

## GRAND FALLS AND CANYON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

Above all the beauties and wonders of the famous National Park of the Yellowstone, nothing so much commands both the awe and admiration of the beholder as the grand canyon through which the Yellowstone river pours its impetuous flood. One may marvel at the giant geysers, look with curiosity upon the fumaroles, salfastaras, hot springs, paint pots, mud springs, silica terraces and sulphur baths, view with surprise the hoodo rocks, obsidian cliffs and natural bridge, and admire the many waterfalls, the grandeur of the mountains and the quiet beauty of the peaceful lake; but when he stands in the grand canyon and sees its many-colored cliffs sparkle dazzlingly in the rays of the sun, while the roar of the falls is ever in his ears, and the leaping water, with its floating clouds of spray, ever before his eyes, he experiences all these sensations combined. Truly, it is a sight worth going thousands of miles to behold, and would render a trip to the park a lifelong remembrance, even were the many other attractions unknown.

Few people need any information as to the location and nature of this wonderful park; but for their benefit it well to state them briefly. It is a tract of about 60x70 miles lying in the very heart of the Rocky mountains, where the three states of Idaho, Montana and Wyoming join, and was set apart for a perpetual national park by an act of congress approved March 1, 1872. Within its limits are a greater number of the eccentric manifestations of natural forces and more scenes of enchanting beauty and imposing grandeur than in any similar region in the world. Nature seems to have chosen these mountain summits, the great dividing ridge of the continent, as a fitting place wherein to place the masterpieces of her handiwork. Three great rivers, the Snake, the Yellowstone and the Missouri find their sources within its boundaries, and within a few miles of each other, the former discharging its waters through the mighty Columbia into the Pacific ocean, and the latter two through the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico. It is impossible, at this time, to describe more than that portion of the park which is the subject of the large engraving on the next page. The park is reached by a branch line of the Northern Pacific railroad from Livingston, Montana.

Yellowstone river flows quietly from the northern end of the lake and soon becomes lost in the windings of a huge canyon, whose walls hem it in and echo the roaring of the imprisoned waters as they plunge over rocks and huge precipices. There are two large falls in its course of a few miles below the lake. Half a mile above the upper falls and with nothing to suggest the scene soon to burst upon the vision, the peacefully-flowing river suddenly breaks into a series of dashing rapids. The water rushes along impetuously until it plunges over the brink of the upper falls upon the rocks 140 feet below. The channel is narrowed to 100 feet, and the water so deepened that with the great force accumulated in the rapids, it is hurled over the edge and breaks into detached masses of glistening white, blending into the cloud of spray that rises from below, through which it darts like arrows, rebounding from the sloping sides of the rocky masses at the bottom. From here the river flows swiftly on, receiving into its bosom the waters of the Cascade creek, which plunges over the edge of the canyon at Crystal cascades 129 feet above. Spreading out to considerable width, it suddenly contracts to about 100 feet when a quarter of a mile has been traversed, and hurls itself over a precipice 350 feet high into the bottom of the canyon. Says Professor Hayden: "The waters seem to gather themselves into one compact mass, and plunge over the descent 350 feet in detached drops of foam as white as snow. Some of the large globules of water shoot down like the contents of an exploded rocket. The entire mass falls into a circular basin which has been worn into the hard rock, so that the rebound is one of the grand features of the scene."

The grand canyon which opens out in its greatest magnitude below the lower falls, extends down the river for twenty miles, and the walls vary from 1,000 to 3,000 feet in perpendicular height. The falls and canyon are thus described by Col. William Ludlow: "The view of the grand canyon from the point where we stood, is perhaps the finest piece of scenery in the world. I can conceive of no combination of pictorial splendors which could unite more potently the two requisites of majesty and beauty. Close at hand, the river, narrowed in its bed to a width of some seventy feet, and with a depth of four or five feet, through the pure, deep green of which the hardly wavering outlines of the brown bowlders beneath are distinctly visible, springs to the crest with an intensity of motion that makes its clear depths fairly seem to quiver. Just before making the plunge, the stream is again contracted, and the water is thrown in from both sides toward the center, so that two bold, rounded prominences or buttresses, as it were, are formed where green and white commingle. Lying prostrate and looking down into the depth, with the cold breath of the canyon fanning the face, one can see that these ribs continue downward, the whole mass of the fall gradually breaking into spray against the air, until lost in the vast cloud of vapor that hides its lowest third, and out of which, 350 feet beneath, comes up a mighty roar that shakes the hills and communicates a strange vibration to the nerves. From far below this cloud emerges a narrow, green rib-

