

This line recommended by Mr. Mitchell would run just east of Dakota, through the eastern portion of Nebraska, a little to the east of the middle of Kansas, through the middle of Indian Territory and Texas. Montana, Idaho, Colorado, and New Mexico all lie west of it; and if the Cherokees were to attempt to-day to claim that "perpetual outlet to the west, and the use of all the country west of" their own, they would be confronted by hundreds of thousands of Texan rangers, New Mexico stockmen, Arizona miners, and California orange growers.

In the north, across Montana and Idaho,—through and beyond the Nez Percés' old country,—immigrants by the thousand are steadily pouring into Oregon and Washington Territory. Two railroads are racing, straining muscles of men and sinews of money, to be first ready to carry this great tide. The grandchildren of the men who are now cutting down primeval pines on the shores of Puget Sound, and on the foothills of Oregon's mountains, will live to see Oregon as thickly settled as Massachusetts, and the shore line of Puget Sound set full of beautiful hamlets and summer homes, like the Mediterranean Riviera.

The foreseeing, forecasting of all this gives a tender, regretful, dreamy flavor to every moment of one's sailing on the Sound. As island after island recedes, and promontory after promontory slips back again into the obscurity of its own sheltering forest shadows, the imagination halts and lingers behind with them, peopling their solitudes, and creating on shore and hill a prophetic mirage of cities to be. Shifting fogs add their capricious illusions and everywhere heighten the mystery and multiply the mirage. These mists are the Puget Sound lottery for voyagers, and, like all lotteries, they deal out many bitter blanks of disappointment to one prize. Scores of travelers cruise for days in the Sound

without once seeing land, except when their boat touches shore. In July and August, what with fogs and smoke from burning forests, a clear day is a rare thing, and navigation, though never dangerous, becomes tiresome enough. "I tell you, you get tired of feelin' your way round here in the fog, in August," said one of the Sound captains to us. "It don't make any difference to me. I can run my boat into Victoria, when I can't see my hand's length before me, just as well 's when it's clear sunshine; but it's awful tedious. There's lots of folks come up here, an' go back, and they hain't any more idea o' what the Sound's like than's if they'd sat still in Portland. I always feel real sorry for them. I just hate to see any travelers comin' aboard after August. June's the month for the Sound. You people could n't have done better if you'd been sailin' here all your lives. You've hit it exactly right."

We had, indeed. We had drawn a seven days' prize of fair weather: they were June's last seven. It is only fair to pass on the number of our ticket; for it is the one likeliest to be lucky in any year.

By boat from Portland down the Walamet River into the Columbia, down the Columbia to Kalama, and from Kalama to New Tacoma by rail, is the ordinary dry-weather route from Portland to Puget Sound. Kalama, however, has a habit of ducking under, in the high times of the Columbia River; and at these seasons travelers must push on, northward, till they come to some spot where the railroad track is above water. On this occasion we had to sail well up the Cowlitz River before we reached a place where steam engines could go dry-shod and safe. Thence ninety miles to Tacoma,—ninety miles of half-cleared wilderness; sixteen embryo towns on the way, many of them bearing musical old Indian names: Olequa, Napavine, Newaukum, Cheha-