

residences, its increasing population, its many valuable improvements now in progress and to be made in the immediate future, its beautiful situation and salubrious climate, will be the subject of a future article. The mammoth hotel, the grand union depot and the great bridge across the Willamette, which will be the first objects to attract the traveler's attention in another year, have as yet, with the exception of a little preliminary work, an existence only on paper, and we leave them to the future. Provided with a through, unlimited ticket, permitting us to stop over wherever and whenever we choose, we repair to the Ainsworth dock, step aboard one of the fine steamers the company uses for a ferry boat, and are soon landed on the east bank of the river, in the town of

ALBINA,

the present terminus of the O. R. & N. Co.'s line. As we board the train we see the immense dry dock in course of construction, the capacious coal bunkers, the mammoth flouring mill which is being erected at a cost of \$250,000, and the workmen busily engaged upon the machine shops and other improvements of the company. While we are seating ourselves in the car and thinking of what all this work and outlay of capital means for the future of Albina, the train moves slowly up the river to East Portland and halts at the Oregon and California depot. A wait of a few moments and it is again in motion, turns sharply to the left, passes through a deep ravine and under the wooden viaduct which spans it, and points its pilot directly to the east.

We have scarcely disposed ourselves comfortably, made our arrangements for the journey, taken a critical survey of our fellow passengers, and glanced out of the window, when we find the train already on the bank of the mighty Columbia, and rapidly approaching the gorge cut by its ceaseless flow for ages through the Cascade range.

Twenty-seven miles from Portland we pass between two high, conical rocks, the

GATEWAY TO WONDERLAND.

This portal forms the central figure of one of the illustrated pages, and around it our artist has clustered a few of the striking features of the Cascade range, including the famous Mount Hood, the Multnomah falls, the Cascades, and a characteristic scene of mountain travel. It is a happy combination that gives at a glance a comprehensive view of this picturesque region. We now find ourselves winding along the river's brink hemmed in between its rolling waters and the great wall of rock that rises abruptly from the bank, a Scylla frowning upon Charybdis. We rush along the narrow passageway between, now shooting out over the water on trestles to circumvent a jutting cliff of rocks, and now darting through some dark tunnel, the great river flowing sometimes at our side and sometimes beneath us. Soon we hear the sound of waters dashing from a great height against the rocks, and now the great

MULTNOMAH FALLS

burst upon our vision, leaping from the crags above and falling in a long, graceful sweep nearly to the bottom. There a shelving rock intervenes, and striking upon this the waters run out to its edge and again plunge over. After a descent of eight hundred feet they gather themselves together at the bottom and rush with impetuous haste

down the steep slope to the river. Rolling by these so near that the flying spray almost beats upon the car windows, we are soon out of sight. Then we pass in rapid succession the well-known Rooster rock, Cape Horn, Castle rock, and La Tourelle falls, and arrive at

THE CASCADES,

the first great barrier to the inland navigation of the Columbia. Twenty years ago a railroad portage was built on the opposite side of the river, which transported all freight and passengers to the steamer above, a distance of about five miles. The route is still used. The water rushing and foaming over and around the rocks that obstruct the channel, makes a pretty picture with the surrounding objects and background of mountains. It was here the great Cascades massacre occurred in the pioneer days, and the old log block house is well preserved. A few miles further we come to the locks, where the government has spent thousands of dollars in constructing a canal around these hindrances to navigation. Much more must be expended before the great work is completed and the river opened to Dalles City. From here the view is especially fine as we glide along between the mountains and water and catch an occasional glimpse of the steamers that ply upon the river. Crossing Hood river, whose icy waters have come but a few miles from their fountain head amid the snows of Mount Hood, we soon arrive at

THE DALLES,

a thriving city that for years was the trans-shipping point for all freight that went up or down the river. This is the commercial center of a large stretch of country on both sides of the stream, and is the county seat of Wasco county, in which are many thousand acres of valuable land still open to settlement. This whole region is developing rapidly, and the city grows with it. After leaving the town we come upon the long rapids from which it derives its name, a title bestowed by the old voyageurs of the Hudson's Bay Co. The road from this point to Celilo, a distance of thirty miles, is the railway portage built years ago to transfer freight from below The Dalles to the steamers on the upper Columbia. The rocky walls still rise above us, in some places overhanging with threatening aspect, and at others forcing us out into the stream.

