

A VILLAGE OF THE GRANDE RONDE VALLEY.

PERHAPS the most popular of the numerous intermountain valleys west of the great continental backbone is the Grande Ronde, in Eastern Oregon. It is a clearly defined valley, surrounded on all sides by the Blue mountains, except a narrow neck through which the Grande Ronde river pours its waters to join the Snake in the extreme northeast corner of the state. Hemmed in by mountains, the peaceful little valley, approximating an area of half a million acres, presents a beautiful scene. The very gentle undulations bring into view grazing herds, fertile fields, orchards, gardens and many of the habitations of a prosperous people. It appears to be the natural home of the husbandman, who there revels in delightful climate, bountiful harvests and immunity from many of the evils that beset his vocation elsewhere. In the midst of such prospering circumstances cities are growing up, and one of the most promising villages of the valley is the town of Cove, situated in the eastern edge in a little cove formed by the foothills of the mountains that bound the Grande Ronde.

This little sub-valley is six or seven miles long and is drained by a small stream known as Mill creek. The descent from the head of the cove to the main valley is about 100 feet to the mile, affording perfect natural drainage for the farming land of that locality. The town of Cove is a trading center for the farmers and stock men, who occupy most of the land, and it is developing a considerable volume of general business. It is now making a special effort to secure manufacturing plants to work up the natural product of the surrounding country. Mill creek flows through the village, and has a fall of 150 feet to the mile at that point. Though a rapid stream, it can be utilized for floating timber from the heavy forests about its headwaters to suitable locations for saw mills. Cove wants a number of saw mills and will make it an object for manufacturers to invest there. It also needs a woolen mill and will soon have one.

Cove has a population of between 400 and 500. In general appearance it resembles a New England village. It has a roller flouring mill, a chop mill, a tannery, a sash and door factory, a furniture factory, a creamery and cheese factory, and a nursery. Two churches, three public schools and Masonic and Odd Fellows' lodges minister to the social needs of the community. The line of the Hunt railway projected through the Grande Ronde valley lies very near the town, and the construction of the road will greatly increase its capacity for business. Cove is in a section possessing very rich resources and it is growing fast. Its farming and dairying interests and the unusual advantages it has for manufacturing must build it up.



FOUND.

By the roadside—dead,
On a pillowless bed,
We found him,
Withered and gray.
Rags fluttered alway
Around him.

Over his form
The pitiless storm
Blew keenly.
No mourner or pall,
He slept through it all,
Serenely.

What uncanny spell
O'er him came, that he fell?
We wonder!
With a life gone astray,
He, alone, by the way,
Went under.

In the long years ago,
(We trust it is so)
Love, may be,
Laughed, cooed and crowed
With the glad babyhood
Of a baby.

Like an angel, above
Hovered sweet love—
His mother;
And through the years,
Joys, hopes and fears—
Some other.

Then let us pray,
As we lay him away
By the river,
That God guide his feet,
And loved ones shall greet
Him forever.

ROSE WILCOX.

