

PRINEVILLE.

Prineville, the county seat of Crook county, is beautifully located on a level plain at the junction of Ochoco creek with Crooked river. It was incorporated as a city in 1898. The city council consists of a mayor and six councilmen, two of whom

are chosen each year. It has a bonded indebtedness of \$10,000 incurred to secure the erection of a water and electric light plant, which has been in operation for a year, and is a success in all respects. The city has an option to purchase the plant at the end of 15 years and apply the \$10,

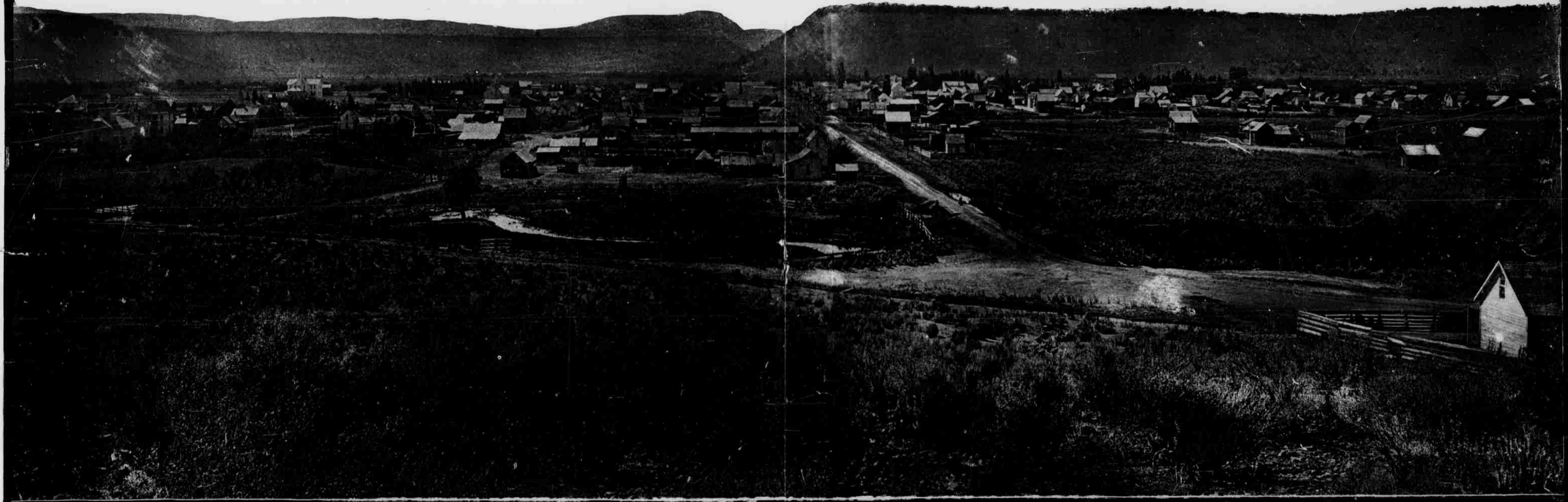
000 bonded debt on the purchase price. It has telephone connection with the outside world via The Dalles and Shaniko. It has a commodious public school building, and two churches, and every line of business is fully represented. Seven lawyers and three physicians offer their professional

services to a long suffering public. Its population is about 800, against 450 in 1890. It has never experienced a "boom," but its growth has been constant and substantial, keeping pace with the magnificent country of which it now is and will remain the commercial center. As a trading point,

it stands alone, and holds almost undisputed control of the largest region of country in the United States not traversed by a railroad. In order to supply the needs of so large a territory, far from transportation, large stock of merchandise are necessary, yet the necessity is always fully met and

every want supplied by our enterprising mercantile firms, special mention of which will be found elsewhere in this paper.

The view here presented is taken from a point just north of Prineville and looking to the southwest, presenting an admirable view of the city and valley.



A PARADISE

For Tourists, Sightseers, and Sportsmen.

