

It is only within a few years that the great north-west has been made accessible to the tourist by that potent annihilator of the discomforts of travel, the railroad. Vast and varied as are its attractions, grand and magnificent as are the ever changing panoramas of mountain, hill, plain, lake, river, bay and estuary, lofty mountain ranges only to be overcome by long and tedious journeys by stage, have, until recently, practically shut the whole region out from visitation by the ever increasing numbers who, moved annually by considerations of health, desire to travel, search of relaxation from the cares of business, or love of the beautiful in nature, pack up their wraps and clothing and descend like armies of observation upon hitherto untrodden fields.

It is my purpose in this article, not so much to attempt a descriptive presentation of the attractions offered by the route I propose to point out, as to indicate the general features of a trip to which the term "A Picturesque Tour" can be applied with unchallenged exactness and perfect truth.

When, about fifteen years ago, after a sojourn of several years in San Francisco, and being practically ignorant of the charms of the state of California, I made a tour of observation in the southern part thereof, I was moved to exclaim, "California is full of pleasant surprises for the traveler within her borders." Not less in degree, though differing radically in kind, are the pleasant surprises which await the leisurely reader of nature's book, who, along the route indicated, gives himself or herself up to the perusal of the great volume, stamped with the impress of the Great Author.

This picturesque tour will probably disappoint, in one sense of the word, the *dilettanti* tourist. Except, perhaps, at three or four points, there will be a woeful lack of *dinde au truffes*, *vis de veau au champignons*, *champagne frappe* and the various other component parts of the every day menu of the temporary exile from Delmonico's and other caterers of our great cities; but almost everywhere that he may have occasion to stop over, he will find good lodging, good fare, including fruits and game in season, and many pleasant and hospitable people, liberal in courtesies to the stranger. In addition, he will find a summer climate absolutely without a superior, the thermometer rarely reaching the nineties in the daytime, and almost invariably with the coming on of night descending to a point which makes sleep a luxury.

The completion of the railroad extending from San Francisco to Portland has made this tour a possibility. The initial point, as before stated, is Ashland, in the Rogue river valley, a section of country which, with its surroundings, will well repay inspection. The pleasant little town, through which runs a

mountain torrent, admirably adapted to, and wisely utilized for, manufacturing purposes, claims prominence as a health resort—and rightfully so. The streams in the vicinity abound with game fish, and the woods are full of deer and other large game. Within easy travel of the town, in Josephine county, are extensive caves in the limestone formation, the trip to which will repay the adventurous and vigorous. Within a few miles of Ashland, Jacksonville, the shire-town of Jackson county, invites a visit. Owing its settlement, in a large degree, to mining interests, the eastern tourist, not familiar with the peculiar features of a mining town, will find here much that is typical of an era fast passing away, so far as the early characteristics of the business on the Pacific coast are concerned. Hydraulic mining is carried on in the vicinity, and those who have never seen a bank of earth disappear by this process, may safely put themselves to the trouble of watching the operation without fear of disappointment. The tourist will find Jacksonville a pleasant, hospitable, orderly town. A visit to Herbert Helm's cabinet of ores, minerals and fossils will form a pleasant interlude of his stay, and it is a foregone conclusion, that after an inspection of Peter Britt's collection of photographic views of adjacent scenery, he will be desirous of carrying away with him souvenirs of this romantic and inviting section of country. Drives and excursions to neighboring points of interest, deep canyons, shady dells and mining camps, can well fill up the spare hours of the tourist's stay, whether it be long or short.

A few miles to the north of Ashland, is the young and flourishing town of Medford, from which point, or the adjacent mining camp of Gold Hill, is the starting point to Crater lake, one of the most remarkable and awe-inspiring localities, it is not too much to say, on the American continent—perhaps in the whole world. Those who have visited it speak in ever increasing terms of admiration of this relic of days when the fury of volcanic action swept in torrents of fire along the crests of the mountain chain. From the summit of the mountains, Crater lake is reached by difficult and precipitous descents of from one thousand to two thousand feet. It is situated in Klamath county, ninety miles east of Medford. The Jacksonville and Fort Klamath military road takes the tourist to within three miles of the lake, and is an exceptionally good road for a mountain country. The surface of the lake is six thousand two hundred and fifty-one feet above sea level, and it is surrounded by precipitous walls, with but two or three approaches to the surface. The lake is about six miles wide and seven miles long, with a depth of about two thousand feet. Far out in the lake is a solitary, cone-like island, eight hundred and forty-five feet in height, in