

One of the hunters who was caught in a storm and forced to stay on this rock over six weeks, related to me his experience. His canoe had been washed away and not even an Indian could be induced during the whole of that time to come to his relief; time and time again would the waves dash over his house, while he momentarily looked for the dear bolts, at the mercy of whose strength his life hung, to give away. I have seen the waves in spiteful fury lash those rocks, and can appreciate his remark that the crown of the highest prince who ever wore a robe of sea otter fur would be no inducement for another sojourn there during such a storm.

To this point during the summer many of the inhabitants of the Gray's harbor and sound districts betake themselves, lured hither by the grand scenery and succulent fish and game found in the neighborhood; here, within a radius of a mile, no less than twenty-six different species of the most palatable of the crustaceous and finny tribes abound; on the beach, as thick as potatoes in a bed, are the fine razor clams; from the leading rock the halibut is hooked; in pools of water surrounding rocks on the beach, at low tide, are taken the finest flounder and crabs, and in the Chepallis river on one side and Joe creek on the other, speckled mountain and salmon trout, the black and blue bass, the porgy and tom cod, and several different kinds of salmon abound in great numbers, while but a stone's throw back from the beach, in proper season, are killed many elk, bear and deer. From Damon's to "Coph Palls," a distance of fourteen miles, is a beach drive unexcelled by any McAdam or shell road in the world; and here, in the mellow atmosphere of an Indian summer, cooled by a gentle sea breeze, one can revel in the charms of nature's loveliness, forgetting the thorny path of the busy, bustling world. Everything seems created for man's pleasure, and we bend our knee to a higher power in token of its acknowledgement.

From "Coph Palls" to Point Greenville, a distance of eight miles, the beach is strewn with shells and agates, interspersed with huge boulders, and beautiful mountain streams trickle their way through the sands, quickly losing their identity in the rolling waters of the sea. From "Coph Palls" to Point Greenville is a natural site for a harbor of refuge for ships in distress. Point Greenville on the north already shelters it from the northern and northwestern winds, while on a reef of rock extending a mile or more into the sea from "Coph Palls" could be constructed, at comparatively

small cost, a breakwater to shelter the harbor from other ocean storms.

From Point Greenville to the mouth of the Quinault river is about three miles; the beach is very precipitous, and at high tide the rollers break at the foot of steep bluffs; at many points at great exertion only can teams make their way around projecting rocks, between receding waters and incoming waves. The wildness of the drive and picturesqueness of the scenery are enchanting beyond description, and lure one to repeat the journey, notwithstanding the danger of



COPH FALLS. WITH HUNTER'S CABIN ON ITS TOP.

being caught in the breakers and dashed to pieces against the rocks. At the agency we found half a hundred cottages huddled together, with narrow streets or alleys intervening, interesting from the fact that they are mostly constructed from the wreckage of unfortunate vessels which have foundered and gone to pieces in that vicinity. It is located at the mouth of the Quinault river, a beautiful mountain stream nearly one-third of a mile wide to within a few yards of the ocean narrowing down at its mouth to not exceeding twenty yards; here, also, the swells of the ocean approach within a few yards of the shore before breaking. At the mouth of the river you can approach in a small boat to within a dozen yards of the breakers,