

only to appear again a mile to the west, at the point where it turns south near Independence; as the glance passes back and forth over it all one fairly drinks in the various colorings of the fields and foliage, the river sparkling here and there in the sunlight, the hills, the mountains and the city. It is a picture that only nature can paint.

We keep the masterpiece for our last trip. We are again on the Oak Grove road and have gone by the Summit church, but this time we turn to the right at John Sykes' corner and proceed up and down until we come to the top of the hill which descends in one long decline to Spring Valley. Here we turn through a gate on the left and follow a road along the side of the hill through a wheat field to where the road rounds a fence corner. We are looking toward the west on the rolling land of Polk County, ending in the Coast Range, and on the brilliant greens of the hills, fading into the blue of the mountains. We move our view to the right. Across the lower lands, which, with a graceful drop round up again on the other side, is Bald Knob, half a mile to the northwest. The straight lines and green trees of the Eagle Crests orchards covering both sides of the hills add very much to the beauty of this dip. Beyond this continues the Eola Hills range on into Yamhill County. Another move to the right and we behold Spring Valley seemingly way below us; one could easily imagine that we are a thousand feet above its flat surface. The tan stubble fields plowed ground of this valley are marked off in squares by fences and ditches. Zena church is at the foot of the hill and from here the long, straight road crosses the valley to Lincoln. The river appears here and there, only to disappear again behind the trees, as it winds in and out on its way north towards the Columbia. Everywhere beyond the river trees seem to predominate until the eye reaches the Cascade Mountains. Suddenly one realizes that there are four snow peaks in sight, no, five, for far away in the distance just the white top of Mount Tacoma (the great white mountain) is added to the list. The round tops of Adams and St. Helens are prominent in the distance and to the right Mount Jefferson's top plainly indicates that it is located back from the mountain range in view. But the majestic Hood surpasses them all; it seems as though one can see it from foot to apex as it towers above all others on the horizon. It is the most graceful and handsomest mountain in the United States.

The whole picture is inspiring; if Switzerland can surpass it, it is because its phenomena are all in a limited space. Switzerland's area is but 15,970 square miles, only one-sixth of the size of the State of Oregon. Its valleys and rivers are very small, while ours are large; their mountains are comparatively but a few miles away. When looking at Tacoma from Eagle Crest it is over a space of not less than two hundred miles, and the nearest mountain, Hood, is sixty miles away.

Changing clouds, lights and colorings of the different seasons make these wonderful views ever beautiful and new.