

GRAY'S HARBOR TO QUINAULT RIVER.

It is my purpose in several articles to give a description of the scenery and objects of interest along a route to and through a hitherto unexplored region of the Pacific northwest, which, when known, can not help but become famous for the picturesqueness and variety of its scenery. I refer to the region of the Olympic range of mountains.

The journey really begins at Hoquiam, on Gray's harbor, where the traveler takes the steady little steamer *Tillie* and enjoys a morning ride of fourteen miles down the channel to Damon's point, at the north side of the entrance to Gray's harbor. Here the distance across the point is about one mile, and from an observatory constructed in the top of the trees you can trace the action of the waters around the point, from where the rolling billows of old ocean whip and lash themselves into foam upon the gradual incline of the sandy plain, the waters at each successive step becoming less turbulent, until the frightful waves have spent their force and are reduced to ripples that kiss the shelly beach of the harbor and retire with a rilling laugh, scarcely disturbing the tranquil bosom of the inside waters.

From this crow's nest almost daily can be seen the ships of commerce laden with merchandise, wafted hither or going out over the bar laden with lumber, the principal export of the Gray's harbor country. When I see the staunch tugs cross out and make for some ship off the bar, waiting her chance to be towed in, I am reminded of the famous fight in our recent war between the war ships, the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*.

So realistic is the picture of one of these brave little vessels, built to resist nature's naval armament, plowing through the waters, that I have found myself disappointed, when she has come within shelling distance of a ship, that no port holes were flung open and no fire belched forth.

From Damon's to Point Greenville, a distance of

twenty miles, the beach is lined at intervals of a half mile with derricks built about midway between high and low water, at the top of which the hunter spends his time, during the summer months, shooting the sea otter, the furs of which are amongst the most valuable met with in the marts of the world.

At the "Oyhut," six miles above Damon's, lives a portion of the tribe of Quinault Indians, and there exists the line drawn between the "Tye" man and his slaves whose ancestors were taken in battle many years ago. True, at the present day they are not deprived of their liberty, but as long as descendants of both the conqueror and the conquered exist the "Tye" man will point at his neighbor as the son of his father's slave.

A few miles above lies the wreck of the British ship *Abercorn*, which was laden with 2,000 tons of railroad iron for the O. R. & N. Co., and, two years ago, as was supposed, through the drunken debauch of the captain, was allowed to run ashore; there she lies in the midst of the breakers, the surging billows rushing and rolling over and thro' her iron sides, and freight of steel, now turned topsy turvy, an object of supreme awe—another proof that the handiwork of man availeth but little when brought in contact with the waring elements of nature. There are many other evidences of shipwreck strewn along the beach—here a keel and there a rudder; and some-

times an entire ship's bottom, all gradually disappearing through the sands. But the *Abercorn* is the only one now considered of very much interest by the passer-by.

Six miles above the "Oyhut" the Chepalis river, a stream easily forded at low tide, empties into the sea, while two miles farther on the leading rock, or "Coph Falls," as called in the Indian dialect, stands about a quarter of a mile off shore, and, like Cleopatra's needle, raises its head far above the waves. Upon this the sea otter hunters have erected a small cabin, bolted to the rocks lest the crying waves, whose crests in storm time overleap the roof, should wash it into the sea.



SHOOTING SEA OTTER FROM A BEACH TOWER.