

In traveling through the country south of Snake River (Lewis River, the people of Lewiston insist that it should be called,) I saw the rival villages of Pomeroy and Pataha City fighting each other at a distance of three miles for the honor and profit of the county-seatship of the new county of Garfield, and passed a night in the older and larger town of Dayton, snugly seated among elms and willows in a bend of the Touchet River. It is bustling and prosperous.

My journey next took me to Walla-Walla, largest and handsomest of all the East Washington towns. Doubtless the name of Walla-Walla brings no suggestion to the minds of most readers in the far-away East, save of a rude frontier settlement. Yet the place luxuriates in verdure and bloom, and many of its shady streets, bordered by pretty houses, with their lawns, orchards and gardens, would be admired in a New England village, while the business streets would do no discredit to an Ohio town of half a century's growth. In the homes of well-to-do citizens one finds the magazines and new books and newspapers from New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and discovers that they manage to keep abreast of the ideas of the time quite as well as intelligent people on the Atlantic slope. The town has five thousand inhabitants, but in its importance as a center of trade and social influences it represents an Eastern town of many times its size. There is barely a trace of the frontier in the manners of the people, and none at all in their comfortable way of living; yet they are thousands of miles from New York by the only route of steam travel. A fairer or more fertile country than that which stretches south and east of Walla-Walla to the base of the Blue Mountains one might travel more than five thousand miles to find. In June it is all one immense rolling field of wheat and barley dotted at long intervals—for the farms are large—with neat houses, each in its orchard of apple and peach trees. The mountains rise in gentle slopes to snow-flecked summits. Over the wide plain move tall, tawny cloud-like columns of dust, in size and shape like water-spouts at sea. From the foot-hills scores of these singular formations may be seen on any warm day, though the air seems still.

If the reader has followed me in my notes of travel through "The New North-west" in

this and previous numbers of this magazine, he will observe that the whole country traversed through the northern tier of territories from Eastern Dakota to Washington is a habitable region. There will be no break in the line. No alkali and greasewood desert lies across the path of settlement, to make a blank space in future maps and divide the civilization of the North Pacific coast from that of the nearer North-west. This is an important fact for the statesman and sociologist to consider in their forecasts of the progress of the American Republic, and the development of the new American race now in process of amalgamation from diverse elements of Puritan and Southerner, Teuton, Celt, and Scandinavian, African, Mongolian, and Red Indian. The two coasts of the continent will be tied together by a broad band of continuously populated country, reaching from the Red River of the North to the mouth of the Columbia.

Indeed, the vacant spaces on this belt are already occupied here and there by the bivouacs of the advance guard of the approaching army of settlers. In the course of over six hundred miles of travel between the two ends of the Northern Pacific Railroad I slept under a roof every night, save when on an Indian reservation, or in the great forest on the Clark's Fork of the Columbia. Sometimes the roof was that of a herdsman's hut, or the shanty of an engineer party, but always there was shelter to be found for the night by rightly planning the day's journey. For the entire distance every square mile of the country is valuable either for farming, stock-raising, or timber-cutting. There is absolutely no waste land between the well-settled region of Dakota and the new wheat region of Washington Territory. Even on the tops of the Rocky Mountains there is good pasturage; and the vast timber belt enveloping Clark's Fork and Lake Pend d'Oreille, and the ranges of the Cabinet and Cœur d'Alene Mountains is more valuable than an equal extent of arable land, because it is destined to supply with lumber the treeless regions on both sides of it in Montana and Washington. Save on the ranges of the Rockies and their outlying groups and spurs, the country is practically destitute of good timber all the way east to the pine forests of Minnesota, and westward there is a wide stretch of bare hills and plains to the foot of the Cascade Range.

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