

feet in height. This farseeing knight of the whip proceeded to locate all the available land on the north bank and broke a road through the sage brush and lava beds. The south side was already claimed by a young married couple, who had built themselves a rude cabin, within whose walls their first-born in vain tried to drown the mighty cataract's roar with its infant yells. These two parties combined their claims and for a time held possession, but afterwards disposed of their interests to a company of gentlemen, who desired to make suitable provision for the accommodation of visitors. These gentlemen located all the available land about the great falls, also the Twin Falls, three miles above, made a good stage road to Shoshone City, put on a line of stages, built a small hotel and made many improvements about the falls. This has not been done for speculative purposes, but because of their admiration for and pride in these great wonders of Nature, and a desire to preserve them from vandalism and render them easy of access to every one. They have already expended \$18,000 in improvements, and are preparing to erect this summer a large hotel. The present accommodations are for only fifteen to twenty guests, but they will soon be prepared to entertain several hundred at a time. These gentlemen are Messrs. W. A. Clark, of Butte City, and John A. Creighton and Charles H. Dewey, of Omaha. Great praise is due them for their efforts to render a visit to this attractive spot so pleasant and inexpensive. From Portland the fare to Shoshone Junction is \$33.75, being \$16.20 to Huntington over the O. R. & N. Co.'s line and \$17.55 over the Oregon Short Line from Huntington to Shoshone. Stages run daily from that point to the falls, the fare for the round trip being only \$8. Through passengers going either west or east can spend from one to three days at the falls at an expense only of stage fare and hotel accommodations. Passengers on the Utah & Northern can stop over at Pocatello and make the round trip to the falls for \$18. The Union Pacific possesses in this great attraction something that will make it a favorite route for tourists, aside from the many other advantages it offers.

The following comprehensive description of the falls was written originally for the Butte City *Miner* by a gentleman who made a thorough exploration of them: A few hours' ride through the desert, where we saw no living thing save now and then a half famished rabbit, brought to view a dark line produced in the great lava plain by the first glimpse of the edge of the precipice on the farther side of the river. Several miles before reaching the falls a heavy sound like distant thunder is heard, and on a clear day the spray rising upward is clearly seen. Upon arriving at the brow of the precipice the horses were detached from the coach, and they and the passengers entered a narrow gateway where the wall was broken down a little, and began their descent over a difficult and precipitous trail to the river at a point just above, but not in view of, the falls. As we approached the modest hotel by a great spring, and near a little meadow, the air was redolent of cooking viands, and never was ampler justice done, than by our little party with

whetted appetites, to an excellent dinner of which fresh trout was the most delicate feature.

After dinner and a brief repose we walked out a few hundred yards to see the great cataract, and I am free to confess my utter inability to convey with words even a faint impression of the matchless beauty and majesty of the scene that burst upon my vision as I ascended a table of trachyte a hundred feet above the brink of the precipice, over which the river falls 210 feet perpendicularly. The face of the falls is in the form of an obtuse angle, the side toward the south being much the longest. Above this, for about 1,500 feet, extends a group of rock islands, which divide the stream into several channels and produce two series of rapids and cascades, comprising a great number, all varying in height and force, and which heighten the effect of the scene, and break the water into foamy whiteness preparatory to its final leap. Among these islands the water descends about 100 feet.

On this side of the river, and 150 feet above the main falls, is a faithful representation of Niagara in miniature, sixty feet in height, with a wedge-shaped island dividing it into two most graceful sheets. Looking across the river and beyond this is an island rock, fifty feet wide, then a cascade eighty feet in breadth, which is not perpendicular, the water rushing down in a thin sheet over the rounded face of the rock. Further on is a large island, eighty feet high, then a narrow fall of a large volume, then a low rock island, another narrow fall similar to the last described, then a large island, beyond which is found the main body of the river broken into cascades, which front in almost every direction owing to the distorted condition of the lava channel.

The next morning we crossed the river above the group of islands in a little boat, and were surprised to find the stream flowing gently and placidly, seemingly unconscious of the terrible fury which would in the next minute mark its descent. Near the shore we passed the ruins of a willow-thatched cabin, around which were scattered the remains of a gold washing rocker, an improvised candlestick and other evidences of a miner's humble abode. Here, a few years since, dwelt a sort of recluse, a Scotchman by birth, who was known by the name of Old Tom Bell. For a long time he had lived there, gaining a precarious livelihood by washing the auriferous sands, which at this time employ a number of Chinese above and below the cataract. Bell had constructed a rude boat, which served him in carrying his firewood and in crossing to one of the islands, where he mined during low stages of water. One morning in the spring time, when the river was much swollen, there appeared on the river opposite Bell's cabin two Chinese merchants, who had been on a collecting tour among their countrymen on the river above, who beckoned to Bell to come and set them over. Bell rowed safely across, but on his return one of his oars gave way, when, losing control, the boat sped quickly away in the strong current. He attempted to reach the nearest island, but was powerless to manage his careless craft, and in the minute following was swept over the precipice. Two Chinese miners were the only