

## DOING THE WEST FOR THE PICTURESQUE.

**A Photographer's Ramble on the Oregon Short Line.**—Oregon Railway and Navigation Co.—Northern Pacific.—Oregon and California Railway.—And Home by the Central.

There are two ways of reaching the Oregon Short Line from Salt Lake: one is via the Utah & Northern (narrow gauge), the other via the Union Pacific to Granger. The first takes you through the lovely valley of Cache and along a picturesque line to Pocatello where you leave it at midnight for the broad gauge; this breaks into your night's rest and is not pleasant. The route to Granger takes more time and is a longer ride, but in my judgment is preferable if the cost is not more.

I need not dilate upon the scenic points of Weber and Echo, and the distant glimpses of the Uintah Mountains. Once at Granger the route is new to many persons. Old settlers will remember the point where the emigrant road comes down to Pam's Fork after following the Big Sandy; right here is Granger, named after one of the early settlers. On the same train with us was the Utah

**PALACE EXPOSITION CAR**  
with two missionaries sent out by the Chamber of Commerce. At every stopping place crowds came to look upon the wonderful products sampled within. The movement was generally regarded as a good one to awaken interest in our marvelous country. A Californian said that Utah had gotten ahead of them. It was a good cue. California could send out ten such cars and paralyze the eastern world. Some people are always jealous. It made me think of the difference between the footsore missionaries who had tramped the plains by handcart, ox teams and other conveyances as missionaries to the poor and oppressed of the nations, offering them an inspiring faith, a lasting hope, and the prospect of living in a glorious country where God had arranged everything for the needs of man with admirable precision, only to be made suitable to their enjoyment by constant toil and indomitable perseverance—all this without purse and scrip and with a pecuniary sacrifice.

**THE FIRST MISSIONARIES**  
went to the poor; by the process of evolution the new ones go to the rich. A good salary and a well fixed up car does not require the sacrifice of yore. I sincerely hope that a long train of disappointed men may not follow the car to our promised land. I also hope that those who are already in Utah will remember that it is their duty to take advantage of opportunities to use accumulated means, and not stop until some struggling artisan, in the effort to develop home industry, has to mortgage his enterprise before they will loosen their purse strings to put a mortgage on it.

Pardon this digression. We are now on the Oregon Short Line, built during the management of S. H. Clark, one of nature's noble men. It is today an important feeder to the Union Pacific, well built, and as safe a road as you can find to ride over. Our route follows Ham's fork—in the Bad Lands of Wyoming, whose fossil remains tell the story of

**EARTH'S CHANGES,**  
where alligators, turtles, and saurians used to bask in a tropical sun. Many moss agates are found here. There are but few trees in sight. Sterility reigns supreme. Near Fossil, curious remains of fishes imbedded in rock are found and sent all over the world—specimens of the finny tribes who have long ago ceased to exist.

Night comes on when we reach Montpelier, the stopping place for the settlements on Bear Lake, as lovely a sheet of water as can be found, but too far away to be seen from the track. The trout fishing in this lake is the best known. From Montpelier the road follows Bear River cañon to Soda Springs, where every body having time stops off to visit the wonderful natural Soda Springs that put all the imitations that men can concoct in the shade. The railroad company have erected

**A FINE HOTEL**  
here. Other parties have comfortable stopping places. There are many attractions here. Formation Springs, Crater Lake, and Steamboat Springs, coupled with a delightful climate in the summer months. Tens of thousands of bottles of soda springs water are being sent out to all parts. The industry is a growing one.

We leave Bear River at the Big bend soon after leaving Soda Springs; on our left is an extinct volcano, well preserved in all its details. From this point to Portneuf Cañon little of interest can be seen. You may as well keep asleep.

There are many pretty bits of scenery on the Portneuf, but after leaving Pocatello you come out on to the broad plains of the Snake River. Sagebrush forests are now the chief object, while away to the north loom up in the grey dawn of morning the Salmon River Mountains.

