

From Mendocino City we proceed northerly over the coast road for a distance of five miles, and reach Casper, on Casper Creek, near its confluence with the Pacific Ocean. This is a small town, prettily located, having a population of 263—168 males and 95 females.

It is principally supported by the lumber interests, there being an extensive mill owned by J. G. Jackson, furnishing employment to a large number of men. The business portion of this point is represented by one store, owned by the mill, a good hotel, called the Anderson House, a blacksmith shop and several saloons.

From here we go to Noyo, situated seven miles north from Casper, at the mouth of the Noyo River. It has a population of 292—189 males and 103 females.

Noyo is supported by the lumbermen, and there is a very extensive lumber mill at this point, owned by McPherson & Wetherbee. At this mill the plank on exhibition at the Agricultural Department, in Washington, was cut. It measures seven feet five inches in width, by 12 feet in length, and four inches in thickness, and is one of the largest planks ever cut in any part of the world by a saw-mill.

Near the Noyo River is located Fort Bragg, one of the early military stations of California. The buildings form a hollow square, and cover an area of several acres. The fort is now private property, is not inhabited at present, and the buildings begin to show signs of decay. Fort Bragg is situated in the heart of the forest, in a very fine location, but wears a very deserted aspect.

From here we go through the 10-Mile River District in a northerly direction, and come to Kibesillah, distant 13 miles from Noyo, and 70 miles north-west of Ukiah. The first few miles were over a new road through a dense but young forest; and we forded the 10-Mile River on the sea beach. This is a very dangerous crossing, for the river must be forded at low tide, otherwise it is next to impossible; several people have perished at this point. The remainder of the road runs quite close to the beach, where every swell from the ocean bathes the wheels of our vehicle. Kibesillah has a population of 113—62 males and 51 females—and is a small village, supported by the farmers, lumbermen and dairymen. There are quite a number of extensive dairies and large potato fields in the vicinity. The place also commands the trade of Bear Harbor, at the northern end of the County—a cattle-raising district. We were told that a firm is about to build a lumber chute here, and make it a shipping point. A gentleman who was formerly a professor of rhetoric in one of the Eastern colleges, is a storekeeper here; a former lawyer is a hotel proprietor; and a gentleman who formerly occupied a high position in the naval service is devoting his time to the cultivation of "spuds," and his leisure hours to the office of Justice of the Peace. Such is life!

We had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the naval officer, and found him to be a gentleman of high culture and social attainments.

There are two hotels at this point, also a store and a blacksmith shop. We passed the night here. Our host made us comfortable and attended to our wants in a very satisfactory manner. We now leave the coast and proceed easterly over a very difficult mountain road, through a dense forest for a distance of 25 miles, and reach Cahto, 45 miles north of Ukiah. We passed numerous logging camps, several lumber mills and places where bark was being stripped from the trees for the use of tanneries. The trees along the whole road are enormous, some of them over 300 feet high, all straight and erect, with no branches for 100 feet above the roots. Cahto has only a small population. The whole place, so to say, is owned by Messrs. Simpson & White, who have a saw-mill, a dairy with about 200 cows, a hotel, a general store with a large stock, a blacksmith shop and an entire section of timber lands. They employ a number of Indians about the place, and are lords of all they survey. These gentlemen have very fine private residences and entertain their visitors in princely style. Messrs. Simpson & White left the State of Louisiana together for Mexico, a number of years ago, with the intention of seeking their fortune. Chance brought them to California. They have always remained together, and all they possess they earned together, and during the whole term of their partnership have never had a disagreeable word. This is probably an instance of true and lasting friendship without parallel. Cahto is in the centre of a stock-raising community; the land in the vicinity is well adapted to agricultural pursuits, but the means of communication are so difficult that the crops could not be brought to a market, except at an expense so great that the transportation would cost more than the value of the crops. This being a splendid hunting-ground, we had already informed our friends thereof, telling them to meet us here instead of Ukiah, and we to-day had the pleasure of welcoming them at the hotel, in good health and excellent spirits, ready for a bear or any other game. Our friends were well-supplied with rifles and ammunition, and we did not require much time to make our preparations. This done, we passed a very agreeable evening, relating all the little anecdotes and tales we had heard during our trip, they giving us a full account of their travels since leaving them at Lakeport. It was late when we retired to rest, and after a few hours of refreshing sleep, we took a good breakfast, and are ready for the start. We heard of a man living a few miles from here who had lost a number of sheep through the incursions of a bear, and have procured a guide to conduct us to the place. We begin our expedition, four together, besides the guide, each mounted upon a mustang. After following a wagon-road for a distance of eight miles, we strike a trail leading toward Humboldt County.