

a dozen to twelve hundred feet in height.

In one place we find a cluster of rocks shaped by the elements into the semblance of a ruined city, with its shrines and battlements and towers, like those of Poe's "City of the Sea," "time-eaten towers that tremble not."

Twenty-five miles further on, near what is called Bridge Creek station, is a mound, twenty feet in height and perfectly rounded, as though it had been deposited by an eddy in some great stream, which is composed of layers of slaty stone completely covered with leaf impressions. Not far distant is a ledge from which the finest fossils in the cabinet of Prof. Condon were taken. Here also a company of Yale College geologists under Prof. Marsh camped for an entire summer and carried off rocky spoils by the ton.

There also are found numerous mounds of variegated soils, some green, some almost snow-white, others red, and some tinged with all the colors of the rainbow.

We come face to face with gigantic red sentinels, keeping watch and ward over immense cemeteries above whose wierd sepulchres frown black sphinxes and yellow hippogriffs. The entire country looks as though it had been boiling like a witch's cauldron and then had suddenly stiffened. While among these fantastic pleasure grounds of the old volcano gods, one needs to continually rub his eyes to make sure that he sees straight. We can assure all lovers of geological study as well as lovers of nature's oddities in general, that this portion of the John Day valley will fully satisfy them.

We will now conduct our readers across a beautiful spur of the Blue Mts. into the Ochoco valley, which is the largest farming section of the upper Des Shutes basin. It is a fertile valley, but so narrow, seldom more than a mile in width, and so elevated, probably over two thousand feet above the sea, that it will never be of great importance.

The uplands of Central Oregon, unlike those of the Walla Walla and Spokane regions, are not generally susceptible of cultivation. But they do now and always will support multitudes of stock.

From Prineville, which is the only town of Central Wasco and contains about six hundred inhabitants, we turn

toward the west. As we cross the flank of Grizzly Butte, we see the long line of snow-peaks glittering in the beams of the summer sun; and at once acknowledge that our western side of the Cascades furnishes no view equal to that. Twelve snowy peaks confront us, from Hood on the north to Diamond Peak on the south. The Three Sisters form the magnificent center.

Time forbids us to pause on the curious and beautiful plains of the Des Shutes, or at the Warm Spring's Indian Reservation, where the Indians have become more nearly self-supporting than anywhere else in the State, and where the two great problems, the problems that encompass Indian civilization as well as all other, namely, teaching the men to work for a living and teaching the women to establish homes, have been in some measure solved.

Nor can we pause as we begin to ascend the Cascade mountains to look back on the beautiful panorama below. Nor can we pause among the larch woods of Cash Creek, nor on the shaggy points of Olallie Butte, nor on the lonesome desolation of Sand Mountain. But as we descend from the latter into the beautiful basin from which spring the main eastern tributaries of the Willamette, we must look into the placid deeps of Clear Lake. This lake is about eighty miles east of Albany and is the source of the McKenzie river. It is the principal of a cluster which lie between two clearly-defined ridges of the range.

The Santiam road, on which we came, passes within three miles of the lake. It seems to be formed in considerable measure by a spring half as big as the Tualatin river, gushing from the volcanic rocks above the road. We follow this torrent down to the lake whose calm depths contrast curiously with the tumult of the stream.

The lake is about two miles in length and half a mile wide. There was a calm silentness about it at the time of our visit which was almost appalling. We felt like saying with the ancient mariner, "We were the first, that ever burst, upon that silent sea." We could not truthfully say it, however, since we found there a crazy canoe in which we ventured out upon the water. But it no longer appeared water. Had it not been for the ripple from the boat and

the plash of our paddles we would have supposed ourselves hanging in the air. Objects forty feet down appeared with startling distinctness. Occasionally we passed over black streaks which made us draw our breaths, for we could imagine them to be cracks in the back-bone of the mountain range. At intervals we are startled by the ghostly-white form of a submerged tree pointing right up from the bottom of the lake. We glance down a hundred feet of its glistening trunk and then it fades in the obscurity. It is evident that this strange and beautiful lake with its almost unfathomable depths was formed by some recent volcanic convulsion which dammed the stream and threw its waters back upon the deep canyon through which it had been flowing. Hence these forests were silently submerged and remain standing to this day.

Here we may fittingly end our long horseback ride. We left the black and panting river with its fit companion, the wild and panting and reckless Dalles. We walked in fossil forests and trod in the footsteps of hipparions and rhinoceroses. We went through temples and among tombs fashioned by fire and water. We traversed sandy wastes and snowy ridges. Now we float in the silence and amid the verdure and the humid air of Clear Lake, and we drop our pen into these limpid waters hoping that they may clearly reveal it when we again shall wish.

Seven doctors were gathered around a man who had fallen on the sidewalk. Four called it a case of sunstroke, and the others said it was a fit. Along came a small boy and proved that it was a banana peel.

Restaurant chicken soup can be made, it is said, by hanging up a hen in the sun, so the shadow can fall on a pot of salt and water. The only trouble is, that on a cloudy day the soup is liable to be weak.

The man who loafs his time away around a one-horse grocery, while his wife takes in washing to support him, can always tell you just what this country needs to enhance its prosperity.

"My son," said a stern father, "do you know the reason why I am going to whip you?" "Yes," replied the hopeful, "I suppose it's because you're bigger nor I am."