

in his icy folds, the warm winds from the Japan current laden with moisture soon compels our release. Taking all things into consideration, I know of no city so free from an objectionable climate as the city of Portland. San Francisco has its disagreeable winds, sands, and dust while the cities east and north are blocked with ice and snow for months at a time; but here we are free from such drawbacks, and our vegetation scarcely ever ceases to grow. The rainy season here banishes diseases of a malarial nature and is the season of health and vigor. People are finding out these facts and from all parts of the world, come flocking to our streets, city and county, disregarding the words that are spoken with a purpose to damage us.

W.

OCHOCO VALLEY, OREGON.

PAST, PRESENT AND PROSPECTIVE.

This valley is situated in the southern part of Wasco county, and near the geographical center of the state. It is about thirty miles in length, and varies in width from one-half to four miles. It is abundantly supplied with water from the Ochoco and Crooked rivers, the former rising in the mountains of the same name, to the east of the valley, flowing west, which gives direction to the valley and empties into Crooked river towards its southern end. The latter rises near Wagon Tire mountain, some 75 miles to the south east, flows north west and enters the valley through a valley of its own of considerable extent and fertility, thence by a sinuous course toward the west for a distance of twenty or twenty-five miles to its junction with the Deschutes near the base of the great Cascade range. The volume of water afforded by these two streams is very large, and for manufacturing purposes would afford a power unexcelled. There are also a great number of smaller streams, coursing into the valley, especially from the north, each of which possesses a margin of greater or less extent, of very rich alluvial soil, which is now being occupied by an industrious and thrifty people. To the north and northeast the mountains rise gradually to a considerable elevation and possess a reasonably good quality and quantity of pine, fir and cedar timber. From this body of timber, which is rather limited, a heavy drain is being made to supply

the demand for improvements in the valley and surrounding country, all of which is being rapidly settled. The mountains to the east are higher and more abrupt, while along the south the valley is bounded by a high plateau or table land, supported by a basaltic formation which rises very abruptly from the valley to a height of 800 or 1,000 feet. This table land is covered with an excellent growth of bunch grass and thickly studded with juniper timber, here used exclusively for posts and firewood. This plain also possesses much good soil adapted to the raising of grain and vegetables and is being occupied and tilled, where springs can be found to furnish the indispensable supply of water, for irrigation seems to be needful here. In the month of August, 1872, the writer, in company with four others, passed through the Ochoco valley in our return from Idaho. At that time, though we traveled its entire length, we found but four houses in sight of the line of our route, within the precincts of this valley, three of which occupied the present site of Prineville. Not to exceed fifty acres of land was at that time tilled, and the little store at Prineville held a monopoly in trade with the Indians and a few hardy stock-men who chose to cast their fortunes on the borders of "The Great Oregon Desert," in the midst of which this valley appeared, an uncultured oasis. But little thought was then indulged of subduing these sage lands to cultivation; in fact sage and rabbit brush was thought to be the index to a worthless soil, and the few who lived among and roamed over the hills and valleys of this great untamed region, dreamed only of the day when their herds could be exchanged for shekels and they, thus enriched, could return to civilization and luxury and talk over the scenes and events of their wanderings in the wilderness. Then the only imagined wealth of that region was the boundless supply of nutritious bunch grass, the joy of the grazier, the land of tender beef, and great expectations, from the herds alone. This section had only commenced to attract the irrepressible "cow boy," and he who suggested agricultural operations here was scouted as a dreamer. The deer, antelope and mountain sheep cropped the herbage undisturbed, or watched the recent intruder with little fear, from behind their clumps of juniper or rocky

ledges. The speckled trout, in myriads, darted in and out among the willows that drooped their lazy branches into the limpid flood of many a mountain stream, and had not yet learned the dangers that were hid beneath the wings of the patent fly. No well defined roads or finger boards guided the wanderer on his way, and scarce a trail then threaded the treeless waste to the valleys south and "just over the desert." In November last the writer visited this valley again. Coming from Goose Lake valley, 200 miles south of Prineville, by the regular mail line between Lake View and the Dalles, about the middle of the afternoon, I reached the "rim rock" that bounds the valley on the south. The day was bright and serene, and there at an elevation of 1,000 feet above the valley I stopped and gazed upon a cheerful scene. The whole valley was spread out below me, and the beautiful little town of Prineville, with its wide streets, neat buildings, and church spire in its midst, seemed just at my feet, and was only a mile away. Stretching far away up and down the valley, were numerous farms with broad expanses of golden stubble, painted houses, barns, sheds and stacks of hay and grain. I recognized the topography of the country as the same I had seen nine years ago, but busy hands had changed the scene, happy homes were built, where was then a dreary waste. The little streams still ran into the valley from the north, but their margins had been transformed into homesteads, and though miles away, seemed to turn a smiling face of prosperous welcome to me and to speak a pride in the mantles of civilization, that had been spread around and about them. Even the sombre plains of sage which still remained unreclaimed, seemed to bear a more cheerful aspect in the prospect of bearing fruit to the labors of man and in refuting the idea, now demonstrated to be erroneous, that the sage indicates a barren soil.

The rivers of the valley seemed also to sparkle with more lustre, as with many a crook and curve they cut the sod of the meadow or divided farms and marked the division between truck-patch and grain field.

The hum of industry came leisurely along on the evening breeze, and the happy shouts of school children at play, were echoed back from the rim rock or came faintly from the willows that