

can neither be predicted nor depended upon. The richness of the ground, too, varies wonderfully, so that the results of a short season often largely exceed those of a long one, while two neighboring claims may stand in strong contrast with each other in the amount of yellow treasure extracted from them. It may well be imagined that time is precious, and the aid of powerful electric lights is invoked to turn night into day so that work need never cease. Several companies have found mining in this manner very profitable, even though the preliminary work of one season has to be nearly all replaced the next, owing to the ravages of the winter freshets.

To the old pioneer the word "Klamath" brings a thousand memories of scenes grave and gay, of comedy and tragedy. The thousands of exciting incidents of mining camp life, the wild rush for new diggings, the "man for breakfast," the vigilantes' court, the Indian fight, the perils of road and trail, rise up before him and furnish him a theme of which his tongue never tires. It suggests, also, the evanescent and almost forgotten glory of a city of Spanish castles which once bore it. When, early in 1850, hundreds of adventurers were searching the coast frantically for the Bay of Trinidad, with the idea that into it flowed the Trinity River, upon the headwaters of which wonderfully rich mines had been discovered, one of those parties came upon the Klamath River. On the south bank of the stream, a few miles above its mouth, they laid out a most beautiful city, with boulevards, parks, universities and public buildings, broad avenues and streets, and everything that could be desired of a great city of modern times. It was all done on paper, and scarcely a tree was felled, except to aid in the construction of a few brush shanties, yet so captivating was it that for several days the future great city had a population of several score and prospects unlimited. This was to be the great commercial city of that whole region, not simply a rival to San Francisco, but one before whose shining glory the city by the Golden Gate would hide her diminished head in shame. But, alas, for human hopes! It was soon discovered that the shifting sands at the river's mouth kept so incessantly altering and obstructing the channel that it was a matter of much uncertainty when even a small vessel could enter it in safety. Once in, it was equally uncertain when she could get out again. As this fact became known the people of the future metropolis vanished like the morning mist, and Klamath City, with her warehouses, boulevards, parks and institutions of learning, vanished with them so completely that even its site is now unknown.

THERE is no doubt that the substitution of tiles for carpet and wood flooring will in time become universal. Even now these exquisite little blocks from the ovens of the tile manufactories are used at the expense of less costly floorings. The labors of the tile makers are no longer confined to the manufacture of the plain, ugly colored blocks of concrete. Copies of the most celebrated art works are reproduced. Sometimes each tile is a gem of itself.

SHOSHONE FALLS.

THE scene of all others which will probably make the most vivid and lasting impression upon the mind of the Western tourist is the great cataract of Snake River, known as the "Shoshone Falls." Though not so broad, and carrying a considerable smaller body of water, they are in many respects as imposing as the famous Niagara, while in the peculiarity of their formation and surroundings they even exceed in interest that great cataract which has been the admiration of the world for a century. More than fifty years ago the wandering brigades of trappers roaming throughout the Rocky Mountain region were informed by the friendly Indians of the several cataracts on Snake River, and especially the great falls shown in our illustrations. But the trapper was an intensely practical individual. 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 had 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 around the great masses of rock that obstruct the channel just above the brink, and then, gathering itself into one mighty mass, plunge down a sheer descent of 210 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. But railroads work wonders in a short time, and the construction of the Oregon Short Line has brought this great cataract within the easy reach of every tourist who crosses the continent. As the line progressed westward a station—Shoshone, the junction of the Wood River branch—was established, twenty-five miles north of the falls, and an enterprising stage driver conceived the idea of profiting by the traffic to be secured from future sightseers. Previously the river at that point had only been approachable by vehicle from the south. The whole surrounding country is a large waste of lava rock and sage brush, and for a distance of twenty-five miles the river flows through a gorge of almost perpendicular walls from 500 to 700