

IN THE LAND OF GREATEST GLACIERS

CHELAN MOUNTAINS AS SEEN BY PROFESSOR
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Glacier Lake and Mount Nixon
Above Lake Chelan.

Grand Canon of the Stehekin.



Horse Shoe Basin,
Stehekin Canon.

Glacier Park from Cloudy Pass.

(Continued From Last Week.)

ALTHOUGH it may well seem to the tourist who has attained the head of Lake Chelan that nature has reached her acme of grandeur, and that it would tax his powers of belief to be informed that there is grander yet, we shall run the risk of saying just that, and bid him join us on two side journeys up the mighty canyons of the Stehekin and Railroad Creek. Lake Chelan being, as already indicated, in the very heart of the Cascade Mountains, and these mountains here attaining an average elevation of 7000 or 8000 feet, with hundreds of peaks of 9000 or more, and the countless impetuous streams from those snowy heights having cut their way deep down toward the lake level, it follows as a matter of course, that the entire Chelan region, for an area of probably 10,000 square miles, is perfectly gridironed with canyons. Many of them have never been explored or even entered. In them are myriads of lakes, waterfalls, parks, glaciers, and, in fact, every species of mountain attraction. There is no question that within this vast cordon of mountains there are more glaciers than in all the rest of the United States combined. With the exception of the Sierras and the Canadian Rockies, there is certainly no other mountain region on this continent that for varied wonders can for a moment enter into competition with it. Travelers have assured the writer that the Alps in no respect, except historical associations, surpass and, some say, do not equal this crowning glory of our great Northwest state. Amid the bewildering profusion of great canyons radiating from the lake the two most accessible are those of the Stehekin and Railroad Creek. The former, which has water enough for steamboat navigation, if it were not of torrential swiftiness, enters the head of the lake, after a course of probably 50 miles from the divides about Skagit Pass. To ascend this canyon we must commit ourselves and fortunes of Cayuse ponies and a mountain trail, which, though good enough to the initiated, is a terror to the "tenderfoot."

The traveler will find at the mouth of the Stehekin a most excellent hotel, kept by M. A. Field, who, with his wife, has made the wilderness to rejoice, and from whom can be obtained reliable ponies. Six miles up the Stehekin we reach Rainbow Falls, heralded first by distant gusts and eddies of mist, which at first seem to be from woods on fire. But a dull roar, a harsh rumble, then a lighter splash, and we see that what at first had seemed smoke eddying out of the canyon wall in the mist driven before the gusts created by the falling torrents.

With a few more hurried steps we find ourselves before a fall of 350 feet high. It roars and rages, and its clouds of spray swirl like a thunder shower, drenching the rocks and trees far around. Picking our way amid the pelting mist to the top of a slippery hillock, from which we can look right down into the very heart of the fall, we see, swinging against the mist, a perfect rainbow, a complete double circle, a blaze of laser. The thrilling roar deepens as we hang over the slippery verge, and voices, tramping of armies, clatter of innumerable hoofs, rattling of artillery, all the grandeur and frenzy of conflict, seem to rise from that wild gorge. Now the mist eddies forth and blurs the vision, and then falls back, and that dazzling bow hangs there un-

marred. The bridge of Iris or Helmdall, we say; but no, it is no more a bridge. It is a perfect circle, the symbol of eternity. The symbol also of peace, for eternity is peace. That mist-hung bow becomes to us an emblem of all jarring sounds and discordant forces. And so with that bow of peace away behind us, and the deep thunder fading in musical diminuendo, we pass on to the next wonder; and this is not far, for every mile brings its special revelation. But time forbids that we stay with more than one more scene on the Stehekin, and this is the Horseshoe Basin, 30 miles up the river.