We soon reach the American Falls on Snake River and cross it on a splendid bridge. This was the point reached by the

sands of the present wealthy residents of the Pacific slope have wended their weary way. As we move westward the Goose Creek Mountains are plainly seen in the southwest. Our road bed is all lava. At intervals the road is bridged over deep rivers cut into it. Shoshone is reached. Passengers for the falls of that name get off here. A branch road from this point runs to Ketchum and other towns in the mountain ranges. No right-minded person will fail to see the Shoshone Falls, 25 miles by stage to the south. This may well be called the most wonderful sight in the great west. Seen from the south side, no vista can be more sublime. The main fall in high water is 212 feet, while above it are a variety of lesser ones of surpassing beauty.

The walls from the top to the river below the falls are 800 feet high, and are nearly perpendicular. Away above the falls the walls are very high and imposing. Three miles above the Shoshone are the

**TWIN FALLS,**  
which though not so imposing, are very grand and wonderful to behold. A ferry crosses the river above the falls and a comfortable hotel is located to enable visitors to stop a few days and visit the wonders of this famed spot. Salmon from the Pacific Ocean run up Snake River as far as the falls and used to be caught in large quantities years ago.

Pages could be written concerning the wonders of this locality but the reader will please excuse—we are going west.

Good-bye wonders at this point on the short Line—westward the eye ranges far and wide upon an undulating plain.

First fifty miles—Sagebrush.  
Second fifty miles—Sagebrush.  
Third fifty miles—Sagebrush.  
At Nampa—Get off for Boise City, eighteen miles north. To the left in the distance are the Silver Creek Mountains.

**THE ELEVATION**  
of this point of Idaho makes the land available for the production of fine fruits and cereals. A dense population will yet inhabit this region, though at present it is sparsely settled, and as we are approaching the western limit of Idaho it may not be amiss to state that our sister Territory boasts of having raised 3,000,000 bushels of grain in 1887, and over 400,000 tons of hay. There were 150,000 horses, 450,000 cattle, 350,000 sheep and 65,000 hogs. The mining output was \$9,245,589. The area of Idaho is 84,800 square miles. The estimated population is 100,000. The Boise and lower Snake river valleys are good points to seek for homes. Timber for lumbering purposes is floated down from the mountains north of the track.

Some of these days the emigrants who are seeking homes west of this point will return and locate here—

**UNCLE SAM'S DOMAIN**  
of unoccupied land is getting less and less every year. No place seems to offer better chances than western Idaho to the home seeker.

Passing several new towns—at a high rate of speed, nearly fifty miles an hour, we reach Snake River—follow it a long distance, then suddenly we cross it on a splendid bridge. We are now in Oregon, and follow up Burnt River to Huntington, the western terminus of the Oregon Short Line, 560 miles from Granger. This is purely a railroad town in a little hot valley—no picture here. Here ends the Oregon Short Line.

From Huntington, a steep climb brings us in sight of the Blue Mountains and the beautiful valleys on their eastern slope—near Baker City. The mountains are covered with a dense growth of timber—nature looks green and fertile after leaving the sage brush plains. North Powder Union and La Grande are thriving towns. This ought to be a good country to live in. Nature is clothed in her best dress of green, snow-clad mountains are on the east side and known as the Granite Mountains.

Leaving La Grande we ascend the Blue Mountains through  
**A STEEP CANON**  
full of picturesque beauty. Dense pine forests are on each side of us—every hundred yards reveals a new attraction. After reaching the Summit the course is downward to Pendleton, through scenes of like character as the ascent presented.

Night closes in upon us as we cross the stretch of country between Pendleton and the lower part of the Columbia River. We first reach this western wonder at Umatilla, and skirt it down to Portland. But many objects of surpassing beauty are passed while you are sleeping. If the object of the tourist is to see the true grandeur of the mighty Columbia, I would earnestly advise stopping off at Dalles and taking a ride down to Portland on the steamboat. You can go direct to the boat from the track. Having travelled both routes I give my preference to the river route, and will endeavor to detail the objects of interest on the down trip.

