

HOOD RIVER VALLEY.

IT IS generally conceded, by those whose travels render their opinions valuable, that the mountains of the Pacific coast, from Alaska to Mexico, do not hold in their embrace a more beautiful, salubrious and fertile valley than that of Hood river. No more delightful or healthful place of residence could be hoped for, and none where nature more willingly lends her aid to the efforts of man to surround himself with the beauties, luxuries and food products of the vegetable world. The river is a stream of pure mountain water, flowing northward from its fountain head amid the melting snows and glaciers of Mt. Hood, and uniting with the Columbia about midway between the cascades and the dalles. Along its length, right through the heart of the Cascade mountains, lies a valley of remarkable beauty and fertility, one of the most charming, healthful and enjoyable summer resorts of the Pacific coast. The mountains abound in large and small game, and the river and its associate streams are noted for the excellence and abundance of their trout. Many an invalid has restored his health, and many a man infirm with age has almost renewed the vigor of his youth, by surrendering himself to the full enjoyment of the pleasures the mountains and streams afford, and by breathing the life-giving atmosphere.

The railroad crosses the river near its mouth, and a short distance above is the charming little town of Hood river. It is a thrifty village, whose general appearance is portrayed in the engravings on pages 781 and 782. This is the shipping and supply point for the many

prosperous settlers in the valley, and enjoys a good and increasing trade. The valley is renowned for its fertility, for the size and quality of its vegetables, and the superior excellence of its fruits; and in humidity is about midway between the moisture of the Willamette valley and the dryness of Eastern Oregon. Peaches are superior in flavor to those of California. Soft shell almonds are equal to the famous ones of Chili, and apples are of such superior size and flavor, that even the Willamette valley, that famous land of "big red apples," has to take a back seat.

Among the most beautiful homes in Oregon is that of Dr. W. L. Adams, at Hood River, which is the subject of one of the engravings. The Doctor is an old pioneer, having driven his own ox team across the plains in 1848. After nearly three years of travel, through North, Central and South America, taking in the Sandwich islands, he selected Hood river valley as the most desirable place for a home he had yet found. The air is of such a crystal clearness that Mount Hood, twenty-two miles southwest, and Mount Adams, forty miles to the north, both glistening with eternal snow, and both in plain view of the house, appear as though they were only a few miles distant.

The Doctor's place is located at the forks of four wagon roads, half a mile west of the railroad depot. A beautiful road, smooth and slightly ascending, lined with magnificent oaks and firs, leads to it. It contains three hundred and twenty acres of excellent land, mostly under fence, one hundred acres in