river steamer plowing its way up the Willamette, while in the middle ground is the dual mouth of the river, divided by a little island, the Columbia running transversely across the picture to the left. The left bank of the Willamette is not that of the main land, but of Sauvie's island, on the other side of which runs what is now termed the Willamette slough, but what was once the main channel of the stream. This island extends down the Columbia for eighteen miles, the slough running parallel with the stream for that distance and discharging into the river at a point that was at some time in the past the only mouth the Willamette had. The present mouth and ship channel was no doubt made by the water at some season of unusual floods forcing for itself a passage across this long peninsula and converting it into an island.

The original title of this narrow strip was Wapatoe island, named from the abundance of a root plant so-called by the Indians. This plant, which is prolific in marshy ground, is the *sagittaria variabilis* of botanists, and like the camas is used largely for food by the Indian tribes living in the region where it abounds. The name Sauvie has since been given to the island in honor of an old Hudson's Bay Company man who years ago made it his residence. Though annually overflowed by the "June rise," the island is very valuable for the raising of vegetables and for dairying. During the rainy season it is alive with waterfowl, and daily from October till March sportsmen from the city visit it and invariably return with large bags of game.

The Willamette, or the Wallamet, as the pioneers still correctly spell and pronounce it, for it is of Indian origin and not French, as is commonly supposed, was discovered by Captains Lewis and Clarke on the second of April, 1806, for in passing down the north bank of the Columbia the fall before they had failed to observe this stream pouring into it from the other side. After passing the winter on the south side of the Columbia, at its mouth, where dwelt the Clatsop Indians,

they set out upon their return and came unexpectedly upon this large river. Finding some Indians in a house near its mouth and being refused anything to eat, Captain Clarke entered the domicile, sat down beside the fire and threw into it some sulphur matches. The savages were frightened at the result and looked upon him as a "Big Medicine," and hastily bringing him food supplicated him to extinguish the "evil fire." In their journal the Indian name of this stream was recorded as Multnomah, but many of the early settlers, who of course had a better opportunity to learn, maintain that the Indian name of the river from its source to its mouth was Wallamet, the name now borne by both river and valley, and that Multnomah, or as the natives called it "Mathloma" was the name of an Indian village on Sauvie's island near the mouth of the stream, probably the one where Captain Clarke obtained his information.

In approaching the mouth of this river while coming up the Columbia on the evening of a clear day in June, just after the sun has retired behind the forest-rimmed hills of the Coast Range, a most entrancing picture is spread out before the eye. Gazing up the stream, whose banks are fringed with trees, deep tinted by the darkening shadows of twilight and casting sombre reflections on either side, between which leads the avenue of light up which the vessel is passing, the eye rests upon the great gorge of the Columbia. A little to the right, rising grand and majestic above the long range of deep blue mountains, stands the kingly Mount Hood, its snowy crown bathed in the roseate hues of sunset. Sweeping the eye along the horizon of hills, it catches a glimpse of Jefferson, Adams, St. Helens and the gigantic Tocomas, their mantles of snow painted by the declining sun, each with a different tint. Such another scene the realm of nature does not possess.

YONCALLA VALLEY.

In the northern end of Douglas county, Oregon, lies one of the most beautiful of the many mountain-locked valleys of the Pacific coast. It is some eight miles in length from north to south and about three in width, and is watered by the Yoncalla, a stream of considerable size, tributary to the Umpqua, which it enters nearly opposite old Fort Umpqua of the Hudson's Bay Co., built by Michael Laframboise, who came with Astor's party in 1811 on the ill-fated *Tonquin*. Through it runs the Oregon & California railroad, and as the train enters the valley the traveler's eye rests with pleasure upon a lovely vale nestling between two long rows of protecting hills. The green foliage, the fields of ripening grain, the bands of excellent sheep and cattle, the long rows of substantial fence, the large and ornamental dwellings and commodious farm buildings, combine to give color and life to the picture and to speak of prosperity and peace. The village of Yoncalla, surrounded by a wealthy farming community and enjoying a wholesome trade, is an important station on the road, from which the products of the valley are shipped.

In former years this was the home of the Yoncalla band of Umpqua Indians, a small remnant of whom remain and till with the plow the land over which their ancestors hunted. They are successful farmers, intelligent, and many of them