The steamer leaves at the tick of the clock in the morning.  
**THE "HARVEST QUEEN"**  
is a beautiful boat with superb appointments, roomy, clean and commodious. As we leave the wharf we seem to glide without effort at a high rate of speed, passing in rapid succession the lava bluffs on each side of the river, (it is high water in June). The whole volume of drainage from the plains of western Washington Territory and British Columbia pass

down and form the boundary line of Oregon, and Washington Territory. Oregon is on our left and Washington on our right. After leaving the Dalles the colors of the verdure clad hills change rapidly. That the reader may realize this fact it is only necessary to state that the rainfall from Portland east decreases in the following ratio in a distance of 86 miles: The average rainfall in Portland is 50 inches annually; at Bonneville 36 inches; at Hood River 25; at Dalles 18. Therefore while the early crops at the last named place are turned yellow as well as the weeds and grasses, the vegetation gradually changes from gold to intense green as we descend the river.

**TIMBER-CLAD MOUNTAINS**  
soar aloft on each side of us. Castled rocks loom up at different points. At Mamelousas Island a monument is erected to the memory of an old Indian trader. This island is the burial place of the Indian tribes who once swarmed in this region. Their remains are piled up on every hand. Many a deadly struggle between the pioneers and Indian tribes has taken place on the shores of the river, but as is invariably the case, the Indians have had to retire. They are peccable now, and look like poor, debased relics of former prowess.

At Hood River on a clear day a grand view of Mount Hood can be obtained. Mount Adams is also seen from this point; the former is in Oregon, the latter in Washington.

At different points the line of the railroad can be seen. Miles upon miles of trestle work has been constructed to get a road through by the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company. The trains of the Northern Pacific and the Union Pacific all pass over this line.

It was blowing very strong as we descended the river; in many of the widest places this great water way had quite a sea on.

**HUGE STORM CLOUDS**  
filled the sky, and chased each other round the mountain tops. Every mile of descent revealed a new combination of river, mountain and cloud effects, while the colors deepened gradually from light green to a perfect green. Every rock and fence was moss-covered. Vegetation everywhere was rank. The house roofs had also their covering of green. Were it not for the magnitude of the river and rocks, we might be approaching the shores of "Old Ireland" instead of the Pacific slope. Surely this must be the Emerald Isle, and not America, as far as the evergreen effects sustain the impression.

There are very few persons who would be blind to the delightful combinations that form in panoramic succession, whether by rail or boat, as we descend the mammoth river of the west.

**THE FUTURE**  
**STOREHOUSE OF LUMBER**  
for the American nation is now west of the Missouri river. A few more years and the supplies in Michigan and Wisconsin will be gone; then will the lumber merchants wend their way to the limitless supplies on the Pacific slope.

At Cascade Locks we leave our harvest queen. A little narrow gauge railroad makes the portage of the cascades of the Columbia. An old block house still stands with port holes that was once the defensive fort of the volunteers—and here our General Sheridan gained laurels as an energetic fighter in his youth.

The first evidences of the immense salmon catching industry are seen at this point. This valuable fish is unlike others of the finny tribes. They don't bite at anything in the shape of bait. They never seem hungry. Fishermen on the river say they do not eat anything in the spawning season. By some instinct they leave their ocean home and ascend the rivers running into the Northern Pacific. It is during their long ascent against the swift current of the stream that they are caught by nets, fish-wheels and dip nets.

The first method is the same as used everywhere, but the fish wheels are unique and peculiar to this coast. A revolving set of wire scoops are attached to the end of a large barge. The current sets these scoops in motion and as they rise the salmon are caught, hoisted up and fall into shutes at the bottom of the barge. As many as 30,000 have been caught in one day of 24 hours by this method. The fish are then tied up in bundles and attached to empty barrels and thrown into the stream. Swift little steamers from the canneries below are on the look out for these barrels. The fish are then taken to

**THE CANNERY,**  
when they are grappled by the Chinamen, who cut off the fins and heads and clean them. They are then chopped up, put into the cans, steamed, soldered and labeled and sent off to feed the world of mankind.

