

ing its line northward from Redding, and will reach the south end of the tunnel before that great work is finished. Work is being vigorously pushed on the tunnel, and it will be completed for the passage of trains in about one year. Connection will then be made by the two lines and a route be opened from San Francisco to Portland. Rogue river valley will be on the through route between Portland and the east by the Central and Southern routes, and between San Francisco and the east by the Northern. Its facilities for reaching markets north and south and the east by two routes will stimulate its industries and increase its production. Good roads lead from the valley to the grazing regions of Southeastern Oregon and Northeastern California, also to the mines of Southwestern Oregon and Northwestern California and a stage road runs from Jacksonville to Crescent City, where connection is made with a steamer for San Francisco. Good county roads lead out from the towns in all directions, and the conveniences for reaching the railroad from outlying districts are extremely good. The stage accommodations on the regular through route have always been good, but those now supplied by the California & Oregon Stage Co. are very superior. New coaches were put on the line this season, and with the skillful drivers employed travelers enjoy as great a degree of comfort and safety as on any stage line in the world. The trip between Glendale and Redding now occupies about forty hours, and many passengers prefer going by this route to traveling by steamer. The scenery is grand, and it alone leads many to adopt this route between San Francisco and Portland. Parties desirous of visiting this region in advance of the completion of the railroad, will find the stage accommodations excellent, and the employes and agents of the company courteous and attentive.

SCENERY.

The diversity of mountain and valley scenery in Jackson county is pleasing in the extreme. After a long ride on the steep mountain grades, through the dense forest and along deep and rocky canyons, it is like a glimpse of Paradise to come suddenly upon the summit of a ridge commanding a view of the rolling hills, plains and green-fringed streams of the valley. And from the valley itself a lovely picture is formed by the encircling walls of mountain, the graceful pines spreading their mantle over the very summits, save where here and there some rocky peak thrusts up its barren head, often crowned with a wreath of snow. Besides the usual beauties of mountain scenery, this region offers special attractions to the tourist and the lover of the grand or wonderful in nature. The beautiful Rogue river falls, so much admired by all who see them, lie but a short distance from the railroad. The river is a very turbulent stream, running through deep gorges and canyons and forming a succession of rapids, cascades and falls until it loses itself in the ocean. Pilot rock, on the summit of Siskiyou mountain is an old and amiliar landmark. Mount Pitt, in the Cas-

cades, is a snow-shrouded peak worthy of much admiration. The Klamath basin lies at the eastern base of the Cascades range, and is about fifty miles long by twenty wide. Big Klamath lake lies in the northern extremity and is some thirty miles in length with a varying width of five to twenty miles. Little Klamath, a much smaller body of water, lies immediately south and receives the water of its companion through a stream 300 feet wide, which foams and dashes down a perpendicular height of seventy feet in its short length of one and one-half miles. This connecting stream has been aptly named "Link river." The river and lakes are alive with the most delicious trout, weighing from two to eight pounds each, and waterfowl of many kinds abound. Deer in great numbers can be found in the mountains. The most wonderful feature of Klamath basin is the hot springs which issue from the ground in many places with great force, having a temperature almost to the boiling point.

The Hole in the Ground is one of the curiosities of Rogue river valley, being a spot where a small stream pours into an opening in the earth and disappears, the noise of its falling waters gradually fading away as they descend. It is not a chasm, but simply a hole, and all efforts to sound its depth have been fruitless. Pyramid canyon, on the road over the Cascades, is a deep canyon where sandstone, worn by the constant action of water, forms huge pyramids and fantastic forms of many kinds.

CRATER LAKE.

The greatest curiosity of this region and one of the greatest of the whole northwest, is Crater lake, in the very summit of the Cascades, seventy-five miles northeast of Jacksonville. Its remoteness from the usual routes of travel has kept it in comparative seclusion; but more are attracted hither yearly, and it will, in the future, be one of the regular objects visited by tourists in this region. It has been variously known as Blue lake, Deep lake and Lake Majesty, but the more appropriate title it now bears will no doubt remain with it forever. In approaching, the visitor suddenly finds himself upon the edge of a tremendous precipice and looking across a wide stretch of water that lies far beneath. The shores vary from 1,500 to 3,000 feet in height. To be critical, there is no shore, for only at one point 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 is all that indicates a shore. The waters are wide, deep and silent. It is seldom that a breeze disturbs them, but at moments a wierd breath moves softly along and breaks the calm surface into ripples. Looking across from the surrounding wall the sky is seen so perfectly reflected in the water that were it not for the rocky margin of the lake it would be impossible to discern the line of division. The circumference is more than twenty miles, and the altitude of its surface as great as the summit of the pass over the mountains. On the outside the steep walls shelve off into mountain ridges, wooded to

the top; on the inside they stand almost perpendicular, looking down forever on the captive sea.

In the early years, before the wide scope of country to the east was covered up with lava and ashes, there must have stood here one of the grandest mountains of the world. How great this immense volcano must have been can be imagined when it is realized that these walls that now stand from 7,500 to 9,000 feet high, are only the shell of the mountain as it once existed. With a base twenty miles in circumference, at a height of 7,000 feet, what must have been the altitude of the cone that was reared above it? Beside it Hood, Shasta and Tacoma would hide their diminished heads. That such a mountain once stood here as an active volcano can not be doubted. The country to the east for many square miles is buried beneath ashes, pumice and volcanic scoria. To the terrible convulsions of nature, those miles of desolation, those rocky walls and this vast crater bear witness. In the midst of the lake rises a perfect but extinct volcano, at least 1,500 feet in height, its sides fringed with a stunted growth of hemlock. The lava flowing from this has made an island in the lake at least three miles long. The cone has a dish-like depression in its apex, which shows where once its crater was, and into which one can look from a position on the bluffs above. The period of the first great eruption was probably followed by a season of rest and then a second eruption, during which this small cone was formed by the final effort of the expiring forces. Burning lava flowed fiercely down its sides, where now the dwarfed hemlock has gained a precarious foothold and seeks to hide its ugliness beneath a mantle of vegetation.

The Indians view Crater lake and its surroundings as holy ground, and approach it with reverence and awe. It is one of the earthly spots made sacred by the presence of the Great Spirit, and the ancient tribal traditions relate many mysterious incidents in connection with it. In the past none but medicine men visited it, and when one of the tribe felt called upon to become a teacher and healer, he spent several weeks on the shore of the lake in fasting, in communion with the dead, and in prayer to the Shahul-lah Tyee. Here they saw visions and dreamed dreams, and when they came down from the mountain, like Moses from Sinai, they were looked up to with reverence as having communed with the Great Spirit and seen the unknown world.

A large saw mill and ship yard is to be built at once at the very head of Port Townsend bay, nearly a mile south of Irondale. The parties engaged in the enterprise have secured about fifty acres of land and splendid water front, and have contracted to expend \$150,000 in improvements. This is the first large ship building enterprises of the many that will in a few years be established along the shores of Puget sound, where all the conditions are favorable and the raw material abundant and of superior quality.