

of the dreaded pitfall. Sharpened stakes were sometimes set up in the bottom, upon which any object falling into the pit was certain to impale itself. The name is usually spelled "Pitt," the mistake arising from ignorance of its origin.

The McLeod, which flows along the eastern side of Mount Shasta, was named in memory of Alexander Roderick McLeod, the leader of the first party of trappers sent by the Hudson's Bay Company into California. In the spring of 1828 the party set out from Vancouver, and passed up the Willamette Valley, through Umpqua and Rogue River valleys, and across Siskiyou Mountain, following very closely the present route of travel by land from Oregon to California. They trapped very successfully on the various streams of Northern California until winter set in, when they became snowed in on the banks of this beautiful mountain stream. Three members of the company, the celebrated Tom McKay, Joe McLaughlin, son of the Chief Factor, and J. B. Pairrout, volunteered to go to Vancouver for supplies, an undertaking of peril in a region of which they were entirely ignorant. After much hardship and privation they succeeded in reaching headquarters on the Columbia by following up the eastern base of the Cascades to the Dalles. McLeod, however, was unable to await relief, since he could not by hunting procure a sufficient supply of food. Consequently he made a *cache* of his furs, and with the remainder of his company struggled through the deep snow of the mountains and made his way back to Vancouver. A party went out the following summer to secure the furs, but found them all ruined by water, the rains and melting snow having caused the river to rise far above the banks it occupied when the unfortunate trappers camped there the fall before. Among the trappers the stream was ever afterwards known as "McLeod River." Years later, when white men had settled in this region, a well known and worthy citizen, Ross McCloud, a surveyor by profession, lived on this stream, and the similarity of pronunciation in the two names led to the common error of supposing that his name was the one the river bore, and thus it stands upon the maps. It is an error that should be corrected, and the name of the first white trapper to penetrate that region should be handed down in history associated with the mountain stream upon whose banks he and his party suffered so much.

The McLeod River is a sportsman's paradise, teeming with the gamiest trout. The forests which clothe the mountain sides abound in deer, bear and the smaller game, while on the sides of Mount Shasta are occasionally seen the celebrated mountain sheep, whose agility has won for them such a fabulous reputation for leaping. Professor Muir, who has carefully studied the habits of those animals in their native wilds, asserts that their reported feat of leaping down precipices and landing upon their hard and elastic horns is untrue; that their bodies are so heavy that such an effort would result in complete transformation of the animal from a sheep to a conglomerate mass of horns, bones, mutton and wool. They do, however, manage to slide down almost perpen-

dicular declivities, and to maintain a high rate of speed along the steep side of a bluff on a trail it would be impossible for a man to follow. Their sudden disappearance in this manner led to the stories so commonly related of them. Many tourists who visit Mount Shasta cross over to the McLeod and enjoy a few days of fishing and hunting along that matchless stream, whose seclusion from settlement and remoteness from the usual lines of travel have preserved it in its primeval condition. Near the mouth of the stream, where the stage road skirts it for some distance, the United States Fish Commission maintains a hatchery, where the spawn of several kinds of food fish are hatched and prepared for distribution. It is this establishment which keeps the Sacramento so well stocked with the royal salmon. The falls, of which we present an engraving, are some distance up the stream, and are among the most beautiful of the numerous waterfalls of the Western mountains. Worthy of the deepest admiration, their seclusion hides them from the eyes of all, save the few lovers of Nature who make a special effort to reach them.

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Our engraving of the *Idaho*, the Alaska excursion steamer, surrounded by masses of floating ice, represents one of the phases of a trip to our northern possessions. The traveler along the Alaskan coast has all his previous ideas of the fitness of things constantly outraged. With ice surrounding his vessel, he sees the densest of green foliage on the shore, back of which rise high mountains, in whose gorges lie masses of perpetual snow and ice. Everywhere Nature seems fitful and eccentric in her conduct, appearing to delight in setting Winter and Summer together by the ears and mixing them up in a most promiscuous and confusing manner. Such quantities of ice as shown in the engraving are not seen in Alaskan waters except in Glacier Bay, the scene of the illustration, and at other points where glaciers enter the sea, since the temperature of the water is too high for their long existence in the solid state. Navigation of that region is not attended by the danger from floating icebergs, which render so perilous the waters of the North Atlantic. The Japan Current maintains the water and atmosphere at a temperature which quickly works their dissolution.

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In Southern Oregon, just east of the Cascade Range, lie the Klamath lakes, two large bodies of water joined together by a short and turbulent stream known as "Link River." This is the source of the Klamath River, spelled "Tlamath" by Fremont, Wilkes and other early explorers and pioneers, that representing more accurately the Indian pronunciation. The natives of that region were the Klamaths and Modocs, the former occupying the upper and the latter the lower portion, and extending eastward beyond Tule Lake and the Lava Beds. The former were also known as "La Lakes," a title bestowed upon them by the Canadian trappers because of their residence near the lakes, and also as "Muk-a-luks" and "Luunami," their true tribal name. They are now gathered,