

sound, across the Cascade mountains, giving Tacoma, and Seattle as well, by a short extension of a road already built from that city, the advantages of being terminal points of a great transcontinental road, as well as available shipping points for all that portion of the great agricultural, pastoral and mining region lying between the Cascade and Rocky mountains, and accessible to the Northern Pacific road.

The advantages of the sound, as a manufacturing region, are great. Its facilities for easy and cheap interchange of products have been mentioned; also its supplies of coal, iron, timber and limestone. The road soon to be completed will give it easy access to the wheat, wool, stock, hides and ores of the inland empire, as well as an opportunity to supply that vast and rapidly developing region with coal, lumber, merchandise and manufactured products. Especially is it designed by nature for ship building, and is the most available harbor on the Pacific coast for a naval station and navy yard. Ships may be constructed nearly a hundred miles inland from points where ample defenses may be erected to repel any enemy, no matter how powerful. Back of Seattle, there is a large, deep lake of fresh water, easily accessible by a short canal, about which stand vast forests of timber, which is nowhere surpassed for ship building purposes, and along whose banks is now being constructed a railroad which taps the great deposits of coal and iron, but a few miles away. Everything necessary, in its natural condition, is here provided. It remains only for the government, or private individuals, to recognize and improve the opportunity offered.

From a picturesque standpoint, Puget

sound possesses attractions of a high order. Its shores, which, in the main, come down, in bluff steep, to the very margin of the waters, are lined with verdant firs. Here and there, the rolling hills are broken, where some stream pours down from the mountains and flows through a fertile valley, covered with a rank growth of forests of cedar, fir, maple, alder, cottonwood and creeping vines, save where the hand of man has cleared a way for the plow, and converted the forest wild into green meadows and fields of grain. Back from the shores, the forests rise in successive terraces as they climb the mountain sides, and soften their rugged outlines clear to their summits, save where, here and there, some giant snow peak thrusts its hoary head far above the green mantle of the mountains, and challenges the traveler's eye, from whatever direction he may be approaching. On a clear, warm, bracing day in early summer time, the traveler down the sound has almost constantly in view one of these snowy summits. Mount Rainier, to the southeast; Mount Baker, to the northeast; and the long serrated ridge of the Olympic range, to the west, all hold their snowy crowns aloft for his inspection. The calm, deep waters of the sound, like the bosom of a mountain tarn, reflect the sun's rays by day, and by night glisten under the shimmering light of the moon. A journey down its winding channels, through its narrow passages, among its hundreds of islands, past its cities, towns and busy mills, the eye constantly greeted by new and ever changing landscapes of beauty, is one never to be forgotten by him who takes it when a clear sky and full moon combine to reveal its beauties, both day and night.

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