

summer a company of us left the beautiful town of Jacksonville for an excursion to the mountains, and over the mountains, to the pleasant region of Klamath Land, that lay beyond, full of anticipation of the wonderful scenery by the way and legends of the olden time that we were to glean as we went. As the interest of this narrative lies in its experience and not in our personality, we will skip the equipment and details of travel and try to describe the scenes we visited.

Leaving the Rogue river valley soon behind, we entered the foot hills, and the second night camped in the near vicinity of the Rogue river falls. A section of that stream at this point passes through a canyon, making a descent of 400 to 500 feet in course of one mile, and at one point an arm, or tributary of the river, makes an abrupt plunge over a bank that is 182 feet into the river below. Our wagon road lay to one side, but we were fortunately able to reach the river, by a detour of a mile or so on foot, and stood on the bank opposite the waterfall, and then, following instructions given us by former visitors, we searched and found a narrow path down the rocky cliff, that brought us safely to the bed of the canyon, where we looked up the sheet of falling water and took in all its beauty. The sensation left by a sight of Niagara is less pleasant than to look upon some such natural and extremely picturesque scene, that one can comprehend and take in at a glance without feeling overawed and crushed by its omnipotence. Here we drank in the exquisite enjoyment of the scene with unalloyed satisfaction, though our ardor was somewhat dampened, and so was the drapery of our lady companions, when a sudden change of wind swept the cloud of spray across the chasm and we found ourselves actually under the fall. The river here is narrowed between rocky walls; the column of falling water was scarce a rod wide, and in its long descent the waters were transformed to spray, as we became aware. There are many cascades and some quite picturesque falls, besides this one which is misnamed after the river to which it is only a tributary.

Among the wonders of Nature that are found along this road is the Hole in the Ground, a spot in the valley of Rogue River, where a small stream actu-

ally pours into a hole, and never is heard of more. It is not a chasm, or rift in the earth, it is simply and certainly a hole, and so far as efforts to sound its depths are concerned, it may be styled the bottomless pit. The imprisoned stream rumbles, and murmurs, and disappears.

Another wonder of this mountain road was a deep canyon where pyramids of sandstone, moved by the incessant waters, towered along the sides of the stream and from the height at which we viewed it presented a strange and remarkable appearance. The name "Pyramid Canyon," is given to this locality.

But the wonders of this road culminate as we reach the summit of the mountain pass. Here we descend to Klamath or look back on the Rogue river, and probably have an elevation of 7,000 feet above the sea level. The summit of the pass, however, is not a mountain height, but the lowest interval between the higher ranges. Off to the north rises a circle of summits, one of which is known from the valley to the east as Mt. Scott, notable because never free from clustering snows. The region of Wonder land lies among these summits, for strange as it may seem, Crater lake lies there cradled among alpine heights and walled in by precipitous shores. The world of fable and tradition, so far as Indian lore knows anything of such a world, centers in this uncanny spot. To reach it is the summit of our ambition; to describe it will require more power than my Faber may possess.

Turning from the regular road we commenced climbing mountain points and steep acclivities, leaving the team in the rear and continuing the journey to the summit on foot. Snows were off the mountain when we made the ascent in August, but were not long gone. We found ourselves at last on the edge of a tremendous precipice and looking across a wide stretch of water that lay far beneath. The scene was not one to be taken at a glance or comprehended in a moment. It was something to dwell on, and study, and feel awed beside. To look afar, and wipe the mist and the uncertainty from one's eyes, was the natural sensation. Passing around the edge of the lake wall, towards the northwest, we reached a higher point, from which the eye could

discern Klamath lake and Klamath valley to the east and south, and catch glimpses of Shasta in the distance, but it was looking at Shasta from an almost equal height. We were level with the mountain summits, and only the great snow peaks of the Sierras were points superior to our own.

The shores of Crater lake vary from 1,500 to 3,000 feet in height. To be critical, there is no shore, for only at one point of hazardous descent can a sure-footed person descend the cliff to the lake level, and when there the presence of a few boulders, and some fallen debris, are all the indication of a shore. The waters are wide, deep, profound. It is seldom that any breeze stirs them, but at moments a weird breath ruffles them as it moves upon their surface. Climbing again to the surrounding wall we look across to realize that the waters below reflect the sky above and only the circling Crater wall, that is six to eight miles distant, corrects the eye in making a distinction between sea and sky. The circumference of the lake is supposed to be at least twenty miles; its surface is at least as high as the summit of the pass traversed by the road we have left. On the outside the steep walls shelve off into mountain ridges, wooded up towards the summits; on the inside they stand almost perpendicular, looking down forever on the walled-in sea.

Once upon a time, before the wide scope of country to the east was covered up with lava and ashes, there must have stood here the grandest mountain of the world. Mt. Scott, that stands beside us and makes part of the lake wall, was no doubt a protuberance on the greater mountain's side. How great this immense volcano must have been you can imagine when you realize that these walls that now stand 7,500 to 9,000 feet in height, are only the shell of the mountain as it once stood. The grand apex that towered towards heaven from the void that now exists can be calculated when we give a base of twenty miles in circumference at the height of at least 7,000 feet. This calculation will give a mountain beside which Hood, Shasta or Rainier will hide their diminished heads.

That such a mountain once stood here and became an active volcano, of which this lake and these walls still