

humanity on the shore was the entire absence of anything that looked like fishing, yet the fisheries of Puget Sound will hereafter form one of its strong points. At present the markets are supplied chiefly by Indians, and a few Italians who have wandered up to Seattle from California.

The approach to the Tacomas brings first into view the *old* town, built upon a hill-side looking directly down the sound. Near the shore stands a saw-mill, whose never-extinguished waste-fires are like old-fashioned beacons guiding the belated sailor. This village heard she was to become the water terminus of the railway from the Columbia River. Owners of real estate put a high price upon their corner lots, and speculators bought largely in the vicinity. Merchants came in with big stocks of goods, and a grand "boom" began. All at once it was discovered that a "town site company" within the railway management had laid out a harbor town a mile eastward, to be called New Tacoma, and that it was *there* the port was to be established. That was a death-blow to the older place, which ever since has been gradually losing its prestige, privileges,

and inhabitants in favor of its upstart rival.

Reaching the port, which is at the mouth of the Puyallup River, one finds a large area of wharf covered with warehouses, railway tracks, general offices, and (fortunately for us) an excellent hotel—Blackwell's. A track also passes behind the wharf to some great coal bunkers farther on, where ships are taking cargoes. The village stands upon the bluff, and is reached by a road graded slantwise up its face. The most productive part of this portion of the Territory is up this very valley of the Puyallup, a strong stream whose milky flood tells of its birth in Tacoma's glaciers. For twenty miles along its banks there are frequent clearings, and in one district, at the village of Puyallup, some thousands of acres have been wrested from the thick forest covering the whole of the bottom-lands. The resources of this Northwest are all expressed in monosyllables; *Iron* and *fish* on the strait; *grain* over in the Swinomish; *coal* on the foot-hills; *logs* on the islands and everywhere; in the Puyallup, *hops*. The soil here is a deep black humus of almost inexhaustible richness, and it produces hops so abundantly that 1800 pounds



TERMINUS OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD AT NEW TACOMA.