Horseshoe Basin.
This is the heart of the Upper Canyon. Imagine yourself perched upon a granite pinnacle, looking possibly a little anxiously for bear in the thick copse at its base, for this is said to be the greatest bear region in the country, but soon lifting your eyes to the heights on either side. Six thousand feet deep is that stupendous gorge. On the south side you see the caudal crags, glacier-crested, which our picture shows, while on the north Horseshoe Basin stands revealed. A long line of dark red minarets, at whose foot stretches two miles of glistening and twisted ice, then below that a great terrace, vivid green with spring foliage, and over it falling a perfect symposium of waterfalls and cataracts, if we may be allowed such an expression. Twenty-one falls all in one view! They vary in height from 500 to 2000 feet. Joining at the foot of the terrace in one foaming torrent, the waters of the basin plunge in a magnificent descent of 250 feet, thence under a

snow tunnel and down a rocky chute swept clean by the flood, to augment the already raging waters of the Stehekin. The Horseshoe Basin, though not grander, not so sublimely terrible, in fact, as some other scenes in the canyon, has that indescribable look of perfectness which belongs to the immortal works of nature and art. It has a symmetry of form and color beyond any other in the entire region. The dark red minarets which form the outer escarpment, 5000 feet above sea-level, form a marvelous contrast, and yet harmony, with the green and blue and white of the glacier and the snow field, and this in turn is margined with the deep green and olive hues of the lower terrace while joining and unifying all is the flashing and opalescent splendor of the cataracts.

Romantic Story of a Cabin.
At the mouth of the Horseshoe Creek, lodged on a little rocky island, is a shabby cabin. We camped near this, and while engaged in preparing a very appetizing meal of fish and venison, a grizzled prospector appeared coming down the trail, and, after the manner of the mountaineers, he makes himself at home and camps with us for the night. In the course of his conversation he narrates many stories of this wild region and of the prospecting and hunting adventures that have happened in it. Finally he tells us the story of the lost cabin, a story that certainly contains all the elements of a romance. It appeared that some years before two young fellows from the East, cousins, had come to the Stehekin to prospect. The old man who told us the story was then the only prospector in the canyon, and he soon made friends with the two adventurers. From broken pieces of conversa-

tion and finally some confidences on the part of one of the boys, he learned something of their story. They had been bosom friends all their lives, but had fallen in love with the same girl, and the poor girl, not knowing which one she did like best, at last told them that the only thing to do was to both leave her for two years, and at the end of the time she would decide in favor of the one that had showed himself the bravest and most successful man. Each kept his destination a perfect secret, but to their astonishment, within a month after leaving they found each other in Spokane. They concluded that it was the appointment of fate, and so went together to the wild country of Chelan to seek a fortune. After they had been there a short time they found a mutual distrust springing up, and finally, by the advice of the old man, they agreed to separate. George was to stay below, and Harry was to go up. He was the more sullen and selfish of the two, and it was due to him that they had fallen out. Harry was of a frank and generous nature, and when it became evident that they must part, he insisted that he should help build a cabin for George. And the cabin that they built was the very one that we now saw lodged against the rocks. Harry went up the canyon toward the Skagit Pass, and there in the lonely grandeur of the glaciers he pined his pick and shovel. A few months later there came a mighty chinook, the warm wind of the Cascades, which stripped the peaks of snow within a day and transformed the creeks into raging torrents and sends floods down every gulch. The night after the wind began to blow the old man came to George's cabin, and in the intense darkness of the cloudy night they listened to the hurrying of the storm and the roar of the rapidly growing river. About mid-

night there came suddenly a succession of rifle shots near at hand, and in a few minutes a thunder and roar of water beyond anything that they had heard. Rushing out, they saw that the water was already surrounding the cabin, and they had to run in the darkness for their lives. Stumbling among the rocks, they reached at last land enough for safety, while the floods went tearing by. With the first light they looked out to see that the cabin had gone adrift, but sadder to tell, they soon found Harry, mangled, tortured, at the point of death, just strong enough to tell them that from his elevation he had seen that a fearful flood was coming, and he was trying to save George. But he had fallen in the darkness and crashed upon the rocks, and even in his suffering he had fired his rifle as a warning, hoping that it might be heard and save, and so it did. And the faithful fellow died content. "We tell the tale as it was told us." But the poor old wreck of a cabin took on something of a new significance as it leaned up against the rocks and the restless river sobbed and frothed about it.

