

TWO THOUSAND MILES ON A FREIGHT TRAIN.

CHEHALIS, WASHINGTON, Dec. 1, 1889.

TO MY UNIVERSITY FRIENDS:—When the notion of coming to the coast first struck me I concluded to wait and settle the matter before mentioning it to my most intimate friends. Then there would be no disappointments. As they know I decided to make the trip. Thinking a hurried detail of a trip of this kind might interest THE HESPERIAN readers I will tell as best I can, some of my experiences during a ten days ride on a freight train. For the occasion I will presume to own the train. My train left Lincoln at noon November 16. It took till 7 o'clock to make the run to Valley. This began to look bad. I thought that if it took seven hours to go fifty-seven miles the chances were that I would get through about Christmas. But the reflection that on the main line of the U. P. there are several fast freights consoled me for the time being. At Valley I learned that my next train would not be due until 11 o'clock. Considering the fact that I had been out rather late, or early if you please, the night before, I deemed it only proper to retire. In my car I had left out a lounge upon which I had hoped to sleep many happy hours. But I was doomed to utter disappointment. I cannot tell what time it was when I was awakened. All that I can tell is that I found myself lauded on the floor of the car. The train seemed to be making good time. I laid down again on the sofa and soon discovered the cause of my rude awakening. There were springs to the affair and the rocking of the car and the actions of the springs made it almost impossible for me to lay there even when awake. I slept no more for an hour or two. That was a fine place to muse on things that had happened since I had entered school. I thought of all the departments of the University from the first prep year to the Senior oration. I arose and seated myself in a large rocker. Here was comfort indeed. I had no further difficulty trying to sleep that night. I reached Grand Island at 10:30 Sunday morning. A new time table went into effect that day and my train could not leave there till 1 p. m. Here was the first "lay out" for me. The ride from Grand Island to North Platte was more pleasant than my ride from Valley to Grand Island. I reached North Platte at 10:30 p. m. Left there about 12 M. I decided to try sleeping in the caboose, and I can recommend a caboose cushion to anyone who wishes to enjoy a good night of rest. Sidney, my former home, was reached about 9:30 a. m. This is another division station. I went over in town here to call on some of my friends for a few moments and my train left me. A passenger train which soon arrived from the east was boarded, and after about an hour's ride I caught up with the freight.

Cheyenne was reached at four that afternoon. It took four hours to get a start out of there. On the caboose there was a passenger in whom I became somewhat interested. After he had learned that I was from the U. of N. he seemed very much interested in me also. He wished the details of how our institution was progressing and seemed very much interested. I afterwards learned that the gentleman was ex-Governor Hoyt of Wyoming. He is at present president of the Wyoming university at Laramie.

I reached Laramie 1:30 a. m. Left there at 4:10 a. m. I had now begun to realize what a "fast" freight really was. The best description I can give after my experience with them is that they derive this name "fast" from the fact that when they reach a division station they are generally held there, "fast," from one to five hours.

Between Laramie and Rawlins I met Fred Micklewaite, who was formerly a conductor on the M. P. out of Lincoln. He made my ride very pleasant for me. Rawlins was reached

about 9 p. m. The ride was very monotonous. The country is not at all pretty, and our train had to stop at nearly every siding to pass a train or wait for orders.

On the road from Rawlins to Green River I met Mr. L. E. Shaw. He was a student in the U. of N. in 1883. This made my ride more pleasant than it would otherwise have been.

I reached Green River at 7:45 the next morning. It was after noon when I got out. While sitting in the hotel at Green River I met George Lee, who was a student last year in the U. of N.. The train from the east soon arrived bringing on it Mr. Oscar Stout, '88. They are surveying for the U. P. company. From them I learned that Frank Manley, '89, is chief civil engineer in the company's coal mines at Rock Springs; also that W. C. Knight, '87, is general manager of the Sartoria gold mining company in northern Wyoming.

The ride from Green River was very monotonous until Soda Springs, Ida., was reached. Here a person catches the first view of any scenery worthy of mention. The ride along the Bear river is quite pleasing. Wild game was seen in abundance—coyotes, antelopes, sage hens, and ducks and geese. The mountains are more beautiful along through that region than further east. For hundreds of miles in Wyoming nothing is to be seen excepting the sandy prairies, apparently matted with sage brush, and far in the distance the snow on the mountains. It seemed to me that a more dreary place could not be found anywhere. The beautiful mountains of Idaho, covered with evergreens, with here and there little mountain streams and waterfalls dashing down the canyons forms quite a pleasing contrast to the bleak, dreary plains of Wyoming.

At Glenn's Ferry, Idaho, a marked change in the temperature becomes noticeable. From there to Bisuka a heavy grade made it necessary to use three engines. From Bisuka westward the fall is gradual, excepting a short distance between La Grande and Pendleton. There was a great deal of snow in the mountains. At Pendleton and from there westward the weather was warmer. No snow was visible excepting in the distance on the mountains. The grass was green and everything had the appearance of spring. Wild flowers were blooming in abundance.

But the most beautiful scenery is found between The Dalles and Portland on the O. R. & N. road. My train left there at 7 a. m., and I had the pleasure of this delightful ride in the daylight. Leaving The Dalles the road winds along the bluffs by the Columbia river. Looking toward The Dalles on the right are the cliffs, on the left the river. The cliffs are covered with a beautiful green growth of mosses, ferns and lichens. The water from the snow on the mountains keeps them moistened continually and this vegetation is always beautiful. In many places great cuts have been made to make room for the railroad. In two or three places the cut has been made into the cliffs so that they now rise almost perpendicularly for a height of nearly two hundred feet. Oaks, box elders and other trees with their foliage just beginning to turn are growing between the road bed and the river. On the opposite shore of the river are other beautiful cliffs and bluffs. The first rays of the morning sunlight striking these makes as beautiful a picture as the mind can conceive. All the way to Portland beautiful sights are to be seen and the traveller never wearies of looking at them.

I arrived at Portland at 3 p. m. After making the necessary arrangements I got out of there that night at 11 o'clock on the N. P. I arrived at this place Monday morning at 7 o'clock, somewhat tired, but entirely satisfied that I had made no mistake in making the trip.

DAN W. BUSH.