UPPER CAPE HORN

in particular, presents a frowning front up which we gaze and realize our littleness. A few miles further we pass out into more level ground and obtain a splendid view of

MOUNT HOOD,

which is now many miles to the southwest. Its long, gracefully sweeping lines of white rivet our gaze, and we mentally declare this to be the most beautiful of all the snow-capped peaks of the coast. Others are more rugged, and some are higher, for its altitude is but 11,225 feet, but for beauty of outline, softness and grace it surpasses them all. It is one of the first objects upon which the traveler's eye will rest as he enters Oregon from the northeast. Now the road gradually leaves the Cascade mountains, and winds along the river bank through a country of rolling hills, sandy and apparently worthless. The appearance is deceptive. Back from the stream, between the

DES CHUTES AND JOHN DAY

rivers, lies a large body of excellent land which is

receiving many settlers. For years this whole region has been a vast range for stock, but now its value for agricultural purposes is being recognized. Still further on, beyond the John Day, is the

GREAT SHEEP COUNTRY

of Eastern Oregon. Thousands upon thousands of sheep are wintered in the foot hills, and in the spring are driven eastward into the Blue mountains. Heppner is the center of this industry and Alkali, the nearest railroad station, will ship 60,000,000 pounds of wool this season. The next place of importance is

UMATILLA CITY,

once a great river shipping point and now the junction of the Baker City branch of the O. R. & N. Co. with the main line. The uninviting ridges of sand give but little promise of the magnificent country that lies just beyond them. We are at the gateway of the famous Walla Walla region, through which we will take a flying trip. On the branch line we head southeast, passing the embryo towns of Foster and Echo, and reach

PENDLETON

after a run of forty miles. This is the center of a vast area of grain land and extensive sheep ranges, a thriving town and county seat of Umatilla county. The road is now being pushed through the mountains to Baker City, and a connection with the Oregon Short Line at the mouth of Burnt river will be effected in a few months. When this junction is made a through route of travel from the east will be opened by the way of Pendleton. From here a road connecting with Walla Walla is under construction. Taking this we cross the fertile but idle acres of the Umatilla reservation, a garden spot that will ere long yield its bountiful harvests of grain, and pass through or near Centerville, Weston and Milton, all prosperous towns, to

WALLA WALLA,

the queen city of this inland empire. Beginning at Centerville and extending for 100 miles around the western and northern base of the Blue mountains, is one immense field of wheat. Except along the margin of the streams not a tree obstructs the view, and standing on the top of one of the rolling hills we gaze for miles and see nothing but fields of grain, stretching away in one continuous succession of farms until they blend with the distance. Such another view cannot be seen on the continent. It is estimated that 2,000,000 bushels of wheat will be shipped from this region the coming fall. At Walla Walla we find bustle and activity. Prosperity is indicated in everything we see. The commercial center of such a magnificent region, what else could be expected? It is a city of more than 6,000 people, with a great trade already established, thrifty and enterprising, and has a brilliant future before it. A narrow gauge road runs a few miles back into a farming section of 40,000 acres, and the O. R. & N. Co.'s line, which reaches the city from Walla Walla Junction, continues on to the northeast to Prescott, where it branches, one line running along the Touchet to Waitsburg and Dayton, and the other to Texas Ferry on Snake river. Dayton is a prosperous business town and shipping point, with two flouring mills, a woolen mill and several other industries. From Texas Ferry an extension of the road up Pataha creek through Pomeroy and Pataha City to Lewiston, Idaho, is contemplated, passing through a county as fertile as that