bon, winding and twisting, in which the river is hardly recognizable, so dwarfed is it, and creeping with so oily and sluggish a current, as though its fall had stunned it. On either hand the walls of the canyon curve back from the plunging torrent, and rise, weltering with moisture, to the level of the fall, again ascending 500 or 600 feet to the pine-fringed margin of the canyon; pinnacles and towers projecting far into the space between, and seeming to overhang their bases. These details are comparatively easy to give, but how find words which shall suggest the marvelous picture as a whole! The sun had come out, after a brief shower, and, shining nearly from the meridian straight into the canyon, flooded it with light, and illuminated it with a wealth and luxuriance of color almost supernatural. The walls appeared to glow with a cool, inward radiance of their own, and gave back tints of orange, pink, yellow, red, white and brown, of a vividness and massiveness hopeless to describe, and which would overtax the powers of the greatest artist to portray. The lower slopes, wet with spray, were decorated with the rich hue of vegetation, while through the mist, the river, of a still more brilliant green, far below, pursued its tortuous course, and the eye followed it down through this ocean of color until, two or three miles away, a curve in the canyon hid it from view, and formed its own appropriate background."

A. A. Sweet is the name of a telegraph operator, who, up to some time last summer, was employed in the Western Union office in Helena. For ten years past Sweet has been working at telegraphing in the winter and prospecting in the summer. What he made during the winter fitted him out for his prospecting trips and kept him going until the time when cold weather drove him back to the key. Last summer Sweet located a placer claim in Lemhi county, Idaho. It struck him as such a rich piece of property that he bought up adjoining claims till he was the possessor of 1,600 acres. Then he looked around for a purchaser. Ex-Senator Tabor, he of the \$250 night shirt fame, was the person Sweet approached. Tabor promised to look into the matter, and sent out experts to examine and report on the value of the find. They brought back glowing reports to the ex-senator, who at once closed with Sweet for \$100,000 for the 1,600 acres. Subsequent development shows that the ground is very rich in gold, and some estimates place the value of Tabor's purchase as high as \$15,000,000. Sweet is a brother of the man who, some years ago, bought a large tract of land near Council Bluffs, Iowa, and which afterwards became the present town of Sweetville. The Idaho property which Sweet let go for \$100,000 is situated about 140 miles from Salmon City.—*Helena Independent.*

The Columbia River & Puget Sound Navigation Company has been incorporated under the laws of Oregon, with a capital stock of \$500,000, for the purpose of maintaining lines of rapid transit passenger steamers between Portland and Astoria on the Columbia, and between the various ports on the sound. The company now owns and operates the *Telephone* on the Portland and Astoria route, the *Bailey Gatzert* on the route between Olympia and Seattle, and the *Fleetwood* between Seattle and Port Townsend. A new steamer, the *Flyer*, is now being built at Portland at a cost of \$90,000, for the route between Seattle and Victoria. Although the vessels now running are very fast boats, the new steamer is expected to be the fastest ever put on the waters of the Pacific coast and to make twenty-two knots an hour. Two other steamers of equal speed, one for the river and one for the sound, are in contemplation. The promoters of this enterprise are practical steamboatmen and capitalists of Portland and Seattle, and this is one of the first instances where these two cities have joined hands in promoting mutual interests.

The Columbia River Telegraph Co. was organized at Cathlamet, Wash., last week, for the purpose of building a line along the north bank of the river to give that region telegraphic connection with the rest of the world. Work will be commenced at Oak Point immediately.

The discovery of an extensive ledge of tin ore near Elgin, Oregon, is reported. Tests made have not yet been sufficient to determine its quality. Should it prove to be what is hoped, Oregon will have a resource more valuable than any yet found beneath her soil.

A town to be named "Hamburg," is being laid out on the Coquille river some distance above Bandon, Oregon. It is the proposed point of crossing for a railroad.

Arrangements are being made to give Waitsburg, Wash., a water works system and an electric light plant.