

of the same varieties. This is no mere assertion, but is an actual fact. California has a quick soil and warm climate that result in prodigious growth with coarse grain and diminished flavor, while our climate and soil secure continual, steady and satisfactory growth that enables nature to perfect her products to the best advantage. This great excellence, coupled with the greatest certainty of production in good localities, points to an immense increase of fruit growing in the future. The sections of the world where prunes and plums can be grown are small while the demand for these fruits is very extensive. All fruits that are put up with care and set handsomely before the customer, sell well, and we only need to have the world know the quality of our fruit, as it already does of our grain, wool, hops, etc., to create a demand for Oregon canned and dried fruits that will increase with time and make fruit growing as staple an industry as we have among us.

We already have great orchards of apple trees and some varieties of pears, that have borne too freely when young and now that the demand for green fruit has decreased are allowed to fall into neglect. But apples and pears do not possess the value commercially that belongs to plums and prunes, and we look to the future for a special movement to produce plums and prunes and some varieties of pears. There are a few varieties of each that possess very great value and the orchardist who knows his business will seek out those varieties that commence in July and continue to come into season successively, so that he can have three to four months to devote to curing them. To conclude, we must explain that while great factories will no doubt be started and made successful, the invention of cheap drying machines has made it possible for every fruit grower to prepare his fruit and put it on the market in perfect condition.

SOUTHERN OREGON.*

Thirty years ago, the Anglo-Saxon history of Southern Oregon and Northern California began to be enacted.

A few pale faces had passed through prior to that time; but it was not until 1851 that any of them, however daring or however captivated by its lovely valleys, its picturesquely grand mountain scenery, or its rich gold fields, dared to possess the land.

But wherever nature has been lavish of the things that the corporeal man

covets, there the ubiquitous American has been or will be found. And so this region, in spite of hostile hordes, of mountain barriers and of distance from homes of plenty and loved ones there, has, at a fearful cost, however, been successfully possessed by a Christian civilization.

At one point alone in all this region—the Klamath Indian Reservation in Southeastern Oregon—the aborigines remain, but now, peaceable and friendly, they have ceased to "learn war," and are slowly but surely learning the arts, industries and religion of the civilization referred to.

With this single exception, no trace of a former occupancy of the country remains, and Southern Oregon and Northern California are to-day the cultivated possession of the superior race.

In its wild originality this country became famous for grandeur, variety of mountain scenery and richness and marvellous beauty of its valley lands. To-day it is in many respects without a peer; cultivation has added the magic of its enchantments to the scene, and the picture is beyond comparison.

In regard to climate, it has scarcely a rival, and for health but few compare with it.

The temperature is never below zero, and never above 100 deg., scarcely ever reaching either of these extremes. Its mean is about 40 deg. at 6 A. M., and 50 deg. at 12 M. in Winter, and 52 deg. at 6 A. M. and 76 deg. at 12 M. in Summer.

This of course refers to the valley regions. On Mount Shasta, Mount Pitt and other summits, where eternal snows abound, the mercury is down to where it is disagreeable for man, in Winter at least, to dwell. But this is what gives variety, freshness and comfort to the climate, its general mildness of character being the result of other causes.

If you will now turn traveler, and take a ride with me in one of the Oregon & California Co.'s coaches over that portion of the road reaching from the summit of the Siskiyou Mountains to Rock Point on Rogue river, I will introduce you to a scene of unrivalled grandeur and beauty.

The scene includes Rogue river, Bear river and Butte river valleys, under the general name of Rogue river

valley, with the mountain scenery surrounding it. The mountain scenery is composed of that portion of the Siskiyou over which the road passes, and at whose base it runs for a distance of 40 miles in a northwest direction, together with an arm thereof, commencing where the road crosses the summit, and reaching out north, northwest, west and south to Rock Point, forming a vast semi-circular amphitheater, 70 miles in semi-circumference. Those are wooded mountains, the semi-circle being principally prairie, not cloud-capped and awe-inspiring, but beautiful undulating hills, verdure-clothed and wood-skirted, and of modest pretensions. We embark on the summit of the mountain and dash down past the mighty forests and rocky peaks, catching now and then a glimpse of the opening panorama, and begin to realize that something refreshing awaits us beyond. We pass the Mountain House, and are at last face to face with the enchanting scene. Here on our left are the everlasting Siskiyou, through which we have just passed, and at whose base we travel over the south side of the loveliest valley known to the sight of mortal, while to the right, and from the opposite side of this lovely spot, stretching away and around the valley, rise the grandly beautiful hills to which our attention has been called. Always beyond comparison with other hills, we behold them to-day, covered with a veil of snow, reaching down one-fourth of the way to the valley, while below the line of snow all is verdure-covered and skirted with beautiful woods, checkered with field and plow, and studded with lovely villas—Winter and Summer meeting and embracing each other. Passing on down the valley past Ashland, Phoenix, Jacksonville and Fort Lane to the end of our journey, the panorama continues to unfold with never-failing loveliness, until it is lost behind us as, with the waters of Rogue river, we enter the pass of the mountains at Rock Point.

But there is a point on the way to which we must return. At the base of these mountains on the west, where dashes forth a pure mountain stream, cooled with everlasting snows, in a position to command at one view the grand panorama, like a very queen arrayed in royal attire, sits Ashland, (Concluded on page 22.)