

a little "trading," as the people say here, in steamer chairs and other impedimenta for our voyage. We found the streets thronged with men as though a political convention had just disbanded, and the stores still open for business. We were in a measure prepared for the great preponderance of men, but not for the almost entire absence of women in the streets. It was still broad daylight, so that it was not the time of day that caused it. We were surprised at the size and stock of the stores which we visited, and at the beautiful things displayed in the shop windows. The hotel "Tacoma," the largest in the town, is an attractive building after the style of the domestic architecture of France and Holland in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Its interior is finished in redwood. Its site has been well-chosen—on the edge of a bluff 100 ft. above the sound and in full view of Mt. Tacoma. We found it over-crowded by the refugees from the Seattle fire and we were obliged to return to our comfortable