The dip-nets are principally used by the Indians. They stand upon platforms built a few feet over the water and keep up an incessant dipping against the stream. Points are generally selected where the current is swift. Poles and other obstructions compel the fish to go in the narrow way to their destruction. Immense quantities of large sturgeons are also caught. I saw one ten feet nine inches long, caught in one of the wheels. As yet little use is made of sturgeon, but a company is being formed to make caviare, and export the same to Russia where the article is in great de-

mand, being a favorite dish with the Russians.

Having no desire to make this brief account

**TOO FISHY**  
I will leave the subject merely stating that on one occasion my companion, Mr. Lamborne thought, he would like one for dinner where we were staying at a section house. He bought one for 75 cents, which we were compelled to carry on a pole on our shoulders—I think the price charged was 3 cents per pound. Some of the fish weigh seventy-five pounds—statistics as to the quantities of this food fish consumed and exported are simply incredible, and of little interest to the general reader.

I commenced the fish story at Cascade Locks. The industry prevails all the way down to the ocean on both sides of the river, from the point where the steamer for Portland is taken at the end of the little road. Here we go on the Multnomah, not so fine a vessel as the Harvest Queen, but a snug boat all the same.

The mountains through which the Columbia River courses are called the

**CASCADE RANGE.**  
and indeed it is well named. A succession of majestic waterfalls follow each other on our down trip on both sides of the river, the most beautiful of all being the Multnomah, 825 feet high, surrounded on all sides with the densest verdure of trees and ferns. The Latavrell Falls are of the same character but not so grand. Flowers and ferns of rare value abound in the rocky recesses around these wonderful downpours. All the rocks are moss grown. Luxuriant grasses cover the open spaces, and magnificent pines fill up the crevices in the rocks. Grand old oak trees, dogwood trees in bloom, and flue maples are found in the hollows. In brief, everything combines to render the banks and braes of the lower Columbia as delightful and enchanting to the lover of nature as any spot on earth.

To see  
**THE WATERFALLS**  
in all their beauty you must go by rail, but glimpses of each can be seen from the boat. What with stopping at different points, loading and unloading salmon and other commodities, the trip down the river is full of continuous interest all the way to Portland. At a point 12 miles from the city we leave the majestic stream and enter the Willamette River, arriving safely in port in the early evening.

Portland, Tacoma and the ride to San Francisco must be reserved for another section of my long-winded story.

**Renews Her Youth.**  
Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all disease and pain." Fry a bottle, 50c. and \$1, at A. C. Smith & Co's Drug Store. (4)

**WORTH KNOWING.**  
Mr. W. H. Morgan, merchant, Lake City, Fla., was taken with a severe Cold, attended with a distressing Cough and running into Consumption in its first stages. He tried many so-called popular cough remedies and steadily grew worse. Was reduced in flesh, had difficulty in breathing and was unable to sleep. Finally tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and found immediate relief, and after using about a half dozen bottles found himself well and has had no return of the disease. No other remedy can show so grand a record of cures, as Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Guaranteed to do just what is claimed for it.—Trial bottle free at A. C. Smith & Co's Drug Store. (4)

In 1850 "Brown's Bronchial Troches" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

**DOCTORS' BILLS.**  
Nearly all diseases originate from inaction of the liver, and this is especially the case with chills and fever, intermittent fevers and malarial diseases. To save doctors' bills and ward off disease take Simmons' Liver Regulator, a medicine that increases in popularity every year, and has become the most popular and best endorsed medicine in the market for the cure of liver or bowel diseases.—Telegraph, Dubuque, Iowa.

The 'Exposition Universelle de 1 art Culturel' awarded the highest honors to Augustura Bitters as the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite and to keep the digestive organs in good order. Ask for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, and beware of imitations.

**INVENTION**  
has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country, without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Call this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. Grand profit free. Address: Tows & Co., Augusta, Maine.

