

Klamath Lake, Tule Lake and the Lava Beds, the region made famous by Captain Jack and his Spartan band of Modocs, seem almost at our feet. To the east the hills and valleys of the Nevada basin stretch out to the horizon line. At our very feet, and dwarfed into the merest ant hill, is the Black Butte, or Little Mount Shasta, a pigmy counterpart of the great mountain, its black, barren sides thrown into bold relief against the background of green pines surrounding it. The resemblance in contour is wonderful, and suggests the little models we see in the Patent Office at Washington and the great engines of which they are the image.

A little further to the northeast is Sheep Rock, around which the old emigrant trail used to wind, and just beyond stands the Goose Nest. This is a peak that rises to a height of more than 8,000 feet. The top is barren of timber, and at the extreme apex is the crater of a huge extinct volcano, fully a mile in width, and filled with perpetual snow. From Shasta Valley the depression, with its white lining, so closely resembles the downy interior of a nest, that the name seems peculiarly appropriate. From our high position we gaze down into this snowy crater, and think how all things have changed since its now frozen interior blazed with volcanic heat. What a sight it must have been when the hundred craters now within the scope of our vision were belching forth fire, smoke and burning lava! Pilot Rock, in the Siskiyou Mountains, on the border line between California and Oregon, catches the eye, and Scott and Shasta valleys, walled in by the encircling mountains, are smiling and beautiful, like sparkling gems in a massive setting. The courses of the Sacramento and Klamath, with their leading tributaries, can be traced with difficulty.

It is now ten o'clock, and we think of our long journey back to Berryvale; but before going we pay our respects to the monument on the extreme apex, erected in 1875 by the United States Coast Survey. It weighs 2,000 pounds, is cylindrical in form, sixteen feet high and three in diameter, and is made of boiler iron. It is surmounted by a bell-shaped cap of polished composition that reflects the sun's rays, and can be seen with a powerful glass at a long distance.

There are two ways of descending. One is to plod wearily along on foot, and the other to glide down the steep slope like a shooting star. There is one point where a clear stretch of nearly five miles can be had, from near the top almost to the timber line, and seated on a board, with his pole under his arm for a rudder and a brake, one can take a wild meteor-like ride to the bottom. About half way is a little ridge, beyond which the descent is steeper. One at a time we start down the dizzy height, each as the one before him disappears over the ridge. I watch my predecessor with considerable anxiety, but receive little comfort in gazing at a floating speck enveloped in a cloud of whirling spray. As he disappears from view I muster all my courage, take a firm hold upon the pole and set the board in motion. Almost in an instant I am shooting down like a bullet, the spray-like snow flying in a perfect cloud about my head and blind-

ing my eyes like the drivings of a storm. The ridge is soon passed and then the speed is terrific, giving me the sensation of falling through interminable space. It is a wild, exciting ride, and before I can imagine it possible I reach the point where the snow disappears in the timber. Gazing up the great mountain down which I came in as many minutes as it took hours to ascend, I for the first time realize the immensity of the journey. Feeling myself all over to see if pieces of my anatomy have not been scattered along the route, and finding myself sound in body and mind, there comes over me an almost irresistible impulse to go up and try it again. The journey to Berryvale is soon accomplished, and refreshed with a hearty meal we recline under the trees and rest our weary limbs.

When the railroads now being extended shall have formed a junction at the Oregon and California line, the route will pass through Strawberry Valley, and Shasta will then be more accessible to tourists than any other mountain peak in America. It will be on the main line of the grand circuit made by all those who come to the coast by the Northern route and return by the Central or Southern. Hundreds will visit it every summer and spend a few days in the mountains at the many inviting resorts. The headwaters of Sacramento, McLeod, Pit, Shasta and Trinity rivers abound in mountain trout, a perfect paradise for the angler, and the dense forests, with their deer, black bear and an occasional grizzly and California lion, offer exciting sport to the huntsman.

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Quinine from Gas Tar.

The last contribution of modern chemistry to science is the production of quinine from gas tar. Professor Fischer, of Munich, has succeeded in obtaining from distilled coal a white crystalline powder, which, as far as regards its action on the human system, cannot be distinguished from quinine, except that it assimilates even more readily with the stomach. Its efficacy in reducing fever heat is said to be remarkable, even rendering the use of ice unnecessary. The importance of such a discovery as this consists not so much in the actual fact achieved as in the stimulus given to scientific research by the opening up of a new channel of investigation. The romance of gas tar is evidently far from being exhausted. In addition to the sweetest scents, the most brilliant dyes, the most powerful disinfectants, and even prussic acid, are some of the numerous and wonderful products of its decomposition.—*Scientific American*.

The *Painter*, of Cleveland, Ohio, comes to us this month with a great improvement even upon its usual neat and artistic appearance. A handsome cover, artistic illustrations and neat typography render it very attractive to the eye, while its instructive articles on the art of painting and decoration are exceedingly interesting to one at all interested in such subjects, as thousands of our people are. America is being rapidly educated in art, and one of the best instructors is the *Painter*.