The wonders of Eastern Oregon, in the way of natural landmarks and natural scenery are just coming into notice and are attracting the attention of the world. The mysterious works of nature stand out everywhere in varieties not to be found in any other land yet discovered. Extinct craters, mountains of volcanic ash, plains of lava, scalding streams of water spouting forth from the rocks, boiling and steaming like a caldron, rivers rising out of the sands of the level plains and again disappearing in the same manner, ice caverns, where inexhaustible supplies of ice are found winter and summer just beneath the desert sands, tall rock pillars extending hundreds of feet into the air, spiral snow-capped peaks, eternally showing the temperature of the higher altitudes, long ranges of mountains, covered with the fin-

est forests in the world, grass-covered hills and beautiful green-carpeted vales; crystal lakes of limpid water, boiling springs and bubbling brooks of ice-cold water, mountain streams that go dashing on, down, down, down, toward the sea! Bear, deer, antelope, water fowls, fish, small game—everything that goes to satisfy the heart of the tourist, sightseer and sportsman.

Of all of these attractions, Crook county possesses the lion's share. Within her borders may be found every one, and many that are found nowhere else in Eastern Oregon, or in the United States, so far as that is concerned.

An Extinct Volcanic Crater.

About 50 miles from Prineville, in a southwestern direction, is one of the greatest wonders of the Pacific coast. On account of its isolation from railroads and other means of convenient public conveyance, it is but little known. It is practically on a mountain top and towers above the Deschutes river, upon whose banks it

nestles, the raging waters rolling and surging among the rocks and boulders 1400 feet below. It is known as Lava Butte, and is surrounded by one of the most interesting lava beds of this country. The main butte is symmetrical and a hollow cylinder. From the main level it extends 1000 feet in the air to a sharp point, barely large enough for the crater, which is of considerable depth. This cone is of pure volcanic ashes, with a yellowish color, tinged with red, that gives it the appearance at a distance of still possessing internal fires. The novice cannot resist shuddering as he climbs this cone, and would not be surprised to see the flames shoot out from above, and have the molten lava come gushing down to meet him. And below, the sight is more awe-inspiring. An area of several square miles is covered with great heaps of lava, piled up in irregular form. This lava, or rock, is full of cells which are surrounded by a reddish dross that gives them the appearance of still being

hot. To climb over them is almost impossible; the irregular surface, the sharp points that cut almost like a knife, make it hazardous for the shoe and trying on the feet. The whole surface of the lava beds look as if the fire was smoldering beneath and one can scarcely content one's self to remain alone in the solitude of this ruin. It must have been centuries since this upheaval took place, but the untutored in science cannot be brought to believing it after seeing it. If told that it was an active volcano a year or so ago, it would seem more reasonable. The Deschutes river was doubtless once impeded by this volcano, as huge pieces of the lava still partially fill the bed of the stream and cause a succession of falls. On one side of the butte the slope is gradual from the apex of the cone to the bottom of the river. There is no prettier view, and no grander one than to stand at the top of the butte and study the heaps of lava for miles in every direction and see the serpentine

Deschutes as it has been compelled to select its way through this impediment so angrily thrown up by nature.

From this point can also be seen the Three Sisters, three of the most beautiful snow peaks of the Cascade range. In fact, the extinct crater is practically at their base. For romance, for grandeur, for excitement, no point in the state offers a greater inducement than this section of Crook county, where "rolls" the sparkling waters of the Deschutes. The country here is heavily timbered, and in the forests the bear and deer still roam as of old. It is nothing for an experienced hunter here to kill a half dozen bear in so many days, and the tenderfoot may find them at any time. The deer are also plentiful, and seem to feel safe in these solitudes, and all that is necessary for a successful deer hunt is a trip to the upper Deschutes.

Ice Caverns.

In the immediate vicinity of the Deschutes there are other attractions for the

tourist. None are more interesting than a succession of caves which are found here. These caves have as yet only been partially explored, some of them as far as a mile, but the real length and depth of the main ones are yet unknown. They are comparatively smooth as far as they have been explored, and travel in them is easy, but the attractions here are so numerous and the people so few in number who have visited the spot that no account has been given of a thorough exploration of any of these caverns. One of the most wonderful phenomena of these caves is that some of them are natural ice houses and have ice stored in them the year around. The few ranchers in the vicinity regard the caves as commonplace, and go into them in the summer time and supply themselves with ice to save fresh meats and make ice cream and think nothing of it, but investigation has shown that these are the only ice caverns reported in the United States, and that they are among the wonders of