Each Greater Than the Other.
There is great strife among the Chelan people as to which is the grander section, the Stehekin or Railroad Creek. As a matter of fact both are so superlatively magnificent that whichever one is in, that he thinks is finer. But there is one feature of the case, and this is that the grandest part of Railroad Creek is seldom visited. Few have ever been to Glacier Lake, North Star Park, and Cloudy Pass, at the extreme head of the creek, and these are the central features of the scenery. They are about 25 miles from Lake Chelan, and the trail is mainly quite a good one, so that the

journey to the head of the creek and return can be made very comfortably in four days. Neither words nor pictures are adequate to convey any true conception of the unique beauty and grandeur of Glacier Lake and its surroundings. Imagine a park of 400 or 500 acres, set with grass and flowers, filled with ice-cold streams of water clear as crystal, and dotted here and there with trees of the most exquisite beauty. On every side, except the one down which the creek descends, stupendous, glacier-crowned, and jagged peaks penetrate the blue-black sky at an elevation of about 10,000 feet. At the south side of the park lies Glacier Lake, a mile long, and half as wide, margined with vivid grass, brilliant flowers and trees of the Alpine type, clear as crystal, unless darkened by some sudden snow from the heights; and these, it may be remarked in passing, are frequent and startlingly sudden. At the southern end of the lake is a bold bluff of 500 feet, over which come with fury the waters of Railroad Creek, a white band across the darkness of the bluff. Above may be seen the source of this stream. It issues from a smaller lake, which lies in the very end of a vast glacier, a mass of ice two miles wide and about four miles long. This glacier is on the northeastern slope of Mount Nixon, the sublimity of all the mighty group which tower above the icy cradle of the creek.

On the Crest of the Cascades.
Passing west of Glacier Lake through the enchanted North Star Park, a veritable land of Boudha (at least when the sun is shining), we climb 3000 or 1000 feet higher, and find ourselves at one of the thrilling and infinitely suggestive points in the mountains, a "divide." We are on the crest of the Cascade Mountains. To the east the water flows to Lake Chelan, thence to the Columbia, and thence to the Pacific by a journey of 600 miles. To the west the water descends through the Sauk and the Skagit to Puget Sound, only 150 miles away. This pass is almost always wrapped in clouds, and it is fittingly known as Cloudy Pass. The masses of warm vapor from the Pacific are hurled against the icy crowns of Glacier Peak, Mount Nixon, Mount Lo Conte, North Star Peak, Bonanza Peak, and the rest of the Wintry brotherhood, (most not yet even named) and make of them a "patrimony nimbosum," in Virgil's phrase. This is the breeding place of tempests. We had just reached the pass on one occasion, with a smiling sky below, and were just getting our cameras ready to catch the westward mass of peaks, when almost instantly there began to wheel and whirl above us great cloud-masses, seemingly from nowhere, formed right there, in fact, and before we had time to think we were wrapped in a furious blizzard, with difficulty, hunched, drenched and exhausted, we managed to pick our way to camp, four miles below. That was in the fore part of August. To be caught in a Chelan snow storm is a serious matter at any time, and later in the year may be about all a man's life is worth.

Glacier Park.
But the greatest sight, the crowning feature of all this panorama of sublimities, is Glacier Park seen from Cloudy Pass. This is pre-eminently the storm-kinder, the "cloud-compeller" (nephelegeta, in the sounding word of Homer), and rarely can one catch an unobstructed view of its glistening cone. After much watching and waiting we caught the base and part of the double crown of the mighty mass. Glacier Peak is the "Great Unknown" among our Washington peaks. Every one has heard of Rainier, most people know of Adams, St. Helens, Baker, and Stewart, but Glacier Peak, alone in its solitary grandeur, not visible from the cities or routes of travel, is little known. To be caught in a Chelan snow storm is a serious matter at any time, and later in the year may be about all a man's life is worth.

