

the season, and his opinion, based on a life time of study and practical experience, is well worth the weight it universally carries with it. He keeps a careful, vigilant eye on all the interests of the company and things generally go about right. If anything gets wrong he soon puts it right. He thoroughly controls the situation, and always has the hearty co-operation of his subordinates, as well as the management of the company. With Henry Hahn as captain and Charley O'Neil as first lieutenant, everything must move with precision and accuracy.

While the chief industry at this great ranch is sheep raising, yet the company has some very fine bred cattle, and own some of the best real estate in Crook county. It is making a specialty of Hereford and Shorthorn Durham cattle, and now has a large number of these breeds on hand. Through years of experience, these breeds of cattle have been established as the best for this section of country. While each has advantages over the other, either is recommended to the stockmen starting in business in this country. They are successful breeders, hardy, large, mature, and are ready for the market early, and perfectly adapted to the climate.

The company has from 15,000 to 20,000 head of sheep, and raise annually for the market 1200 to 1500 thoroughbred rams of the Rambouillette breed. There are several fine breeds of sheep raised in this country, but it is being established that the Rambouillette Merino stands at the head. For size, amount of wool produced, the texture of the wool and the hardiness of the sheep, and for general breeding purposes this breed seems to be in the front. The day of small sheep and large numbers are possibly drawing to an end in this country; a large number of men engaged in the business, and smaller flocks, must of necessity be the outcome of the rapidly settling up of the country. Then the sheep that will produce the most wool to the head, all other things being equal, must be the breed of the future for this country. The Rambouillette will doubtless lead.

The Prineville Land and Livestock Company claim, and probably justly so, that it is producing the finest specimens of this breed in Eastern Oregon. The location of its ranch is so splendidly adapted to the industry that there is no reason why it should be excelled in its line. It has the two ranges at its door—the summer and the winter. In many points in the state the summer range lies among the canyons and mountains and the winter range lies out on the desert, hundreds of miles away. The desert country has been ranged upon until the feed is scarce, and necessitates shifting from point to point during the entire winter season. The long drive back from the desert to the lambing grounds in spring, the ewes heavy with lambs, the climbing among the rocks and cliffs of the hills and canyons of the overtaxed summer range, gaunts and sets back the sheep until they are sooner or later bound to become a diminutive breed, whatever may be the blood. Not so with the sheep of this company. Its winter and summer ranges lie close to each other. It is only a step from one to the other. No fatiguing drives, no hardships, no overtaxed ranges, but beautiful meadows and pure water, and ample protection from the

storms of winter and the suns of summer, make this mountain home the ideal for sheep raising, and no wonder the splendid results!

Out of an abundance of precaution, the company cuts and puts up an average of one thousand tons of hay annually, and no extraordinary change in the weather finds them unprepared, and the sheep are always certain to receive both food and shelter, of the very best, in all emergencies.

The company has a large number of men in its employ. In the entire system of ranches convenient and comfortable buildings, both for the men and the stock, are provided, and the equipment of the company for its industry has reached as near to perfection as money and experience will accomplish, and with the continued spirit as heretofore manifested, which is certain to be kept well to the fore, the Prineville Land & Livestock Company will ever remain in the front of the great industries of Crook county, and while the valleys of the lower Crooked river will rival the world as a farming and hay-producing section, the hills and mountains at the source of the stream will continue to produce the finest wool and supply the stockmen in the valleys with the best grade of fine bred stock to be found in the state of Oregon.

#### P. B. POINDEXTER.

Mr. Poindexter is a native of the state of Oregon, being a son of J. N. Poindexter, one of the early sheriffs of Lane county. He lived in Eugene and Portland until 1882, when he came to Eastern Oregon. In 1887 he opened a restaurant and lunch counter, and by his untiring energy and careful attention to details, he has made himself

a master of his business. He has been eminently successful, and in the summer of 1900 erected the "Poindexter Hotel," one of the largest buildings in the city. Besides being a competent and obliging landlord, Mr. Poindexter is an enthusiastic Nimrod and earnest disciple of Isaac Walton. He always knows where to find the best shooting and where to catch the largest trout. His hotel is a natural headquarters for hunters and fishermen. Mr. Poindexter is a member of a large number of secret orders and is the head of an interesting family. He is one of the solid men of Crook county.

#### GREATEST SHEEP RANCH IN THE WORLD.

Owned by a Livestock firm in Crook County

By Paul De Lanay.

I had taken a long day's ride on my wheel through the scorching sun and blinding dust. Towards evening I came into a beautiful valley of green meadows and bubbling streams. There was a freshness in the air mingled with an odor of sweet perfumes from the new-mown hay. Alfalfa and natural meadows were upon either side of the level road, and along the hillsides in the distance large bands of fine-bred sheep browsed on the dainty grass, under the watchful eye of their herder accompanied by his faithful dog. Every turn of the wheel left the desert farther in the rear and brought me into a prettier and more habitable region. It was like approaching an oasis—a garden, and the road broadened into a boulevard, and then I noticed a beautiful grove of

