

tion. One of them, by virtue of a secret process used, has nearly the monopoly of the business. In 1838, it paid them a profit of \$40,000. The salmon put up by the other concerns is said to come to market soft, and "washed" together. Hapgood & Hume's gets there firm, and of better flavor than when fresh. This superiority is attributed by many to the use of nitric acid put on the bones of the fish with a feather just before canning. Hapgood & Hume use seines from two hundred to three hundred fathoms long, drawn down the river. They pay thirty-seven and a half cents each for all fish of a certain size which cannot pass through the meshes—red salmon, however, not white. The fish taken are headed, disemboweled, and cleaned, *and wiped dry with a dry cloth*. After coming out of the water they are not suffered to get wet. Moisture spoils their delicate flavor. They are cut in strips of a size to fill round tin cans six inches deep, and rolled up, bones and all. The cover of the can is then soldered on, but with an air-hole left in the top. The cans are put up in boiling water to expel the air, and the air-hole is closed with solder. It was said, in July, 1869, that Hapgood & Hume would that year pack 30,000 boxes, each box containing twenty-four cans, each holding two pounds of salmon. In that month, one day, between eight o'clock in the morning and four o'clock in the afternoon, there were caught, cut, canned, and sealed by that firm, in the presence of the Delegate from Washington Territory, my informant, 7,296 cans of red salmon.

The salmon of the mouth of the Columbia, like those of Puget Sound, and the Lower Frazer and other Puget Sound rivers, are superb—unquestionably, in the judgment of most men, the best fish in the world. They are fresh in from the sea. But I find in my note-book a memorandum of information received, which I believed to be true immediately after doing my best to eat a portion of three salmon I was mean enough to stop with a scoop-net in their hard journey through the Dalles. It is this: "Only three in a hundred caught above are sound and good. Long journey wounds them about head and tail. Die after spawning. Low water leaves millions of them above." But there is this more cheerful memorandum in that note-book: "Won't the Northern Pacific Railroad popularize Salmon among the unfortunate occupants of the Atlantic slope? Won't it make the Fulton Market robbers, that charge a dollar and a half a pound for it, get up and get? YOU BET!"