LAMPMAN.

ribbon of beauty at the other hand — the tide of the tireless Columbia.

There is Crown Point, with its classic Vista House, jutting out from the river range like some impregnable watch tower, and commanding the river view for scores of miles. The river is 750 feet beneath you. With this knowledge even, one does not cease to feel a childlike wonder and delight in contemplating the tiny red cows that move across the toy pasture at the foot of the mighty cliff.

Six hundred feet, waving its blown streamers of mist, plunges Multnomah Falls, mightiest of the several waterfalls along the Highway. In the near Cascades is Larch Mountain, goal of the mountaineers, and it is from this source that the stream fises, tumbling with haste to the verge of the precipice, where it thunders over with a castiful abandon that have won it the title of "queen of American catavacta".

fises, tumbling with haste to the verge of the precipice, where it thunders over with a beautiful abandon that have won it the title of "queen of American cataracts."

There is Oneonta Gorge, cleft through the cliffs as by a Titan sword stroke; and Sheppards Dell, where nature has set her stage so idyllicly that the nook seems a bit from some torn page of an old, dear story, in which there is no doubt of fays, or fauns, or wood nymphs. Or Wahkeena Falls and Mist Falls, Regendary and beautiful, or Latourell Falls, or any of the hundred scenes that compel the gasp of desiration, within an hour or so of streeters and shoroung crowells.

Instration—within an hour or so of streetcars and shopping crowds.

The Columbia River Highway!



Edward Ehrman's New Residence