

MARCUS DALY AND THE SENATE.

Speaking of the millionaires of the west, the majority of them are full of common sense. They have no frills or furbelows about them and they are accessible to all. Marcus Daly, whom I met at Anaconda and who controls property worth from \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000, lives in rooms at his own hotel which could be better furnished than they are for \$150, and I venture his personal expenses on clothes &c., don't amount to more than \$1,000 a year. Still, he spends thousands upon thousands a month on extra expenses upon things which cannot possibly pay. His hotel, for instance, is one which I am told loses about \$15,000 a year, and he probably gives more than twice that amount out of his own pocket to keep his newspaper going. His town of Anaconda is kept up by him, and he will spend anything or do anything to gain an end. Shortly before the recent senatorial election he was suspected of wanting to be a candidate himself, and one of his close friends said to him: "I believe, Mr. Daly, that you have got the senatorial bee in your hair."

"You were never more mistaken in your life," replied Daly, "and I can convince you in just two minutes. Think of it! You know me, you know what my education is and you know something of the United States Senate. Now how do you think I would look alongside of John Sherman, John G. Carlisle and those other statesmen at Washington? Why, I would be a d— little toad in a d— big puddle! Well, out here I'm a big toad in a little puddle, and I can tell you I'd a d— sight rather be a big toad in a little puddle than a little toad in a big puddle, and I am going to stay in Montana."

SOME STORIES OF KIT CARSON.

One of the best western stories I have heard out here was told me by Mr. Ira Myres of Great Falls. Mr. Myres came west away back in the fifties, and he knew all the old scouts of early days. Speaking of Kit Carson he said: "Kit Carson was anything but the typical scout of the stage. He was slightly built, and was rather retiring than blustering in his manner. He was a good companion, but never liked to talk about himself, and he was as modest as a girl about his adventures. He was, I remember, fond of playing pool at \$10 a ball, and the only times I have ever seen him angry were when the balls went against him. On making a bad shot he would sometimes throw down his cue and leave the room. He would come back in a few moments, take up the cue and resume the game as though nothing had happened."

"A far different kind of a man," Mr. Myres went on, "was Jim Bridger another famous scout of early days. Bridger was always telling big stories, and he would curse like a trooper and get mad if you pretended to doubt him. I remember one of his stories was about the great bird of the Rockies which he once saw. He said it measured at least fifteen feet from wing to wing, and when he saw it flying off it had a live buffalo in its talons."

MONTANA'S DIAMOND MOUNTAIN.

"One of Jim Bridger's most wonderful stories," Mr. Myres continued, "was about a diamond mountain which he said existed in Montana. I heard him tell it when we were coming with a

party of miners from the gold fields of Colorado to those of Montana. We were moving along the trail when Jim said: 'I don't know whether we will take the upper or lower forks of the Wind river. If we take the upper trail we will strike the great diamond mountain.'

"The diamond mountain?" said one of the party. "Why do you call it the Diamond mountain?"

"Because that's what it is," said Bridger. "It's a mountain made of one solid diamond. It's as big as any hill in the Rockies and it is as clear as a drop of spring water."

"Have you ever seen it?" was asked.

"Of course I have," replied Bridger. "I saw it when I last came this way, and I shall never forget how it fooled me. I was going along in an easy way like when I saw a deer browsing away about 300 feet from me. I tied my horse and got down on my knees and crept toward it. The ground was covered with low bushes, and I slipped along till I thought I was about 150 feet off. I then poked up my head and the blanked deer was just as far off as ever. It did not seem to notice me and I crept nearer. When I thought I was within fifty feet of it I poked up my head, and there it stood eating as coolly as though there was no man in the world, and it was just as far away as ever. I then said to myself, 'I'll see if I can't scare you, anyway,' and I jumped up and ran only to find myself thrown flat on my back, with this great diamond mountain looking down upon me, and through it, on the other side of the mountain, I could see that blanked deer feeding away as peaceful as ever. I had never heard of the mountain before, and it is a wonder. It is a mile or so high and it's one solid diamond."

"As Jim Bridger said this he looked around over the party as though he expected us to accept his story as gospel. He grew very angry when one of the men asked him if the mountain was really a diamond why he had not broken off enough to make him rich."

"You blanked fool," said he, "I had nothing but my gun and my knife, and if you knew anything about diamonds you know that it takes a diamond to cut a diamond. But the mountain stands there today and if we take the up trail you'll see it and perhaps you'll claw off a piece of two with your finger nails."

"Here Bridger contemptuously laughed and the conversation was dropped."

"But did you take up the trail?" I asked.

"No," replied Mr. Myres. "When we came to the forks, Bridger, it seems, had a very good reason for taking the other, and to this day I have never been able to see the great diamond mountain."

THE FISHING GROUNDS OF THE NORTHWEST.

In traveling over the Northern Pacific railroad I passed through some of the greatest hunting and fishing grounds of this country. Nearly all the states of the northwest are full of game, and there is scarcely a station west of Minnesota in which the hunter or the fisherman cannot find good sport. The mountains are filled with trout streams and it is as easy to catch brook trout in Montana as it is to hook catfish in the mud lakes of Ohio. The higher up you get the better the trout seem to be,

and Yellowstone Park is just filled with good trout streams. The Yellowstone river from Livingston to its source in the mountains of the park is said to be the finest trout stream on the American continent. Its waters are clear and cold, and its trout are large and gamey. Yellowstone lake, which is the source of this river, is just about a mile and a half above the sea, and it swarms with trout. There are lots of fine trout in Oregon, and the Cascade mountains of Washington are filled with trout streams. Around about Butte and Helena there is good hunting and fishing, and you don't have to go far away from civilization to get the best of shooting. The game is of all sorts, from deer and mountain goat to ducks, geese and prairie chickens, and it is a very poor hunter who can't keep his camp supplied. Thousands of sportsmen go to the northwest every year, and a large number of foreigners are expected here this summer. The English and Germans know our hunting grounds quite as well as our own people, and the hordes of tourists who will visit Yellowstone Park will include many sportsmen. The railroads are making great preparations for them, and I was told at Tacoma that they expected to have at least 100,000 visitors from the east this summer. Among other arrangements a number of tourists' cars have been built which are leased to special parties at \$15 a day, and which can be taken over the road and left wherever the parties who hire them wish to stop. Each of these cars contains sleeping arrangements for twenty-four persons and each has a cooking range in it. The only extra charge, in addition to this \$15, is the regular passenger fare, and any party, from fifteen up to twenty-four, can hire one. It is a very nice arrangement indeed and comparatively cheap. At nearly every hunting point you find cooks and packers and guides. You can get a very fair guide for any of the mountain regions for \$5 a day. You will do well to bring your cook with you from the east, but you can get one here for about \$3 a day and you can get all the pack animals you want for \$1 a day apiece.

THE PASSING OF PRINCE RUSSELL.

I am told that the outlook for the Yellowstone Park this year is very promising. The arrangements for guides and tours throughout the park have been changed within the past few months, and Russell Harrison has lost a great deal of money by having dropped his connection with it. In fact you hear very little about Russell Harrison in the west now. His paper at Helena closed its offices at midnight of the day of the last presidential election, and if they are opened again it will not be with Prince Russell's name at the head.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

EULALIE MEMORIES.

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NIAGARA FALLS, June 4. While all our people are extending such a royal welcome to the Spanish Princess Eulalie, her visit to our shores has vividly recalled to the mind of old residents here memories of another royal visit paid to this wonderful cataract more than 30 years ago. It was in September, 1860, that Albert Edward, England's prince