## ESTRAY NOTICE.

**I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION:**

One bay HORSE, 4 years old, star in forehead, right hind foot white, saddle-marked, brand resembling on left thigh, and DB on right thigh.  
One bay HORSE 4 or 5 years old, star in forehead, some white on the end of nose, left hind foot white half way to the hock, right hind foot white. Branded on left thigh, and an illegible brand above the circle.  
If said animals are not claimed and taken away within 15 days from date, they will be sold to the highest cash bidder, at the Mantle estray pound, Monday, July 16th, 1888, at 1 o'clock p.m.

A. J. MOFFIT,  
Foundkeeper.  
Manti City, Sanpete County, July 2, 1888.

## ESTRAY NOTICE.

**I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION:**

One black MARE, 12 years old or more, branded B on left shoulder, saddle-marked, shod on hind feet, vented brands on left thigh.  
One sorrel yearling mare COLT, white stripe in face, no brands.  
One black yearling mare COLT, left hind foot white. No brands.  
If not claimed will be sold according to law in the estray pound in Koosharem, Platte County, on the 5th day of July, 1888, at 10 o'clock a.m.

L. C. LONG,  
Foundkeeper.  
Koosharem, June 21st, 1888.

## ESTRAY NOTICE.

**I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION:**

One white sea-bitten mare MULE, about 15 years old; branded JS on left thigh and on right thigh; long mane.  
One bay horse MULE, about 10 years old; striped-legs; branded on right thigh, EBT on left thigh and on left hip.

If not claimed and taken away in fifteen days will be sold to the highest cash bidder, on Saturday, July 14, 1888, at 2 o'clock p.m., at the estray pound in American Fork City, Utah.

JAMES SPIRATLEY,  
City Pound Keeper.  
June 29, 1888.

## ESTRAY NOTICE.

**I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION:**

One sorrel HORSE branded M on left thigh, also Y on left hip.  
One chestnut sorrel MARE, about 12 years old; star in forehead; branded HS on

on left shoulder; also on left thigh, collar marked, and a scar on the withers; notch in left ear.  
If above described animals are not claimed and damages and costs paid within fifteen days from date, they will be sold to the highest cash bidder at the estray pound, Circle Valley precinct, on Friday, July 13, 1888, at 2 o'clock p.m.  
Circle Valley, Precinct, Platte County, June 29, 1888.

JAMES WHITTAKER,  
Foundkeeper.

## EVERY NIGHT I SCRATCHED

Until the skin was raw. Body covered with scales like spots of mortar. Cured by the CUTICURA Remedies.

I am going to tell you of the extraordinary change your CUTICURA REMEDIES performed on me. About the 1st of April last I noticed some red pimples like coming out all over my body, but thought nothing of it until some time later on, when it began to look like spots of mortar spotted over and which came off in layers, accompanied with itching. I would scratch every night until I was raw, then the next night the scales, being formed meanwhile, were scratched off again. In vain did I consult all the doctors in the country, but without aid. After giving up all hopes of recovery, I happened to see an advertisement in the newspapers about your CUTICURA REMEDIES, and purchased them from my druggist, and obtained almost immediate relief. I began to notice that the scaly eruptions gradually dropped off and disappeared one by one, and have been fully cured. I had the disease thirteen months before I began taking the CUTICURA Remedies, and in four or five weeks was entirely cured. My disease was eczema and psoriasis. I recommended the CUTICURA REMEDIES to all in my vicinity, and know of a great many who have taken them, especially mothers who have babies with scaly eruptions on their heads and bodies. I can not express in words the thanks to you for what the CUTICURA REMEDIES have been to me. My body was covered with scales, and I was an awful spectacle to behold. Now my skin is as nice and clean as a baby's.

GEO. COTEY, Merrill, Wis.  
Sept. 21, 1887.  
Feb. 7, 1888.—Not a trace whatsoever of the disease from which I suffered has shown itself since my cure.

GEO. COTEY.

We cannot do justice to the esteem in which CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials. PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped and only skin prevented by Cuticura Soap.

**I CAN'T BREATHE.**  
Chets Pains, Soreness, Weakness, Hacking Cough, Asthma, Pleurisy and Inflammation relieved in one minute by the Catena Anti-Pain Plaster. Nothing like it for Weak Lungs.