Walla Walla, Wash. W. D. LYMAN.

GEORGE ADE'S SLANGY FABLE

OF THE FELLOW WHO HAD A FRIEND WHO
KNEW A GIRL WHO HAD A FRIEND.

ONCE there was a Utility Man who drew whatever was left.

His regular Assignment was to take care of the Discard. Whenever an Extra Man was needed at the last Moment some one called up the Mark, and told him to hurry over. Then when he arrived he could take his Pick of the Que that was left in the Bone-Yard after all the rest had drawn Cards.

One of his regular Specialties was to keep the Chaperon busy. After he had worked at this for a few Seasons he could not figure that he was anything to the good except a few Panel Pictures of Elderly Married Ladies. It is lovely Billiards to be Esteemed by the Mothers' Club, but once in a while he would secretly pine for something that scaled under 35. His Heart had been on Short Rations for so long that it was about the size of a Golf Ball. He was getting good and sore on the Patsy Bolivar Job, so soon as any one began to give him the old come-on about being one Man shy he would start in to back up and try to think of another Date.

He cut out his Position as First Aid to the Chaperons and began to hint around that he was willing to meet an attractive and refined Young Lady; object, Matrimony. He had some Acquaintances who started in to help him. "I have a Dream about this," he said. "I will get her on the Phone and have her send for the Friend. We will drop in about 9 o'clock and everything will be Grand. I want you to see this Nectarine that I'm tied up with. When she walks down the Street they jump out of the Windows." "I am not worrying so much about her," said the Mark. "Tell me something about the Friend."

"She can certainly teach a Piano how to take a Joke," was the Reply.

"So can a Pianola," said the Mark. "Is she a Looker? That's what I want to know."

"I'll tell you how it is," said the Shell-Worker. "When you take the first Flash you don't care so much for her. But after you get to Talking to her you forget all about it, especially if you don't look at her."

"It might help some if I wore Blinders," said the Mark. "I think I'm due to be Stung, but I'll take a Chance."

In the meantime the Nectarine had torn over to see Friend. "Oh, Irene!" she exclaimed. "Wilfred just called me up and said he knew a Man that was crazy to meet you. He's going to bring him up tonight."

"Would it be Nice to meet a Stranger as if by Appointment?" asked Irene, as she reached for the Curling-Iron and got ready to Primp.

"Oh, what do we care?" said the Nectarine. "Let's raise the Dickens. Wilfred said they would blow in about 9 o'clock. All right," said the Friend. "I will be there a little before 8."

When the Mark was Presented there happened to be a large Japanese Screen between him and the Window, so that he gave him no chance to Jump. Friend shoved him back into a Window Seat and asked him to put a Cushion behind her. Then she started in to twist the Buttons off his Coat and tell him how much she had heard about him. She said he had an Interesting Face. He had a Notion to come back, but he didn't think it would be right.

She said that very few People understood her—that she was not Bad at Heart

but merely out for a Good Time. Then she said about 4,000,000 other Things along the same Lines that he did not recall afterward because he was trying to figure out some Scheme to Break Away.

The Bunko Man had the Nectarine on the other side of the Screen. He was in no Rush because they were telling each other the Histories of their Kings.

After the Boys had gone Irene said that Wilfred's Friend seemed to be a Perfect Gentleman, but he was very Quiet. "How was she?" asked Wilfred, when he and the Mark stopped to light up. "I don't know," was the Reply. "I didn't hear her play the Piano."

"They are expecting us again Tomorrow Night," remarked Wilfred. "Not for my Money," said the Mark. "No Wilfred had to go back and give them the Old One about his Friend being

ready to Primp. "Oh, what do we care?" said the Nectarine. "Let's raise the Dickens. Wilfred said they would blow in about 9 o'clock. All right," said the Friend. "I will be there a little before 8."

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