

ward, with its dark, heavily wooded sides, formed a mountain background, in sharp contrast with the peaceful picture of contentment and plenty presented by the valley. From mountain base to the timber-fringed river, grain fields, productive farms and pasture lands blended in pleasant harmony. Through this pastoral scene the classic "Long Tom" pressed its sinuous way, its banks thinly skirted here and there with woods, and its sluggish waters reflecting back the fading beams of departing day. From the base of the range it wound until its milky waters mingled with the crystal flood of the parent stream.

Glancing north from the course of the Long Tom, the eye passed over a fertile section of country, level, almost as a floor, for some miles west of the Willamette; but as it approached the base of the Coast Range the land broke into high, rolling hills and oak-clad uplands. Due east of the peak stood the town of Corvallis, nestling by the bank of the Willamette. The town was about eighteen miles away, but, with the aid of a powerful field glass, the residences and business buildings could be very distinctly distinguished.

Turning the face north King's Valley, embracing some of the richest agricultural lands of Benton, came into view. Hemmed in by high, bold hills on the east from the plains, and on the west by the Coast Range, this narrow valley stretched its green length for twelve or fifteen miles, thickly dotted with fertile farms, until the distant hills of Polk County snatched from sight its expanse of fields, woods and pastures. Still west of this valley, and nestling among the rugged mountains that trended north from the peak, lay Blodgett's Valley, the home of many thrifty tillers of the soil. Commencing at the northern base of Mary's Peak, the beautiful little stream known as Mary's River took its source. It flowed north for some distance, then changed its direction to the east, pursuing an extraordinarily tortuous course, washing the bases of the high, forestless hills which stretched for miles to the north. In and out wound this beautiful mountain stream. Distant glimpses could be caught of its shining waters between the bare, brown hills, as its fretful current roared around a sharp turn in the sinuous channel or brawled over its stony bed. Emerging from the environment of hills, the stream flowed directly south for some distance, thus making a clear double in its course. Receiving the crystal waters of "Little Mary's River," the expanded stream led through a most charming section, due east again, and poured itself into the Willamette just south of Corvallis.

Another sweep to the northeast disclosed high hills crowned with rocks and straggling timber, pleasant little valleys and rolling plains. Now and then fields of unsickled grain shone with yellow lustre from hillside and vale, and newly-made meadows stretched their greenish brown expanse into view. Out from among the far-off range of hills flowed the dull-hued and almost currentless Soap Creek, dragging, like a sluggish serpent, its course toward the clear, winding Willamette. Still farther north could be dimly traced the picturesque Luckiamute

River, its blueish, leaden waters sending back a faint reflection. Beyond this stream rose the yellow and green hills of Polk County, fading away and melting into the horizon.

Looking again toward the east, Linn County—the fairest flower of the Willamette Valley—unrolled in the soft twilight its wide expanse of country. Southward from Albany rose here and there the numerous bold buttes, their rugged sides mellowed by distance. Far to the southeast the turbulent Calapooia, springing like a young giant from the icy gorges of the Cascades, hurried with a wild torrent's force over its rocky channel, and rushed its banded waters upon the peaceful valley, past the thriving little hamlet of Brownsville, and thence across the level plain debouched into the Willamette at Albany.

A more delightful sight could not greet the eye of mortal! Hundreds of farms were seen at a single glance, with their profuse agricultural wealth. The setting sun shone with departing lustre upon thousands of acres of golden grain, upon orchards bending beneath burdens of fruit, upon lowing herds, upon gamboling flocks, upon broad acres of meadow and luxuriant pastures, and upon the homes of thousands of honest, happy and prosperous people. Lying along the margin of the lordly Santiam, and near the foothills of the Cascades, far to the eastward, could be faintly seen the village of Lebanon. Albany, with its characteristic neatness, simplicity and charming taste, sat modestly by the green banks of the Willamette, and, in the gloaming, looked like a shadowy, unreal abode of man. Some miles east of Albany a range of thickly wooded hills extended from the Cascades across the valley and reached the Willamette. Through these rugged foothills pressed the sparkling, impetuous torrents of the Santiam River, singing their wild song of mountain freedom, and precipitating themselves upon the tranquil floods of the Willamette just south of Jefferson.

Raising the eye above the landscape, and glancing along the rim of the eastern horizon, a magnificent view broke gently on the vision. Over eighty miles of the Cascade range of mountains stood clearly outlined in the waning light of evening. Deep, rich purple shadows enshrouded the distant range like a royal mantle. Away to the south rose the Three Sisters, strongly suggestive of a trio of brides attired in snowy garments ready for the marriage peal. Opposite where we stood Mount Jefferson lifted his snowy crown far above the range, his crest bathed in fiery splendor, and his sides and base touched by the deepening shades of approaching night. Far, far to the north Mount Hood's kingly head loomed through the soft air—cold, dim and spectral. Beyond, where the Santiam emptied its crystal stores, the view was shut out by the russet-hued hills of Marion, which blended with the sky of evening.

Northward, along the Coast Range, nothing was seen but a succession of rugged mountains, densely clad with living and dead forests and a thick growth of underbrush. South, the range presented no change of feature,